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Mount Rainier

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MEANY CREST

On August the thirteenth, 1930, by unanimous vote, the members of the Summer Outing party gave to this rugged dome overlooking Summerland, the name, Meany Crest.
October 3, 1930.

I send cordial greetings to The Mountaineers, and my best wishes for yearly satisfaction in scaling the heights.

Herbert Hoover
GREETINGS TO THE MOUNTAINEERS.

To the Mountaineers, greetings and congratulations from the mountain lovers of the National Park Service. Your exploit of last summer, encircling Mount Rainier near timberline on a two-hundred-mile hike, with camps at snowline, was a glorious adventure, worthy of your splendid organization. May the Mountain always be your Mecca.

[Signature]

Director.
My welcome is always extended to those who use the trails. How much more, then, does my sympathy go out to the Mountaineers who know the trails so well and enjoy them so fully, I only ask that you may often revisit our rugged Wonderland.

[Signature]
COMET FALLS  C. A. Garner
On the trail to Van Trump Park.
RAY mists were idling in a neutral atmosphere. Fog was dripping softly from wet fir branches. Shifting groups tarried near a table decorated with dish-towel mountains rising from fir twig forests. Around the table sat the graduate and alumni speakers, and at its head Professor Meany, gracious and beloved, conducted the commencement exercises, carrying the crowd on the tide of his own emotions. The scene was the auto camp in Paradise Valley; the time the last breakfast together of the 1930 annual outing; and above are Chief Joseph’s words to Dr. Meany as they were about to part after a strenuous time of visiting and public addresses. The two friends were seated, and as the Indian spoke he looked Dr. Meany straight in the eye and rubbed together his gnarled index fingers.

"Your heart and my heart always run together so," he said, "very good friends, you and I."

To me the old Chief’s words with the accompanying gesture were an epitome of our vacation together in the shadow of Mount Rainier. For three weeks we had lived the life of our pioneer forbears. Cut off from civilization, isolated from the artificiality of our work-a-day lives, we had been entirely dependent upon our own resourcefulness for comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, we had brought with us our food, our essential equipment, our cooks, our packers and pack-horses, fifty strong, but during our pilgrimage we had developed from our own numbers and definitely assigned to his or their duties a cobbler, a bugler, a minstrel, a song leader, an orchestra, a postmistress, a keeper of lost articles, a doctor, several nurses, an official water bearer, two official photographers, an editor, reporters, cartoonist, fog chaser, fire-makers and funmakers—in fact, we have evolved a complete and mobile community. For three weeks we had rubbed together as the old Chief rubbed together his gnarled index fingers; we had eaten, washed dishes,
One of the chain of upland meadows that girdle Mount Rainier. In the brief summer season these meadows are richly carpeted with brilliant mountain flowers.
The Mountaineer

slept, worked, sung, and occasionally suffered together, and we had emerged that misty morning at Paradise "very good friends, you and I."

The trip around Rainier is dominated by the haunting presence of the Mountain. Each evening, with one exception, we camped in full sight of his majesty. Along the trail we digressed for glimpses through forest openings; we arose at dawn to see him in his morning garb; at sunset, we climbed the hilltops to watch the alpine glow fade from the glaciers. Our camps were made in flower-carpeted meadows at an approximate elevation of 5,500 feet. The day’s march usually offered two alternatives, a descent of several thousand feet over woodland trails and a climb into the evening’s camp at timberline, or an early morning’s ascent to the glaciers, with a drop into camp in the late afternoon.

On the trails we were turned loose each to follow his individual taste and speed. Some who liked to stretch their legs in seven league strides arrived in camp hot and perspiring at noon day, but the majority preferred to photograph, and botanize, and collect mushrooms, to lunch by some cool, fern-banked stream, or sitting against a log, to gossip and philosophize and reminisce.

The climb, however, and the highline trips must perforce be rigidly organized. Scouts worked in advance of the party. There was a leader with the signal whistle, rear guard, and definitely assigned places in the line. The glaciers on Mount Rainier, although they follow a general course of recession, vary considerably from year to year, depending upon the winter’s volume of snowfall and the early or late arrival of summer weather. This year the snowfall had been very light and the summer an early one, so that although the leaders had previously traversed the country and many in the party were familiar with the route, conditions were much changed from those existing on former outings. Glaciers were more open than usual at this season of the year; snow had very nearly disappeared from their surface; and crevasses were many and terrifying. Where former parties had walked from the moraine directly onto glacial snow, we encountered drops of forty or fifty feet chiseled by the ice in its inevitable progression. Scouts must be sent in advance of the main party to familiarize themselves with the territory and discover the easiest and most practical route; and as these scouting expeditions necessitated a trip to the advance camp and return in one day, the enthusiasts for such double portion narrowed down to three or four ardent travelers. More power to our scouts! They labored hard and long to spare us a few minutes’ time in waiting, an extra effort to regain lost elevation, needless steps amidst the glacier’s maze.
The first day from Mist Falls to Van Trump was a pleasant leisurely affair. It was good to greet old friends and meet new ones, best of all to see Professor Meany pass on faithful Andy, and to realize that even the encumbrance of a stiff leg could not keep him from our midst. The trail led through shady woodland, over some rocky pentstemon-covered slopes, past lovely Comet Falls shining in the sunlight, through meadows riotous with squaw grass, lupine, and Indian paint brush, to camp in upper Van Trump Park, where we had ample time to establish ourselves and recuperate from our four-mile walk before partaking of one of those dinners for which the cooks later became famous. At Van Trump we had visitors with taking ways. A mother bear and her two cubs carried off our flour and sugar. After this experience the cooks slept with the provisions to discourage over-bold marauders.

Sunday’s was another leisurely woodland walk to Indian Henry’s, where we spent two nights and all of Monday. These were days of getting acquainted, days when lazy folk might be lazy and strenuous ones strenuous. There were tea parties on Ararat, swimming parties in Reflection Lake, washing parties in the creek near camp, sketching parties, photographing parties, and an organized climb of Pyramid. When an alternative highline trip to Klapatche was announced, there was much discussion of this or that person’s fitness to join the high-
Many a pilgrimage is made by Mountaineers to the George E. Wright Memorial on the top of Aurora Peak, outlined in this picture against Mount Rainier.
GEORGE E. WRIGHT
1867 — 1923
CITIZEN MOUNTAINEER
FRIEND CLIMBED HERE
ON HIS LAST VISIT TO
THE HILLS
THIS MEMORIAL PLACED
BY THE MOUNTAINEERS

19 24
line group, the cobbler brought forth his calks, those who had previously made the trip appraised its difficulties to the initiates, and camp began to teem with mountaineering atmosphere.

The highline to Klapatche was notable principally for the sight of some twenty mountain goats on the snow near Glacier Island, and for the tea so courteously served by Boy Scouts camped near St. Andrews Lake. Klapatche itself with its intimate foreground of horses grazing on the far side of Meadow Lake, and its stupendous background of the Mountain buttressed by Elephant and Weer rocks, was voted by many our most beautiful camp. To some this gemlike meadow set amidst such awesome surroundings had a special significance, for on Aurora Peak The Mountaineers had erected a memorial to a dear friend. To this memorial at various times came groups large and small, but the outstanding expedition was that one on which Mr. Paschall and Professor Meany, two of the club's veteran and most loved members, lunched together near Aurora’s summit. The host of almost overeager assistants who accompanied Professor Meany and Mr. Paschall to the lunching place attested the loyalty and affection with which they are regarded.

Two days seemed all too short a time to linger in lovely Klapatche, but the gypsy trail was calling and we must set out once more by highline and low for Sunset Park, though on this occasion the highline proved quite the most popular. The route led through St. Andrews Park, along rocky ridges to where Tokaloo raises its shaft-like column, then down onto and across Puyallup Glacier. Though we set out in sunshine, fog soon began to fill the valleys, leaving lesser summits like small boats floating on its downy surface, now swallowing us completely in opaqueness, now drifting through canyon and pass, trailing scarfs of mist in its departing wake. There were frequent pauses while leaders conferred as to our probable location, or waited to catch sight of the scouts lost up ahead in the clouds. The effect was eerie and lent that faint tinge of apprehension and adventure which makes some days stand out in memory.

From Sunset by woodland trail to Spray, our home for the following three nights. Towards noon the day turned cool, and though a swim in Mowich Lake had been the principal topic of the morning’s conversation, hot tea proved more popular than cold swims when we stopped near Mowich ranger cabin for lunch. Spray is on a vaster, less perpendicular scale than Klapatche. The park itself is large and uneven, containing within itself meadows, lakes and rocky ridges, with ranges of lesser mountains in the background. On Sunday morning we held a sunrise service in a small meadow niche with a great boulder for pulpit, a service impressive in its simplicity and its mingling of intimacy and formality. Throughout the day the memory
Observation Rock is boldly outlined against the sky.
of the frosty air, the mountains sharp against the morning sky, the crackling fire, the congregation appearing as if by magic from the stillness, each bearing his contribution to the woodpile, Mr. Denman’s beautiful recitation from Isaiah, clung to us as, singly and in groups, we wandered on tours of exploration.

From Spray a large party under Joe Hazard’s leadership was taken on an educational climb of Observation Rock, where in addition to experience in snow and rock climbing we were given instruction in how to conserve our energy, how to stop ourselves in the snow in case of a slip, and other matters all pointing to the main assault on Rainier itself; for our next camp, Mystic Lake, was to be the last before the climbing party should detach itself from the comforts of home camp for the rather stony hospitality of Steamboat Prow.

Three scouts left Mystic Lake a day in advance of the climbers to explore the route to the summit and discover ways around or over the myriad crevasses that criss-cross both the Winthrop and the Emmons glaciers. They spent a day weaving back and forth amidst a maze of broken ice, discovering some means of surmounting each apparently insurmountable obstacle, always striving for the most direct route consistent with safety. The route finally selected led up the junction of the Winthrop and Emmons glaciers to the saddle between Russell Peak and the summit.

The climbing party, forty-one enthusiasts to whom a mountain is a challenge, set out from Mystic Lake amidst much acclaim. “Packhorses” accompanied them to the edge of the glacier to lighten their burdens thus far and wish them Godspeed on their adventure. The trip across Winthrop Glacier was spectacular though not dangerous, and all reached the Prow by late afternoon in time to build themselves bedrooms on that rocky promontory which Harriet Walker named the “fo’castle” though someone suggested that “steerage” would more accurately describe the accommodations. The primus stoves, barricaded from drafts by piles of stones, were at length coaxed to burn, and as a somewhat restricted dinner of tea, several raisins and a prune, took but a moment to dispose of, everyone had disappeared into his sleeping bag before darkness swallowed up mountain, glaciers and tiny icebound camp.

Rising call was at three and welcome. The moon was blotted out by heavy black clouds, there were sharp flashes of lightning in the distance, and scattered raindrops splashed ominously against our windproofs. For an hour or two we swung slowly up the glacier, silent mostly but for the signal whistle of the leader, the distant claps of thunder, and an occasional fragmentary snatch of conversation. Then suddenly beneath the storm clouds came a streak of red, the mountain changed from lifeless grey to living flame, and even as we paused to admire
Fo'castle is the name given in 1930 to the upper end of Steamboat Prow, the spot chosen as the best location for temporary camp before a climb of Mount Rainier on the east side.
was blotted from our sight by flying mist. For several hours we bore our way into the storm, heads drawn between hunched shoulders, backs braced to meet wind and sleet. As we gained altitude the weather changed from freezing vapor to large Christmas snow flakes, and again as we approached the saddle to cutting, wind-driven sleet. At this point it was decided to return rather than take the risk and the punishment necessary to reach the summit.

The welcome on our return to Berkeley Park was worthy of conquering heroes, but we knew that, however honorable our actions, we had been beaten, and the thought rankled. The fascination of mountain climbing is that the sufferings of one hour are forgotten in the next, and one is no sooner off one mountain than he is planning to attack another. For a day or two we joined the main party in exploration of Berkeley Park and its environs, we watched a most accommodating water ousel while she fed her young babies, we visited the construction camp at Yakima Park, and made side trips to Grand Park and neighboring hills, but in the course of a day or two a suitable excuse for a second assault presented itself. There were in our midst friends from California and Chicago who would have to travel long distances for another chance to climb, and at least they, and the scouts who had labored so diligently to discover a route should be given an opportunity to reach the summit. Plans were most carefully laid. Many, fearing to hold back the party, heroically dropped out, and when the crowd left Berkeley for Summerland a small group of nineteen again set out with high hopes, only to be again frustrated by an accident to one of the scouts. If any were disappointed, however, their disappointment must have vanished under the warmth of the welcome which greeted them at Summerland, and Summerland, well named, seemed more green, its creeks more sparkling, its flowers more brilliant, after a two-day sojourn on glacier and rocky moraine.

Among the figures closely associated with the Mountain is that of Major Ingraham. He it was who explored its many glaciers and meadows in early days and who is responsible for many names, among them that of Summerland given to the park he loved to visit. On the morning before we left this camp, L. A. Nelson called forth a unanimous vote to name the crest overlooking Summerland, Meany Crest, in honor of our president. Henceforth this alpine meadow will have a double significance for Mountaineers, for it will recall not one but two friends and leaders.

From Summerland to Ohanapecosh was a short and somewhat dusty two hours’ trip, and from Ohanapecosh to Paradise a long day’s journey, variously estimated at from seventeen to twenty-four miles, depending upon the weariness of the estimator. We had looked forward to a highline trip, but fog made it more discreet to follow the beaten
trail down endless miles and up more endless ones. The campsite on Mazama Ridge was found to be waterless, though there was water a-plenty in suspension, so we pressed on through thick fog to the lower auto camp at Paradise. And this fog proved a friend in disguise, for although we were close to civilization, the blanket of cloud allowed us to preserve the illusion of remoteness. Our cooks outdid themselves in the banquet they served that night alike to hungry travelers and guests, and if any felt unusual weariness it was not apparent at our midnight camp fire. For the last time Aura led the singing and Patience sang her songs, for the last time we sang together our good-night songs, and although the graduation exercises had been postponed until breakfast, the continuity of the outing seemed complete.

And so we disbanded, lingering yet to voice farewells, loathe to part, yet eager to have done the pain of parting, for three weeks of mountain and trail knit ties that are not easily broken, and the plunge from solitude to civilization is ever a discordant one. Yet we knew as we waved farewell to each departing carload that we should meet again in the common quest for wilderness adventure, for in the words of a very old Indian Chief, we were "good friends, you and I."
MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL SUMMER OUTING, 1930

OUTING COMMITTEE

L. A. Nelson, Chairman
Madalene Ryder, Secretary
Wallace H. Burr
H. Wilford Player
Phillip M. Rogers, M. D.


PACKERS: Henry A. Loss, Buck Breniser, Art Strankman, Dick Wonders, Bob Cope, Denny Shipman, Bob Nickelson, Reed Chipman.

