South Ridge of MT. ST. ELIAS from 10,000' Camp 9.
Top Sixteenth

BY MAYNARD M. MILLER

For centuries the native Thlingits along the eastern rim of the Gulf of Alaska called it Yahtsetasha, "the mountain away back of bay, from which water flows down." It was their guiding compass, their weather prophet, the home of their spirit god. But in 1741 another name was given this peak by the Danish explorer Vitus Bering, who, in the employ of the Russian Czar, first sighted it from several hundred miles at sea. In honor of the day, that of a patron Russian saint, he called it St. Elias. So began many years of white man's reflection on the namesake of the great St. Elias range; on that mountain which rises higher immediately above sea level than any other peak on the globe, and which lies in the midst of the largest single glacier system anywhere outside of the polar regions.

Its 18,008-foot summit also beckoned the first mountaineering expeditions to Alaska, and because of that has had a long and fascinating reputation abroad as well as in America. At least nine expeditions have tried to reach its height; one of these, led by the Italian Duke of Abruzzi in 1897, was successful, making the ascent from the east side. Two parties tried to climb the great southwest ridge in 1886 and in 1888 but proclaimed that route not feasible. Inspired by some recent aerial photographs of this ridge and some stories of the unbelievable terrain one must pass through to reach that route, the Harvard Mountaineering Club became interested in an attempt. Specifically the mountain and surrounding country offered a peculiar set of arctic and mountain conditions compatible with certain tests and experiments that club had been asked to conduct.

The Harvard Fatigue Laboratory was interested in special physiologic and food tests; the Bartol Foundation in high altitude cosmic ray investigations; the Quartermaster Corps and Army Air Forces had a number of items of equipment still to undergo inspection. Being on terminal leave from the Navy and in a good position to organize these plans, I was asked to lead the expedition and to that end completed final arrangements by the time our party was assembled in Yakutat on June 12th.

Each member of the group had a specific job and a responsibility. Andrew Kauffman from Washington, D. C., with his wife, Betty, were the food committee. William Latady, president of the HMC, and William Putnam, both from Cambridge, Massachusetts, were in charge of equipment. Dee Molenaar from Los Angeles joined us as photographer, and his brother Cornelius as meteorologist. Lt. Benjamin Ferris from the Climatic Research Lab in Lawrence, Massachusetts, was acting in the capacity of Army Observer for the QMC and as Medical Officer for the Fatigue Laboratory. All these are members of the American Alpine Club. The 10th Rescue Squadron from Anchorage was assigned to render air support as a practical training exercise.

A ton and a half of food and equipment was prepared for aerial delivery at three prearranged camps on the mountain. In addition we took another 3000 pounds with us on board a 40-foot fishing craft for transport into Icy Bay 65 miles up the coast. Attesting to the severity of this ocean trip our skiff was torn loose on no less than five occasions the night of our run north and every one suffered acutely from sea sickness. In a driving rain and lowering fog we pushed as far up into Icy Bay as bad conditions would permit, finally unloading June 17th on a barren, inhospitable sub-arctic beach just beyond the mouth of a large glacial river washing out of the Malaspina icefield. Thanking our lucky stars to have landed far enough in to escape the possibility of having to cross this river, we were thoroughly dismayed while trying to relay loads farther up the eastern shore to discover another glacial torrent well over 100 feet wide and much too deep to ford.

Several days were consumed in passing personnel and equipment across this stream, appropriately called "Colossal Creek," after laborious construction of stanchions of stone and prehistoric logs to support a Tyrolean Traverse. A series of three camps was necessary along the beach and morainic hills bordering Icy Bay before we could successfully establish Camp 4 at the foot of the Chaix Hills and overlooking the broken Tyndall Glacier, our route into
the high country. This camp was affectionately named "Palm Beach" because of the beautiful little glacier bathing pools nearby. Camps 5 and 6 were each located in the very midst of the Tyndall, surrounded for miles by a maze of crevasses and seracs; each camp a full day's march apart with a fair load. Over this terrain we sent our reconnaissance groups to discover the best route while the remaining members relayed four sets of loads. Much cross-cutting and back-tracking were necessary between all the glacier camps, and in the reflected heat of sky-blue weather this amounted to considerable work. A veritable wonderland of crevasses and ice forms lay between Camp 6 and the position of the first aerial drop at the base of the climbing ridge. At this spot on June 27 we barely made our rendezvous to receive 1200 pounds of supplies dropped on a marked acre of gentle snow slope a few feet above what was to be Camp 7. Here, 25 miles from our landing point on the coast, elevation was only slightly over 3000 feet; and from here the actual attack on the mountain was to begin. With a well consolidated base and a sufficiency of food for several weeks on the ridge we were not unduly pessimistic.

One June 28 while the rest were making one more relay from Camp 6, Putnam and Kauffman scouted the steep rock ridge above 7, reaching about 6000 feet. Their report was not too encouraging, so in order to make sure of getting to the next scheduled drop site on time Latady, Putnam and I started up the following afternoon each carrying 60-pound loads including enough food for four days. With the plane coming in at the 10,000-foot col between Hayden Peak and St. Elias on July 1st, we didn't have much time to spare. Topping the long rock and snow ridge at sundown and after negotiating a few hundred feet of extremely steep and loose sandstone cliff we came out on an ideal shelf of low dipping but badly battered shale at the 7500-foot contour. After placing an orange marker and throwing down 200 feet of fixed rope we crawled into a mountain tent and caught some rest. The next morning burned off early, permitting a clear view of the route ahead—leading along the glaciated rim of a huge cirque curving for miles around to the 12,000-foot summit of Hayden peak. Beneath was a great basin completely choked with ice and continually bombarded by avalanches. An all-day operation brought us to a position where we could chop through a hole in an overhanging cornice at the 10,000-foot level and from there mush along a mile and a half of corniced ridge to a suitable place for camp. Several times during the day we had been narrowly missed by avalanches, and on two more sheer ice pitches were obliged to anchor dowels and fixed ropes. Finally in the lingering arctic night while belaying on a questionable slope of packed powder snow on the north face of Hayden peak we looked into the fabled col. One glance proved it too exposed and sheer for a drop area so we retraced our steps to our loads and as night mists settled down tramped out a hundred-yard drop square for the morrow. At seven a.m. we were awakened by the soft sickeningly ominous patter of dry powder hitting the tent wall. A southeaster had descended during the night obscuring all tracks of the day before and making visibility zero. For seven dreary days this continued, during which time the plane made repeated efforts to get through, but to no avail. The three of us cramped into a two-man mountain tent were miserable. On the fourth night we had to go down to 8 for more food and to return before daylight because of a suspected clearing sky. On July 8 blue finally appeared once more and at ten in the morning 27 bundles came out of the air, all of them "direct hits" in the square now tramped in so many times.

In the interim, below the storm the others had been relaying loads to 8 and had made several minor ascents in the peaks east of Camp 7. We joined them at daybreak the next morning with our good news and the added caution to travel by night on the upper reaches. Returning to 7 in order to bring up three last loads we were finally all together again on the 11th at Camp 9. The next few days saw the first ascent of Hayden Peak by all hands and the establishment of Camp 10 on a 13,200-foot ice ledge of the great southwest ridge of St. Elias itself. Upon the first reconnaissance a 1500-foot slope of 40° to 60° blue ice beneath this ledge gave us considerable apprehension and trouble, but by chopping many steps, putting in some ice pitons and 450 feet of fixed rope it was made easier for loads. All progress was now accomplished by night and crampons were a necessity.
Captain Roy Holdiman and his crew dropped another 600 pounds of supplies in a 50-yard square at Camp 10 on the 13th, but unfortunately a sudden cloud driven by a strong wind on the last run caused a miscalculation and 32 man-days of food in two boxes hurtled down precipitous ice cliffs to the Libbey Glacier 8000 feet below. Our grief at this loss was somewhat assuaged by a surprise package of four large and luscious apple pies, carefully packed, and dropped with the compliments of the Yakutat Bakery. But now it was imperative to take full advantage of every possible break in the weather and make a try for the summit before another bad storm blew in and our food should run out. In spite of threatening clouds and incipient storm signs the next day we moved upward through nearly waist-deep snow and along a fog-bound ridge to another ice ledge camp on a tremendous cornice at 15,400 feet.

Wind and fog cut visibility to a minimum again for a full day at Camp 11. If bad weather should continue two days longer we should have to go down to 9, but thanks to Providence, the morning of the 16th dawned bitter cold, with a wind at 40 miles per hour and shifting to the north. At 7:30 we were roped up and away. A cloud layer below at 12,000 feet was still black and churning, but the atmosphere ahead was clear. As the morning sun broke through to our ledge, 2500 feet of steep rock ridge and hanging ice loomed above in perfect detail. Ten exciting hours of the most difficult climbing of the whole ascent lay ahead. Vertical schist cliffs at 17,000 feet; exposed ridge work of both rock and ice; lengthy snow couloirs; and a series of five huge feathered ice bosses admixed with short perpendicular snow funnels requiring fixed ropes brought us up to the last belay. With five more feet of slack the first rope was on top, followed ten minutes later by the second. We all stepped onto the highest mound together, with the exception of Putnam, who had reached his ceiling at 16,000 feet, because of a lung injury in the war. Shivering in the wind and zero temperature we stood awed by the magnificent view of Mt. Logan 30 miles to the east and all the other giants of the range piercing the cloud layers beyond. Before starting down at 7 p.m., we had unfurled and photographed the American and Canadian flags donated by the Arctic Institute of North America to be planted here where the International Boundary passes over this remote and forbidding height.

The next day held clear and cold, but the cloud layer beneath was rising, and a southeaster for sure was brewing from down the coast. At noon the plane flew in and photographed the HMC banner left on top and before returning to Anchorage rogered for our message written in the snow:

TOP--16th; BOAT-8/4

A fierce blizzard broke on the 18th, tying us to camp for several days, presaging the conditions we were to encounter most of the way out to Icy Bay. For nearly three weeks we hardly saw the mountain again, not until the fourth of August while cruising back to Yakutat when the whole range came out in blue relief—with a deep mantle of new snow verifying our good fortune. In Yakutat an amazing fact was learned: The summit had been reached on St. Elias day, the anniversary of Bering's first view 205 years ago. The Patron Saint had been generous indeed.

"Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer."
Molenaar brothers returning to Camp 10, Hayden Peak to left below—

Courtesy American Alpine Journal—

Summit of St. Elias, showing upper 4000' of ridge in center left, (high camp) on top of huge shadowed cornice 1/3 way up ridge from bottom of picture—U. S. Army Air Forces.

St. Elias from Northeast—
U. S. Army Air Forces.

Hayden Ridge Camp No. 9, Elev. Approx. 10,400 ft.
Courtesy "Life" Magazine—Miller.
St. Elias from South, locations of Camp 10 and 11 may be spotted on lower and upper ledges of left hand ridge—U. S. Army Air Forces.

Mt. Huxley from Camp 7, Tyndall Glacier in foreground, Courtesy Harvard Alumni Bulletin

(Below) Party on Summit of St. Elias (18,000')—

At 14,000 ft. Climbing above Camp 10, Hayden Peak in background
"A WORLD OF ICE"

by

G. L. Kinkade

"SERAC" Blue Glacier, Mt. Olympus

"ICE PRACTICE" Winthrop Glacier
Place-Naming in the Northwest

By A. H. Sylvester
Wenatchee, Washington

(Albert Hale Sylvester was born May 25, 1871, at Woodside, San Mateo County, California. He died September 14, 1944. He became noted for his skill and work on Northwestern Quadrangle Maps. Although there is not an exact count of place names he was instrumental in placing on our Maps, it is estimated the number of names placed would be approximately 3,000).

I was a topographer of the USGS for about thirteen years, my field activities confined to Arizona and the three Pacific Coast states. Following my transfer to the Forest Service in the spring of 1908, I was assigned as supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest and remained in that position until my retirement in 1931. I am giving you this sketchy outline that you may get the sphere of my activities in place-naming.

I didn't contract the habit very intensely in the Survey, though a considerable number of my names are scattered up and down the Coast. Coming into the Forest Service and finding that in fire protection work it was very desirable, even imperative, that natural features capable of being named should have names as an aid in locating fires and sending in crews to combat them, I began place-naming more diligently.

In the Survey, topographers did not ordinarily introduce new names. They only endeavored to secure and place on their maps such names as were already in use at the time of their survey. It followed, therefore, that topographic sheets of this western country and particularly the mountain sections, where settlement and other activities were to a considerable extent missing, showed relatively few place names.

I was more fortunate than many supervisors in that my forest was covered by the Survey's topographic maps, but it took a period of several years before an adequate map of the whole forest was compiled from the material on hand. The first forest maps were not too good, but every winter we prepared revisions of them, and every two or three years new editions were printed including the corrections submitted since the previous edition. All the forests now have maps which are very good and quite complete.

New place names were submitted with each map revision. I seldom went on a field trip without coming back with some new names to add to the map. As the years went on, the rangers and other forest officers began to help with the good work. Many names were added in the office while getting the map revision report ready to submit to the regional headquarters.

One name that puzzled me for a considerable time, but which I later got a great kick out of was 'Pomas Creek,' submitted by Ranger Jim McKenzie. 'Apple?' I pondered. There were no apples up in that territory, even though Wenatchee is one of the great apple growing districts of the world. Finally I got it. What Jim meant was 'Pumice Creek.' There is an area of possible a thousand square miles in the northern end of the Wenatchee Forest and extending across Lake Chelan into the Chelan forest that is covered with a blanket of pumice from 50 to 100 feet thick, blown out from Glacier Peak in what was probably its last eruption. This little creek runs through a great bed of it. I am not changing Jim's name, however. It is too rich.

Each succeeding map revision showed more names, until now there are few features unchristened. My activity along this line spurred other supervisors to the same endeavor, so that the forest maps of today are literally alive with names.

Coming to the Forest and the Forest Service rather late in the spring of 1908, I was too busy that year in getting acquainted with my new job to get out very much over the rougher parts of the area or give thought to names. I did, however, get in two memorable trips late in the fall. Good soakings, too, both trips. At the head of the Entiat River I saw a brilliant evening display of Aurora Borealis, and that night got a soaking to remember. The Aurora and the storm gave a little creek entering the river near my camp the name Aurora,
and the ridge to the north of it became Borealis. The Buck Creek area is, I think, the most beautiful place in the Cascade Mountains. The two heights that guard the pass to north and south I named Helmet Butte and Liberty Cap. A mile and a half northwest of the pass there is a round-topped, unscarred, grass-and-flower-covered hill which looks down into the mile-deep canyon of Suiattle River and across it to glacier-crowned and scarred Glacier Peak. Helmet Butte and Liberty Cap are well enough, but I am glad I had the wit to give the name of Flower Dome to the hill.

Nineteen-nine was a bad fire year, but rather late in its fall Ranger Burne Canby and I made a trip into the high country of the Icicle Creek Watershed. Trails were very sketchy affairs or there weren't any. Rather late one evening we camped in a little meadow up toward the top of Icicle Ridge. It was cold. We didn't realize how cold until the next morning when we found our meadow heavily covered with white frost. I hadn't been giving any names thus far on this trip, but called the meadow Frosty and the little creek that ran through it Frosty Creek. Packing up we rode to the summit of Icicle Ridge (named so later) to a fairly low pass which I called Frosty Pass. We turned east along the ridge and hadn't gone far when we saw below us in a glacial pocket a beautiful lake of perhaps sixty acres. I had with me a copy of the Chiwaukum Quadrangle which covers the area through which we were traveling and turned to it to find the name of the lake, but lo and behold, it was not shown. I sketched it in and asked Burne what we should call it. He had two sisters, Margaret and Mary. I said, 'We will call it Margaret.' We had ridden but a little more than a quarter of a mile farther when another lake showed up not very far below us but draining down to Margaret. This promptly became Mary.

We were in the mountain-meadow type of country now, than which there is none more beautiful. Somewhat tired from several previous hard days, we made camp here for a rest and to let our horses fill up on the best grass we had encountered. The next morning we continued eastward along Icicle Ridge, which shadows Icicle Creek from its head to its junction with Wenatchee River. We climbed over a slippery shoulder and hadn't gone far when before us, sheltered under a timbered cliff and glittering in the morning sun, was another lake likewise unmapped and unnamed. Margaret and Mary had a friend, so this became Lake Florence.

