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MOUNTAIN INFANTRY
HIGH IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS
SKI TOURING IN THE STUART RANGE
LIVING IN PARADISE

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CONTENTS

MOUNTAINEERS SERVING IN THE ARMED FORCES........................................... 9
High in the Selkirk Mountains ................................................................. 15
Elizabeth Schmidt
Personnel of the 1943 Outing ................................................................. 19
"We're in the Army Now" ........................................................................... 21
Lieut. John W. James
Kangaroo Ridge First Ascents ..................................................................... 23
Walt Varney
Mountaineer Annals of 1943 ........................................................................ 25
Compiled by Jane MacGowan
The Year in Tacoma ..................................................................................... 29
Marjorie Kennedy
The Year in Everett ...................................................................................... 31
Helen Felder
Snow and Skis in the Stuart Range ............................................................... 33
Capt. Walter Little
Living in Paradise ....................................................................................... 35
Gertrude Shorrock
Inca Ruins at Machu Picchu, Peru ............................................................... 37
Cora Mae Gavett
Back-Packing Among the Olympics ............................................................. 39
Betty MacLean
Books Added to the Mountaineer Library, 1942-1943 .............................. 41
Elizabeth Schmidt
Lookout above Glacier Bay .......................................................................... 43
Helen M. Rudy
Financial Report ......................................................................................... 45
Maynard M. Miller
Officers and Committee Members ............................................................... 47
Membership ................................................................................................ 49

ILLUSTRATIONS

Mt. Sir Donald ............................................................................................. 4
Brunhilde Wislicenus
The Swiss Peaks .......................................................................................... 7
O. Phillip Dickert
Mt. Tupper ................................................................................................ 9
O. Phillip Dickert
Kangaroo Ridge from Mt. Abernathy .......................................................... 13
Herman Ulrichs
Mt. Shuksan ................................................................................................ 17
H. W. Playter
Temple Mountain ...................................................................................... 18
George Dennis
McClellan Peak .......................................................................................... 20
George Dennis
Tuckaloo Needle ......................................................................................... 21
Dwight Watson
Tatoosh Range ............................................................................................ 24
Dwight Watson
Map of Peru ................................................................................................ 25
Norbert Schaad
Parade Ground ........................................................................................... 26
Irving Gavett
Inca Masonry ............................................................................................. 27
C. M. Gavett
The Three Windows .................................................................................... 27
Irving Gavett
Map of Muir Inlet ....................................................................................... 33
W. O. Field, Jr.
(This list contains all the Service Information listed in our files)
Mt. Sir Donald

by Brunkilde Wissicenus
High In The Selkirk Mountains

ELIZABETH SCHMIDT

SOME years ago a play called "Rain" was very popular with theater audiences. While myriad drops beat upon tropical roofs, and gurgling rivulets formed on the otherwise dusty streets, the actors unfolded the theme of the drama.

Not so popular, but eliciting far more activity from the betented and bedewed "players" were the "backdrops" of the 1943 Mountaineer Summer Outing. With drama ranging from gentle showers and elusive sunshine to thunder, hail, lightning, and torrential downpours, the theme unfolded in the rugged and beautiful Selkirks. Although rain made literal washouts of some of the campfire gatherings, all members were in accord that not a single program was a washout. And although the mist dripped softly from deftly styled hats, thinning the soup and cooling the coffee, the undiluted cheerfulness of all was typified by the last verse of Mabel Furry's musical hit, "High in the Selkirk Mountains":

I still believe, before I leave—High in the Selkirk Mountains,
I'll view the scene, with skies serene—High in the Selkirk Mountains.

One hundred and nineteen Mountaineers and guests from other out-of-door clubs embarked from Seattle on the SS "Princess Alice" on August 1, 1943 for Victoria and Vancouver, and thence by railroad to the little town of Glacier, nestled at the foot of these giant Selkirks. There were one-weekers, two-weekers, and some odd-weakers who departed for sunnier climes ere their anticipated time of departure had arrived.

While Wilford Playter, Mrs. Iverson (Nashie), and Eva Simmonds had left earlier to set up camp and "bring in the bacon," the chairman, Leo Gallagher, and secretary, Phyllis Cavender, accompanied the main group to act as guides, overseers, and general trouble-shooters along the way. With cramped muscles in need of conditioning after hours of leisurely inactivity on the boat, the party descended en masse upon quaint old Victoria to "see the sights" during the hour's stop-over before continuing on to Vancouver.

Upon boarding the boat from sundry tours and shopping excursions it was discovered that the eyes of the Canadian Pacific Railway's purser were bigger than the capacity of the boat, as tickets for more passengers had been sold than the boat could accommodate. At a signal from the captain the gates were peremptorily closed leaving on the dock twenty-two bewildered members. With a "surely this cannot happen to me" feeling, they watched the boat depart. Among the twenty-two were the chairman and secretary, much to their consternation and the further consternation of those "left stranded on the boat with no one to guide them." Diplomatic wheels moved swiftly, however, and by the time the group arrived in Vancouver, train accommodations were awaiting them. There was ample room in the berths that night.

The "not lost but bewildered" ones took a later boat and slept in the freight yards (in a coach) to the tuneful sound of freight engines charging to and from assembling the cars. Their train traveled through the beautiful Fraser River Canyon in the daylight, and it was later intimated that with this in mind the boat missing had been planned with malice aforethought. The next evening the chairman was tried and convicted of gross neglect of duty and sentenced to two weeks of hard labor on the Outing. Although the attorney for the defense, Phyllis Cavender, made a strong appeal, it was to no avail against the hearts and minds of what some termed a "fixed" jury. The sentence was carried out and no parole granted.

The main camp was set up near the Illecillewaet River at the same loca-
tion as the 1938 Outing, and the former site of Glacier House, the famous and historic hotel built by the Canadian Pacific Railway in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Travelers came here from afar to enjoy the rugged scenery and mountaineers from many foreign parts climbed the peaks. With the advent of a tunnel through Mount MacDonald, the old roadbed was abandoned and Glacier House torn down.

Almost everyone took in the first trip of the Outing, Mt. Abbott. With spirits soaring high, and wearing light clothes as befitted such a sunny day and occasion, the group followed the trail into the beautiful meadow country and up on the ridges. Quite a number made the final ascent and began the downward trek with little concern for the blackening clouds. With the first flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, it was deemed quite right for the elements to celebrate on the initial trip, and even a little christening with water seemed natural, but by the time camp was reached the unanimous opinion had also been reached that the Selkirks really “pour it on.”

That night many ditches were dug around tents and some tents were literally ditched when their drenched inhabitants took up quarters in a nearby house. The building seemed to have been abandoned for quite some time but gave strong indication that the porcupines were well entrenched there. One can imagine their thoughts as they observed strange two-legged creatures move in bag and baggage at all hours of the day and night. From conversational visits with the gophers at Main Camp they learned that there all was law and order, with men’s quarters here, women’s quarters there, and married quarters somewhere betwixt and between. But no such social order existed at Porcupine Lodge. Sleeping bags were lined up side by side, head by foot, foot by head, or whichever way one’s curves could be accommodated. There was no discrimination between a he-bag or a she-bag. Clothing, in the various stages of simply dripping, just beginning to dry, and full steam ahead, was strewn from stair to beam. The combination of steaming fragrances of trail, camp, smoke, and just plain mountaineer put to shame the pungent porcupine blend which had perfumed the lodge theretofore. No wonder the quilly creatures sneaked back nightly to take a peek and sniff at the goings-on!

Glacier Crest was climbed often for the view of immense glaciers and rugged peaks beyond; the Asulkan Valley held a fascination for many a hiker and nature-lover; Balloo Pass and Rogers Pass opened their breathtaking vistas to those rugged enough to make the grade. Castor, Leda and Pollux, with their rocky summits piercing through the ice of the Asulkan Glacier, were a favorite climb.

Varying views of spectacular Sir Donald were afforded from the peaks of Uto, Eagle, Avalanche, Ursus Minor, Cheops, and Terminal—inspiring anew the respect for this grand massif. Several attempts were made by a few of our members but climatic conditions precluded any success. The Don Mundays, British Columbia climbers, particularly well known for their explorations and ascents in the Mt. Waddington region, came to try Sir Donald with the guide from Glacier, Norman Brewster, and after camping on a ridge near the base of the peak, awaiting a favorable weather opportunity, finally confined their efforts to serving tea and soup to Mountaineer Outing members who wandered near their camp.

Several groups made the trip to Rogers Pass and up the steep trail to Hermit Hut. This once-picturesque log building was constructed many years ago during the Glacier House days and provided lodging and guide service for many a climber. Later the Hut was turned over to the Canadian Alpine Club. The roof beams are now broken down from many heavy snows and the building appears not able to withstand many more winters. It seems a shame to see it go as it stands almost as a monument to the great climber-
who have stayed there: Thorington, Shipton, Hasler, Kain, Palmer and many others.

Mt. Tupper was the goal of our climbers here, being rated next to Sir Donald in technical climbing, although the time element and elevation on Tupper are considerably less. After several attempts two parties made the final ascent. A group of Junior Members took their “Uncle Burge” (Bickford) the hard way by hiking the four and a half miles up the road early one morning, climbing the peak and hiking out again. Dame Rumor has it that “Uncle” was very happy to have had one of his nephews belaying him at the crucial moment when he inadvertently used his posterior as a third point of suspension while navigating a smooth slab near the Hermit. (The Hermit is a rocky gendarme well up on the ridge, and around which climbers traverse.)

With portending dew-drops in the air, the climbers, valley pounders, and camp dwellers heartily approved Happy Fisher’s suggestion of a trip to the famed Nakimu Caves one day. The hardy little guide, Joe Butterworth, felt almost a proprietary interest in the caves for he had conducted innumerable tours through their dark depths for over a decade and a half. He loved to reminisce on the golden age when ladies and gentlemen from Glacier House journeyed to the caves and mentioned the time when one horse-drawn carriage plunged into the gorge as its team became frightened.

Although the Caves may not have measured up to preconceived ideas of what well-ordered and well-equipped limestone caves should afford—i.e., huge stalactites and stalagmites—the sixty-five members who trailed through its labyrinth of weirdly twisted corridors and great vaulted chambers emerged with a feeling of awe and wonderment. Those great jagged rocks so crazily jammed together to form ceiling and floor appeared menacing, and were the result, no doubt, of gargantuan earth movements. In other areas the walls had been so very smooth or hollowed into little wavelets as to give evidence of a swiftly flowing river wearing away the rock walls. Even strong flashlight rays had difficulty in penetrating the Stygian darkness of one great cavern where a little river was last glimpsed as it plunged into its mysterious channel. Its point of emergence has never been discovered. Feet had to be placed carefully to avoid slipping on oozy planks, slabs of ice, or a not-yet-hardened lime substance. The last two hundred and fifty feet had been an almost vertical ascent and necessitated crawling up a precipitous
staircase. The luckless ones forced to stop under little waterfalls complained most lustily against such treatment, though they felt right at home!

Campfires were held in the howl of what was once the lovely garden pool of Glacier House. Programs were ably conducted by Bill Reuter, everyone helped in the charades and interesting talks were given, especially by guests from other cities. Mr. Mann, warden of Glacier National Park, was a good host (evidence of his consideration was demonstrated by the quick brushing out of the Hermit Trail at the first mention of the need), and gave an account of his coming to Glacier Park and his work there. Mrs. Mann led her Glacier Group in singing their songs for our pleasure and the Outing members then responded with Mountaineer songs.

The sky cleared for the last campfire and the northern lights played brilliantly across the sky far into the night. The distant glaciers glowed in the light and the night had beauty such as only the north can give.

The social highlight of the Outing was the afternoon tea given by Mrs. Mann at her home. With knapsacks on their backs and wearing the various costumes of departure, the members trooped in to partake of delicious muffins and jam, and tea in thin china cups. Strange how quickly the graces of civilization returned to fit the occasion!

Other high spots were the daily Train Greeters offering local color to east bound travelers; Mabel “Fuz” Furry running a switch engine (it stayed on the track, too); Mountaineers being royally entertained at the Glacier Red Cross party and contributing to its success: the would-be astronomers trying to find cracks in the clouds; visits to Lake Louise to take showers and get dry; the rest-cure everybody had, and a committee that overcame almost insurmountable difficulties with food, weather, and keeping the tenderfeet happy.

Many fine committees go into the making of a successful Outing, aside from the general committee which works well before, during and long after the outing is over. The following were among the well-chosen group designated by the committee to headline various activities which contributed to the enjoyment of all: Harriet Mehlhorn as the mailman, going by foot or by Walt Hoffman’s bicycle to Glacier to bring back the welcome mail; Phil Dickert capably managing the climbing so everyone could try an ascent and the more experienced could arrange their own routes on more difficult peaks; Linda Coleman patching, repairing and doctoring everything from blistered toes to broken hearts; Lulie Nettleton editing the “Daily Drip,” so called says she, because “while the publication was not daily, the drip was;” and Amy Hand putting his heart and soul on shoe repair.