COOKS: George Guyer, chief cook; George McKibbin, assistant cook; Bob Feig, baker; Clarence Garner, Sumner Osburn, Arnold Core.

SQUAW GRASS IN KLAPATCHE PARK  C. A. Garner
HOSE who visit Mount Rainier and the wonderful environs—forests, rivers, lakes, canyons and mountain meadows—find occasionally rude remnants of trails, ruins of "sweat-houses" and other evidences of Indian visits to the same region.

"What did those primitive people think of these wonders?"

Such instant questioning by present-day visitors is perfectly natural. It is but a mind-step back from our intense interest in the experiences of the first white explorers who ventured to the snow and ice above the forests. It was an important and useful achievement to put into permanent record, even though in brief form, the impressions of the earliest pioneers to visit the mountain. These messages were published in The Mountaineer for December, 1915, pages 45 to 53. Two of the visitors were General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump, who in 1870 made the first successful ascent. Another was Professor Bailey Willis, who made explorations in 1883 and for whom Willis Wall was named. Ben Longmire wrote about his grandfather, James Longmire, who discovered Longmire Springs. Major E. S. Ingraham wrote about his many visits to the glaciers and the summit. H. M. Sarvant, whose name is attached to a glacier near Summerland, tells of a camping experience on Tolmie Peak. Professor J. B. Flett records his first trip to the mountain and Professor Charles V. Piper tells of a narrow escape. In the fifteen years since those messages were gleaned, four of those eight pioneers have passed away. There are probably not now living any of the Indians who visited the mountain in the pristine days before the white pioneers ventured there.

Evidence is abundant that to the Indian the mountain was a place of awe and mystery. Sluiskin was the Indian guide for General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump when they made the first successful ascent. His hunting had made him familiar with the lower slopes, but he would not accompany his two white friends any higher than the first wall of snow and ice. They camped where the Paradise Glacier was then pouring its newly-made river over a cliff to the valley below. There the Indian in a passionate speech in the Chinook jargon tried to persuade his friends not to risk their lives by going up to the summit where a demon chief made his home in a lake of fire. That speech was later committed to memory by Oregon's former congressman, M. C. George. In 1915, General Hazard Stevens made an English translation and both were published in my Mount Rainier—A Record of Explorations, pages 132-134. It is pleasing to add that the two
white climbers, when they had safely returned to the frightened Indian at camp, gave Sluiskin's name to the beautiful waterfalls.

In more recent times a confusion arose in newspapers to the effect that the old Chief Sluskin (name slightly different) of the Yakimas was the same who had guided Stevens and Van Trump. This was an error. His true story was recorded by Lucullus V. McWhorter in the Washington Historical Quarterly, Volume VIII, pages 95-101. This old Indian had guided other white men to the mountain, but he denied any fear of the demons there.


There are undoubtedly many Indian legends relating to Mount Rainier. Three will be considered here, two of which will be cited in well-known publications, and the third, a brief one, will be added as I got it from the Indians.

The first and greatest of these legends to be recorded is that of Hamitchou, a sort of Rip Van Winkle, who found on the summit a fabulous wealth of hiaqua, Indian shell money. In making the original record Theodore Winthrop wrote: "Hamitchou, a frowzy ancient of the Squallyamish [Nisqually people], told to Dr. Tolmie and me at Nisqually, a legend of Tamanous and Tacoma, which, being interpreted, runs as follows." He then gives the legend in full in his justly famous book, The Canoe and the Saddle. That book has appeared in many editions. The one I have used was published by the John W. Lovell Company of New York and carried a copyright notice by Ticknor and Fields, 1862. Winthrop's book is the first one to declare that the Indian name for the mountain was Tacoma. His Chapter VII is headed "Tacoma," and in that chapter he gives the Legend of Hamitchou. The entire legend reappears, of course, in the beautifully illustrated and extended edition of the book published by John H. Williams in Tacoma, 1913. From Winthrop's own edition I reproduced his chapter containing the Hamitchou legend in my book, Mount Rainier—A Record of Explorations, pages 34-72.

The second of these legends is entitled "The Origin of Mounts Baker and Rainier, the Indian legend," by Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, and is published in The Mountaineer, December, 1916, pages 32-35. This relates that Kulshan (Mount Baker) had two wives, Duh-hwahk and Whaht-kway. The first of these wives became jealous and thought to regain affection by leaving home. She traveled far and stretched high into the air to catch the expected signal to return. That signal never came and Duh-hwahk developed into Mount Rainier at her distant station.

The third legend I obtained from a small Indian school girl. She
was sitting on the porch of her cabin home on the Skokomish Indian reservation. She couldn’t remember the long and difficult names to make the legend complete, but when I persuaded her to tell me one of the stories her mother had told her, she responded with charming diffidence:

"Mount Rainier was not always in the place now occupied. Long, long ago that great mountain was on this western shore of Hood Canal, not far from Quilcene, and standing by the side of Mount Constance. The two mountains, side by side, were the wives of one man. Jealousy came into that home. Mount Rainier, becoming very angry, gathered up a lot of food and started on a long journey, to leave her home. As she passed the Skokomish River, she dropped some of her food. It was a piece of salmon and fell into the river. That is the reason that ever since that time the salmon run up the Skokomish River. As the mountain went on further she dropped some more of her food on a prairie near Olympia. It was a camass root, and since then those bulbs have always been found there. Becoming tired of traveling, the mountain settled down, where she has always remained since that time. She has not forgotten her anger. Whenever there is thunder and lightning it is because these two wives are quarreling. Once fire came down the side of Constance and burned the trees. That fire was thrown on to her head by Rainier."

I was certainly grateful to that little girl for reciting to me from her memory that quaint legend of her people. Four years later, in 1909, I enjoyed a visit from Henry Allen, whose mother was a Twana, of Skokomish, the same tribe to which the little girl belonged. He told me the same legend, saying that Docewollops was the husband of the two wives. When the jealous or angry wife left there remained a great hole in the Olympics, which can be seen now near Quilcene. On leaving, the angry one tore the breasts from her rival and threw them to the ground. These are now identified as two rounded points that jut into the water at Jackson Cove, near Quilcene. Mr. Allen related that the other Olympic hills are the children of Docewollops’ two wives. He also said that the angry one who became Mount Rainier dropped in her flight from home squaw-grass on the hills, fish in the rivers and camass on the prairies.
Yellow Mimulus
Polemonium

Tolmie's Saxifrage
Caltha

Indian Paint Brush
Gentian

H. W. Playter
ONE of the outstanding features of flying on the Pacific Coast is the remarkable vista of alpine scenery afforded air travelers during a flight from the Pacific Northwest to Southern California. The mail-passenger airway between Seattle and San Diego, operated by Pacific Air Transport, traces a course from which may be seen, close at hand, eighteen major peaks ranging in height from 8,000 feet to 14,501 feet.

Leaving Seattle, passengers are initiated into the panorama of mountain scenery which dominates the entire journey. To the southeast is majestic Rainier, whose bulk, looming above the Cascade range, is emphasized when seen from the plane's flying altitude of 2,000 feet. To the north appear Mount Baker and Glacier Peak, and jutting into the western skyline, the Olympics.

Soon, flying south, air travelers command an excellent view of the
Cascades, with Mounts Adams and St. Helens coming into view. Before the plane settles down to a landing at the Portland airport, Mount Hood is clearly visible to the southeast.

From Portland, the route continues near the Cascade and Des Chutes ranges, with such peaks as Jefferson and the Three Sisters outstanding. Nearing Medford, Ore., Crater Lake National Park is seen to the east.

Leaving Oregon to enter the state of California, the plane vaults the Siskiyou Mountains and Mount Shasta, first seen in the southeast, remains in sight for one hour. As the plane wings past Shasta, the picturesque Castle Crags are seen to the west. In favorable weather conditions, Mount Lassen is seen to the east, in the vanguard of the Sierra Nevada range. The plane flies over the broad Sacramento Valley, with the Sierras to the east and the Coast Range to the west. As the ship glides over San Francisco Bay, Mount Diablo, on the top of which is a powerful airway beacon, becomes visible to the east.

The flight continues southward, with the Sierras still in the east. Outstanding in this section of the aerial trip is Mount Whitney, ranking as the loftiest peak in the United States. Mount Split is also imposing.

South of Bakersfield the plane climbs to an altitude of 7,000 feet to clear the Tehachapi range. At the summit of this range is Mount Frazier.

The coast-wise flight, starting at Boeing Field in Seattle with an elevation of ten feet above sea level, concludes at San Diego with an elevation also of ten feet. The airway itself follows, as closely as possible, valleys and passes which do not require unusually high flying altitudes for the planes.

In the event the country is blanketed by fog, the pilots are inclined to use the familiar mountain peaks as general landmarks. They report that such peaks as Rainier are very seldom obscured when the valleys and lowlands below are covered with clouds or fog. These mountain giants serve to guide the flyers on their general course, while the sensitive airplane flight instruments furnish the specific directions.

In keeping with the significance of the alpine scenery of the trip, Pacific Air Transport has named its planes for the important mountain peaks along the route, and each of the nine planes of the company's fleet bears one of the following names on its rudder: Rainier, Baker, Adams, Cascade, Shasta, McKinley, Lassen, Hood and Diablo.

An interesting experience was reported recently by pilots flying over the Chicago-San Francisco airway, which is also featured by considerable mountain scenery. Flying west in Nevada about sunset time, there occurred an illusion of three sunsets and three sunrises taking
place within a period of one and one-half hours. The planes follow a route which takes them over successive north and south ridges. The approaching mountain ranges cut off the sun three times, and when the planes topped the ridges, the sun was likewise revealed three times. In the latter case the effect was that of a sunrise, although the sun was actually setting.

Airplanes are used in many regions to speed up travel over districts of mountainous terrain. For example, mail-passerger planes are being used in Peru to fly from the sea coast to an interior city over a lofty mountain range. This journey, which previously required twenty days by mule-back, is completed by plane in ninety minutes. Planes are also used in other regions of South America to carry passengers and cargo over routes hurdling mountain ranges.

The airplane is becoming an increasingly important factor in the development of Alaska, while in Canada flying boats are used in the pioneering work now in progress in British Columbia. Winging over barricades of mountains and trackless stretches of dense forest, planes are reducing weeks to hours and months to days. They carry mining prospectors into otherwise inaccessible regions believed to be rich in mineral deposits. They make aerial surveys of forested areas, maintain forest and fish patrols, and carry out many other commissions which would otherwise be practically impossible. The prevalence of lakes in the Canadian province affords plentiful landing facilities for flying boats.

MOUNTAIN CAMPFIRES
What have you given me, campfires red,
Kindled in hills so high?
Mountain moon like a spangle bright,
Hung in a velvet sky.
What have you given that I may keep,
Wilderness fires afar?
Lone, black mountain, towering steep
Under a white, lone star.

Hearts so high and the open sky,
And joys the gypsies know,
Campfire songs when the days were long,
Circle of faces aglow,
The noblest gift of peak and trail,
Friends who are dearer than all,
Love that endures when campfires fail
And crumbling mountains fall!

—PATIENCE PASCHALL.
AT BRYN MAWR, on the southern fringe of Lake Washington, waits one of the "fire eagles" of the West, a sturdy five-passenger plane dedicated to the service of our national forests on the western slope of the Cascades from Canada to Oregon. When a call comes over the wire from any of these forest supervisors, this plane, which stands in readiness day and night, on a two-hour notice heads into the wind with John Blum, a Mountaineer pilot, at the controls in the cockpit and a vigilant Forest Service observer at his maps in the four-passenger cabin.

Before it swoops back to Bryn Mawr within three hours, it may shave the glaciers of Rainier, circle the lookout station perching on Anvil Rock or cruise over Mount Baker Lodge at an altitude of 12,000 feet. Usually, however, it cruises over the rugged peaks and forested valleys of the Olympics. On one of these occasions, the observer detected thirty wisps of blue-gray smoke, six of which were new fires, and marked them on his map as he studied the mountainous terrain spread out below him like a huge map on the knees of the Olympic
god. Returning from this particular trip in less than three hours, the observer telephoned in his report, which, without delay, reached the "smoke chasers" on the fire line.

On some of these flights for the purpose of reconnaissance, the observer takes panoramic and topographical photographs with his $1,500 aerial camera from either window or through the porthole in the floor of the cabin. These photographs record the various stands of green timber as well as the damage done to certain burned-over areas.

During the season of fire hazards which begins in June and ends in October, John Blum pilots his "fire eagle," a Lockheed "Vega," over tens of thousands of square miles above the rugged, mountainous areas known as the Olympic, Rainier, Mount Baker, Wenatchee, Snoqualmie and Columbia national forests and sometimes beyond. From most of these trips he brings the observer back to Seattle, the 1930 flying base of the U. S. Forest Service in Western Washington, because there are so few airports located convenient to national forests.

"The only available place in the Olympic National Forest," says John Blum, "which is large enough and smooth enough to land a plane with reasonable ease is at the Low Divide." Here at an altitude of 3,850 feet, in the shadow of Mount Meany, Mount Seattle and Mount Christie, the Forest Service is now constructing a runway about half a mile in length. When this Olympic airport is completed it will be much easier to go cruising for old fires and new in that rugged country.

Associated with John Blum, the winner of the recent Chicago air derby and president of the Northwest Air Service, are two other Mountaineers, his brother, Alan Blum, and David Pollock, all young birdmen in their twenties, who believe that the exhilaration born of mountaineering is closely akin to that of aviation, especially that branch known as the aerial forest patrol.
SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA is a veritable paradise for the mountaineer, even to the islands that line the coast. The backbone of the Coast Range averages around 8,000 feet, occasionally rising to much greater heights, such as Mount St. Elias (18,008 feet) and Mount Logan (19,850 feet).

An aerial trip over this vast wonderland affords a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The country immediately back of Juneau is in the last stage of a great ice age. North from Taku Inlet for a distance of ninety miles stretches an immense snow plateau, thirty miles wide and six thousand feet above the sea. At widely separated intervals precipitous granite peaks raise their rocky heads like islands in a sea of ice. From this mighty catch basin massive glaciers flow east and west, east to feed the beautiful inland lakes and rivers of northern Canada, west to the sea, the more ambitious glaciers discharging their icebergs directly into the water to be carried away by the outgoing tide.