This was getting interesting and I said to Burne, 'If we find another we will name it for Mrs. Sylvester.' We rode on past Florence and rounded the shoulder of a little ridge making down from Icicle Ridge, and looking across a wide grassy slope, an ancient glacial cirque at the head of a small branch of the Icicle later called Spanish Camp Creek from a Spaniard who once ran sheep there, we saw glittering through alpine fir and hemlock the fourth lake already by agreement christened Alice. We were doing pretty well and getting on our mettle. We decided that if we discover another lake, Flora, the wife of Ranger Green, should have it. Our trail led us up through a pass in the main ridge at the head of Spanish Camp Creek where we looked down on the north slope and there was Lake Flora on a bench breaking over into one of the forks of Chiwaukum creek. I have seen this lake on other occasions and from other angles, when its waters were as blue as the other mountain lakes in the region, but that morning looking down on it from above because of the angle of observation or peculiar atmospheric conditions it was deep emerald green, very proper under the circumstances.

Eastward from the pass whence we saw Flora, a high sharp peak (I called it Cape Horn) stood in the way of our progress, but looking closely I discovered a trail climbing steep and narrow up and to the right. Somewhat scared we took it, and it led us around the mountain to where we got a view of mountain meadows in the head of another branch of Chiwaukum Creek where nestled in a hollow in a field of barren rock was our sixth lake, Edna, from Burne's best girl. We made camp in the meadows and thought we had had a pretty good day.

The next day there was considerable difficulty with the trail, but we found a way through and found three more lakes. Two of these were shown on the topographic map but one incorrectly as to size. I named these two Augusta and Ida from my mother and my wife's sister. The third was the largest we saw on the trip. It lies in a deep glacial cirque on the north side of Cashmere Mountain
at an elevation of about 5,500 feet. I do not wonder the topographers missed it. The point from which we saw it is a high peak on the Icicle Ridge, from which we looked straight up the canyon in which it lies. I doubt if it can be seen from any other vantage point. I named it Victoria for England's queen.

That ended the lake finding and naming for that trip. I have gone into it at such length because it marked the beginning of a practice we followed on the Forest for years. There are approximately 150 lakes and ponds on the Forest, some of the smaller ones not yet named. The number of ladies' lakes grew until practically all rangers' and other Forest Service men's wives, sisters, sweethearts, mothers and daughters had lakes named for them. There is a good story on me in connection with the group of lakes into the naming of which I have just gone into detail. After the names got on the Forest map and began to be shown, a group of men from Cashmere, game enthusiasts, went out to plant the lakes with trout fry. Near Lake Flora they found still another lake which I and other forest officials had missed and which was neither named nor shown on the map. 'Hugh!' said Jack Gonser, 'This must be Lake Brigham.' When they returned they told me of it with great glee. I told them, 'Fine, it shall be Lake Brigham.' And now Brigham is on the map surrounded by his harem.

You asked me if I had any system in my naming. The naming of lakes, as I have told above, was the nearest to systematic naming that I came. I did plan a system for naming the principal ridges or ranges. The main waterways were already named, in great measure by the Indians. The ranges and ridges between them were not. My system was all right in theory, but it bogged down in practice. I would call the ridge, range or divide to the left looking upstream by the same name as the waterway. This worked with the Chelan mountains lying to the left of Lake Chelan, the Entiat mountains to the left of the Entiat and Columbia rivers, and the Chiwawa Ridge to the left of the Chiwawa river, then biff! I got White Mountain between the two forks of White River, and by the time I reached the ridge between the White River and Little Wenatchee River I had switched my stance and Wenatchee Ridge lay to the right of Little Wenatchee River looking upstream. Nason Ridge, the Chiwaukum Mountains, and Icicle Ridge follow the switched-over plan, lying to the right of their correspondingly named water courses looking upstream.

The name 'Wenatchee Mountains' was applied by the topographers or some one who preceded them, possibly the Army in the days when there was a post at Fort Simcoe, to the eastern end of the divide separating the two master valleys of the region, the Wenatchee and Yakima, but I have extended it to include the whole length of this divide extending from the Columbia River on the east to the crest of the Cascade Mountains on the west.

In the Kittitas County part of the Forest, that part in the Yakima River drainage area, I have continued naming the main ridges from the waterway to the left looking upstream, that is the west, Teanaway Ridge, Kachess Ridge and Keechelus Ridge, and have just now discovered or realized that what should have been named the Cle Elum Mountains or Range, has never been named at all. I have taken steps to correct that by recommending it to my present successor in the office of forest supervisor.

Name Sources

**Indian:** Surviving names from the original inhabitants. Larger streams and lakes.

**Chinook:** A few existing names, that is, existing at the time when settlement was beginning by the whites. I have drawn on this source for some of my own naming.

**Early Settlers:** Mostly names of small streams and canyons, occasional mountains or peaks.

**Miners and Prospectors:** Lakes, peaks, streams. Some of these named by themselves, some by my men or myself.

**Sheepmen:** Some names, not very many, contributed by them, but mostly their surnames or given names have served as a handle for me.

**Forest Service Men:** Rangers and officers attached to my office aided me greatly in the lengthening list.

**Railroads:** The Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway Companies named all their stations.
**Indian Names:** Many Indian names survive in the northwest, primarily in stream names, some lakes and the great volcanic snow and glacier-capped peaks. That is, they survive in history and story, but all too many are lost to common use and general knowledge. In fact very few of the Indian names for mountains and peaks are now in use. Streams and lakes have fared better. Here on the Wenatchee Forest most of the larger streams and some of the creeks retain their Indian names. We have Wenatchee, Entiat (qua), Chiwawa, Peshastin, Nahahum, Swakane, Stemilt, Nameum, Swauk, Teanaway, Cle Elum, Colockum, Tarpiscan, Quilomene, stream names, and Lakes Chelan, Keechelus, Kachess and Waprus. There are Lakes Wenatchee and Cle Elum, but the streams of the same name were the Indian names, the whites attaching the names to the lakes. There are also Kachess and Waprus Rivers, but in these cases the lakes are the more important features and probably were the ones named by the Indians.

It is interesting that the Indians of different tribes and geographic areas used different endings for their stream names. In the Puget Sound area is was *mish,* as witness Snohomish, Duwamish, Skykomish. Snoqualmie was undoubtedly first Snoqualmish. The Yakima tribes used the ending *um or eum* as in Nameum, Umptanum, Taneum, Cle Elum. In the Wenatchee district the ending was *qua,* and early maps show Entiat as Entiatqua, 'grassy water,' and the Columbia was Umpqua, 'big water.' Our present White River, which flows into Lake Wenatchee and with the Little Wenatchee furnishes the larger part of the water for the Wenatchee River, was called by the Indians Napectaqua, 'white or muddy water.' Last year the Board of Geographic Names approved my recommendation to change North Fork of White River, a considerable stream in its own right, to Napectaqua, thus reestablishing the old name. Both branches are glacier-fed and in hot weather very milky.

Wenatchee means 'great opening out of the mountains' (or 'river issuing from a canyon,' which amounts to the same thing), as the river debouches into the head of the Wenatchee valley directly from a deep and rugged canyon, now called Tumwater, a Chinook word meaning 'rough water.' Other tribes called the Wenatchees the Wenatchee-pams, that is, the people living on the Wenatchee.

The first tributary of the Wenatchee River after it issues from Wenatchee Lake is Nason Creek. It gets its name from Charley Nason, a Wenatchee Indian, who had a squatter claim in its lower valley during early settlement days. I resent the name. His Indian name was Mow-no-nas-et. He boasted in his old age (of course he might have been a liar) that he and another Wenatchee Indian killed two white men on Umptanum Creek in about 1855, one of the killings that brought on the Yakima Indian War of that year. The Indian name for Nason Creek was Na-ta'poc. I did not learn its meaning. I have preserved the name, however, by giving it to a mountain lying between the creek and the Wenatchee River.

Four miles below the mouth of Nason Creek the Wenatchee is joined by the Chiwawa River from the east, which occupies a fine glacial valley extending approximately thirty miles southeastward from the Cascade Mountains summit. The 'wawa' part of this word is good Chinook and I had presumed it was a Chinook word, but was told by my Wenatchee Indian informant, Louis Judd, that it is old Indian and means 'last canyon next to the mountains.' The next considerable stream emptying into the Wenatchee below the Chiwawa is Chiwaukum Creek. This is good Indian without any question and means 'Many little creeks running into big one,' which well describes the actual situation. Five branches of approximately equal size unite reasonably close together to make up the main stream.

At the head of the Wenatchee Valley and but little below where the river issues from its canyon it is joined by Icicle Creek. This word is a corruption or more properly a derogation of its Indian name which was Na'sik-elt. Place an N at the beginning of Icicle and a T at its end and you practically have the Indian word. I can imagine an early white asking an Indian the name of its stream. The Indian gutturally replied 'Nasikelt,' and the white taking it as 'Icicle,' it has been taken that way ever since. The original word means 'narrow bottom
canyon or gorge.' And that is a very good description of the stream, though it does not give an adequate idea of its depth and grandeur.

Going on down the Wenatchee River about four miles we come to Peshastin Creek. It is on the route used by U. S. troops traveling from the Fort Simcoe Indian Reservation in the southern Yakima country to the Wenatchee Valley in search of hostiles or to remove the Indians to the reservation. The records of early commanders speak of this as Pish Pish Astin Creek, which gives the same sound effect as the present spelling. The word means 'broad bottom canyon,' a very good description of the first eight or nine miles of it, the antithesis of Nasikelt.

I gather that the Indians had the ability to put into a word meanings, pictures and descriptions that it takes our more complicated civilization sentences, even paragraphs and pages to convey.

**Chinook Jargon.** Chinook is a jargon devised by the Hudson Bay Company for use of its factors and trappers in their dealings with the Northwest Indians and served too for communication between the tribes, each of which had at least to a certain extent its own language. Chinook has a dictionary, but no grammar. Inflection plays a considerable part in conveying meanings of the same word. There are but few place names in Chinook in this district of a date prior to my entering the picture, and I have added relatively few. Chumstick Creek is a small stream entering the Wenatchee River just east of Leavenworth from the north. It means 'mark on a tree.'

Chikamin Creek is a tributary of the Chiwawa River. The earlier issues of the USGS Chiwaukum Quadrangle showed this stream as Chickerman Creek. I was unable to find any record of any one known as Chickerman. The valley of the Chiwawa widens at the mouth of this stream into a flat of several hundred acres which was a favorite camping site for Indians and probably before the horse a village site. It was undoubtedly a place where the traders came to meet the Indians and buy their furs. Chikamin is Chinook for money or price. 'Concha chikamin' (What is your price, or Count your money) were words so often used and heard that the name became attached to the place and then to the stream. It is not surprising that the topographers unfamiliar with Chinook or the early history of the region wrote the word 'Chickerman,' presuming it was a man's name. Of course I could not take oath to all this, but the Board of Geographic Names accepted 'Chikamin,' and the stream is now shown with that name on later issues of the quadrangle.

Squillchuck, the name of a small stream entering the Columbia at the Wenatchee, is Chinook. The word means brown or muddy water. Olallie is Chinook for berry, primarily the service (often called service) berry, but also used for the huckleberry.

I have used Chinook words in some of my naming. An Indian creek in the Entiat watershed has two branches. One I called Tillicum, 'friend,' and the other Kloochman, which usually means 'wife,' though it may sometimes mean women generally. A ridge between two important streams needed a name. It is of sandstone formation. Chinook has no word for sandstone, but sand is 'polallie,' so my ridge became Polallie Ridge.

In counting, three is 'klone.' Up near the Cascade Summit in the Icicle watershed lie three lakes with a common outlet. I called them 'Klonaqua Lakes.' You may say I was mixing Indian and Latin, a gross error, but in the Wenatchee tongue 'qua' is water, so I feel all right about it with just a mixture of Chinook and Wenatchee.

Klone Peak does not mean Three Peaks, for I named it from a dog of mine for which I paid three dollars and called him Klone. His full name was Klone Pesitkim, three and a half, for I hadn't had him long until he killed a chicken for which I had to pay a half a dollar.

**Early Settlers' Names.** The fur trappers and traders were the first outlanders to visit and make use of the Wenatchee and Yakima watersheds. They were probably in and out of the region from about 1812 to 1840 or 1845. It is not likely that their use was very intensive. They certainly left little that remains in the way of names or monuments to tell of their vagrant occupancy.
There is a site on the Cle Elum River, a tributary of the Yakima, called Salmon la Sac, which smacks of the French voyageur. About 1910 or 1912 a ranger and I were cruising out a new trail route well up toward the head of the Little Wenatchee, following more or less a very dim old trail. We cut out an old blaze which had grown over. By counting the growth rings on the new wood that had grown over the old blaze we estimated that the blaze had been made between 1830 and 1840. Undoubtedly the work of the old fur trappers.

C. J. Conover, my assistant supervisor for a number of years, was daffy about Indian relics, artifacts and the like. At one time he dug into an old Indian house site on the banks of the Wenatchee River a few miles below Lake Wenatchee. Among other things he found copper kettles which were favorite trade goods with fur traders. A pine tree estimated to be about a hundred years old had grown up through the house site since its abandonment, which again gave us a reasonable guess on the date of the traders' activities. Chumstick and Squilchuck Creeks, already mentioned herein, may well have been trader names.

A Catholic mission was established in the Wenatchee valley at what is now called Cashmere in 1863 by Father Raspari. Eventually a little town grew up there, which for many years was called Mission, but was changed to Cashmere in 1904. Judge James A. Chase, a Cashmere citizen, who had visited the Vale of Kashmir, plugged for the new name and won. The name Mission survives in Mission Peak and Creek, the creek descending from high mountains to the south and joining the Wenatchee River at the town. The creek undoubtedly had an Indian name originally, but it has been completely lost.

The real settlement of the Wenatchee area by whites from 'back East' began in 1871 and continued through the '80s. The Great Northern railroad was built through in 1899. While new people continued to come for another ten years or more, the period of early settlement may be considered to have stopped with the coming of the railroad.

The names of many of the settlers are kept alive in the names of creeks and canyons. Nearly all such place names seem to be a natural sequence rather than until he checks out, but Burns Creek goes babbling on forever. Joe Moe lives a deliberate naming. Bobby Burnes lives beside a little branch of the Entiat in a certain canyon, and the world gives his name to it. A fine mountain rises from the confluence of the Wenatchee and Columbia Rivers. A family of Burches lived on or under it. The Burches have passed on, but Burch Mountain remains, a monument to their living. I do not know how many such place names we have here, but they must run into hundreds, undoubtedly the most prolific source of place names we have in the area.

Miners and Prospectors. These words may seem synonymous when it comes to place naming. Actually they are not. I think no prospector who did nothing but prospect ever got his name on a map, but if when prospecting he found something that looked good to him and settled down to develop it, ran some tunnel, maybe not over a hundred feet, maybe two hundred, then he became a miner even though his mine never proved of value. It is from such men that we get some place names, their own perhaps if bestowed by fellows like you and me, some charming or happy ones if the result of their own caprice or whimsy. Some we have in the latter class are Sprite Lake, Paddy-Go-Easy Pass, Cathedral Rock. Massie Lake, Leland Creek, Van Epps Creek, Lynch Glacier, Koppen Mountain are the names of old-timers whom I elected to honor.

Sheepmen. This includes owners, herders and packers or camptenders. The east slopes of the Cascade Range in both Washington and Oregon have been used by sheepmen for summer pasturage for their flocks for forty to fifty years. When much of this area was included in the national forests some 35 to 45 years ago the Forest Service took over the supervision of the range and issued permits for a specified number of sheep to approved applicants on definitely described allotments.

This led to a rather close relationship between sheepmen and forest officers. The details are interesting but not particularly pertinent to the present discussion. Allotments were named and definitely described, which made necessary names for such landmarks as streams, ridges and mountains. Even before this sheepmen had themselves given names to certain salient features, like Duncan Hill, for instance. Duncan was an early owner who used the range on Duncan Hill. We owe the
herders for such names as Medicine Ridge, Mosquito Ridge, Garland Peak. I got more names, however, for my own lists by appropriating surnames and given names of owners and herders. Billy Creek and Billy Ridge were for Billy Knox, from him too Knox Lake; Malcolm Mountain from an owner; Vicente Creek from a Spanish herder. One of the most fascinating names on the Forest is 'Butterfly Butte,' so named by French herders of owner Paul Lauzier.

**Railroads.** The Great Northern Railway Company furnished such names as Drury, Winton, Dardanelles, Merritt, Gaynor and Berne, for their stations. The Drury station is now abandoned, but the name lives in the beautiful Drury Falls in Fall Creek, which joins the Wenatchee River opposite the site of the discontinued Drury. The Northern Pacific gave us Upham and Martin, the Milwaukee Hyak. They took Hyak, however, from my Hyak Creek and Lake, a Chinook name.

