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THE MOUNTAINEERS
INCORPORATED
SEATTLE WASHINGTON
TO ALL WHO LOVE THE OUT-OF-DOORS:

Greetings
FROM THE MOUNTAINEERS

THE OBJECT of this organization shall be to explore the mountains, forests and water-courses of the Pacific Northwest, and to gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region; to preserve, by protective legislation or otherwise, the natural beauty of the Northwest Coast of America; to make frequent or periodical expeditions into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes. Finally, and above all, to encourage and promote the spirit of good fellowship and comradery among the lovers of outdoor life in the West.

HARRY L. JENSEN, President (1938-40)
—From Constitution, The Mountaineers
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Mountain Morning (Poem)</td>
<td>Roland Ryder-Smith 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With a Pack Train Through the Olympics</td>
<td>Vilas Donnelly 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personnel of 1940 Outing</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orientation</td>
<td>Clinton Kelley 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description of Mapping of Mountainous Areas</td>
<td>Lage Wernstedt 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glacier Recession 1940</td>
<td>Ed Kennedy 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Highlights of the Year</td>
<td>Elizabeth Gorham 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Year in Tacoma</td>
<td>Arta Verity Richardson 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Year in Everett</td>
<td>Herman Felder 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Guides</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Register for Safety</td>
<td>Lage Wernstedt 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What To Do When Lost</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rescue Procedure, Comments</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accident Prevention</td>
<td>Climbing Committee 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panorama from Olympus (Poem)</td>
<td>Roland Ryder-Smith 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake O'Hara in 1941</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Song of a Mountaineer (Poem)</td>
<td>Stacy M. Snow 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Climb of Forbidden Peak</td>
<td>Lloyd Anderson 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proposed List of Peaks for Registration</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Climb of Tenpeak Mountain</td>
<td>Lloyd Anderson 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other First Ascents</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bugaboo Spires</td>
<td>Mary E. Kelley 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Escape (Poem)</td>
<td>Roland Ryder-Smith 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Bugaboo No Longer</td>
<td>Raffi Bedayan 43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Affinity (Poem)</td>
<td>Roland Ryder-Smith 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Bertha</td>
<td>Maynard M. Miller 48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Mountaineer Library</td>
<td>Elizabeth Schmidt 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rambles and Scrambles</td>
<td>Joseph T. Hazard 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Financial Report</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officers and Committees</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Membership</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ILLUSTRATIONS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Anderson from the North</td>
<td>Mabel Furry 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Anderson from the South</td>
<td>Mabel Furry 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. LaCrosse from Anderson</td>
<td>Mabel Furry 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Stuart Quadrangle (N. W. Corner)</td>
<td>C. F. Todd 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locating a Fire</td>
<td>Drawing by Lage Wernstedt 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robbers at the Cave</td>
<td>O. Phillip Dickert 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Fingers</td>
<td>George Freed 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Wiwaxy</td>
<td>Mabel Furry 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forbidden Peak</td>
<td>Lloyd Anderson 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenpeak Mountain</td>
<td>Lloyd Anderson 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mount Terror Group</td>
<td>H. V. Strandberg 38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorado Needle</td>
<td>Lloyd Anderson 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bugaboo Spire</td>
<td>Jane Wilson 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howser Spire</td>
<td>Jane Wilson 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snowpatch Spire</td>
<td>Ed Kennedy 44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Bertha from the North</td>
<td>Bradford Washburn 49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Bertha from the South</td>
<td>Bradford Washburn 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Shuksan</td>
<td>Forest Service 59</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COVER ILLUSTRATIONS and ORIENTATION DRAWINGS** by Mary S. Wilson
One Mountain Morning
ROLAND RYDER-SMITH

Comes dawn on the high hill: sun's opal wands
Impinge upon the wakening cloud-isled sky.
Gnarled pines about the fringe of constant snow
Shake, sleepy sentries, as the young winds blow,
And shower their tilted world with diamonds.
Night mists caught upward to the sun's brass face,
Climb in pale spirals up the canyon walls,
Like drifting smoke whorls from the breakfast fires
Of countless gypsies with alpine desires,
A-camping casual at the valley's base.
With a Pack Train Through the Olympics

Vilas Donnelly

Cloud mists floating into high mountain meadows—the ceaseless roar of rivers—horses whinnying at release from the day's labor—sun-touched pinnacles making shadows on snowfields—the sweet, spicy odor of alpine junipers in the noonday sun—friendly faces around campfires—voices and strings on the night air—a familiar morning call.

With summer approaching, what Mountaineer needs encouragement to leave the workaday world and answer this call of the mountains? The urge is an addiction from which he could not escape were he capable of such a desire. Add to this the sheer beauty of the snow-capped peaks ever inviting from across the Sound and you have the answer to the question why many of the fifty-six members of the 1940 Summer Outing were making their second or third trip into the Olympics, some coming from such faraway points as California, Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts.

At last the day of days arrived! Departing by bus in two groups several hours apart on the morning of July 13, we ferried to Port Ludlow and thence by bus to a point near Brinnon, our high spirits undaunted by the cloudiness overhead. Here the buses were exchanged for a pack train; soft shoes were discarded for nailed boots, and we bade farewell to the last vestige of civilization. From this point we were dependent upon our own underpinnings to carry us over the long trails ahead.

After four short miles of easy trail we arrived at the Dose Forks, staked out our campsites on a soft carpet of forest duff and hastened to put cameras and fishing rods into immediate use. As the sun sank lower we began to feel that slight gnawing in the gastronomic region and fell into the most popular pastime of the Outing—waiting for the provision-laden pack train. With the arrival of the commissary packs the cooks lost no time in setting up the kitchen, and soon we were in line for our first meal. However, the absence of some of our second bus load began to give us concern. Could it be they had become lost somewhere along the way? At this point, Clarence Garner in true heroic style, mounted one of the horses and sped back down the trail, his lusty yodel echoing back to us. He brought into camp the wanderers who had been well on their way to Dose Meadows, a point we were to reach some four days hence. We were now a complete unit for the first time, and at the evening campfire we set about getting acquainted. However, the introductions shouted around the circle were lost in the roar of the river and had to be postponed until we had reached our first base camp the following day.

With our arrival at noon in beautiful Honeymoon Meadows we found that six of the climbers had already set out on their first climb of Mount La Crosse. The rest of us, content with the easier life, wandered with the horses through the lush deep grass of the meadows, cooled our hot feet in a mountain stream at a point "not above commissary" or snatched a wink or two on a wide log somewhere along the many paths above camp.

Mount Anderson beckoned next day and the "valley pounders" accompanied the climbers as far as Anderson Glacier. From a shady spot on the ridge above the glacier they leisurely watched the ascent of Flypaper Pass and awaited the climbers' calls from the summit. From this point it was also possible, with a glance at the opposite ridge and far below, to see our daring child of nature, the 'Edelweiss from Chicago," performing in a miniature one-act play. Sublimely unaware of an audience, she performed the leading (and
only) role in her “Discovery of the First Bathtub.” Being unable ourselves to resist any longer the mirror-like surface of the tiny lake, we too, abandoned discretion and hurried down the lupine and heather slope for a splash before the climbers should reappear on the snow slopes of Mount Anderson.

The following morning while the greater part of the group returned to the Dose Forks camp a small party made the second ascent of Mount La Crosse and the first ascent of White Mountain. This is the day Coley’s “Nightmare of many feet” had its beginning. The long downhill return to Dose Forks brought its casualties of wobbly knees and blistered toes. But Coley, equal to the inevitable, was awaiting us in the corner of an old stump. Here her patients reclined on cushions, the center of interest of a gallery of spectators and departed feeling almost fortunate in their affliction.

A cold breeze greeted us in Dose Meadows some twelve and a half miles on, and to keep our already stiff muscles from becoming rigid, we started off on our usual search for the perfect campsite—the key to this being a spot as close as possible to the main camp, sheltered, with trees in just the right position for pitching tents, and on just the right slope for sleeping. Everywhere we looked we found the ground full of holes, the homes of our little neighbors, the marmots. From their hideouts in the nearby logs, they whistled their objection to our intrusion. Perhaps they were merely nonplussed at the demonstration of ballet and acrobatics exhibited by our versatile and energetic climbers—Ann Cederquist, Harry Hagen, Aaron Markham, and Georgina Fitzgerald. By improvising ballet routine, standing on their heads and tying themselves into knots they managed to keep themselves warm until the arrival of the dunnage. This event scattered an amused audience in the direction of the various quarters to set up camp before that welcome call, “serving committee,” should ring out. We had already begun to anticipate shamelessly the marvelous meals planned so expertly by that “master dietitian,” Will Playter, and executed to the minute by our excellent cooks.

Dose Meadows had its own special charm and perhaps a part of that charm lay in the feeling of oneness the group had already begun to assume. For several days now we had been traveling together, sometimes singly or in groups of two, three or more, but always in coming upon each other on the trails we would pause to rest and chat, or share a snack from unbelievably ample trail lunches.

One place that will always be remembered for the beauty of the vivid alpine flowers that grow there is Hayden’s Pass. Here the starry blue faces of that Olympic rock plant, Piper’s harebell, grow in profusion. From this point were made ascents of Mount Claywood, Sentinel and Miscellaneous (which we named for Doctor Wislicenus). Here, too, we had our first glimpse of Mount Olympus and the vast mountainous region surrounding it. It was difficult to realize we would soon reach that high summit which then seemed so dim and far away.

Our journey next day covered ten miles and took us from the high point of Hayden Pass to the lowest point reached on the entire trip. We made a one-night stopover at the “gnatty” camp on the Hayes River before journeying on to Elwha Basin, which was to be our home for the next four days. At Elwha we had a de luxe “suite of rooms” numbering three: kitchen, dining room and living room, all on different levels in the modern architectural manner. Here Herbert Crisler joined us, bringing us our first mail over the twenty-mile trail from the Low Divide. We persuaded him at the campfire that night to describe his four weeks in the Olympics without matches, gun, bedding or any means of obtaining food except by a knife. Mr. Crisler, a
special ranger for the Olympic National Park, skips over the trails and penetrates into the most inaccessible parts of the park, carrying an eighty-pound pack of personal and photographic equipment, in order to record with his camera the wild life and beauty, both scenic and floral, he finds there. In his own words, his purpose is to be "the eyes of those who cannot go into the mountains and see them for themselves."

With regret we said goodbye the following morning to our friend and fellow-traveler, Georgina Fitzgerald. In order to reach her home in Chicago at an appointed time, she left with the pack train on its trip to Low Divide to bring back additional commissary. With the pack train also went our round robin greetings to ten mountaineers, progressively signed as time and stopovers would permit. This custom, begun many years ago by the beloved late Professor Edmond S. Meany, is a tradition dear to those who go on Summer Outings. It is the one time when the group pauses to recall good times had with friends who are not present and to express in a concrete way that memory and appreciation.

With the exception of the eight who climbed Mount Meany, our first day in Elwha Basin was one of relaxation, or preparation for the major event of the outing—the climb of Mount Olympus. The "living room" of our camp was a veritable beehive of industry as the high-climb aspirants scurried about draping wet socks to dry around two campfires, oiling boots and reducing packs in order to squeeze in the commissary necessary in high camp.

Mr. Crisler, on his return to Elwha from Queets Basin, brought the news that we might see about fifty elk from Dodwell-Rixon Pass if we made no undue noise on our approach. With this added attraction nearly everyone went to the pass with the climbers the day they packed into Queets Basin. They were not disappointed. There on the steep upper slope of the basin the tawny bodies of many elk were standing among the trees and bushes. As we progressed into the valley the whole herd moved rapidly before us, affording a still better view and providing Mr. Crisler an opportunity to get some splendid moving pictures.

No pack of wolves was ever more ravenous than the thirty-two climbers who laid down their heavy packs that night in Cleaver Meadows, and certainly food never tasted better. They tell us twice as much food was consumed at this high camp as back in Elwha, but no doubt that can be accounted for by the skill of their fishermen. Situated within the very shadow of the Queets Glacier, Cleaver Meadows was entrancingly lovely at sunset and more so when seen by moonlight after a few short hours of sleep. Setting out by flashlight, after a three o'clock breakfast, we were soon in the gray light of early dawn, and by the time we were on the Humes Glacier the sun had promised us a bright day. Mr. Crisler, who had preceded us, now took motion pictures of the party as it approached Blizzard Pass. After a steep descent of some six hundred feet onto the Hoh Glacier we stopped for our first lunch, then pressed on, reaching the summit of Middle Peak at 12:30 p.m. It had been our intention to go on to the West Peak, but because of the size of the party and the advanced hour, it was felt we should not attempt the additional distance. Snow conditions were excellent and we found glissading down three slopes from the summit great fun. But alas, a shadow fell across our way when our gallant leader sprained an ankle. However, he continued on unaided and we made the return to camp in good time. There our photographer friend served us welcome cups of hot tea.

We had no desire that evening to be awakened early the next morning, but we had brought our alarm clock with us. The "Summer Outing alarm
clock” is of special variety and cannot be set for a certain time as ordinary ones can. Our problem, therefore, was how we could keep Clarence up so that he wouldn’t want to get up at the usual hour of 5:30 or 6:00 a.m. and we could then get in those extra “forty winks” we wanted so desperately. Finally we had an idea. We would demand his entire repertoire of songs, “with the business.” It worked, and we slept undisturbed. Our return to Elwha the next day was leisurely and gave us the feeling of the conquering hero, for they received us with eager ears and quantities of cold tea and lemonade.

Arriving at Low Divide the following day in a good old Puget Sound mist, we were grateful to Mr. Voorhies, our head packer, for the shelter of his spacious Olympic Chalet. But alas, what had become of our once hardy Mountaineers? From the moment of discovery every hot shower was engaged; each of the several cottages attached to the chalet was jammed to capacity; sleeping bags were dragged into the chalet proper by the others, and men’s and women’s quarters were set up side by side with only a curtain of tents between! There were those who refused to “go soft” and pitched their tents bravely in the rain. After a one-night stand, however, they too sought the shelter of the chalet. Only one, a tenderfoot on her first trip into the mountains, did not succumb to this lamentable self-indulgence.

The next two days were spent indoors. Our exuberant climbers, not to be deprived of climbing by a little excessive dampness, passed much of their time scaling the walls and huge rafters of the chalet or practicing suspendersitz and dolfersitz technique. There was International Night with its colorful songs and dances, the “Six-Peaker” dinner beneath a canopy of gay kerchiefs, and the reading of the “Chronic-Call of the Wild.” This night was our last in the mountains together, as the fifteen-mile trek on the morrow brought us back to the edge of civilization.

Footsore and weary at the end of the Quinault River trail, we were greeted by fellow Mountaineers who had come from Seattle, Tacoma and Everett to share our last campfire and Goodnight Song. There remained now nothing but breakfast and the final gathering of dunnage before the buses arrived to take us back to Seattle. A few more hours and a glorious vacation would be over. But wait, there was that little matter of a wheel miring down on a soft shoulder of the narrow road out from the last camp, then a tug and a heave ho—just two hours and twenty minutes—and we were again homeward bound. For this, a perfect Outing, goes much credit to our splendid Committee, Dave Castor, Ola Todd and Wilford Playter.

The Outing does not end, however, with the last campfire, nor yet with the journey home. We go on seeing with our mind’s eye persons and places that have made it such a grand experience—Honeymoon Meadows by moonlight; Hannah singing her Peanut Song; Henry Hall telling bear stories; two fauns venturing close to look us over; Patience’s washing dangling from all points of suspension as she jogged along the trail; Clarence admonishing us with his “Bring back them buckets”; Catherine and Jane whipping up the smoothest fudge, not once or twice, but thrice; Hallie wrangling horses—or logs; everyone bending over hot water and dish mops—these are only a few of the pictures that have become our memory of an unforgettable two weeks in the Olympics.

* * *

• Hills, you have answered the craving that spurred me to come; you have opened your deep blue bosom and taken me home.

—From “High Mont” (LOUIS UNTERMeyer).

MOUNTAINEER 9
Mt. LaCrosse from Shoulder of Mt. Anderson

by Mabel Furry

Personnel of 1940 Outing

In the following list, figures refer to the peaks climbed, as follows: 1—Mount Olympus; 2—LaCrosse; 3—White; 4—Mount Anderson; 5—Claywood; 6—Meany; 7—Sentinel; 8—Winona; 9—High Camp, Quartz Basin.

COMMITTEE

T. Davis Castor (chairman) 1, 4, 7, 9
H. Wilford Playtor (commissary) 4, 7
Mrs. Ronald Todd (secretary) 1, 7, 9

Assistants CLARENCE GARNER, 1, 7, 9 CHARLES L. SIMMONS, 4, 7

Cooks

WILLIAM NORTON
LLOYD OGDEN
BILL BAKER

EMILY BLEECKER, 7
SHELBROOKE BLEECKER, 7
HANNAH DONELLY, 1, 2, 4, 7, 9
EUGENE BROWNING, 1, 4, 5, 7, 9
LILLIAN BROWNING, 1, 4, 5, 7, 9
CRISIE CAMERON, 7
ALBERT CARLSON, 1, 4, 7, 9
MARIAN CASTOR, 7
ANNE CEDARQUIST, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9
ELSIE CHILD, 7
LINDA COLEMAN, 7
KATHERINE COMY, 1, 4, 5, 7, 9
CATHERINE CRAYTON, 5, 7
FLORENCE DODGE, 1, 5, 7, 9
VIAS DONELLY, 1, 4, 7, 9
DR. I. A. DRUES, 1, 4, 5, 7, 9
GERTRUDE FITZGERALD, 2, 4, 5, 7
MABEL FURRY, 7
LEO GALLAGHER, 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9
C. EDWARD GRAVES, 5, 7
HARRY HAGEN, 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9
ANNE E. HALL, 7
HENRY HALL, 1, 4, 7, 9
GERTRUDE HOPPOCK, 5, 7
HALLIE HOWELL, 4, 5, 7
GUS HUDSON, 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9

HELEN HUDSON, 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9
MARIE L. KNIES, 7, 9
JAMES MANGUS, 7
AARON MARKHAM, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9
MILDRED MATTSON, 1, 4, 7, 9
WILLIAM J. MAXWELL, 5, 7, 9
HARWOOD MCGILL, 4, 7
HELEN MERCER, 1, 4, 7, 9
EDGAR MILLER, 5, 7
HARVEY MOORE, 1, 5, 7, 9
GRACE NYSETHE, 1, 4, 5, 7, 9
PATIENCE PASCHALL, 7
PHILIPPA C. PATRY, 1, 4, 7, 9
CALVIN PHILIPS JR., 7
FAYE PLANK, 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9
ROBERT POLLOCK, 1, 7, 9
HENRY PRICE, 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 9
LAURA RANDEL, 7
CLAYTON RUDLEDGE, 2, 5, 7
ANNE SHARPLES, 1, 4, 7, 9
MARY STEMMKE, 1, 4, 7, 9
JANE TAYLOR, 5, 7

THE
Orientation

Clinton Kelley

Orientation, as we use the term, is both a science and an art. It is
the means of solving the problems of the development and use of routes,
both of these under a wide variety of circumstances. For
this reason it bids fair to be second in importance among
mountaineers only to the problem of food. The need for a
knowledge of the principles of orientation arises at all
times from the inception of a trip until its conclusion. The
original plan laid out on the map involves that knowledge;
the hour by hour process of following that plan uses it to
no less degree. The identification of points of interest de-
pends upon these principles as much as does the overcom-
ing of emergencies caused by sudden adverse weather or
the sense of being lost.