From the vantage point of the airplane the amateur geologist sees Nature’s handiwork in the making; sees how the glaciers carved out the deep fiords for which Alaska is famous; sees the moraines spread out like fans at the faces of the receding glaciers, and further along the trees creeping up and claiming the ground as their own.

Having seen it all from the air, the true mountaineer can no longer resist the temptation to come to closer grips with these mountains. Shouldering his pack and grasping his trusty ice axe, he sallies forth on the great adventure. And he will return well satisfied, for if he likes tough mountains he will find them, and if he wants tougher ones he can still find them, and if he wants impossible ones he will find them also. Within a radius of twenty-five miles of Juneau there are at least twenty-five mountains that have never been climbed and a few of them, I feel quite confident, will never be climbed.

Several sections of this mountainous country are heavily mineralized and the more accessible parts are being explored by prospectors. Those prospectors who can afford it, make use of the airplane at every opportunity, and this phase of my last season’s work was very interesting. Some of the inland lakes that I landed in would take weeks of back-breaking toil to get an outfit into, whereas the airplane only took a matter of an hour or more, and no more work than the labor of loading and unloading the plane.

One Ton Lake was perhaps the most exciting place I landed in. This lake is very narrow and set down in a cleft with high mountains
all around. The only approach was directly over the outlet, as everywhere else the mountains were much too high. I got in O. K. and landed my party at the lower end of the lake. As the valley was too narrow to do a turn in the air, I took off and flew low to the upper end and landed. Then I turned around on the water, took off again and flew out over the outlet. As far as we were able to ascertain, we were the first men to stand on the shores of this lake.

BERKELEY PARK

"When the moon climbs high o'er Burroughs Mountain,
And purple lupine borders every fountain,
And the breezes down the slope
Are sweet with heliotrope,
O, gypsy, come away to Berkeley Park!"

—Patience Paschall.
A VALLEY POUNDER GETS LOST IN THE CLOUDS

S. J. Fosdick

The morning is stormy. The wind-driven clouds tear into shreds, revealing dirty strips of sky. They pile into thick masses and boil to and fro like a kettle of over-done potatoes. I clutch the permitted twenty pounds of baggage tightly in my hand and clinch my teeth to keep them from beating out a retreat. If I only had my twelve dollars back! A train would certainly take me to Portland and not a tri-motored Fokker airship!

The other passengers and I are bundled into waiting cabs and hustled to the airport. The plane trundles down the field and we climb in. Thirteen of us, including the pilots.

With calloused unconcern, the co-pilot slams the doors and takes his place. The plane wheels about and rolls clumsily to the far end of the field. We turn. The motors roar. The bumping skid leaves the ground. Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty—indicates the speedometer. The wheels with a disdainful push spurn the ground. Seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Far below are the factories of South Seattle. A bus crawls along a narrow tape, like a fat, slow-moving bug.

Two thousand feet and still climbing. One hundred and twenty—the speedometer needle bounces and hovers. Masses of fog are flung alongside the cabin windows. Up, up. The fog is white and soft; I am tempted to get out and climb around in it. I think of Little Eva ascending to Heaven through such a pea-soup wash as this.

Ten minutes since leaving the airport. Comfortable riding. I open a magazine. S-o-o-p—the plane shoots upward and backward. Then d-o-w-n—a sickening sense of falling on our nose. Will it ever stop! Again we soar, and again the terrific downward speed. I wish I had packed my trunk more securely. Everything is rattling around like peas in a hat box. I will never get things sorted out properly again.

At six thousand feet we break through the fog and make the filling for a cloud sandwich. The flanks of Mount Rainier loom on our left. We settle down to the serious business of getting to Portland. Ten minutes slip by rapidly. Everybody is busy reassorting his inside accommodations. I glance at my watch. It is time we were in Portland. Nothing in sight but the level floor of clouds below and the close cloud ceiling above. I have no idea where we are, but hope the pilots know.

A mountain comes into view on my right. Must be Hood, I think, but it looks strangely like Rainier. We should be too far south to see Rainier, though. The plane begins to circle. We must be over Port-
land; probably going down through the fog to the landing field. I
strain my eyes to make out the first buildings. The motors idle. It is
very quiet. Down, down, down, very gently. We all strain our eyes
to see through the fog. At five hundred feet we drop out of the
clouds.

But instead of streets and houses we’re above a mountain clearing.
The plane swings in widening circles, cautiously feeling its way along
the sides of a valley that shuts us in. Everyone is alert—waiting,
waiting. What’s coming next? It’s evident that the pilots don’t
know.

Everyone relaxes again when we pick up a railroad track beneath.
We pass two towns that no one recognizes, and cross a river white with
glacial drift. The railroad tricks us into a narrow valley. The fog is
thicker and lower. We scrape along close to the heavy ceiling, but
the altitude continues to drop slowly. We are above another clearing
containing several fields dotted with stumps. Not a good place for a
forced landing, I think. The motors are idling. A house slips under
us. The occupants rush out wildly waving their arms. The dogs dash
about in a frenzy, and we can see the chickens running with out-
stretched necks for the nearest cover.

The speed has dropped to eighty miles an hour, and the altitude
needle continues to register lowering elevation. I wonder if the plane
will land right side up or butter side down. The others, too, seem to
be wondering as unconcernedly as I whether the plane is going to
land and how. They are interested, but not excited. The ground
seems to be moving up toward us now. The plane banks steeply; it
seems to poise for one breath-taking instant. The motors open wide,
and with a flash of wings, the plane swings up and around, and with
motors roaring out their song of triumph, we retreat down the railroad
at a speed of one hundred and forty miles an hour with a comfortable
air space between us and the ground.

I read the name of Yelm on an oil shed. I hope the pilots know where
it is; I am sure that I don’t. Next I pick up the stone quarries at
Tenino. I was glad that I had not known that we were playing around
under the flanks of Rainier in the fog.

Now that we have our location, with the quickening speed of a hom-
ing pigeon, we wing on to Portland. Soon we cross the Columbia
and settle down in a whirlwind of gravel on the runway at the airport.
With a flourish we spin around to the airdrome, more than an hour
overdue.

I returned to Seattle by train. Believe it or not, it was only because
I could neither beg, borrow nor steal a ride on a plane.
The urge, as expressed by our wrangler, Don McMurtry, "Let's go places and see things," led seven of us to break away from our regular trip with the club and view new pastures. After months of planning we were on our way to visit the top of the world, namely, the Columbia Ice Fields, lying along the south boundary of Jasper Park.

We arrived at our starting point, Geikie Station, to find that the seven of us were to be cared for by a crew of six men and thirty head of horses.

The first few days were spent on a side trip into the noted Tonquin Valley. It is well worth all the praise given it, as the valley lies at the foot of a jagged ridge of peaks known as the Ramparts. The peaks making up this ridge are only for the expert climber; one has claimed the lives of those who dared its slopes. The weather being subject to showers, caused us to choose a lesser climb to the north—Mount Clitheroe.

In order to reach the Athabaska River from the Tonquin, we took the Portal Creek trail, passing over Maccarib Pass, 7,000 feet above sea level. The season was very late and we experienced some new thrills in getting the horses through several patches of snow that we could not work around. A pack horse goes wild and excited on getting stuck in...
the drifts. After working over the pass, we dropped down the creek past Mount Edith Cavell to a camp on the Athabaska River, some eight miles out of Jasper. From this point the route led up the river to the passes into the Saskatchewan watershed.

Rising for an early start the next morning, we made a discovery that we were to continue to make for many mornings—that some of our horses were not to be found. After looking for them until towards noon we started out, leaving Don and Denny to continue the search.

The trail led up past the Whirlpool River and Athabaska Falls, and on to the upper reaches of the Sunwapta River. We had intended to go over Wilcox Pass to the Saskatchewan River, but as this pass is six hundred feet higher than Maccarib Pass, we thought it would be impossible so we swung to the east to try an easier and lower route. Taking a chance, in spite of the fact that tracks showed someone else had tried and failed, we worked up and over Jonas Pass to a camp on the Brazeau River. We had to beat down a trail through the snow to the summit in order to get the horses over. This we did with only two horses coming to grief and sliding down the snow. We had all read Freeman's book and the article in the 1925 Geographic, but the pictures did not mean much to us until we had the same experiences.

The next morning we rode ahead of the pack train to Parker's camp. In the afternoon we climbed the rock divide that gave a close view of the Athabaska Glacier and a chance to look down on the smooth expanse of the Saskatchewan Glacier, eight miles long and a mile wide. From here Stan Puffer, our guide, led us over an old trapper's trail to a camp at the foot of the glacier. From this camp we made our best climb, a trip up Mount Castleguard. Camping at the foot of the glacier as we were, it made the trip many miles long so we had been promised a ride up the lower end of the glacier on horses. But this was not to be, for on arising we found our horses had departed in the night for better feeding at Camp Parker, our last camp site.

The climb of Castleguard is a very easy snow climb, although we found the snow too soft on our trip. From the snow fields on Castleguard, if the snow were hard enough, one could ride a horse to the top of Snow Dome or Columbia. Like most peaks in the Rockies, one side is an easy grade while the other side drops off sheer. I cannot do justice to the view from Mount Castleguard. If it is mountains and glaciers that one desires to see, here is a spot that gives one a view of peaks and ice fields without number, stretching as far as the eye can see.

As to animals, we ran, as usual, into our old friends, Oreamnos Montana or mountain goat, in the high places, and once we had the pleasure of meeting their fellow climbers, the Rocky Mountain big horn
sheep. Moose, bear and porcupine were also to be seen. As there is no hunting or trapping in the park, all the game is very tame. One could get within eight or ten feet of deer, and the birds and squirrels were even less afraid. The only thing we failed to see on this trip was caribou. Wild animals were so plentiful that their trails were often more visible than the horse trails. Buffalo roamed through here in early days, as evidenced by whitened bones and skulls. Although no beaver were seen, their handiwork was all about in dams and trees felled by their teeth.

Our swing back toward Jasper and home took us to the eastern part of the park. We followed down the Brazeau to Brazeau Lake. This seemed a beautiful lake as we looked down on it from the trail, but apparently no trail led down to its surface. Passing over Poboktan and Maligne passes, we came to the lower end of Maligne Lake. The lake received its bad name from the dangerous ford at the mouth of the river rather than from the appearance of the lake itself. The lower end is not as wonderful as the upper end above the Narrows. We started in the morning up the lake in the only motor boat on the lake (one sleded in on the snow from Jasper by Curley Philips), stopping near the head of the lake. Here we climbed above timber line for a view of the peaks and the lake. Returning, we visited the camp site to be occupied by the Canadian Alpine Club.

Our trip from Maligne Lake over Shovel Pass to Wabasso Lake will be long remembered. This pass received its name from shovels used to clear a trail for horses on a trip through the pass in 1910. The pass is some 7,500 feet above sea level, and is noted for its wild flowers, but when we went through very little did we see because of
the storm that was raging at the time. The storm and our spirits lifted as we dropped down from the pass to the plains of the Athabaska. We had only three days of rain on our entire trip, lucky indeed.

The next day brought us back to Jasper, civilization and home. Our horses took on new life as we rode through the streets of Jasper to the corrals that marked the end of horseback riding. We had brought back all of our horses but one, too lame to make the trip, but many were lame and saddle-sore, with ribs showing from lack of food. It was a great trip but, as Don said, "It's great for women and children but . . . on men and horses." We had been taken through by our outfitters of the Robson trip, Denison and Brittain, with Stan Puffer of Jasper as official guide.

Climb of Castleguard

MARY DUNNING

The ascent of Mount Castleguard, which is located on the southern rim of the Columbia Ice Fields, gave more pleasant anticipation than any mountain I have ever climbed. It was from Castleguard's summit that we were to achieve our objective, namely, to gaze at the most extensive ice fields on the North American continent outside of the Arctic and subarctic regions of the Far North. Here before us were the great deposits of snow and ice that have been accumulating for many centuries. The region has been called "'The Mother of Rivers.'" The drainage from this single ice field flows to three major oceans, probably the only example in the world where such immense dispersion of water comes from one source. The two greatest ice tongues that help to carry these waters to the three oceans are the Saskatchewan and Athabaska glaciers. The former sends its waters by way of the Saskatchewan River to Lake Winnipeg, and thence by the Nelson River to Hudson Bay and the Atlantic. The waters from the Athabaska reach the Arctic after 2,000 miles of travel by way of the Peace and Mackenzie rivers. The Bush River and Tsar Creek carry some of the melting waters to the great Columbia and so to the Pacific Ocean.

The estimated area of the Columbia Ice Fields is about 10 square miles. The ice field itself is comparatively level, the average elevation being 8,500 feet. But unnumbered mountain monarchs rise up on every side varying in height from 10,000 to 12,000 feet. Nearly all the lofty peaks of the Canadian Rockies form a part of the magnificent panorama.

As we started the descent we realized that in the Columbia Ice Fields there had been spread before us an Alpine landscape not to be surpassed anywhere.
EARLY one morning last August we raised our anchor and slipped out of the harbor at Secret Cove. At once we were in the Strait of Georgia, where a boisterous wind gave us rapid sailing northward toward Jervis Inlet. We had come north and west leisurely from Seattle through the San Juan group, crossed Haro Strait to Sidney and Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, only to cross back again to the British Columbia coast.

By noon that day we reached Pender Harbor where a few resorters and fishermen gather around the only store and post office on Jervis Inlet. Pender Harbor lies about fifty miles up the coast from the city of Vancouver, and the landlocked reaches of Jervis run generally north up into the mainland for another fifty miles. As we sailed on toward our objective, which was Princess Louisa Inlet, at the head of Jervis, our course lay through channels with noble names—Agamemnon Channel, Prince of Wales Reach, Princess Royal Reach, Queen’s Reach.

These passages gave evidence that this country was once enormously
grooved and scarred by southward ice advances, and that it had later sunk so that the sea entered and followed the glacier-made valleys until they were cut off by the Canadian Coast Range. At first the flanking mountains were rather like foothills, but soon they came from greater heights and more steeply to meet the water. All along our navigation charts were confidently marked "hundred fathoms, no bottom," meaning that bottom had not been found by soundings going to that depth.

That night we anchored in Vancouver Bay. The bay lies at the foot of Mount Churchill (6,750 feet), which appeared to be a great partly wooded cone, half distinct, in a passing haze of smoke which had drifted in with us from a fire out on Texada Island. Later we had a different view of Churchill and were surprised to find out that one side of its summit was a bulging and overhanging cliff, giving a peculiar shape to the part above timber line.

On the second day we sailed by cliffs, and peaks bearing snow fields on their tops, in our pleasure forgetting the lesser mountains we had seen below Vancouver Bay. A swift running and white-capped tide carried us through the narrow pass into Princess Louisa Inlet. Something of the view from just inside the entrance is shown by one of the pictures, which, although it does not reveal the steep walls and slopes so closely surrounding the six-mile length of the inlet that only a limited camping space is available, does show a glimpse of the glaciers carried on the higher elevations.