“Nashie” and Eva concocted excellent meals. Their assistants, Tom Paine, John O’Leary and Denis Winters, worked hard and still found time to climb, fish and to catch gophers. They remarked that the latter was at “Nashie’s” request. What with meat rationing and such, one sometimes has grave misgivings!

The sun shone brightly as the members departed on the train and again by boat sailed down the Sound. A songfest was held on the upper deck with the setting sun casting a golden glow against a curtain of blue and crimson, footlighted by the rugged Olympics.

And so Mountaineers and their friends departed for home—each one taking with him a part of the enduring peace and solitude of the wilderness, and the hope that very soon the rest of the world might know that same and never-ending peace.

Each cloud capped mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove.

Thomas Hood.
Personnel of 1945 Outing

Committee

LEO GALLAGHER (Chairman)  H. WILFORD PLAYTER (Commissary)  PHYLLIS CAVENDER (Secretary)

Cooks

ANNIE IVIERSON  EVA SIMMONDS  JOHN O'LEARY  THOMAS PAYNE  DENIS WINTER

Seattle Membership

Gail H. Baskerville  Bill Herston  Lulie Nettleton
Burge B. Bickford  David Harrah
Nancy Bickford  Walter Hoffman
Karl Boyer  John E. Hossack
Bernice Boyer  Mary E. Hossack
Eloise Boyer  Ted Hubbard
Sylvia Bratrud  Ardyss Hunt
Anne Cederquist  Robert Kuas
Grace Clark  Clara Lahr
Mae Clark  Clifford L. Lutgen
Linda M. Coleman  Irene Lyon
William A. Degenhardt  Virginia Lyon
Adelaide Degenhardt  Virginia Marliatt
O. Phillip Dickert  Mildred Mattson
Agnes Dickert  Harriet Metlhorn
Sidney Doyle  Earl R. Meissner
Berniece Stuart Doyle  Ella Meissner
Kathleen Dunham  Alvilda Melver
Jean Edwards  Sally Lou Miller
Kay Edwards  William F. Miller
Helen K. Erickson  Margaret Miller
Clarence A. Fisher  Elizabeth T. Mills
Louise Fitch  Harvey Moore
Mabel Furry  C. G. Morrison
Viola Gilleland  Martin Moyer
Harry Hagen  Mildred Moyer
Maxine Hagen  Ellen Myers
Gertrude M. Harmon  Christine Nechaj

Tacoma Membership

Dayrell Bate  O. D. Ewing  Elizabeth Jewett
Florence Dodge  Elsie Ewing
Edward Drues  Betty Lou Gallagher
I. A. Drues, M.D.  Katherine Gallagher
Richard Drues  Robert Geitling

Everett Membership

Mabel Hudson  Aletta T. Ness
John Lehmann  Julia Wiemers
American Alpine Club

Helen Spaulding  Alice Brown

Mt. Baker Ski Club

Washington Alpine Club

Betty J. Milliar
HIGH in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, just north of the famous mining town of Leadville, is situated one of the U. S. Army's most specialized training centers. This army post is Camp Hale and its specialty is mountain and winter warfare.

Through Camp Hale's gates come men from all parts of these United States to receive an intensive training course in that type of warfare which will, in the end, qualify them for mountain infantrymen. Most of the men who come to Hale have been mountaineers or skiers in civilian life and are partially equipped for the rough, rugged training that lies ahead of them. The great majority come either from the New England states or the Far Western states where mountains are the most prominent feature of the terrain. Consequently, they already have mountain blood in their veins, so to speak.

To the new recruit, Camp Hale seems like a large congregating place for men and mules. On every street passed en route from the railway station at Pando to Headquarters, he sees marching men and mules. He may even find himself speculating as to which is carrying the heavier pack, the mule or the man. Indeed, after he has been assigned to one of the various training units and has been issued his mountain equipment, including a "rucksack", he ceases to speculate: the man's wins! However, he soon gets used to the weight and before long takes pride in singing that most famous of mountain troops' songs: "Ninety Pounds of Rucksack, a Pound of Grub or Two."

After a two-weeks acclimatization training program which consists of short climbs, calisthenics, lectures on mountain warfare and a variety of other subjects, the new recruit is ready for his basic infantry training. The basic training course is the same as that given to any other infantry soldier with a few modifications to meet the problems encountered by the difference in terrain. After his basic training is completed the recruit is no longer classed as a "Rookie" for he is now an efficient soldier who has mastered his assigned weapon. He then begins his mountain training which consists of rock, snow, and ice work and finally skiing. All of these courses are conducted by the most qualified instructors from many of the world-famous ski schools in this country and Europe.

Specialized instruction in mountaineering is systematically applied throughout the mountain trooper's period of advanced training which is so systematic and intense that the trooper may very well learn in a two-week course that which a civilian mountaineer may take several years to learn.

When the trooper has finally qualified in all the specialties of mountain warfare he then begins tactical training with his unit. Now he is subjected to long, hard marches with heavy packs, traveling at night without light, bivouacing in the snow in extremely cold weather, going without sleep for long periods, and the dubious pleasure of cooking for himself over a small gasoline stove. He learns to take his ski boots to bed with him at night to prevent the agony of trying to don two solid blocks of ice in the morning. Above all, during this period, he learns to function as part of a team and takes great pride in the various accomplishments of his squad.

The trooper, who has completed his basic, advanced and finally his unit training is now a competent mountain fighter and is ready for the more strenuous winter maneuvers.

Through all his training, the trooper either learns to love or hate his four-legged brother in the supply train. I am speaking of the mule and...
his load of rations. The trooper who is called out of his warm sleeping bag about 0400 (4:00 a.m.) in the frosty morning air to go down to a truck head and help load mules is very likely a mule "hater." On the other hand the trooper who unloads the rations from a struggling mule's back and cooks a good supper is undoubtedly a mule "lover." One's attitude depends on whether one is on the "put" or "take" end of the situation. However, whether he likes or dislikes the animal, every mountain trooper is dependent upon the mule for his supplies. A man might carry enough rations for himself for four days on his back, but that is about the limit. Here the mule saves the day for he can carry rations for many hungry men. And though many will not admit it, even to themselves, nearly every mountain trooper appreciates the mule—especially at meal-time.

The equipment of the mountain infantryman is probably the most specialized in the army. He has a gadget for every occasion. Principally the equipment is very similar to that which civilian mountaineers and skiers used prior to the war, with several modifications and improvements to meet the requirements of mountain fighting. The A.M.C. has developed some fine equipment for extremely cold weather and has improved mountaineering equipment in many ways.

The men at Camp Hale don't confine their mountain training to the weekly schedule, but like all mountaineers go out into the peaks on weekends to ski, hunt or climb. They put to practice the new skills learned and soon become seasoned mountaineers. Camp Hale is so situated that many week-end climbs can be made very easily in a day. Nearby is the Mountain of the Holy Cross which offers some very fine rock climbing on the north face. The rugged Arapaho range is only a 40-mile drive from the camp gate and certainly offers rock climbing comparable to anything in the United States. For those who like to venture further for their week-end climbing, the Rocky Mountain National Park is only 100 miles to the north. This park has many fine rock climbs including the east face of Long's Peak, a climb to test even the expert's ability.

To skiers, Camp Hale offers unusually excellent terrain and snow conditions. Many ski lifts have been erected by the Engineers near the Post and may be used by the personnel of the Mountain Troops on week-ends as well as during the week. There are enough downhill runs near these lifts to satisfy the appetites of any “kanonen.” For the ski mountaineer, there are any number of fine trips to be taken. The ski racer may find one of the toughest downhill courses in the country at the “Rock Run” in the town of Aspen, approximately 40 miles from Camp.

A combination of teamwork, rugged training and discipline makes the mountain infantryman one of Uncle Sam's finest fighting men. The Mountain Trooper must be one of the most self-reliant, well-trained and hardy soldiers in the world, and he knows it. To survive in mountain warfare he must strive toward this end. When he has finished his training at Camp Hale he knows he is "tops" in mountain fighting.

The future of mountaineering is being insured and expanded at Camp Hale. The Mountain Infantrymen will carry the mountaineering skills they have attained back to their homes after the war. Since mountaineering is further instilled in their blood it is only reasonable to expect that a good many will carry on in post-war years for their own enjoyment and exercise. Camp Hale is now the ski school and the mountaineering school of the world. Never before have there been so many "students" of mountaineering. Just as our Mountaineer's Climber's Course developed from a handful to hundreds, so will these schools at Camp Hale develop. The future of mountaineering is most surely in good hands.
Kangaroo Ridge First Ascents

WALT VARNEY

LONG ago in the days of the Blue Ox there must have been a legendary Blue Kangaroo. This fabulous animal could bounce over a mountain, and a running series of bounces was a beautiful thing to watch. Some old prospector probably had his imagination affected by Spring one balmy morning as he looked at a long ridge of granite towers, southeast of Washington Pass, and visualizing the course Blue Kangaroo might have taken through the air on a series of running bounces, named it Kangaroo Ridge. Spring must have affected the jumper also for these jumps are most erratic. Some are low, some are high, a few are true ellipses as a dignified jump should be, but in the lopsided ellipses Blue Kangaroo must have been bucking a headwind. And the most tremendous jump of all is flat on top, as though the critter had gained some 800 feet of vertical lift when a tail wind hit him, followed by a down-draft.

This huge tower Fred and Helmy Beckey and Walt Varney named Temple. A year before they had stood in the rain looking up at its nearly vertical walls and realized that here was a challenge they must some day answer. Fred had commented, “Man, oh man, this looks interesting!”

Once again we looked up, on June 12, 1942, after having left the car 15 miles north of Lake Chelan and packed in six miles. This time snow was falling, but we had nine days ahead to collect first ascents on this five-mile ridge of pinnacles, towers and domes.

Temple itself showed no obvious route on its western granite face. Fred and Helmy looked for routes up its south wall by climbing two towers next to it which they named Tomahawk and Fin. Tomahawk, a 7,000-foot peak with a 400-foot final tower (all altitude figures given are approximate), offered one and a half hours of steep slabs and cracks covered with snow and deluged with rain. Fin looked interesting but had a disappointingly easy route up the back side. From these summits Helmy saw a possible route on Temple on the southeast corner. The only blank spot on this route was a 40-foot slab, the top of which was some 10 feet farther out than the bottom, and which later proved to have no piton cracks.

In Blue Kangaroo's running bounces there is a series of jumps, then a pause, with Half Moon lying off at right angles, then a second series. Half Moon has a 900-foot face that leans out like a tired barn wall. The south face is broken up, however, and would not be so difficult to climb. Half Moon is thin, long and high, much like a wide opened book standing upright, yet curved like a crescent moon. From one angle it looks like a Dinosaur, and we could perhaps have named it more appropriately. The east ridge proved quite possible. In the top 200 feet were several interesting spots. One was a 30-foot boiler plate with a finger-wide crack up the middle that stopped 10 feet from the top. Fred didn't believe it was the route Walt had taken to reach the knife ridge above which he was straddling with a leg hanging down each face. Walt’s reply was vague, so while Helmy tried futilely to find another route, Fred tried the crack. He got halfway up, tired, came down, and Helmy tried. After half an hour they realized it was a “practical joke” and hunting for another route, managed somehow to find a way up. Walt’s key to the route was a chinning pitch on the opposite face that could be discovered only by sheer luck. Above the boiler plate was another interesting chinning pitch. With a leg on each face of the ridge the climber has to muscle up a vertical edge that has little else than a two-finger hold at arm’s length above. From Half Moon no route could be seen on Temple’s east face.
We moved camp to the base of the second series of jumps at the head of Early Winter Creek. Big Kangaroo, 8,500 feet, is not difficult up to the huge needle-like block that caps a 1,000-foot near-overhang. This pyramid-shaped block is only 50 feet high yet Fred used double ropes with Helmy and Walt belaying him through separate pitons as he had little else than pressure holds. A handy foothold ledge 10 feet under the summit was used by Fred to belay Walt as he straddled the ridge on up to build a cairn on the needle’s sharp point. Rocks had been carried up for this purpose in the rucksack.

Mushroom Tower, 8,400 feet, could have no other name because it is just that. A stratum of soft rock has worn out, leaving the dome sitting on a thick column with an overhang all around. It appears unclimbable except in one spot. And this pitch, Fred and Helmy insist, is the toughest one they have ever climbed. From a platform as big as a table, a three-man shoulder stand had to be used to get Fred over the 12-foot overhang onto a 10-foot slab that wasn’t more than 70° but had no holds or piton cracks. How Fred wormed up by traction of the palms of his hands at hip level, with legs more or less useless, is a mystery to him, too. Helmy and Walt had to climb up the fixed rope. On the table top we three had tied ourselves so short that if Fred had slipped, and missed the table, we could have held him, yet with nothing but 900 feet of air below, it would still have been quite a thrill.