So there are presented to us certain problems to be
attacked by our science. These include most prominently
using a compass, reading a map, inventing or developing
a route and following it once it is chosen. The science
with which we attack these problems has three tools at
hand; the compass, the map and the eye, each of which
comes in for its share of work, separately or in combina-
tion. Let us consider these tools and the duties for which they are fitted.

Illustrated on the outside cover is a compass, the needle of which is repre-
sented by an arrow and the four main points by their initials, N, E, S, and
W. The whole circle from N around to N again is divided into 360 equal
parts, called degrees. Thus, between N and E there will be one-fourth this
many divisions or 90 degrees. This arrangement is made so that any direction
may be specified easily as so many degrees west of north or so many degrees
east of south and so on.

The term, "point of the compass," means the direction any object lies
from the center of the compass. Thus, suppose an object lies on a line half way
between south and east. The point of the compass in which it lies is 45
degrees east of south. We may use "point of the compass" as a partial synonym
for direction.

To be used, the compass is first placed so that the straight line between
N and S on the compass lies in the true north-south direction, with N to the
north. I do not add this last phrase as an afterthought, as many have become
lost because of a complete reversal of the compass. The magnetic north pole of
the earth, which attracts the north seeking end of the compass needle, does
not lie at the geographical north pole. Thus, when the compass is placed
in its proper position, the needle of the compass will not point at geographic
or true north but will be fixed on magnetic north. This difference from the
true north to the direction of the needle is known as the "magnetic declina-
tion." The degree or degrees of magnetic declination is governed by the loca-
tion of the particular point from where the observation is being made. For
example, in the Puget Sound district the needle will point between 23 and 24
degrees east of true north when the N-S line of the compass and the true
north-south geographical line coincides. In Cincinnati, Ohio geographic or
true north and magnetic north coincide. In Washington, D. C., the magnetic
deciliation is 7 degrees west.
As mentioned before, it is necessary that one choose properly the north seeking end of the needle. If this is not already well marked and easy to distinguish, it is by far the better judgment to find out at some place where the true direction is known and to mark the ends of the needle with appropriate symbols.

Having properly established the N-S line of the compass, we can now determine the direction of any point or object simply by extending a line from the center of the compass to that object or point and noting where it cuts the circle of degrees on the compass. This is the duty of the compass, to tell us the direction of objects. However, to be useful, these readings must be connected to the identification of the observed points with points known from description or seen on the map. In order to do this, we must know how to use a map.

The contour map (Figure 1) tells us not only direction, but distance and contour as well. It shows both the relative and absolute positions of objects. It further indicates streams, trails, roads, etc., represented by characteristic symbols, usually explained on the back of the map. There may also be an accompanying scale of miles and indication of the magnetic declination for the area covered.

The contour map is covered with continuous brown lines, known as contour lines, continuous blue lines representing streams, continuous parallel black lines for roads and broken black lines for trails. Altitudes at various points on the map—summits, bench marks, some contour lines—are marked by numbers in brown.

Each contour line follows a series of connected points of the same altitude above sea level. The difference in altitude between the points represented by consecutive lines is known as the contour interval. This interval depends upon the map used, but in the northwest it is quite frequently 100 feet, less often 200 feet. Every 500 feet or 1,000 feet the altitude represented by the lines is marked on the map for the convenience of the user. Where these lines come close together on a map the country represented is steep; where they are far apart the district is relatively level. Where the contour lines double back suddenly a ridge may be represented or a couloir or steep gorge. If the inner lines represent higher altitudes, a ridge is indicated, and the reverse for a couloir. A summit is represented where the contours form small closed curves. With these facts in hand, we can attack the problem of determining a position or developing a route so far as the map is concerned.

For the present, we may determine the true north-south line with our compass; place the north-south line of the map in that direction and proceed with our plane table methods of observation. Some of the possibilities open to us are outlined below.

If we can choose our own position accurately on the map, we can project lines from that through any point of interest, as shown on the map, into space and thus identify the peaks and passes surrounding us. For example on the map shown, we stand on Earl Peak. To the north is a long, ragged ridge ending on the west in a high peak and a sheer drop off. This peak, some 30 degrees west of north, is Mt. Stuart. This is probably the most common usage of the principles of orientation, though one of the least important.

If our position is not accurately known, it is possible to carry this process backwards and determine that position from known peaks within the range covered by the map. For instance, we stand on a ridge somewhere east of the head of the North Fork of the Teanaway. A bearing on Mt. Stuart shows
it to be 23 degrees east of north. Esmerelda Peaks appear 3 degrees south of west. Iron Peak is 30 degrees east of south. By drawing in the lines so described, we find our position as at point A. With some practice, probably a large amount, it is even possible to choose unfamiliar peaks or passes as points of reference by the shape as represented by the contours on the map.

MOUNTAINEER
From the position above described Mt. Stuart will appear as the western high point of a long ridge, with a steep western side. Esmerelda Peaks will appear as the end of a ridge with a high cliff face towards us, much broadened out at the bottom. Iron Peak will be a small rounded dome or spire, the highest point on a long ridge running away from us, but quite sharply sitting up on the ridge.

A third case, in which dead reckoning reaches its full importance, is that of darkness or dense fog in unfamiliar territory. Here only compass bearings and constant use of the map along with an approximate judgment of distance traveled can keep us informed of our present and probable future position. The angle and direction of slope, the direction, size and number of streams crossed, ridges and passes encountered, all of these may be characteristically represented on the map.

Again returning to our map, our route from the mouth of Beverly Creek to point A by way of Iron Peak may be followed quite well by objects close at hand.

We will follow up the east side of Beverly Creek, a gradual hillside facing west, crossing a stream at about three-fourths of a mile and reaching Bean Creek a mile and a half farther by trail. Bean Creek flows southwest at this point and Beverly Creek comes in from 30 degrees west of north. Here there is a high cliff due north and we may cross to the west side of Beverly Creek and follow up the valley. The valley narrows in slightly over a mile and broadens out again another mile farther up. From this upper point we turn due west and diagonal up first a gentle and then a more steep hillside for a mile and a half, gaining some 1,500 feet in altitude. At the top of the ridge we turn 10 degrees west of north and follow the ridge for three-fourths of a mile to a point where it branches, one branch dropping down to the east and the other rising some 30 degrees north of west. We follow the western branch over two small summits and then two more. At the last one, an airline distance of one mile, the ridge turns due north. We drop down into a saddle and start up the ridge again, going about a half mile. This brings us to point A without need of good visibility, always cognizant of our present position and using mainly compass and map.

The third and last tool of the science of orientation is the eye. Its use has been mentioned in passing in the discussion of the use of the map. This instrument identifies in nature what may be represented on the map or otherwise known of the country. This is probably the most important of the three tools and is used very sparingly by far too many climbers and hikers. They follow a trail or even a route across open country with eyes contemplating only the next footstep, like a dog with his nose at his master’s heel. They seldom twist their ankles—that is, not until they are thoroughly lost. They do not enjoy the beauty of long vistas through the trees or of high ridges and peaks above them. More practically, they do not become familiar with the appearance of the trail, the countryside or points of eminence which so easily identify their position.

With the map available, and starting from a known point even in unfamiliar territory, it is quite possible to keep casting ahead, identifying streams, valleys and peaks with their representation on the map and then using them as points of reference to identify those which gradually come into view. By this practice it is never necessary to get lost, poor visibility
requiring only more careful eyework and map reading, more constant use of the compass as previously identified points pass from view.

As mentioned, orientation is both a science and an art. It is primarily in the use of the eyes that the art becomes apparent. What shall I read between the contour lines? A hundred foot interval may contain many things and maps are often imperfect enough to overlook points and precipices far transcending a single contour interval. How nearly does that partly seen creek correspond to the stream shown on the map? And is this actually the trail I used on the way in? I do not remember that 10 foot fir tree, and surely there were not so many switchbacks. The map is of too small a scale to show these things. All these and many more such examples require a use of the eye and mind to interpret facts not set down on the map or in black and white elsewhere. They require personal observation and remembrance. They require a judgment of things unseen from those that are visible. A steep slope predicts a straight stream; a northern slope holds snow longer than a southern; a saw-toothed or badly broken ridge is usually precipitous on at least one side and probably both; a smooth ridge is more likely to be approachable from the side.

An art, of course, can be only well learned by experience in the practice of that art. So I set down only these few examples of what may be done aside from verbatim reading of the map and compass. They are dependent primarily upon an eager observation of the country around, a collection of similar cases and a correlation of cause with effect.

It is quite possible to determine the true north-south line with reasonable accuracy by means other than the use of the compass: For example:

THE SUN—On a fairly clear day, if a time piece is held with the hour hand pointing toward the sun, south is approximately half way between the hour hand and twelve. In fact, the sun itself and a guessed time of day may well give a clue as to the geographical directions.

THE MOON—With the moon, a greater problem arises, as its time of rising and setting varies with the phase of the moon. A full moon is in the east at 6 P.M., south at 12 P.M. and west at 6 A.M.; the first quarter is in the south at 6 P.M. and west at 12 P.M.; the last quarter is in the east at 12 P.M. and south at 6 A.M.

THE STARS—If we are at all familiar with the constellations, we recognize the north star as the end star in the handle of the little dipper. The two stars forming the lip of the big dipper project a straight line which passes near the north star.

THE MAP—If we know our position and can recognize some object or peak and locate that on the map, it is quite possible again to set the map in the right direction without the use of the compass. It is only necessary to make the line between the two positions on the map correspond to the actual line.

However, these subterfuges for lack of a compass should not be necessary except in a few cases. A compass may be lost or broken (never left home) or a large iron deposit nearby may make it useless, but otherwise it is the only really satisfactory authority on direction.

In the previous discussions we have considered only one form of the compass and one variety of the map. There are several forms of the compass, two
of which, other than the ordinary compass already considered, are common enough to warrant mention here. These are the ordinary floating dial compass and the prismatic type compass, the latter also possessing a floating dial.

In the ordinary compass, the N, E, S, and W and the degrees between are marked on a plate fixed to the case, with the needle floating free. It is necessary to turn the case in the hand until the needle points to the angle corresponding to the magnetic declination of the district. In the case of the floating dial compass, the N, E, S, and W and angles are marked on a non-magnetic dial attached to the needle and turning with it. Then if the needle is attached to the dial so that it lies in the direction of the magnetic declination, the dial will always be in the right position for use, no matter how the case is turned. Once the needle is set and rigidly attached it is no longer necessary to consider magnetic declination as a factor in orientation. Other than this difference the use of this compass is the same as that of the ordinary compass.

The prismatic type compass, and there are several varieties among this type, has the advantage of much more exact readings of direction, even to fractions of a degree. Such are seldom required in the mountains, nor does the accuracy of the maps usually warrant their use.

Though some of the contour maps have now become obsolete, they are probably still the most satisfactory for planning routes over new territory and for identification of position or points of interest by shapes and elevations of peaks, direction of slope and streams, etc. No other map shows these things in such detail.

National Forest maps (planimetric) with moderate representation of the various features, but with excellent treatment of trails, roads, etc., are of assistance where contour maps are not available.

National Forest Recreational Area maps show mileage along trails and show camping spots, which are not too well portrayed in many other maps.

It is sometimes advantageous to use certain other devices than those mentioned in the process of orientation. A protractor and level, or a clinometer, may well be useful in judging the distance of a mountain whose altitude is known or the altitude of one whose distance may be guessed. This device may be set at some known altitude and will thereafter show the altitude attained by the dial reading, corresponding to the decrease in pressure with altitude. Of course, change in pressure due to changing weather conditions must not be confused with change in altitude and must be allowed for in the use of the barometer or you too will find yourselves several hundred feet above the summit of Mt. Baker.

But these are only useful additions rather than essentials. The three primary essentials, if possessed and properly used, will fulfill all the orientation requirements of any trip. Let us plan a trip through the country shown on the map, outlining it as well as we may without having seen the country and giving ourselves plenty of reference points for location of our position.

We will start at the junction of Stafford Creek and the North Fork of the Teanaway, planning to climb both Esmerelda Peaks and Mt. Stuart. This means our general route will lie up the Teanaway to climb Esmerelda Peaks and then over the next ridge north into the Ingalls Creek basin and up onto Mt. Stuart. So we start up the east bank of the Teanaway and generally follow this for 8 miles airline, probably 10 miles by trail, to the mouth of DeRoux Creek. At a distance of
3 miles by trail we must cross Beverly Creek, a large stream flowing about 5 degrees west of south, as we continue some 35 degrees west of north. DeRoux Creek may be identified by a large valley lying due east-west, where the Teanaway follows a course due south.

Here there is a choice of routes up Esmerelda Peaks, but the north side looks most passable. So we continue north up the Teanaway to a large open basin north of Esmerelda Peaks and climb to a saddle in their ridge 45 degrees west of south from the center of the basin. From here we may climb the peaks and return to the basin. Then comes the problem of Mt. Stuart.

The peak itself appears to be most easily approached by the eastern ridge. On the other hand, the ridge is shown to be narrow, and thus probably much broken, so we must reach the ridge as near the peak as practicable, possibly at the head of the little stream opposite Turnpike Creek.

Contouring, crossing at a constant altitude, on the mountain above the 6,000 foot level would be quite difficult, so no great advantage is gained by staying high, that is crossing Stuart Pass to Lake Ingalls and continuing around at that altitude. So we choose a route from the basin some 10 degrees north of east to a slight depression of the ridge and descend the other side in a direction 30 degrees east of north. Having lost some 600 to 800 feet of elevation we turn generally north and try to lose as little altitude as possible until we reach Ingalls Creek, a small stream flowing 40 degrees south of east.

After crossing the stream we turn generally east, contouring or ascending as the terrain permits, to a large gully opposite the mouth of Turnpike Creek. The hiking distance from Ingalls Creek will be about 2 miles and the gully will lie due north-south. We may identify Turnpike Creek by the long foreground ridge hiding part of the west side of its basin. We follow this gully, first north, then 15 degrees west of north to the top of the ridge and then along the ridge to the summit of Mt. Stuart.

So we have finished the general plan of our trip by the map. Only the eye can tell us whether the route is completely possible. The upper Teanaway near Esmerelda Peaks may be quite difficult. The ridges of both Esmerelda and Stuart may be practically impassable, due only to a 15 foot cliff. But so far as our map can tell us, this is the preferable route. The compass will tell us when we are following the route properly. The eye will assist in this and direct minor variations, as well as organize major changes that may be necessary.

So let us plan our trip before hand, gaining from the map a general idea of the appearance of the country; a cliff on the east side of Esmerelda; a gently sloping basin at the head of Ingalls Creek. And then follow the proposed route, keeping constantly moving from one identified point, south flowing Beverly Creek, to the next, the steep side of Iron Peak generally sloping southwest, and the next, east flowing DeRoux Creek. Our watchword may well be stated as:

Use your map—continually—especially in unfamiliar territory;

Use your compass—continually—especially in bad weather, and

Use your eyes—CONTINUALLY.
Description of Mapping of Mountainous Areas

LAGE WERNSTEDT
Associate Topographic Engineer, United States Forest Service

CONTour maps such as described by Mr. Kelley on page 12 are called topographic maps since on them are shown both the shape and height of ground features such as ridges and canyons, table lands, peaks, and other topographic features. With practice in the use of such maps, a person soon acquires the ability of visualizing the forms and shapes of individual topographic features from a glance at the contours as shown on the map. The topographer or map-maker, on the other hand, after considerable practice, acquires the ability to reproduce on paper by means of contours characteristic forms of topography as viewed from points that he occupies—somewhat in the same manner as an artist sketches a person's likeness with strokes of a pencil.

The U. S. Geological Survey, Department of Interior, by act of Congress, has been charged with the task of making a topographic map of the United States. After some 60 years of work on this task, something less than 50 per cent of the country has at this time been mapped. The results are made public in the form of the familiar quadrangle sheets published by the Geological Survey. With the exception of the extreme northern portion of the Cascade Range adjoining the international boundary, such maps are at this time available for all of the rest of this mountain area in Oregon and in Washington. Naturally the more recent maps are better than some of the earlier maps, some of which will require remapping in order to bring them up to present standards.

Not all maps used by the public and by Government agencies in this region are contour maps. There are also other maps called planimetric maps. Such maps do not show contours; but show, by symbols, merely outlines and positions of prominent features such as rivers and streams, lakes, mountains, roads and trails, lookouts, towns, and ranger stations. The maps of the national forests in this region are usually planimetric maps published on a scale of one quarter and one half inch to one mile. Features such as roads, trails, telephone and power lines, are shown, each by its symbol.

Pending completion of topographic maps by the Geological Survey, the Forest Service has, in the past, done a considerable amount of planimetric mapping, since the need for maps was urgent in many phases of administrative work—particularly in fire location.

