PURPOSE

To explore and study the mountains, forests, and water courses of the Northwest;

To gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region;

To preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America;

To make expeditions into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes;

To encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.
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THE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

HIDDEN VALLEY WITH STAGNANT GLACIER

AVALANCHES ON MT. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THE PARTY

THE SUMMIT
A Seattle Mountaineer now teaching in the Architectural Dept. of Montana State College ventures into the unexplored regions of the northern Canadian Rockies.

Lloyd George Expedition

DAVID WESSEL

Three mountaineers excitedly jostled each other in their attempts to catch glimpses of wildly cavorting scenery through two small panes of glass. It was mid-morning on July 3rd, 1947, and they were packed, along with eight hundred pounds of food and equipment, into the cabin of a Junkers single engine plane, which at the moment was maneuvering onto Haworth Lake. The expert bush pilot landed the craft and guided it to shore, where four persons waited to greet it. Thus was the culmination of a great deal of international correspondence, planning and travel. The Lloyd George Expedition had arrived at its base camp.

The seeds of this expedition may be considered to have germinated the previous year. I had climbed with Rex Gibson of Edmonton, Canada, a former Alberta farmer who has probably climbed more Canadian Rockies than anyone else, and later I had met and climbed with the Englishman Frank S. Smythe, who is known to Mountaineer members through several of his books and by his Mt. Everest accounts. There was some talk then of organizing an expedition into the unknown country of the Canadian Rockies. During the winter it was decided that we would try the Lloyd George Region. It was decided further that it would be a scientific venture to some degree. In that interest, Smythe brought with him from England, Noel E. Odell, an eminent geologist who is well known for his Arctic and Everest activities. Mrs. Smythe was to come along as cook. Rex Gibson invited Henry Hall of Boston, Massachusetts, past secretary of the American Alpine Club and a climber of wide experience in the Rockies and Coast Range. Hall brought with him John Ross, president of the Harvard Mountain Club. These seven made up the party.

Our knowledge of the region was this: The Lloyd George Group lies astride the Canadian Rockies at about Latitude 58° in northern B. C. Air photos showed three high peaks rising above a substantial icefield. These peaks were estimated at 11,000 feet, for they dominated the mountainous area for fifty miles around. A lake, some five miles long, reposed just below the icefield while two other lakes were further away. The only recorded visitation to the immediate area was made in 1920 by a Mr. Haworth, who reached the shores of the nearest lake, giving it his name. Another close approach was made by the Bedaux expedition which passed beside Chesterfield Lake. It was presumed that no one had reached the upper end of Haworth Lake. This region, comprising about 200 square miles, was to be ours for geologizing, surveying, botanical study, camping and above all, climbing. The prime objectives would be the high peaks.

The spot is quite inaccessible and a complicated plan of approach was devised. From the rendezvous at Jasper, Canada, one party went to Fort St. James by train, then flew to Haworth Lake, while the plane continued to Fort Nelson. The other party drove to Fort Nelson via Edmonton and the Alcan highway, flying into the lake on the plane’s return journey.

The camp spot which the early arrivals chose was ideal. It lay on the forested shore of the northeast corner of our lake, beside a gravel outwash which appeared to afford easy access to a glacier. Before us was the wide green lake with an exquisite mountain backdrop. In the rear, steep rocky buttresses rose to imposing heights and between them a startling, rough icefall spilled from the brink of the icefield. Perhaps here the reader should refer to the accompanying sketch map to enable him to picture the layout. The names were ascribed by the expedition and we are awaiting Ottawa’s acceptance of them.
At days end we had cleared the campsite, set up the mess tent and our sleeping tents complete with bough mattresses, constructed a log fireplace and table. We were well established and looking forward to exploring the country about us. The next day was Independence Day, a fact which we Americans pointedly brought up several times. Little was done except for a short exploratory foray to the glacier and the setting up of the radio equipment. Ross and I were delegated to place the aerial. I found that threading ones way up a tiny spruce is not so enjoyable as clambering on a rock cliff.

The following morning Gibson, Ross and I set off to explore a route to the icefield while the others waited for the plane to bring the rest of our food and take them on a short reconnaissance flight. We followed the east stream to Llanberis Glacier, ascended its icefall by a devious route requiring crampon ice work and rock climbing. This pitch was fraught with unavoidable exposure from the above hanging ice blocks. In fact every day from camp we could hear the thunder of avalanches down this icefall. Needless to say, we hurried over it into a badly crevassed "bowl" which opened eventually to the wide smooth expanse of icefield. By this time it was afternoon and we had heard the plane come and take off. Now it was perceived coming from the north behind the peaks. We waved wildly as it passed overhead and disappeared in the south. We had struggled about one hundred yards through knee deep goo when the plane droned over again. The weather, which had been cloudy, was rapidly becoming worse. A huge black streak in the sky approached so fast that we abandoned the ascent of Reccle Ridge, even though we were nearly to the top, to seek the quickest way off the icefield. The situation prompted us to choose the cliff-like headwall of a tiny hanging valley. The weather descended in wet snow fury and a very miserable three hours ensued as we painfully and numbly climbed down steep, wet rock. One pitch will always remain in my memory for I nearly peeled off from a hold requiring pants-friction, and I was last man on the rope. The prospect brightened as we stepped onto a snowfield which led us down to alps of exquisite verdure ringing with the calls of marmots. A bit of soggy bushwacking and stream following brought us to camp. We learned that those on the flight had investigated the Roosevelt and Churchill groups to the north, besides our own region, so we all went to bed that night satisfied that we had learned a great deal about our area.

July 6th proved to be the birthday of our leader, Smythe. To celebrate this event, and the first bit of real sun, he and Odell climbed Lupin Ridge. The rest of us dried equipment and repaired clothing. Because of weight limitations we were all short of various essentials. Odell's pants required constant vigilance with a mending needle and my own were in the same sad condition.

Next morning the climbers split into three groups: Odell and Hall to follow the north stream to its source; Smythe and Ross to botanize in the high valley; Gibson and I to try the bushwhacking around the lake toward Cloudmaker Mountain. That evening's conclave brought forth some startling announcements. The botanists had determined that although the flora was apparently the same as that further south, there were many minute forms. The explorers had come upon a hidden valley beneath the two highest peaks. An interesting feature in it was a stagnant glacier with plants and even small trees growing on it, a feature heretofore not recorded outside of Alaska. Rex and I had a couple of discoveries too. First, the steep lake side was covered with near impenetrable "B. C. Bush" complete with slide alder. Second, we had found thirty year old axe cuttings, indicating that these were not, after all, virgin shores. Probably some intrepid trapper had made his way here. However, we could rest assured that the mountains were still ours only.

The weather had not been good, but now it seemed to settle down to a week of even worse conditions. It stormed several times each day. Early one of these mornings there was great commotion in camp. Result: one hole in mess tent, one dead porcupine. There was in camp a blunderbuss
intended for shooting bears and other game if need be. With it our leader was dispatched to remove the noisy intruder. For the safety of our camp the dreadful deed had to be done, but we were all sorry about it. Then came the problem of disposal and the suggestion “Let’s bury her at sea.” Porky, attached to two cans of rocks, was cast adrift in the lake. But she didn’t sink; instead she floated with head submerged and tail upended in derisive salute. It was three days before she disappeared from our troubled gaze.

Porky was not the only animal around us. We saw several goats and that most elusive of animals, a wolverine. A moose visited camp briefly. There were many animal signs all over the valley, and the mice and marmots were plentiful. There appeared to be no fish in the lake, undoubtedly because of a 200-foot waterfall below it. However, many ducks and loons made vociferous use of it, as did funny little sandpipers. Landloving birds dotted the forests and snow slopes. Wildlife which figured largely in our existence were the limitless MOSQUITOES. On rest days we kept in trim applying dope, swatting them and hauling them out of our soup. In fact we were plagued by the pests on the highest snow summits. No Rockies expedition is complete without a “bear story” and ours will come later.

Climbing was not halted entirely during the wet period. Between storms on the 10th one rope of us climbed Chesterfield Peak while the other ascended Survey Peak, a point which had been picked as a transit position. But we were caught in a drenching snowstorm on the way back.

However, clear weather dawned on the 15th and we made off to try a climb of the most western of the high peaks, Mt. Glendower. The route of one party was a long approach arete while that of the other was a steep gully sweeping from the stagnant glacier to the summit ridge. Smythe, Odell and I enjoyed an exhilarating climb along the arete until we were hopelessly stopped by a very steep snow slope in dangerous slab condition. Later we had the thrill of watching three tiny specks inch toward the summit in swirling mists. It developed, after their return from a long exhausting ascent, that their climbing had included wading thigh deep through mushy snow.