Melted Tower, 8,000 feet, where the head wind blew Blue Kangaroo in a lopsided ellipse, like many of the other domes could be very interesting to climbers who like a climb they can walk away from afterwards.

Liberty Bell, across Early Winter Creek from Kangaroo Ridge proper, looked challenging. This huge needle is cracked into two pieces, the southerly one having been climbed by three Sierra Club members in 1937 for the first and only time. In scouting its western side we were separated and our vocal communications tangled, resulting in Helmy and Fred climbing the 1,000-foot ridge, a new route, while Walt went up the chimney. The northerly pinnacle wasn’t attempted: on three sides we could see no route at all.

On a morning that promised rain, Helmy and Fred went once again to Temple to get a closeup of the only two routes that offered hope of reaching its 7,000-foot summit. Walt’s route on the north face at the head of the col was short and had only one blank spot: from the top of a nicely
broken up face a horizontal ledge ran some 30 feet to the northwest corner. If a way around this bare corner could be found that would lead to the Dance Floor—a 30° slab the size of a living room—the rest of the way was climbbable. Fred's choice of route started far down on the west face, the longest cliff on the tower. It offered a 400-foot intermittent crack and need for lots of imagination. By the time Fred and Helmy reached the foot of this crack the weather looked hopeful, so in spite of the fact that there seemed no future in it, they started up. At the first rope length Fred had found no spot “on which to stood” to bring Helmy up, and as there were no piton cracks the pair had rather a ticklish job. Shortly above, Fred drove in a piton. Then after a difficult overhang, a vertical wall on the left was climbed to avoid a still greater overhang. He then got back to the crack which at this place was wide enough to wedge in his body, and he thus anchored Helmy who pulled out the pitons as he came up. For the next 200 feet the face wasn't too bad because the crack became almost hospitable at times. Above the Dance Floor a jam crack, a layback, and a wall gave the only serious difficulties up to the rocks that made easy work of the last few hundred feet.

Descending, they roped to the Dance Floor, then tried Walt's route around the corner. It would be the easier ascending route in good weather, but was covered with ice as Helmy and Fred roped down it.

We heartily recommend Kangaroo Ridge to those climbers who are afflicted with the wall-scaling fever.

Mountaineer Annals of 1943
Compiled by Jane MacGowan

SINCERE thanks are due President Arthur Winder, the Board of Trustees and all committeemen for their good work in making of an unusually difficult year an unusually successful one.

ADMINISTRATION

Despite war-time restrictions, The Mountaineers has been able to maintain a full program of varied club activities. A steadily increasing membership is the reassuring evidence that more and more people are turning to the club for healthful recreation.

An important war-time change has been the removal of our Rialto Building headquarters to a new and very comfortable site at Sixth Avenue and Pike Street.

One of the year's highlights has been the successful absorption of junior members into club life. These juniors have organized an informal sub-organization and are contributing much to the club.

Major O. A. Tomlinson, Region Four Director of the National Park Service, and a long-time friend of The Mountaineers, has been fittingly awarded an honorary membership.

The club is investing $1,000 in war bonds every six months until a total of $6,000 is reached. This amount includes the $1,000 Seymour Fund.

Other war activities consist of the organization of, and use of club facilities in advancing “Forest Reserves;” the diverting of suitable candidates into mountain troops through Burge Bickford and Lloyd Anderson, as well as the use of club climbing films at Camp Hale. Headed by Helen Rudy, club secretary, Surprise Lookout near Scenic was organized and manned for the summer.

One hundred and thirty of our members are in the armed forces.

The Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs at the September meeting in Portland accepted two recommendations presented by the Mountaineers: that
the club was opposed to the opening of the Olympic National Park to logging (a breach of national park standards), unless necessary to the war effort; and, that a study be made of post-war work in national parks, forests and monuments so that moneys for it would be properly distributed.

War Risk Insurance includes $1,200 on Kitsap Cabin, $500 on the caretaker's cabin at Kitsap, and $2,000 on the Club Rooms.

A special committee of Ben Mooers, Burge Bickford and C. G. Morrison was appointed to review the question of summer outing profits. Their report suggested that no attempt be made to show excessive profits for the year. To balance any possible lack of sufficient income from membership dues to cover actual club expenses for the year, the summer outing committee would return to the club a total profit of $1,000 if that amount or more were net profit from the outing. Also it was decided that the budget committee make recommendations each year concerning expenses of the coming term. Board action would continue to handle summer outing refunds. Profits from the 1943 Summer Outing were prorated among Seattle, Tacoma and Everett on a membership basis.

The 1943 Mountaineer Service Award was given to L. A. Nelson, the Local Walks Cup to Herman Warnstedt, and the Climbing Plaque to Helmy and Fred Beckey for their climb of Mt. Waddington in the British Coast Range. A cup for outstanding performance as a Junior Skier was presented to Gordon Butterfield who is now in the service.

ACTIVITIES

MENNY SKI HUT enjoyed a very successful season, due in part to the unusually heavy snowfall (ten feet were recorded), and to the fact that members could be transported by train during a period of gas rationing. Six work parties during the summer were well attended. Many cords of wood were cut and the tow tractor was given a thorough overhaul. Most important of all, 300 feet were added to the length of the tow, making it 1,100 feet long with a vertical lift of 300 feet. Chairman Kenneth MacLean assures us with pride that the Hut is in excellent shape for heavy post-war use.

SNOQUALMIE LODGE will have a completely refinished women's quarters next season, according to the plans of Vincent Millspaugh, chairman. The attendance this year, both for pleasure and for work parties, has been very gratifying—some 285 to October.

TRAIL TRIPS were planned close at hand because of transportation difficulties. Because of the curtailment of so many other sports, and the ever increasing attendance, Herman Warnstedt and his committee scheduled two trips a month whenever possible, necessitating a careful program of scouting. Some of the places visited were Harper and Long Lake, Lake Meridian, Newcastle Mountain, Snow Lake in the Cascades, Suquamish, Squaw Mountain near Issaquah, a climb of Mt. Si, and the annual events of a Rhododendron Walk at Kitsap, a picnic at the Harry Jensen Friendship Fireplace, and the Christmas Greens Walk at Kitsap.

THE CLIMBING COURSE this year had a maximum attendance of 65 of whom 27 were graduated from the Elementary Course and eight from the Intermediate. In spite of gasoline shortages, Harry Hagen and his committee scheduled one trip a month from April through September, and transportation was provided to all who made reservations. In July, 34 Mountaineers and two guests climbed Mt. Rainier via the Steamboat Prow-Emmons Glacier route under the leadership of Burge Bickford.

THE SKI COMMITTEE, with Jim Wasson as chairman, sponsored the annual Ski Mountaineering Course which was well attended, and culminated by a graduation party at Menny Ski Hut in October. Milt Scarlotos won
the Meany Slalom Race and Chuck Welch the Downhill Race. Gordon Butterfield was awarded a cup at the Annual Banquet for outstanding performance among the juniors, and a definite program for the encouragement of Junior Racing is being formulated. Ski Touring was limited by the transportation situation, but trips to Crystal Basin, Granite Mountain, and Silver Peak Basin were scheduled.

The Players, though thwarted in their attempts to give a spring play, nevertheless had a busy year. In February the Penthouse Theatre was taken over for a presentation of “Stagedoor.” In March, under the experienced direction of Harriet Walker and Ronald Todd, two comedies in Penthouse style were presented at the club rooms. A picnic was held at Kitsap in June in place of the annual Play Day. Mrs. Sandall was the speaker and several skits were performed. A successful fall dance at the Green Lake Field House was directed by Louise Fitch. In December will be held the annual Christmas Greens Walk at Kitsap, in conjunction with the Trail Trip Committee. Sally Gorham has been 1943 chairman of The Players.

The Dance Committee’s season of old-time dancing has brought many variations of familiar dances as well as the “Karobishka.” Chet Little was our very capable instructor. Dawn and Billie Holbrook the dance committee chairmen, and the Polish Hall our ballroom. Outstanding dances included the Hardtimes Dance, the Tolo at the Mayflower Hotel on May 7, and the Mountaineer-Washington Alpine Club dance in October.

The Annual Dinner, with Betty MacLean as chairman, was held on April 16th at the Edmond Meany Hotel. Under the direction of Arthur Winder as toastmaster, there followed a varied program of folk songs, skits and movies of South America, loaned by the Seattle Art Museum.

The Year In Tacoma

Marjorie Kennedy

“SERVICE for the nation” has been the keynote of the Tacoma Mountaineers’ activities during 1943. Many members are in the armed forces and the rest carry on at home, working in war plants, filling various civilian defense positions, raising gardens, and whenever possible turning to the woods and mountains for physical and mental health.

The summer’s activities were unusually numerous, rivaling those of winter. Trips to various little-frequented beaches, cruises on Puget Sound, garden visits, and berry picking occupied the energies of summer participants. Local walks were really “local,” making use of city busses often for transportation. The traditional salmon bake, Christmas greens hike, and the Tacoma Prairie flower walk were enjoyed by many. Though fewer people visited Irish Cabin because of gasoline rationing, nevertheless climbs were made of Gove, Old Desolate, Tolmie, Howard, Florence, Castle, and Tyee peaks.

The club rooms were the scene of several parties, an especially worthy one being held in April when old clothes brought for Russian War Relief were auctioned off and the money given to the Red Cross. Most comical was the Valentine’s Day party where “better babies” pictures were on display. In place of excursions farther afield, the photographic group took us traveling vicariously by bringing pictures of distant lands to the club rooms.

An outstanding highlight of the year was the special Tacoma Day-Victory Garden Fair held one August evening at the Ferdinand Bondy home. Here fruits of the year’s labor in garden and home were displayed. huge suppers were consumed, hot corn, scones and popcorn were sold, and races enlivened the scene.

THE MOUNTAINEER
Clarence Garner has been our 1943 president, and his elected fellow officers are Ferdinand Bondy, vice-president; Brunhilde Wislicenus, secretary-treasurer; Dr. I. A. Drues, Seattle trustee; Willard Little, Charlie Kilmer and Marjorie Kennedy, trustees at large. Ably assisting have been the following committee chairmen: Martha Nelson, entertainment; Dorothy Newcomer, Irish Cabin; Wilhelmine Petsching, photography; Stella Kellogg, local walks; Flicker Burd, club rooms; Art Stacher, ski; Shirley Haapala, membership; Lura Black, summer activities; and Harold Sherry, auditor.

The Year In Everett
HELEN FELDER

NINETEEN hundred and forty-three was truly a year of exodus for the EVERETT Mountaineers. The Stewart Hertzes moved to Seattle, the Alden Whelans to Coupeville, the Frank Eders to Seattle, though now back with us again, and Beulah Braitzka Whitney is living at Clallam Bay. There were so many farewell parties that it looked as though any day we might “farewell” the Everett branch right out of existence. Add to the list of those moved the names of our eight absentee members serving on Uncle Sam’s far-flung battle lines and the active membership is substantially reduced. C’est la guerre!

Well, we had fun anyway. The local walks and climbs were held regularly and we worked our stint for the Forest Service. Good winter hiking was found on the snowy trails to Heybrook Lookout above Index, to the Monroe Logging Camp area at the foot of Pilchuck and to Lake 22. In the early spring we hiked along Stillaguamish Canyon’s abandoned railroad grade and bridges, and explored the Ebey Hill area near Arlington. In the late spring, accompanied by soldier guests, we visited the Youngs River-Dagger Lake country south of Sultan.

Midsummer found many of our members visiting Surprise Mountain Lookout to see how the Mountaineer volunteer fire spotters were getting along at that post. Over Labor Day week-end several members drove to Mt. Rainier; others went berry picking at Lake Roesiger and to Stevens Pass.

From Alaska in early summer came news of the marriage of Alma Garlitz to John Chick of Fairbanks and Lake Stevens, now employed by the Army Engineers. Many will remember Alma as the genial “cookee” on the Baker Lake outings years back.

At the Annual Meeting of the Everett Branch, held at the John Lehmanns’, last year’s officers were reelected: Clifford Sheldon, Catherine Crayton, Herman Felder, and Chris Lehmann. Though our membership lacks quantity, the quality is good and we hope to be hiking trails and climbing mountains throughout the years to come. We find the best tonic for “jangly” nerves and overworked minds is a day in the out-of-doors.
West of Wenatchee, halfway to Stevens Pass, lies the little town of Leavenworth which is famous for its apples, and for its ski jump from which the world’s aces were proud to sail in pre-war days. Leavenworth is also the front gate to some very fine mountain country well suited for either skiing or climbing.