In the early days these maps were little more than an assembly of section line and township surveys, supplemented by the personal knowledge of rangers and others familiar with the country. Later, such maps were made from plane-table surveys or from photographs taken from numerous points offering good views of the surrounding terrain. Either method is somewhat limited by the fact that it is difficult to find a sufficient number of points from a combination of which the entire terrain may be viewed. There will nearly always be a certain portion behind ridges or timber, however small, which is more or less hidden and which cannot be seen completely from ground stations.

With the advent of aerial photography a great step forward was made. Aerial photographs are taken through the floor of an airplane with the camera pointing straight down. Series of pictures are taken in parallel strips which join each other, and the pictures themselves join one another in any one strip; in fact, they overlap. In this manner ever foot of ground is photographed and
a great amount of detail is obtained for map-making purposes since nothing is hidden from view from aloft by ridges or other obstructions. Such pictures cannot be directly copied into a map on account of distortions of the photographs due to relief, but have to be converted into a line map by methods which constitute a map-making art in itself. The result from such mapping operations is a map of great detail which could not be obtained by other methods except at prohibitive expenditures of money and time. It is possible, with modern equipment, to photograph as much as 500 squares miles, or more, of mountainous country in one day.

Whether the topographer employs aerial photographs or does his work from the ground, in either case the map to be made has to be started from some points of known position. Such points have been determined throughout the country by triangulation usually by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey or by the Geological Survey. The principle used is as follows: Let A and B be two lookout stations (see illustration), the locations of which are known. "A" sights a fire directly northeast and "B" sees the same fire directly northwest. If now a line is drawn northeast from point A on the map, and another line northwest from point B, then the fire is actually located at the intersection of these two lines, since the fire is somewhere on each line and the only point common to the two lines is their point of intersection. By use of such known points for a starter, the topographer, using his instruments called "planetable and alidade," determines gradually a very great number of other salient points throughout the area and also determines the elevation of each point by sighting it through a telescope and noting the angle by which the telescope is depressed or elevated from the horizontal position. This angle, combined with the distance to the point sought, as measured from his map sheet, gives him, by a very simple calculation and reference to tables already worked out for this purpose, the altitude of the new point above or below his observation point.

Having thus worked out a skeleton framework of great numbers of points of known location and elevation as a base, the topographer can sketch in topographic forms by means of contours on the map as he views the country.
from occupied stations. As already mentioned, this operation is rather more artistic than technical although topographic forms have to be represented by a definite number of lines fitted in between points of known elevation.

Where aerial photographs are used, the location by ground survey, of a number of points, is similarly required for a starter, and additional numbers are established by special methods developed for this branch of mapping, which is called photogrammetry. Finally creeks, mountains, and other features desired to be shown on the map are added by the aid of these numerous already determined points. Aerial photographs, by reason of the fact that a succeeding photograph covers 60 per cent of the area of the preceding photograph, may be placed under a stereoscope which brings out relief, or the third dimension, otherwise not perceptible when viewing the photographs with the unaided eye. Instruments are available which draw the contours semi-automatically from this kind of photographs and relief models viewed.

With the exception of the ground survey work needed, as explained, in order to initiate aerial mapping work, all the rest of the work is done in the office; while, when using ground methods of survey as described, the map is virtually complete when the party leaves the field.

In Oregon and Washington, aerial photographic operations are as a rule greatly handicapped by smoky and foggy or cloudy weather during part of the season. Probably on the average, not more than 25 or 30 days of good photographic weather are available in a year. Aerial photographs are usually taken at altitudes of from 18,000 to 20,000 feet and the crew at these altitudes have to use special oxygen breathing equipment, otherwise the fatigue becomes too great and reactions too sluggish.

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**Glacier Recession, 1940**

**Ed Kennedy**

From 1934 until 1937 the Mountaineers measured the annual recession of the Easton glacier on Mt. Baker. In 1936 and 1937 the recession of the Colman glacier was also measured. However, during the years 1938 and 1939 no measurements were taken. Therefore, the figures acquired this year must be made into a three year average. The records made by the Mountaineers on glacier recession on Mt. Baker are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year 1</th>
<th>Year 2</th>
<th>Year 3</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1934 to 1935</td>
<td>1935 to 1936</td>
<td>1936 to 1937</td>
<td>1937 to 1940</td>
<td>1937 to 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>190 feet</td>
<td>170 feet</td>
<td>116 feet</td>
<td>429 feet</td>
<td>or an average of 143 feet</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The terminus of the Easton glacier forms two thin tongues of ice, of which the eastern one is the longer. Because of the small amount of ice in these tongues recession may be quite rapid during the next few years. The Colman glacier from 1936 to 1937 receded 52 feet. Between 1937 and 1940 the recession was 218 feet or an average of 72 2/3 feet a year for the past three years. The Colman glacier ends in two vertical ice walls each over fifty feet high. Each of these snouts is the end of a separate lower arm of the glacier, but they are within a few feet of each other in length.

The Easton glacier was measured October 13, 1940 by Fred Beckey, Paul Kennedy and myself, and the Colman glacier October 27, 1940 by Paul Kennedy and myself.
THE OUTSTANDING EVENTS in the past year of Mountaineer activity are reviewed here to allow us to look back on the work and accomplishments of the Club. Under the leadership of our president, Harry L. Jensen, the members of the Board of Trustees, and other active Mountaineers, the year just ending has been a successful one.

ADMINISTRATION

Charles Albertson was given an Honorary Membership.

The Climbers' Group was lauded for the completion of the Climbers' Notebook, an outstanding service to the Mountaineers, and one of permanent value to the organization. A copyright of the Climbers' Notebook was received in February, 1940.

The purchase of the undivided half-interest of a small portion of Rhododendron Park has been completed at a cost of two hundred dollars. The Club now owns the entire Kitsap property.

Harry Jensen was appointed the official delegate to the Convention of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs at Snoqualmie held in September and was instructed by the Board to present a resolution favoring the maintenance of the present status of no mining in the National Parks, and that the present status of National Monuments be unchanged in regard to mining.
A change has been adopted whereby members who have paid their dues for twenty-five consecutive years may have their dues reduced to two dollars upon their request.

A limitation of the number of Junior members to be admitted was removed until such times as conditions indicate the necessity of further action. Here-to-fore Seattle was limited to one hundred Juniors.

ACTIVITIES

The Annual Dinner, held at the D.A.R. House in April, was a grand reunion. Colored moving pictures of the first ascent of Shiprock in New Mexico were shown.—GLADYS BALL, Chairman.

EVENTS OF THE SKI YEAR

At the first meeting of the Winter Mountaineering Course, Dr. Otto Trott and Garrett Eddy were guest speakers. The subject was “Tents and Shelters.” All through the season the classes were held with lectures and discussions on subjects such as: “Avalanches” by Dave Lind; “First Aid Accidents” by Dr. Trott; “Waxing and Cross-Country” by Elov. Bodin; “Jumping” by Olav Ulland; “Glaciers” and “Glacier Skiing” by Dr. Trott; “Bivouacs and Ice Shelters” by Walter P. Hoffman. The course was a success and the information obtained was valuable.

The Ski Trips of the season were very well attended and much was learned about snow travel and terrain. Due to lack of snow a special outing intended for Big Four was changed to Friday evening, February 11th, and was held at the Ski Bowl. Mountaineers enjoyed dancing on the train and skiing until midnight. Phyllis and Ken Norden, in charge of the trip, reported three hundred in attendance. Later in the year, sixty members went on an outing to the Mt. Baker Ski Club Galena Cabin. Scouting trips were made to Summerland on skies and to Mowich Lake and Knapsack Pass.

The Ski Committee carried out the original set of Club races. For the first event coming on January 28th, the Book Store Cross Country Women’s and Men’s Races were held. The course was laid out on the old railroad grade above Meany Ski Hut. There were five participants. On February 4th the annual race with the Sahalie Club on Sahalie Hill was held in a snow storm. The results were close. On February 18th the Mountaineers participated in the Snoqualmie Four Way Meet and came in second place in the team totals. The women took two firsts. On February 24th-25th the novice Harper Cup Races and Jumps were to be run off but due to bad weather only the jumps were held. Art Wilson won. Four jumpers participated. March 2nd-3rd, the annual Open Patrol Race was held with five teams entering. Weather and snow were very good. The Washington Alpine Club team placed first. On March 10th the Maxwell, Walsh, and Hayes Trophy Races were held at Meany Ski Hut. The new idea of a “Cookie Race” was started.

The Mountaineer team entered in most of the P.N.S.A. meets and made very good showings among the best skiers in the Northwest.

The Committee outlined a trail marking program with the Sahalie and Washington Alpine Clubs for the coming year. Silver Ski Trips were recorded and trips scheduled from Meany Ski Hut and Snoqualmie Lodge.—WALTER HOFFMAN.
SNOQUALMIE LODGE

The twenty-sixth year at Snoqualmie Lodge was distinguished by a change in policy. Two important changes were seen in the Lodge management. The first was a shift in the term of the Chairman to start on May 1st and the second was the abolition of the position of caretaker at the end of April. With the removal of the caretakers, the Lodge became established on a cooperative basis. The rates were reduced to practically a non-profit scale, and, by doing their own cooking (except for large parties), participation was within everyone's comfortable reach.

Number one offering of the 1940 administration was the construction of a much needed ski trail from Lodge to highway. Its course runs northeast from the Lodge into a sweeping "amphitheatre" turn which offers a good view up the valley to Silver. It strikes the highway a couple of blocks above the start of the foot trail. It is slightly longer than the regular trail and therefore is of a more convenient grade for skiing. After the Forest Service granted the right and blazed the course, work parties during the summer and fall brushed it out enough for skiing. Next spring the Forest Service will further improve it into a foot trail.

The summer week-ends saw the usual climbing parties invading the Snoqualmie country and on October 19th six new graduates were initiated. The administration for the year was under the direction of Al Weingart, Chairman; Mary Wilson, Secretary; Adelaide Degenhardt and Roland Shurman.

MEANY SKI HUT

After completion of the new addition to Meany Ski Hut last fall, hopes were high for an unusually fine skiing season, whereupon the weatherman served up the worst snow in the history of the hut. Eight inches of snow at New Year's; twenty-four inches of snow in the middle of January; forty inches maximum depth for the season, so ran the dismal events. But it takes more than a little bad weather to dim the skiers' enthusiasm, and so there was better than average attendance and more than average fun. The ski lift hoisted capacity crowds up the hill every week-end as soon as the snow was deep enough, and the ski instruction was well patronized and aided in increasing the general level of skiing ability.

Work parties this summer concentrated on smoothing up the "lane." All stumps and logs were removed from a large area next to the ski lift, and the ground smoothed so that skiing will be possible on a foot of snow, in case the snow season is as bad as last year, which heaven forbid! The worst pileups of logs were flattened out on the remainder of the "lane" so there will be fewer bumps and a smoother hill this next winter. Finally a ski jump was constructed, the whole lane brushed off and a new and flatter zig-zag trail constructed on the north side of the "lane," for the benefit of all those who do not like to "take 'er straight."

With new lift rope, gasoline, coal and supplies all ready, only snow is needed to start another fine season at the Meany Ski Hut.—WALTER LITTLE.

THE CLIMBERS' GROUP

The Climbing Course, sponsored by the Climbing Committee, and under the able direction of Clint Kelley, graduated forty people from the elementary course and eight people from the intermediate course. All field trips and ex-
perience climbs were well attended. The past year's classes were the largest ever instructed. This fall a Red Cross First Aid Course was given in the club rooms. Exploration and first ascents were made by members of the group both in Washington and in Canada.—Ed Kennedy.

THE PLAYERS

Another of the long string of successes that is making our Forest Theatre the annual Spring shrine for outdoor drama lovers each June, was the 1946 production of Harriett King Walker's "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," a request repeat of the 1933 play. For the first time since the beginning of the Forest Theatre the players did not have the invaluable aid of Bill Darling in the sets and costumes. However, Norbert Schaal stepped into the breach and created settings which matched anything that had been done in the past. Other people who had much to do with the success of the production were Tom Herbert, marking his third year as director of the Spring plays; Serge and Zan Rostov, newcomers who directed the dancing, and Phoebe Smith, music director.

Many familiar faces were missing from the cast this year but the addition of new and talented people shows that there will be no danger of reducing the quality of our yearly productions.

The chief attraction of the Players' Winter program was the party held at the Green Lake Fieldhouse in November, at which one hundred and twenty-five Mountaineers were in attendance.—Art Winder.

SEATTLE SUNDAY HIKES

Seattle hikers started an interesting year in January with a short but beautiful trip through the Boeing woods near Richmond Beach. In February, Amos Hand showed Tacoma walkers and Seattle hikers the beauties of the prairie and yellow pines. The March Indian sign trip through the jungles of south Mercer Island gave each hiker the chance to be his own leader. Longer Spring days brought hikes to Lake Alice and Lake Tapps. Joe Hazard took a hundred or more Mountaineers on a special preview of the Lake Washington pontoon bridge. Later in May, the hikers visited Dalles National Forest, tramping along Huckleberry Creek Trail on a trip worthy of annual repetition. The Mountaineers' Friendship Fireplace was dedicated June 16th with the Jensen's celebrated hot dog stand as the mecca for some hundred hungry hikers. Beautiful Lake Barclay was the scene of the last trip before the weekly Summer beach fires began at Carol Hinckley's Lake Washington home. Paul Bradfield led an enthusiastic gang to the ever-popular Lake Calligan in early September. Ida Anderson introduced the hikers to the glorious Fall scenery of the mountain-surrounded lake country near Verlot. Later Deception Pass State Park attracted many hike enthusiasts. Frances Smith led an especially interesting trip through the Creosote yards around the harbor to Winslow. As the season ends, we look forward to the annual Kitsap Christmas Greens Walk and look back at an extremely enjoyable year, marked by every committee member's effort and the enthusiastic spirit of the hikers.—George Macbride.

MOTION PICTURE GROUP

H. Wilford Playter, supervisor of the motion picture study group, states the purpose of the group is to get more members interested in moving picture photography so more pictures will be taken. Meetings are held on the third
Thursday of each month. The plan for the coming year is to have technical study. The Club is very fortunate in having the meetings under the supervision of Mr. Morris Anderson.

Trophy Awards

The Acheson Cup, given for outstanding service to the Club, was awarded to Linda M. Coleman. The Climbing Plaque was awarded John E. Hossack and George MacGowan for the ascent of the Grand Teton by a new route. The Local Walks Cup was awarded to Robert B. West. The competitive awards for skiing were: Outdoor Store Trophy for Jumping, Art Wilson; Maxwell Downhill Trophy for Men, Joe Buswell; Hayes Trophy for Men's Slalom, Elov Bodin; Walsh Trophy for Women's Slalom, Eleanor Buswell; Harper Trophy, Men's Division, Fred Beckey; Women's Division, Kay Scholtz; Ben Mooer's Trophy for Open Patrol Race, Washington Alpine Club.

The Year in Tacoma

Arta Verity Richardson

The greatest achievement of the Tacoma Mountaineers this year has been the development of Irish Cabin under the chairmanship of Kenneth Pryor. The sealing of the kitchen with plywood, the extension of women’s quarters and the installation of hot and cold running water added much to the comfort and attractiveness. Better still, rental of the cabin for several months to a logging crew, while interfering little with Mountaineer activities, has more than paid the original cost of the property and made possible the improvements and the fulfillment of a dream, a fireplace which will be built next year. Outstanding climbs from the cabin have been Observation and Echo, Baldy, and the Sluiskins. The Thanksgiving dinner drew the record crowd of forty-two.

The group-conducted climbing program consisted of special outing climbs of Mt. Elinor, and Mt. St. Helens.

The annual banquet was the highlight of the 1940 social season. The theme was Indian. Erna Gunther of the University of Washington speaking on Indians of the Olympic peninsula, and Sally Sicade of the Puyallup tribe singing Indian songs, made the evening most entertaining. Chairman was Dorothy Newcomer. The new chairman, Ethel Trotter, began the season with the Hallowe’en masquerade.

The local walks with Bertha Lenham as chairman led us farther afield this year, with one trip to Grand Park by way of Yakima Park, and another to Mt. Beljica near Longmire entrance. Monthly meetings and local walks took a scientific turn. Professor McMillan of College of Puget Sound, after presenting the subject at the monthly meeting, led a geological walk and fossil hunt. Walter Eyerdam told of his part in the University of California Botanical Expedition to the Andes, at a monthly meeting. Clarence Garner led a local walk to the Narrows bridge before its completion and explained construction.

A local climbers’ class was conducted during winter and spring, Dr. I. A. Drues leading, and several new members were recruited.

The beginnings of the new season with new officers, new club rooms and a ski instructor, give promise of a most exciting and active year.
EVERETT MOUNTAINEERS put special emphasis on the ascents of the Monte Cristo, Index and Darrington group peaks in 1940. With Chairman Christian Lehmann doing notable service in directing the climbs, and the added attention providing stimulus, an unusually large number of climbing pins were awarded. Recent road extensions up the South Fork of the Sauk beyond Bedels, and up the Stillaguamish beyond Big Four, have made the Monte Cristo peaks more accessible. Many of the mountains in this region now may be climbed in a single day’s trip.

The longest trip was the Labor Day Outing to Three Fingers, with John Lehmann as leader. Ten persons made the ascent of the South Peak of Three Fingers on this three-day, packhorse trip. This peak, upon which the lookout station is located, is now claimed by some of the men in the Forest Service to be higher than the North Peak by two feet. Heretofore the North Peak has been considered the higher of the two by some twelve feet, and the Mountaineer register tube placed there. It is also the more difficult one of ascent. With the controversy in mind, and with no official measurements to confirm, we have voted to recognize either as the official peak for the pin award. This being retroactive, any member having climbed the South Peak heretofore and signed the Forest Service register there, may now add Three Fingers to his Everett pin peak list.

Monthly meetings, with interesting programs and many out-of-town speakers, commanded fine attendance. A Thanksgiving dinner at a Grange hall, a series of picnics, and a salmon bake on a Canyon Creek gravel bar, were the occasions when food was of paramount importance.