All six of us set out on the 17th to do the Big One, the Lloyd George. The previously scouted route over the icefall was followed to the icefield. Then came long miles of slow slogging, a hot climb of the dazzling pyramid. After breaking through a final cornice we stood upon the tiny summit. A lively round of photographs, lunch, compass readings and congratulations followed. Visibility was about a 70-mile radius of nothing but mountains. We felt a bit strange as we realized that of all the high hills beneath our gaze probably not one had been topped by man. As Smythe remarked, there is room for generations of climbers in this vast land. The aneroid gave a reading of 9,800 feet, just 6,000 feet above camp. A weary but happy bunch of climbers later hailed their cook and celebrated the victory with her sumptuous repast.

With the big peaks won we gave more attention to our various scientific duties. Smythe collected plants, Odell lost himself in geological study, while Gibson and I concerned ourselves with the survey. One night Ross, Gibson and I stayed atop Lupin Ridge to take star shots. Darkness came at 11:30 p.m. and left three hours later, and during that time there was a red glow in the north. We had the radio up there to obtain the accurate time and it gave a queer sensation indeed to sit upon a mountain top 100 miles from civilization, shivering with cold and listening to Hawaiian ballads.

Perhaps it would be pertinent to mention a few of our everyday actions. There were always camp chores, of course, and equipment upkeep. One of the chores was the constant need for diverting the ever changing stream from inundating our camp. We took quick—very quick—baths in the lake. We indulged in a lot of photography. Much time was spent in our various special pursuits. On many evenings the radio came out to give us news of the world—and the Boston ball games. One of the memorable phases of camp life was the evening campfire session. The party’s aggregate
travels had covered most of the corners of the earth and it was fascinating
to hear the mountaineering exploits and other experiences of our illustrious
members.

There is no better time than the present to give Nona the high praise
due her. Her originality in preparing delightful meals and her habit of pro-
viding “extras” in the lunches were only one facet of her great contribution
to the expedition. She did not climb, but she enjoyed walks and tending
camp (claiming that she enjoyed sending us off so that she could have
peace.)

Frank Smythe and I embarked on a home-made raft one day to make
a climb of the Cloudmakers. This massif had early been given that name for
it seemed that our many storms were generated by it. The raft was a device
to avoid the bad bush along the lake shore. Because of the raft’s instability
we poled along just off shore. As we passed a little point of land I heard
a noise in the bush and looked up to see a huge bear staring at us. We
paused to study him, feeling good about the fifteen-foot water barrier
between us. Our confidence was abruptly lost when the bruin confounded
us by splashing into the lake and swimming toward us. This was contrariwise
to all bear stories that we knew. A bear swimming to the attack, indeed!
Nevertheless it was happening. Smythe yelled, “Head for the middle!” or
maybe I did. Anyway I frantically tried to paddle with my great long pole,
while the bear came closer, approaching the other end of the raft. Smythe
beat the water and yelled and hopped about. I remember thinking that if
Smythe could come to my end of the raft bruin could have the other, for
it seemed as though he intended to come aboard. When the bear reached
an arms length (bear’s, that is) from the logs, he abruptly wheeled back
to shore and disappeared. All of this happened in a few moments but it
seemed to us to be a small-sized eternity. After an inert five minutes we
collected our knees and proceeded on the voyage.

The remainder of the voyage and the several miles of forest travel
which followed were attended by furtive glances in to the bush. It was with
great relief that we reached the grass slopes above timber and climbed onto
the cliffs of Little Cloudmaker. The meadowlands had set us into a mood
to take it easy and enjoy ourselves, for they were alive with the subtle colors
of alpine flowers. The only displays that I have seen to rival this are the
parks on Mount Rainier. In fact they matched the beauty of Smythe’s famed
Himalayan “Valley of Flowers.” As if our past experience were not enough,
we were caught in a thunderstorm near the crest of The Cloudmaker. A
lightning flash crashed into the rocks a few feet from us setting parts of our
anatomies atingle. After the storm we were able to complete the ascent and
make our way down to timberline. There we enjoyed a comfortable bivuoac
before a roaring fire, dosing and talking through the short night. In the
morning we returned to camp without incident to recount our harrowing
experiences.
The next ambitious project was undertaken by Gibson, Hall and Ross. They carried survey equipment to Survey Peak, then across the icefield to Bardsey Ridge. Their bivouac on the ridge was, as contrasted to ours, cold and miserable. The next day they climbed Mt. Criccieth and then trudged back home. During the same lapse of time we others did a delightful traverse of the peaks of Crosby Mountains.

The day of the big climb was July 26th. Since Smythe, Odell and I had not made the summit of Glendower we determined to try a new route from the Lloyd George side. The climb was begun at 3:30 a.m. with the usual wading of the glacial streams, then an ascent to the icefield south of Survey Peak. From there the dreadful slog across the ice to Lloyd George. We paused on its shoulder to wait out a storm, then climbed to its summit again. A knife-sharp ice ridge sweeps from the summit to the bottom of an ice-plastered cliff rising to Glendower’s crest. This part was a first class ice climb, and Smythe and Odell fairly effervesced. The tougher the obstacle the happier they were. The cliff proved unclimbable under existing conditions so we were forced to traverse around to the sharp north arete from which the summit snow cap was reached. Smythe described this typical rock ridge as “concentrated knives upended.” Our descent was along the route formerly used by the others. The snow slope which they had encountered had become a sheet of glare ice, requiring slow and careful crampon work. Darkness overtook us as we reached the valley floor and we were forced to bushwack by flashlight. At midnight we staggered into camp and ravenously fell upon the supper which awaited us. It developed that the others had watched our descent through the transit telescope with the accompaniment of Wagnerian music. Thus was ended a fitting climaxatic climb for the expedition. It was determined to be about twenty miles long and to have some 8,000 feet of climb.

Stormy weather prevented any climbing activity thereafter, but clearing skies on July 30th brought the expected and welcome arrival of our airplane. Gibson, Hall and I boarded it, and with fond farewells to our wilderness home, we winged speedily to Fort Nelson. A week later, after a drive on the Alcan highway to the Liard River and then back south to Jasper to a happy reunion with the other half of the party. The Lloyd George Expedition had been a great success for all of us and for all an unforgettable mountain experience.
Mountaineer Lodges provide a resort
for the activities of the strenuous;
and a retreat for the less energetic.

The Lodgers' Tale
KEN PRESTRUD

While much of the adventure of mountaineering is found in remote places, the weekends spent in the familiar lodges should not be overlooked. Here new friendships are made and old ones renewed. In its system of lodges the Mountaineers find their greatest strength.

More than three hundred names have been added to the register at Irish Cabin this year. At least once each month the Tacoma group has had scheduled trips to the cabin with hikes and climbs into the lovely mountain country of the northern corner of Rainier National Park. Working together the members have made numerous minor repairs besides installing new bunks and mattresses, and a wonderful fireplace. So despite years of hard use Irish Cabin is prepared to welcome visitors during next year.

Besides being host to Royalty, the Princess of Loreland and her court of Mountaineer Players, Kitsap Cabin was the scene of many jolly parties. Armloads of fragrant evergreens were gathered for Christmas at the annual Greens Party. New Year’s Eve was greeted by noise, confetti, and singing of “Auld Lang Syne”; while red hearts and comic valentines were exchanged at the Valentine Party. The Rhododendron Walk in May was a huge success because Washington’s state flower grows particularly well on the Olympic Peninsula. Many who had helped build the cabin originally had a reunion at the Old Timers Party, and ghosts stalked the forest at the Halloween Costume Party.

From December through March, fifty to one hundred people took to the hills at Meany Ski Hut each weekend. An instructor was on hand to see that beginners learned the ABC’s of skiing. A ski tow, declared by most to be the best in the state, and an excellent hill combined with good snow to make the Meany skiers a proficient crowd. Besides skiing, the happy throng made the hut vibrate to rousing dances, played ping pong and bridge, or just talked.

At Mt. Baker two cabins were leased for the winter season, and many mountaineers made use of these accommodations. Powder snow came early and there was wonderful skiing on Armistice Day and Thanksgiving. Through the past ski season it is probable that the best all-around snow conditions for the skiers was in the Mt. Baker area.

Realizing the important part that the lodges play in the activities of the Mountaineers, the Board of Trustees approved the building of cabins at Snoqualmie Pass, Stevens Pass, and Mt. Baker.

Work started at Snoqualmie a year ago. Slow logging hampered operations but the road is in and ditched, a power line has been installed, some work done on the water system and a tool house and rest rooms erected. The ground work has been completed and plans are being finished while snow prevents other activities.

Cabin Site 8 at Stevens Pass has been allotted to the Mountaineers by the Forest Service. This site is about one quarter of a mile west of the pass and two hundred yards south of the highway. The work of clearing the ground, building an access road, preparing a foundation, and getting a water supply was done last summer. Plans for a thirty-person ski hut have been approved and some materials have been stockpiled for summer building.