The second picture is of the falls and escarpment which indisputably mark the head of navigation in Princess Louisa. Its height (which may be compared against the yachts in the picture) gives the cliff such great dignity that the woods shortly give way, leaving it to rise abruptly from the water along part of the north shore. For the west, that shore is steep, rocky and sparsely wooded. The irregular south shore is also steep, rising at once to 4,500 feet, but is covered with an unusually dense growth of woods and brush, notably huckleberry, offering some obstacle to easy climbing. These steep mountain sides usually protect the water from ruffling winds so that their reflections add attraction to an already beautiful scene.

While we spent a short day and a half engaged in warm salt-water swimming, salmon and bass fishing, butter clam digging, and other activities suitable to a boating vacation, our mountaineering spirit was drawn out by our surroundings. We found that we were only about thirty miles directly over the mountains northwest from Mount Garibaldi and its country known to Seattle Mountaineers. The peaks within an eight-mile radius roundabout offered snow and rock work of a rather similar sort. Our map marked out a few of them. We had come past Frederick William (6,137 feet), now due south; southwest
The height of the falls and the wall at the head of navigation on the Inlet may be judged by comparison with the yachts anchored at the base.
was Mount Arthur (5,585 feet); to the west across from the entrance lay Mounts Alice and Wellington, both above 6,000 feet; three miles north of Princess Louisa itself stood the summit of Mount Alberta (8,200 feet), and also Helena (5,451 feet); and still a few miles farther north were Alfred (8,450 feet) and Victoria (7,452 feet).

Of course, the climbing possibilities would involve some new features, a minor one, that approach to the start of the actual climb is almost entirely by water. Then, too, since we could gather no information of climbing there except as to the passes used by hunters and prospectors, the climbs would be in the nature of scouting expeditions. As such, the parties would necessarily be made up so that each would be small and with a majority of experienced and capable members. So much climbing country presents itself, however, that any desired number of parties might be organized at the same time.

It was with these opportunities in mind that we regretfully laid our course homeward, determined to return again.

WIND-BLOWN HEMLOCKS
SPRAY PARK

ASCENT OF CHIMNEY ROCK
LAURENCE D. BYINGTON

EARLY on the morning of August 25, 1930, three Mountaineers, Arthur Winder, Forest Farr and the writer, left Seattle for a week’s trip into the country adjacent to Chimney Rock and Spectacle Lake. Although the exact route to be followed had not been definitely decided upon, it was agreed that a determined effort would be made to scale the peak that had for so many years challenged the efforts of our climbers.

Tuesday afternoon, camp was made at the junction of Lemah and Chimney creeks, about a mile and a quarter west of Pete Lake, this being, according to the best available information, the nearest approach to the southeast side of the mountain by trail. Later in the after-
The climb was made from the left-hand chimney to the short chimney at the right, thence around the ledge as far as the vertical crack which in the picture appears (dimly) to lead to the summit. Thirty feet above the ledge the open face was crossed to the other crack that is shown dividing the main summit.

noon, a preliminary survey of the peak was taken from Spectacle Meadows, and a tentative plan of campaign decided upon.

At 6:15 a.m. Wednesday, August 27, the start was made. Emergency rations were taken, as an enforced bivouac on the peak seemed not improbable. The original plan of following a course up Chimney Creek was abandoned when a newly cleared trail was discovered leading up Lemah Creek toward the ridge at the base of Lemah. This decision proved sound, as the trail led up to the end of an open ridge
which extended from the southeast peak of Chimney Rock. Three hours of climbing along the crest of this ridge brought us to a point above the lower glacier. From that point, a descent of about 150 feet was made to a bench leading up toward the glacier. From the lower glacier an inspiring, though at the same time somewhat appalling close-up view of the final summit confronted us.

Here some time was spent in consultation, as it was evident now that there would be time for but one attempt. The course decided upon was by way of a rather ill-defined chimney which terminated on the summit ridge, between the main summit and a lesser peak to the south.

The route led across the upper glacier which at this season consisted of glare ice. Much time was required to cross this section and to negotiate a huge crevasse. At about 1:30 p.m. we set foot on the rock at the immediate southeastern base of the main peak.

From this point on, the route was obvious. A short traverse to the left along a narrow ledge soon brought us into the chimney that had been observed from below. Here the climb became more varied and difficult. In several places large chockstones blocked the way, necessitating detours on to the open face alongside. These did not prove to be insurmountable difficulties, however, and the summit ridge was reached about 2:15 p.m. From this point the cairn placed on the lower peak to the southwest by Hugh McKenzie, Robert Schellin and Earl Smith in 1928 was clearly visible.

To the right, the smooth, sheer and apparently unscalable face of the highest peak towered 400 feet or more directly overhead, seeming to offer an impassable barrier. A closer examination, however, revealed a blind chimney between the one just ascended and the wall of the main peak, unapproachable from below and terminating about 50 feet from the dividing ridge. From the upper part of this chimney a ledge led up around to the east face. From the ledge a short but extremely difficult chimney, blocked by an overhang, was encountered.

The two foresighted members of the party, who had thoughtfully provided themselves with rubber-soled shoes, attacked this problem with somewhat more confidence than the writer. Owing to the shallowness of the chimney, the smooth out-sloping walls and a complete lack of holds, the final few feet were ascended only with the greatest difficulty. The writer paid for his thoughtlessness by being obliged to discard, first, the nailed boots, and finally all socks, in order to obtain the necessary traction. Socks were donned again, but during the remainder of the ascent the boots were tied together and worn necklace fashion.
Above the chimney a sheer rock face directly overhanging the glacier, 1,200 feet below, was ascended with great care. From here a perpendicular chimney led directly to the final summit. Owing to the loose nature of the rock, the final 25 feet was considered too hazardous and was abandoned in favor of a deep vertical crack in the rock immediately to the right. By the aid of a large chockstone, and the back-and-heel method of ascent, the final summit was attained about 4:30 p.m.

No time could be spared for more than a hasty glance at the magnificent panorama spread out before us, if the descent was to be made before darkness overtook us. Three cairns were hastily built, as there was some doubt as to the exact height of the different points. In the center cairn a waterproof match box, containing the names of the climbers, was deposited as a register tube.

The descent was made with all speed consistent with reasonable safety, complete darkness overtaking us just as the wooded ridge was reached. Base camps was reached at 8:45 p.m.

TEN DAYS IN THE LAURENTIANS

MRS. LLEWELLYN S. LEWIS

FEBRUARY, rolling mountains, sparkling snow, dazzling sunshine—words with which to conjure visions of paradise, at least, for the owners of the forty-five pairs of polished skis stacked in Boston’s North Station. We were boarding the night train for Montreal and points north in the Laurentian Mountains. For ten days we were to ski to our hearts’ content, with not a worry or a care except that the snow be powder dry, and the “long boards” remain intact.

The next morning, in Montreal, after breakfast, we boarded the little mountain train that was to carry us into the heart of the Laurentians, about a hundred miles north. To me, this did not seem quite like the beginning of a ski trip, for there was no evidence of packs, no gayly-colored ski socks or mittens; we were just a group of ordinary city folk in street clothes, with our suitcases stowed in the racks over our heads.

Still no signs of the “big snow” promised by the weather man. There seemed endless miles of rolling pasture land covered with a gleaming sheet of ice, neatly blocked by barbed-wire fences. My spirits sank, as my memory slipped back with longing to the precipitous slopes of Meany Ridge.

Arriving at St. Jovite, we stepped out into the bright sunlight, only to find that it was sunshine without a vestige of warmth. This was my
first experience with below-zero weather. Even under the buffalo robes in the huge sleighs which carried us to Gray Rocks Inn, our teeth chattered and our hands grew numb. Warmed by a dinner of soup and caribou steaks, the metamorphosis began. From suitcases came ski costumes that would make a Mountaineer party look gray and drab in comparison. For several hours, on a slope a little less icy than the rest, we tried our Christies, and Stems and Sitz-marks, with resulting black and blue spots and skinned knuckles. All the time the thermometer kept on a steady decline, and the cold finally drove us to the warmth of the great open fire in the inn. That evening, as every evening, garbed in conventional dress, after hot tubs and hot food, we spent the time dancing to radio music, playing ping-pong and looking at the northern lights shooting across a clear, cold sky.

The next morning a hardy group of fifteen with noses tucked into bandanas and ears carefully covered, were off on the first leg of the cross-country tour, which was to take us through seventy miles of rolling hills back toward Montreal. The mercury stood at 29 below zero. We begged shelter for lunch of a poor little French family. Out in the biting air again, we made St. Faustin about three in the afternoon. There had been many icy slopes, navigated with uncertainty, and a few runs where the snow was dry and fast. The best of us showed evidence of contact with icy crust. But we had had good practice in fence-climbing. It was simply wicked, the way these fences appeared in the middle of the good runs or at the bottom of a steep drop. The Laurentians are grazing lands, and for the first time in forty years the snow was not deep enough to cover the fences.

Prayers for a fresh fall of snow were unavailing. The sun continued to shine and the weather became more and more spring-like. On the third day we were skiing bare-headed, bare-armed, in a temperature of 60 above. We bought thinner clothes at the village stores; we hunted for shade, and carried bottles of cold drinks for our lunch. We pushed hard with our poles down slopes which we would have hesitated to run at all two days before. Early morning and after sundown were our only chances for fast runs, and we made the most of them. So our week passed as we traversed the hills from Ste Agathe via Val Morin to Mont Rolland and at last to Shawbridge, where we spent the final day of the trip skiing in a drizzling rain.

Late that day we boarded the train homeward-bound, once more just a group of ordinary city folk in street clothes, with our suitcases stowed in the racks over our heads. But what a difference! We had shared ten days of exhilarating sport, had sympathized with each other’s wounds, laughed at each other’s awkward moments, praised each other’s clever runs, and now we were going back, not just casual acquaintances, but friends and fellow skiers.
TOP ROW—Christania Turn; (1) Amsler; (2) and (3) Grigg. 

BOTTOM ROW—(4) Christiania Turn, Amsler; (5) Jump Turn, Grigg; (6) Stampede Pass.

Photos 1, 4, 6, Norval Grigg; 2, A. W. Anderson
3, 5, Gilbert Erickson
TO MOUNT BAKER'S SUMMIT ON SKIS

R. B. Sperlin

Finding the snow nearly gone from the lower elevations, Ed Loners, a fellow Mountaineer, and I decided upon a ski climb of Mount Baker as a means of prolonging the skiing season and getting a headstart on a summer of intense climbing activity. We left Seattle at about 8 o'clock Friday evening, May 2, 1930, in a downpour. We were staking our chances for success almost entirely on the weather man, who promised us fair weather Saturday and Sunday, following a rain Friday night. With us was John Booth, a novice, anxious to climb the mountain and game for anything.

We drove to Glacier, where we started the ten-mile hike to Kulshan cabin at midnight. The sky was still dripping, although the rain changed to a mist as we went higher. We reached the cabin about 5:30 o'clock.

After a hurried breakfast, we made our skis ready and began the climb. Having shouldered skis for ten miles it was a relief to feel them on our feet. The sky was still overcast and gave little promise of clearing. Before we had climbed far we found ourselves in the clouds. Everything looked white. We kept on in the general direction of the mountain, however, noticing what few landmarks we could see and still hoping that the weatherman would keep his word. Occasionally a strong gust of wind swept down upon us. It seemed like
an invisible hand slapping at us, warning us to keep away. At 10:30, with apparently no prospect for clear weather, and with the invisible hand seeming more like a series of hands slapping at us in rapid succession, we reluctantly turned back to the cabin to wait for what weather the morrow might bring.

That afternoon, although we knew we should have rested and caught up on sleep, the temptation which an inch of new snow on open snow slopes brings forth was too great; we enjoyed wonderful skiing in the cirque above the cabin. We also made a side trip to get a close-up of Coleman Glacier. During the afternoon the clouds began to roll away and we had our first glimpse of the mountain.

At about 4:30 we “called it a day.” That night was clear; every star seemed to be out to greet us. We decided to make a fresh attempt in the morning. Accordingly we “turned in” early, at 8 o’clock. The only alarm clock we could find refused to work, so we all set our mental alarms for 2:30. We feared that we might oversleep, since we were very tired, having had no sleep for about thirty-seven hours. Our fears were well founded, for the only alarm to go off was over an hour late. Once up, however, we lost no time in getting started.

Sunday morning was crystal clear. The snow also was excellent, and we made normal time as we zigzagged upward. We stopped often to enjoy a view which was beautiful beyond description. Before us were the Black Buttes and the peak itself, glorified by a fresh fall of snow. Behind us, far to the north, the majestic Selkirks sparkled
in the morning light. To our left the crevasses of the Coleman Glacier gaped forbiddingly.

We continued upward, finding no difficulty in making our way among the many crevasses. The large crevasse below the saddle which extends between the Black Buttes and the main peak, often an obstacle to summit climbers, was either filled with snow or covered with a solid snow bridge.

We reached the ridge that divides the Deming and Coleman glaciers at about 11:30. By this time clouds had begun to gather, though fortunately they stayed away from the mountain. We found this ridge icy and wind-blown, the first indication that we might strike ice on the upper snow fields. Here John took off his skis and continued with crampons. He had had no skiing experience on icy slopes.

After following the ridge for a short distance we zigzagged up the slope which forms the head of Deming Glacier. Here we were very cautious, as a slip might mean a drop into one of the many crevasses below. The snow was crusty, but by stamping our skis down hard they would break through enough to give a comfortable hold. By this time John, tiring, began to lag behind. As the clouds were gathering, Ed and I went ahead, telling him to take his time and follow our tracks.

Finally we contoured around below the Roman Wall and soon reached the summit ridge. A short distance of easy going then brought us to the summit. The climb had taken a little less than eight hours.

Before long John joined us. The climb was a noteworthy accomplishment for him. He had done no hiking for months and had never climbed a major peak, but his determination to reach the top could not be denied.

Unfortunately, our view was obstructed by clouds—clouds everywhere except in the near vicinity of the mountain.

We decided it would be unwise to use skis for the descent on the icy snow slope above Deming Glacier. Hence we roped up and used crampons until we reached the saddle. At the saddle we found ourselves in a cloud. However, our morning tracks were plainly visible, and in almost no time, it seemed, we were back at Kulshan cabin. It was one fast run after another.