Local Walks, under Gust Holst’s direction, had many inviting trips with excellent attendance.

Wonderful skiing at Stevens Pass was a convincing fact that the Mountaineer Ski Hut proposed for that area will be a most valuable and usable club asset. We have given the Forest Service encouragement and financial aid in the rebuilding of their Recreational Lodge and are eager to begin construction on our own hut when the “go” signal is received.
Climbing Guides

The following Climbing Guides have been compiled by the Climbers’ Group and may be secured from the Executive Secretary at very nominal cost.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PEAK</th>
<th>ELEVATION</th>
<th>NATIONAL FOREST</th>
<th>ACCESSIBLE FROM</th>
<th>TYPE OF CLIMB</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Adams (North side)</td>
<td>12,307</td>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>Elbe, Morton, Randall</td>
<td>Snow and ice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td>7,312</td>
<td>Olympic</td>
<td>Dosewalips, Concrete, Baker I.K. Rd.</td>
<td>Snow all year, rock at summit</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mt. Baker (via Boulder Crk)</td>
<td>10,750</td>
<td>Mt. Baker</td>
<td>Baker Lodge</td>
<td>Snow and ice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Baker (via Camp Riser)</td>
<td>10,750</td>
<td>Mt. Baker Lodge</td>
<td></td>
<td>Snow and ice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Brothers</td>
<td>6,855</td>
<td>Olympic</td>
<td>Bremerton, Hamma Hamma Road</td>
<td>Snow early in year, rock later, snow thru Spring, combination and rock later</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbia Peak</td>
<td>7,134</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Index and Mineral City</td>
<td></td>
<td>Snow in Spring, combination brush and rock later</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Constance</td>
<td>7,735</td>
<td>Olympic</td>
<td>Dosewalips, River</td>
<td>Snow and rock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Del Campo</td>
<td>6,500</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Everett, Big Four Inn</td>
<td></td>
<td>Snow in Spring, combination brush and rock later</td>
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<tr>
<td>Denny</td>
<td>5,400</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Snoqualmie Pass</td>
<td></td>
<td>Snow early, combination brush and rock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>5,900</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Stevens Pass, Lk. Serene</td>
<td></td>
<td>Snow in Spring, combination brush and rock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Glacier Peak (North side)</td>
<td>10,435</td>
<td>Mt. Baker Darrington, Suattle Rr.</td>
<td>Snow and ice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jumbo Mountain</td>
<td>5,806</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Darrington</td>
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<td>Snow and rock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kaleetan Peak</td>
<td>6,100</td>
<td>Snoqualmie North Bend, Denny Crk</td>
<td>Snow and rock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lundin Peak</td>
<td>6,000</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Snoqualmie Pass</td>
<td>Snow in Spring, rock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Olympus</td>
<td>7,900</td>
<td>Olympic</td>
<td>Hoh River</td>
<td>Snow and ice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pinnacle Peak</td>
<td>6,562</td>
<td>Rainier</td>
<td>Paradise Valley</td>
<td>Snow and ice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mt. Rainier (Emmons, Kautz)</td>
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<td>White River</td>
<td>Snow and ice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Red Mountain</td>
<td>5,600</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Snoqualmie Pass</td>
<td>Walk</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mt. Shuksan</td>
<td>9,038</td>
<td>Mt. Baker</td>
<td>Mt. Baker Lodge</td>
<td>Snow, ice, rock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Silvertip Peak</td>
<td>6,300</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Index, Mineral City</td>
<td>Snow and rock</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Spire Peak</td>
<td>6,300</td>
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<td>Snow and rock</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mt. Stuart</td>
<td>9,470</td>
<td>Wenatchee Cle Elum, No. Teanaway Road</td>
<td>Snow and rock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Sloan</td>
<td>7,790</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Darrington, Bedel</td>
<td>Snow and rock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Tahoma</td>
<td>11,117</td>
<td>Rainier</td>
<td>White River</td>
<td>Snow, ice, rotten rock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Fingers</td>
<td>6,854</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Arlington, French Creek</td>
<td>Snow and rock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tooth</td>
<td>5,300</td>
<td>Snoqualmie North Bend, Denny Creek</td>
<td>Rock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vesper Peak</td>
<td>6,190</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Big Four Inn</td>
<td>Snow and rock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitehorse Mtn.</td>
<td>6,820</td>
<td>Snoqualmie Darrington</td>
<td>Snow</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Those familiar with our mountainous regions know that it is almost impossible to typify "type of climb" with respect to any peak. Heavy and late snowfalls mean more snow on the peaks, and later into the climbing season. Early spring means more brush. Amount of snow and weather govern extent of rockwork.

* * *

* Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up, but at length they part company and rise into individual insulated peaks. So it is with great men. —From "Guesses at Truth" (Hare).
REGISTER FOR SAFETY

H. L. PLUMB, Forest Supervisor, Snoqualmie National Forest

Lost? Injured and alone in the mountains? We hope never!
But it does happen. The proposed regulations of the U. S. Forest Service are designed to reduce the hazards of mountain travel. The proposed rule will require registration at the neighboring ranger or forest guard station for those climbing glacier bearing or other rugged peaks. This simple registration; the giving of your name, destination, and the checking of your equipment will assist the ranger in knowing just who is in the district he administers, aid him in checking camp fires and smokes, and may assist in finding you should this ever be necessary.

The registration will afford the opportunity for contacts between the mountain climbers and the rangers, which should be mutually advantageous. The rangers are always glad to give detailed information regarding trails, weather conditions, etc., and they are also glad to have suggestions from the mountain climbers for improvement of the trails and campgrounds.

Many days of work are lost each year from trail maintenance and like activities, which are of value to the mountaineer, because a lost person did not register and the forest officers had to cover a wider area in the search.

No, registration is not intended to be a hindrance or a curb upon your "rights" as an American citizen, but is simply meant to be another safety precaution to aid you.

WHAT TO DO WHEN LOST

STOP—The instant one realizes he is lost he should, without moving another step, stop.
CONTROL PANIC—The danger lies not in being lost but in losing one's head.
SHOUT—Companions may be within earshot.
MARK THE LOCATION—A tree blazed on four sides, not too deep, is a good method. Never move until this is done.
FOOD—Conserve and proportion your food. You may not be out in time for dinner.
MAP—Now is the time to map what is thought to be the course back to a known location.
TRAVEL—With compass in hand observe route traveled continuously. Brush marks, rock ducks, and scuffing in dirt at intervals are good methods for marking direction from which you started.
TURN BACK—to your blazed tree if you do not reach a place where you can orient yourself within an hour or two.
MAKE CAMP—in a protected spot at least one or two hours before dark. Gather sufficient fuel to keep fire going all night. If convenient make fire where it will be visible to searching party. A good night's rest is important both in finding your own way out or walking out when the searching party finds you.
DISTRESS SIGNAL—should be given at intervals during the evening.
FOLLOW RIDGES—if it becomes necessary to break out to civilization, taking care to follow the main watercourse.
WHEN OUT—Notify nearest Forest Officer as he may have a searching party looking for you. Keep a stiff upper lip.

If you must use signal fires or smoke, be sure to clean away the duff and ground litter to mineral soil.

THE
RESCUE PROCEDURE

RENDER FIRST AID—at the scene of the accident and without moving patient if at all possible. Treat for shock as well as specific injuries.

CHECK—First Aid, food, equipment.

SEND FOR HELP—to bring out the injured one (unless injury is slight and he can walk out). Send two people if possible. Mark trail out.

NOTIFY DISTRICT RANGER—To avoid duplication one person will telephone one person in town.

TELEPHONE CLEARLY AND CONCISELY THE FOLLOWING:
- Name and condition of the injured, details regarding injuries.
- Exact location of accident—how many miles from road, condition of approach by trail, rockslide, brush, snow, etc.
- Number of persons in party (how many men, how many women).
- Food, equipment (stretcher, clothes, ropes, etc.) to be brought in.
- Number of men needed in addition to local help.

GUIDE RESCUE PARTY by leaving one person at cars. If this is not possible leave a well-drawn map.

COMMENTS

THREE—Shots, shouts, flashes, etc., is the universally recognized distress signal.

TWO—Is the answer, meaning the signal has been seen or heard and the search is on.

ONE—Means they have you located. Keep your signal of three going as rescuers can pass within a few feet of you in mountainous country.

When in the mountains stay awake and develop a keen sense of observation. During rests locate mountains and streams that are on your map. From the summit try to find the route back as far as it is visible. Locate which ridge or valley it goes down or what stream it follows. These few rules put "getting lost" in the "very remote" class.

The importance of leaving written word with some one in town, giving exact destination of the party and probable time of return, cannot be stressed enough, especially if all of a party is injured or cannot leave the injured.

A First Aid course is indispensible to mountaineering and to those using our mountainous areas for recreation. The care given an injured individual may govern his recovery.

The Mountaineer Rescue Squad is organized for the rescue of members, and is upon call by the Forest Service when needed by them. Rescued individuals are urged to reimburse rescuers for certain specified expenditures involved.

"What to Do When Lost," "Rescue Procedure," and "Comments"—compiled by Climbing Committee in collaboration with H. L. Plumb, Forest Supervisor, and F. E. Williamson, Assistant Forester, Snoqualmie National Forest.

MOUNTAINEER 29
Accident Prevention

In safe mountaineering certain rules of conduct are as irreconcilable, as indisputable as the Ten Commandments. Every individual who ventures into the mountains must be aware of the personality of the mountains, and must be imbued with a real respect for them in their entirety, from heather meadows to rock and snow and ice. Compared to our life span the mountains are immortal, and their eternal calm (except when shattered by an avalanche or falling rocks, like our own little outbursts of temper) is a challenge to us to share the peace and quiet up higher. Their summits beckon, their snow slopes offer fine glissades, rock chimneys and faces test the mettle of the climber. All combine to make mountaineering an exhilarating sport, and a safe one also when the climber uses proper equipment and applies his study of good technique; knows his ability and climbs within it; cooperates with his party and his leader to the best of his ability, even to the point of subduing some of his own enjoyment.

The type of terrain to be covered governs what is proper in equipment. Though the ice axe proved a nuisance through the brush-fight, it is your only safeguard on the steep snow slope. "A good nail job is important," "Never travel without a rope," "Be sure to carry warm extra clothing (you can't trust the weather in the mountains)," "Don't ever forget your map, compass, flashlight, glasses and mittens"—how often we have heard these cautions. However, they are of primary importance for mountaineers. Particularly so if we do not wish to be called upon to practice "What to Do When Lost" and "Rescue Procedure."

Accidents may be avoided by previous planning and the use of intelligence on the part of all members of a climbing party or group. Only a few points in mountaineering technique can be highlighted here. Solo climbing is forbidden by all authorities on mountaineering as any accident might prove fatal with no one to give aid or go for help. Two man climbing teams are ideal for speed and efficiency but should not be used on long trips as injury to one member necessitates leaving him alone without physical or moral support while his companion goes for help. In the event of serious bleeding, he cannot be left alone, and a long time might elapse before anyone started to search for the missing climbers, especially if they had failed to leave written word with someone in town as to where they were going. For this reason also, even though the Forest Service does not require registration in many of the areas, it is to your advantage to stop and advise the Ranger in the vicinity where you are going and when you expect to return.

Small teams of good climbers often tend to go on to where it is very difficult before roping up. This should be avoided as a rope properly used greatly increases the safety of the party. However, no belay is better than a poor belay, as a slip by one climber with an improper belay may pull down the whole team. Learn how to use the rope, practice belays in safe places until you have mastered the technique, then apply the knowledge in the field. Many accidents have missed becoming fatalities because the fall was stopped by a strong belay.

No party is as strong as its best climber but only as much better than its poorest climber as the party makes itself by intelligent use of routes, ropes, and patience. Large climbing parties containing climbers of greatly varying ability create many problems. The course picked out by the leader should be followed by all unless they have his consent to go another way,
in which event the course is specified and the future meeting place named. At difficult spots if the leader does not say to rope up, any climber who feels the need of the rope as a safety guard should ask for one. There should be no reticence or reluctance to do this as anyone going beyond the point where he feels secure unroped not only endangers himself but the entire party as well. As the leader should know his ability and not lead beyond it, so should the individual know his ability and not attempt to climb beyond it.

When the leader goes down a steep snow slope and specifies not to glisse beyond a certain point, he does so for the good of the party, either because of natural hazards of exposed rock, ice, or cliffs below, or because the slope is too steep for the weaker members of the party.

The ability of any climber is greatly decreased by added weight. This should be kept in mind when back-packing to high camp, particularly over technically difficult spots. Extreme caution should be practiced by those unable to start with or keep up with the main party as an accident may cancel the entire week-end trip.

Because the summit has been attained is no reason to throw caution to the winds. Remember, no climb is over until the entire party is off the mountain. More accidents occur through carelessness on the way down and in easy places than in surmounting difficult obstacles.

Familiarize yourself with the natural hazards of the mountains such as falling rocks and avalanches and by your knowledge avoid them. One of the real dangers of mountaineering is the dislocation of rocks by an individual or individuals in a climbing party. Even though the party is traveling close together it can prove a serious danger as a small rock has only to fall a few feet to do serious damage to any one it strikes. Watch your step, try to stop the rock turned loose by the man ahead, and shout the warning "Rock" to those below if the rock passes you.

The leader of any serious mountain climb has great responsibilities and all those accompanying him should cooperate to the fullest extent of their ability. Any wandering off, taking a different route, carelessness, or lack of forethought by any member of a party may lead to an entirely unnecessary accident.

One way to learn is through our mistakes. This was the tedious method used by our primitive forefathers. In our advanced state of existence we learn by study and then application. We study and practice to increase our knowledge and ability but we always act well within the limits of that knowledge and ability, leaving a wide margin of safety;—thus making certain that we shall be able to come again into the mountains.

CLIMBING COMMITTEE.

PANORAMA FROM OLYMPUS

ROLAND RYDER-SMITH

... Then nigh the top we paused, and turning
Saw the Sound, a silver blade!
While eastward, loftier peaks were burning,
On lowlands robes of dusk were laid
And fair, above the Cascades yonder,
The moon had hung her crescent light...
Enchanted in a world of wonder
We stood as gods upon the height.

MOUNTAINEER
Lake O’Hara in 1941

LIKE a glittering jewel set in alpine grandeur and magnificence, Lake O’Hara bids fair to answer vacation needs of all on the 1941 Summer Outing. In the heart of the Canadian Rockies, this famous climbing area offers Wiwaxy Peaks, Mounts Lefroy, Hungabee, Odaray and Victoria as a challenge to the ambitious climber. The region is also rich in less strenuous ascents and scenic trail hikes. Seven miles by easy trail from the main highway presents an ideal location for campsite and climbing.

Leaving camp one day early we drive one hundred and fifty miles north to Jasper, returning via Sinclair Canyon and Lake Louise. Tentative dates are set for July 26 or August 2, transportation by automobile and approximate cost $55.00. The Prospectus, published in April, will give definite and more complete information.

—Aaron Markham, Chairman
A Song of a Mountaineer

I've got the outing bug again!  
I want to tramp and tramp;  
To follow trail and stream and glen,  
I'm simply wild to camp.  
I want to pack my knapsack up  
Go hiking to the trail;  
Strap onto belt my wee tin cup,  
Then some fond comrade hail.

I love the sight of dunnage bag,  
The high boots with hob nails.  
The feelin' just within me nags  
For lure of mountain trails.  
I want to stand out straight and stark  
Against the vale's expanse,  
Or move among an alpine park,  
Where'er I get a chance.

I love the snow fields and the slope  
Of grass, its closest friend;  
I love with mountaineer to rope  
As hand o'er hand we wend.  
I love the sight of pack horse train  
Through gentle forest pine,  
To tread some long and rugged lane  
Toward the timberline.

I love the feel of sleeping bag,  
When embers start to die;  
To list to tales of clever wag,  
With camp fires leaping high;  
To feel inspired of nature's art  
From dawn to sunset meal,  
And now I feel with all my heart,  
That deep gypsy appeal.

I crave to risk a rough moraine  
Or stand 'tween ice and sun,  
On those great glaciers once again,  
Where rivers are begun.  
Oh yes, I long to go again  
To cross that vast divide;  
I want to leave the haunts of men  
To dwell on mountainside.

STACY M. SNOW

MOUNTAINEER
FORBIDDEN PEAK

by Lloyd Anderson
The Climb of Forbidden Peak

LLOYD ANDERSON

IN THE RUGGED INTERIOR of the Northern Cascades rose a mountainous formation which bore no name, and upon whose precipitous slopes of snow, ice and rock no one had as yet set foot. This was the description we heard of this peak, and the tale fired our imagination. Dwight Watson, mountaineer, photographer and pounder of many Cascade trails, had observed it from afar in one of his rambles, and through him we learned of its location. Situated between Boston and Eldorado Peaks, it was known only to a few.

On April 14, 1940, Dwight Watson accompanied Fred Beckey and the writer to make a reconnaissance of the area and peak. Driving through Sedro Woolley and Marblemount, we followed the trail on the North Fork of the Cascade River. Eleven miles of hiking brought us to the junction of the Eldorado Mine Trail which we followed north until it crossed Boston Creek and ended farther on at the Pocohontus Mine cabin. Heading north, we climbed to timberline and established camp.

Due north of our camp we observed our peak—a long, massive and rocky ridge running east and west. The eastern ridge, leading towards Boston Peak, seemed to be composed of sharply chiseled vertical cuts of varying hundred foot depths. It appeared unfeasible and we turned to the west ridge as our workable route. Our approach was by a five hundred foot snow couloir of some fifty degree slant, ending in a cornice topped by a steep snow arete. Following this arete took us up on the west ridge where we made our observations. To the south the rock wall of the ridge dropped down a sheer thousand feet to the snowfield below. The north slope was so precipitous it was impossible to travel on it, and the crest of the ridge seemed the only possible route. Heavy snow clinging to the ridge and sides of the peak added an avalanche danger against which we did not choose to pit our energies. Returning, we post-dated the peak for another attempt.

A month later, on May 19, the three of us climbed up on Eldorado to see the other side of “our” mountain. Here the view corroborated our previous observations as to the extreme angle of the north side. In addition, the ascent from that side would be too inaccessible by trail.