Names of my own choosing followed no definite plan but were often the result of some incident of the trail, fancied resemblances, happy or unhappy whimsies, and what you will. An assistant lost a new camera on a mountain. I called it Kodak Peak. The top of another mountain had a fancied resemblance to an Indian head-dress, and became Indian Head. Two peaks stand close together on the south side of one of our Indian creek canyons. I named them David and Jonathan. David now has a trail to its top and a fire lookout on its head. A gloomy peak stands across the canyon from them, glowering I fancied, and that became Mount Saul.

My friend Emile Matthes, who mapped the Colorado Grand Canyon, brought down on his head the wrath of Amerophiles by using Hindu temple names for its temples. I avoided such displeasure by creating an American Poet group on the range north of the Little Wenatchee River. Irving, Poe, Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier stand guard over the realm of the panther and the ibex. A big mountain stands across the Little Wenatchee from the poets' corner. I had wanted a name for it, but the old bean hadn’t clicked. Then one day I was studying it on the topographic map. There are two lakes nearly at its top and some steep cliffs. The contour lines crowded so close together that even with a glass it was almost impossible to decipher them. A perfect maze, I thought. Then the name I wanted came, Labyrinth Mountain, and the lakes were Theseus and Minotaur.

Another name that I felt was a happy one came on a trip I made on foot, into the head of Snow Creek in the Mount Stuart Range. There are two fine lakes, large for high mountain lakes, near the head of Snow Creek, called Snow Lakes. I camped between them overnight and the next morning went on up the creek to see what I could see. There I found five or six most beautiful small lakes grouped in a wonderful glacial valley all ringed with alpine larch. From the highest up over an entrancing fall tumbled the water it received from a small glacier. It was an enchanting scene. I named the group Enchantment Lakes. I must presume they had been seen before by some goat hunter or seeker of water for irrigation, but the topographer had overlooked them in mapping the Mount Stuart Quadrangle.

Before I stop talking about my own names I want to tell you of three more. One day on the Mount Adams Quadrangle an Indian came to me as I was working over the plane table. He showed me some roots he had been gathering and gave me a piece of chew. It was like ginseng. He told me that as young man he gathered quantities of these roots and took them to the Sioux country to trade for buffalo robes. The Indians were greater travelers and traders than we ordinarily give them credit for. He told me his name was Cloudy Camiacca. I didn't use that name at the time but remembered it, and later when mapping a part of the Yosemite National Park I applied it to a rather fine peak there. I thought I was playing quite a joke on Californians and at the same time giving Camiacca a final trip. I am sure he would have enjoyed the joke too.

On another day that same summer another Yakima Indian came to me on a plane-table station. I was set up on the rim of a deep crater-like canyon in the bottom of which was a lake of some two to three miles long and a mile or so wide. I asked the Indian what its name was. It was something of a mystery lake. I had not heard of it, nor was it shown on any old maps of the regions. He waved
his arm as though including the whole region, said "Walupt," and told me this story. Once long, long ago a great Yakima hunter chased a mighty deer with great spreading antlers for many days. He wasted some arrows but could never get close enough to make a kill. Finally the deer led him to this canyon and down to the lake, where he plunged in, swam around for a while, then disappeared. Ever since then some hunter whose chase leads him to this lake sees the great deer appear out of the water, his great antlers held high, and swimming around for a while disappear again into the depths. I named the lake Walupt, but the name evidently applies to the whole region about and tells the whole story to the initiated.

This is but another version of a very old legend which is applied by one tribe or another to lakes of the region. In some cases it is a great fish, or a great beaver, and a sea serpent, which even the whites have been privileged to see in Lake Okanogan. The legend may be much wider spread, I do not know, but I like Walupt the best of all.

One day on the Mt. Aix Quadrangle I think I rather outdid the fellows who make period furniture from Grand Rapids originals. I made a perfectly good Indian out of a twa braw Scots. Toward the summit of the Cascades in the Carlton Pass area there stands a fine example of a volcanic cinder cone rising some 1500 feet above the general level of the terrain. I asked a shepherd its name. He said, "We call it the 'Two Macs Mountain.'" He then told of two Scotch shepherders, McDuff and McAdam, who used to race their bands to try to be first to get the pasturage on this mountain. I spelled two TU and added 'mac' to it for Tumac, which makes as fine a looking Indian name as I will ask you to find anywhere. My guess is that it takes humor as well as whimsy to name names.

—FINIS—

". . . . he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
goed down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."
(Edwin Markham.)

*Acknowledgement form:
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G. Profitt, Associate Director, October 17, 1944).

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Report from Snoqualmie Lodge Site

Considerable progress has been made in the building program this last summer. Starting with virgin forest the following improvements have been made:

A good trail from the road to the building site has been constructed. The water tank and a considerable amount of 2-inch pipe have been moved from the old Snoqualmie Lodge site.

The water system has been laid out. A dam has been constructed and several hundred feet of pipeline dug.

The right-of-way for the electric wires from the highway to the site has been cleared.

A contract has been made with a logging company that will give us a good road, a bulldozed building site, a ski hill cleared with the stumps cut close to the ground, and $1250 cash. This clearing will enable the club to construct a ski lift for operation during the winter season of 1947-48 if materials can be obtained.

A combination rest room and tool house has been constructed. Considering the difficulties we have made good progress this year, and hope to be able to do better next year. Unless material shortages or government regulations prevent us, we expect to build the basic Lodge building next summer.

All club members who can, should plan to give some of their time for work parties. This new lodge should fill the present need for more skiing facilities as well as give us a good climbing and week-end vacation spot. We'll be seeing you on next summer's work parties.
Cascade Pass Climbers' Outing

BY KEITH RANKIN

The success of last year's initial Climbers' Outing demanded a second. Meetings were held and the week of August 4 to 11 formally set aside for the occasion. Last year's second choice, the seldom-visited heart of the Cascade Divide centering about mile-high Cascade Pass, was selected as the locale.

A dozen peaks whose glacier-hung bulwarks and steep jagged crests promised difficult climbing awaited us. Nestled among them were miles of alplands studded with gemlike pools of icy clearness, which offered a variety of beauty-filled hikes for those content with less strenuous excursions.

Preliminary estimates of "twenty to thirty" outing-goers proved erroneous as last-minute private plans and transportation difficulties took a heavy toll of signers. By Friday, August 2d, our number had reached an all-time low. Eight of us were left. Undismayed, we left town piled high with equipment and provisions to spend a warm night in the dusty grass of Lake Chelan State Park.

Following an early morning dip in the pleasant waters of the lake, we drove on up the west shore to 25-Mile Dock, where cars were stored and passage obtained on the speedy motor launch which plies the narrow, rockbound length of the lake from Chelan to Stehekin. The boat trip through the fiordlike confines of the shimmering lake was a happy experience. Lolling on the sunny deck, we watched the granite hills about us increase in size and steepness as we churned rapidly northward.

At Stehekin we piled into "Andy" Anderson's overburdened taxi and were soon wheeling up the valley alongside the foaming trough of the swiftly flowing Stehekin River. Beyond Bridge Creek the road conditions became steadily worse. Boulders, minor washouts, and windfallen snags seemed equally unimportant obstacles to "Andy," our Chicago-born driver, as he unconcernedly throttled his juggernaut through the brush-lined remnant of what was once a road. As Andy remarked in his high-pitched voice, "the only difference between driving taxi in Chicago and along this here road is that the logs don't move, by cracky." A short distance from Cottonwood camp, notwithstanding, our transportation balked at the prospects of negotiating a major washout, and we were politely abandoned to the mercy of the wilderness.

An overly inquisitive swarm of mosquitoes, gnats and flies helped to speed final preparations as we sorted our gear. Then, staggering under the weight of loads up to seventy-five pounds, we toiled upstream along what remained of the former road. At the "rockslide" we piked up the stony path which carried us across the boulder fields and on up a series of brushy switchbacks to the timbered ridge above Pelton Lake. Somehow we managed to stumble down the hillside, and emerging from the forest, located a suitable camping spot as darkness blanketed the open valley about us. Cheerful campfires lent their warmth and brilliance to the night as we undertook the task of setting up camp.

Morning showed our campsite to be ideally situated. Alongside a cold glacial stream draining southeastward into shallow Pelton Lake, the locality commanded an inspiring panorama of rugged terrain in every direction. A mile to the west the meadowed gap of Cascade Pass hung artfully between the terrific wall of Mt. Elsbeth (Johannesburg) and the gentler, snow-laden slopes of Sahale. To the south, steep snow and ice couloirs led up to snowy passes on either side of Magic Mountain, promising access to the climbers' paradise beyond. Northward also rose the mountain scene, with the ragged teeth of Horseshoe Ridge leading the eye eastward to the white-patched hulk of Buckner Mountain. After a leisurely breakfast on the sunlit meadows of our new camp, we sauntered up the valley to Cascade Pass and thence north along the broad, meadowed ridge to the snowfields of Sahale Mountain (8715'). Climbing directly up the snow and boulder-strewn slopes to the summit pinnacle, we roped together and replaced our boots with tennis shoes for the steep climb to its top.

The following day, August 5th, four of us tackled Magic Mountain via the steep couloir and glacier leading to a 6700-foot pass due south of camp. From this col the approach to the south route used on Magic's first ascent in 1938...
seemed infeasible. Cutting back, we crossed the head of the glacier to the base of the north face. Climbing in two roped teams, we abandoned boots and ice axes, then mounted six hundred feet of steep rock to the sharp summit tower. Belaying carefully, we overcame two exposed pitches to reach easier broken ledges near the summit and a second ascent was ours.

That same night a cold, steady downpour began which turned to sleet and snow by morning and kept us pinned in our dripping tents until late the following day.

The morning following the storm, August 7th, dawned clear and bright, but the sight of new snow plastered on the cliffs above discouraged most of us from any attempt to make a serious rock climb. One party, however, found an interesting route up the east ridge of a prominent 7000-foot peak near camp which was subsequently named Pelton Peak for the lake at its base. From its crest the conquerors completed the traverse down the crumbling western slope to the Pelton-Magic col from which a fast glissade brought them most of the distance to camp.

On August 8th a party of four set out to meet the challenge of Forbidden Peak (9000'), which proved to be the most difficult as well as the highest climb accomplished during the outing. From Cascade Pass over two miles of steep hillsides, rock slides and snow slopes were traversed in reaching the base of the pyramidal giant rising supremely above the long ridge between Boston and Eldorado. Using the same general route as that of the only previous ascent, we belayed one another up the treacherous crooked couloir to the beginning of the rock climbing, then worked our way along the exposed back of the long granite ridge which sweeps, magnificently eastward to the twin summits. The extreme care necessary on this climb rapidly ate up our meager reserve of daylight as we worked our way down the ridge after the successful second ascent. Only a full moon prevented an enforced bivouac, as we were able to descend the 45° couloir by its light and find our way back to our encampment after an eighteen-hour absence.

The next day was spent in more leisurely pursuits. While a few of us practiced technique on a dozen or more assorted Glacier Boulders' near at hand, the anglers of the party tried their luck in iceberg-filled Doubtful Lake with encouraging results. Beginners and veterans alike pulled 'em from the well-stocked depths almost at will. The memory of the savory scent of frying trout which drifted about camp thereafter is a pleasant one, I assure you.

Then, almost before we knew it, the time had come for us to leave our beautiful camp with its sweeping alpine views and hike back down the trail to Andy's taxi and Lake Chelan. We hadn't climbed as many peaks as we would have liked, but our efforts were not all in vain. The country is unusually rugged and the peaks difficult of approach, so that some loss of time for reconnaissance purposes was inevitable. Boston, Buckner, Daiber, Elsbeth, Mixup, Sharkfin, Spider, Trapper and others must await our return. Here is an alpine paradise worth returning to again and again. We're coming back soon. Won't you join us?

MEMBERS OF 1946 CLIMBERS' OUTING

Adelaide Degenhardt
William Degenhardt
Arthur Holben
Richard Merritt

Martin Ochsner
Keith H. Rankin
Herbert Staley
Florence Wedell

1-2-4
1-2-4
1-2-4
1-2-4

*Note—Numerals refer to peaks climbed as per list below:

(1) Forbidden Mtn. 9000 Ft.
(2) Magic Mtn. 7600 Ft.
(3) Pelton Peak 7000 Ft.
(4) Sahale Mtn. 8715 Ft.

*See 1940 Mountaineers' Annual, pages 35-36.
CASCADE PASS OUTING

Forbidden Peak showing route of 2nd ascent—Rankin

"The Gang"—Degenhardt

"Ye Olde Swimming Hole"

Andy's Taxi—Degenhardt

Magic Mtn. showing route of 2nd ascent—Rankin

Triplets in background—Degenhardt
Around the Mountain

BY ELENOR BUSWELL

Very early in the outing it became apparent that I had been extremely fortunate in the choice of my first summer outing. Here were an exceptionally fine group of people, excellent food and plenty of it, good management, and last, but not least, Mt. Rainier itself, something I'd always wanted to know more about.

The day we went into our first camp at Van Trump Park was perfect. The busses and private cars straggled into Longmire from 9:30 on. People started on to camp as fast or as slow, in friendly groups or couples, as they chose. Although there wasn't a cloud cap on the mountain, one hung over camp. Hugo (our baker) had gone into camp the night before, and early next morning, while lining up camp, had fallen and cut his hand. We learned about this unfortunate accident when he joined us at Longmire, a bandage covering the fifteen stitches required to keep the wound together. Being the good sport he is, of course, he would continue on the outing. This handicap didn't affect the quality and quantity of baked goods turned out as far as I could determine. Our first dinner was excellent and we all enjoyed it in the most beautiful setting, while basking in a 6 p.m. summer sun. The pack train had a little difficulty and tents and beds were ready for occupancy much ahead of bedtime, but who cared if he slept "out" under such a heavenly sky? By now the outing was well under way with people readily catching the spirit of things.

There was no "breaking in" period. Rising call on Sunday morning was the beginning of three weeks of early and earlier rising. At 5:30 a.m., we "rolled out" for today we were to travel by highline or lowline, to Indian Henry's. Another perfect day was in store, and after a hearty breakfast, one group under the leadership of Aimee Hand started onward and upward over the moraine and glacier for camp, while the rest took the woodsy Wonderland Trail. From 8 until 4 we highliners had a grand trip with the most wonderful glissading I've ever experienced. Most of us enjoyed the standing glissade, but as Anne Mount wrote in diary, the "bottom down" method was fun too. Because of the good weather, many wore shorts, and consequently, there were many pairs of rather badly sunburned legs.

The pack train arrived at 4:50 and with the aid of willing hands, camp was set up and supper prepared. Afterward, at campfire we underwent our first official introductions. A report on the day's activities by various people, the reading of the ever-present "committees" and singing marked our second campfire; the length of which was severely curtailed by the settling of a very wet cloud. Since several duffie bags had been left behind at Van Trump and had yet to be retrieved by bedtime, those of us more fortunate helped to make those orphans comfortable for the night. Seems to me only one had to sleep out by the campfire.

Monday we were left to our own devices as we stayed at Indian Henry's another day. Some climbed Pyramid, Crystal or Iron Peaks, or all three. The cook entertained those of us in camp with songs, accompanying himself on Patience's guitar. Much picture-taking, making new friends, mending and repairing, and the usual Monday wash was the order of the day. Hugo, despite his injured hand, turned out deep dish apple pies and butter cookies. This day the weather was very mediocre, with clouds coming and going. The pack train went down to the Tahoma Creek campground for more supplies. Again our campfire that evening was broken up by a heavy mist, but not too unhappily, as a 5:30 rising call was in order for our trip to Klapache the next day. I should add before going on much further, that owing to the ever-present 43 horses, it seemed that we were vacationing at a dude ranch or out on the range. The steady "clomp-clomp" of grazing animals around one's tent at night and the continual moving of same, made some of us uneasy and inclined to sleep with our feet curled up under our chins so as not to get stepped on.

There were some plans for a highline party on Tuesday on our way to Klapache, but the foggy weather changed all that and the whole party took to the trail leading down to Tahoma Creek, up over Emerald Ridge, and past
St. Andrew's Lake, which incidentally, was still frozen over. The only special event this day was the “road crew” turning out to make a substantial trail on several snowbanks that might have been troublesome for the pack train. Upon our arrival, large campfires were built, and luckily so, because it was 7:30 before our duffle was delivered. In the light of one Coleman lantern, we ate dinner at the very fashionable hour of 9 p.m. We retired after a short campfire, anticipating a late breakfast call of 9 a.m. Imagine!