The Mt. Baker Ski Lodge as planned will be built on a beautiful site approximately one hundred yards down the ridge from the Mt. Baker Lodge. Building plans are well along and only a satisfactory answer to the water supply is holding up construction.

So one sees that new adventures and friendships are bound to be found at both the fine old lodges and the building of the new ones. The Mountaineers continue to grow.
THE LODGERS' TALE

BAKER — Mimi Brandes

STEVEN — Al Robinson

SNOQUALMIE — Harvey Moore

KITSAP — Louise Fitch

MEANY — Bob & Ira Spring
Fifteen of us stood in the sun and the wind on the top of Mt. Adams, 12,307 feet above sea level, snapped on our skis, and prepared to descend to base camp, some 6500 feet below. Even though the day was clear and sunny, the temperature was below freezing with a brisk breeze, and we hadn’t lingered long for our lunches.

The first 300 feet of drop to the false summit was not what could be called good skiing. Rime, formed by freezing of moisture from the clouds which had been blowing against the summit most of the previous night, made a rough and icy crust over the surface of the snow, which alternately would hold the skier’s weight and then break, making skiing very irregular, lopsided, and uncertain, not to say hazardous. The more intelligent of the party observed the conditions; took thought; removed their skis and walked down to the false summit where the real skiing was to begin. Most of us kept skis on. Perhaps we wanted to be able to say that we had skied all the way down from the summit, but it didn’t make very good sense, as all that could be done was to ski in long slow traverses and hope for the best. All concerned exhibited an atrocious technique better left undescribed.

Below the false summit stretches a breathtakingly steep and long slope, smooth as a tilted table top, continuous for 2500 feet of elevation and on this day covered with a very fast “firn” snow. (Firn” snow is more accurate term for what is commonly called “spring” snow, and is formed from winter snow by alternate freezing and thawing.) No matter how many times one has been down similar slopes, there will perhaps always be that struggle to down the fears and apprehensions which assail one just before tipping the skis downward over a precipitous brink. But they don’t last long and in the space of a few moments confidence returns, speed increases, the passing wind begins to sing a song of joy in the skier’s ears, and there comes that tremendous exhilaration that every skier knows as he flies down over perfect snow in long fast runs and turns.

At the bottom of the long slope we rested a while, waiting for the photographer to get into position, and then, upon signal, all took off in formation for the benefit of the movies. Came next a broad snowfield, with a long series of gentle rolls and dips, over which the party flew without stopping until it reached a place where the snow field narrowed down to a slim twisting snow finger. We stopped again at this place for a much needed rest. Snow in the finger was fast and smooth, and it was fun to drop down with little short
turns to cut the speed and to avoid the rocky walls on either side, somewhat like a ball rolling down a pinball machine.

At the end of the finger the route pitched downward over the steep head-wall of a minor glacial cirque which, because of steepness and a narrow run-out at the bottom, required some care, but we had our ski legs by this time, and enjoyed it thoroughly, for the snow continued to be very smooth and fast. We ran down the little cirque valley for several more minutes until we emerged from it on to the broad lower slopes of Mt. Adams at a point not far above camp. To reach camp we had to cross a series of shallow gulches, with snow in the bottom of each, but bare ridges on either side. To save wear and tear on skis, we should naturally have removed them at each ridge, and replaced them at each gully, but the thought of bending tired bodies up and down was too repugnant to be considered. So we simply took to the bare ridges, the rocks, the pine needles, and through the brush with our skis on presenting an irresistibly comic appearance as we clattered along, complete with sun glasses, snow paint, ski poles, pack sacks and broad grins. Klister is definitely not good for this type of skiing; one should use "ground wax," we decided.

All too soon we emerged from the last gully, slid down a thin tongue of snow through a puddle of slush and water, and out onto the grass right in the middle of camp, and our skiing was over. But we'd had 6,500 feet of very varied, very good and very fast skiing at a time of year commonly reserved only for midsummer pursuits.

Our route lay on the South slope of Mt. Adams, and to get to the top by this route the party had driven 320 miles from Seattle, had boiled over its radiators on the last four steep miles up to Cold Springs Camp, and had spent the best part of seven hours climbing from Cold Springs to the Summit. It had taken us less than two and one-half hours to ski back down, even though travelling leisurely. To the uninitiated it's clear that the reward does hardly justify the effort, and equally clear that such absurd conduct merits the attention of a psychiatrist, perhaps even of the State Insanity Board. But to the initiated, (perhaps I should say, the demented), there is no sport that has quite the variety and thrill of ski mountaineering, and of course nowhere else in the U. S. can one find so long a season. One can, quite literally, go ski mountaineering all the year around. However, getting the best ski tours depends on a lot of things like weather, long days, and snow conditions, and is very much a matter of seasonal timing. Here is the seasonal schedule:

1. Autumn (Oct.-Nov.) There is frequently very good weather during this period and at high altitudes there will be light falls of new snow, insufficient to cover the rocks and bare ground, but enough to make good skiing on old snow fields or on uncrevassed ice fields like the Paradise and Inter glaciers on Mt. Rainier. Back-packing the skis to the snow is a regrettable necessity.

2. Winter (Dec.-Mar.) Typical winter weather in the Cascades is of a blowy, snowy, windy character sufficient to discourage extensive tours. Better go to a ski hut, and be prepared to take short one-day trips at or below timberline during one of the frequent days of good weather. Tours above timberline are generally impractical because of windcrusted snow and severe weather.

3. Early Spring (Apr.) Although days are getting longer and weather much better during this period, the snow is passing through a transition from winter to the consolidated “firn” snow, and is apt to be in poorer condition for touring than during any other period, consisting alternately of heavy wet new snow, slush, breakable crust, marble crust or unpleasant combinations of all three.

4. Spring and early Summer (May-July) This is the time for high level trips of long duration. The days are longer, the weather is better and the winter snow has consolidated itself. The warmth of the days is such that any crust formed during the night is quickly thawed during the day. It is not entirely perfect. One must still dodge spells of bad weather, and as the season advances the snow is apt to become dirty, reducing to some extent the speed and enjoyment of the skiing.
5. Summer (Aug.-Sept.) The weather is now of the best, but the snow is mostly gone, limiting ski touring to the remaining high altitude snow fields and glaciers. The quality of the skiing is apt to be poor, as the snow becomes quite rutted and dirty, but there are occasional conditions of weather and snow that will provide the unquenchable enthusiast with some skiing worthy of the effort that it takes to get to it.

The above classifications should not be regarded as inviolable rules, but rather as typical conditions, to which there will be many specific exceptions, brought on by the unpredictable vagaries of the weatherman.

Snow conditions this past spring were among the best ever observed here and so was the week-end weather. As a result the Mountaineer Ski Touring program was more than usually successful, including, in addition to the ascent of Mt. Adams described above, ascents of Mt. Baker, Whitehorse, Silver Peak, Pinnacle Peak, near ascent of Mt. St. Helens, and a trip to Camp Hazard at Elevation 11,000 on Mt. Rainier. Two scheduled trips were canceled; one to Flapjack Lakes in the Olympics because of lack of interest and one to St. Andrews rock (11,500) because of bad weather.

There is a fine feeling of traveling that comes with a trip of much variety like Whitehorse, a feeling that is necessarily foreign to the winter’s skiing activity centering around the tow hill. It’s much as though your skis were taking you to a travelogue movie, with yourself as one of the actors, and a new part of the movie unfolding itself around each corner and pass.

Necessary to real enjoyment of ski-mountaineering is a requirement of certain essential mountain know-how on the part of each skier, and of certain essential minimum organization by the ski touring committee. Discussion of mountaineering technique—relatively well known—will be by-passed here with no more than a statement that it is required and normal climbing and skiing technique will apply without change to camping, equipment, and to ski travel uphill.

Ski travel downhill, however, presents a problem in party organization and management which is not normally encountered on a climbing trip. The problem arises because of the tremendous difference in the downhill skiing speeds of different people. It is not uncommon for an expert skier on tour to descend 1,000 feet in two minutes, while a beginner may take 30 minutes or more for the same descent.

Visualize the problem by thinking of a large group of skiers of all shades of skill poised at the top of a downhill run of say 5,000 feet elevation. They all start at once. The most expert may arrive at the bottom in one-half hour, and the last tired beginner in two and one-half hours. We shall list the objections to this, viz:

1. The expert will be waiting two hours for the last of the party to arrive; he misses skiing time; and he should be worrying over the safety of the party.

2. The slowest skier at the end of the line is worried over being alone; in trying to speed up he is increasing the possibility of accident to himself; and he is certainly not enjoying the trip.

3. Accidents happen most frequently to the weaker skiers at the rear. Rescues necessarily must be performed by the stronger skiers now at the bottom. If the accident in our problem occurs within 1,000 feet of the start, it will take the rescue party at least four hours to reach the injured skier, plus the time needed to deliver the message of emergency and to organize the rescue party.