With a three-day holiday of Memorial Day and our hard earned but newly acquired knowledge of the peak, it was not difficult to organize a climbing party. Fred and Helmy Beckey, Jim Crooks, Dave Lind and the writer set out to attempt this forbidding mass of rock and snow. Establishing our camp at the 5500 foot timberline elevation again, we worked up the snow couloir, through the cornice and up the steep snow arete to the west ridge as Dwight, Fred and I had done on the previous trip.

The north side was still plastered with snow, though not as heavily as before, and the rock wall on the south had not lessened its one thousand foot drop. The crest of the ridge still seemed the feasible route. Roping into two teams, Dave Lind and Fred Beckey on one, with Helmy Beckey, Jim Crooks and myself on the other, we belayed each other as we worked along the ridge.
In spots where the rock was too steep and offered no holds, we ventured out on the north side onto the snow for a few steps, safeguarding with belays, as the snow was not firm and we could not know how well or how long it would hold. At one place where the ridge overhung the rock wall we hung to the top of the rock slab with our hands, bracing our feet against the slab while moving. The ridge works up into a number of towers, and when within two hundred and fifty feet of the top we came to a very difficult tower. By this time we were having occasional snow flurries and a very cold wind. With the rocks and our hands as cold as they were, it did not seem advisable to attempt this rock wall, so, very disappointed, we returned to base camp to wait another day.

The next day started clear. We traveled faster this time, as the route was familiar to us. By the time we had reached the difficult tower it was again stormy. This time, however, the rocks were still warm from the morning sun. Lind changed to soft soled shoes; then utilizing pressure and friction, he finally reached a small ledge about six feet from the top of the tower. From the ledge he was able to pull himself up over the top. Here he placed a fixed rope to serve as an aid as we continued our journey on up the ridge. After about two and a half hours of hard but careful climbing along this ridge we reached the summit. Our aneroid gave the elevation of the summit as nearly nine thousand feet.

We found no record of any previous ascent. After the unsuccessful attempts we had made, and the forbidding aspects of the peak, it seemed natural to name it "Forbidden Peak."

Our troubles were not over then, however, as it was snowing and we did not dare stop to rest. We had to make the descent before the rocks became coated with snow and ice. It was slow and tedious work, especially toward the finish, as the rocks were coated with considerable snow. We free-roped down over the difficult tower, then pulled out the safety piton we had driven in at the base. Moving slowly and carefully, belaying nearly all the way, we covered the rest of the ridge. Then by crossing the steep arete and descending the couloir we were down. Arriving at base camp we estimated from photographs and the aneroid that the west ridge is about fifteen hundred feet long and gains about five hundred fifty feet in elevation. It is nearly all solid rock. With all the glacial action going on on both sides of it for centuries, it would have to be solid rock to remain.

The continuous physical effort involved, the mental and nervous strain of working on exposed surfaces, and the possibility that each of our belays was subject to sudden test, conspired to make this a long-to-be-remembered climb. I believe the five members of our party were perfectly in accord with the thought that, as mountaineering goes, we had met our test and passed.

PROPOSED LIST OF PEAKS FOR REGISTRATION

WASHINGTON—Glacier Peak, Mount Adams, Mount Baker, Mount St. Helens, Mount Shuksan, Mount Stuart, Three Fingers Lookout.

OREGON—Brokentop, Eagle Cap, Matterhorn, Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount McLoughlin, Mount Thielsen, Mount Washington, North, Middle and South Sisters, Pete's Point, Sacajawea, Three Fingered Jack.
The Climb of Tenpeak Mountain
Elevation 7960
LLOYD ANDERSON

TO THE southeast of Glacier Peak is a mountain with a name that sounds as though it applied to a mountain range. Having never heard of anyone going into this territory I suggested to Tom Campbell that we go there over Labor Day weekend. The information obtainable about this region was meager and vague.

On August 31, 1940, Tom and I backpacked ten and one half miles up the White River to Lightning Creek. The next day we followed through the brush and meadows to the head of Lightning Creek and went up a very steep glaciated couloir to the top of a ridge, a route which was not inviting but appeared to us the most feasible at the time. Our ridge made a big circle to the left and terminated with a high point. Across a glacier to the east was another high peak. We thought our ridge would lead to the summit, so we worked along its knife-like crest. Nearing the high point on the ridge, we put on our soft soled shoes and climbed up two steep pitches on solid rock to the summit. We called this summit West Peak, as we could now see that we were on a separate mountain. To the east and higher loomed Tenpeak, a challenge to come again. Descending, we decided to go down the ridge leading off to the west so we could avoid the treacherous couloir by which we had ascended the ridge.

An unclimbed summit acts as a magnet, constantly drawing the climber back for another assault. On September 21 Tom and I found ourselves climbing through the brush and meadows, this time up Thunder Creek approaching the head of the main summit of Tenpeak Mountain. We could see that the final summit was a 300 foot granite spire standing guard over its other peaks on the crest of a ridge, and it did not have any highway to the top.

We chose a couloir to the left, which was full of loose rock all ready to
move down its 45 degree slope at the least provocation; but it was a route, for
the moment, while the sides of the pinnacle at this point were too steep and
glaciated to attempt. The couloir ended with a pile of loose rock wedged in a
crack on the ridge, and there we stood with our summit 150 feet above. The
rock from here up was old black-looking granite with some loose fragments
to be tossed out into space as we made progress upward. The first pitch went
up at about 70 degrees and necessitated Tom's driving in a piton for a foothold
before he could start climbing. He went up another 20 feet and drove in
another piton for safety's sake. He then went up a shallow crack along the
north face until he got a good belay spot about 65 feet above me; then I
followed. On the next steep pitch Tom took a rest while I worked upwards.
I had to be doubly sure all the rocks were solid, as none of the cracks were
suitable for driving pitons in this spot. On going over a slight overhang I
tossed the rope, using only one hand, over a projecting rock above to serve as
a belay to somewhat relieve the tension. From here on the going became easier,
so I belayed Tom up to this spot. Near the summit we had a couple of half
steps on a steep sloping slab before we could get a handhold, then a few more
steps and we had made a first ascent of which we were proud.

Going down was easier than we had thought it would be. I belayed Tom
down the top pitch; then drove in a piton, threaded the rope through it and
came down while Tom payed out the rope, pulley fashion. We then reversed
the procedure on the second pitch. After using a piton and then a rock to
support the rope down the couloir, we were soon out in the open looking back
at a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

Other First Ascents

THE MOUNT TERROR GROUP

The highest point to the right of center is “Inspiration Peak.”
“McMillan Spire” is East or right of it, not shown on this picture.

In the Terror-McMillan Creek Divide section, climbing from the head of
Terror Creek, Fred and Helmy Beckey, climbed and named “Inspiration
Peak” and “McMillan Spire,” August 29, 1940. The elevation of these peaks
was approximated at 8200 feet from sighting at nearby known elevations.
These peaks are in the Mount Terror Group and are east of Mount Terror.
OTHER FIRST ASCENTS

In the Picket Range, climbing from Perfect Pass on July 10, Fred and Helmy Beckey climbed and named “Crooked Thumb,” approximately 8350 feet in elevation. This peak is located in the Challenger-Fury cirque, about one half mile due south of Challenger Peak.

Phantom Peak, about one half mile due south of “Crooked Thumb” and approximately the same elevation, was climbed July 11th. This peak presented a difficult and interesting ascent with two hours of weaving through an ice-fall and a complicated route with many steps to chop. A 45-degree snow couloir led toward the peak between two steep walls but a huge bergschrund canceled the possibility of ascent and forced the party to the rock wall to the right of the schrund. Surmounting this and a steep snowfield, brought the party to the base of a 300-foot castle forming the summit. On the opposite side was a 1500-foot drop. Wearing tennis shoes, the climbing team made the ascent of the castle via the east side. A 75-foot pinnacle of rock formed the summit.

* * *

The North and South Peaks of Blue Mountain in the Dome region were climbed June 26th and 27th by Fred Beckey and Bob Craig, via the Sulphur Creek Trail.

* * *

LOYD ANDER-SON, Tom Gorton and a guest, Carl Boyer, made ascents of “Sloppy Mountain” and “Dorado Needle” July 7, 1940. The peaks bear no name on the map, so were duly christened by the party. “Sloppy Mountain” is located several miles north and 10 degrees west of Eldorado Mountain and has an elevation of approximately 8600 feet.

“Dorado Needle” is about two miles north and 23 degrees west of Eldorado Mountain, in elevation approximately 8500 feet.

* * *

(More detailed accounts of these first ascents may be found in the files of the Climbing Committee. No record of any previous ascent was found on any of the peaks mentioned above.)

DORADO NEEDLE

by Lloyd Anderson

MOUNTAINEER
WE HAD HEARD about these mountains, the old stamping grounds of the Austrian guide, Conrad Kain. We had heard they were "tough" climbs, situated in high, rugged country, off the beaten path. On the maps of British Columbia only a blank space showed where the Bugaboos were located. We were instilled with a desire to see the white splendour of its glaciers pierced through with jagged and towering peaks.

Dr. J. M. Thorington of Philadelphia, who had climbed extensively in the Purcell Range in 1933, allowed us to have photostatic copies made from his personal map of the Bugaboo section. Ten of us started for the region on July 26, 1940, —Joe Buswell, C. A. ("Happy") Fisher, George Freed, Kathryn Hood, Ed. Kennedy, Eric Larson, George MacGowan, Stanley Newell, Jane Wilson and the writer. We hoped to verify several facts concerning the geography and drainage of the territory, as suggested by Dr. Thorington, and to investigate the possibilities of having a future Mountaineer Summer Outing in the Purcells. Most of all, however, we looked forward to being in this wilderness country, surrounded by spectacular peaks, and to climb some of them if we were lucky.

The way in leads up the Columbia River to Spillimacheen, B. C., then twenty-five miles up Bugaboo Creek to its source in the Bugaboo Glacier. This last distance is made by truck over a so-called "road," constructed by miners. The country is sparsely wooded and barren in appearance. From the miners' cabin at the end of the road, the trail distance is five miles, and roughly two thousand feet up to the camp site. Bugaboo Creek, which is in reality a lusty mountain river, has to be ford ed several times. We felled trees across it for bridges. An old goat trail leads from the foot of the Glacier up a steep knife-edged moraine to the site of our camp on a narrow, rocky ledge at timberline. Here, on all sides, the mountains challenge.

The area is composed of an extensive glacial system or sheet, smooth or falling in jagged blocks of ice down the steeper slopes. Up through this seven thousand foot level rise the Bugaboo Spires, a group of sheer, granite pinnacles averaging ten thousand feet in elevation. At first sight these mountains seem harsh and forbidding, especially during bad weather, and the Bugaboos have plenty of rain, wind, snow and hail even in August. We had all of these while packing in and setting up camp, and they accompanied us on
some of our climbs. It is not a good country for the faint-hearted or the novice, but a challenge to the experienced mountaineer.

The weather Gods relented after a week of storm and sent us sun and blue skies with enough clouds sailing by to insure good photographic effects for our camera enthusiasts. Camped as we were at the edge of the timber, Snowpatch Spire, then still unclimbed, loomed directly above and to the west. Toward the south the broken mass of Bugaboo Glacier flowed down into the valley and on the east horizon were silhouetted the several peaks of the Septet Group. East Post Spire rose comfortably close on the north side, only a thousand feet above the moraine. Above us, only snow, ice and rock; no visible motion except the clouds sweeping through the gap between Snowpatch and Marmolata, from where the weather seemed to come. Below us, the wooded mountain valley nestled.

The peaks climbed by members of our party were: Bugaboo Spire (10,250), with its famous "flake" negotiated only by a very difficult bit of friction work on the part of our leader, George MacGowan; Pigeon (10,250); Crescent (9400); Brenta (9600); Howser (10,950); East Post Spires; and Marmolata Peak (9500). The elevations are those given in Dr. Thorington’s "Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia." From the top of Brenta Spire we had a magnificent panorama of the group and judged the elevation given for Crescent to be about six hundred feet too high; the elevation should be about 8800 feet. Also, the elevations of both Bugaboo and Pigeon Spires are given as 10,250 feet and it is apparent from Brenta that Pigeon is approximately two hundred feet lower than Bugaboo. In checking the drainage on the west side of Howser Spire, it appeared that Dr. Thorington was correct in his assumption that the stream drains into Vowell Creek (toward Spillimacheen) and not into Howser Creek. No break in the ridge was visible that would allow the stream to turn south.

Our climbs were usually fourth or fifth ascents of the peaks; they were made by authorized routes, which seemed the only possible routes in most cases, with the exception of Howser, where Ed, George and Joe took a new route across the bergschrund and up the ice-encrusted east face. The peaks

Howser Spire, South Tower still Unclimbed

by Jane Wilson
were very close and we usually did not start the climbs before eight o’clock in the morning;—it was an ideal set-up.

Conrad Kain, Fritz Wiessner, and Georgia Engelhard have admitted that these Spires offer a test of anyone’s powers; the climbing is consistently good, and in places very difficult. Our party readily conceded it to be unexcelled in our experience. The rock is exceedingly rough-surfaced; hard on the boots and the fingers, but good climbing rock.

While we were there Raffi Bedayan and three other members of the Sierra Club came in for a concentrated assault on Snowpatch. After considerable reconnaissance work, he and Jack Arnold accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of ascending the smooth, sheer east wall of Snowpatch. With the aid of field glasses we could see them on the summit, and it was thrilling to watch them rope down the face of the peak, one hundred and fifty feet at a time. They worked very fast.

The only one of the Bugaboos which now remains unconquered is the South Tower of Howser Spire, and this peak extends a real challenge to those who attempt to reach its summit. To the north, across the broad floor of the Warren Glacier, lies the Bobby Burns Group of nine peaks, some of these are as yet unclimbed. Many other peaks within range offer interesting possibilities. From the tops of these Spires, we could see range upon range of peaks, more mountains than I had ever seen at one time. Far to the northwest the Selkirk Range was visible; George pointed out Sir Donald to us.

Our homeward route led by Lake Louise and the Valley of Ten Peaks, with a side jaunt eighty miles up the new Columbia Ice Field Highway, a truly magnificent scenic road. We drove as far as the Athabaska Glacier. Green mountain lakes and rugged, glacier-topped peaks can be seen from the car along the entire length of the highway.

Some day I want to go back.

* * *

- The mountains lie in arms so tender, I want to lay my arm about them as God does.
  —From “Twilight” (OLIVE DARGAN).

ESCAPE
ROLAND RYDER-SMITH

When from nocturnal lair the lord-of-day leaps up,
The lowland watcher holds his breath;
For here almost within his reach are intermingling shapes.
Of massive morning cloud, of ever-changing hue,
Marching in solemn stride from peak to peak.

It’s now that his care-cumbered heart escapes
For one glad moment from its chains—
His mind discards the worry-yoke and his rapt soul
Is brimmed too full of mountain ecstasy for speech.
A Bugaboo No Longer

RAFFI BEDAYAN

FOUR SIERRA CLUB MEMBERS, Jack Arnold, Fritz Lippman, Edward Koskinen, and I, were camped in the Purcell Range of British Columbia, discussing the potentialities of the Snowpatch Spire. Beginning with Conrad Kain and culminating with the gallant attempt of Fritz Wiessner, nine attempts over a period of twenty-four years had put Snowpatch in the "unclimbable" class. All had admitted that here was a tough one to crack. "To climb this spire would be foolhardy, reckless, an unnecessary risk of life." "It would take no brains, only brawn, to engineer a safe and sane route." "If they put Snowpatch in Yosemite Valley it still would be many years before someone climbed it." These conclusions, and others, too, had increased our desire to try our engineering technique on North America's number one climbing problem.

Three days of fair weather had passed, but all we had accomplished was the ascent of Bugaboo Spire and a thorough reconnaissance of Snowpatch. We were all aware of the fact that the weather was most unreliable; it could break within an hour. If anything more were to be climbed we had to start moving quickly. Two of the party said they weren't interested in attempting the east face the second time, merely to be absolutely positive that the route wouldn't "go." The other two, however, had different ideas concerning this route.

Jack Arnold, originally from the junior section of the Colorado Mountain Club, was one of the optimists who had hopes the east face could be turned. Before coming to California, Jack had done all of his climbing among the 14,000-foot peaks of Colorado. Upon joining the Sierra Club he immediately became an enthusiastic member of the climbing group. Eighteen months of climbing had proved to us that he was reliable and steady in ascending extremely difficult problems.

Having made numerous first ascents in British Columbia, the Cascades, New Mexico (Shiprock), and in Yosemite Valley, I felt better prepared than I had been on the unsuccessful 1936 Mount Waddington expedition of the Sierra Club. I couldn't resist this opportunity, so I went too.

Time was short. Quickly we began to gather equipment for the climb: carabiners, pitons, rope, hammers, food, camera, various personal desires and, last but not least, first aid. Anticipating that a bivouac would gain time in the event the route proved too "interesting," we added extra food and a primus stove with a dural kettle to the already overburdened knapsacks. Finally as an afterthought a waterproof "B-sheet" (zelt sack) was tossed in, just in case the weather proved to be unkind.

Having firsthand knowledge concerning the route on the spire as far as the traverse in Weissner's "overhanging zone," we planned to scout the upper regions of this particular pitch the afternoon we left camp. Jack and I pushed up to the southeast side of Snowpatch notch quickly. Leaving our nailed boots and ice-axes at the base of the notch and changing to crepe-soled shoes, we climbed to the northeast side of the notch, found a good site for a bivouac, and cached our overnight equipment. Jack offered to lead up to the overhanging traverse. I was glad to have someone else try his hand, for I had already led this particular part of the climb two days before. Our route began seventy-five feet south of the notch. Using a sequence of two large gullies and
East Side of Snowpatch Spire, taken from Marmolata

by Ed Kennedy
various cracks which led for 280 feet on moderately difficult climbing, we arrived at a small sharp ridge which terminated at the base of the overhanging traverse. Noticing pitons already placed, we assumed that this had been done during the summer of 1938. We had been taught to remove and replace all unknown pitons found on climbs. We did exactly that to those we placed, as well as the magazine of hardware we found on this pitch, for we knew that expansion and contraction of the rock, plus the oxidation of the metal, might soon render all pitons unsafe. My belaying position wasn’t quite what might be termed “bomb-proof,” so I hurried up this pitch—an eighty-foot lead with a vertical rise of thirty feet—as soon as Jack had an adequate belay for me. We were now at the highest point reached by the 1938 party.