Wednesday came in a somewhat warmer and clearer package. This was a most lovely campsite. But then, each place seemed to be nicer than the last throughout the whole trip. Every one to his own interests again—some off to Tokaloo Rock, Aurora or St. Andrew's Lake, while the pack train again trekked down to the highway for supplies—fresh peaches, grapefruit and cantaloupes. The cooks were kept busy protecting the butter, pork chops and fresh bread from the Camp Robbers. Had an especially good campfire and program on this evening. The weather seemed on the mend when some one spied the new moon and stars, and a most spectacular reflection of the mountain on the lake. Spirits rose and we retired fairly early again in expectation of the highline trip the next day.

Up on time only to be greeted by fog and the announcement that there would be no highline that day. However, at the very last minute, the sun broke through and a large group blithely set off and what turned out to be a 14-hour stroll, via Tokaloo Rock and Puyallup Cleaver to 9000 feet under St. Andrews Rock, and finally down a long ridge into Golden Lake and our beds. At the request of the Spring boys, photographers you know, 18 or 20 of us roped up and ventured out on a crevassed section of Puyallup Glacier. Shortly after noon, one in our party became ill, but being game, forced herself to keep up with us for two or three hours, until it became necessary for her to stop to rest frequently. Those of us not assigned to stay with her went on ahead and sent back a saddle horse to assist our sick friend. Very kind people with willing hands set up the “wayfarer” tents, and most appreciative were we so served.

I’ll have to return to Golden Lakes one day to see more of that spot as we left that camp bright and early Friday morning on our way to Mowich Lake. This was another one of our nicer days; not as scenic as some, but a leisurely trip and a glorious day. The most eventful happening was the crossing of the Mowich River. Logs had been felled and “live” rope railings provided by the “advance” party. Several of our group fell in, providing the only diversion. (No one injured.) Many of you will be interested to know that Peyton Farrer joined us at Mowich Lake, for the weekend only, however.

On Saturday old friends left for home and new ones made their appearance. Since the trip to Spray Park was a short one, some folks hiked to Eunice Lake and Mt. Tolmie before going on to Saturday evening’s camp. Swimming was very popular on this summer day in Lakes Eunice, Mowich and the two lakes at Spray Park.

Camp at Spray Park became almost permanent. We spent three nights there. Much climbing was available and utilized. Trips were made to Echo, Observation, Hesson, Mr. Pleasant, Mother and Faye.

Sunday supper consisted of, believe it or not, turkey and all the trimmings, and was it good! For campfire entertainment that night, the program committee had arranged for a talk by Dr. Pearce, an eminent astronomer from the observatory at Victoria, B.C. For a short while it seemed the lecture would have to be postponed due to unfavorable weather conditions, but suddenly the heavens cleared and all of us enjoyed the presentation by a most entertaining gentleman. Whether we understood the terminology or not, didn’t seem to matter, for we did like this new personality that had just joined our outing.

So far the mosquito had been present but in minus quantity. Oh, happy day. Monday was another of those wonderful days, doing what one wants, and also the uninteresting tasks of washing, mending, etc. The atmospheric conditions did a right about face toward evening and turned cold and very windy. Seemed there was a storm abrewing...

White Christmas—Tuesday, August 6! Four-thirty rising call! Fourteen miles today! Such a morning, but it had its own humor and beauty, nevertheless. Again quoting Anne Mount, "Breakfast was a rather damp affair. Shadowy
figures huddled around the cookfire at 5 a.m. The only bit of humor was supplied by the different rain garb worn by various people. They ranged from walking tents which completely obscured the wearer, his pack and a vicinity of 5 square yards, to the mundane, but ever present slicker." Since the packers had slept through their rising call and there seemed little chance of getting the horses loaded in time for such a long jaunt, starting time for the hikers was also delayed. However the time was put to good use and wet sleeping bags were dried out around the campfire. Plans were changed the last minute and we were to camp that night below Cataract Falls, at the end of the Ipsut Creek road.

Owing to the previous night's storm, there had been little sleep, so to bed early seemed a good idea. Before bedtime the weather took a turn for the better and was clearing.

The usual 5:30 rising call this Wednesday morn, and we awakened to the promise of a beautiful day in which to travel on to Mystic Lake. The mosquito situation was bad here, making up for all the days we had missed the darling things. Besides that, the duffle was delayed again, but commissary came through on time and that was the main item. The sunset glow on the mountain that evening was magnificent, the best yet. This was also one of our biggest and best campfires. That evening the group from east of the Mississippi put on a very excellent, original and humorous skit.

Once again we were roused out of a heavy slumber at the unheard of hour of 4:30, for on this especially fine Thursday morning the whole gang was to travel by highline over the Winthrop Glacier, via St. Elmo Pass into Starbo Camp. The rope leaders for the climb of the mountain on Saturday had been assigned and so the climbers left the main body of hikers about the middle of the Winthrop crossing and traveled among the crevasses to about 8500 just for a workout. Leo had scheduled the packers to pick up that evening's supper at White River camp after they got into Starbo. Because they came in too late our cooks had a chance to really prove their great culinary skills by turning out a very excellent makeshift dinner.

On Friday we had a lazy morning organizing packs, taping feet, and washing that would have to last until Sunday. At 12:30 we were to partake of a hot supper made up from supplies marked "Thursday Supper, Starbo" proving "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Paul Shorrock, assisted by his wife Gertrude, checked our equipment and acquired our signatures, and finally at 2:30, 55 of us were off for high camp at Steamboat Prow.

We experienced the most perfect weather at the Prow. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the sunset was a never to be forgotten scene. We could see Seattle, Lake Washington, the Sound, and even the Pacific Highway, and the whole airway route over the Cascades. Owing to this unforeseen beauty and an almost full moon, it was hard to get the climbers to quiet down and go to sleep. However . . . 2:20 a.m. came too soon and by 3 Saturday morning we were on the Glacier and roped and ready to go. There was, eventually, a nice sunrise to light our way, but no surprising or unusual events marked our climb and descent. The extra special glissading on the Prow almost went unnoticed due to most of us being too tired to really appreciate it. A cake all decorated with sugar doves, cherubs, roses, violets, lily of the valley and 'Happy Landing, Climbers' baked by Hugo, of course, was the climax of the trip. The announcement at campfire of a 9 o'clock breakfast the next morning was gratefully received.

While we had been climbing the mountain, the 12 mile walk to Sunrise and milkshakes, root beer floats, and sundaes had been successful, and was made again on Sunday by some of the climbers desiring same. Again the end of the week brought the parting of the ways for some of us, and also, a few new ones in to enjoy the last week of the trip. Those of us who had made "the climb" now relaxed and looked forward to another week. The previous week had been full of preparations, and the question, "Gee, I wonder if I'll be able to make it?" That was all over now. On Monday, all but a handful that went over the Emmons Moraine, took the trail to Summerland. Hugo had promised to make all the cinnamon rolls we could consume if his supplies came in in time. They did, he did, and we did (not mentioning several somebodies who ate 16 rolls apiece).
That night we were enveloped by a most spectacular combination of moonlight and fog during the latter part of the campfire. Paul and Gertrude Shorrock again joined us, as Paul was planning on climbing Little Tahoma the next day. An exclusive, fast party of men was making the trip.

We awoke on Tuesday to a cold, foggy day, but despite this, bathing and laundry once again were in vogue. One small party took off for Goat Island, while some scouted the trail to the Panhandle. While we in camp had uninteresting weather, fortunately, the boys on Tahoma were in the clear. However, it did clear enough for us to enjoy watching their glissading off the last two slopes of Meany Crest into camp just at supper time.

At campfire that night, again we could feel a storm being brought in by the wind. Sure enough, it blew so hard, some of the tents did collapse, and those of us in the ones that didn’t, wondered if and when ours might do likewise. The greatest loss, however, was just the loss of sleep.

Wednesday got off to a chilly and overcast start, but as the day wore on, the weather improved. The flowers were so lovely on Goat Island, another small party went there with picture-taking in mind. A trail crew developed and took off for work, for the pack train was also to take to the highline the next day. Otherwise, most of us put in another lazy day, reading, card playing, and signing the Round Robin. On our way to Indian Bar Thursday, some detoured to climb Cowlitz Chimneys. By this time we were aware that our gypsying days were almost over, and I for one did not enjoy the prospect of going back to a dirty old city and a stuffy old house with four walls. At campfire that night, the juniors entertained with a very humorous enacting of “The Highwayman” by Alfred Noyes.

By 6:30 Friday morning, most of us were on the trail bound for Reflection Lakes. Because of inclement weather the previous day, making the scouting of the highline impossible, everyone took to the lowline trail. Everything was fine until we hit the hot dry road up Stevens Canyon. Eventually, after what seemed an eternity, we arrived at the Lakes, and after a swim, some of us felt so revived, we trekked up to Paradise where eight of us consumed $4.25 worth of ice cream delights.

At the final dinner of the Outing, there were only two graduates to the “Six Peakers” John Carter and Walker Frederick. However, they and previous graduates were royally served by our fairest maidens, and later were presented their pins by Burge Bickford. According to tradition, the paper was read at campfire, and with the singing of Auld Lang Syne, we wrapped up the Round-the-Mountain-Outing in tissue for another six years.

MEMBERS OF SUMMER OUTING, 1946

Committee
Leo Gallagher
Francis Benjamin

Cooks
Harry Foster
Mrs. Harry Iverson

Helpers
Jerry O'Leary

Seattle Members
Mary Jane Allen
Meriel Atkinson
Dr. Frank Bowler
Dallas Bowser, B, C, E, K, N, O
Jerry Brandon, A, B, C, K
Robert Brown
Mrs. Robert Brown
Sally Brown, B
Eugene Browning, A, C
Lilliaa Browning, A, B, C
Joe Buswell, A, B, C, D, E, K, N, O
Elenor Buswell, A, B, E, I, N
Margarete Chalfant, P
Linda Coleman
T. R. Conway, B, F
Elizabeth Conway, B, M
Mary Conway, A, B, C, I, K, M, P, R
Tom Conway, A, B, C, E, I, K, M, N, R
Lois Davis
Beryl Elmslie
Fred Fenton, B, C, D, E, F, K, P, R
David Fenton, A, D, E, G, K, N, P, R, S
Margaret Fincke, A, B, D, E
Clarence Frenck, B, C, H
Stella Frost
Mabel Furry
Mildred Granger
Hazel Hauck
Frank Helsell
Mrs. Frank Helsell
Theodor Jacobsen, D, E, H
Louisa Kranz, C, D
Ladema Kuhn
Mrs. Clara Lahr, D, H
Helen Mercer
Elizabeth Mills, A, B, C, I, K, N, R
Velma Minnick
Dr. C. A. Mittun, A, B, K
Harvey Moore, P
Glenn Ostrom, I, G, H,
Patience Paschall
Bob Pollock, F
Phillip Rogers, A, B, C, D, E, K, N, O
William Rueter, E
Mrs. Kathleen Rueter, E

Kathleen Rueter, A, C, C, E, K, O
Mary Ellen Russell
Madeline Ryder
Elizabeth Schmidt, F, P
Walter Smith, H, P
Elliott Spring
Mrs. Elliott Spring
Robert Spring, A, C, M
Mrs. Robert Spring, A, B, M
Ira Spring, A, C, E, H, M
Mary Stemke
Earl St. Aubins, I, G, H
Clara Storvick, A, B, C, D, E
June Sullivan, A
Lucia Taft, P, R
Edith Tweedy, F, N
Ellen Walsh
Arthur Young, B, C
G. Wendell Young, B, C

D. P. Wunderling, H

Tacoma Members

Rial Benjamin, B, C, D, E, F, H, K, N, P
Frances Benjamin, B, C, D, E, F, H, K, P, R
John Carter, A, C, D, E, G, I, K, N, O, S
Fred Corbit, D, E
Ruth Corbit, A, C, D, E, F, K, N, P, R
Dr. I. A. Drues, A, B, C, D, E, K, N
Edward Drues, B, C, D, E, G, I, K, N, O, P, R
O. D. Ewing
Walter Frederick, A, C, D, E, G, I, K, N, O, S
Leo Gallagher, K
Betty Lou Gallagher, A, B, F, I, K, M
Clarence Garner, D, E, F, H
Amy Grount, B, C, F, N, P, R

Kenneth Haagen, A, B, C, D, E, G, K, N, O
Amos Hand, R
Ann Jackson
Norma Judd, A, B, C, E, F, K, N
Albert Kelly, A, B, C, D, E, K, N
Marie Langham, K
Robert Lind, B, C, D, E, H
Dorothy Newcomer
Catherine Randall
Floyd Raver, A, B, C, E, F, K, L, N, O
Lois Raver, B, C, L
Geraldine Standaert, A, B, C, F, I, K
Mildred Vaught, R
Emerson Wonders, A, N
Agness Wood

Mazama Members

Lillie Bartlett, F, H
Barbara Bauman, A, B, C, E, I, K, M, P, R
Elsa Bucknell
Dwight Henderson, P
Daisy Henderson, B, E, H
Grace Houghton, A, B, P

D. P. Lamb, P
Anne Mount, A, E, I, M, P, R
Jack Nelson, F
Bessie Standbridge
Frederick Steed, A, E, M, N, R
Alice Young, A
Hazel Zimmer
Hedbig Zorb, A, B, D, E, P

Sierra Club Members

Mrs. Blanche Lamont, A, B, D, E, F, K
Niels Werner, A, B, I, P, R
Mrs. Niels Werner, A, B, I, P, R

Appalachian Mountain Club

Alfred Buscheck
Margaret Seikel
Phyllida Willis

American Alpine Club
D. A. MacInnes, B, F

Canadian Alpine Club
Joseph Pearse, A, B, C, E, N, O

Prairie Club

Claire Rutledge, F

Letters designate peaks as follows: A—Rainier; B—Observation; C—Echo;
D—Fay Peak; E—Pleasant Mountain; F—Goat Island; G—Little Tahoma; H—
Ruth Mountain; I—Cowlitz Chimney; K—Mineral Mountain; L—Old Desolate;
M—Tolmie Peak; N—Hessong Rocks; O—Mother Mountain; P—Pyramid Peak;
R—Crystal Mountain; S—Tokaloo Rock.
by Bob and Ira Spring

"A Stitch in Time," we hope

Nearing the Summit

"What's Cooking, Cookie?"

Campfire at Starbo
New Climbs in the Cascades

By Keith Rankin

Hidden deep in the folds of Washington's complex Cascade mountain system, an impressive assortment of virgin peaks, spires and towers awaits the venturesome mountaineer. Despite the efforts of a few first-ascent minded individuals whose growing list of accomplishments in recent years is a tribute to their skill and daring, another decade must surely pass before the last worthy summit is attained.

Those who ventured into the far-flung portions of our mighty Cascade chain to meet the challenge of unclimbed peak and pinnacle during the past summer were amply rewarded for their extra efforts. Five new, interesting climbs were achieved and a wealth of future climbing material uncovered.

TWIN PEAKS

As viewed from the headwaters of the South Fork Stillaguamish river, sharp-crested Twin Peaks (5995') suggests interesting and perhaps difficult climbing. June 9th brought Bill Herston, Mel Marcus, Dick Merritt and Keith Rankin together to investigate its possibilities.

With an early start we proceeded up the Perry Creek trail to a snow-filled basin north of Dickerman Mountain where our objective was visible for the first time to the southeast.

Up snow slopes of increasing steepness we toiled to reach the 5700' col dividing the sharp summits. Turning our attention to the high west peak, we made our way up steep rock to a shoulder beneath the imposing east wall where the sheerness forbade any attempt from that side. Working around to the south, a convenient ledge allowed us to pass under the overhanging south face and into a shallow, loose-rock gully, which in turn led us steeply upward to a narrow notch cleaving the final summit into two distinct parts.

Aided by ropes and soft-soled shoes we tackled the final climb. A short, slabby pitch followed by a steep, exposed lead brought us success as one-at-a-time, we reached the precarious perch atop the vertical summit flake.

A cairn was built to house our record of "first ascent," as no other claim to this honor could be found. Returning to the 5700' pass, we kicked steps up steep, hard snow, then scrambled up easy ledges to build a rock-pile on the east peak. Clouds swirled about us as we made our way back to the pass and turning our backs to the storm, glissaded rapidly homeward!