The locale of this story is a group of granite peaks occupying an area roughly square, halfway between the Cascade Divide and the Columbia River. Mt. Stuart (9,470 ft.), on the southwest corner of the square, culminates the group. The Icicle River flows from west to east through the area’s approximate center, emerging from the mountains at Leavenworth to join the Wenatchee River which forms the northern and the northeastern boundary. Ingalls Creek, flowing due east from Mt. Stuart in a profound canyon, is the southern boundary of the square, while the western is an abrupt uprisings named Jack Ridge. The eastern edge, in the vicinity of Leavenworth, lacks a definite boundary.

A capable and willing mountaineering companion is often difficult to find when one is away from organized mountaineering groups. The return to Wenatchee of George Dennis, formerly with the Forest Service and well known to many Mountaineers as the supervisor of the Stevens Pass Ski Development, was therefore most welcome. We wasted no time in collaborating on plans to visit the Stuart Range in the vicinity of Snow Creek Glacier, a square mile of slowly moving ice at an elevation of 8,000 feet, about three miles east of Mt. Stuart. As the glacial ice melts, its water goes in three directions: north to Colehuck Lake, south to Ingalls Creek, and principally east into Snow Creek which drains into the Icicle River near Leavenworth. Snow Creek first winds circuitously through Enchantment Lakes Basin at ca. 7,500 feet, then drops eastward down a steep slope to Upper Snow Lake, ca. 5,000 feet. Instead of following its natural route through Lower Snow Lake, the creek then turns sharply north.
through a tunnel built by the U. S. Reclamation Bureau. The valve at the tunnel's end delivers the water into Heart Lake lying in a deeply notched cirque at the foot of rugged Mt. Temple. From Nada Lake, adjoining Heart Lake just to the north, Snow Creek drops rapidly northward through a steep, narrow granite valley, joining the Icicle River at elevation 1,400 feet.

The ranger at Leavenworth where George and I stopped to register and leave word of our route one Saturday afternoon early in May, was rather skeptical about a couple of office workers being able to make the trip as outlined, but promised to salvage our equipment later in the summer in case we didn't return! It took us a long time to climb from Icicle Island, where the trail starts up Snow Creek, to Nada Lake where we made camp. Our physical condition was poor, our packs were heavy, the skis which we carried because of the lack of snow bit angrily into soft shoulders, and the trail was made difficult by downed trees, old avalanches, and short stretches of snow as we neared the lake. At camp we made beds, ate, and much, much too early daybreak came, bringing weather changed considerably for the worse: broken black clouds scudding madly across the sky propelled by a sturdy southwest wind—usually bad weather in any language. During the night our sleeping bags had been lightly covered with snow and more was still falling.

Since this was the eastern side of the Cascades where good weather is more apt to prevail than on the western slopes, we started, after breakfast, along the trail leading from Nada to Heart Lake, then switch-backed up a steep rocky snow slope to the pass leading to Upper Snow Lake. Snow was hard frozen, and we had some anxious moments traversing above the rocks, particularly as George did not have steel-edged skis.

Upon arrival at the little neck of land separating the two Snow Lakes, we found that we had passed around the corner of Temple Peak, and could now look west up the Snow Creek valley, across Upper Snow Lake to a steep high slope leading to Enchantment Lakes' Basin, with McClellan Peak on the left and Temple Peak on the right. Snow and wind were blowing furiously down the valley toward us, but remarkably enough the weather improved as we proceeded, and by the time we reached Enchantment Lakes at noon. there wasn't a cloud in the sky though the wind had abated no whit. From here we could look west to the Snow Creek Glacier at the upper end of the basin, ending in some rather rounded 8,500-foot peaks. Between us and the glacier was a mile of gently undulating hills surrounding a series of little pocket lakes which George said were fourteen in number, though we actually didn't see any as they were solidly frozen.

By this time we were tired, the day was getting on, and concluding that discretion was in order, we climbed to the west ridge of Temple Peak at 8,000 feet rather than trying to make the summit of Snow Creek Glacier, still an hour and a half away. Now we were on the exact opposite side of Temple Peak from camp, and 3,500 feet higher. Here we stopped for a few breaths and a survey of the country. Nearby were some rock pinnacles that should delight the heart of a rock climber in search of tough routes on good rock, and farther back were several snow basins that looked good for future ski trips. Beyond that, wherever we could see between the higher peaks in the middle distance, there was a vast expanse of country extending from the Cascade Divide to the Big Bend east of the Columbia.

We took to our skis and descended to the approximate center of Enchantment Lakes' Basin on a very fast, delightful crust which permitted nice control and high speed. There was little sign of the morning's new snow. We emerged, after a nice run, onto a lake about a quarter-mile long at whose southern end a gap opened into the Ingalls Creek Canyon. From the lake we turned east and flew down the lightning fast snow as though on
the wings of the helping wind, and soon broke over the edge of the steep drop leading some 2,500 feet down to Snow Lake. And all at once we were very tired, hot and thirsty, and rested when we reached the old log cabin occupying the strip of land separating Upper and Lower Snow Lakes. Later we slogged up to the little low pass leading to Heart Lake. Crossing the pass, we found the icy hard slope of the morning now very soft, but still steep and rocky. Our descent showed a low degree of skiing technique here better left undescribed. At camp we crawled into sleeping bags for an hour’s rest, lunch and contemplation of the mountain scene. Temple Peak, with its rocks and spires, was right there at the other end of our lake, the sky was brilliantly blue, and the stiff cold wind was kicking up little white-caps on the lake and sending showers of snowflakes off the summit of Temple.

All good things must end, and in due time we were heading down the trail under heavy packs, and hadn’t gone far before the snow ran out and we were hop-skip-jumping over bare spots on the trail. Not once did we stop to take off our skis, but rode right on over rocks, gravel and heather. Klister is definitely not the right kind of wax for this type of skiing; it gives no speed!

Later, when we had taken off our skis for keeps and were plodding down the trail in a kind of weary fog, I felt something cold on my bare, bald head. Startled out of a semi-coma, I looked up and found the sun obscured by a lowering mass of clouds that soon turned loose a swirling snow storm, changing to a drenching cold rain as we got lower. Upon reaching the car after several more hours, we offered all praise and great thanks to that mountaineer who framed the rule: “Always keep a set of dry clothes in the car.” One of the finest things about mountaineering, we rediscovered, is a couple of pairs of dry socks, with dry accessories, at the end of the long trail.

Mountains have a dreamy way
Of folding up a noisy day
In quiet covers, cool and gray.
Leigh Buckner Haynes.

THE MOUNTAINEER
Living In Paradise
GERTRUDE SHORROCK

WHAT does the wife of a National Park Ranger do? From the number of times that I have been asked this question the consensus of opinion would seem to be that time must hang heavy on her hands. On the contrary, there is never a dull moment. The days aren't long enough in which to pursue all the fascinating possibilities, and often domestic duties go neglected.

I might quote from the opening entry in a journal which I kept this last summer:

"Paul and I are here at Paradise Valley in our little cabin on Alta Vista for our second summer in the National Park Service. Why do we come? I think of the rose bush in bloom at home and our garden with all its fresh vegetables, to say nothing of our two beloved cats left behind. But I am not homesick. The summer stretches ahead, lovely and long and unreal. A summer in Shangri-la! There will be inconveniences and discomforts, but there will also be great beauty and peace, and some of the petty details of life, so important down below, will lose all significance. Perhaps it is the grandeur of The Mountain that does this to us, or the sheer loveliness of its park lands. Perhaps the happy confidence of our neighbors, the birds and animals, is contagious. We are set a little above all other men as we watch the stars from our high cabin, or climb above the fog to see the ruddy glow of sunset bathe the great mountain."

On many days I could "tag along" with Paul when he was making a scenic patrol trip, putting up trail signs, planting fish in one of the lakes, or going up to Anvil Lookout or Camp Muir to work on the cabins or shovel snow. Then there were always the pleasures of reading, writing or hiking on my own. A bird book, a flower book, and field glasses added interest to trail trips.

On a rainy Saturday morning I wrote: "Rain and fog! And even a heavy clatter of hail a few moments ago. It is cold and the wind comes in gusts, but the thrushes don't seem to mind the weather. The Varied thrush has been singing all morning and the Hermit thrushes gave their usual evening concert until after dark last night. Juncos are taking shelter in the trees at the porch, but they were probably here all winter and think this storm mild indeed. Field mice have dug out of the snow and are bothering the cooler.

TUCKALOO NEEDLE
by Dwight Watson
I came well equipped with bowl covers to protect all left-over food, but covers don't bother them. They seem to like the oiled silk just as well as the food and eat cover and all. No doubt the bears will find us next and tear the cooler right off the cabin." (This prophecy proved to be all too accurate.)

A few days later: "Paul's birthday dinner was eaten in the kitchen. mountain style, and climaxed by a lemon pie. Having forgotten to bring birthday candles, I rummaged through the pack and found a little stump of dirty, faded candle which had once been red, had been used for waxing skis, and no doubt had been carried around for four or five years. I stuck it in a little cereal bowl and bore the pie ceremoniously to the table, the lighted candle in one hand."

Two days later in the journal there was this entry: "How much happens in two days! Shall I begin with the Rangers' picnic, shall I tell about our day above the clouds at Camp Muir, or my bear story of today?

"This morning was clear and cold with fog in the valley and only the tops of the Tatoosh range showing. We were both starved for breakfast. The kitchen was as cold as a winter's morning at home. Paul left for work and I was making the beds when I heard a dreadful noise, seemingly coming from the kitchen. Mystified, I dashed out, opened the back door, and an enormous bear looked around the corner of the cabin, interrupting his work of tearing the cooler to pieces to get the food inside. Having been told that shouting would cause a bear to run, I let out a great 'whoop' and waved my arms. But the bear hadn't received the same information! He lowered his head, glared at me and growled! I retreated, slammed the door, and ran for the telephone to summon Paul from the ranger station below. However, another loud ripping of boards from outside made me think of all my precious meat in jeopardy, and quickly hanging up the receiver, I grabbed the scrub mop and dashed out, prepared to do battle to the finish. The bear looked huge and wicked! I howled like a pack of coyotes and charged with the mop. He had a package of pork chops in his mouth and looked stubborn, but my blitz shook his poise and he slowly turned, ambled up over the snow bank and to my delight dropped the pork chops. I retrieved them, gathered some rocks for future ammunition and resumed my house work.

"In a short time he was back. Again the mop and my vocal chords went into action. He stood on the snow bank above the back door looking down on me as if to say, 'Your pork chops or your life.' Just then two tourists, hearing the commotion, arrived on the scene and helped me chase him up over the hill.

"Paul brought up nails, hammer and saw at noon and mended the cooler but not for long. I made my daily trip down to the Inn for mail after lunch, called on some friends in a cabin below, and started up the hill for home. En route I met three sailors who stopped to ask something about the mountain. One said, 'Were those bear tracks we saw in the snow up there?' So I told about the bear. They continued, 'About fifteen minutes ago when we went up the hill it sounded like that cabin (pointing to ours) was being torn to pieces.' My bear again!, said I and started for home, hoping to rescue the remains. Suddenly a thought struck me and I turned and shouted to the sailors. 'What if I find him inside?' 'We'll wait right here until you find out,' was the cautious reply! I rushed up the trail, mounted the steps to the porch, and looked through the window. Seeing no bear, I entered. He had tried to force his way into the living room, breaking a pane in the window, scattering dirt all over the window sill, and clawing deep scratches in the wood. The back was torn off the cooler but I had taken almost everything out of it before I left. After a glance into the bedroom and woodshed I gave the sailors an 'all clear' shout and they went on.
down. No doubt they were disappointed that I didn’t dash wildly out, chased by the bear. Calling Paul, I told him my tale of woe. So tonight the electric fence was brought up from Longmire and installed around our cabin.

“Paul and I went to bed hoping we’d hear the bear give a howl of rage in the night. But we are sound sleepers, and perhaps bears don’t howl when they get an electric shock. Anyway we heard nothing but since nothing was disturbed, it’s my belief that he was here and got his medicine.”

Our cabin was our home, but a man’s home is not alone his castle in a national park. Tourists sometimes have the most audacious disregard for one’s privacy. Even the electric fence didn’t bother them. While I was sweeping the living room one Sunday morning a man opened the door and walked in. Inquiring in what I considered my most inhospitable voice if he wanted something, he answered, unimpressed. “Oh, no, I was just looking around.” He had come right over a “private” sign nailed on the steps, and “keep out” instructions on the door. Others came up to ask if this were a “cook shack,” or a “power house,” or if they could “go through the quaint old cabin.” And on warm moonlight nights visiting service men with their girls found our porch a tempting location.

Wednesday was our day off. For us it meant a day on which we got up earlier and hiked farther than on other days. One Wednesday we remember in particular. We planned to go to Klappatchee Park, and had been asked to dispose of a possible bear in a bear trap. The men were hoping to catch the Big One. If they did, we were to hook bear and bear trap on behind the pick-up and to release the bear at Klappatchee Point.