Wishing to conserve our energies, I took the lead. Tiptoeing on a high-angle friction slab, we reached the base of the snowpatch in a few minutes, soon to enjoy a long, cool drink from the small stream emerging from the five-acre snowfield. Having satisfied our desire for water, we began a systematic study of the face above the snowfield. It was very obvious why so many climbers had been discouraged from attempting an ascent. Foreshortening was such that it had baffled all persons searching for possible routes. Every rock on the huge face seemed to overhang.

Climbing along boulevards of lichen for 400 feet, we concluded that further exploration would leave us on the mountain in darkness. A hasty retreat was advisable. After a few additional minutes of concentration on the network of overhangs above, we built a cairn, pulled out the anchor piton, then left for our bivouac. Climbing down the overhanging traverse was no easy job, since semi-darkness had obliterated most of the handholds. A cold wind had come up and was doing its utmost to chill us before we got to leeward of it. The two rapelines before crossing into the notch were most welcome, since the mechanical energy from friction kept our jeans at the correct temperature.

At the bivouac shelf we smoothed out the rocks as best we could, had dinner of raisins, cheese, nuts and water, and pulling the B-sheet over our heads, settled down for a long cold night.

Two hours after dawn we were putting the finishing touches on a modicum of cheese and chocolate. We noticed our food bag had been broken into during the night, a large hole in one corner giving ample evidence. Checking to see what was gone, we missed the tablets brought along to furnish the necessary vitamins absent in the concentrated food. Further investigation indicated that a “snafflehound” (our name for a rodent of undetermined species) had done this to us. Gathering what equipment we thought advisable for the attack, we began a slow trek to our previous high point, Jack again leading, driving in the pitons for safety, while I followed later to retrieve the hardware. The sun was hot and we weren’t, so we stopped at the cairn for food and a short siesta.

An hour later I took the lead and advanced toward the huge overhanging face on the mountain’s left flank. We attempted a number of different combinations designed to crack the overhangs above us, but they still said “no” after an hour of hard work. Dropping back from the lead, I walked along a large ledge towards the middle of the spire. We now were directly above the snowfield. The face appeared to be broken into well-rounded slabs and shelves of hard granite, just right for pitons. Jamming in a leg here and an arm there brought me over two short vertical chimney sections. Zigzagging around an overhanging nose and a ledge, I arrived on a large sloping shelf with no apparent upward outlet. Jack followed, anchored to a piton, and I began a search for a route up or around this massive overhang.
Placing pitons on this shelf, devoid as it was of proper cracks, was no easy trick. A piton would go in two inches, start to fold over. Finally I sank in two pitons for “moral support.” These wouldn’t take a direct fall, so I had to be careful. I had been studying an overhanging nose with a six-inch split on one side, but now, on closer examination, the split looked very bad, since the handholds were wrongside out. The sudden inspiration to attempt this nose died after I had got just two feet off the shelf. I looked for something simpler. Placing another “moral support” piton, I gave a high-angle face to the left the once-over. It had possibilities. Maybe it could be done with friction. But the protruding discolorations weren’t sufficient to humor my touch-and-go instincts. Removing my “moral support,” I returned to the center of the shelf. Here, if anywhere, we must find the solution to this perplexing problem.

A nearly vertical vein of quartz, protruding from an offset seventy-degree slab of granite, extended up to the base of an overhang, twenty feet above. The quartz itself was broken well enough to provide the necessary steps. On both sides of this vein, however, handholds were microscopic, the support for the feet still less convincing. So it had to be the quartz vein all the way. Checking with Jack to see if the rope ran freely, I began placing pitons in the vein. The high-pitched ring of the first piton told me it was good enough to take a direct fall. Snapping in my rope I climbed up a few feet and put in another piton, advanced to the next protruding nob of quartz, reached to my side for another piton. (I was halfway up the pitch) but had none left. Jack being unable to send any up on the belay rope, I had to climb down to replenish my supply. Back I climbed to the highest piton, inserted another to protect my advance, then looked desperately for a “bucket” handhold, which didn’t exist. There was, however, a small patch of some minute plant about a foot higher than I could reach from my present stance. Moving up a little on the vein, I was able to dig out this small garden with my right hand, uncovering a small depression, large enough to maintain a balance with two fingers a linger-but-don’t-stop handhold. Suddenly on my left I caught sight of a moving object, a small brown animal, scampering on the friction patch that I had given up. To my chagrin I recognized the critter. It was undoubtedly the “snafflehound,” romping around full of our vitamins. I needed them now.

Soon I was able to hammer in another piton. Three steps brought me underneath the overhang. A scree-covered mantel-shelf, large enough to permit a finger traverse, continued on a horizontal plane. Driving in a “bomb-proof” piton, I began traversing. There wasn’t much of anything to rest the feet on while doing this little piece, and it seemed best to do it quickly. Eight feet and a few seconds later I was circumnavigating a huge chockstone at the edge of this traverse and the lichen-covered granite slab. Standing on the chockstone I gave vent to my feelings, a hoarse yodel. Jack came up a few minutes later to see what was wrong.

Increasing my stock of hardware, and again anchoring Jack, I ascended a small high-angle gulley, traversed to the right and found myself under a chimney blocked with two chockstones. Placing a piton at the base of this chimney and covering two points of the compass at once I was able to surmount these two obstacles. Another piton just above the chimney was an excellent safeguard, since the next shelf didn’t have a suitable crack. Above was a three-inch crack with a blank left wall, and a right side that didn’t possess anything which might be termed useful—it simply dropped off to the glacier below. Twelve feet of this three-inch crack and I was able to stand on a foot square pedestal. Not having enough rope to continue, I anchored myself.
and gave Jack the come-ahead signal. As he arrived we were sure both of us couldn’t stand on the pedestal at the same time, but somehow we did.

Continuing up the crack, I noticed it terminated in another overhang. The wall on the left seemed to continue with no breaks, while the right side still dropped to the glacier. Our fond hopes were about to be dashed, then, for there was no other way to ascend this pitch safely. I thought I might as well see the worst face-to-face, however, since it was only twenty feet away.

I hadn’t gone fifteen feet when I saw that the wall on the left broke away into the main face. I immediately crossed over to a good stance and belayed Jack up to me. Things were looking a great deal better. Proceeding once more, I noticed a pencil of light on the loose granite blocks, and crossed over to check its source. I was amazed when I saw the summit, and so was Jack, who came up quickly. We hadn’t expected the summit so soon.

Climbing the dome to our left, we found it somewhat lower than the north tower. Back to the north we hurried, ascending the tower by a spiral route, meanwhile looking down the west face on which so many optimists had worked from the ground. We were glad we had climbed the east side instead. Even our “snaffiehound” would find the west face uncomfortable. Seven hours after leaving our bivouac shelf we reached the summit. Jack and I built a large cairn, and left a register beneath it.

An hour slipped by and we made hasty preparations to leave. We stowed all of the hardware in the knapsack, since our descent would require it no more. Four long rapelles, interspersed with some descent on foot, and we were in the bivouac recess, three hours from the top. Picking up the rest of our equipment, we climbed down to our boots, only to find that, not content with vitamins, the snaffiehound had eaten away the boot tops and tongues. But we conceded this sacrifice, willingly and happily.

CLIMBING NOTES

A few statistics and statements may be of added interest.

Even with a route established, the climb would seem still to require careful preparation. Those who follow the route should not be susceptible to acrophobia. We used a 120-foot, half-inch manila hemp climbing rope, and a 200-foot, five-sixteenths rapelle. Pitons were used in twenty-three different places; of these two were used for direct aid. Ample equipment should be taken, and the pitons (very few) now in place should be replaced, since the attempt was made to retrieve most of them. Pitons of several types, thicknesses, and lengths are necessary. A larger climbing party will, of course, somewhat increase the climbing time.

AFFINITY

Roland Ryder-Smith

Dark stand the spruces
In the mountain shadow;
Far in the distance,
Hark! a glacial stream.

Here is the rhythm,
Yes, the peace of ages;
Here, will I pitch
My tent, and dream.
Mt. Bertha
(Fairweather Range, Alaska—1940)

Maynard M. Miller

When Brad Washburn asked me to join his summer expedition into the Glacier Bay region I can truthfully say "there was a thrill!" Realizing that the object of our effort was to penetrate a hitherto unexplored, unmapped area in an attempt to climb a new Alaskan summit my fervor increased by bounds. Only one thing tended to dampen this original enthusiasm. The unpleasant connotation suggested by the name "Bertha," I must admit, made me a bit skeptical. With the passing of time, however, this skepticism has altogether changed into a profound respect for the highest peak in the southeastern extremity of the Fairweather Range. I have come to know that a supposedly effeminate mountain is not always as gentle as her name implies.

The party was composed of Brad Washburn, his wife, Barbara Washburn, Tom Winship, Harvard's ski captain, Michl Feuersinger, an Austrian ski instructor, Lee Wilson, Alva Morrison, Lowell Thomas, Jr., and myself.

After three weeks of tedious effort, back packing and dog-sledging equipment across the thirty miles of ice from Glacier Bay, it is no wonder that we were anxious for an assault on the mountain we had come so far to climb. For this reason it was very disheartening to discover that our originally planned climbing route was not feasible. Yet, when the skies had cleared enough to allow a short reconnaissance above Camp VII, the evidence was unmistakable—the col between Mt. Bertha and Crillon could not be approached. A stream of avalanches continually rumbling down from the pass made this west side route if not impossible, at least too dangerous for an attempt this year.

From a set of aerial photographs taken by Washburn in 1937 we found an alternative. We had been using these photos extensively during the past few weeks, in the absence of any known map. They had successfully guided our penetration into the peninsula from the east, but because of a lack of detail we did not think they would be of practical aid on the mountain itself. Yet, these pictures led to the discovery of another approach via a steep ridge on Bertha's southern flank. This was a sheer rock and ice cleaver which we had considered previously but had quickly discarded when its attendant difficulties became known—now it was our only choice. Forced to backtrack four sled loads of supplies to a new location at the extreme end of this precipitous southeast ridge, a new climbing base (appropriately designated Camp VIII) was set up at the 3800-foot level, only eight hundred feet above the level floor of the Brady Glacier.

At Camp VIII the beautiful icy height of Bertha, the daily view of which had hastened us on during the past three weeks, was now completely hidden by the impressive bulk of that sinuous ridge. As yet, it was impossible to tell whether or not the climb could be done; although the main mass of the ridge seemed to tower above us, in reality far less than half was actually visible from our vantage point; the summit of the mountain itself being nearly six miles away.

On the twenty-first of July, Washburn and I made the first reconnaissance up to 6000 feet. From this initial acquaintance it was agreed that the climb would be consistent "ridge work," very exposed and rather difficult. At the same time we were encouraged by the possibility of establishing a high camp
in a 7000-foot col at the intersection of the immediate cleaver above camp and the main ridge of the mountain.

The next day four heavy loads were taken up in order to begin establishment of the high camp before the good weather changed. The sky had been so continually clear that we expected a drop in the barometer at any hour. The plan was, therefore, to inhabit the high camp as soon as possible, having it well enough prepared to outlast a ten-day storm if need be. Threatening weather was not long in delay. Only two more loads were carried to the cache half way to the col on the twenty-third; in the afternoon heavy rain and more fog completely shut out the sun. With half the necessary loads up the mountain, including a bivouac tent, two sleeping bags and food, we were satisfied that an attempt could soon be made. Unfortunately, though, a cold wind blew more rain in from the Pacific.

A departure of clouds brought forth another opportunity on the twenty-fifth. Lee Wilson, Alva Morrison and Lowell Thomas, Jr., stayed at base camp. The other five of us sallied forth, with willow wands, maple dowells and 500 feet of rope, in addition to the rest of the equipment necessary for a determined assault. A blue sky made climbing pleasant in spite of seventy pound loads. (Here was where the conditioning of the past month was well realized.) By evening the large schrund just below the high pass was crossed and in a very few minutes a Logan tent well dug in.

A silent and bitter wind blew from the north that night, directly off Bertha's glaciated summit, visible from where we slept a mere mile and one-half away, yet four miles distant along the curving "horseshoe" route we must follow. It was difficult to keep from noting the marked resemblance of
this furrowed brow to the naked summit and shoulder of Mt. Everest. The sharp Himalayan aspect of other peaks in the neighborhood was striking.

On the twenty-sixth we had been able to get a series of well tramped steps in the soft and dangerous snow up to 8500 feet. Fixed ropes were also installed at difficult spots to facilitate climbing for a mile above the pass. With an increased enclosure of bad weather little could be accomplished in the next four days. All we could do was wait—five people in one 9 x 9 tent; awakening every morning only to discover the same damp and penetrating fog hanging low above the col. It was a task to continue the hourly struggle for room and breathing space. Inactivity was discouraging.

Tuesday, July 30th, was a memorable day. I awoke at 3 A.M. with hopes for a clearing sky—the evening before had shown promise. Discovering nothing but a few fleecy clouds high above Bertha’s proud head I quickly roused the others with the good report. From my sleeping bag near the entrance to the tent it was impossible to look below the cliffs on either side of the 7000-foot pass, consequently I had neglected to foresee the bad weather which lurked in those depths. When we had become sufficiently clothed to crawl outside and discover black clouds boiling up from below, our optimism soon diminished. During breakfast, as plans were being formed to send two men down to base camp in order to replenish a depleted sugar supply, the sky above cleared off and the clouds below began to thin. More mist was rising from the broad expanse of the Brady Ice Field and the ocean below, but on the whole this looked harmless. Yes, the weather was encouraging once more; all agreed it was at least worth a try.

At 5:45 we left that chilly tent, prepared for the worst. The trail which Brad and I had broken in several days before was still in workable shape. As we snaked our way along the crest midst a continually shifting maze of fog and clearing air, sunlight threatened to break through, at times making Bertha’s summit glow through the thinning fog. Once above a 50 foot snow arete and beyond the dangerous snow spire at the first fixed rope, we moved rapidly on. At the 8000 foot level some food was picked up, where it had been cached on the reconnaissance climb five days before. Above here the going was slow while crossing a very long and steep ice couloir below a second fixed rope. Five hundred feet above this point Brad chopped a hole through an overhang and pulled the rope after him. Advancing higher and higher the ridge became more and more exposed. A stiff cold breeze kept a fresh supply of mist in the eyes as we clambered across a narrow snow bridge and on to another cornice. At times a sudden “clearing” would bring forth startling views of the precipitous arm we were on, causing us to stop and peer down—often 5000 feet on either side. The cleaver dissolved into frequent snow and ice faces and sheer rock buttresses. Several “highway-like” ledges of barren rock beside lengthy stretches of horizontal snow cornice allowed speed to be made. If only the upward swirling fog had cleared below, instead of merely dissipating above the crest, we felt there would have been visible the most beautiful route and surrounding scenery that any of us had ever seen! Twice Mt. La Perouse far off to the southwest broke into view, verifying this belief.

Two miles of “up and down” travel ended out of the fog and in brilliant sunshine at 9700 feet. Mt. Crillon to the westward was breathtaking; the gorgeous view of Bertha’s pyramidal summit, now only one mile to the east, was even more appreciated. Here we paused to jettison needed clothes and equipment; then continued on at 2 P.M.

Below the junction of our ridge and the lower reaches of the high plateau
Mt. Bertha Showing Route Up Southeast Ridge. High Camp was at Point 9.

Aerial Photo from South by Bradford Washburn.
we stopped again. I belayed Brad while he carefully worked a route up the side of a vertical cornice which ended in a perpendicular wall of dangerously loose snow. With the aid of a carefully planted fixed rope, this obstacle was successfully passed. One more steep pitch and then at last we moved on to the summit plateau. From here a 45 minute walk led up to a sharpened snow ridge on the final summit dome which ended in a wind-blown cornice at 10,182 feet. At 5 P.M. the top was reached, exactly 31 days after we had begun the ascent on the ice of Hugh Miller Glacier at sea level.

An hour in the warming afternoon sun gave us time to rest and recuperate, while enjoying a clear, unexcelled view of the entire Fairweather Range. Unfortunately, our southern climbing ridge was yet engulfed in mist. Before starting down, congratulations were showered on Barbara Washburn for her fine showing and "pluck." She did well to keep up, rightly gaining the honor to be the second woman to climb a major Alaskan peak. In addition to Brad, his wife, and myself, Tom Winship, and Michl Feuersinger had reached the top. The three sturdy men left in base camp, Lee Wilson, Alva Morrison and Lowell Thomas, Jr., all did a share as creditable as any toward the ultimate success of the climb.

The descent to high camp was slow and treacherous, one which, without the aid of a flashlight, would certainly have ended in disaster. On this ridge we encountered nearly as much climbing on the descent as there had been on the way up, consequently did not reach camp until nineteen and one-half hours after we had started out. It was 2 A.M. the following morning that five tired people crawled into sleeping bags at 7000 feet, all satisfied to have accomplished the most spectacular and thrilling climb that any of us had ever made.

Our Mountaineer Library

In 1915 The Mountaineers joined the Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America and received among the benefits a number of new books on mountaineering and allied subjects. These were reviewed each year in the Annual. Mr. LeRoy Jeffer of the New York Public Library arranged for the distribution of these books until his death in 1926. Since then, with suggestions from club members, and individual research, the librarian has made title selection and purchase of books with the approval of the club.

Authors in our membership have placed copies of their books with us when their work has been of a type suitable for our library. These, with gifts from other members and friends of our organization, and the books purchased, have built up our library to over three hundred and fifty books and bound periodicals. Mountaineering and skiing make up the larger part, but travel, photography and nature study are well represented.

In 1922 the library was catalogued and circulation of the books made possible. Books are loaned to members (for the term specified in the book selected) and are checked in and out with the Executive Secretary at the Clubrooms.