McCLELLAN PEAK

Rumors of unclimbed granitic giants in the Stuart Range* lured Bill Herston, Ken Prestrud and Keith Rankin into the Snow creek area southwest of Leavenworth on July 5th. At Nada Lake (5500') we dropped our heavy packs and continued on up the stony trail to Upper Snow Lake, where we marvelled at our first view of spire-bedecked McClellan Peak, rising majestically at the head of the valley. Crossing the narrow strip of land separating the two Snow lakes, we made our way without benefit of trail around the southern shore of the Upper Lake, traversing two miles of brushy hillside, open rock-slides and snowy gullies to reach extensive snowfields at the base of our peak. Here in the shadow of the north face we paused to pick out a route up the steep rock and intermittent snow to the ridge above.

Climbing steadily we mounted the firm granite rock, ropeing up as difficulties increased. Persistent snow fingers throughout the route prevented the use of tennis-shoes, whose loss was keenly felt as the angle of the face increased. Waving upward between huge gendarmes as we neared the crest of the east ridge, we suddenly topped the face and rejoiced in the warmth of the sunlight which had been denied us in the dark shadow of the face.

To the west, the summit ridge arched upward, drawing us onward. On massive granite ridges weathered into many shapes and forms we worked our way to the tiny platform on which a cairn and record-bottle were placed. We spent a few minutes on top, admiring the rugged array of spires and towers presented by Temple Mountain across the basin, then swung down the west ridge to reach a narrow snow finger by which we eventually were able to glissade most of the remaining distance to our route of ascent.
TEMPLE MOUNTAIN

The following morning, July 6th, we left our Nada Lake refuge to tackle the most formidable mass of mountain in the range, Temple (8400’). With rope and sneakers we scaled the canyon wall west of Nada Lake to reach the basin northwest of our adversary, from which we believed our peak to be most easily approached. Once in the basin, we experienced very little difficulty in finding a way up the rocky, open slopes to timberline on the ridge north of Temple.

Roping up, we plodded slowly up soft-surfaced snow fields to reach the lower extremity of a long, narrow snow finger cutting the granite face. From the upper reaches of this tongue, two rope-lengths of moderately steep rock brought us onto the ridge at the western footing of the summit tower.

Leaving boots and ice-axes behind, we advanced to the sheer pillar of piled granite blocks to try our luck with this tough-looking opponent. A stone-choked crack provided the hand and foot holds necessary to overcome the first fifty feet. Ken then proved his ability and endeared himself to our hearts by rhythmically scaling a 65° slab to reach the next belay station thirty feet above. A traverse to the left was necessary to avoid the large, holdless mass rising vertically before us. A short but tricky loose-rock chimney brought us to a narrow notch of the summit block from which we gazed down into the vertical depths bounding the north and east faces. A chinning hold,—a short, exposed traverse along the narrow ridgetop followed by another short, steep haul and we were on the small summit rejoicing in the absence of signs of earlier visitors.

Routine cairn-building and record-depositing was speedily accomplished and the descent began. Roping down the troublesome slab, we returned to the snow finger and enjoyed a fast glissade to timberline.

MT. CHAVAL

Northwest of Glacier Peak in the center of a seldom-visited, inaccessible region stands Mt. Chaval, whose triple summits dominate the skyline at the head of Buck Creek.

With this little-known peak as our objective, Dick Merritt, Ruth Rankin and the writer back-packed to high camp beside Huckleberry Mountain L.O. station, gaining close to five thousand feet in the seven miles of trail. At daybreak the morning of July 20th we headed northward along the high, undulating ridge which forms the divide between Buck Creek to the east and Tenas and Big Creeks to the west. Keeping near the crest of the ridge for 1-1/2 miles, we contoured around Hurricane Peak via its easterly snow slope and crossing a 5600-foot pass, descended steep rock and snow to extensive snowfields on the western slope. Another mile of “side-hilling” and we fought our way down brushy hillsides to Crater lake (4960’) where refreshments were in order.

Resuming our climb, we mounted steep timber slopes, then snow and a steep snow couloir to the crest of the east face of the Chaval peaks. Advancing, the upper snowfields of the northern flank were crossed and a second col passed through to reach the southern slope once more. Traversing directly beneath the east and middle peaks, we climbed another steep snow finger to reach the notch between the middle and the west peak. The west peak (7090’) is the highest of the three and was consequently, our primary objective.

Roping together, we moved cautiously across a hard-snow slope at the head of a funnel-shaped couloir which steepened to an unbelievable degree as it plunged down the north face. A short scramble up a small rock slope and we were on our way up the 50° hard-snow gully which has worn itself into the north face. Belaying constantly, we gained elevation slowly, keeping to the steep, snow-worn rock bordering the snow whenever possible. Halfway up, the rock became so steep and smooth that we were forced back onto the snow, which at this point was near to 60° for about a rope’s length.

Back on rock again, several short, high-angle pitches brought us to easier rock leading to the ridge near the summit. The peak conquered, we searched in vain for evidence of previous ascents, then built an ample rock mound in which our glass register was duly deposited.

Moving one at a time, we belayed each other down the steep rock and snow to easier slopes above Crater Lake. The six miles of cross-country ridge running which this climb had required had taken a terrific toll of the time, and darkness
overtook us on a small meadowed ridge top north of Hurricane Peak. With the slight warmth of a small fire and a half-box of Dick’s salted pretzels to munch on, we spent the hours of darkness at this 5800-foot level. Resuming our tiresome traverse, we reached camp shortly after six a.m., after an absence of over twenty-four hours. We are still not convinced that it was an “easy day for a lady.”

**THE GOLDEN HORN**

Venturing farther afield in quest of new climbs, Fred Becky, Chuck Welch and Keith Rankin journeyed east and north to the end of the West Fork Methow road north of Lake Chelan.

In the face of a chill down-valley breeze we packed the ten miles to a grassy flat appropriately known as Horse Heaven camp, arriving well after darkness had fallen. As we set up camp, a heavy frost began to form, warning us that winter was not far distant. Later, we were an appreciative audience to a shimmering, colorful display of northern lights which streamed zenithward over the dark shoulder of Azurite Peak.

The following morning, September 18th, we awakened to a clear, cold dawn and crawling from the ice-coated tent made our way along the north and later the west bank of the upper West Fork Methow river, by-passing Holliway Mountain to reach the western slopes of our chosen peak. Instead of a golden horn, however, the snow-festooned walls above us suggested a silver one as they reflected the day’s first light.

Crossing the river west of the peak, we made our way diagonally upward through thinning timber slopes to reach a prominent rock-strewn water course descending sharply from the heights. On up the bed of the gully we climbed, then, leaving it, swung over to the rock fields on the upper southwest slopes to gain the summit pinnacles rising temptingly before us.

The steepness of the final summit flake called for soft-soled shoes and a rope as we clambered onto a snow-covered ledge at its western foot. Moving ahead, we worked across to a narrow platform on the south side, the ridge leaping upward in two steep, exposed steps to the oblong crest.

Belaying carefully, we mounted the upended summit block to the second step where a sudden upward leap enabled one to obtain the leverage necessary to haul himself onto the upper surface. Atop the 8400-foot mass, we gazed spellbound at the heart of the Northern Cascades spread out before us.

We felt a sudden deep gratitude and a personal satisfaction at having been able to share in the final conquest of the “Guardian of the Methow.”

*see “Snow and Skis in the Stuart Range,” ’43 Mountaineer Annual.*
Wind River Mountains

BY WALTER LITTLE

The Wind River Range forms a portion of the Continental Divide in central Wyoming, and is some 100 miles southeast of Yellowstone National Park. Attracted by the thought of a new climbing area, thirteen of us, mostly Mountaineers, made a two-week visit to this section in August. Jane and George MacGowan, Mary and Jack Hossack, Agnes and Phil Dickert, Tenny's Bellamy, Malcom Cropley, Louise Fitch, of Seattle; "Happy" Fisher, Alice Brown and Maxine Smith of Bellingham; and the writer, were in the party. We were favorably impressed with the area and feel that it can certainly be recommended for an all-around mountaineering vacation.

Gannett Peak (13,785'), the highest in Wyoming (exceeding the Grand Teton by eighteen feet), is very little higher than its nearby neighbors, Mrs. St. Helens, Warren, Fremont, Sacajawea, Dinwoody, Koven, Snow Mountain, G-9, and G-10, which are all well over 13,500 feet. The most accessible climbing is from a base camp at the head of Dinwoody Creek. Dinwoody flows easterly from the Continental Divide and joins Wind River near the town of Burris, its headwaters being in two small glaciers, the Dinwoody lying southeasterly of Gannett, and Gannett glacier, to the northeast. The climbing peaks of the area rise steeply above the bergschrunds of these glaciers in a jagged, circular ring. Some sixteen peaks over 13,000 feet, not counting numerous pinnacles unknown and unclimbed, can be reached in a leisurely day's climbing from base camp. Several more in the Fremont Peak area can be made accessible by a one day back-pack.

All the peaks are granite or gneiss, generally very sound and hard, but much loose rock lying over the hard bedrocks is to be expected on new or unfrequented routes. Movement of the glacial ice has practically ceased, and ice fields present much the same dying glacier appearance as the Paradise Glacier on Mt. Rainier. The amount of ice is very much less than shown by the 1906 Map Survey of the U. S. Geological Survey. Bergschrunds at the upper glacier margins were the only dangerous crevasses observed. The most annoying feature is the very considerable amount of granite debris that infests the lateral and terminal moraines, and all lower slopes, and over which the climber must work.

Base camp at the head of Dinwoody Creek is a parklike area with flowers, trees and vegetation similar to those at the 5,000-foot elevation in the Cascades. It is difficult to realize that this 9900' campsite is higher than some of the glacier-capped major peaks in the Cascades. Plenty of wood and water is available, and acclimatization to the higher altitude is rapid.

The only practical means of transportation is by private automobile as no railroads, busses or airlines serve this portion of Wyoming with any degree of efficiency. Traveling from Seattle via Spokane, Butte, Yellowstone Park, Moran and Twootee Pass (9500') to Burris, the distance is slightly under 1000 miles and at least two and a half days should be allowed. From Burris (6200') a pair of ruts, humorously alleged to be a road, leads up Dry Creek valley for twelve miles (two hours by truck) to Hayes Park (9500'). This road is not passable for a heavily loaded automobile. A well-traveled trail climbs over Horse Ridge (11,500') down to Ink Wells Camp (10,500'), a distance of six miles or so; on to Dinwoody Creek (9500') then up the valley to camp (9900'), about seven miles from the Ink Wells. A full day should be allowed from Burris to camp.

Floyd Wilson, who has guided in the Wind River Mountains for many years, has established two camps in the area, one at Ink Wells and the other called Gannett Peak Camp, at the head of Dinwoody. He provides beds, shelter, meals and packtrain service, or, as in our case, pack train service and occasional meals. Packers and horses are not numerous and arrangements should be made well in advance with Mr. Wilson at the Burris Post Office. In our case sick and overworked horses caused a two-day delay in delivery of our duffel. Expecting immediate delivery we had advanced into the wilderness sans food, extra clothing and sleeping bags, but with sundry pieces of breakable but inedible freight such as a gasoline lantern, shaving kit and Jane's "fiddle." Wilson shared with us his store of food, tents and blankets until our duffel arrived.
Food supplies in quantity can be obtained at only a few places along the route after leaving Butte, namely Yellowstone, Moran and DuBois. The town of Burris has only one building, a combined postoffice, dwelling, gas station, small grocery store, and sandwich shop, all very efficiently operated by Joe and Bunny Alexander. We planned, and purchased all but the incidentals of our commissary before leaving Seattle.

Because of the high altitude of the area the season is limited to June, July, August and September. During June camping is a little less comfortable due to deep snow. The weather is generally clear and sunny but occasional midsummer thunder, hail, snow and high winds, and on clear nights a drop in temperature to near the freezing point, must be anticipated. June and July offer skiing on firm snow on Gannett and Dinwoody Glaciers. In August there is a limited amount of rough and dirty snow.

No equipment is required other than that usually used in the Cascades. Maps which should be obtained are the following: An oil company road map; the Fremont Peak, Wyoming, U.S.G.S. Quadrangle; and a Forest Service Map of the Wind River Wilderness Area.

The Ye at in Tacoma
BY CLARA YOUNG

Tacoma Mountaineers, one hundred and eighty strong, look back on the year just ended, with a great deal of satisfaction. Under the leadership of our president, Bruce Kizer, we have had a large number of interesting and varied experiences.

The local walks committee led us along the Narrows, to Snake Lake, Sunset Beach, McMillan Reservoir, Electron and Bald Mountain. Traveling by bus, we had trips to climb Pinnacle Peak and Eagle Peak. We visited beautiful Klapatche Park and Indian Henry's, Mowich Lake, and Second Nisqually Power Project.

Irish Cabin with Al Kelley in charge was enjoyed on many a week-end. From there we had climbs of Barehead, Pitcher, Observation Rock, Echo, Sluiskin, Tolmie, Arthur, Gove, Howard and Mother Mountain.

Ski trips were arranged for Sunday during the winter and special trips to Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens.

Of course we had the salmon roast in October. This has become so popular that we recommend two committees, two fires and two boxes of salmon hereafter.

Fox Island Cabin has been enjoyed all year. From here came not only tomatoes, but black potatoes and beans that rivalled Jack and the beanstalk. Strawberries and cream in June, geoducks at low tide, potluck dinners and gardening furnish some of the memories. The annual Thanksgiving dinner was held at the Island. Stepping ashore on Plymouth Rock from the good ship "Mayflower," guests were greeted by John Alden, Priscilla, Miles Standish, Massasoit and others. A bounteous dinner was served by candlelight.

There have been six summer campfires, three "Gallant Lady" boat trips in summer and one in October to Stretch Island for grapes.

We enjoyed six symphony evenings at the homes of various members.

Social affairs have been varied. We shall long remember Inez Killmer as the old-fashioned schoolmistress at the Christmas party, Prof. McMillin's lecture on geology of the Cascades, the visit to the deep sea aquarium, the pictured lecture on flora and fauna of the park, and Lydia Forsythe's talk on "Wild Life."

The annual Fair was again held at Budil's on an evening in early September. It was attended by all our local Mountaineers except "Lillian Russell" Fraser and "Diamond Jim Brady" Little. We viewed the best garden produce and consumed vast quantities of hamburgers, scones, pie and cake.

Also in September Tacoma Mountaineers were held spellbound for several hours by our own Maynard Miller, in a thick black beard, just back from the news-making experience of successfully climbing Mt. St. Elias in Alaska.
Camper afters

BY MARY ANDERSON

Campcrafters is the name applied to a schedule of trips planned so that each person can establish his own camp, enjoy his own food cooked just as he likes it, and yet share in the comradeship to be found with a group of friends in the mountains. In making out the schedule this year an effort was made to visit some lesser known areas and to offer climbing, trail trips and attractive camp sites all in the same trip.

Of the twelve week-end trips offered on the Campcrafters' schedule this season, all were fun, but three were especially outstanding. The ocean trip on June 1 and 2 will be remembered for the cooperative clam chowder, the beautiful driftwood campfire, but especially as the time when sixty-two mountaineers were REALLY "surrounded by acres of clams!" The Fourth of July trip to Hart's Pass will be remembered by some as "Oh, that road!" but to most of those present the cherished memory will be of acres of wild forget-me-nots tucked between clumps of alpine fir; of whole hillsides covered with lilies, columbine and dozens of other wild flowers. Less esthetic but none-the-less cherished are memories of biscuits on a stick and those charades! Goat Rocks, scheduled for Labor Day, proved to be just a long walk to the climbers. The walkers came back to camp enthusiastic over the wonderful views to be had from the lookout and over the mountain flowers on the trails and in Snow Grass Meadows.

For thirty-two Mountaineers the real trip of the summer was the Selkirk-Lake Louise Gypsy Tour. We converged on the Selkirks from all directions. Some members flew to Vancouver and went on by train, some drove via Revelstoke and muttered over the perilous road, while the main body of the party drove from Seattle via Spokane, Radium Hot Springs and Golden. Sunday evening, July 21, found us with our camps well established. Campfire that night was enlivened with accounts of sleeping in the wheat field outside of Ritzville, of the sympathetic truck driver who taught Frieda and her women passengers how to operate a bumper jack and with the tale of the Castors, whose car had delayed them a whole day and how they fought against time to get to the border before the nine o'clock closing. As they swooped up, the U. S. Customs man waved them on, but in Canada it was thirty seconds after nine and closing time. Now that they had really made the train and were there to tell it, the story was very funny to those of us who had not had to live through it. Then, too, there was the story of the clerk in the government office in Cranbrook who just happened to be working overtime that Saturday afternoon when we arrived and who, at considerable inconvenience to himself, graciously secured our ration coupons for us so that we could eat!