4. The party is widely scattered; and it is very easy for one of the members, ignorant of the country, to get lost; requiring up to several days search by the rescuers. (This even happens on well organized parties; witness the case of the skier who got lost from the party on Mt. St. Helens this year.)

5. Party members, skiing generally by themselves, miss the very considerable amount of social fun otherwise possible if the group skis together.
IN THE HIGH ALTITUDES

D. Watson

Dwight Watson

Robert Craig

D. Watson
By trial and error over a considerable period, the ski committee has found a fairly simple and practical remedy for the above difficulties. First, trips are classified as to skill required, and skiers as to the skill they possess. Skiers with less than the necessary skill are not eligible for the trip. Second, the party on tour is organized to stay together. This solution works, of course, only when it is made to work by strong leadership.

Skier classifications apply to ski-touring only and are entitled Class 1, 2, 3, and 4 in descending order of skill required. The class in which a skier belongs is based on a simple “token” test to determine his expertness at downhill skiing. For example, the Class 3 test requires the skier to make four successive downhill turns with connecting traverses on a 25 degree slope without stopping or falling. Tests for other classes are equally simple. Additional tests on other phases of skiing necessary to get a skier rapidly downhill would seem theoretically to be necessary, but experience with the simple test above shows that a skier who can pass it also is able to do everything else that is necessary. The great advantage of a simple test is the ease of administration.

Even with skiers below a certain grade of skill eliminated from trips too hard for them, there are still great differences in skiing speeds and a ski party going downhill will separate like a charge of buckshot unless a further step is taken. First, all of the party’s best skiers are organized into a rear guard, with instructions to remain behind the rest of the party. Second, all the other skiers are told to remain between leader and rear guard. Third, the leader stops the party occasionally to count noses. In conditions of bad visibility this is done very often. Does it sound complicated? Well, it really is not, and has been tried on ski trips many times with benefit to all.

In conclusion, perhaps we may express a hope that more of you ski-minded mountain folks may next year experience the exhilaration of ski trips into the high snows.
We Awaken The Sleeping Beauty

HARRIET K. WALKER

"The play's the thing" wherein we make our contribution to the artistic culture of the Northwest.

"The thickets are turning to roses!" cries the brave and handsome Prince, as he plunges through the forest of matted thorns that have grown up for a hundred years around the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. And this was likewise the cry of the Mountaineer Players last spring as they breathed through the difficulties which the lapse of five war years had allowed to grow up around their project. For it had been decided to try to revive the annual Forest Theater play at Kitsap, an activity begun by our Club in 1923 and carried on through twenty successful years before being halted by the war. With the thousands of people who had flocked to our plays had come the realization that here the Mountaineers were not only providing wholesome recreation for themselves but were making a unique artistic contribution to community life. And so on December 3, 1946 the Players met to reorganize, elect a Chairman, and get the Spring Play rolling again.

Our first move, which turned out to be our first thorny thicket, was a party we planned for a clubroom night by way of introducing ourselves again to the general membership. We had the party, to be sure, and had plenty of fun, but it was on one of the nights of the big snow, January 29, and our group was small and the program abbreviated. When we actually got down to work on the play, one or two of our thickets yielded readily. A splendid production committee was assembled with ease. Mrs. Lois Sandall was glad to assume direction again, and Mrs. Frances Spalding to plan and teach the dances. Also it was not too hard to find a play, for the Sleeping Beauty of Loreland, which we had done in 1938, would not be too difficult to costume and stage and hence would be an ideal vehicle for a revival.

Whether we would find enough actors to complete the cast was something else again, but the try-outs on March 3rd and following brought forth an excellent assortment of talent, both old players and new, and we were able just to get by, although it was a lucky thing that the health of the cast remained excellent throughout the spring for we had absolutely no "spares." And not until the last days were we sure of an adequate choir for Gail Baskerville's lovely musical arrangements.

The production staff, on the other hand, was dogged by illness, either of the members or of their families, and at times it looked as if the work would never get done. Plenty of work there was, too. It is amazing how far and how firmly a Puget Sound forest can encroach upon a clearing in five years. Snow and storms had brought down trees across our stage, shattering the wings of cedar bark that had stood for years, while ferns and trees and grass had taken over the terraced hillside of the amphitheater. Our theater was returning to the forest. Art Winder took unto his heart the reconstruction of the stage, and Harry Myers determined that now was the time to carry out a project long dreamed of but never accomplished during the years of the depression, namely, the correct terracing and shoring up of the amphitheater.

All this, as remarked above, meant work. Some of the first clearing began as early as the Valentine party at the Cabin in February, and it looked as if it would be easy, but when Art and Harry really got down to work in April there were never enough helpers. Former enthusiasts had dropped out during the five years or become involved in other interests, and among the hundreds of new members only surprising few had ever seen a play or were aware of its significance. In consequence Harry and a small group, including T. D. Everts, Herman Wunderling, A. H. Hudson, and Harry Eastman, spent repeated weekends at the theater. with others helping as they were able.
Several large cedar snags were felled and bucked and good sized chunks riven from them. This was heavy man’s work, but the women could make themselves useful by lugger the timbers to the theater, where more heavy labor was required in setting them edgewise into the hillside as risers for the steps of the terracing. Play day rushed upon us before the upper terraces could be finished.

Meanwhile, under Art’s direction, the valleys were scoured for cedar bark, an extremely scarce commodity nowadays, and the theater wings were rebuilt. Time did not allow rebuilding of the mound, much as that is needed. Working under difficulties, Norbert Schaal got our special scenery up and devised a beautiful palace gate.

Also meanwhile the work in town went forward. We are still marveling at Dorothy Lahr’s ingenious artistry in creating lovely and amusing costumes from such a limited supply of materials as were available, and at a minimum of expense. Almost every member of the staff found himself pioneering in a new field because of the changes that five years had wrought. Especially was this true with our publicity. Frieda Bickford and her helpers succeeded nevertheless in getting many notices into the smaller sheets and securing an excellent notice and spread for us in a Sunday paper—although we wish we had space to recount the planning and rushing about that were entailed in meeting the deadline. Among the problems was that of locating the Mountaineer piano on loan to the USO for the duration. Nobody could remember which piano was ours, but the USO generously bade us come in and take our choice, and thus we had a piano for rehearsals. Finding a portable organ for the play was a sticker when it was learned that the Salvation Army organ we had used previously was no longer available and there seemed to be none anywhere. Then by lucky chance one was located for rental at a generously low rate.

The three rehearsals at the theater and the several work parties were all blessed by that heavenly weather that only the Charmed Land can conjure up for its devotees. For the cast and all the other workers those beautiful days at the theater—the sunlight, the blue sky, the great trees, the rhododendrons, the uncurling ferns—all will blend in lasting happy memory. That was all roses.

Then came the week-end of June 7 and 8, the last great difficulty before the palace gate could swing open. A furious downpour on Saturday afternoon sent stage workers to crouch under the narrow shelter of the make-up shelf backstage and put a summary end to an important rehearsal before it began. Next morning the sun would shine hopefully one moment and a deluge would darken the world the next. Should we or shouldn’t we? What to do? We rehearsed in the Cabin and put on our make-up. It became evident that a good-sized audience was arriving on the grounds. We gulped lunch. The sun and the rain played turn and turnabout. Then at one the sun peeped out briefly. Well, we might as well chance it. Let’s go! And down the hill we trudged, carrying our costumes and properties, to get ourselves ready. An hour later, close to four hundred brave souls had arranged themselves on the new terraces of the amphitheater, the gong sounded, and sweet music floated through the woodland. Act I fell into one of the happier phases of this checkerboard day, but upon Act II descended the deluge to end all deluges, as the lovely Princess donned her wedding gown, got her finger pricked, and laid her down in a pool to sleep. The rest of the royal family and their attendants likewise lay down in ponds and puddles, while the spectators huddled closer in their raincoats, but the play proceeded as calmly as on any balmy afternoon. The storm passed and the rest of the day was drippingly dry. The second Sunday, June 15th, brought back all the warmth and beauty of the forest fairyland—with an audience of close to a thousand.

So once again our beautiful creation of nature and art, a Mountaineer Forest Theater play, was awakened from sleep, to laugh and live again in our wooded valley, and to delight us we hope for many scores of years to come.
WE AWAKEN
THE
SLEEPING BEAUTY

Larry McKinnis and Don Brown
Kay DeBard Hall, prominent poetess from the San Francisco Bay region; with the music of imagery, sounds the tone of the Summer Outing.

The Shoshoni Speak

Pale Faces—hear!
From mighty tents of sky—
From great fires of moons—
From the flint-headed stars
We come.

O many fires have burned to cinder moons,
Many stars like flints have pierced the sky,
Since we knew earth.
Many hours have bloomed from flowers of day,
Many days from seeds of night,
Since we knew earth.
Pale Faces, Beware!
This is the valley of the Shoshoni!