The journal reads: “We were up at 5:00. The thrushes were singing and the Tatoosh was rosy in the dawn. After breakfast we were on our way. Investigation disclosed that The Bear was in the trap, and he was our responsibility until released at Klappatchee Point about fourteen miles around the West Side Highway from the Park entrance. The bear trap was hooked on and we were off, all in holiday spirits except the bear!

“It was beautiful driving down so early in the morning with everything fresh and cool, and we saw numerous deer and fawns along the road. Down just beyond the south fork of the Puyallup River we came upon a big tree which had fallen across the road in the night, completely blocking the car’s passage. There was nothing to do but let the bear out, even though we were several miles from our, or rather his destination. Paul gathered up some rocks to throw at him and climbed up on the metal cylinder which is the trap. I stood on the coupling, pulled a lever, Paul raised the heavy door and out came the bear! He dashed up the road followed by our shouts and Paul’s rocks.

“Leaving the car by the fallen tree, we covered the considerable distance to Klappatchee Park by 10:30. Continuing on to St. Andrews Park we found the lake still frozen over and everything under snow, as had been most of the trail from Klappatchee onward. The ridge leading up to Tuckaloo rose high and precipitous on our right, and at last we saw our objective, Tuckaloo Needle, a high, sheer rock taper, beautiful in formation and an unforgettable sight pointing high against the deep blue sky. From a vantage point on the peak above we could look down over the Needle’s point to St. Andrews, Klappatchee and over layers and layers of foothills to the distant peaks. But our eyes ever turned to The Mountain. From here the three summits stand out in sharp relief. The tremendous sweep of the Tahoma Glacier flowed to our right, while to the left the smooth white of the Puyallup Glacier was broken in great crevasses. We took pleasure in picking out such familiar landmarks as Mowich Lake, the Colonnades, Gobblers’ Knob, and Spray Park, all reminiscent of enjoyable trips.
A long snow slope permitted us to lose elevation quickly in a fast, thrilling glissade back to St. Andrews Park. At Klapatchee Lake we finished lunch while watching fluffy clouds drift in around Rainier. Peace and beauty! How priceless they seemed!

Back at the Patrol cabin we were served chilled apple juice and given a ride to our pick-up. Soon we were clattering homeward, bear trap and all. It was nine o’clock when we had dinner, and once in bed we weren’t troubled with insomnia. Best of all, the next day was a mere work day and we could sleep in until six-thirty.”

One could go on and on with descriptions of such a summer. There were occasional shopping trips to Ashford when we were inclined to buy everything we saw. There were dinners at the Inn, picnics before the big fireplace in the Community House, and even a tea party at Longmire which made me regret not having included a coat and hat in my list of summer essentials. In fine weather, when not off hiking elsewhere, we ate lunches and dinners on the porch of our cabin, Paradise Valley and the Tatoosh range spread out before us. A caller once remarked, “You two are living in Heaven.” We thought so, too.

Our last breakfast in the cabin was not gay. Paul was lost in dejection, and though I usually accept things more matter-of-factly even my spirits were low. After Paul went to work I took a last hike up the hill. One more look at Adams and St. Helens, and even a corner of Mt. Hood through the Pinnacle-Plummer Pass. One last good-bye to the deer and the fawn, the chipmunks and ground squirrels, to the blue gentians, and to all the hills and valleys, glaciers and beloved landmarks. We had seen them in the late snows of spring, in the vigorous flush of summer, and in the early harbingers of winter—all in a span of two short months.

“If only we could stay for another month,” we said, knowing very well that we would then feel, “if only we could be here for a part of the winter”—for blizzards and skiing, for crystal clear mornings in a snow-covered universe, or the purple Alpine glow of evening down a long home-ward ski trail. But it was no use; we had to return to livelihood and “civilization.”
Inca Ruins At Machu Picchu, Peru

CORA MAE GAVETT

HIDDEN in the lofty, remote Peruvian Andes for many centuries was the Inca fortress city of Machu Picchu, undiscovered because of its remoteness and inaccessibility even by the plundering Spanish Conquistadors who looted the neighboring country some 400 years ago in their thirst for gold. It was not until 1911 that this lost city was discovered by Professor Hiram Bingham, and excavated the following year under the auspices of the National Geographic Society and Yale University.

In January, 1939, after a leisurely month's boat-trip from San Francisco, we landed at the city of Mollendo far south on the desert-like coast of Peru, boarded the Andean railway and soon left the sand dunes and were winding among the 20,000 foot Andes. At Crucero Alto the railway reached a height of 14,665 feet and then descended to Juliaca, 12,500 feet, at the end of the first day's run. Early the next evening Cuzco was reached, the railway terminus some 560 miles up and down the Andes from Mollendo. At 8:00 the following morning the autocarill, an ancient Diesel-driven automobile mounted on a narrow-gauge railway, carried us from Cuzco to Machu Picchu. Upon reaching the turbulent Urubamba River cutting the base of the 2,000-foot cliff upon which stands the "lost city," we left the autocarill, crossed the river on a crude and jittery bridge, and then climbed the steep switch-back trail to the famous ruins.

In the late afternoon as the Sun God of the Incas cast his lengthening shadows across the Soldier's Parade Ground (see illustration), we sat high up on the hillside and turned time backward 2,000 years. As we mused, we could see the smoke of the evening fires softly sifting through the thatched roofs long since gone, the guards faithfully keeping vigil on the high signal station on Mount Huayna Picchu overlooking the town, farmers wandering home from their gardens on the "staircase" terraces whose soil was brought from distant fertile valleys, laying down their crude tools of stone and bronze; the most beautiful of the Inca maidens, as Virgins of the Sun, occupied with their religious rites and vespers, dressed in the royal wool of the vicuna.

The Incas were a people whose highest developed art was that of agriculture, a people the equal of the early Egyptians in architecture, engineering, pottery, and textiles. But unlike the Egyptians, they left no hieroglyphics, or records. However, they did use the quipus, a fringe of different colored knotted strings, not unlike the Chinese abacus. It may have been the forerunner of the telegraphic dots and dashes. On this quipus, they conveyed the only written words they had, and worked out whatever mathematics they knew.

Whence came these people who left behind their enduring relics of mystery? There are three theories from which to choose:

The Latter Day Saints show passages from their Book of Mormon which state that the South American Indians were an immigration emanating from one of the lost tribes of Israel which came by boat through stormy waters (Cape Horn?) and landed in Chile ca. 600 B. C.
The anthropologists cling to the unproven evidences of an immigration via Polynesia, or more likely, a gradual infiltration from Asia across the Bering Strait.

Many archaeologists and ethnologists advance the interesting theory that if human life had its inception in Mesopotamia, if life spontaneously started in the "Garden of Eden," is there any reason why life might not have been begun by the same process elsewhere?

Legend tells of how the Great Inca, Manko Kawpac, left his home on the Isle of the Sun in Lake Titicaca some 300 years before Columbus, advanced to Cuzco and there set up his kingdom. The Chimú and Nazca tribes which lived on the sand-duned coastal plains were conquered by the destruction of the aqueducts which brought their water supply from the mountains.

Yet another legend gleaned by the Spaniards was that Manco Kawpac and his two brothers had stepped through three windows (see illus.), advanced up to Cuzco and there founded the last Inca civilization. Hence, when Professor Bingham, having been led to this narrow unexplored ridge by an Indian guide to whom he had paid a fifty cent tip, brushed aside the overgrowing jungle and revealed a wall with three windows he experienced the archaeological thrill of a lifetime.

Machu Picchu, six or seven hundred years previously, may have been the refuge of stone age kings from the invasions of barbaric hordes. Its last use may have been as a sanctuary at the coming of the Spaniards. All sixty skeletons found in the burial caves were those of women so it is not improbable that after Pizarro so cruelly put to death the Great Inca, the Inca people hid at Machu Picchu their most precious possessions: not gold, not silver, but their Virgins of the Sun. Certain it is, this is the one place which the Spaniards never found, the one place unsullied by Spanish pillage and gold hunger.

It was here, only 400 years ago, that a most successful bureaucracy or state socialism on a large scale was in operation. Every product belonged to the state. Land was apportioned according to the size of the family. The agricultural population fed the craftsmen, potters, weavers, metal workers and nobility. They in turn furnished their share of handmade goods to the farmers. No shifting of population was allowed, and no one might change his trade, move to another village, or marry outside his own group.

This social set-up involved absolute suppression of personality or enterprise, and the people acquired a mentality responsive to discipline. But this communistic system ruled over by the Inca guaranteed every man his food and roof. The huge stone blocks piled in substantial walls were an expression of the regularity and security of the individual and his family.

The masonry of the Incas has never been equaled. The only event in all history that even approaches it was the building of the Pyramids. In Incaland, huge stones, some measuring 15 to 20 feet in height and weighing many tons, were so perfectly fitted together without the use of mortar or cement that even a fine knife blade cannot be thrust between the stones. We are not able to imagine how in an age of crude tools these rocks were transported from the quarry across the valley, then lifted and fitted into place. Surely, there was a stupendous amount of sand polishing, elbow grease, and manpower!

Marriage was monogamous. On a given day all eligibles were lined up in the public square, the young men in one line, the girls opposite facing their fates. It is to be assumed that the elders winked at the jockeying for positions that must have taken place in those lines. The Inca alone had concubines who may have been the Virgins of the Sun. His own sister was the official queen. She, and she only, could bear the heir to the throne.

In a cold mountain region it is not surprising that the sun, so necessary to shivering humans and their crops, should become a divinity. One of the Inca Kings observed that the sun always followed a set path, it kept certain hours, it could be eclipsed; therefore, he reasoned, the sun must have a Master who created and ruled over all. He proclaimed this Supreme Diety to his priests and ordained that the ruling caste only should worship this God, since He was too subtle and sublime an idea for ordinary folk.

The Inca’s absolute power caused his subjects to regard him as divine, a god on earth, a representative of the Sun. Everything belonged to him. But when The Inca was captured and assassinated by the “white faced, bearded strangers who commanded the lightning and rode huge llamas” into Cuzco
in 1533, ruthlessly razing the city and building their “Christian” churches and convents atop the ruins, the whole tremendous totalitarianism, like a clock with a broken main spring, quit running.

One can wander for hours among the temples, baths, fountains, aqueducts, shrines and stairways, peering over the edges of the terraced, once-irrigated gardens down to the Urubamba far, far below where it so anxiously rushes on to its destiny at the mouth of the Amazon.

Among these lonely and abandoned remains of a vanished and mysterious race, we pause—and listen to the silence.

Back-Packing Among The Olympics

Betty MacLean

FOUR summer vacations spent back-packing through the Olympic Mountains should give one at least a roving acquaintance with this beautiful area, yet it took the fifth year for husband Kenny and I to discover country we had not dreamed existed.

In 1938 we entered the Olympic National Park at the road’s end on the Queets River and came out ten days later at the Dosewallips River, having traversed the Olympic Peninsula from the Pacific Ocean boundary to Hood Canal, a distance of approximately 100 miles. The scenery was beautiful, each day’s aspects different and distinctive. But, oh, those trails! The rangers say that they are in reality old elk trails, but the elk just never made up their minds where they wanted to go. One small bit of excitement that year was provided at Camp Marion. Upon awakening in the morning, I discovered a chipmunk sharing my sleeping bag. The night was cold.

The next year we made several short trips up the Greywolf, the Hoh and the Quinault Rivers and up onto High Divide where we devoutly wished for skis. What a skiers’ paradise that area would be if it were more accessible. We saw many deer and elk that year. In the Enchanted Valley we found a tiny fawn, seemingly only a few hours old, lying not a foot from the path. Young as he was, the danger signal of our presence caused him to “freeze,” not a muscle quivering, and with his protective coloration, he was almost invisible. The temptation to pet him was strong, but we overcame it. Other fauna we encountered in the Enchanted Valley were not so charming, as the place was simply crawling with tent caterpillars. They kept dropping off the trees onto us, our food, everywhere in fact. That night we had a light thunderstorm and the next day there was not a caterpillar to be seen, the scientific explanation still unknown to us.

In 1941 we spent a week up the Queets River. One herd of elk encountered—at a distance—numbered in the hundreds.

The following year, Elenor and Joe Buswell accompanied us. We climbed to Dodger Point Lookout and from there tried to get across onto the Bailey Range. Although it had looked quite feasible when Kenny and I scouted the trip on Memorial Day week-end (bivouacing amid the still heavy snow), bad weather, a lame knee and a certain sheer wall we hadn’t noticed then, conspired to keep us now from our objective. We dropped down into the Hayes River Valley where Elenor and I amused ourselves by fishing and trying to tame my new permanent, while Joe and Ken tackled Mt. Olympus. I rather believe they guessed what the weather would be and ate all their food the first night, because they returned to camp with Paul Bunyan appetites. It was on this trip that we discovered “Bread on a Stick.” All one needs is a box of biscuit mix, a stick, a bonfire and plenty of strawberry jam. One bakes the bread slowly on a stick over the coals—or if just too hungry to
wait, burns it quickly over the flames—then carefully removes it so it is a hollow cylinder, puts in a gob of butter, puts one’s thumb over one end and fills up the hole with strawberry jam. Oh, brother!