The descent did not end at the cabin, however. As quickly as possible we ate, packed up, and started for Glacier. The night was clear, and we had a last glimpse of the mountain by moonlight as we packed down the trail.
ONLY a few years ago the season for active skiing in the Puget Sound area usually started with the Christmas holidays and ended shortly after the Washington's Birthday outing. Of recent years enthusiasts enjoy trips on Mount Rainier and Mount Baker from early in November until the end of June, and even occasionally into July.

Entrancing trips have been made to Indian Henry’s Hunting Ground; from Paradise Camp to Panorama Point, and on beyond to Cowlitz Rocks; climbs to the saddle of Pinnacle Peak in the Tatoosh Range; to Anvil Rock and Camp Muir; from Paradise Park down the Nisqually Glacier to its snout; from Storbo Cabin to St. Elmo Pass and Curtis Ridge. A most delightful run is from Cowlitz Rocks across the Paradise, Williwakas and Stevens glaciers to the ridge above Sluiskin Falls, then down steep Mazama Ridge to the Paradise River. Here every type of slope is available to suit either beginner or expert.

Many satisfying trips have been made in the Mount Baker Lodge country. Among these are Table Mountain, Shuksan Arm, Lake Ann, Kulshan Ridge, Coleman Glacier and the glorious Chain Lakes district. For the first time in history the snowy summit of Mount Baker has felt the invasion of the Mountaineers’ new method of attack and yielded glorious sport to those who ventured there.

Of these trips, one of the most fascinating is the run from Steamboat Prow and Curtis Ridge to Storbo mining camp, a descent of thirty-six hundred feet, over slopes that vary from steep pitches to gentle grades. Chilled from the breeze which usually prevails at Curtis Ridge, you point your skis downhill. Swiftly they rush, and perforce you fight to keep up with them. Your blood warms with the struggle, and for a moment your whole effort is concentrated on the idea of balance; desperately you sink from erect position to an extreme crouch; your eyes water; your face glows from the whipping of the wind; a spray of snow fluffs behind; your muscles relax somewhat as you grow accustomed to the swift descent; your mind blots out the idea of fear and telegraphs to every nerve the sheer joy of living; the thrill of speed exalts you and every petty worry fades away—this, indeed, is life.

Soon a slope, too steep to take straight, looms ahead; a partial stop-turn to check your speed, and then a fast downhill turn and off again on the opposite traverse. Again you swing back towards Ruth Mountain. Suddenly disaster threatens; the slope is too steep to turn on, and rocks are straight ahead. Leaning boldly away from the hill until it seems that you will surely fall, you throw the heels slightly downwards and
your skis sideslip safely to somewhat gentler slopes. Stretching out over the very points of your skis until at last the slippery boards skid around to change direction, you rush down in a wild ecstasy of speed—down, down, past the mine tunnel of summer time, across the side of Burroughs Mountain, over the snout of the glacier to the shelter of the mining camp.

Most of these trips have been made as a week-end holiday, easily accomplished by auto and at a minimum of expense. The actual skiing time of these trips has varied from three to ten hours.

The snow peaks of Washington offer an infinite variety of ski trips, that some day will lure to the Northwest skiers from distant places. With the development of the new roads that are now under construction on Mount Rainier and the building of more shelter huts, Yakima Park in the White River district, various places accessible from the Carbon River entrance, Klapatehe and St. Andrews Parks on the West Side Highway, will offer to the skier most of the beauties that attract the summer climber and in addition hold forth the spell and mystery of the virgin solitude of these silent places, magnificently garbed in sparkling white. All this will help to satisfy the spirit of adventure that courses through the blood of every Mountaineer.

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SKI COMPETITION, 1930

Paul Shorrock

In recent years skiing among the Mountaineers has become so increasingly popular that there has been more and more demand for competitive events to stimulate the enthusiast to put to the test those lessons learned on the practice slope and the cross-country trip.

There are now eight trophies to be awarded annually to the winners of as many different events, and the winter of 1929 and 1930 was the first in which all were regularly competed for.

It is the purpose of this article briefly to set forth the more salient features of these events.

The first races of the season were the annual Washington's Birthday races at Snoqualmie Lodge, held February 23. These consisted of the women's race for the trophy donated by Edith Knudsen, Helen MacKinnon and Elisabeth Wright Conway, and for the Paul C. Harper cross-country trophy. The first named was over a course approximately two miles in length and started from the foot of the toboggan slide on Lodge Lake, thence in a general easterly direction toward the Summit.
It then swung toward the Beaver Lake trail and back to the starting point. This was won by Mary Dunning. Ruth Brines took second place and Eulalie Lasnier third. There was some fresh snow on the ground, but not enough to hinder the participants. The sky was overcast and there were some snow flurries.

The cross-country race for the Harper cup was over a distance of about three and one-half or four miles. It also started from Lodge Lake, cutting over to the Beaver Lake trail, which it intersected. This was followed to a point a little below Beaver Lake, where it described a semi-circle to the east of the lake and approached it from the north. After crossing the lake, it again intersected the Beaver Lake trail and followed it a short distance before making a direct descent to Lodge Lake, finishing where it started. William Bauer of Tacoma won first place, closely followed by Rex Ruston, who was second. The weather conditions were similar to those of the women's race.

The next races were held at Martin on March 2, 1930, for the Slalom
trophy, donated by Robert Hayes, and for the down hill trophy, the gift of W. J. Maxwell. The purpose of the Shallom race is to develop proficiency in turns and the course was laid on the west slope of Meany Hill. It was won by Wolf Bauer. Hans-Otto Giese was second, and Hans Grage third. The winner's time was one minute six and four-fifths seconds. The weather conditions were not entirely satisfactory, due to a crusty surface.

The purpose of the down hill race is to promote skill and speed in down hill running. It started in the timber of Meany Hill and finished just above the Hut. This was won by Hans Grage, Hans-Otto Giese placing second and Wolf Bauer third.

The races for the University Book Store trophies were also held at Martin on March 9. The women's race was over a course starting from the Hut, going east, roughly paralleling the Northern Pacific Railroad. It then turned at right angles in a southerly direction, finally working back to the Hut along the contours of Meany Hill. It was about two and one-half miles in length. Mary Dunning was winner of first place, Mrs. Stuart P. Walsh, second, and Vava Squires, third. The weather was fair with some fresh snow.

The men's race started from the top of Meany Hill, crossing over to the power line hill, thence in a large loop over toward Stampede Pass, returning around the lower northeast side of the power line hill, over to Meany Hill, finishing at the Hut. The course was about seven miles in length. Hans-Otto Giese and Hans Grage tied for first place, their time being fifty-two minutes. Paul Shorrock was third.

The patrol race was held March 23, 1930, for a cup donated by A. W. Anderson and N. W. Grigg. The course was from the Lodge to Martin and followed the regular Forest Service trail to Olalee Meadows, Mirror Lake, Yakima Pass, Meadow Creek, Dandy Creek, Dandy Pass, finishing at Martin. For details regarding equipment, start, rules to be observed, etc., the reader is referred to the Mountaineer Annual of 1929, pages 46 and 47.

The weather was very unfavorable on the day of the race, due to several days' fall of fresh snow, which made the going extremely heavy, despite the valiant efforts of the trail breaking crew. There were four patrols of three persons each entered as follows: (1) Hans-Otto Giese, Andrew W. Anderson and Fred Ball; (2) Paul Shorrock, N. W. Grigg and Robert Hayes; (3) Allan Cox, George Tepley and Robert Sperlin; and (4) Ted Lewis, William A. Degenhardt and James C. Martin. The start was made from Snoqualmie Lodge at 8:17 a. m., March 23.

The patrol consisting of Hans-Otto Giese, A. W. Anderson and Fred Ball won first place, finishing at 3:47:50 p. m., after covering the twenty-
mile course in seven hours, thirty minutes and fifty seconds. Paul Shorrock, N. W. Grigg and Robert Hayes took second place.

The first and only ski jumping contest of the season was held on the rock slide at Snoqualmie Lodge, March 30. The trophy was donated by the Outdoor Store of Seattle. The contest was judged on form and distance, a maximum of twenty points being allowed on each.

Hans-Otto Giese won first place with a score of 18.38. Otto Strizek took second with 13 points and Hans Grage third with 10 points. The contest was judged by Peter Hortmark of the Seattle Ski Club.

The ski-jumping contest was the last event of the year and marked the completion of a competitive ski season such as The Mountaineers as an organization had never before witnessed. Certain it is that the interest aroused by these events will do much to place skiing in its rightful place as the king of all our activities.

YEAR ago ski tests were offered for the first time to the Mountaineers. How they would be received was a matter for question. Immediately, however, they proved a popular feature, and Class C badges became sprinkled quite generally among the skiing membership. An experimental year, the higher ranking tests were not given, although several persons could no doubt have fulfilled all requirements for Class B or Class A.

With a year's experience behind it, the Ski Committee decided to revise the tests, and in doing so, made several important changes. The tests were more clearly defined and the requirements greater. A qualifying test was added in all three ranks. Because of these changes and
in order to avoid confusion, the names of the ranks have been changed from A, B and C to 1, 2 and 3. Class C of last year corresponds approximately to Class 3 of the new system.

Holders of Class C rank may keep their rating and in advancing to higher rank, proceed to work for Class 2 status. They will be required, however, to add to the Class 2 test the Class 3 requirements, which were not made in Class C tests last year. To be specific, Class C skiers, in order to become of Class 2 rank, must do a right and left telemark to a stop from direct descent at slow speed. They must climb at least 500 feet in one hour, returning to the starting point in 15 minutes. Must make a cross country trip of at least four miles on skis. This in addition to the Class 2 requirements as stated below.

These tests are intended to raise the standard of skiing in general, and with the wholehearted cooperation of the members of the club we hope this end may be attained. The tests will be revised and made more difficult as the standard of skiing rises.

**SKI-RUNNING TEST RULES**

*Use of the Sticks:*
Candidates should carry sticks throughout these tests, but no candidate shall put both his sticks together or hold a single stick in his two hands during any part of these tests unless expressly directed to do so by the judges.

*Hard Snow:*
For the purposes of these tests hard, unbreakable crust formed either by sun or wind, or well-beaten-down snow from which all traces of soft snow have disappeared, may be considered hard snow.

*Qualifying Tests:*
No candidate may enter for the Third Class Test until he has passed the Qualifying Test for the Third Class Test. Similarly, no candidate may enter for the Second Class Test or the First Class Test until he has passed the corresponding Qualifying Test.

A candidate may not enter for the Second Qualifying Test until he has passed the Third Class Test, nor for the First Qualifying Test until he has passed the Second Class Test.

Not more than three attempts are allowed at any one part of any Qualifying Test on the same day and the Judges should not allow more than one attempt unless they are satisfied that the candidate has a reasonable chance of passing.

The Judges are entitled to refuse to judge again within one week a candidate who has entered for a Qualifying Test before he has a reasonable chance of passing.

**Third Class**

*Qualifying Test:*
Properly executed kick turns, both uphill and downhill. Level run-
ning with use of sticks. Ascend a fairly steep slope by side-stepping, half-side-stepping, and herring-boning. Two continuous stem turns, both right and left, on a gentle slope at slow speed. A right and left Telemark to a stop from a direct descent at slow speed.

**Test:**
Climb at least 500 vertical feet in one hour, returning to the starting point in 15 minutes. A cross country trip of at least four miles on skis.

**SECOND CLASS**

**Qualifying Test:**
A right and left pure Christiania to a stop from a direct descent at fair speed on hard snow. At least four continuous Telemarks, both right and left, at good speed on a fairly steep slope. A right and left jump turn at slow speed from a direct descent, through a minimum angle of ninety degrees. Jump turns to be made by means of one stick only. At least four continuous lifted stem turns at slow speed on a fairly steep slope.

**Test:**
Climb at least 1,000 vertical feet in one hour and fifteen minutes, returning to the starting point in 20 minutes. A cross country ski trip of at least twelve miles in length.

**FIRST CLASS**

**Qualifying Test:**
At least four continuous Christianias, both right and left, on a steep slope at high speed on hard snow. At least four successive jump turns, both right and left, on a steep slope at fair speed. Jump turns to be made by means of one stick only. Demonstrate ability to negotiate obstacles such as ditches or logs while in motion.

**Test:**
Climb at least 2,000 vertical feet in one hour thirty minutes, returning in 25 minutes, or climb 1,500 vertical feet in one hour and five minutes, returning in 20 minutes. Make a cross country ski trip of at least 18 miles in one day. A descent of 500 feet of difficult downhill continuous running in the open and in timber, without a fall, and within the time limit set by the Judges.

For a definition of the turns mentioned in these tests see Caulfield’s "Skiing Turns" in the Club Library.

**RULES FOR JUDGING**

**Qualifications for Judges:**
Any member of the Ski Committee who has successfully passed the Second Class Tests is qualified to judge the Third Class Tests. Any member of the Ski Committee who has successfully passed the First Class Tests is qualified to judge the Second Class Tests. Any three members of the Ski Committee who have successfully passed the First Class Tests are qualified to judge the First Class Tests.
Any club member who has successfully passed the Second Class Tests may be appointed by the Ski Committee to act as judge for the Third Class Tests.

Any club member who has successfully passed the First Class Tests may be appointed by the Ski Committee to act as judge for the Second Class Tests, or in conjunction with two other judges, for the First Class Tests.

*Judges to Make Themselves Known:*

Judges present on any week-end at the respective Lodges will make themselves known to the Lodge Committees and see that their names are posted on the Bulletin Board. Members who desire to be passed upon must hand their names in to the Judges present and will be taken in the order in which their names are received.

*Judging by Classes:*

Judges may pass upon more than one candidate at a given time, but not on a class of more than five at any one time.

*Records:*

A record will be kept and upon a candidate completing requirements for any class he will be allowed to wear the badge of that class, which may be procured from the Ski Committee.

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**NEARING PANHANDLE GAP**

W. L. Huber

Little Tahoma, above Fryingpan Glacier, seems to rival Mount Rainier in height as seen from the trail between Summerland and Panhandle Gap.
A HISTORY OF MOUNTAINEER THEATRICALS

ELIZABETH KIRKWOOD

In one way or another we are always trying to get away from ourselves. The most wholesome method of getting completely out of one's self is by acting, since to be a good actor we have to be somebody else. The Mountaineers have always known this secret. They are good at stunts. On the summer outings the camp-fire programs have shown much ingenuity and cleverness. Costumes and bizarre effects have been produced out of almost nothing. Some really astonishing circuses have been seen on these occasions. At Kitsap cabin and the Lodge, we have had mock-weddings, May-days, kangaroo-courts, mock trials, gold rushes and the like. Only an old-timer can tell what a beautiful Queen-of-the-May "Little Big Chief" was, once upon a time. One of the cleverest stunts of the olden days was the christening of Mary Paschall's cow. This was done with all the form and solemnity of the Episcopal service. The acting and music were perfect for the occasion. A surprising amount of talent was uncovered in these stunts, which were gotten up in ten or fifteen minutes and acted with a spontaneity and abandon that convulsed the audience. The unexpected and ludicrous were richly mixed and the element of surprise was just as likely to break on the actors as on the audience.