White Men,
We return . . . warriors from our Eternal Hunting Ground.
We are here. We are the eyes that watch,
We are in the lumbering silent bear,
The shadowy velvet deer. We are here,
Everywhere!
For this is the valley of the Shoshoni.

Pale Faces,
What are these strange teepees
That curve our plains like rabbit burrows?
(O burrows that lift no plume of smoke)
We see with wondering eyes your metal horses
Snort in to stand on plain—
We see with wondering eyes your tribe in line for meat.
We see with eyes of awe your warriors and your maids.
Eat meat together—all babbling like our mountain brook.
We see your Nakomis in great teepee
Cook on stoves filled with firewater!

O pale Faced tribe!
Like pumas we have followed your mighty hunters,
Have hid in fear in caves on Teton Peaks,
But we have not seen hunters kill for meat,
Nor trap for marten, nor bring in beaver.
White tribe!
We have watched with eyes of anger
Pale Chief make fire in place of squaw!
Have seen with eyes of sorrow
Your few papooses.

Pale Faces!
You have thought the lightning struck,
You have thought the thunder spoke,
You have crouched from sting of rain . . .
But Ho!
Lightning was our flints on peaks,
Thunder was our Pinto's hooves passing over—
Rain was our tears—our threats.
Pale Faces, by three moons be gone!
For this is ours,
The valley of the Shoshoni.

—Kay DeBard Hall
“Entertainingest group that ever moved in on the Teton’s!” declared Park Ranger at the close of 1947’s Summer Outing.

In the Land of The Shoshoni

KEN MACLEAN

Thunder storms! Just a manifestation of mountain might, the warning of the Shoshoni. Lightning and thunder crashing near is awe-inspiring in the mountains and gives man a measure of his own helplessness. Campfire Monday night, following an excellent meal, made us realize another and better Summer Outing had begun. What an interesting experience to find that on the dark, damp days a friendly smile and a cheery nod quickly dissipate the rain. From the viewpoint of a novice, this year’s outing to the Grand Tetons in Wyoming was a very fine one, even though politics reared its ugly head with vice and virtue struggling for the upper hand.

Carnal-beings that we are, food is our foremost thought. Nashie, Eva Simmonds and the Gawnes—what more can mortal man desire when food is prepared by such as these? Turkey dinners, sizzling steaks, beautiful brown biscuits, pumpkin pies! Why do such as you stay at home?

Mountains are our creed and though we may not climb, we can approach to worship. Tetons grand are wonderful mountains and not easy to conquer. The climbers described the rock as “very interesting,” which to a valley-pounder can mean high cliffs with only finger holds, or great broad ledges or “cooning places.”

The climb of the Grand Teton is a highly publicized trip. Most often talked of is the least difficult. The “cooning place,” where one crawls on a ledge with one leg hanging over several thousand feet of nothing; the “belly roll,” which is just that; the “chinning place,” where exposure is still the theme: this is not the complete story, but just some of the adjectives. Farther back is the 4,000 feet from high camp to the “cooning place.” and ahead is the puffing and blowing and the physical condition necessary to attain the summit. The elements are always to be reckoned with in any climb. Many other climbs interested the outing members—Teewinat, Owens, Symmetry Spire, Mt. Moran (sometimes known as Mt. Moron) and others. There was never a dull moment in the climbing program that Lloyd Anderson arranged.

Former Outingers would not recognize the Outing because of the virulent campaign for Mayor of Teton Flats. This campaign carried on for several days until caustic speeches and fervid promises culminated in an election which was a model of honesty and uprighteousness. As the climax we had a hydra-headed, or at least two-headed, government when Gavey and Bob Neupert tied in the voting and jointly ruled as Mayor. Harriet Walker’s platform and slogan, “Vice isn’t nice,” and “Dry up Jackson Hole.” was not strong enough to defeat Neupert’s Cowboy Bar Crowd, when combined with the Poker Flats element whose candidate was Gavey with her roMANnc platform. We must also mention Sally Burke of Scandal Street, with her “Shorts and Sweet,” and the dark horse from Everett who advocated that future Outings have the permanent camp on top the mountains, so that all climbing could be downhill!

Trail trips out from our String Lake camp were all that could be desired. High mountain meadows, cool shaded lakes, and flowers in variety were all at the call of the valley-pounder. This year’s committee, Burge Bickford, Lee Snider and Dorothy Fuller, provided added convenience by arranging to have saddle horses available each day. This greatly increased the scope and distance attainable. The value of riding horses has been proven by this year’s experiment.

We look back on the Summer Outing not as a time of things accomplished, but primarily as a time of things felt and thought. Outings are true vacations that provide re-creation and re-orientation with the pertinent things of life. How can little MAN feel so big on a 13,000 foot peak—and yet—he did attain the summit.
IN THE LAND OF THE SHOSHONI

1947 SUMMER OUTING OFFERS A MAZE OF ACTIVITIES

CLIMBING — M. Post

RELAXING — M. Post

MEDITATING — W. Frederick

SLEEPING — A. Robinson

CHATTING — M. Post

ENTERTAINING — W. Frederick
PLAYING — A. Robinson

EATING — M. Post

VIEWING — W. Frederick

SIGHTSEEING — A. Robinson

APPRECIATING — W. Frederick
MEMBERS OF GRAND TETON SUMMER OUTING 1947

1947 Outing Committee

Burge Bickford—Chairman, S
Lee Snider—Commissary
Lloyd Anderson—Climbing, M, O, N, G
Dorothy Fuller—Secretary

Cooks

“Nashie” Iverson
Eva Simmonds
Ken Jones, C.W.

Bakers

Bob Gawne
Jessie Gawne

Camp Assistants

Roger Gilmore
Curtis Martin
Jerry O’Leary

Seattle Members of Mountaineers

LeRene Allen
Mary Jane Allen
Henry Anderson, O, C, G
Mary Anderson
Ruth Anderson
Sue Anderson
Merial Atkinson
Tennys Bellamy, S, G
Frieda Bickford
Laura Bickford
Nancy Bickford
Mae Boche
Albert L. Bogdan, C, S, G, T
John B. Bogdan
John I. Bogdan, S, T
Edna G. Bolman
Adaline Bowman
Andrew Bowman
C. Findley Bowser, J, K, S
Bertha Bretz
Sally R. Brown
Eugene Browning
Mrs. Eugene Browning
Robert Browning
Sally Burke, S, T
Elsie Burkman
Beatrice Buzzetti
Albert Carlson, C, S
William R. Carlson, K, S, T, J
Phyllis Cavender
Byron Clark, G
Geneva Clark
Linda Coleman
Patty Crooks, C, G, M, N, O, S
Malcolm Croyde, G, M
Adelaide Degenhardt, N
William A. Degenhardt, G, M, N, S
Mary Dickinson
Kathleen Dunham
Lael Ellis, S
David Fenton, C, G, M, N, O, S, T
Fred Fenton
H. Caroline Fox
Margaret Fincke
Louise Fitch

J. M. Fuller
Mabel Furry
Mrs. Irving Gavett
Mildred Granger
Elva Hagerup
Ann Hall
Hi Hall
Kay Hall
David Harrah, C, G, M, N, O, S, T
Betty Hawthorne, S
David R. Heatton
Jack Hossack, G, O, S
Mary Hossack, G
John Hull
Harry Iverson
Helen Johnson
Viola Johnson, T
Arthur Landry, T
Elvera Lahtinen
Walt Little
Marion Long, C, G, M, N, S
Marian Lundberg, S
Mrs. F. D. Mack
Ken MacLean, G, N, S
Miriam Macpherson
Aaron Markham, S
Vilas Markham
Carol Mittun
C. A. Mittun, S
Gerda Monrad
Kathryn Moroni
Aura Morrison
Gus Morrison
Betty Morrissey, G, N, S
Bob Neupert, S
Viola Neupert
Sylvia Niemi, S
Ruth Nitchals
Anne Osgood
Jean Ostroth
Paul Ostroth
Malcolm Post, J, S, W
Helen Rae
Robert Rinehart, J, S
Allen Robinson, W

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Marian S. Roemer
Mary Ellen Russell
Elizabeth Schmidt
Ed Senkler
Tom Shinn, S
Charlie Simmons
Shirley Simmons
Esther A. Simons
Mary Snider
Roy Snider, G
Ben Spellar
Mrs. J. B. Spellar
Sophie Sporrer

Helen Stooey
Clara Storvick, S,T
Jane Sullivan
Leanna Terry
Maxine Thee
S. K. Ushakoff
Carol Vincent
Elzie Wagner
Harriet Walker
Jim Wells, C,G,M,N,O,S
Blanche Wenner
Bill Winkler, G,S,T
Florence Winship