Mountaineering is perhaps the most written about sport in which mankind indulges. Thrills, hardships and deeds of heroism abound in these books, and time does not lessen their value. They are constantly giving information, pleasure and inspiration to our members and are of permanent value to our organization.

—ELIZABETH SCHMIDT, Librarian
BOOKS IN OUR MOUNTAINEER LIBRARY

Aeronautics

THOMAS: First World Flight

Alaska

ALLEN: North Pacific
ANDREWS: Story of Alaska
QUINN: Beautiful Alaska
STEPHENVSON: Land of Tomorrow
STUCK: Voyages on the Yukon
TARR: Alaskan Glacier Studies
YOUNG: Adventures in Alaska

Animals

DIXON: Human Side of Animals
HORNADAY: Minds and Manners of Wild Animals
MILLS: The Grizzly
MILLS: Wild Animal Homesteads
SHIRAS: Hunting Wild Life with Camera and Flashlight

Antarctic Regions

BYRD: Little America
WORSLEY: Endurance, An Epic of Polar Adventure

Archery

POPE: Hunting with the Bow and Arrow

Arctic Regions

MUIR: Cruise of the Corwin
STEFANSSON: Northward Course of Empire
STEFANSSON: Friendly Arctic
GREY: Tales of Lonely Trails

Atlases

Rand-McNally World Atlas

Automobile Touring

DIXON: Westward Hoboes; Ups and Downs of Frontier Motoring
JESSUP: Motor Camping Book

Avalanches

SELIGMAN: Snow Structures and Ski Fields

Birds

HEWITT: Conservation of Wild Life in Canada
PEARSON: Bird Study Book
MYERS: Western Birds
TAVERNER: Birds of Western Canada

Boats and Boating

MILLER: Boy's Book of Canoeing and Sailing

British Guiana

BESEBE: Edge of the Jungle
BESEBE: Jungle Peace

California

CHASE: California Desert Trails

Camping

JESSUP: Camp Grub; An Out-of-Door Cooking Manual
JESSUP: Motor Camping Book
KEPHART: Camping and Woodcraft
MASON: Woodcraft
PINKERTON: Woodcraft for Women

Canada

BELL: Sunset Canada, British Columbia and Beyond
CURRAN AND CALKINS: In Canada's Wonderful Northland
FARIS: Seeing Canada
FOOTNER: New Rivers of the North
GLYNN-WARD: Glamour of British Columbia
HAWORTH: On the Headwaters of Peace River
HAWORTH: Trailmakers of the Northwest
HEMING: Drama of the Forests
KAIN: Where the Clouds Can Go
OUTRAM: In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies
PALMER: A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada
QUINN: Beautiful Canada
THORINGTON: Climber's Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia
THORINGTON: Glittering Mountains of Canada
WALLACE: Lure of the Labrador Wild
WHITING: Canada, the Spellbinder
WILCOX: Rockies of Canada
WOOD: The Tourist's Northwest

Ceylon

CARPENTER: From Adam's Peak to Elephant

Chinook Jargon

SHAW: The Chinook Jargon and How to Use It

Colorado

MILLS: Waiting in the Wilderness

Columbia River

FREEMAN: Down the Columbia

Cowboys

JAMES: Lone Cowboy
ROLLINS: The Cowboy

Death Valley

GREY: Tales of Lonely Trails

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St. John: Practical Bait Casting
Smith: Trout Lore
Webster: Fishing in the Olympics

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Clements: Flowers of Coast and Sierra
Haskins: Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast
Smythe: Valley of Flowers

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American Tree Association: Forestry Almanac
Boerker: Our National Forests
Lawson: Log of a Timber Cruiser
Moon: Book of Forestry
Pack: Our Vanishing Forest
Pack: School Book of Forestry
Pack: Trees as Good Citizens

Fur Trade
Haworth: Trailmakers of the Northwest

Geology
Coleman: Ice Ages, Recent and Present
Lee: Stories in Stone
Zittel: Text-book of Paleontology

Glacier National Park
Allen: A Guide to the National Parks
Holtz and Bemis: Glacier National Park, Its Trails and Its Treasures
Laut: Enchanted Trails of Glacier Park
Rinehart: Tenting Tonight
Rinehart: Through Glacier Park
Wood: Tourist's Northwest

Grand Canyon of the Colorado
Allen: A Guide to the National Parks
Freeman: Down the Grand Canyon
Muir: Steep Trails
Quinn: Beautiful America
Van Dyke: Grand Canyon of the Colorado

Hood, Mount
Oregon Writer's Project: Mount Hood, A Guide

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Livingstone, David
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Mongolia
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Kain: Where the Clouds Can Go
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Meade: Approach to the Hills
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White: The Mountains

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Meyer: Across East African Glaciers; the First Ascent of Kilimanjaro
Syngue: Mountains of the Moon
White: The Mountains

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Lunn: Mountains of Youth
Lunn: Switzerland
Mummery: My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus
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Tissot: Mount Blanc
Tyndall: Hours of Exercise in the Alps
Whymper: Scrambles Amongst the Alps

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Thorington: Climber's Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia

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DeSegogone: Himalayan Assault; the French Expedition of 1936
Heim: Throne of the Gods
Smythe: Valley of Flowers
Younghusband: Heart of Nature
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mountaineering</th>
<th>King: Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Himalaya Mountains, Kangchenjunga</td>
<td>Le Conte: Ramblings Through the High Sierra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bauer: Himalayan Campaign, the German Attack on Kangchenjunga</td>
<td>Rinnehart: Tenting Tonight; Glacier Park and the Cascade Mountains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshfield: Round Kangchenjunga</td>
<td>Rusk: Tales of a Western Mountaineer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smythe: Kangchenjunga Adventure</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, Karakoram Range</td>
<td>Moving Pictures</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates: Five Miles High (K2)</td>
<td>Cushman: How to Title Home Movies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Filippi: Karakoram and Western Himalaya, 1909 (2 vols.)</td>
<td>Strasser: Amateur Movies and How to Make Them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipton: Blank on the Map</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Workman: Two Summers in Eastern Karakoram</td>
<td>Muir, John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, Mount Everest</td>
<td>John Muir School: John Muir, a Pictorial Biography</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard-Bury: Mount Everest, the Reconnaissance, 1921</td>
<td>Muir: John of the Mountains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noel: Story of Everest</td>
<td>National Parks and Reserves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noel: Fight for Everest</td>
<td>Allen: A Guide to the National Parks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rutledge: Attack on Everest</td>
<td>Hall: Guide to Giant Forest—Sequoia National Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rutledge: Everest; the Unfinished Adventure</td>
<td>Hall: Handbook of Yosemite National Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Younghusband: Epic of Mount Everest</td>
<td>Kane: Picturesque America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Younghusband: Everest; the Challenge</td>
<td>Mills: Your National Parks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, Nanda Devi</td>
<td>Reik: A Tour of America’s National Parks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipton: Nanda Devi</td>
<td>U. S. Forest Service: Forest Outings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilman: Ascent of Nanda Devi</td>
<td>Nature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, Nanga Parbat</td>
<td>Beebe: Log of the Sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bauer: Himalayan Quest; the German Expeditions to Siniolchum and Nanga Parbat</td>
<td>Burroughs: Field and Study</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betchold: Nanga Parbat Adventure</td>
<td>Foerster: Nature in American Literature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knowlton: Naked Mountain</td>
<td>Grover: Nature Lover’s Knapsack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, New Zealand</td>
<td>Hudson: Book of a Naturalist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pascoe: Unclimbed New Zealand</td>
<td>Kirkham: East and West</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, South America</td>
<td>Jeffries: Field and Hedgerow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conway: Climbing and Exploration in the Bolivian Andes</td>
<td>Johnson: Nature’s Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, Technique</td>
<td>Muir: Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abrahams: Complete Mountaineer</td>
<td>Richards: Melody of Earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abrahams: First Steps to Climbing</td>
<td>Younghusband: Heart of Nature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Ass’n Swiss Alpine Club: Technique of Alpine Mountaineering</td>
<td>Oregon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bruning: Rock Climbing and Mountaineering</td>
<td>Dye: McLoughlin and Old Oregon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dent: Mountaineering</td>
<td>McArthur: Oregon Geographic Names</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raeburn: Mountaineering Art</td>
<td>Wood: Tourist’s Northwest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spencer: Mountaineering</td>
<td>Photography</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wedderburn: Alpine Climbing on Foot and With Ski</td>
<td>Anderson: Technique of Pictorial Photography</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young: Mountaingcraft</td>
<td>Eastman Kodak Co: How to Make Good Pictures</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountaineering, United States</td>
<td>Koike: Study of Mountain Photography (in Japanese)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eaton: Skyline Camps</td>
<td>Shiras: Hunting Wild Life With Camera and Flashlight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fryxell: The Tetons</td>
<td>Smythe: The Mountain Scene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazard: Snow Sentinels of the Pacific Northwest</td>
<td>Spencer: Mountaineering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kilbourne: Chronicles of the White Mountains</td>
<td>U. S. Air Corps: Basic Photography</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Market: Mountains in Flower</td>
<td>Rainier, Mount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany: Mount Rainier, a Record of Exploration</td>
<td>Muir: Steep Trails</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mountaineer**
Rambles and Scrambles

JOSEPH T. HAZARD

IN THE DEPTH OF THE FOREST! What words could mean more to those who love the perfumed purity of woodland air; the subdued light and shadow of forest aisles; the unending variety in flower and shrub and tree, the peep-hole vistas to distant snowfields and peaks; the revival of bodily vigor with each impact of a strengthened pulse-beat; and the isolation of thought and spirit that is born of cloistered trails and camps!

The Pacific Northwest has hundreds of proven one, two and more, day trips from its Puget Sound cities. The following are but a few of the many.

BIG FOUR REGION: “New worlds to explore—await at Big Four!” This message from the folder of Big Four Inn does not exaggerate, for from the deluxe Verlot Forest Camp to the Big Four Inn, sixteen miles of Monte Cristo mountain variety along a new highway, there are many campsites both improved and natural, and many forest and mountain trails into new country.

Verlot Forest Camp is past Lake Stevens, through Granite Falls, from Everett, and Big Four is farther along the new highway. Many of us who have made recent explorations along this “new scenic mountain loop highway, in the heart of the hills” agree that the Monte Cristo region, now open to autos, is the closest in forest, river, lake and mountain terrain available from lower Puget Sound approaches.

MT. BAKER REGION: From Mount Baker Lodge drive to Austin Pass and take the beautiful Lake Ann trail (about 4 miles) for impressive views of Shuksan and Mount Baker. For a two or three-day week-end outing, turn off the Lake Ann trail to Baker Hot Springs (8 miles) and four miles further, on the same trail, Baker Lake.

From the turn-around above Mount Baker Lodge a trail leads past Chain Lakes to Camp Curtiss on the north flank of Mt. Baker. Another trail goes into the wild country of Well’s Creek Basin. Here you will find Mazama Falls, 600 feet high, and worth the visit.

From Baker Lake, accessible by way of Concrete, one can explore the many trails around the lake, along the river, and for a longer jaunt continue to Baker Hot Springs and Austin Pass.

The Heliotrope Ridge Trail begins a mile beyond Glacier, on the Mt. Baker Highway. Camp in the town or near the foot of the trail. Nine miles of excellent trail brings you to Kulshan Cabin, the hut of the Mount Baker Club. Here you are near timberline, with moraines, glaciers, snowfields, and Mt. Baker before you. A mile beyond Kulshan Cabin, on Heliotrope Ridge proper, is a lean-to and camping spot.

The Skyline Ridge Trail is across the valley from Heliotrope. A mile beyond Glacier is the old road fork. From this the Skyline Ridge Trail branches off. Between Heliotrope and Skyline are the Coleman (Roosevelt) Glacier, and Bastile Ridge. This is mountain-view, mountain-goat country de luxe where one party recently counted an 80-goat herd and several lesser herds.

Church Mountain and it’s trails offers woodland enjoyment and views of rugged areas. Two miles above Glacier a forest road branches to the left and leads in five miles to a shoulder of Church Mountain. Here a trail leads about three miles to the lower summit of Church, or about nine miles to Bearpaw or Baldy Mountain.
Beyond the forest road another trail leads five miles to the Lookout Station on Church, "A very nice trail and a swell view of Baker!"

From Power House Hill an original trail of the area follows the summit ridge from Church east to Twin Lakes.

**HANNEGAN PASS:** Beyond Glacier and Camp Shuksan turn left on the C.C.C. road up Ruth Creek. At the end of the Ruth Creek road is the Hannegan Pass trail, leading in about four miles to the Pass itself. Turn right for an ascent of Ruth Mountain. Beyond Ruth Mountain are the icefields of North Shuksan. This is not properly a trail trip, nor is it essentially an ascent of Ruth Mountain. The mountain is taken in stride that we may visit one of the most impressive mountain locales in the Pacific Northwest.

**WHATCOM PASS** is for those wishing a three or four days trip. Over Hannegan Pass, down the Chiliwack River to Brush Creek, and up Brush Creek brings you to Whatcom Pass. A four-day time allowance permits a full day at the Whatcom Pass locale where nearby hanging glaciers are the impressive foreground of multiple peaks and snowy ranges. During the day it would be well to explore the trail beyond the Pass where 56 switchbacks adorn and serve the wildest mile of precipice trail in Western United States.

**EL DORADO REGION** with overnight stay and a day or more gives views of the Cascade Crest and El Dorado region. Drive through Concrete to Marble mount, camping at Marble Creek. Two miles up the road, on the left, is the Sibley Creek Trail with a six mile hike to Hidden Peak, 7000 feet elevation.

**NATCHES PASS HIGHWAY** district presents a paradise for weeks of one- and two-day trips.

**Greenwater** on the Natches Highway is 58 miles from Seattle, and is our closest general trail center just as Big Four is our nearest general mountain center. From Greenwater a good and interesting trail leads up Huckleberry Mountain, past Mule Camp. A two-day trip might go on from Huckleberry Mountain, via the ridge trail to Kelly Butte and end at Lester; or from Huckleberry to Hot Springs to Lester. Another trip might be made following the Burns Creek to the C.C.C. road two miles below Himes Camp, then back to Greenwater.

**The Pioneer road** provides a wealth of interesting features. Four miles beyond Greenwater at the Boundary Guard Station, turn left on the Lester C.C.C. road, and drive about eight miles to Himes Forest Camp. The road is narrow and slippery when wet. Take the new C.C.C. trail to the route of the "emigrant road," to Government Meadows, an ideal pioneer rest or modern picnic center. You will understand why in the days of this pioneer road the "women and children walked behind." Good trail, water, forest, pioneer traces, large meadows with old corral and large spring. Good locale for easy three-day camp. Pyramid peak is nearby.

**Silver Springs** is the district beyond the Boundary Guard Station. Here we have three maintained camps within a mile’s distance: Deep Creek, Forest Camp, Goat Creek Forest Camp, and Silver Springs Lodge. From Deep Creek a three and one-half mile trail leads to Dallas Ridge. This offers many branch trail variations. This is steep climbing country as the Dallas Ridge trail climbs from 3300 altitude to 6000 altitude. The Lookout Station is placed at 6250 altitude. On the divide between the Greenwater and the White Rivers is a most beautiful view of the face of Mount Rainier with a 2500 foot drop between that divide and Mount Rainier. The choice of trails leading from the three camps is most unusual.

There is another feature of this region, if you do not want to climb on foot you may drive all over the tops of mountains—when the weather is
dry. For example you may drive from Twin Camp up the back side of Kelly Butte then return and drive far up Pyramid Peak.

**Chinook Pass** is beyond Silver Springs. The Mather Memorial Parkway leads to Chinook Pass on the Cascade Divide between Western and Eastern Washington, where the Cascade Crest Trail enters Mount Rainier National Park. Again good trails beckon in multiple combinations.

Leave your auto at Chinook Pass. Take the Cascade Crest Trail five miles to Bear Gap then turn left down slope seven and one-half miles to Silver Springs. Catch an evening stage from Silver Springs back to your auto at Chinook Pass.

Drive from Silver Springs six and one-quarter miles up a mining camp road and then climb one and one-quarter miles to Bear Gap. Spend the rest of the day on the Cascade Crest Trail returning in the evening to your auto at the mining camp.

Follow the Cascade Crest Trail from Chinook Pass to Bear Gap, to Big Crow Basin, to Arch Rook, to the historic Government Meadows, then make camp. On the second day climb Pyramid Peak and explore the country. On the third day take the Pioneer Road down from Government Meadows to Himes Camp, then the C.C.C. Road to the Boundary Guard Station. Catch the stage back to Chinook Pass and your auto.

No finer day could be spent than one devoted to the most aimless wandering around Chinook Pass in the high mountain meadows and the rocky ridges of that natural view country.

**The Olympic Region** has innumerable trails throughout its vast domain. We will take you to two of these districts from where many trips can be made.

The Flapjack Lakes vicinity is somewhat new but most inviting. It catches the east side of the Olympic National Park. The trail to Flapjack Lakes is good and the lakes provide excellent camping spots. It is a “center of lakes” region, with 4,000 feet elevation, and a range of rocks and mountains. "Offers
a wealth of rock work, piton, chimneys, like Austrian Dolomite region." The whole range is "wild and rugged" but offers easy trips to ridges and passes and other lakes beyond.

At Hoodsport turn onto the Lake Cushman road and drive to the Flapjack Trail marker, one-fourth of a mile from the end of the road. Four and a half miles of good trail leads past the Bremerton Ski Cruisers' Cabin at Flapjack Lakes, and out into open meadow. From this center you may choose from the "Dolomite" variety of terrain. One day is possible but would rush the trip. It is well worth a week-end and more.

Sol Duc Hot Springs Road leaves the Olympic Highway 30 miles west of Port Angeles and follows the Sol Duc River 12 miles to the Hot Springs. With camp at Sol Duc we combine outdoor hot water swimming with the alluring coolness of climbing trails. It may be that we will make a lazy climb of some three miles to Deer Lake for a picnic and dip in icy water; or a longer jaunt to the Seven Lakes highland and Sol Duc Park; or even an overnight hike to Bogachiel Peak and Hoh Lake with its live-fur pocket of tame wild animals. Whatever the trip the return to a hot water swim at Sol Duc will banish fatigue, and lame muscles will forget their protest and lamentation.