The first theatrical effort that had any continuity was when the headless rider of Sleepy Hollow fame was acted in pantomime. Ed Triol was the leading spirit. We all sat around a big camp fire in front of the old house that was inherited with the Kitsap property. In those days the men slept in an old barn nearby and the girls in the upper story of the old house, and in three chicken houses. Some fortunate ones were invited to occupy Mr. Paschall's barn. This stunt was acted on a bright moonlit Halloween night. The actors wore sheets, rode sticks with carved horses' heads and tore around at terrific speed. The climax was reached when one of the ghosts took off his head, a football, and threw it into the midst of the audience assembled around the campfire.

The next spring a few excerpts from Robin Hood were acted in appropriate spots in the forest below Hidden Ranch. The audience covered a great deal of ground following the actors from tree trunk to open spaces. Joe Hazard was Little John and he and Harold Sexsmith fought a most exciting duel on a tree trunk that had fallen across the creek. This show was amateurish compared with the ambitious production put on June 17, 1923, which was a musical interpretation of "Robin of Sherwood," based on a poem of Alfred Noyes. This time there was a stage manager, costumes rented from Roosevelt high school, at a nominal price, singers of ability, music of violin and cornet and a
background of folk and natural dancing. The theatre was an open space in the forest below Hidden Ranch, where a level spot had been cleared for a stage and trails made up the side of the hill for the actors to use. Principal credit was due to Howard Kirk, who took the part of Robin Hood and at the same time acted as manager, property man, costume designer and even playwright. The moss-draped cedars made us think it was Sherwood Forest in the heart of Merrie England and we saw again Maid Marion, Shadow-of-leaf, Puck and the Rainbow fairies, Friar Tuck, King John and the wicked queen.

This play was done so beautifully that The Mountaineers took to dramatics in real earnest and started in a businesslike way to get professional training. They formed a drama class under the instruction of Mrs. Robert Sandall, a teacher of marked dramatic ability, and planned to give a winter play each year in addition to the annual outdoor performance. Robin Hood was enjoyed so much that a precedent was started and ever since The Mountaineers have put on a spring play. It is the great annual event.

The next play was a lovely oriental pantomime, "The Shepherd in the Distance," by Holland Hudson, given May 25, 1924. The audience, led by a snake charmer and her slave, came trooping down and looked at footlights made of sword-ferns, and a stage surrounded with moss covered tree trunks. On the left a winding path led up a steep hill green with ferns, firs and hemlocks. At his mistress' bidding, the slave approached a series of mounds, lifted the draperies, which were gunny sacks on which moss and ferns had been sown, and displayed the performers who sat still as images. The last to be uncovered was "The Maker of Sounds," whose wand was to guide the play. Before the pantomime was performed the plot of the drama was read aloud. The play was intermixed with graceful and colorful dances. Floating silken scarfs of beautiful hues gave a brilliant effect.

At this time Will Darling's theatrical talents began to blossom. He was the one who thought of the ingenious plan of hiding the players under green mounds, and retiring them the same way so that at the finish the stage looked just as it did at the beginning. He also designed the Nubian slave's handsome fan. The masks were modeled by Mabel Furry. They were very human and realistic, especially that of the beggar.

The next summer on June 7, 1925, the Mountaineer Drama Club gave "The Toy Cart," a colorful Hindu drama of real artistic merit ascribed to King Sudrake about 400 A.D. The cast was composed entirely of Mountaineer women. This was so well done that the Tacoma Federation of Women's Clubs requested Mrs. Sandall to put it on over there. But the actors were too badly scattered to reproduce it.
With each production The Mountaineer players became more ambitious and kept striving for greater perfection in acting and costumes. The club decided to start another innovation and have a winter play in the city and charge fifty cents, the proceeds to be used for costumes and other expenses of the annual out-of-doors play. The first mid-winter play was given March 11, 1926, at the Y. W. C. A. auditorium in combination with an after theatre party, at which Dixie ice cream and cake were served. Will Darling showed some further latent talent in the stage settings. The Mountaineer men took a prominent part in this performance. The play was Lord Dunsany’s “The Tents of the Arabs,” a poetic drama of oriental beauty. This was followed by a mysterious and fantastic comedy, Percival Wilde’s “Embryo.”

The same year, 1925, a movement was started to make a new theatre. The old one had very poor accommodations for the audience, which had increased by leaps and bounds, and besides it was not on Mountaineer property. The audience had to sit or stand on ground that was in a decidedly moist condition. There must have been some hidden spring under this spot, for it was never dry at the right time. A new theatre was laid out and planned with rare theatrical insight. Will Darling found just the right spot, a level place with a gentle sloping side hill where the audience could sit and look down on the players. This is claimed to be the first forest theatre in the West. Of course, it is not the first out-of-doors theatre, but it is the first one to be made in a forest and some distance from a town. Ferns and mosses surround the stage and are so placed that they look as if nature had planted them there. An arch formed by two cedars outlines the background. The trees were thinned out so that spots of light fall in the proper places and the eyes of the audience are kept in the shade. It is a sloping amphitheatre that will seat several hundred people with plenty of room for expansion. The wings are made of the bark of trees covered with moss. Many hours of hard work were put on this theatre to make it useful and still look as if the woods had hardly been disturbed. The impression one gets looking down on it is that just a level place has been cleared off, yet days and days of the hardest kind of toil were put on this most natural looking spot. The price for it was paid in terms of blistered hands, strained backs and aching legs.

The new theatre was dedicated June 6, 1926, by Professor Meany. Then followed the play, “Rainald and the Red Wolf.” It was exceedingly well done. This had a play within a play in which the masks of greed, sloth and fear showed what excellent work Will Darling can do. They expressed these evil traits so clearly that they were actually startling.

The second annual winter play, March 4, 1927, was given at the
Women's University Club. The players thought they were doing so well that the price could be advanced to seventy-five cents. The size of the audience showed that they had not over-estimated their drawing ability. Mrs. Robert Sandell instructed them. Three plays were given: "Trifles," by Susan Glaspell; "Three Pills in a Box," a whimsical fantasy, by Rachel Lyman Field; "A Dollar," a rollicking comedy, by David Pinsky. Twenty-one Mountaineers made up the cast. Staging and costumes were under the direction of Will Darling.

But the theatrical climax was reached on June 5, 1927, when "Alice in Wonderland" was produced. This was such a success that the Seattle Chamber of Commerce asked The Mountaineers to reproduce it July 10 as part of the entertainment planned for the benefit of the N. E. A., which held its annual convention in Seattle during July, 1927. At the first performance over 600 were present; at the second 400 members of the N. E. A. and Mountaineers were present.

The audience was led down a zigzag trail and could look into vistas of virgin timber and rhododendrons. They followed three creatures who were neither of land, air, nor water. The audience was seated on a slope with logs for seats and looked down into an open space with a mound on the right covered with ferns and moss, over which protruded the roof of a bark house. Here and there were realistic mushrooms big enough for a person to sit on. Some Eastern tourists even believed them to be the real thing. The side entrances were made of bark topped with moss. Everything was so in harmony that one looking down on the stage would get the impression that human hands had hardly disturbed the natural setting.

Without a sound, two little wood sprites came out and jumped, skipped and hopped around the stage. They disappeared, a shrill scream was heard off in the woods, and Alice came running the length of an immense fallen tree and when she had reached the stage she described her terrible sensation of falling. Then in quick succession we beheld the creatures of Carroll's fancy. All were masterpieces. Will Darling made the masks and costumes from pictures given in Carroll's earliest edition. Mock Turtle, Gryphon, March Hare, White Rabbit, Duchess and all the others were just as convincing as imagination could make them.

The cat had a very wide and glaring smile which faded off the roof at appropriate times. The masks were so convincing that some of the children in the audience would not go on the stage after the performance when the actors were holding a kind of informal reception and receiving the congratulations of admiring friends and relatives. But one little girl came up to White Rabbit and with admiration in her eyes said: "I like you, White Rabbit." He was worthy of admiration,
for he certainly was a dapper gentlemanly rabbit. Following this play an epidemic of matrimony hit the actors. The Executioner married the Mock Turtle and the Mad Hatter married the Cook.

The third annual winter play was given March 16, 1928, at the Women’s University Club. It was a colorful Rumanian peasant drama, "The Haiduc." It gave a chance for display of humor, pathos and tragedy, lightened by song and dance. This play showed how steadily the Mountaineer actors were improving.

On June 10, 1928, for the third time Robin Hood and his merry men entertained The Mountaineers. Mountaineers and their friends came in swarms of automobiles. It was necessary to get a person with impressive mien to act as traffic cop. Peter McGregor was appointed as head cop with as many assistants as he cared to press into service. This crowd was greatly augmented when the passengers arrived from the special boat from Chicago. The Mountaineers, plus friends and relatives, looked like a good-sized mob as they stood jammed together at the entrance of the Flett trail waiting to be led down to the theatre.

Suddenly a hunter’s horn was heard and a court fool appeared with a companion, coming up the trail. After these had collected all the strangers, the crowd was permitted to surge down the trail. Every foot of hillside, looking down on the stage, was taken. This time "Robin of Sherwood," by T. J. Crawford, was put on. Everything was in harmony, stage setting and actors.

One who has not been behind the scenes of these plays cannot realize the intensive work that is done the morning of the play. The night before costumes are begun but seldom finished. To the uninitiated, the whole thing looks like an awful mess until about two hours before the audience is led down. In the few hours of the morning the seemingly disconnected parts are joined up and the production as a whole looks a bit hopeful. Lunch is brought down to the actors so that as little time as possible may be wasted. Plans, improvements and criticisms are talked over between mouthfuls. Several times I have helped with the lunch and have been rushed in to be part of a mob or help fill out the background, and every time I have marveled at the way Mrs. Sandall worked up to the very last minute getting things into shape. I am always surprised that disorganized material in so short a time can appear before an audience with practically no mishaps. This shows what intelligence and cooperation can do under pressure.

On November 16, 1928, The Mountaineer Skylarkers put on eight acts of rollicking hilarity at the Y. W. C. A. auditorium; admission 40 cents, two for 75. Mrs. Sandall was so busy she could give them very little instruction, but what was lacking in professional training was
made up in spontaneity and originality. It was a success, both mirthfully and financially.

The fourth annual winter play was given March 1, 1929, at the Century Theatre under the direction of Mrs. Sandall, assisted by Claire McGuire as business manager. To quote from The Mountaineer bulletin: "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" is a gripping melodrama of the pre-Volstead period, interspersed with murder, comedy and love. Of course, Mountaineers are prejudiced in favor of their actors, but when outsiders with discriminating taste say they have enjoyed it immensely, what more need be said!

The seventh annual play, at the Forest Theatre, June 9, 1929, was "Make Believe," by A. A. Milne. The way in which the nine Hubbard children, with the aid of their friend, Rosemary, and the butler, James, think up this play is as clever as it can be from beginning to end. The subtle humor and exceedingly clever hits were most enjoyable. We agree with Mrs. Sandall when she said: "This is the best one we have ever done."

The fifth annual winter play, "The New Lady Bantock," by Jerome K. Jerome, was given March 14, 1930, at the Century Club Theatre. This was especially well done.

The eighth annual play at the Forest Theatre, May 25, 1930, was "The Adventures of Snow White," an adaptation of the old fairy tale into dramatic form. The play was put on earlier than usual to accommodate Mrs. Sandall, who was going abroad. Luck, in regard to the weather on their annual play day, has always been with The Mountaineers. They took a chance having the play so early in the year, but their luck held. The weather was good. An audience of over a thousand filled all the cleared space on the hillside, and they were held spellbound.

No matter how old we are, we are still children when it comes to enjoying a fairy tale. Such strange and bizarre things as witches, black cats and dwarfs seem especially adapted to the out-of-doors and our fairy-like forest theatre.
REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

December 1929, to November, 1930

Place: Mountaineer Club Rooms, 214 Riddio Building, 1015 Second Avenue, unless otherwise stated.


February 7—Annual Dinner and Reunion. Chamber of Commerce, Toastmaster, Dr. Edmond S. Meany. Lecture, Experiences in Russia. Mr. Norman C. Stines, noted mining engineer from Vancouver, B.C.

March 7—The Development of the Reindeer Industry in Alaska. Mr. Ralph Lomen, a member of the Lomen Reindeer Corporation, also a member of the Explorers' Club of New York.

April 4—Experiences in Remote Parts of Tibet. Mr. Earl Dome, Fellow American Geographic Society.

May 9—Summer Outing 1930. Talk by Dr. Edmond S. Meany. Pictures of the trail around Mount Rainier with lecture by Mr. L. A. Nelson, Chairman of the Summer Outing, 1930.

June 6—Dinner 6:30, Chamber of Commerce. Moving pictures and lecture. Mount Vernon and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Dr. Robert F. Griggs, member of the National Geographic Society, scientist, lecturer, and author.

July and August—No meetings.

September 5—Summits—Leaders of Great Nations. Dr. Penrose, President of Whitman College.

October 19—Translation of speech given by Chief Seattle at the time the Indians were sent to the Indian Reservation. Dr. Ritch. Travels to Borneo and South Africa. Miss Blanche Wenner.

November 7—Moving pictures. Summer Outing, 1930, shown by Mr. H. Wilford Playter, member of Outing Committee. Garibaldi Park Outing for 1931, a forecast, by Dr. Meany.

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR, Historian.

SUMMARY OF SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS

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<th>Walk</th>
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<td>7</td>
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<td>.35</td>
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<td>584</td>
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<td>Committee</td>
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<td>.35</td>
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<td>585</td>
<td>Dec. 8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Maple Valley</td>
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<td>.35</td>
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<td>586</td>
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<td>588</td>
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<td>592</td>
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<td>593</td>
<td>Apr. 27</td>
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<td>595</td>
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<td>.35</td>
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<td>596</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Indianola to Newhelburn</td>
<td>May Roseburg</td>
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<td>597</td>
<td>July 14</td>
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<td>598</td>
<td>Sept. 5</td>
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<td>Southeast of Kirkland</td>
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<td>.65</td>
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<td>Oct. 19</td>
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<td>Harper to Manchester</td>
<td>Clark Marble</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>.85</td>
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Total attendance, 656. Average attendance, 39.