Everett Members
Inez Easton, C,G,N,S,T
Mabel Hudson
Lolita Jones, J,S
Louise Laurence
Nan Thompson
Vivian Widmer

Tacoma Members
Gunhild Aarestad
Mildred Altes
Frances Bruns
John Carter, G,R,S
Eddie Drues
Elsie Ewing
O. D. Ewing
Walker Frederick, G,R,S
Betty Lou Gallagher, S
Leo Gallagher
Edith Goodman, S
Amos Hand
Ann Jackson

Norma Judd
Stella Kellogg
Luella Kuette
Edward LaChapelle, G,J,M,N,T
Marie Langham
Bob Lind
Jessie Northcutt
Floyd Raver, J,S
Florence Richardson
Mary Caroline Richardson
Agnes Sunnell
Eva VanDyke
Bruni Wislicenus

American Alpine Club
Duncan MacInnes—New York City, M

Appalachian Mountain Club
Nancy Myers, Springwater, N. Y., G,M,S
Phyllda Willis, Staten Island, N. Y., G,M

Chicago Mountaineering Club
Dr. Edmund Lowe, McHenry, Illinois, C,O

Mazamas
Tom Parker, G
Florence Riddle, C,G,S,T

Olympia Wanderer’s Club
Marie Mollestad

Prairie Club
Helen Angus
Inez Babcock
Roland Boertitz

Georgeina Fitzgerald
Helen Glessner
Louie Weckel

Oda Whitely
Fred Wilhelms

Sierra Club
Blanche Lamont

Thomson Outing Club
Ivan H. Witty, Lynn, Mass.

Letters designate peaks climbed: C—Middle Teton; G—Grand Teton; J—St. John; K—Rockchurch; M—Moran; N—Nez Perce; O—Owen; R—Rock of Ages; S—Symmetry Spire; T—Teewinot; W—Woodring.
March 28 — Arrived in Anchorage from Seattle via Northwest Airlines. The flight up was clear all the way with the exception of scattered clouds over the Kenai Range. Bradford Washburn, leader, and members of the party met me at the air terminal. The party includes, besides Washburn and his wife, an Air Force representative, Army observer, surveyor, photographers, writer, artist, cosmic ray technician, and climbing advisors. I am to act as meteorologist and assistant climbing advisor.

March 30 — Still helping load food and supplies. The first cache is to be at McGonagle Pass on the Muldrow Glacier.

April 1 — It was decided that I should accompany the radio men in to Wonder Lake and help them set up.

It was a magnificent trip — clear all the way. We were loaded to the gills and had quite a time getting enough altitude to make it over the 7,000 foot pass into the lake. Mt. McKinley was particularly impressive with its battlement-like approaches from the south and tremendous ice cliffs on the north. The secondary peaks and glaciers themselves would offer fine climbing. Peaks to the southwest of McKinley, near Mt. Itusssel, look to be a granite uplift of finely chiseled spires, much like the southeastern coast range. The Kenai Range back of Anchorage is also impressive, though difficult of access.

April 2 — Started sledging radio equipment and food supplies up from the lake. Saw a tremendous avalanche peel off the north wall 25 miles away. It was about 1½ miles in width and fell as far as we could see — over 7,000 feet.

April 6 — Left for the Pass and Base Camp where we packed supplies in from the glacier after the morning’s air drop.

April 10 — Continued work organizing food and equipment. Weather station is set up and operating.

April 12 — Climbed up to Gunsight Pass and the highest peak to the east. Weather has been clear and cold. The glacier is in a rather tricky condition with numerous hidden crevasses. There is no discoloration and the most practical approach seems to be through probing.

April 13 — Went on a reconnaissance to establish a cache and dog trail. While approaching a moraine to have lunch I broke through a hidden crevasse and fell 45 to 50 feet, stopping 5 to 8 feet from the apparent bottom. Jim broke my fall and stopped solidly about 6 feet from the edge. Grant and I had been walking almost abreast because of the nearness of the moraine (a
nearly disastrous error) and as I dropped out of sight he sunk his axe into the snow and pivoted back to get safely away from the edge. He then scrambled back to support Jim. In the fall I dropped my axe, but stayed with my rucksack and snowshoes. I found myself uninjured except for bruises on each temple and braised hips. Jim lowered a light line and I sent up my pack. When the line was let down again I looped the end and fished my axe from the bottom where the crevasse had narrowed down to a few inches. Jim lowered my crampons. I snapped my axe into a karabiner on my waist and worked up a few feet to an ice chockstone which I mounted in a sitting position. After getting my crampons on, Jim took tension on the rope and I started climbing out. Part of the way I was able to stem, but a good deal of the going required a semi-stem, cutting steps and alternate upward traverse. It was very tiring, but fortunately I was able to find a couple of good resting positions. I finally reached the edge, Jim gave me his hand, and I squirmed out.

April 15 — Relaying loads of foods and supplies was rather slow and touchy due to many hidden crevasses and generally chewed-up terrain. It is snowing and the visibility is poor.

April 18 — Enroute to establish Camp I, Bill broke through a bridge and went about 12 feet into a deep crevasse. He had on a 60-70 pound pack, but we got him out by a modified Bilgeri. Fortunately he was unhurt, so we proceeded on to about 7,440 feet and picked out a campsite in a filled in crevasse.

April 21 — Established Camp II at about 8,980 feet, and continued relaying food and supplies. Packs often as much as 100 pounds or more.

April 25 — Today I got the crystal set working so that we will be able to communicate between camps without so much restraint.

April 26 — Entire party now all moved up to Camp II—the spirit of the group is very high. Conditions were ideal for movies today. Some of the members have been very cooperative taking loads even though not expected to—it is a real pleasure to work with such people.

May 1 — In relaying loads today it was rather difficult breaking the trail due to heavy drifting of the snow. The dogs are still not pulling pound for pound as they should. It is snowing very hard with visibility 0 and strong gusts of wind.

May 4 — Made three trips averaging 90 pounds per trip. It was a grinding day, but the temperature was comfortable for packing. Today’s air drop was unsuccessful due to turbulent air, no attempts were made.

May 9 — Brownie and I went down from 11,000 to 8,200 feet where we crossed into the heavily crevassed moat on the north side of the Muldrow glacier searching for a rock specimen for the geological data. We encountered several enormous hidden crevasses and found a good specimen at the edge of the biggest one. We decided to go no further due to exposure. The procedure of sounding in rather bottomless snow, the maze of cracks and belaying delayed us considerably in returning to camp. It has been snowing or fogged in all day, but the ice shades are really lovely.

May 12 — Brownie and I packed an aggregate total of 370 pounds apiece, our loads averaging over 100 pounds with a halfway relay of 50 to 60 pounds. Tonight we are spending in Igloo 2, cooking in Igloo 1—really a cold chow hall.

May 13 — Set out today to push through to 15,000 feet. We shot movies from 11,000 to 12,300, and then moved up into unbroken territory. Going was relatively easy, though steep. Visibility was good initially, but zeroed in about 10:30, so that we moved up in the soup. We were faced with a 75° glare ice pitch at about 13,000 feet, up which we cut large steps and at the top established a fixed rope. Above the ice pitch the going was quite good with alternate firm and drifted snow. The scenery coming back was beautiful and exquisite pink lighting on the terra cotta tan granite of Browne Tower.
May 17 — Today’s air drop went off exceedingly well with all items landing undamaged. Fifteen parcels were dropped, 12 rations, two packages of mail and one of film. As yet there is no indication of when I will be going on up to 18,000 feet. Strangely enough it doesn’t seem to matter much any more—the camaraderie here is excellent and more than augments this rear-echelon duty. With plenty of reading matter, good food, and lots of cribbage competition our spare time has been most pleasant.

May 23 — A strong southwest wind commenced blowing about 4 o’clock, gusting at first and then became steady 60-70 miles per hour. By 10:30 we were getting gusts up to 90 or 100 miles per hour. The air was full of blowing snow and a high overcast prevailed. All tents were downed save the cook tent which we managed to sustain by considerable effort. The wind finally blew out at about 6:00 P.M. and we repitched for the night.

May 26 — Shot two night movie scenes in crevasses with flares. Grant and I rappelled into one that was quite spectacular. Climbing was tiresome because of the deep drifts. They are getting critically low on fuel up the line so perhaps will make a trip up tomorrow providing the weather is favorable.

June 2 — Arrived at 18,000 feet—Last camp before the summit. Going was fair, but our loads slowed us down considerably coupled with altitude effect. It took us eight hours to make the trip from 14,800. We were thoroughly tired—more so than on any other day of the trip. Enroute we encountered no altitude ill-effects save difficulty in breaking trail.