The second week of August, 1943, found the Buswells and the MacLeans at Deer Park ready to hike off on our most ambitious trip to date. For two days we were to have a trail, then we were to climb a certain ridge and from then on travel by the “easy ridge route.” Perhaps the repetition of that word “easy” should have made me suspicious, but I was all enthusiasm. After all, easy trips through the mountains could be something I just had never encountered before. This was going to be fun. Why don’t contour maps show any cliffs less than a hundred feet in height? Our ridge, when we eventually found it, could have doubled for the business edge of a cross-cut saw. Finding the ridge impractical, we traversed a steeply angled and loose scree slope until that became equally impossible. Climbing back up to a new pass, we found we were at the top of the First Cameron Glacier. A glissade couldn’t be resisted and without a dissenting voice we all took off. It was a nice ride. We made camp at about 6,700 feet on a narrow rock ledge beside a glacial lake. In spite of the cold, the encircling snow and apparent absence of soil, many beautiful wild flowers were thriving in this lonely spot. Throughout the whole trip, the abundance and variety of flowers, most of which I had never before seen, were a source of continual pleasure.

By traversing both the Second and Third Cameron Glaciers, and by virtue of much reconnoitering Joe and Kenny finally got us down the only possible way that didn’t necessitate free-roping.

The all-time low of five years of back-packing occurred near the summit of a steep long ridge. Seeing that I was tired, Kenny, who until then had thought that chivalry did pay, took the utensil bag out of my pack and put it on top of his, but neglected to tie it securely. It fell off and away it went, rolling and bounding down the hill, spewing pots, forks, dish-towels, plates, etc., all the way to the bottom of the valley, with Kenny in hot pursuit, and using language that was even hotter.

In spite of delusions about the mythical “easy ridge route,” the eighth day found us back at Deer Park already making plans for next year’s “vacation in the Olympics.”

New Books Added to the Library During 1942-1943

Compiled by Elizabeth Schmidt

Mountaineering

Filippì: Ascent of Mt. St. Elias (Alaska) by the Duke of Abruzzi
Geist: Hiking, Camping and Mountaineering
Henderson: Handbook of American Mountaineering
Peacock: Mountaineering
Peattie: Friendly Mountains
Potomac Appalachian Trail Club: Guide to Paths in the Blue Ridge
Slinkey: Norway
Stuck: Ascent of Denali
Stutfield and Collier: Climbs and Explorations in the Canadian Rockies

Bicycling

Geist: Bicycling as a Hobby

Birds

Höfmann: Birds of the Pacific States

Ethiopia

Nesbitt: Hell-Hole of Creation

Northwest

Freeman: Pacific Northwest

Geology

Fenton: The Mountains
Fenton: Our Amazing Earth
Fenton: Rock Book
Hinds: Geomorphology
Lorbeck: Geomorphology

Photography

Adams: Making a Photograph
Eastman: How to Take Good Moving Pictures
Hacker: Cinematic Design
Morgan and Lester: Graflex Graphic Photography

Skiing

American Ski Annual, 1942, 1943
British Ski Yearbook, 1940, 1941, 1942
Brower: Manual of Ski Mountaineering

Trees

Bowers: Cone-Bearing Trees of the Pacific Coast
"SURPRISE to Evergreen—Surprise to Evergreen—Come in Evergreen."

Thus at 7:45 a.m. the first radio report began the official day on Surprise Mountain Lookout, elevation 6,300 feet, though duty had unsnuggled the observer from the Forest Service sleeping bag hours earlier at the first streaks of red and gold across the eastern ridge—well, maybe not the first streaks.

A manpower shortage had induced the U.S. Forest Service to place women on some of their lookouts and to experiment with one or two stations on a cooperative basis. In line with the latter the Mountaineers agreed to "man" Surprise Lookout near Scenic, Washington, for the season, July 10 to August 31, and accordingly nine people were signed up in one and two week shifts. Faye Plank, who drew the first week, bore the brunt of cleaning up the winter's accumulation of debris as well as shouldering the responsibility of buying and apportioning the summer's food. Supplies were carried in the 7 1/4 miles from Scenic by pack-train.

N. L. Jeremias, his wife and their little cocker spaniel kept watch for the remaining two weeks in July, followed by Mary Lowry's party, consisting of her son, Larry, and her cousin. Ena Tiemeyer, the weather dishing out everything from blistering sunshine to snow for them. By the time Mrs. Herman Felder and her daughter, Virginia, took over, some needed repairs had been made to the cabin and equipment by the Forest Service, adding a measure of comfort and convenience.

Those who teamed up with one or more companions were able to enjoy exploration or fishing trips or a swim in one of the lakes in addition to their regular duties, but for the lone attendant these duties nearly filled the day's hours. The lookout was not to be left unattended without permission of headquarters and a detailed check of the territory had to be made every hour starting with the "crack of dawn" which was often the only time the atmosphere was free from haze. Every two hours a report was turned in via short-wave radio to one of the other lookouts: Evergreen, Beckler or Benchmark. This message was relayed by telephone to headquarters since Surprise did not have a direct connection with the Ranger Station at Skykomish. Conversations were usually confined to business and, of course, all reference to weather was taboo. Helpful suggestions passed back and forth, however, such as Mary Lowry's recipe for cinnamon rolls which made the man on Evergreen so envious he decided to try his hand at making cream puffs for dinner. The result was never broadcast!

The first and most important item on the day's schedule was to check and balance the firefinder which, however, usually remained in balance from day to day unless unduly jarred. The two clocks in the lookout being ever at variance, the time had to be checked morning and evening, also. Then drinking water had to be fetched from a stream a mere mile and a half away and wash water from a snow patch which by August had receded to Surprise Pass, three-quarters of a mile down the trail. With caution and careful sifting of the dishwater a lone lookout need make the trip only every third day. The first hint of an electrical storm sent the observer scurrying back to her post as each visible strike had to be recorded and checked.

And finally there was Deborah, the name given here to the chunky little piece of malleable iron formally known as a stove, though during the summer it had other, less affectionate names. Debbie's reputation had gone before her and when people asked with wide-eyed apprehension if I weren't afraid of possible wild animals, I truthfully answered, "No, only of Deborah."
It turned out later that I was also afraid of crickets. I shall never forget however, the feeling of absolute “ga-ga” when the Herman Felders disappeared into the dripping fog leaving me alone with cold Deborah. Especially when after several attempts it seemed that Deborah preferred to remain cold, which meant that I would also. A new door and a little understanding were all that were necessary, though. Her grate was for coal and our fuel was wood, so by a careful laying of the fire with wood dried in the oven at the preceding meal, and an occasional low salaam wherein I shared my life’s breath through the grating, we became at last fairly warm friends.

The Forest Service had obligingly supplied a couple of saws, a decadent tree or two, and a double-bitted ax to keep us from getting flabby. One would rotate the ax at each stroke to determine which edge was the sharper —something like trying to find the long way of a square blanket—but since this first person singular only hit the target with every other heave the question was never settled. The season was supposed to begin and end with a rig of neatly stacked stovewood but somehow by the middle of August there remained a neatly stacked five hunks. One glancing blow at their gnarled surfaces was enough. They are still there.

...
Return To Glacier Bay

Maynard M. Miller

During the summer of 1941 I had the good fortune to be a member of the American Geographical Society's glacier expedition to the Alaskan panhandle. Having visited the region on another trip the year before, I was asked by Osgood Field, Jr., to join him in this new undertaking. In recent years Field had become particularly interested in the study of ice recession in Glacier Bay and to that end had traveled there in 1926, '31 and '35. This time his guiding plan was to gather a goodly amount of data on the coastal glaciers of southeastern Alaska in order to bring up to date a record of observations that has been accumulating since 1880. I was to assist with the survey work at a scheduled number of places, while with us was Dr. Donald B. Lawrence, of the University of Minnesota Botany Department, to continue the ecological field studies carried on in 1916, '21 and '35 by his senior associate, Professor W. S. Cooper. Anthony T. Ladd was to help with the handling of equipment while his father, Dr. W. S. Ladd, was to carry on a photographic survey from the air to supplement the ground work. Field, Dr. Ladd, and myself were all members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club. Unfortunately at the last minute Dr. Ladd was unable to come so that arrival in Juneau found our party reduced to four.

The first of six allotted weeks in the field was unexpectedly spent in exploration up the Taku River immediately southeast of Juneau where Taku and Twin Glaciers were of especial interest. This change in itinerary was precipitated by a necessary wait for two transits left on the dock in Seattle. The following 18 days were used to a great advantage under cloudless skies, mainly in Muir Inlet, Geikie and Johns Hopkins Inlets, and in Reid Arm of Glacier Bay—which we penetrated on a 46-foot motor cruiser. Thanks to the valuable cooperation of the U. S. Forest Service which made a fine 55-foot diesel cruiser available for our use the remainder of the summer was spent working the glacier-headed inlets several hundred miles down the coast. These included such long and deeply-cut fiords as Tracy Arm, Endicott Arm, Ford's Terror, and Thomas Bay, in each of which surveys were made.

In Glacier Bay itself three weeks of unusually fine weather prevailed, facilitating continuous work without any of the usual interruptions by fog, wind or rain—quite a contrast to the August weather I remembered from the previous year. This made it possible to take a complete set of photographs at each locality visited, both with the survey cameras, used primarily for mapping, and with color movies and stills to record scenery. In September while winding up our work in the spectacular fiords and inlets south of Juneau, heavy rains hindered photographic success although the survey continued uninterrupted. All in all over 45 tidewater glaciers were observed and photographed, of which 15 were actively discharging bergs into the sea. Of the tidal ice fronts, more than 15 were mapped from 49 triangulation stations. Also 63 photographic survey stations were used, of which 27 had been occupied by Field's and Cooper's cameras in 1931 and 1935. The rest were new ones established for the 1941 record.

Because of astounding changes observed the expedition placed much emphasis on collecting data from Glacier Bay. Here it seems the glaciers have been continuing the rapid recession they have experienced since about 1800, but apparently at a recently accelerated rate. Our measurements...
prove that within less than 150 years between 35 and 57 miles of retreat have occurred in the east and west arms of the Bay. Vertical shrinkage has been equally amazing. Muir Glacier, the most spectacular one seen, was losing ice at an enormous rate. Likewise, Johns Hopkins' Glacier has opened up a completely new fiord since 1926, extremely deep and nine miles in length. On the whole the behavior of the larger glaciers seemed quite varied, but the smaller ones as well as the lower ice fields have shrunk considerably in recent years. On the other hand once out of the treeless pocket of Glacier Bay and only a few miles further away, an apparently different situation was found. Some of the glaciers on the west flank of the Fairweather Range have been advancing; to the east we mapped advance on Taku Glacier back of Juneau and farther south on Baird Glacier in Thomas Bay. In fact, these have recently plowed into mature forests, representing an advance further than any in the last 500 years. In the same area to the east and south, Patterson, Dawes, South Sawyer, Twin, and Norris Glaciers have not receded more than a mile or two in the last century.

Other complicating considerations were introduced in the course of the summer including the discovery of a remnant “fossil” forest, mature in character, now being uncovered by erosion of recently exposed inundating gravels and silt. Perhaps all this merely represents an expression of minor fluctuations in a far vaster and more significant change. We can only speculate on any assumption. To ponder further over the causes of such illogical behavior in glaciers, all within 250 miles of each other, makes one realize more than ever the need for further information. The problem augers to be one of the most interesting and difficultly complex aspects of Alaskan glacier study. For this reason we cannot help but look forward to another summer when men can again focus their energies to undertakings so enjoyable academic.