14 Beach picnics. Wednesday evenings at West Point, Point Lawton.

Total attendance, 450.

HAROLD A. MAYER, Chairman Local Walks Committee.

REPORT OF THE CLUB ROOMS COMMITTEE

January to November, 1930

The total attendance for 39 meetings was 1845; average attendance, 47.

Talks were given on the following subjects: The Seattle Repertory Playhouse, by Mrs. Burton James; the Passing of the Sailing Ships (illustrated), by Captain Hans Bier; the Ideals and History of The Mountaineers, by Prof. Meany, and Mr. Edward Aleg; Random Ramblings in Europe, by Pearl Bennett; Trees and Wild Flowers of Washington and Oregon, by Dean Winkweeney of the University of Washington; German Prison Experiences, by J. B. Farquharson. Moving pictures were shown on seven occasions. A house warming, an auction sale, a bridge party, a musical evening, a Boy Scout demonstration, a work party, and a Halloween party were held at various times.

RUSSELLA HARDMAN, Chairman.

RECORD OF TROPHIES

The Acheson Cup was awarded to Harry R. Morgan for distinguished service to the Club during the past year.

For ski trophy awards see Ski Competition, 1930. Page 54.
### THE MOUNTAINEERS—TACOMA BRANCH
#### Treasurer's Annual Report
##### As of October 31, 1930

**Receipts:**
- Bank Balance, Nov. 1, 1929: $427.24
- Special Outings, Local Walks Surplus: 17.11
- Annual Dinner 1930, Surplus: 1.05
- Winter Outing, 1929-30, Surplus: 175.00
- Membership Refund: 126.00
- Interest on Investments: 25.17
- Revenue from Card Parties: 2.70
- Rent of Equipment: 105.13
- Irish Cabin, Surplus: 4.92
- Miscellaneous: 1.20

**Total Receipts:** $891.37

**Disbursements:**
- Rent of Club Room: $264.00
- Entertainment Committee Advance: 20.00
- Seattle Trustee Traveling Expense: 5.25
- Mimeographing: 21.74
- Postage and Envelopes: 17.90
- Flowers: 8.40
- Safe Deposit for Securities: 3.00
- Secretary Sundries: 6.12
- Magazine Subscription: 4.92
- Total Disbursements: $393.91

**Balance in Bank of California:** $497.46

**Assets:**
- Cash in Bank of California: $497.46
- Investment Bonds (Par Value):
  - Mountain States Power Co.: $1,000.00
  - United Public Service Co.: $1,000.00
  - United Public Utilities Co.: $2,100.00
- Receivables:
  - Bond Interest Accrued: 20.25
  - Membership Refund (Est.): 125.00
- (2) Furniture, Fixtures and Supplies:
  - Irish Cabin: 77.50
  - Club Room: 176.12
- Rent Paid in Advance: 22.00
- Total Assets: $803.92

**Liabilities:**
- (None)

**Net Worth:** $3,018.33

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### THE MOUNTAINEERS—EVERETT BRANCH
#### Report of Treasurer
##### From October 9, 1929, to October 14, 1930

**Receipts:**
- Balance on hand October 9, 1929: $36.90
- Special Outings: 20.33
- Refund Account Members' Dues: 18.41
- Total Receipts: $85.63

**Disbursements:**
- Local Walks: 18.41
- Entertainment: 13.00
- Miscellaneous: 23.85
- Total Disbursements: $55.26

**Balance in Checking Account:** $162.27

**Balance on hand October 9, 1929:** $516.53

**Interest on Savings Account:** 20.88

**Balance in Savings Account:** $541.65

**Resources:**
- Cash in Checking Account: $162.27
- Cash in Savings Account: $541.65
- Liberty Bonds (Par Value): 100.00

**Total Resources:** $893.92

---

**Earle Smith, Secretary-Treasurer.**
RECEIPTS:

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DISBURSEMENTS:

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EDWIN H. GILBERT, Treasurer.
Prepared in his absence by CHARLES E. WICKS, Auditor.
Profit and Loss Account for the Year Ending October 31, 1930

DR.

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<td>Club Room Maintenance</td>
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<td>371.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sale of Pins</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin Operations</td>
<td>222.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut Operations</td>
<td>191.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local Walks Operations</td>
<td>22.02</td>
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<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge Operations</td>
<td>81.62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing Operations</td>
<td>407.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Balance to Surplus</strong></td>
<td><strong>$3,917.78</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Balance Sheet As At October 31, 1930

**ASSETS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Account</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash on Hand, Treasurer</td>
<td>$159.12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cash on Hand, Local Walks Committee</td>
<td>81.87</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cash on Hand, Kitsap Cabin Committee</td>
<td>426.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cash on Hand, Meany Ski Hut Committee</td>
<td>24.74</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cash on Hand, Moving Picture Committee</td>
<td>718.83</td>
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<tr>
<td>National Bank of Commerce, Treasurer Account</td>
<td>$1,615.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dime &amp; Dollar Savings &amp; Loan Association</td>
<td>385.10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Washington Mutual Savings Bank</td>
<td>276.69</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bonds to Secure Permanent Fund</td>
<td>6,232.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash Receivable</td>
<td>25.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interest Accrued</td>
<td>179.46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Inventory, Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>57.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Inventory, Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>151.41</td>
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<tr>
<td>Furniture &amp; Fixtures</td>
<td>1,315.07</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>1,932.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moving Picture Screen</td>
<td>35.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Permanenm Improvements</strong></td>
<td><strong>$20,269.23</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Permanent Fund                               | $6,374.19|
| Surplus Account, Oct. 31, 1929                | $11,573.20|
| P. S. & Loan Assn                             | 32.99    |
| Insurance Claim 1929 Summer Outing           | 7.71     |
| Snoqualmie Lodge, Inventory 1929             | 191.72   |
| Excess Allowance for Accounts Payable 1929   | 2.25     |
| **$11,614.55**                               |
| Harrigan Vacation Allowance, 1929             | 50.00    |
| **$11,664.55**                               |
| **Balance from 1930 Profit and Loss Account**| **1,460.56** |

| **$20,269.23** |
**SNOQUALMIE LODGE**

**Committee's Report for Year Ending October 31, 1930**

**RECEIPTS:**

**REVENUE—**
- Meals .................................................. $2,294.85
- Lodge Fees ........................................... 1,004.80
- Guest Fees ........................................... 229.75
- Canteen .................................................. 504.85
- Miscellaneous ........................................... 30.30
- **Total Revenue** ....................................... $3,853.55

**GENERAL FUND—**
- Winter Commissary ........................................ $433.13
- Freight on Commissary ..................................... 21.37
- Rental of Horse ........................................... 12.00
- Cash .................................................. 76.16
- **Total General Fund** .................................. $542.66

- **Total Receipts** ..................................... $4,396.21

**DISBURSEMENTS:**

**OPERATING EXPENSE—**
- Commissary .............................................. $1,946.44
- Freight and Express ......................................... 54.05
- Lodge Maintenance ........................................... 207.14
- Miscellaneous Expense ...................................... 134.92
- Caretaker .................................................. 1,218.78
- Committee Expense ......................................... 120.65
- Canteen .................................................. 114.50
- **Total Operating Expense** ................................ $3,800.82

**MISCELLANEOUS—**
- Permanent Improvements ..................................... $231.67
- Equipment .................................................. 23.11
- Refund on Fees ............................................. 7.00
- Repaid to General Fund .................................... 10.00
- Deposit on Oil Drum .......................................... 10.00
- Inventory 1930, $151.41; 1929, $28.40, totaling ............ 123.01
- **Total Miscellaneous** ................................... $595.39

- **Total Disbursements** ................................ $4,396.21

**PROFIT FOR THE YEAR'S OPERATIONS** ........................................... $52.73

**HARRY R. MORGAN, Chairman.**

**EULALIE E. LASNIER, Secretary.**

**SNOQUALMIE LODGE**

During the past year Snoqualmie Lodge has enjoyed what has been probably the most successful year in its history to date from both attendance and financial viewpoints. Parties or trips were scheduled on all week-ends that did not involve conflicts with other traditional Mountaineer activities. Fifty-three scheduled trips or parties were led from or held at the Lodge. 5,965 meals and 280 evening lunches were served to a paid attendance of 1,929 members and guests. The gross attendance for the year was 2,050 members and guests.

It is also interesting to note that more and more members are beginning to appreciate the value of the Lodge as a vacation center. During the past summer members spent their vacations at the Lodge covering a period of ten consecutive weeks.

**HARRY R. MORGAN.**

**LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE**

**Year Ending October 31, 1930**

**RECEIPTS:**
- Balance on hand November 1, 1930 .................................. $31.21
- Local Walks .............................................. 192.24
- Beach Parties ................................................. 22.55
- **Total Receipts** ...................................... $246.00

**DISBURSEMENTS:**
- Transportation ................................................. $120.00
- Scouting ...................................................... 5.55
- New Equipment ................................................. 10.60
- Commissary .................................................. 22.88
- **Total Disbursements** ................................ $164.03

**Balance on Hand** ............................................. $81.97

**HAROLD A. MAYER, Chairman.**
FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE CLUB ROOMS COMMITTEE
JANUARY, 1930, TO NOVEMBER, 1930

RECEIPTS:
- Advanced by Treasurer: $20.00
- Auction Sale: $5.10
- Mite-box collection (intended for smoke stand): $1.75
- Appropriation for radiator covers and card tables: $15.00
- Collection on refreshments at Wednesday evening programs: $44.44
- Firewood: $2.25

DISBURSEMENTS:
- Radiator covers: $13.00
- Two card tables: $2.00
- Song slides made for singing programs: $2.50
- Picture framed: $1.25
- Curtains and table-runner laundered: $1.90
- Miscellaneous, including flowers, postage, telegram, ink, decorations, etc.: $8.68
- Refreshments: $37.17
- Purchase of keys: $4.15

BALANCE: $95.54

MEANY SKI HUT COMMITTEE
May 16, 1929 to May 15, 1930

RECEIPTS:
- Loan from General Fund: $100.00
- Hut Revenues: $398.25
- Commissary—Guests: $716.20
- Commissary—Sold from Hut: $6.77
- Equipment Sold—Stove Drum: $15.00

DISBURSEMENTS:
- Commissary: $490.63
- Freight on Commissary: $34.10
- Cook: $90.00
- Operating Expense: $80.31
- Committee Expense: $85.65
- Permanent Improvements: $15.33
- Miscellaneous: $25.00
- Payment of Loan to General Treasury: $100.00
- Check—Treasurer, to balance: $306.00

SUPPLIES ON HAND AT HUT
- Credit:
  - Commissary: $27.96
  - Coal in Bin: $22.00

KITSAP CABIN FINANCIAL REPORT
Year Ending October 31, 1930

Cash on hand November 1, 1929: $159.70

RECEIPTS:
- Advanced by Treasurer for Taxes: $44.11
- Cabin Fees—Regular Parties: $300.55
- Cabin Fees—Special Parties: $30.00
- Rent—Bixby Cabin: $7.50
- Rent—Remy Garage: $7.50
- Commissary: $651.95
- Transportation: $15.30
- Movie Film (see contra): $4.10
- Excess Deposit (see contra): $9.10
- Dividends—Spring Play: $161.17

DISBURSEMENTS:
- Taxes: $44.11
- Caretaker: $306.00
- Commissary (including Cook, $29.00): $554.24
- Transportation: $37.25
- Movie Film (see contra): $4.10
- Excess Deposit (see contra): $9.10
- Wood Cutting—Last year: $16.25
- Repairs and Replacements: $27.48
- Miscellaneous: $32.45

Balance: $1,450.98

ELVIN P. CARNEY, Treasurer
(By A. C. Ruddy)
# The Mountaineer

## 1930 SUMMER OUTING COMMITTEE

### RECEIPTS:
- Fees from members .................................................. $7,288.60
- Saddle Horse Hire .................................................. 150.00
- Excess Baggage Deposits .......................................... 38.75
- Advertisements (Prospectus) .................................. 120.00
- Interest Seymour Bond .......................................... 60.00
- Initiation Fees .................................................. 14.00
- Sale of Song Books ............................................... 3.75
- Shoe Box .......................................................... 10.85
- Sale of Meals .................................................... 24.50
- Sale of Films ..................................................... 5.10
- Extra Transportation—Guests .................................. 11.80
- Profit—Reunion Dinner ......................................... 4.10
- Refund on Check NSF ........................................... 55.00
- Refund on Special Outing Checks ...................... 8.30
- Miscellaneous .................................................. 17.50

**Total RECEIPTS:** $7,812.25

### DISBURSEMENTS:
- Commissary ..................................................... $1,391.33
- Transportation ................................................. 513.00
- Pack Train ...................................................... 2,782.61
- Freight .......................................................... 198.22
- Outfit .......................................................... 85.25
- Membership Dues .............................................. 14.00
- Films ........................................................... 5.10
- Moving Picture Films and Work Thereon ......................... 151.10
- Refunds to Members ........................................... 1,071.55
- Refunds on Dunnage ........................................... 31.25
- Prospectus, Mailing, Stationery ............................ 139.25
- Song Books to Tacoma Branch ................................ 3.75
- Album for Club Room .......................................... 8.45
- Check NSF ...................................................... 55.00
- Checks—Special Outing Account ............................... 8.30
- Miscellaneous ................................................ 44.59
- Check to Treasurer for Balance ............................. 477.00

**Total DISBURSEMENTS:** $7,812.25

### Accounts Receivable—Advertising ................................... $ 10.00

### Bills Payable—Pictures and Materials for Club Room Album (estimated) ... 12.00

---

**REPORT OF SPECIAL OUTING COMMITTEE—1930**

### RECEIPTS:
- Loan from Treasurer ............................................ $ 56.00
- Receipts from Outings .......................................... 745.35

**Total RECEIPTS:** $ 795.35

### DISBURSEMENTS:
- Repairs, Supplies, Phone Calls .................................. $ 63.00
- Commissary ...................................................... 182.78
- Cook's Wages ................................................... 53.50
- Transportation ................................................ 311.50
- Pack Rations ................................................... 35.00
- Camp Site ....................................................... 46.45
- Movies .......................................................... 14.30
- Refund on Cancelled Reservations ............................ 4.00
- Scouting ........................................................ 10.00
- Refund of Treasurer's Advance ................................ 50.00
- Check to Treasurer to Close Account ......................... 81.62

**Total DISBURSEMENTS:** $ 795.35

---

**The Mountaineer, Inc., Seattle, Wash.**

**Ladies and Gentlemen:**

I have examined the records of receipts and disbursements kept by your Treasurer, as well as those of the several committees covering the various activities of the Club, and find that an accurate account of both has been kept, and that the balance of cash on hand in the various depositories coincides with the records. All reports have been consolidated with the Treasurer's records, investment bonds have been examined, and found to be correct, and, I am of the opinion that the attached Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account reflects an accurate picture of the organizations present condition, and the results of the past year's operations.