June 6 — The morning dawned clear so we started out in three separate ropes for the summit, Barbara, Brownie, Grant and Bill. Brad, Shorty and Hackett, Jim Gale and I. Jim and I joined the others on the west ridge above Denali Pass. The scenery was tremendous, particularly in the vicinity of Foraker, which incidently looks unusually like Rainier from this side. We took quite a few movies along the way and stopped for lunch at about 19,800 feet on the west slope of the summit cone. We continued up the 35 to 45° slope to the summit ridge. After stopping for a few pictures we went on up reaching the summit about 4:30 in the afternoon. It had begun to blow and cloud, but the view was tremendous—particularly looking south towards the Ruth, Tolkockitna, and Kahiltna Glaciers.

June 7 — Again took off for the high country by climbing the North Peak. Jim and I had Barbara and Sterling on our rope and we made fairly good progress up the steep snow slope, across a broken rock and ice traverse, and into the col at 18,800 feet. From there we dropped into a plateau 300 feet below and arrived at the base of the North Peak summit, 700 feet above. We climbed unroped to the summit. We looked down from the top on a 14,000 foot wall that tumbles onto the Hanna Glacier, down the careening northeast ridge and across at the classically sculptured snow dome of the South Peak. To the east and north wonderful peaks around the Eldridge and Buckskin Glaciers rise up to 11,000 feet. To the south and east mountains such as Dan Beard tower above the Ruth and Tolkachitna Glaciers. To the southwest around Mt. Foraker and the Kahiltna Glacier a great many high mountains and masses of ice were visible. Foraker is really a great mountain—its lines are broad and flowing with great ice faces on every side. A view such as the one we enjoyed today is the ultimate of climbing and high altitude living. Under such circumstances one gets the full impact of tremendous magnitude and the subtle contrast of lowland Spring and intense arctic whiteness.

June 18 — We finally hit the tundra yesterday and are now sitting on the porch of the Ranger Station watching the ever-changing glow of sunlight on McKinley. It has been an incredibly unique experience in mountaineering—a combination of elements that one rarely finds assembled in the mountains or anywhere for that matter. The Muldrow was catalyst for much wonderful friendships and I feel quite modest in saying the affair on the whole was real adventure.
OPERATION WHITE TOWER

Robert W. Craig

Pictures from 35 m.m. color slides
Keeping up with two photographers—
A new technique in climbing!

Is This Trip Necessary?

MRS. BOB SPRING

'Tis said a picture is worth 10,000 words, so with two photographers along, why am I wasting my time? But someone asked us to write up our Olympus trip, and so by a two-thirds (Bob and Ira's) and a little arm-twisting, I find myself chewing on the end of a pencil.

First, I must explain a trip with Bob and Ira is not like an ordinary outing, say a vacation. The boys keep threatening to take a pack horse or two, but the fact is no pack horse in his right mind would take the route the boys do, nor be able to keep up with Ira. So we crawl under our pack boards and squirm to our feet and although the boys claim they take it easy on mine, all I know is that by evening I feel all squashed down, like the bottom loaf of bread in my pack.

We left the greater part of our supplies at Hoh Lake and went on to Olympus carrying the minimum in food and the maximum in photo equipment and climbing paraphernalia. The boys passed up the usual campsite at Glacier Meadow for a more photogenic one high above and overlooking the Blue Glacier. The view was wonderful, but the only running water available was what the boys ran after, a little distance of 200 yards below where they caught the drippings off the glacier. But as Ira said, at least there were no mosquitoes at our camp — the wind blew 'em away, along with dish towels, pajamas and anything not anchored.

Early the next day, we started on the actual climb; however, a climb with the Spring boys is not so simple as just going up and back. We easily walked twice the distance looking for picture angles and most of the time either they were hanging by their tripods for that "special shot" or I was hanging by a toenail or tricouni. I feel that I have a nodding acquaintance with more than one crevasse and snow bridge. When we got to the top the view was worth it; as beautiful a day as you'll ever see, with Baker, the ocean, Victoria and the Sound exhibited. After a couple hours of photoing, we spared a couple minutes to eat, took a quick look in the register for familiar names and started down. Outside of shuddering at all the same places we passed on the way up and an icy slope where my feet shot out from under me pulling Bob along until he dug in his ice axe, the trip back was uneventful. (Not mentioning names, but I think I was tripped—and Ira did happen to get a picture.)

The next day we went back up as far as a good-looking ice fall the boys had spotted. Bob and Ira had a wonderful time shooting some of the fantastic shapes, including mine, as we cut steps and otherwise practiced ice techniques, which took a good ten years off my life and accounts for some of the grey hair I find today. Then they remembered a really big crevasse so we went up still further — and further. The boys finally tore themselves away and we returned to our high camp, packed up and started back to Hoh Lake.

"But when we got there, the cupboard was bare"—the large bag was missing without a trace. The lack of mess ruled out any possibility of bears, of course, and as we ate a supper of cereal and beans, we thought many nasty thoughts about fishermen.

Next day we took a walk over the Bagochiel Trail, after first tying up our meager food in the same fashion as before. There was no doubt of the culprit when we got back this time. What the bear didn't find palatable (like dehydrated soup) he sat in. All that was left intact was a tiny can of tuna fish and some canned tomatoes, which we were mournfully eating cold as we threw together our duffle in preparation for a start back toward civilization and FOOD that evening. Then up the trail nonchalantly came the big black culprit himself. I guess he came back to see if we had opened the cans for him. Bob and Ira in rage took out after him (ah ... fresh meat) but the bear, propelled by a whole carton of our vitamin tablets, etc., flew, leading them to a trail of potatoes and corn meal strewn half way to the Hoh River.
PHOTOGRAPHERS' PARADISE

Bob and Ira Spring

ON TOP

FANTASTIC SHAPES ON BLUE GLACIER

ELEPHANT ROLLING A BALL

HOH LAKE & MT. OLYMPUS

RAIN FOREST IN THE HOH

THE LAST STRETCH

HIGH CAMP ABOVE BLUE GLACIER
Trail Trippers are still tripping—
up hill and down dale.

On The Trails
Esther A. Simons

The year 1947 was a busy and a very successful one, for the Trails Division of The Mountaineers. In addition to the old standby trips near Seattle, such as Silverdale, Squawk Mt., Tolt River and Mt. Si, many new and interesting trails were taken during the year.

The first big event of the season was an early spring visit to Deception Pass State Park in April when 88 Mountaineers came out. Even little Ricky Newell (age 3 months) made the top of Goose Rock, with a little help from the adult members of the family in the steeper places.

The Cristoff Lookout on Huckleberry Ridge was visited in May. This trail is good, though steep in spots, but the view from the top of the Rainier area is well worth the effort.

In June we chose the Mt. Baker region, which is not visited often, due to the driving distance from Seattle. We camped overnight at the Douglas Fir Forest Camp and on Sunday took the trail to Church Mountain. Before we reached the top we found we were on a snow climb! Church Mountain is to the northwest of Mt. Baker and is just four miles from the Canadian border.

Over the July 4th holiday, the Trails Division scheduled a special outing at “The Skagit” well named the “Switzerland of America,” with the cooperation of City Light, who brought out their observation cars and ran a special train for us. A visit to Diablo Dam, trips up Ladder Creek and Newhalem Creek, and a climb of Sourdough Mountain provided a variety of activities for the 82 who participated. This area is still closed to the general public, due to a heavy construction program, and we were fortunate in being able to visit this beauty spot.

Other trips scheduled during the summer were Dewey Lake in Chinook Pass—on a Sunday when Mt. Rainier was at its loveliest—a Sunday trip through forests to Greenwater Lakes, an ideal hot weather hike, and a peak bagging trip by car, when 7 lookout were visited in two days, above Lake Chelan.

Mt. Dickerman, near Big Four, in the Monte Cristo group, was visited in September, and Lloyd Anderson took 80 mountaineers up this beautiful trail, ablaze in autumn coloring.

On the schedule for October were Klapatchee Park in Mt. Rainier National Park, and Melakwa Lakes, which is a gem of a lake, at the base of majestic Kaleetan. Green Lake, near the Carbon River entrance of Mt. Rainier National Park was the November offering, and we ended up the year with our Annual Christmas Greens trip to Kitsap in December.
Familiar old sketches dressed up with a new Introduction—a reprint of 1939’s outstanding collection of sketches by one of our well-known members.

A Mountaineer’s Sketch Book

CLARK E. SCHURMAN

Eight years ago I was allowed two guesses on “Why Men Climb Mountains,” in the Introduction to some rocking chair sketches of our Club’s badge hills, in the 1939 annual. It is nice to be allowed another guess.

Certain basic definitions were then laid down. I was told that this glossary was maliciously used at sundry dinner parties, by heretics, to the discomfiture of climber-believers, during the preliminary bouts at these pre-“less” feasts. This stuff began: “Mountaineers are adults (The heretics said ‘oh, yeah’) who spend weekends and summers toddling to the stratosphere to eat Trail Lunches on the Scenery: also those who wish to and claim to, and don’t.” The unfortunate use of the world adults built the club to almost double its former membership in eight years. So many people who didn’t particularly care to be Mountaineers, did however want status as adults. One fourteen year old was inducted on his very birthday within 24 hours of constitutional or maybe by-law-ial eligibility. He started a campaign to “not let a lot of little kids into the Club.”