Climbs of Tupper and Abbott were the prizes on Monday. Tuesday the climbers rested, played with the ground squirrels, gathered wood and rested again, but the tireless walkers went to Glacier Crest. On Wednesday Castor and Pollux bowed to the climbers. Some people walked up the Asulkan valley, but the real event of the day was the trip to the fan house and the receipt, by the Dodges, of an invitation to bathe. The next evening campfire was delayed until the "return from the bath" so that all could admire two really clean humans.

Arrangements were made with Joe Butterworth for a trip to the caves. The eerie light of the gas lantern, Joe's gnomelike figure squatting on the wet rocks, the water pouring over Jacobs Ladder and down our necks made up the memories for Thursday.

On Friday the campers stood in groups squinting at Sir Donald conjecturing over the route, the difficulty, the time needed and the dozens of other things campers can think of concerning a climb. Two venturesome walkers went to Perley Rocks to get a better view. About six a yodel floated down from the hillside and the camp came alive with "They're here!"

Campfires each night had been fun. There were always visitors from Glacier to initiate. There were Hilda's yodeling songs we all especially enjoyed. There was circus night with its human mosquito, its ice-ax swallower and its pink lemonade. There was charade night when mountains made drama. There was
hot gingerbread from the reflector ovens, biscuit twists and marshmallows. Friday's campfire was special not only because of the account of the Sir Donald climb, but because it was the "last campfire" for our one-weekers.

For those who could stay a trip to Rogers Pass was scheduled for Saturday. At campfire, Mr. Hopkins had given an account of all the things one could see and do at Rogers Pass. The truck arrived early and the crowd rode the four miles up to Rogers Pass and then, having had their minds made up for them by one of the party, rode gaily back to the Balu Pass trail. They followed the trail up through the meadows to Balu Pass and the view of the many mountains and glaciers. Views of immense, fresh grizzly tracks in the snow proved exciting and there were no stragglers along the trail back to meet the truck.

The second week found us caravanning by car from Golden to Yoho Valley and then to Columbia Ice Fields. Scenes such as beautiful Emerald Lake, Takakkaw Falls and the breath-taking views along the Jasper Highway filled our days. Camp was established at the Columbia Ice Fields so that the climbers could try Athabasca. The climb was successful, but proved long because of severe avalanche conditions.

We had heard much about Canadian weather from other Mountaineers. We had explained to the annoyed baggage clerk at Golden that we each needed four pieces of luggage, after all, we had to be prepared for all kinds of weather! It had been said that it had, on occasion, even snowed at Lake Louise in August! We had been in Canada ten days, beautiful, warm, sunny days. We could hardly complaint if our de luxe, private camp, established by special permission of the Lake Louise Ranger in his deserted "conche" camp, proved a little damp. Not wet—just damp. Here we made plans for a reunion and sang our last goodnight song. In the morning we took the road through the beautiful Kootenay and Vermillion River valleys back to Radium and sunshine, homeward-bound.

Personnel of the trip:

Everett: Hilda Bueler, Loleta Jones

Tacoma: Ethel Dodge, Tom Dodge, Jessie Northcutt, Agnes Wood, Tommy Wood

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WILSON & OTHERS: Mountain Climbing
OUTDOOR LIFE & NATURE STUDY
ERNST: Deep River Jim's Wilderness Trail Book
LINCK: Paulina Preferred
QUAYLE: In God's Out-of-Doors

SKIING
AMERICAN SKI ANNUAL: 1946
BRITISH SKI YEARBOOK: 1945
BROWER: Manual of Ski Mountaineering
FIRSOFF: Ski Track on the Battlefield
HALL & BENSON: Improve Your Skiing
HARPER: Skiing for the Millions
HEINRICH: Manual for Ski Babies
HOLLAUS: Make Yourself Fit to Ski
JESSUP: Skis and Skiing
LANG: Downhill Skiing, 1946 ed.

WALKING
JESSUP: A Manual of Walking
GYPSY TOUR

by

Loleta Jones

Mt. Sir Donald

Takakkaw Falls

Emerald Lake

The Fan House

Mt. Eisenhower
Stikine Odyssey
BY BOB CRAIG

It was no little surprise when Fred Beckey's wire aroused me one late July morning and set my feet to plodding toward Wrangell, Alaska and the vaunted border sentinels, Devil's Thumb and Kate's Needle. For two weeks I had been making preparation for an expedition to British Columbia, expecting to join Beckey following the completion of the Fritz Wiessner party's operations in the Stikine River District. A day later an airmail letter arrived explaining Wiessner had injured his knee in the forest precluding any serious climbing ambitions. In the interests of a strong party Fred also wired Clifford Schmidtke, recent mountain troop instructor and excellent rock climber, to hasten north with me. It was a happy moment when Cliff dropped his duffel on our doorstep and said, "When do we leave?" Almost as quickly as that we did leave, and a rainy July 30th morning found us aboard the S. S. Princess Louise standing into Wrangell harbor.

The three succeeding days were spent getting equipment aboard Al Ritchie's river boat, the "Hazel B. III," traveling seventy miles up the majestic Stikine, and reestablishing a base camp on the north bank of the river. In the next week camps were pushed to the Flood Glacier moraine and then eleven miles up the glacier to the foot of a heathered spur flanked on either side by icefalls. We arbitrarily called this 3500-foot camp "Goat Spur" or, more fondly, "Pilferage Ridge." A modest contingent of spike-horned goats qualified the name by tearing a cache of food apart prior to our arrival.

August 5th we skied across the head of the Flood Glacier and established a climbing camp at the foot of a buttress flanking the north face of Kate's Needle. The weather, long threatening, suddenly broke crystal clear and it was with hopeful pessimism that we laid plans to start for the summit early next morning. The afternoon was spent in reconnaissance and after thorough scrutiny it was agreed we should approach the mountain proper by the way of the ice spur above camp. Negotiating the spur meant 3000 feet of moderately difficult ice climbing in itself, but there were sufficient alternatives to warrant that approach.

Midnight awakening came soon and with it the disheartening rat-tat of hail outside the tent. We decided to take turns rousing for an hourly check on the weather, although at the moment it looked incredibly thick. At six Fred noticed a sharp, cold stillness in the air, looked out from the tunnel entrance into a depthless blue sky and a beckoning Kate's Needle. After a hurried breakfast we started out up the ice spur cutting now left around tremendous crevasses and then steadily right to the lip of an immense corniced schrund that spanned the whole spur. Across two tissuey snow bridges leading to the lower lip, we began a traverse right and onto the upper lip. Here three ice pitons were used to lessen exposure on the steep ice. In quick time Beckey gained the lip of the cornice and we moved then onto more moderate slopes. Deep snow and ice were encountered for the next three hours until two o'clock when we reached the top of the spur. Three thousand feet of the 6500 between camp and the summit lay below us, but we were still far behind schedule. A quick lunch and we literally dashed across a plateau glacier, up an intermittently crevassed slope covered with knee-deep powder, and onto a col 1200 feet below the crest of the westernmost of Kate's three pyramidical summits. Here it was seen the route lay around the south side of the steep west peak, so after pausing momentarily in the shadow of the tremendous north ice wall the final leg of the assault was begun.

Once on the west peak we followed the southwest ridge to within thirty feet of the summit and thence traversed right toward a saddle between the west and middle summit peaks. Three or four rope lengths on a forty-degree slope brought us to the summit of Kate's Needle, 10,002 feet, at eight o'clock in the evening, August 6th. Time of ascent was approximately 12 hours. We made a cairn in a small outcropping of rock sixty feet below the summit. The cairn consisted of a bamboo ski pole shaft marker with a vitamin tablet bottle wired to the pole. The shaft was jammed into the rock and the register bottle wedged in alongside. We spent the remainder of the night making a descent in
the darkness, mist and rain. At four thirty in the morning, August 7th, we reached the tent after twenty-two hours on the mountain.

For two days we remained tent-bound resting and waiting out bad weather. The afternoon of August 8th the weather calmed somewhat, so skis were mounted and we returned to our Spur Camp, five miles away. Having taken one relay of food to the edge of the Flood Glacier plateau earlier in the week, we packed the remainder of our provisions, the whole of our supply of pitons, krabiners, etc., and skis and started the 3000-foot climb up "Goat Spur." A camp was established at 6500 in a corniced gully at the base of the small pinnacle. From this plateau-edge camp we hoped to carry out operations in the vicinity of Devil's Thumb and also the north around Mt. Ratz and the juncture of the Flood and Baird Plateau systems. We had but pitched the tent, begun to unpack and sort our food when a storm set in.

Soon the weather impressed upon us the nature of things in that icy country as we sat impotent in the tent watching one, two, three and four days go by. Not anxious to spend any further time cooped up, we decided the morning of August 13th to hasten out to the Stikine, pick up a load of needed provisions and return the next day. The exercise did the trick and after a nonstop seventeen-miles trip down the glacier we arrived at the river five and a half hours later. Al Ritchie had left our second phase relay in the base tent and after a night with the indomitable mosquitoes we headed once again for the plateau. Arrival back at high camp was cheering in view of a cold, clearing wind coming out of the north, and we looked anxiously toward a departure in the morning for the "Thumb."

Cloudless skies greeted us next morning, so we donned skis, swung seventy-five pound packs, and commenced the seven-mile journey to the foot of the Devil's Thumb. A climbing camp was established in a wind eroded pocket at the foot of a rock rib rising out of the Baird Glacier. Everywhere the incredible scale of the country maintained its continuity of immenseness—from the 6000-foot walls near Kate's Needle across the tumbling ice ridges to the black cliffs of the "Thumb" and on into the hazy north where spirey summits merged into the horizon. Below and about us the Baird Glacier pressed its many tentacles of ice deep into the heavy granite mountains and wound on for many miles into regions indicated on the maps by only a blank.

Very early next morning we set forth on a reconnaissance trip to ferret out a feasible route up the south face or east ridge. An impending storm gathered on the horizon as we reached the foot of the cliffs, so to keep a margin of safety we returned to camp, leaving behind a cache of pitons and rope. An hour away from the tent the storm caught us, driving freezing rain through to our skin and so chilling us that it took several hours to regain warmth. The weather continued with such fury for two days, when, on the morning of August 18 we awoke late to find the "Mountain" soaring above camp against an unmarred background of blue. Despite the hour (10 a.m.) we decided to make a summit attempt, though it was obvious that to do so would require a bivouac on the inhospitable peak. The piton cache was reached early in the afternoon. From that point we moved upward to the right across the south face and onto the east ridge. The exposure on the ridge was considerable, but the climbing went at a moderate speed. Several pitons were used for safety in reaching a point at the foot of an overhanging pinnacle aathwart our route to the summit. Here it was that Beckey placed five direct aid pitons and moved left on tension rope and sling holds across the center of the pinnacle to a point above the overhang. At that point he placed a long sling spaced with butterfly knots, lowering himself, and swung out from under the overhang onto a ledge. Moving up above the ledge it was necessary to negotiate a crack filled with ice, so we placed an ice piton for direct aid and worked clear of the pinnacle. The time consumed in getting past this point had been considerable and nightfall found us on the ridge still several hundred feet away from the summit.

A bivouac was set up in the snow cave we dug in a recess of the ridge. During the night bad weather again lurked in the west, so unwilling to get caught high in a storm we rappelled down the face as dawn broke. The weather stormed for three hours in the morning, then cleared suddenly with the air becoming oppressively still and hot. Since our provisions were running low
it was agreed that Cliff and I should ski to the plateau edge that afternoon and return in the evening with thirty pounds of food apiece. It was perhaps the wisest move we made during our stay in the country, for next day at noon the most vicious storm any of us had ever seen descended upon the area. Four days the wind lashed the tent, reaching velocities of seventy and eighty miles an hour. Early the morning of August 24th the wind stopped, the temperature dropped, and several inches of powdery snow began to settle. We awakened early because of intense cold brought by clearing skies. The "Thumb" looked infeasible with its mantle of new snow, but we decided to take a try nevertheless. Three hours later, as we watched great chunks of verglass peel off the cliffs and saw everywhere evidences of avalanche conditions, we accepted the infeasibility of climbing and turned back. Back at camp we conferred and agreed that the next day, August 25th, was the last possible climbing day if we were to keep our schedule with the river boat for the 27th of the month.

We were off at three o'clock of the 25th with perfect weather and a sort of dogged determination on our side. After crossing glare ice slopes we reached the cache, picked up our hardware, and pushed on into the middle of the south face. Soon we decided the route would not go, so we cut right onto the ridge and followed our first route. Once past the pinnacle we got into new territory, but the difficulty was not too great and we arrived in good time at the foot of our last salient problem, the buttresslike step in the summit ridge. Fred led out and over on two pitons and one hundred feet of rope, then hollered down gleefully that the summit was ours. Half an hour later, at two thirty p.m., we stood at the top of Devil's Thumb. Climbing time was eleven hours fifteen minutes from camp. We built a summit cairn, took bearings of peaks surrounding up, photographed the country to the north and east, and then prepared to leave the mighty peak that had given us such a struggle. The descent from the mountain proper was made in a series of long rappels and we reached camp five hours later.

August 26th we commenced our twenty-two mile haul out to the Stikine. The first six miles were covered on skis and then we took to the heather slopes of Goat Spur for 3000 feet. The remaining thirteen miles down the Flood Glacier passed in cool twilight and later inky darkness. It was here that we expressed all our pent-up dislikes to the glacier. Arrival at River Camp was at approximately two thirty a.m., August 27th, whereupon we built a bonfire and did a victory dance. It had been a memorable adventure.
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GET Ready NOW
With the Everett Mountaineers

BY ADELSA S. DOLPH

Everett during the past year enjoyed a program of varied activities which kept every one busy with mountaineering. It was a pleasant year as well as a profitable one, full of good times and accomplishment, and will hold many happy memories.

Twenty-three hikes and climbs were scheduled, some of which took us farther afield than we had been able to go for two or three years. There were ski trips and camping trips, too, many of our members becoming devotees of these activities.

The Salmon Roast, last October, started us off auspiciously. A group of fifty enjoyed the food served by Herman Felder, chef, and his committee, in a beautiful fall setting along the Stillaguamish River. Then, Mt. Pilchuck, right in our own back yard, which most of us consider a must for each year, was climbed in rain and snow with a blizzard blowing at the summit.

Outstanding among our winter walks were a tour of four miles of trail in beautiful Deception Pass Park, and a trip to High Point Look Out near Monroe. Lake Chaplin, Lake Wallace and Silver Gulch were interesting snow excursions.

In the spring we were joined by Seattle members on many hikes, notably Mt. Si, Lake Isobel and Sauk Mt. Look Out. It was on the latter climb that we had an opportunity to enjoy our first glissading of the season.

We have a very active climbing group which successfully climbed nine pin peaks during the summer months. The ascents of Jumbo, Del Campo and Sloan Peak in the Everett group drew the largest turnouts, with Granite mountain in the Seattle group and Tolmie in the Tacoma group being popular climbs, also.

Later trips included a most enjoyable walk along the Pacific Crest Trail to Lake Valhalla, a week-end at Irish Cabin and a very opportune and pleasant hike with the Seattle Mountaineers to Surprise Lake—our last hike of the 1945-1946 year.

Indoor activities were not quite so numerous as outdoor activities, but were none the less enjoyed.

Under the supervision of Frank Eder, our Chairman, an elementary climbing course was presented for our newer members. It included fundamental instructions on all phases of mountaineering. The classes were well attended.

Monthly business meetings were followed by informal entertainment and fun, with food being served later by the social committee. It was here that the novice had the opportunity to question the well-seasoned Mountaineer and get inspiration from the association.

Our annual Thanksgiving dinner, given this year at Vasa Hall, was a most successful and happy occasion. Seventy-five Mountaineers and guests enjoyed the traditional dinner and the program which followed. Harold Sievers added much to our pleasure by showing us slides—pictures of historical buildings and places which he had taken while serving with the armed forces in North Africa, Sicily, France and England.

Perhaps our most marked achievement of the year is our gain in membership of nearly fifty per cent. We owe a vote of thanks to our membership chairman, Grace Ensley, to our publicity chairman, Catherine Crayton, and to many other active members who, having a desire to share mountaineering experiences with their friends, brought in many applicants.