**Charles E. Wicks, Auditor.**

---

**Attendance for year** ............................................ 163

**Number of outings** ............................................... 4

---

**L. A. Nelson, Chairman.**

**Madalene Ryder, Secretary.**

---

**Wm. A. Degenehardt, Chairman.**

**Eveleen McAlpine, Secretary.**

---

**Seattle, Wash., Nov. 14, 1930.**
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

TRUSTEES AND COMMITTEES, SEATTLE

Edmond S. Meany, President
Edward W. Allen, Vice-President

Marjorie V. Gregg, Treasurer
Gertrude I. Streator, Historian

Harry M. Myers, Secretary

P. O. Box 122, Capitol 5020.

Winona Bailey
Gilbert Erickson
F. B. Farquharson
E. E. Fitzsimmons
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard

W. J. Maxwell
Mabel E. McBain, Everett
Annie L. McCulloch, Tacoma.
P. M. McGregor
Harry R. Morgan

Ben C. Mooers
L. A. Nelson
Frances Penrose
H. F. Stannard
Arthur B. Young

Eulalie E. Lasnier, Financial Secretary
Edith Copestick, Recording Secretary

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Outing, 1931

Kitsap Cabin
E. E. Fitzsimmons

Local Walks
H. F. Stannard
Meany Ski Hut
Arthur B. Young

Ski
W. J. Maxwell

Snoqualmie Lodge
Gilbert Erickson

Special Outings
Wm. A. Degenhardt

The Cascade Trail
Fairman B. Lee

Climbing
F. B. Farquharson

Geographic Names
Redick H. McKee

Acheson Cup
A. H. Hudson

Legislative
Frank P. Helsell

U. of W. Summer School Trips
F. B. Farquharson

Membership
Mary Dunning

Club Room
Lucie Tweed

Entertainment
Ervin P. Carney

Finance and Budget
Marjorie V. Gregg

National Parks
Edward W. Allen

Custodian of Record Tubes
Ben C. Mooers

Record of the Ascents of the Six Major Peaks
Lulu Nettleton

Custodian of Lantern Slides
H. V. Abel

Custodian of Moving Picture Equipment
H. W. Player

Librarian
Mrs. Grace M. Breaks

Buying Supplies
Harry R. Morgan

Editor of Annual
Winona Bailey

Editor of Bulletin
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard

TACOMA BRANCH

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Dana Roberts, President
Margaret Sullivan, Vice-President

Gertrude Snow, Secretary-Treasurer
Annie Laurie McCulloch, Trustee

A. H. Denman
Amos W. Hand

W. W. Kilmer

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Local Walks and Special Outings
R. B. Kizer

Entertainment
Katherine Brewer

Irish Cabin
Eva Simmonds

Membership
Christine Hermans

EVERETT BRANCH

OFFICERS

Paul Gaskill, President

Thomas Jeter, Treasurer

Inez Ellif, Secretary

Mabel McBain, Trustee

Chairman of Local Walks, Stuart Hertz

MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

October 31, 1930

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Membership</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>695</td>
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<tr>
<td>Everett</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma</td>
<td>84</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>839</td>
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</table>
The Mountaineer

THE MOUNTAINEERS

List of Members, October 31, 1930

HONORARY MEMBERS

J. B. FLETT

S. E. PASCHALL

COLONEL WM. B. GREELEY

THE MOUNTAINEERS

Mrs. Naomi Achenbach Benson
Rodney L. Glisan
A. S. Kerry
Edmond S. Meany

LIFE MEMBERS

Reginald H. Parsons
Edmond S. Meany, Jr.
Robert Moran

BOY SCOUTS MEMBERSHIP AWARDS

1927-1930
Marshall Dutton
Wiley Shummm
Kenneth Sorrells

1928-1931
Daniel Boone, Jr.
Robert Burnett
Stuart Lillico

1929-1932
Wolf Bauer
William Graham
James Wortham

1930-1933
Herbert Lund
William Ryer
Louis H. Prince

COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERS

E. C. Barnes
C. B. Caldwell
H. R. Denzine
Arthur Rooks

C. R. Caldwell
Arthur E. Overman
Ted Rooks

(Names of members who have climbed the six major peaks of Washington are
printed in bold face. Members who have climbed the first ten Lodge peaks are
indicated by *; the first and second ten Lodge peaks by **)}

SEATTLE

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

ABEL, H. V., 1462 38th Ave., PR 1255
ADJUTANT, Dorothy, 4417 W. Charleston St., WE 4899
AHRENS, Annice R., 1631 E. Thomas St., EA 1005
ALEXANDER, Phyllis, Bryan Maw, Wn., RA 3896
ALLAN, James 725 Leary Bldg.
ALLEN, Edw. W., 1312 Northern Life Tower, EL 3429
AMESLER, R. 923 Cherry St., EL 7801
ANDERSON, Andrew W., Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.
*ANDERSON, C. L., 316 35th Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.
*ANDERSON, Lloyd, 4738 19th Ave. N. E., KE 1339
ANDERSON, Lucile, 4871 13th Ave. South, GL 1834
ANDERSON, Wm. H., 4464 Fremont Ave.
ANDREWS, Clarence L., c/o Oscar Gard, 77 Marion St.
ANGUS, Ducle, 5103 Adams St., RA 5101
ANGUS, Helen B., 6071 Harper Ave., CH 2712
ATKINSON, Dorothy F., 1307 East 41st St., ME 9677
AVIAZ de TURENNE, R., 1205 E. Prospect, CA 2191
BAILEY, James M., 1602 Northern Life Tower, SE 0377
BAILEY, Wm., 1426 Warren Ave., GA 2979
BAKENHUS, Priscilla, 501 Crockett St., GA 7302
BAKER, Benjamin W., c/o West & Wheeler, Marion Bldg., EL 5252, WE 0490
BAKER, Florence, West Linn, Ore.
BAKER, Mary N., Apt. 51, 54 Morning-side Drive, New York, N. Y.
BALLEY, Fred W., Apt. B-4, 905 Jefferson St., EL 6900, EL 8279
BALSER, Mary A., 2124 Eighth Ave. No., GA 2844
BARKER, Mabel, 2103 Queen Anne, GA 3945
BARR, Mark, 2005 E. Cherry St., EA 8986
BARRATT, Gordon S., 4216 Sunnyside Ave.
BASS, Ernest F., 5022 6th Ave. N. E., ME 8063
BOLUE, Wolf, 5608 17th Ave. N. E., VE 0039
BOLUE, Margaret, 900 Leary Blvd., MA C091
BOKCK, Florence, 1014 Minor Ave., EL 3922
BOKNER, Lillian, 505 E. Denny Way, EA 4294
BEEDE, J. Frank, 5206 20th Ave. N. E., KE 1497
BEHLE, Nathaniel J., 2528 Yale Ave. No., CA 4775
BELT, H. C., 4733 19th Ave. N. E., KE 2440
Bennett, Edith Page, Women's University Club, EL 3748
BENNERT, Edward M., 5616 Sycamore Ave. SU 1731
BENTLEY, Dr. Frederick, 406 Cobol Bldg., MA 2587
BEGLEY, John G., 605 Spring St., MA 0624
BERG, Anna M., 1102 Ninth Ave.
BERNEY, Joe A., 2462 Nob Hill, GA 3679
*BEST, Walter C., 1121 Post St., EL 6552

*Names of members who have climbed the six major peaks of Washington are
printed in bold face. Members who have climbed the first ten Lodge peaks are
indicated by *; the first and second ten Lodge peaks by **)
O’DONNELL, Hugh, 704 12th Ave., Seattle

NORRIS, Earl R., Dept. of Chemistry, University of Washington, WA 1151

OBERG, John R., Y.M.C.A., Proctor, WA 1234

OLSEN, Myrtle, 417 Mill St., Renton, WA 1357

MOORE, Helen M., 4113 Eastern Ave., Seattle

OAKLEY, Mary, 5261 16th Ave. E., KE 4233

OLIVER, J. A., P. O. Box 226, Kent, Wash., 221-W

OLSEN, Caroline, 411 Eastern Ave., ME 3275

OTT, Anne V., 4738 17th Ave. N. E., VE 2183

OLSON, Karen M., Room 1007, 1411 4th Ave. Bldg.

OSTAD, Edwin R., Fall City, Wash.

OSTAD, Mrs. Hermia Thomson, Fall City, Wash.

O’TORE, J. A., P. O. Box 226, Kent, WA 1357

OSGOOD, F. A., 5215 15th Ave. N. E., VE 1724

OTIS, B. H., 905 Third Ave., A-472

OTIS, Mrs. Ira C., 4320 First Ave. N. E., ME 4116

PALMER, Edna C., Osage, Iowa

PARSONS, Laura B., 8430 Dallas Ave., EL 3423

PARSONS, Reginald, 2300-2305 Northern Life Tower, EL 2347

PARSONS, Theodore Hart, 4300 53rd Ave. N. E., KE 1234

PASCHALL, Patience, Route 1, Bremerton, Wash.

PASCHALL, S. E., Hidden Ranch, Route No. 1, Bremerton, Wash.

PEASLEE, G. M., 4065 15th Ave. N. E., ME 2616

PEARSON, Russell T., 1624 10th Ave. N. E., WA 4567

PELZ, Freda, 1502 East Garfield, EA 1564

PENNELL, Dorothy, Olympic High School, Olympia, Wash., VE 2256

PENROSE, Frances, 202 West Highland Drive, WA 0859

PEPPER, Leah H., 602 Melrose Ave., CA 5432

PRESTON, Helen, 401 1630 Boylston, EA 6400

PERRY, Percy J., 615 Hove Bldg., EL 8464

PFEIFFER, Helen W., 1023 Columbia St., EL 3227

PFISTERER, Elsa, 614 35th, GA 5354

PHILIPS, C. Jr., 1041 Summit Ave. No., CA 0795

PICKELL, H. E., 1220 East Newton St., WA 2501

PITZEN, John G., 9257 51st St. South

PLAYTER, H. Wilford, Apt. 303, 1005 Minor Ave., ME 6303

PLUMMER, Ira, Salmon Bay Sand & Gravel Co.

PORTMANN, Frieda, 620 Olympic Place

PRESTON, Helen, 1029 Summit Ave. North, CA 3894

PRICE, W. M., 524 First Ave. South, WA 8099

PROCTOR, Louis H., 1028 East 67th, KE 3325

PROSSOR, Doreen, 209 Summit Ave., ME 3685

PUGSLEY, Frank, 839 E·ast 81st St.

QUIGLEY, Agnes E., 3333 Claremont Ave., RA 4006

RAND, Olive, U. S. Navy Purchasing Office, Shanghai, China

RAUDENBUSH, Geo. C., 612 E. Fourth, Spokane, WA 4801

RAVASSI, Mlle. Yvonne, 418 Boyer Ave., Montreal, Canada

REID, Harold, Royal Development Co., Leavenworth, Wash.

RICHARDSON, J. B., Lakeside, Wash.
ZIMMERMAN, Mrs. Ada, Public Library, or 1202 Boylston, MA 3956 or EA 8015
ZIMMERMAN, Frances G., Poste &

TACOMA
(Place is Tacoma unless otherwise stated)

ANDERSON, Mrs. Claude J., 562 East 35th St. North, Portland, Ore., GA 7308
ARCHER, Valda L., 3022 South 12th St., MA 9380-R
BARBARE, George, Day Island, Wash., Proctor 250
BARRY, Mrs. Cornelius, 9th St. and 9th Ave. S. E., Puyallup, Wash., 1334
BASSETT, A. H., 1902 North Prospect, Proctor 1832
BauER, William, 7047 East B St., Mad. 4067
BECK, Edith C., 1110 E. 62nd St., Mad. 5160
BENJAMIN, Rial, Jr., 2110 North Alder, Proctor 3488-J
BILLINGS, Mrs. M. E., 205 North Tacoma Ave., Main 6832
BROWN, Chas. B., National Park Service, Longmire, Wash.
CAMERON, Crissie, 805 North J St.
CLAUSSEN, Elsie, Gig Harbor, Wash.
CORBIN, Walter, Box 1654, Main 6156
CRAIG, Lois D., 6906 South Mason
CRASPER, Anna H., 711 North L St., Main 6080
CRAWFORD, Emily A., 323 South J St., Main 5224
CRIM, Katherine, Lincoln High School
CURRAN, Violet, 2801 North Proctor, Proctor 2526

DENMAN, A. H., 1518 Puget Sound Bank Bldg., Main 7565
DODGE, Florence F., 5021 South 1 St., Mad. 914-J
DOMRESE, Lillian, 617 North Starr St., Main 5753
FRASER, Alice, 4015 North 25th St., Proctor 3461
FROHMADER, Clyde, Route 3, Puyallup

GALLAGHER, Leo, Rainier, Ore.
GARNER, Clarence A., 1741 South Oakes St., Main 6011
HALLIN, Ruth M., Day Island, Wash.
HAND, Amos W., 1492 South E St., Main 2646
HEILIG, Mrs. Mary Mudgett, 3001 North Prospect, Proctor 2335
HERMANS, Christine, 1113 8th Ave. N. W., Puyallup, Wash., Red 192 or Main 3126, Tacoma, Wash.
HINCKLEY, Loretta, 2408 North Washington, Proctor 2335
JAMES, Kathleen B., No. 25 Ambassador Apts., Main 947
JOHNSON, Margaret, 3011 South C St., Main 8317-R
KELLNERBERGER, A. G., 3502 South 11th St., Main 293

KILMER, Chas., 821 South Sheridan
KILMER, W. W., 821 South Sheridan
KIZER, R. B., 4522 North 16th St.
KNUDSEN, Hans, 1531 South 42nd St.
LANGHAM, Marie, 1019 Fidelity Bldg., Main 248
LIGHT, Florence, Apt. 306, 518 South 7th St.
LIND, Arthur E., Enumclaw, Wash.

LIND, T. A., 3717 North 31st St., Proctor 3228-J
LITTLE, Walter S., 2219 North Washington Ave., Proctor 589
LUNN, O. R., 115 South G St., Main 7654
MACEK, Mary, 1540 Market St. Main 293
MARKER, Martin H., 1937½ South E St., Main 9098-Y
MARTIN, E. B., John Jay Hall, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
MELLISH, Maxine V. Sumner, Wash.
MORRISON, Hazel E., 1501 South Washington St., Proctor 2630
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