THE MOUNTAINEER
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., SEATTLE UNIT
BALANCE SHEET AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1943

**ASSETS:**

### Current Assets:
- Cash in checking account $2,939.91
- Savings accounts in Washington Mutual:
  - Reserve fund $1,819.42
  - Summer Outing fund 1,223.33
  - Players fund 552.13
  - Rescue fund 50.00
  - Building fund 666.31
  - **Total** $7,251.10

### Investments:
- Permanent fund:
  - Savings accounts $3,000.00
  - U.S. Government Bonds 2,000.00
  - Other Bonds at market (cost $1,880.00) 300.00
  - **Total Permanent fund** 5,300.00
- Puget Sound Savings and Loan account 181.67
- Seymour Saddle Horse for Summer Outing Fund 1,114.21
- **Total Investments** 6,595.88

### Buildings and Equipment:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Building</th>
<th>Value</th>
<th>Depreciation</th>
<th>Net</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>$4,242.15</td>
<td>$3,197.94</td>
<td>$1,044.21</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin</td>
<td>3,194.68</td>
<td>2,313.56</td>
<td>881.12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>2,275.52</td>
<td>1,287.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut Addition</td>
<td>1,075.05</td>
<td>339.62</td>
<td>735.43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clubroom furniture and fixtures</td>
<td>825.99</td>
<td>436.38</td>
<td>389.61</td>
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<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>816.18</td>
<td>437.33</td>
<td>378.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Motion picture equipment</td>
<td>943.37</td>
<td>385.34</td>
<td>557.43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ski lift</td>
<td>502.73</td>
<td>296.87</td>
<td>205.86</td>
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<tr>
<td>Outing equipment</td>
<td>312.23</td>
<td>107.40</td>
<td>204.83</td>
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</table>
- **Total Buildings and Equipment** $14,187.90 $8,832.39 $5,355.51

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Allow. for Value Depreciation</th>
<th>Net</th>
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<tr>
<td>Recorded</td>
<td>$19,202.49</td>
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**LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS**

### Liabilities:
- Tacoma's share of dues $162.50
- Everett's share of dues 24.50 $187.00

### Surplus:
- Capital surplus $5,355.51
- Permanent fund surplus 5,300.00
- Seymour fund surplus 1,114.21
- Rescue fund surplus 50.00
- Building fund surplus 666.31
- Free surplus 6,529.46 19,015.49
- **Total Surplus** $19,202.49

34 THE MOUNTAINEER
## Income and Expense Statement For the Year Ending Oct. 31, 1943

### Income

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dues:</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle dues</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tacoma dues</td>
<td>$238.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Less Allocation to Tacoma</td>
<td>$138.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Everett dues</td>
<td>$1,030.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Less Allocation to Everett</td>
<td>$22.00</td>
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<td>Less Allocation to Publications</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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<td>Less Allocation to Publications</td>
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<td>Less Allocation to Branches</td>
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<td>Initiation Fees:</td>
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<td>Less Allocation to Branches</td>
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<td>Publications:</td>
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<td>Allocation of dues</td>
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<td>Cost of &quot;Annual&quot;</td>
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<td>Less advertising income</td>
<td>$205.29</td>
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<td>Cost of monthly bulletins</td>
<td>$439.87</td>
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<td>Less sale of publications</td>
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<td>Net cost of publications</td>
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<td>Excess of allotted dues over cost</td>
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### Committee Operations:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>Summer Outing</td>
<td>$511.38</td>
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<tr>
<td>Climbing</td>
<td>$50.44</td>
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<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>$139.46</td>
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<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>$324.36</td>
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<tr>
<td>Excess of income over expenses:</td>
<td>$1,565.64</td>
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<tr>
<td>Players</td>
<td>$5.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dances</td>
<td>$45.71</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ski</td>
<td>$12.09</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>$197.71</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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### General Expenses:

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<td>Salaries</td>
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<td>Stamped envelopes</td>
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<td>Federation expense</td>
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<td>Office supplies</td>
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<td>Miscellaneous</td>
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<td>Moving expense</td>
<td>$64.52</td>
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<td>Pins and emblems</td>
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<td>Cleaning</td>
<td>$41.55</td>
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<tr>
<td>Depreciation</td>
<td>$2,052.38</td>
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**$1.00 of each initiation fee transferred to Building Fund: $102.00**

### Income on Permanent Fund Transferred to Building Fund: $95.70

### Net excess of income for year: $1,155.13

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Mountaineers, Inc.
Seattle, Washington, November 26, 1943.

In examining the books of the Treasurer of the Mountaineers and of the various committees, we find they are in good order and balance. We have found that the disbursements were accompanied by properly authorized vouchers, all cash receipts were accounted for, and the bank accounts and bonds were in existence as reported. The Balance Sheet and Income and Expense Statement in our opinion give a good representation of the present financial condition of the club.

**Phyllis Cavender**
**Mary E. Hossack,** Auditors.

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**The Mountaineer**

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THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., TACOMA BRANCH

Treasurer's Annual Report, October 1, 1942, to September 30, 1943

RECEIPTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Local Walks, Net Income</td>
<td>$ 28.30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin, Net Income</td>
<td>$ 30.46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest accrued on savings account</td>
<td>$ 31.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clubroom Rental, Net Income</td>
<td>$ 109.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photographic Committee, Net Income</td>
<td>$ 6.57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Membership refund from Seattle</td>
<td>$ 188.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local Walks, Net Income</td>
<td>$ 28.30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DISBURSEMENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom Rental, October 1, 1942, to September 30, 1943</td>
<td>$ 300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>$ 32.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>$ 17.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total disbursements</td>
<td>$ 34.35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ASSETS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash, United Mutual Savings Bank</td>
<td>$ 500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash, Bank of California, N. A.</td>
<td>$ 116.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War Bond, Series G</td>
<td>$ 500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash retained in Committee Accounts—Local Walks</td>
<td>$ 28.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin</td>
<td>$ 30.46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>$ 109.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing refund receivable (estimated)</td>
<td>$ 188.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Property—Irish Cabin Land</td>
<td>$ 300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Furniture and Fixtures. 1942 value-$258.29 less 15% depreciation</td>
<td>$ 228.04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom and Local Walks property. 1942 value-$231.58 less 15% depreciation, plus new equipment of $10.41</td>
<td>$ 207.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LIABILITIES: None

NET WORTH, estimated $2,878.06

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., EVERETT BRANCH

Report of Treasurer, 1942-1943

CHECKING ACCOUNT

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Balance on hand September 20, 1942</td>
<td>$ 24.90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Receipts: Local Walks</td>
<td>$ 2.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return on dues</td>
<td>$ 29.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Award pin sold</td>
<td>$ 1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Receipts</td>
<td>$32.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash available</td>
<td>$32.40</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

SAVINGS ACCOUNT

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Balance on hand September 30, 1943</td>
<td>$ 22.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>$ 8.27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Withdrawn—Benefit Fund</td>
<td>$581.59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance on hand September 27, 1943</td>
<td>$ 539.86</td>
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</tbody>
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Resources:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash in checking account</td>
<td>$ 22.93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash in savings account</td>
<td>$ 539.86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Government bonds at cost price (face $500)</td>
<td>$ 370.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Resources</td>
<td>$932.81</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

HELMAN FELDER, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEER
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

President, Arthur R. Winder
Vice-President, C. G. Morrison
Secretary, Mary G. Anderson
Treasurer, Burpee Stevens

ELECTED TRUSTEES

Terms Expiring October 31, 1944—
Phyllis Cavender
Linda M. Coleman
Harry W. Hagen
C. G. Morrison
H. Wilford Playter

Terms Expiring October 31, 1945—
Leo Gallagher
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard
Mrs. John Hossack
A. H. Hudson
Kenneth MacLean

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Roland Sherman
Club Room Secretary, Mrs. Irving Gavett
Librarian, Elizabeth Schmidt
Editor, Bulletin, Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard
Editor, 1943 Annual, Mrs. Boyd K. Bucey

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES AND CUSTODIANS

Climbing—
Sidney E. Doyle

Club Rooms and Entertainment—
Gail Baskerville

Dance—
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Buswell

Finance and Budget—
The Treasurer

Future Summer Outings—
George MacGowan

Kitsap Cabin—
Louise Pitch

Meany Ski Hut—
Kenneth MacLean

Membership—
Marguerite Bradshaw

Moving Pictures—
H. Wilford Playter

Outing Equipment—
Charles L. Simmons

Photography—
O. Phillip Dickert

Public Affairs—
Elvin P. Carney

Publicity—
The Treasurer

Rhododendron Park—
P. M. McGregor

Ski—
David Lind

Snoqualmie Lodge—
Vincent Millsapugh

Summer Outing, 1944—
To be appointed

TACOMA BRANCH

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

1943—1944

President, Clarence Garner
Vice-President, Ferdinand Bondy

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Charles Kilmer
Clara Young
Willard Little

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES

Climbing—
Dr. I. A. Drues

Club Room—
Mrs. Florence H. Burd

Photography—
Mrs. Elwood Budil

Auditor—
Harold Sherry

CHAIRMAN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Entertainment—
Kenneth G. Pryor

Irish Cabin—
Harold Sherry

Local Walks—
Lura Black

Membership—
Dorothy Newcomer

Ski—
Arthur Stacher

Publicity—
Clara Young

EVERETT BRANCH

Chairman, Clifford G. Sheldon
Secretary, Catherine Crayton

Treasurer, Herman Felder
Trustee, Christian H. Lehmann

CHAIRMAN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Local Walks—
Christian Lehmann

Membership—
Social—
# THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

## List of Members, October 31, 1943

**Total Membership, October 31, 1943—902**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Classification</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Seattle</th>
<th>Tacoma</th>
<th>Everett</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Regular</td>
<td>663</td>
<td>526</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>170</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spouse</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honorary</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Honorary Members**

- DR. H. B. HINMAN
- COL. WILLIAM B. GREELEY
- MAJOR O. A. TOMLINSON

**Life Members**

- MRS. NAOMI ACHENIACH BENSON
- MRS. EDMOND S. MEANY
- L.T. EDMOND S. MEANY, JR.
- REGINALD H. PARSONS

**Boy Scout Membership Awards**

- KENNETH LOWTHIAN
- WILLIAM STANLEY

**Girl Scout Membership Awards**

- MARY PAT BRADY
- ANNETTE JOHNSON

**Campfire Girl Membership Award**

- BETTY MOE

Names of members who have climbed the six major peaks of Washington are printed in **boldface** type. The pin award is enameled gold. Members who have climbed the first ten peaks, Snoqualmie Lodge group, are indicated by a *; the first and second ten Lodge group, by **; a bronze and a silver pin are the awards. There are three groups of peaks in the Everett region of six peaks each: The Darrington, the Monte Cristo, 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 6 peaks; ‡ indicates a silver pin for 12 peaks; ‡‡ indicates a gold pin for 18 peaks. There are two groups of 12 peaks each in the Irish Cabin Region. An "IC" bronze pin is awarded for the first 12 and a gold ice-axe pin for the entire 24. One † indicates the 12 peaks have been climbed, and ‡‡ that all 24 have been climbed. Graduates of the intermediate climbing class are indicated by *; graduates of the ski mountaineering class, by ∈.

## Seattle Membership

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address and Phone Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abel, H. V.</td>
<td>1462 38th Ave., PR. 1255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abel, Mrs. H. V. (Marian)</td>
<td>1462 38th Ave., PR. 1255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abel, Marion</td>
<td>1462 38th Ave., PR. 1255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adkins, Lloyd M.</td>
<td>3702 36th S.W., WE. 1581</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen, James</td>
<td>5708 34th N.E., KE. 0619, EL. 4259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen, Edward W.</td>
<td>Northern Life Tower, EL. 3429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allsopp, Gladys L.</td>
<td>4230 11th N.E., ME. 9438</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, C. L.*</td>
<td>933 12th N., CA. 2618</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Helen D.</td>
<td>460 Stuart Bldg., EL. 0214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Henry,*</td>
<td>8208 31st N.E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Ida Marie</td>
<td>124 Warren Ave., EL. 3885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, John Keith</td>
<td>1409 E Prospect; Bus. Port Blakely 444</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Lloyd,**†</td>
<td>4326 W. Southern, WE. 2840</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Madge</td>
<td>320 W. Galer, GA. 9006, Bus. MA. 0176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Mary G,**†</td>
<td>4326 W. Southern, WE. 2840</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, William H.</td>
<td>4464 Fremont Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argue, Mary</td>
<td>8042 28th N.W., HE. 0146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Archibald, Janet</td>
<td>Box 1986, Everett, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnhberg, Eleanor</td>
<td>713 30th S., PR. 44150, EL. 6130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atkinson, Merial</td>
<td>1618 3rd Ave. W., GA. 6986</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bailey, Jack</td>
<td>University Station, Box 122, ME. 0630, Local 587; 4000 University Way, ME. 9824</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bailey, James M.</td>
<td>1415 Vance Bldg., SE. 6071</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Fred W.</td>
<td>404 E. Howell, EA. 3434</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balser, Mary A.</td>
<td>2124 6th N., GA. 9253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnaby, J. T.</td>
<td>4903 31st S., WA. 3517</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnes, Jim</td>
<td>5308 Admiral Way, WE. 7248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnes, John</td>
<td>5308 Admiral Way, WE. 7248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartke, Michael</td>
<td>5629 11th Ave. N. E. KE. 8861</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, Peggy</td>
<td>1222 Summit, Apt. 204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker, Gail</td>
<td>605 Paramount Theatre Bldg., MA. 6071</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beckey, Fred †</td>
<td>7136 Woodside Place, WE. 7315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beckey, Helmy F.</td>
<td>Woodside Place, WE. 7315</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Campfire Girl Membership Award**