With this busy and memorable year behind us, prospects for the coming year are very auspicious. If success, growth and achievement are fostered by good leadership, cooperation and enthusiasm, then a most satisfactory future is assured for the Everett Mountaineers as a group.
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Goals Realized
By Fred Beckey

Among the more interesting aspects of the past two climbing seasons in Washington has been the successive realization of goals previously unattained.

These climbs will be mentioned in chronological order, all being new ascents except the first, which however bears the merit of being included.

NORTH PEAK OF MT. INDEX

Early on July 1, 1945, Helmy Beckey and myself began the ascent of the north peak of Index so familiar to Stevens Pass travelers. The first ascent was made some 16 years ago by L. Chute and two others, a fact few believed until recently, and had been ascended only once since then. The ascent is the longest roped climb of any peak in the state via its easiest route.

We roped at the northern base and began negotiating the slabs on the lower northeast face. At the base of a great vertical cliff we bore left, crossing a tricky rib into a gully which overhung menacingly beneath. Now we could look across the great east face, where Tom Campbell and I ran out of piton cracks about midface, 1941, after a difficult climb.

Paradoxically the route bears right, just where it seems impossible, but minute connecting ledges provided a possibility. On a smooth overhanging block I had a dangerous lead on wet rock and had to resort to several cedar twigs for a handhold as I swarmed over the awkward block. On some of the succeeding exposed pitches I snapped the rope into a carabiner attached to a prusik knot on twigs for safety.

Above the slabby rocks of the midface basin we ascended a knife-edge arete, using a few safety pitons, for four rope lengths. This arete proved delicate, as holds were meager and the walls dropped unrelentingly on both sides. Beyond the difficulties decreased as we followed a ridge over several false summits to the top. The 2300-foot climb had taken just eight hours, allowing us a brief rest period before the descent.

NORTHWEST FACE OF MT. ADAMS

The Adams Glacier pitches steeply from the summit icecap between two rock walls on the northwest face, and can be plainly seen from the Paradise Valley on Mt. Rainier. On July 8 at 12:15 a.m., Dave Lind, Bob Mulhall and myself started up the Killeen Creek trail, 8000-feet and seven miles from the summit, for an attempt on this unclimbed face.

Under a starry sky we wandered sleepily across heather, moraine fields, and lower Adams Glacier. Full daylight and a brisk north wind greeted us at the base of the great icefall (8500'). Late snow conditions seemed to insure success, as the worst crevasses appeared bridged. We donned rope and crampons and labored up a steep avalanche track to the first bergschrund. A leaning ice fragment facilitated the crossing, and with a few chopped steps we were on the ensuing ice slope.

Keeping near the left side of the icefall we tortuously wove upward among seracs and pitfalls, our crampons firmly biting into the ice as we ascended two 50° slopes. At 10,000-feet Dave took the lead, following our pattern of ascent along the left side of the icefall. A few more steep pitches, and then the angle suddenly decreased to approximately 30°. Now in the sun, we swerved right over the summit ice cap and completed our new route at 9:15 a.m. An hour’s sun bask on the leeward side at the summit cabin rested us, and then we descended via the easy north ridge, reaching the road in the early afternoon.

WARRIOR PEAK (OLYMPICS)

One week later I forsook a good night’s sleep and paid a visit to the second highest peak on the eastern front range of the Olympics, yet unclimbed, and which I dubbed “Warrior Peak.” Its 7300-foot double summit lies just north of Mt. Constance. Because of the time shortage I had to make a marathon via Marmot Pass and the upper Dungeness trail, the round trip distance that day being 27 miles, with 8000-feet of altitude gained. The final climb was from the west up a 300-foot conglomerate rock pyramid, the crux being a 20-foot vertical stint. The lower west peak proved somewhat easier.
MT. HAGEN

From the top of Mt. Blum in the wild region west of Mt. Baker, Keith Rankin and I were engrossed by the pointed rock peaks of 7050-foot Mt. Hagen. Relief is great here when considering the Baker River is only 600 feet. July 16, in the late afternoon found us with M. Oschner, H. Staley, and M. Marcus at the end of the four mile Noisy Creek trail. From 2200 feet we climbed a well-forested mountain side, navigating among windfalls and brush thickets, to a quaint hanging valley northwest of Bacon Peak, where we encamped for the wee hours. At daybreak we mounted the alpine ridge above, here seeing our objective some two miles north, beyond two passes and a high ridge hump. This cross country travel was frustrating, and we were happy to finally reach the 6700-foot ridge above the glacier edge. This we followed in an arc to the northern base of the south peak, which seemed highest.

Dividing the party into two ropes we easily moved up the lower rocks in tennis shoes to a small notch. The last 1500 feet of the ragged summit tower were overcome via a layback and some slab work. Satisfied there had been no predecessors, we retreated to the glacier and meandered up the two easy middle summits. Attention then focused on the hostile 600-foot pinnacle of the slightly lower north peak. After some ridge scrambling we again divided the party, and made the ascent via the east and south faces. Both routes approached the vertical. We gazed at the alluring lakes Berdine and Green, at the majestic Skagit peaks and began our retreat.

EAST PEAK WILMON SPIRES

The Wilmon Spires above Monte Cristo are a familiar sight to many Mountaineers but there the familiarity ends. Herb Staley and I decided the unclimbed East Spire would bear investigation, so on July 19, 1945 we made our way to its base via an old mining route. The spire rises 300 feet on the west and south, 200 feet on the east, and far more on the north. The rock dips sharply west, causing eroded overhangs on the east face. For a moment it seemed as if we would be stymied, but no, there was a possibility via a rotten ledge across the south face, to the western edge, some 1500 feet below the summit. The first pitch beyond here went well, but the next required exacting balance because only tiny claw holds were available. I successively placed several pitons in solid shoshose, climbing up the west face and then traversing across the south face. The final 500 feet were also interesting, two muscling pitches being the key to the meager summit.

N. E. FACE OF MT. SHUKSAN

The summer was drawing to a close and there was time left for one more climb. The choice was Mt. Shuksan via the steeply cascading N. E. glacier. Jack Schwabland, Bill Granston and myself left the North fork Nooksack River spur road (2000 ft.) at 1:30 a.m., September 9th. By flashlight we followed the trail, river bed, and a long rocky gully to the alpine ridge at 5200 feet. The great N. E. face shone in the early morning light, showing fresh snow everywhere above the 7000-foot level. After climbing a small ice field we crossed a rocky rib onto the main glacier, where the serious ice climbing began. Crampons were helpful on the exposed and crevassed slopes. Luckily we were in the shadow, or the new snow, only half frozen to the glare ice beneath would be a constant avalanche hazard. A peculiar ice dome led to the great bergschrund below the final ice chute, which we reached at 10 a.m. Avalanche danger precluded a hope of ascending the 55° ice slope to the left.

Our only hope was to work along the rock wall at the edge of the schrund. The wall overhung massively above and the chasm yawned beneath, just to give us the necessary exposure. For seven rope lengths I had to brush frozen new snow from the near-vertical rock to search for hand-holds, occasionally placing a piton to safeguard this oblique traverse. All this was cold on the fingers. Once above the schrund we climbed to the top of the chute on treacherous steep ice, then descended a wind-eroded cavity before gaining the edge of the Curtis Glacier. The hours of arduous difficulty were behind now and we quickly traversed to the summit pyramid, gaining the summit at 5 p.m. We glissaded in loose snow down the summit pyramid's gully and descended via the regular route, thus also making the first east-west traverse of Shuksan. As we reached Lake Ann the shadows of dusk obscured us.
Nooksack Tower

For some years the most challenging problem in the Mt. Baker region, namely 8500-foot Nooksack Tower, had thwarted mountaineering efforts by its long rock walls, fresh snow fall, and rains. The tower stands at the end of the narrow arete between the Nooksack and N. E. glaciers of Mt. Shuksan, rising fully 2000 feet above each glacier. We had discounted the south face, and learned the east ridge was a poor route, and were worried about rockfall on the north face.

The evening of July 4, 1946, found Clifford Schmidtke, Bill Granston and myself encamped in the N. Fork Nooksack valley, and in the morning we followed the route used for the N. E. face of Shuksan to the bergschrund at the north base of our objective. Unfortunately Bill had to remain behind at timberline because of a sprained ankle. Cliff and I roped, crossed the schrund and then I kicked steps some 800 feet up the 50° ice couloir cutting deeply into the North face. Loose neve and a few bouncing rocks kept us keenly alert. We worked to the right on very steep neve and then up a shallow rock face to an arete. Now we were halfway up the face and donned tennis shoes, caching most of our other gear. Using alternate leads we quickly worked up the rock, amply provided with handholds. Once Cliff hammered in a piton on an exposed lead. Beyond that, the arete proved easier and we gained the summit at 2:45 p.m., 5½ hours from timberline. We admired what scenery was visible in the unsettled weather and began the descent. On the steep ice we rappelled three times from pitons placed in the rock wall at the couloir flank, then carefully descended via our ascending steps. It was well past midnight before we reached the Ruth Creek road.

*See 1941 Annual.

The Year at Kitsap

By Lois Davis

The Kitsap Cabin Committee for 1946 had their initiation with a huge Christmas party. The Seattle Sunday Hikers and some of the Tacoma Mountaineers joined the overnight party to help prepare the greens for the Orthopedic Hospital. Ninety-five wreaths, sixty shags and eighty-three petticoats were completed and delivered to the hospital. A group of Mountaineers put up the greens before Christmas. Due to a new fire regulation, which the hospital had not been informed of, all the greens had to be removed before Christmas day. Hereafter no greens of any kind will be allowed in the hospital unless they have been thoroughly fire-proofed, according to the Fire Department regulations. The Christmas party was followed by the St. Patrick’s party, Rhododendron party and several work parties and the year was climaxed with the Halloween Ghost visit.

The cabin was rented to the U. S. O. of Bremerton, which had a picnic for a large group of ambulatory cases from the Hospital. There were boys in casts, on crutches and in wheelchairs and they reported a wonderful time. During the year new front steps were built, electric lights strung to the women’s quarters and new coils installed in the cook stove.

Meany Ski Hut

By Jo Ann Norling

The gods of winter favored Meany highly this year for the Lane lay under snow from November to April. Inter-club races were held successfully on two weekends, testing officially the new downhill course. Most of the Mountaineers who had been in service were skiing once more and proclaimed the Hut just as they remembered it, only better.

We brag that the coming year will be even more so if the amount done on work parties is any criterion. By the time the first snowflake falls on the Lane, Meany will boast a new light plant and new record player, a larger drying room, and (attention, Nashie!) a new stove in a freshly painted peasant kitchen. A complete redesigning of the tow promises to make maintenance much easier during next season.

So wax your skis and put on your favorite schottisch record to enjoy winter 1947 at Meany!
Alaskan Glacier Studies - 1946
BY MAYNARD MALCOM MILLER

Beginning at Icy Bay, where we came out from the St. Elias Range early in August, Wm. Latady (a geology student from Harvard) and I started a survey which was to end at the Stikine River in mid-September. During the interim over fifteen hundred miles of rugged coast was covered by boat, by foot, and by air; the result being observations on over eighty glaciers, including transit surveys on eleven ice fronts, ground photographic surveys on thirty-two, and aerial surveys on at least seventy of those seen. A number of new survey stations were set up this year as well, all of which should be useful for later comparative investigation. The glaciers in Icy Bay, of course, were studied by foot and by air, our ground notes being the first obtained in about fifty years; those in upper Yakutat Bay, including Disenchantment Bay, Nunatak Fiord, and Russell Fiord, were studied by using a fifty-foot Libby-McNeill fishing boat generously loaned to us for a week by Mr. Sorensen, the superintendent of the cannery in Yakutat. On August fourteenth we flew south to Juneau taking some aerial shots en route of the glaciers on the west side of the Fairweather Range. Covering the ice in Glacier Bay by boat and by plane took another intense week of effort, after which we accomplished four days of transit work on the Taku River glaciers east of Juneau. This same district, including the Juneau ice cap and the interesting glaciers around Devil's Paw on the upper Taku, was photographed carefully from the air. Before going any farther south I made a late afternoon flight up into the Chilkat country west of Haines and recorded the first photographic survey of the fifteen spectacular and beautiful glaciers of the Takhin and Tsirku River Valleys. This permitted me to view the plateau feeder streams of the Muir Glacier system and to see a country veritably "standing on end" in its ruggedness between the Tsirku and Lynn Canal.

On September first we headed south to Petersburg and were successful in getting aerials of a number of glaciers hitherto unphotographed, also valuable information to be of use in the ground survey in this same area. Ten days were spent, from Forest Service boats, studying changes in the glaciers of Thomas Bay, Frederick Sound, and LeConte Bay. Two flights were made from here, the last being to cover the ice lobes of the lower Stikine River and the Iskut Valley. Chartering a fishing boat to take us back to Juneau, on the way north we completed surveys of the glaciers in Holkham Bay, particularly those at the head of Endicott Arm.

My plan had been to gain at least a cursory view of what has been going on in the advance and recession of all southeastern Alaskan glaciers during the past few decades. So little work has been done on the subject that any system of data like this is of extreme value as well as interest. The regional aspect of the problem is definitely of import and resolutions of the results we and other investigators have obtained may well be useful indices of climatic change over all of North America. Our notes have not been edited as yet, our maps have not been made, nor our conclusions synthesized, but certain patent facts may be presented here. There seems to be a general retreat of ice fronts throughout southeast Alaska; however, strangely enough, some of the larger ice streams are behaving unconformably. The Hubbard Glacier, with its four-mile wide front in Yakutat Bay, seems to be in approximately the same position as it was in 1909, which means "holding its own," so to speak, for thirty-seven years. One hundred miles to the southeast, the Muir front has shrunk from its once magnificent size to less than a mile in width, and, in the last five years alone, seems to have receded two miles, or a total of twelve miles since 1903. On the other hand, one goes a hundred miles even farther southeast and he finds the great Taku Glacier not stagnant, not retreating, but advancing—with its tributary, Hole in Wall Glacier; both of them exhibiting a most amazing surge since our last visit in 1941. The Hole in Wall Glacier itself has come forward and covered all the survey stations we set up five years ago, advancing between ¾ to ½ mile in this time and thickening considerably. Since the turn of the century, Taku has come forward no less than three miles, and is at present pushing through mature forests. Observations on the Baird Glacier, still another hundred miles south of Taku, showed this year that it is beginning to recede, after, in 1941, having reached its maximum position in centuries. From such startling facts coupled with the record we are now able to construct on the great Guyot Glacier in Icy Bay, which has apparently gone back about fifteen miles since 1888, we find that our regional problem is indeed a complex one, but hardly the less fascinating.

48
Advancing "Hole in Wall Glacier."

Medial Moraine pattern in Speel Glacier (never surveyed before)

Feeder lobe of Baird Glacier.

Pressure banding on Le Conte Glacier, 5 mi. above tidal front

Unnamed Glacier north of Whiting River

250' Ice Wall on Hubbard Glacier

ALASKA GLACIERS
by M. M. Miller
When the Snow Flies

BY TOM RICKARD

The 1946 ski season saw Mountaineer racers competing in all the ski areas from Mt. Baker to Mt. Hood. Race days found a strong representation of Mountaineers in all the Junior and Class "B" meets in the Cascades.

Our Junior racers had a very successful season. At Mt. Hood, Don St. Louis won the PNSA Junior 4-Way Combined meet and later in the season Mountaineer observers were thrilled by the expert skiing of Norm Welsh as he took the Seattle High School Downhill-Slalom Combined Championship at Stevens Pass.

Not to be outdone by the Juniors, the Class "B" men and women equally distinguished themselves by placing high in the PNSA Downhill and Slalom Championships at Stevens Pass in March. In April, 18 Mountaineer competitors traveled to Mt. Hood for a Giant Slalom, enjoying while there the hospitality of the beautiful Mazama Lodge.

The club championships were held on the Meany Lane at Martin. Norm Welsh won the Downhill, Don St. Louis the Slalom, Elov Bodin the Jumping and Cross-Country, and Jeanette Burr the women's Downhill and Slalom.

Winding up the season in proper style the Mountaineer 5-man team won the Invitational Giant Slalom of the Stevens Pass Carnival. In the riot of fun following the main event Mountaineers won prizes in the Costume, Couples and Obstacle races.
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Mountain Shadow
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., SEATTLE UNIT

The Mountaineers, Inc.
Mountaineers, Inc.
Seattle, Washington:

14 November, 1946

November 14, 1946

I have examined the books of the Treasurer of the Mountaineers and of the various committees and find they are in good order and balance. 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 my opinion give a good representation of the present financial condition of the club.