Snoqualmie Pass and Highway: Lake Hancock offers an easy day with much reward for little effort. From Snoqualmie Falls follow the north bank of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie River, leaving the main highway and continuing about eight miles to the parking grounds at the bridge that marks the beginning of the Lake Hancock Trail. Climb three miles of steep trail to Lake Hancock, through massive primeval forest of fir, hemlock, and cedar, to vista views of highlands beyond the Lake. At the Lake you may choose between swimming, boating, fishing and the higher side trails beyond. Do not delay your trip for the forest is untouched, privately owned, and is threatened with early logging.

Goldmyer Hot Springs gives you a strenuous one-day trip but a much easier two-day trip. From the summit of Snoqualmie Pass take the Snow Lakes Trail, turning right on the Commonwealth Basin Trail at the point where it crosses the Snow Lakes Trail. This takes you into the Commonwealth Basin, over the shoulder of Red Mountain, and down a perfect trail to the Hot Springs. The outing will combine forest, high shoulder trails, and mineral baths. You may well ignore the fact that you could drive the new road from North Bend for the trail over Red is one of variety and rugged relief.

Snoqualmie Lodge to Martin is the scene of the Mountaineer's Ski Patrol Race and an interesting summer's trail trip as well. An early start Saturday past Silver and Tinkham peaks, with luncheon at Mirror Lake, through Yakima Pass, up long forested slopes, then on to Martin is as fine a 20-mile day as can be found in any man's mountains. Return home may be by train.

The main markers of the trip from Snoqualmie Lodge to Martin are: Olalee Meadows, Tinkham Peak, Mirror Lake, Yakima Pass, Stirrup Lake, Meadow Pass; a sign, left, five miles to Stampede Pass; road through old railroad cut down the east side to the spur road to Martin.

An alternate trip with the Lodge as the base camp, could be the first part of this trip to Mirror Lake with return to the Lodge the same day. Either the complete trip from the Lodge to Martin, or the part-way hike to Mirror Lake and return, offers a gala day upon high trails.

* * *

It would take a busy and entertaining lifetime to experience all of the one, two and three day trips available in the Pacific Northwest. Those listed are but a few, and even these could not have been compiled had not the writer been accompanied by Rudolph Amsler, C. A. ("Happy") Fisher, Harvey Moore, May Rosenberg, and Dwight Watson, each with his pack filled with information based upon actual experience.
## THE MOUNTAINEERS, INCORPORATED
### SEATTLE UNIT
### Balance Sheet October 31, 1940

### ASSETS:

#### Current Assets:
- Cash in checking account: $864.11
- Savings accounts in Washington Mutual:
  - Reserve fund: $1,590.82
  - Summer Outing fund: $1,152.46
  - Players fund: $520.16
  - Equipment fund: $123.20
  - Rescue fund: $50.00
  - Building fund: $13.75
- Accounts Receivable: $137.45
- Inventory of pins and emblems: $14.36

#### Investments:
- Permanent fund:
  - Savings account in Washington Mutual: $5,000.00
  - Bonds at market (Cost $1,880.00): $300.00
- Total permanent fund: $5,300.00
- Puget Sound Savings and Loan account: $128.85
- Seymour saddle horse for Summer Outing fund: $1,049.68
- Total Investments: $6,478.53

#### Buildings and Equipment:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Recorded Value</th>
<th>Allowance for Depreciation</th>
<th>Net Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>$4,424.15</td>
<td>$2,809.77</td>
<td>$1,614.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin</td>
<td>3,194.68</td>
<td>1,586.01</td>
<td>1,608.67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>2,275.52</td>
<td>920.55</td>
<td>1,355.97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut Addition</td>
<td>1,075.05</td>
<td>567.67</td>
<td>507.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club room furniture and fixtures</td>
<td>741.85</td>
<td>438.06</td>
<td>303.79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>637.91</td>
<td>343.20</td>
<td>294.71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion picture equipment</td>
<td>710.32</td>
<td>225.83</td>
<td>484.49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ski lift</td>
<td>502.73</td>
<td>95.51</td>
<td>407.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outing equipment</td>
<td>312.23</td>
<td>31.25</td>
<td>280.98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Buildings and Equipment</strong></td>
<td><strong>$13,692.11</strong></td>
<td><strong>$6,943.85</strong></td>
<td><strong>$6,748.59</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Other Assets:
- Inventory of supplies at Snoqualmie Lodge: $137.45
- Trophies: $209.00
- Advance to Meany Ski Hut: $100.00
- Inventory of wood at Snoqualmie Lodge: $87.00
- Total Other Assets: $533.45
- Total Assets: $18,139.32

### LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS:

#### Liabilities:
- Tacoma's share of dues: $151.00
- Everett's share of dues: $40.00
- Total Liabilities: $191.00

#### Surplus:
- Capital surplus: $6,748.59
- Permanent fund surplus:
  - Balance, October 31, 1939: $6,761.79
  - Allocation from initiation fees: $118.21
  - Total Permanent Fund: $6,880.00
  - Reducing securities to market: $1,580.00
  - Seymour Fund surplus: $1,029.00
  - Rescue fund surplus: $50.00
- Free surplus:
  - Balance, October 31, 1939: $5,411.32
  - Excess of expenses over income for the year ending October 31, 1940: 520.59
- Total Surplus: $4,820.73
- Total Surplus: $17,948.32
- Total Surplus: $18,139.32

### MOUNTAINEER 61
# The Mountaineers, Incorporated

## Seattle Unit

### Income and Expense Statement for Year Ending October 31, 1940

#### Income:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seattle dues</td>
<td>$2,382.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma dues</td>
<td>$407.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less: Allocation to Tacoma</td>
<td>151.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett dues</td>
<td>$176.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less: Allocation to Everett</td>
<td>48.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less: Allocation to publications</td>
<td>$744.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Initiation Fees**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>$1,226.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma</td>
<td>276.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Publications:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allocation of dues</td>
<td>$1,226.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of &quot;Annual&quot;</td>
<td>347.42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less: Advertising income</td>
<td>461.52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cost of monthly bulletin</td>
<td>$1,148.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less: Sale of publications</td>
<td>45.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Net cost of publications</td>
<td>$1,103.42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excess of allotted dues over cost</td>
<td>122.58</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Committee Operations:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Excess of income over expenses: Summer Outing</td>
<td>$194.83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Players</td>
<td>170.86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>202.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dances</td>
<td>31.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Banquet</td>
<td>25.99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special Outings</td>
<td>91.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excess of expenses over income: Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>$607.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitap Cabin</td>
<td>277.07</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ski Committee</td>
<td>121.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ski Instruction</td>
<td>53.99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing</td>
<td>13.89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excess of income over expenses</td>
<td>974.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Other Income:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Know Seattle&quot; Contest</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest earned</td>
<td>147.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Income</td>
<td>162.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Income</td>
<td>$2,151.08</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### General Expenses:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Salaries</td>
<td>$660.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rentals</td>
<td>614.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>71.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>62.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>16.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stamped envelopes</td>
<td>129.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engraving</td>
<td>12.63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Federation expense</td>
<td>3.76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Federation dues</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office supplies</td>
<td>102.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Party</td>
<td>16.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social Security Taxes</td>
<td>30.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal Property Taxes</td>
<td>5.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge Committee 1939</td>
<td>17.26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion picture</td>
<td>11.64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens Pass ground rent</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter sports exhibit</td>
<td>26.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club room maintenance</td>
<td>82.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing expense 1939</td>
<td>12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moran dedication</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Election</td>
<td>13.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>$1,940.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Net Income</strong></td>
<td>$119.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Depreciation</strong></td>
<td>699.31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>888.55</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Excess of expenses over income**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Transferred to Permanent Fund surplus</td>
<td>$118.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transferred to Building Fund surplus</td>
<td>13.79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Total equals $1.00 of each initiation fee)</td>
<td>$132.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transferred to Free Surplus</td>
<td>488.55</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mountaineers Incorporated,
Seattle, Washington.

Gentlemen:

At the request of the President of the Mountaineers I have examined the books of the Seattle Unit of the Mountaineers Inc. The treasurer assisted in this work by examining the committee books. The treasurer’s disbursements were supported by proper vouchers. All cash receipts reported were accounted for. I verified the existence of the bank accounts and bonds, and examined the valuations of various properties. The Balance Sheet and Income and Expense Statement agree with the figures on the books, and in my opinion fairly represents the financial picture of the club.

LLOYD ANDERSON, Auditor.

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INCORPORATED
TACOMA BRANCH
Treasurer’s Annual Report as of October 31, 1940

Receipts:

Bank Balance, November 1, 1939, cash account ........................................ $ 71.68
Membership refunds from Seattle ...................................................................... 140.00
Interest and dividends on bonds ........................................................................ 35.55
Interest on savings account ............................................................................. 8.44
Profit on local walks and outings ...................................................................... 36.37
Profits, Irish cabin ......................................................................................... 372.22
Profits, entertainment ..................................................................................... 100.00
Transferred from 1st United Mutual Savings Bank ......................................... 50.00
Sale of Mountain States Power Bond .............................................................. 1,016.75
Sale of fractional stocks and bond ......................................................................

$1,831.01

Disbursements:

Storage of Equipment in old club rooms, $6.00 per month ............................. 36.00
Storage of equipment in new club rooms ...................................................... 20.00
Rent, Y. W. C. A. Loft for monthly meetings ................................................ 15.00
Speaker ........................................................................................................... 3.00
Improvement of Irish Cabin ........................................................................... 80.00
Seattle Trustee’s transportation ...................................................................... 11.25
Safekeeping Fee, Bank of California ............................................................. 3.25
Renewal of bond, Mr. Bassett .......................................................................... 5.00
Rent of U-Drive truck .................................................................................... 1.03
Cleaning rug .................................................................................................. 9.90
Telephone and postage .................................................................................... 2.50
Flowers ........................................................................................................... 4.57
Banquet .......................................................................................................... 15.00
Transferred to 1st United Mutual Savings Bank ............................................ 1,016.75

$1,233.26

Cash on hand in Bank of California:
Cash account .................................................................................................. 599.32
Cash on hand in First United Mutual Savings Bank ...................................... 1,275.15

Assets:

Cash on hand in Bank of California ................................................................. 599.32
Cash on hand in 1st United Mutual Savings Bank ........................................ 1,275.15

Receivable:

Membership refund (est.) ............................................................................... 140.00

Property:

Irish Cabin land .............................................................................................. 300.00
Irish Cabin fixtures, furniture, etc., 15% depreciation — new equip-
rent 1939-1940 ($142.21) ........................................................................... 240.16
Club rooms and local walks property, 15% depreciation .............................. 58.41

Liabilities: None.

Net worth ....................................................................................................... $2,613.04

violette ARNESON, Secretary-Treasurer.

MOUNTAINEER
### Report of Treasurer, 1939–1940

**CHECKING ACCOUNT**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Balance on hand September 29, 1939</th>
<th>$120.85</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Receipts:</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local walks</td>
<td>12.90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>13.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Receipts:</strong></td>
<td>57.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cash available:</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>$12.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>105.93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Disbursements:</strong></td>
<td>117.98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cash balance:</strong></td>
<td>70.27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SAVINGS ACCOUNT**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Balance on hand September 29, 1929</th>
<th>$936.81</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Interest July 1, 1940</td>
<td>14.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank balance September 25, 1940</td>
<td>950.92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Resources:</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash in checking account</td>
<td>$57.37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash in savings account</td>
<td>950.92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash on hand to deposit</td>
<td>12.90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Resources:</strong></td>
<td>$1,021.19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DAVE ALLAN, Treasurer.
The Mountaineer

THE MOUNIAINEERS, Inc.

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

President, George MacGowan
Vice-President, Arthur R. Winder
Historian, Sarah A. Gorham

President, Kenneth G. Pryor
Vice-President, Emerson Wonders
Trustee, Emerson Wonders
Additional Members of Executive Committee

Terms Expiring October, 1941
Lloyd Anderson
Mrs. O. Phillip Dickert
Harry L. Jensen
George MacGowan
Ben C. Mooers

Terms Expiring October, 1942
Burge B. Bickford
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard
John E. Hossack
Walter B. Little
Arthur R. Winder

Recording Secretary, Phyllis Cavender
Executive Secretary, Sarah A. Gorham
Librarian, Elizabeth Schmidt
Editor of the Bulletin, Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard
Editor of the 1941 Annual, Mrs. Burge B. Bickford

Building—
William A. Degenhardt

Climbing—
Edward Kennedy

Clubrooms and Entertainment—
Betty Padgett

Clubrooms Window Display—
Mrs. William A. Degenhardt

Dance—
Jack Willi

Finance and Budget—
Burge B. Bickford

Future Summer Outing—
George MacGowan

Kitap Cabin—
Robert Neupert

Menny Ski Hut—
Joseph M. Buswell

Moving Pictures—
H. Wilford Playter

Outing Equipment—
Charles Simmons

Photography—
O. Phillip Dickert

Players—
Robert Neupert

Public Affairs—
Elvin P. Carney

Rhododendron Park—
P. M. McGregor

Ski—
Walter B. Little

Snoqualmie Lodge—
Alfred Weingart

Special Outings—
Roland Sherman

Summer Outing—
Aaron Markham

Sunday Hikes—
Sidney Doyle

* * *

TACOMA BRANCH

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President, Kenneth G. Pryor
Secretary-Treasurer, Gretchen Rosenberg
Trustee, Emerson Wonders

A. H. Donnan

Publicity—
Arta Richardson

Chairman, Kenneth Chapman
Secretary, Edna Nysether

Climbing Course—
Earl Sowles

Chairs—
Kenneth Pryor

Local Walks—
Dertha Lenham

Membership—
Marjorie Kennedy

Ski—
Art Stacher

Special Outings—
Ferdinand Dondy

Vince Hagen

* * *

EVERETT BRANCH

OFFICERS

Chairman, Kenneth Chapman
Trustee, Herman Felder
Secretary, Edna Nysether
‘Treasurer, Charles Lawrence

Outings—
Alden B. Whelan

Chairman, Kenneth Chapman
Trustee, Herman Felder
Secretary, Edna Nysether
‘Treasurer, Charles Lawrence

Outing Equipment—
Charles Simmons

Photography—
O. Phillip Dickert

Players—
Robert Neupert

Public Affairs—
Elvin P. Carney

Rhododendron Park—
P. M. McGregor

Ski—
Walter B. Little

Snoqualmie Lodge—
Alfred Weingart

Special Outings—
Roland Sherman

Summer Outing—
Aaron Markham

Sunday Hikes—
Sidney Doyle

* * *

Our Advertisers Know Our Needs
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

LIST OF MEMBERS, OCTOBER 31, 1940

Total Membership, October 31, 1940 — 765

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Seattle</th>
<th>Tacoma</th>
<th>Everett</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Regular</td>
<td>626</td>
<td>491</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spouse</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Honorary Members

- Charles Albertson
- John B. Flett
- H. B. Hinman
- Mrs. Naomi Achenbach Benson
- Mrs. Edmund Meany
- Reginald H. Parsons

Boy Scout Membership Awards

- Seattle: Harold Patten, Russell Wren
- Tacoma: Edwin Winskiel

Girl Scout Membership Awards

- Seattle: Kathryn Thurlow, Miriam Wheeler

Campfire Girl Membership Awards

- Seattle: Bernice Oliver, Grace Ellen Tucker
- Everett: Patty Topp

Names of members who have climbed the six major peaks of Washington are printed in boldface type. Members who have climbed the first ten Lodge Peaks are indicated by *, the first and second ten Lodge Peaks, by **. There are three groups of peaks in the Everett region of six peaks each—the Darrington, the Monte Cristo, and the Index. A bronze pin is awarded for any one of the three groups, a silver pin for any two, and a gold pin for all three. One † indicates a bronze pin for the first six peaks; ‡ indicates a silver pin or 12 peaks; § indicates a gold pin or 18 peaks. There are two groups of peaks in the Irish Cabin region of 12 peaks each. An "IC" bronze pin is awarded for the first twelve and a gold ice axe pin for completion of all 24. One † indicates that 12 peaks have been climbed; and ‡ that all 24 have been climbed; §§ indicates members are graduates of the intermediate climbing class.

SEATTLE

(Address and phone number are Seattle unless otherwise stated.)

- Abel, H. V., 1462 38th Ave., P.B. 1255.
- Abel, Marion, 1462 38th Ave., P.B. 1255.
- Akridge, Thelma, Nez Perce, Idaho.
- Albertson, Charles, Box 105, Aberdeen, Wash.
- Allen, Doris May, 6050 25th Ave. N.E., El. 1206.
- Allen, Edward W., 1308 Northern Life Tower, El. 3129.
- Allen, Thomas E., 3711 4th N.W., K.P. 0048.
- Anderson, Helen D., 150 Stuart Bldg., El. 0214.
- Anderson, Mary G., ** 4326 W. Southern, W.E. 3940.
- Anderson, William H., 4164 Fremont Ave.
- Atsve, Coral, Winslow, Wash., Port Blakely 371 W.

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• BUT
Intelligent
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Information
AND DEVELOPING, PRINTING
AND ENLARGING
For Particular
People

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111 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.

Minnick & Company
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE
We Pay a Dividend on Fire and
Automobile

CONWAY, Mrs. T. R., 3212 S.E. Crystal
Springs Blvd., Portland, Ore.
COOK, D. Jeanne, 2708 E. 53rd St., KE.
2619, 603 Stewart, M.A. 2500.
CORNISH, Carol C., 4203 Brooklyn.
COSTELLO, W. J., 316 W. 3rd St., Cle
Elum, Wash., Phone 150.
COSTELLO, Mrs. W. J., 316 W. 3rd St.,
Cle Elum, Wash., Phone 150.
COTTINGHAM, Esther R., 1901 Naomi
Pl., VE. 2255.
COX, A. H., 1757 1st Ave. S., MA. 1121.
CRAIG, Robert W., §§ 816 33rd St.
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