- BEENE, Jim,* 1937 East Blaine, Blaine, WA. 3901 |

**Boy Scout Membership Awards**

- BICKFORD, Burge B.**† 5655 Pullman Ave., VE. 6130 |

**Girl Scout Membership Awards**

- BICKFORD, Mrs. Burge B. 5655 Pullman Ave., VE. 6139
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CHENEX, W. C., Box 3282, Seattle 14, WJ, 9801.
CHILD, Elsie T., 1605 Medical Dental Bldg., EL, 5229 Broadway N., CA, 4700.
CHURCH, Elsie, 1027 Bellevue Court, PR, 7272.
CLARK, Bert, Byron J., 6316 32d N.W., SU, 9004.
CLARK, Geneva, 4129 Woodlawn Ave.
CLARK, Irving M., Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 387.
CLARK, Leila J., Bellevue, Wash., R.F. D. 1, Lakeside 173.
CLARK, Mae, 1407 9th W., GA, 0313.
CLARK, Sterling, 2102 1st W., GA, 6377.
CLISE, J. W., Jr., 1403 Shenandoah Drive.
COLOS, Bob, 6517 Dayton, SU, 7212.
CODY, Maxine, 136 N. 81st, SU, 9496.
COX, A. H., 1757 1st W., ME, 1121.
COYNE, Mrs. J. E., 4012 2nd N. W., ME, 8985.
CURTIS, Leslie, 7 S. Drive, Great Neck, N. Y.
CUTLER, Joyce, 2823 2nd West, (99). GA, 7277.
DAHLSTROM, Dorothy, 2631 Ballinger Way, SH, 0332.
DAVIDER, Matie, 5815 1st Ave. N. E., KE, 0291.
DAIBER, Patty, 31615 1st Ave. N. E., KE, 0291, EL, 0380.
DARLING, Wm. C., 2519 Perkins Lane, GA, 7410.
DAVIS, Fidelia G., Kitsap, Wash., P. O. Box 65.
DE BEAULEAUX, Betty, 711 Crockett St., AL, 1942.
DEGENHARDT, Wm. A., **@ 4927 51st South, RA, 1608.
DEGENHARDT, Mrs. Wm. A. (Adelaide), **@ 4927 51st Ave. S., RA, 1608.
DEHURT, Faye, 1226 Bigelow Ave. N., GA, 8387.
DICKERT, O. Phillip, **@ 1900 12th Ave., ME, 0380.
DILATUSH, Rachel, 4517 Thackeray Place, ME, 3842.
DION, Marian, In Service, W.A.C.
DIXON, Mary Ethel, 1631 16th Ave., EA, 0118.
DOLBY, Wm. Miller St., AL, 1125.
DOLBY, Wm. Miller St., AL, 1125.
DOOLEY, L., 3212 S. E. Crystal Springs Blvd., Portland, Ore.
DOOST, R., 1312 16th Ave. N., ME, 0380.
DOW, Price, 3212 S. E. Crystal Springs Blvd., Portland, Ore.
DOWNEY, Phyllis, 1018 Ninth Ave., Apt. 102, CA, 2641.
DOWNEY, Phyllis, 1018 Ninth Ave., Apt. 102, CA, 2641.
DOYLE, T. L., 1000 6th Ave., EL, 6750.
DOYLE, Alice, 1000 6th Ave., EL, 6750.
DOYLE, F. A., 7105 Summit Ave. Apt. 102, CA, 2641.
DOYLE, Sidney, * 1705 Summit Ave., Apt. 102, CA, 2641.
DREIDEL, Carmella, 4754 16th Ave. N.E., VE, 2988.
DREW, Paul S., 503 31st Ave., PR, 0728.
DUDLEY, Wm. Miller St., AL, 1125.
DUPUIS, Frederick, in Service.
EDMUND, Wm., Bryn Mawr, Wash.
EDWARDS, Clayton, 18 Thomas St.
EDWARDS, Jean, 212 Word St., AL, 4575.

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ELLIOIT, Elizabeth, 4567 35th W., GA. 1417.
ELLIOIT, Jackie, Mercer Island, Wash., AD 4726.
ELMISLE, Beryl, Marine Hospital, CA. 5500, 1756 Spokane St., PR 2424.
ENGLE, Norman W., 6266 19th Ave. N.E., KE 2855, MA 8745, 209 Coiman Bldg.
ENGLE, Pat, 6266 19th Ave., N.E., KE 5335.
EICKSON, Dave, 1629 Harvard Ave., PR 7134.
EICKSON, Helen Katherine, 4717 16th N.E., KE 1824.
ELLIOTT, Elizabeth, 4567 35th Ave., GA 1417.
ELLIOIT, Jackie, Mercer Island, Wash., AD 4726.
ELMSLIE, Beryl, Marine Hospital, CA. 5800, 1756 Spokane St., PR 9122.
ENGLE, Pat, 6266 19th Ave., N.E., KE 5335.
ERICKSON, Dawn, 212 Ward St., AL 4575.
EBOLA, Elvar A., Northern Life Insurance Co.
ERICKSON, Helen Katherine, 4717 16th N.E., KE 1824.
ERICKSON, Deloris, Mercer Island, Wash., AD 4726.
ELMSLIE, Beryl, Marine Hospital, CA. 5800, 1756 Spokane St., PR 9122.
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ERICKSON, Deloris, Mercer Island, Wash., AD 4726.
ELMSLIE, Beryl, Marine Hospital, CA. 5800, 1756 Spokane St., PR 9122.
ENGLE, Pat, 6266 19th Ave., N.E., KE 5335.
ERICKSON, Deloris, Mercer Island, Wash., AD 4726.
JOHNSON, Shirley, 320 Summit N., PR.
JOHNSON, W. O., P. O. Box 1036, Ketchikan, Alaska.
JONES, Calvin L., Jr., 2622 28th W., GA. 3146.
JONES, May Ella, Virginia Mason Hospital, SE. 1144.
JONES, Patricia A., PO. Box 9011, N. CA. 9213.
KLINE, John, 1950 30th N. E., SH. 0244.
KEAST, Al., 616 Seneca St., EL. 1765.
KELLETT, Gwendolyn, Y.M.C.A., 4th and Madison, MA. 5208, GA. 8151.
KELLEY, Clint, 82 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.
KELLOGG, L. W., 2242 18th Ave. Portland, 12, Oregon.
KENNEDY, Edward, 5304 50th S., RA. 1046.
KENNEDY, Paul, 5304 50th S., RA. 1046.
KIRKLAND, Lola E., Bryn Mawr, Wash., HA. 3669.
KIRKLAND, William, Bryn Mawr, Wash., HA. 3669.
KIRKWOOD, Elizabeth T., 5030 17th N. E., KE. 1667.
KLESBU, Lorraine O., Box 873, Satsop, Wash.
KLEIN, Frances, 701 E. 65th St., KE. 4226. In service, W.A.C.
KLENZE, E. A., 6733 Holly Place S.W., WE. 7854.
KOUTEN, Ella, 2909 2d Ave., GA. 1913.
KRAFTSCH, Ida Rose, Children’s Orthopedic Hospital, 1804 Bigelow N., ME. 5289.
KRAUS, Ethel L., 6041 Beach Drive, WE. 4031.
KUBB, Bill, 3043 Belvidere, WE. 4548.
KUBB, Bob, 3043 Belvidere, WE. 4548.
LAHR, Clara M., 4051 34th W., GA. 0248.
LAHR, Clara M., 4051 34th W., GA. 0248.
LAKE, Billie, 1111 Boren Ave., Apt. 106.
LAMOUTH, Alan, 2204 Federal Ave. N., CA. 0702.
LAMSON, Elizabeth, 260 2nd St., Bremerton, Wash., 497-W.
LANDON, Dorretta P., 9818 31st S. W., WE. 2865.
LANDON, Robert L., 11640 3rd S.
LANDON, Mrs. Robert L., 11640 3rd S.
LASATER, Jane, 615 W. 85th St.
LATHROP, Ruth, 1909 E. Lynn.
LEAVAL, William, 6517 14th N. E., KE. 3821.
LEDER, Ted, 7305 22nd N. E., L.
LEDER, Ralph E., 426 Poison Bldg., MA. 3277.
LEE, LT. Col. Fairman B.,* Hotel Black Hawk, Davenport, Iowa.
LEIPFEHR, Ellen, 2530 Lake Park Drive, RA. 1863.
LEIBCHENMUELLER, Hans, 2511 McClellan St., ME. 6907.
LIND, David A.,* Route 1, Box 31, Kirkland, Wash., Ph. 3557 or ME. 0638, Local 236.
LIND, Elsie, 1603 25th S. W., WE. 6152.
LINDSTROM, Stanley, 1017 Minor Ave., MA. 4421.
LITTLE, Chester C., 5550 28th N. E., KE. 2286.
LITTLE, Capt. Walter B.,* 700 Central Bldg.
LONG, Louise Mae, 41 Kirkland, Cambridge, Mass.
LUCH, Mrs. Madeleine, 428 Medical Arts Bldg., EL. 8046.
LUMB, William, 2203 47th S. W., WE. 7537.
LOPP, Alice M., 4134 11th Ave. N. E., ME. 1255, RA. 0890.
LOWE, Bonnie, 2245 Yale Ave. N., CA. 7391.
LOWRY, Edmund G., 8926 8th Ave. N. E., KE. 8676.
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LUNDIN, Mrs. Emelia,* 8741 Dayton St., LA. 3778.
LYLE, Barbara, 3552 California Ave., WE. 6800.
LYLE, Dorothy, 1727 Belmont Ave., MA. 7213.
LYON, Charles R., A.S. Naval V-12, Unit 1, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.
LYON, Irene, 7228 39th Ave. S.W., WE. 5476.
LYON, Virginia L., 7228 39th Ave. S.W., WE. 5476.
MACBRIDE, Sgt. George B., 205159, A.P.O. 758, Postmaster, New York City.
MACGOWAN, George, 9006 Fauntleroy Ave., WE. 3722.
MACGOWAN, Mrs. George,** 9006 Fauntleroy Ave., WE. 3722.
MACLEAN, Kenneth R., 12159 Shorewood Drive, LA. 3248-R-11.
MACLEAN, Mrs. Kenneth R., 12159 Shorewood Drive, LA. 3248-R-11.
MAHAFFEY, Bob, 1418 E. 63rd, KE. 2163.
MIAKUS, Anne, 3463 Walnut Ave., WE. 0915.
MIAKUS, Edna, 3463 Walnut Ave., WE. 0915.
MANSSELL, Bud, 4229 51st S., RA. 4248.
MARGHANS, Bette, 5431 42nd S.W., AV. 1474.
MARTHA, Virginia M., 10523 50th Ave. N.E., SH. 2085.
MARPLE, Lieut. Marcia T., V.A.C., Fort Des Moines, Iowa.
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<td>813 Joshua Green Bldg. SE.</td>
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<td>1021 Belmont Ave. North.</td>
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<td>1705 Belmont Ave. EA.</td>
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<td>MURRAY, Edward H.*</td>
<td>Rt. 7, Box 340, GL.</td>
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<td>MYERS, Ellen</td>
<td>1670 Magnolia Blvd., GA.</td>
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<td>P. O. Box 354, Bremerton, Wash.</td>
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<td>NASH, Louise</td>
<td>432 Summit N., PR.</td>
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<td>NELSON, Ethel B.</td>
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<td>NELSON, Stephen P.</td>
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<td>S106 35th S.W., WE.</td>
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<td>2815 Boylston N. CA.</td>
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<td>Monroe, Wash.</td>
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<td>BAILEY, Bernice E</td>
<td>Bell’s Court, Blue 612</td>
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<td>BARNETT, Garfield C</td>
<td>U.S. Navy</td>
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<td>BARNETT, Sylvia</td>
<td>1360 Hoyt, Orange 270</td>
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<td>BENSON, Naomi</td>
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<td>White 79-W</td>
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<td>BLUEMEKE, Fred J</td>
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<td>HUDSON, Mabel C.</td>
<td>2632 Rucker Ave., No. 34,</td>
<td>Red 1182; Black 50</td>
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<td>JETER, Thomas E.</td>
<td>4111 Anchorage, Alaska</td>
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<td>Town House, 117 No. Tacoma Ave. (3)</td>
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<td>BARRY, Mrs. Cornelius</td>
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<td>BATE, Dayrell, P.O. Box 389 (1)</td>
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<td>BAYHA, F. C.</td>
<td>1939 So. E. St. (3)</td>
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<td>BENJAMIN, Rial</td>
<td>2110 No. Alder (7)</td>
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<td>BLACK, Lura</td>
<td>703 No. K (3)</td>
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<td>1916 So. Washington (6)</td>
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<td>BRADSON, Walter W.</td>
<td>714 So. Madison (6)</td>
<td>PR. 6548</td>
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<td>BRECKENRIDGE, Faye</td>
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51