EVELYN SAMUELSSEN, Auditor

BALANCE SHEET AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1946

ASSETS:

Current Assets:
- Cash in checking account: $3,369.12
- Savings accounts in Washington Mutual:
  - Reserve fund: $1,921.32
  - Summer Outing fund: $1,298.55
  - Players fund: $3,494.76
  - Snoqualmie Fireplace Fund: $245.00, $7,555.70, $10,924.82

Investments:
- Permanent fund:
  - Savings accounts: $2,266.24
  - U.S. Government Bonds: $2,000.00
- Total Permanent fund: $5,266.24
- Seymour saddle horse fund for Summer Outing:
  - Savings accounts: $172.55
  - Bond: $1,000.00, $1,172.55
- General fund U.S. Government Bonds: $1,000.00
- Total Investments: $7,438.79

Building and Equipment:
- Kitsap Cabin: $3,194.68, $2,552.16, $642.52
- Meany Ski Hut: $5,204.68, $2,451.44, $2,753.24
- Clubroom Furniture & Fixtures: $1,004.87, $614.87, $390.00
- Library: $1,090.32, $563.97, $526.35
- Motion Picture Equipment: $943.37, $537.00, $406.37
- Equipment: $437.23, $162.91, $274.32
- Snoqualmie Lodge: $390.23, $390.23, $5,383.03
- Snoqualmie Pass Land: $1,100.00
- Prepaid Rent on Mt. Baker Cabins: $650.00
- Climbers Notebook: $403.39
- Total Assets: $25,900.03

LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS:

Liabilities:
- Tacoma and Everett Share of Dues: $348.00

Surplus:
- Capital Fund: $6,483.03
- Permanent Fund Surplus: $5,000.00
- Seymour Fund: $1,172.55
- Rescue Fund: $50.00
- Building Fund: $3,494.76
- Snoqualmie Fireplace Fund: $240.00
- Free Surplus: $9,106.69, $25,552.03
- Total Liabilities and Surplus: $25,900.03
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., SEATTLE UNIT
INCOME AND EXPENSE STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1946

## INCOME:

**Dues:**
- Seattle: \(574.00\)  
- Tacoma: \(203.00\)  
- Less Allocation to Tacoma: \(311.00\)  
- Everett: \(236.00\)  
- Less Allocation to Everett: \(51.00\)  
- Less allocation to publications: \(4,499.71\)  
- Less allocation to branches: \(603.00\)  
- Initiation fees: \(94.00\)  
- Total Income: \(5,277.71\)

**Publications:**
- Allocation of dues: \(1,622.00\)  
- Cost of Annual: \(1,051.80\)  
- Less advertising income: \(357.50\)  
- Cost of monthly bulletins: \(926.46\)  
- Less sale of publications: \(167.14\)  
- Net cost of publications: \(1,453.62\)  
- Excess of allotted dues over cost: \(168.38\)

## Committee Operations:

**Excess of income over expenses:**
- Trail Trips: \(97.63\)  
- Mean Ski Hut: \(515.71\)  
- Kitsap: \(72.00\)  
- Summer Outing: \(516.02\)  
- Campcrafters: \(39.17\)  
- Dance: \(76.65\)  
- Total Excess of Income over Expenses: \(1,317.18\)

**Excess of expenses over income:**
- Ski: \(196.40\)  
- Mt. Baker cabins: \(30.08\)  
- Climbers: \(93.24\)  
- Total Excess of Expenses over Income: \(321.72\)

**Other Income:**
- Interest: \(328.48\)  
- Total Other Income: \(4,789.03\)

## General Expenses:

**Salaries:** \(1,035.00\)  
**Rentals:** \(600.00\)  
**Telephone:** \(52.93\)  
**Insurance:** \(278.45\)  
**Stamped Envelopes:** \(132.72\)  
**Federation Dues:** \(30.00\)  
**Office Supplies:** \(175.75\)  
**Social Security Taxes:** \(43.97\)  
**Election Expense:** \(21.76\)  
**Heat and Light:** \(64.13\)  
**Clubroom Maintenance:** \(185.11\)  
**Emblems and Pins:** \(2.86\)  
**Miscellaneous:** \(100.92\)  
- Total General Expenses: \(2,723.62\)

**Depreciation:** \(420.66\)  
- Total Depreciation: \(2,085.41\)  
- Total General Expenses: \(1,644.75\)

### $1.00 of each initiation fee transferred to
- Building Fund: \(267.00\)  
- Net Income: \(1,377.75\)
### THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., TACOMA UNIT

**Treasurer's Annual Report, October 1, 1945 to September 30, 1946**

#### RECEIPTS:
- Membership Refund From Seattle: $235.50
- Club Room net income: 76.37
- Irish Cabin, net income: 32.33
- Local Walks, net income: 32.65
- Social, net income: 6.05
- Interest accrued on Savings Account: 11.10
- Interest from two $500,000 Series G War Bonds: 25.00

**Total RECEIPTS:** $422.00

#### DISBURSEMENTS:
- Club Room rent, Oct. 1, 1945, to Sept. 30, 1946: $59.00
- Annual safekeeping fee, Bank of California: 2.00
- Taxes on Irish Cabin: 1.63
- Flowers: 14.93
- Bonding Treasurer: 5.00
- Advance to Membership Committee: 10.00
- Advance to Social Committee: 15.00
- Stamps and postcards: 5.50
- Repairs to Irish Cabin: 68.46
- Insurance on Irish Cabin (3 years): 115.40
- Moving furniture: 28.84
- Transportation of Seattle Trustee: 11.52
- Guests at Social meetings: 3.70

**Total DISBURSEMENTS:** $340.98

#### ASSETS:
- Cash, Bank of California: $452.80
- Cash, United Mutual Savings Bank: 563.86
- Two $500,000 Series G War Bonds: 1000.00
- Cash retained in Committee accounts—Social: 13.11
- Membership refund receivable (estimated): 235.50
- Property—Irish Cabin land: 300.00
- Interest from two $500,000 Series G War Bonds: 328.98

**Total ASSETS:** $3021.53

#### LIABILITIES:
- None.

**NET WORTH, estimated:** $3021.53

ELEANOR BEEBE, Treasurer.

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### THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., EVERETT UNIT

**Financial Report, from October 1945 to October 1946**

#### Checking Account

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<tr>
<th>Description</th>
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<td>Balance 1 October 1945</td>
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<td>Receipts:</td>
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<td>Dues Refund, Seattle Branch</td>
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<td>Trail Fees</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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<td>Cash Available</td>
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<td>Disbursements:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
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<td><strong>Balance 29 October 1946</strong></td>
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#### Investments

- Government Bonds (cost): 592.00

**Total Resources:** 844.54

#### Schedule of Disbursements:

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<td>Programs</td>
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<td>Pins</td>
<td>89.18</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>109.35</td>
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</table>

**Total Disbursements:** 200.01

Audited: C. Gordon Uran—10/30/46.

The Mountaineers, Everett Branch.

H. SIEVERS, Treasurer.
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.
SEATTLE BRANCH

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

President, Lloyd Anderson
Vice-President, Walter Little
Retiring President, Burge B. Bickford

Secretary, Louise Fitch
Treasurer, Joseph M. Buswell

ELECTED TRUSTEES

Terms Expiring October 31, 1947
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard
George MacGowan
Mrs. Agnes Dickert (vice David Lind)
John Hossack
Miss Louise Fitch

Terms Expiring October 31, 1948
Lloyd Anderson
Burge B. Bickford
Joseph M. Buswell
Leo Gallagher
Walter Little

Recording Secretary, Elizabeth Hatton
Club Room Secretary, Mrs. E. W. Fowble
Librarian, Margaret Chalfant
Bulletin Editor, Agnes Dickert
1946 Annual Editor, Adelaide Degenhardt

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES AND CUSTODIANS

Club Rooms—Entertainment—1947, Bernice Luiten
Asst., Doris Wilde
Dance—Mrs. William Degenhardt
Public Affairs—Arthur Winder
Mount Baker Ski Cabins—William Playfair
Kitsap Cabin—Dorothy Lahr
Trail Trips—1947, Esther Simons
Photography—Ray Brandes
Membership—Louise Fitch
Players—Harriet Walker
Outing Equipment—Charles Simmons
Snoqualmie Lodge Construction—T. Davis Castor

Publicity—Mary Hossack
Building Policy—C. G. Morrison, Tennys Bellamy, T. Davis Castor
Auditor—Evelyn Samuelson
Climbers—Keith Rankin
Campcrafters—William Ellendsahl, Kenneth Norden
Ski—Walt Little
Climbers Notebook—Patty Crooks
Summer Outing, 1947—Rhododendron Park—Peter McGregor
Meany Ski Hut—C. A. Mitton, thru June 1, 1947

TACOMA BRANCH

President, Richard B. Scott
Vice-President, Thomas Dodge

Secretary-Treasurer, Norma Judd
Trustee, Mont Downing

MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Elwood Budil
Willard Little
Kathryn Gallagher

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Irish Cabin—Floyd Raver
Local Walks—Alice Fraser
Membership—Dorothy Newcomer
Auditor—Harold Sherry
Special Outing—Clarence Garner

Climbers—Walker Frederick
Photography—Mrs. Elwood Budil
Music—Thomas Dodge
Social—Julia Bair
Publicity—Kathryn Gallagher

EVERETT BRANCH

Chairman, Harold Sievers
Secretary, Leona Hirman

Treasurer, William Anderson
Trustee, Adelsa Doph

Local Walks—Lolita Jones
Social—Vivian Widmer
Membership—Vl Johnson

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP, OCTOBER 31, 1946—1,430

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<th>Seattle</th>
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<tr>
<td>Complimentary</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

|= Total 1430 1183 175 72 111
HONORARY MEMBERS
Charles M. Farrer
Peter M. McGregor

LIFE MEMBERS
Mrs. Naomi Achenbach Benson
Reginald H. Parsons

Duane Fullmer

COMPLIMENTARY MEMBER — Mrs. William W. Seymour

Graduate Intermediate Climbing Course §§
Graduate Ski Mountaineering Course ";
Six Major Peaks (Name in bold face type)
First Ten Snoqualmie * Second Ten Snoq. **

SEATTLE MEMBERSHIP
(Address and phone number are Seattle unless otherwise stated)

ABEL, H. V., 1462 38th Ave. (22), PR. 1255.
ABEL, Mrs. H. V., 1462 38th Ave. (22), PR. 1255.
ALBRECHT, H. W., Mail Returned.
ALEITH, Richard C., 10104 W. Harrison (2), PR. 3175.
ALLAN, James, 5004 34th Ave. N. E. (5), KE. 0968.
ALLEN, Edward W., Northern Life Tower (1), EL. 3429.
ALLEN, Mary Jane, 1162 15th Ave. No. (2), EA. 3650.
ALLISON, Jack W., 4415 W. Atlantic St. (6), WE. 3889.
AMIDON, Richard Gay, Jr., 402 N. 110th St. (33), GR. 2330.
ANDERSON, Andrew W., 6522 5th N. W. Fish and Wild Life Service, Dept. of Interior, Washington 25, D. C.
ANDERSON, C. L. # 033 12th Ave. N. (2), CA. 3618.
ANDERSON, Elsie M., Box 133, Tukwila, Wn. Main Office 0861.
ANDERSON, Harold, Box 227, Mercer Island, Wn. AD. 6493.
ANDERSON, Helen D., 460 Stuart Bldg., (1), EL. 0014.
ANDERSON, Henry § 510 Woodworth Ave., Missoula, Mont.
ANDERSON, Ida Marie, 124 Warren Ave. (9), EL. 3889.
ANDERSON, Lloyd §111 4326 W. Southern St. (6), WE. 3940.
ANDERSON, Mary G. § 4326 W. Southern St. (6), WE. 3940.
ANDERSON, Marilyn, 2010 Blue Ridge Driv. (77), SU. 8723.
ANDERSON, William H., 4464 Fremont Ave. (3).
ANGELO, Nihl D., Rt. 1, Box 134, Bellevue, Wn., WE. 8213.
ANGELL, Nihl Dave, Jr., Rt. 1, Box 134, Bellevue, Wn., WE. 8213.
ARCHIBALD, Janet (In the Service).
ARMSTRONG, Eleanor, 713 30th Ave. So. (44), PR. 8314.
ASPLUND, Mrs. Jonas S. (Helen Gordon), Rt. 1, Box 80, Eastonville, Wn.
BABINGTON, Peggy, 1411 4th Ave. Bldg., Room 430 (1), SE. 2837.
BACOS, Louis John, P. O. Box 2602, Boise, Idaho.
BAILEY, Jack, 4000 University Way, ME. 0624, ME. 0630, Loc. 587.
BAKER, Tom, Box 11, University Station (1), ME. 6957, ME. 0500.
BAKER, Russell, 2300 34th Ave. So. (44).
BALL, Fred W., 526 Belmont Ave. No. 303, PR. 7859.
BALL, Mrs. Fred (Helen L.), 526 Belmont Ave. No. (2), PR. 7859.
BALSER, Mary A., 2124 8th Ave. No. (9), GA. 9253.
BANGS, Maxine, (Mail Returned).
BARNABY, J. T., 526 Lakeside Ave. So. (44), CA. 6763.
BARNES, Don V., 4311 Linden Ave. (3), ME. 2122.
BARNES, John, 3601 60th Ave. S. W. (6), WE. 3230.
BARNES, Mrs. John, 3601 60th Ave. S. W. (6), WE. 3230.
BARTLETT, Dorothy, 5026 22nd Ave. N. E. (5), VE. 3988.
BASON, Maxine, (Mail Returned).
BARNABY, J. T., 526 Lakeside Ave. So. (44), CA. 6763.
BARNES, Don V., 4311 Linden Ave. (3), ME. 2122.
BARNES, John, 3601 60th Ave. S. W. (6), WE. 3230.
BARNES, Mrs. John, 3601 60th Ave. S. W. (6), WE. 3230.
BARTLETT, Dorothy, 5026 22nd Ave. N. E. (5), VE. 3988.

BARROW, Cran H., 1401 E. Northlake (5), ME. 9891.
BASKERVILLE, Gail, 605 Paramount Theatre Bldg. (1), MA. 0671.
BATE, Dayrell, 4081 Union Bay Place (15).
BATES, Peggy, § 814 Minor Ave. (4), EL. 8379.
BAUER, Mrs. Wolf, (Harriett), 5213 11th N. E. (5), VE. 3874.
BECKER, Fred § 7136 Woodside Place (6), WE. 7103.
BECKWITH, Cameron § 6231 21st N. E. (5), VE. RF. 3886.
BEEBE, Jim § 1514 Bellevue Ave. (22), PR. 3529.
BELLMARY, Tenny's, 10119 Redford (77), SE. 1515, VE. 4828.
BELT, Mr. H. C., 323 N. Ave. 61, Los Angeles (42), Cal.
BELVIN, Robert W., Post Chemical Office, Ft. Lewis, Wn.
BELVIN, Mrs. Robt. W., Post Chemical Office, Ft. Lewis, Wash.
BENGSTON, Kermit B., 3939 Eastern Ave. (13), ME. 7214.
BECK, John G., 605 Spring St. (4), MA. 0624, GL. 9211, Loc. 205.
BERGSTROM, Mrs. Rury, 1729 Boylston Ave. (22), EA. 8155.
BICKFORD, Burke B., § 111 5055 Pullman Ave. (5), VE. 4159, EL. 6130.
BICKFORD, Frieda H. § 5055 Pullman Ave. (5), VE. 4159, EL. 6130.
BICKFORD, Mrs. Richard § (Marion Long), 905 3rd Ave. No. A235.
BIGELOW, Abbie E., J. 1213 Filbert St., San Francisco, Calif.
BISHOP, Lottie G., 444 Humphrey, New Haven, Conn.
BLACK, David, 3336 Cascade Ave. (44), LA. 0221.
BLAND, Shuler D., 745 Johnson Ave., Lakeland, Florida.
BLAND, Mrs. Shuler, 745 Johnson Ave., Lakeland, Florida.
BODIN, Elow E. § Smedsbys, Wasa, Finland, Eurone.
BOGDAN, Albert L., 2132 Porter St., Enumclaw, Wn.
BOGDAN, John B., 6110 Pinney Ave. (3), SU. 8311.
BOGDAN, John I., 6110 Pinney Ave. (3), SU. 8311.
BOGDAN, Joseph G., 6110 Pinney Ave. (3), SU. 8311.
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