We think we have finally discovered not only why men climb mountains, but also why women do. They do because we do, and vice versa. More later on that. “Editors, (this is 1939 stuff again), are mountaineers chosen annually to evolve justifications for such activity (also solicit ads, pray to the Board, hound guys for promised copy, and take the blame for all typo errors.)

“One good explanation is that we all, as children, dreamed of romping around high on the beautiful clouds. Mountain tops are as near as we can get, and high enough. They are all about another half hour too high. But they stay on the map better than clouds.”

And now a word from our sponsor. “B, I, W, T.” That is why men climb mountains. “B, I, W, T.” (repeat ab lib.) They sing it, solos, duos, quartets, (four on a B, I, W, T.) even campfire groups. “It’s in the bag, folks, B, I, W, T. We climbed the mountain BECAUSE IT WAS THERE. That’s why. You too can climb the mountain B, I, W, T.” Let us send this commercial to the Better Business Bureau. Take the duos for a case. The most casual study of past annuals with their complete directories, or even reference to the “Other Notes” in any monthly Bulletin, shows a heavy mortality among girl’s names—a lot more Mr. and Mrs. listings, even something known as Spouse Memberships. (So, BBB, you see, no B, I, W, T, at all. She was there. That was His ‘why.’ He was there,—well, after all,—but IT, no, Better B-Bureau, you never see a mountain listed as a spouse.

Let us now come to George Stewart’s absorbing book, MAN—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Man, a species, through the millions of years. (Noah, please stand by for the jack-pot, and keep your ark and Mt. Ararat handy.) When I, Man, in the million-year sense, came ashore, I had three choices: Go swimming, Siwash along shore, Climb. The poor fish who chose the first can be seen on any summertime ocean beach, with their beautifully clad (no, no prefix please) fishesses. Class 2, compromised for a shore existence with bath tubs, and made America the envy of the world. It invented bridge, chess, dancing and dramatics, also pre-Petrillo parties to listen to records. Class 3, Wake up, this is us coming. I, Man, had to go see. So got to the Hills. This
is a little confusing, but after the Flood, I, Man started a Safety Campaign. “Know your Mountains, folks. It may rain.” Through the millions of years, I, Man have instinctively kept an eye out for a good high hummock, in case. As the race developed, I have learned to keep an eye out for an umbrella which I, Woman carry, also in case. If it rains hard, take to the hills. If it rains only moderately say, “Madam, can this be your umbrella that I just found in my eye?”

Back again, but only eight years this time. You can make it that far and then we’ll have trail lunch. “A mountain is a hill that is bigger than you think or the sketch shows. A sketch is a poetically licensed diagram of one’s own mountain made when it seems probable that the viewers will never have a chance to check up. A summit is that portion of a mountain that cannot be reached by lunch time. A camera is an expense, but it looks an exaggeration right in the eye and says, (courteously) ‘Really?’ Fog is one of those beautiful clouds of our childhood, that has grown up and gotten personal. Its best use is to prevent the photographer being a photographer and letting us get along.

Some of these mountains in the sketch book don’t look mountainous enough to be tagged as Hollywood starlets . . . But they’re nice livable and let-live mountains. Sociable fellows, and they introduce you to fine circles of acquaintances. If they aren’t sensational, probably they were drawn from veracious photos. Some show mere bits, enroute. Gravity made it impossible to carry the lunch higher.

Here then is some sort of album of the several groups of Club pin-peaks. Six majors, from less usual viewpoints. Snoqualmie Lodge first and second tens, Tacoma’s Irish Cabin first and second twelves. Everett’s three sevens, Darrington, Index and Monte Cristo. The recognition pins in the same sequence.

In the years during which these names become personal experiences, and you grow in love of the mountains and in contemplative capacity, you may seriously answer the eternal “Why,” which I have embarrassedly dodged, and to which B, I, W, T, is not a very good answer. Here, at last seriously, is a clue for you. Men seem held back from saying why they “love” mountains. But when their life-long climbing comrades pass on and they sit down to write an obituary for the club year book—they say, “He” thought so and so; “He” loved the mountains because—. So they write their own contemplations and scribe them to the companion of so many years on high hills. I, Man, can come very near to really knowing why I climb mountains—and I like the reasons that I sort of want to keep to myself.
Be there a man with soul so quaint  
Who's muttered without self-restraint  
Is you is, or is you ain't—  
A MOUNTAINEER?

The Mountaineering Development Group  
WOLF BAUER

The growth of an organization is the aggregate result of the vision, initiative, and earnest effort of its members. To measure such growth in terms of membership and facilities only, is to evaluate by outward appearances rather than values placed upon it by its members.

Organizations come into being for varied reasons and purposes. The well-known aims of The Mountaineers, be they directed toward its members or integrated in the regional development of our Northwest Parks and Forests, need not be reiterated here. However, since its founding, The Mountaineers have, by more or less spasmodic effort, pioneered the various phases of summer and winter mountain sports, widened the scope of club activities, and retained an enviable leading position among kindred Northwest organizations.

CONTRIBUTING CAUSES OF RECENT CLUB GROWTH Club responsibilities grow not only with growth in membership, but take on added significance when its program and policies are pioneering, and when its activities may influence directly or indirectly the general public and community.

The relatively recent, and expected further increase in membership can readily be traced to the fact that the younger generation growing up in our region has become increasingly outdoor and mountain conscious. Why? The singular and obvious answer is skiing. The ski sport has been more or less responsible for this increased awareness of the mountains. Surely we should be least surprised. Had not our mountaineering activities led us to become the initial advocates and forerunners of the ski sport here, just as similar alpine clubs pioneered in other regions of the globe?

From the hosts of skiers added to the total each year, an increasing number become proficient to the point, and entranced by the mountain world to a degree, that compels them to undertake more and more trips into the hills, be that winter or summer. Although not always too obvious at first until experiences convince them, such people will logically seek the guidance and training opportunities offered by such groups as ours. And so the circle closes again within a generation of twenty odd years. Having helped to start the swing of the pendulum to skiing, we surely must be prepared for this return swing toward increased interest in summer climbing and in fact the whole art of the mountaineer, an art which has become to many of us a way of life.

NEED FOR REORGANIZATION

The climbing committees have felt probably more keenly than others the need for keeping club program and training in step with membership growth. To maintain Northwest mountaineering leadership, to shoulder a good part of the responsibility for the orderly and scientific development of the art, to provide for the up-to-date education and training of would-be climbers and leaders, to keep abreast of all phases of mountaineering, to foster safety and mountaineering lore among the uninitiated and general public, to gather facts and data on the history, geography, and natural sciences of the region, to collect and file all climbing and outing information as a direct guide to its members, to act as a clearing house and screening group for the direct benefit of the policy-making Boards of Trustees in the years to come, and last but not least, to provide an increasing number of mountaineers with the opportunity for self-education and application of talents and hobbies for the common good,—to this end the Mountaineering Development Group was conceived.
ORGANIZATION OF THE GROUP

During the past season, the climbing committee has organized itself experimentally along the basic lines indicated in the outline following, operating for the primary purpose of gathering the facts necessary for building up the nucleus and program of the development group later. The structure and aims of this group were presented to the Board of Trustees in October, at which time sanction was obtained to absorb within its fold and scope the activities of the former climbing committee, and to proceed to carry out its program along the lines presented below:

I. Subcommittee on Climbing Courses
   a. Annual revisions, new instruction matter, higher standards
   b. Train and provide class instructors, supervise program of trips, tests, requirements, equipment, etc.
   c. Equipment research and distribution of information to instructors
   d. Class illustrations, films, etc.

II. Subcommittee on Leadership Training
   a. Winter and summer group leader training classes
   b. Listing and scheduling of such leaders
   c. Trip and climb scheduling
   d. Leaders’ notebook guide

III. Subcommittee on State Climbing-Area Development
   a. Scouting trips and projects to collect guide and file data
   b. Winter and summer shelter-hut program, cairns, route markers, etc.
   c. Master plan current outing guide for indexed clubroom files with maps, photos, sketches, latest district information
   d. Tie-in with Park and Forest Service, Highway Department, etc.

IV. Subcommittee on Safety
   a. Rescue Patrol—yearly training of new patrol (aviation and other organizational tie-in)
   b. First Aid—provide instructors, demonstrations, intra-club competition
   c. Screening of accidents and near-accidents, reports, recommendations
   d. Tie-in with governmental agencies, fire-fighting systems, etc.

V. Subcommittee on Advanced Climbing Training
   a. Material for notebook from latest books, correspondence, experiments
   b. Self-instruction program classes for any interested group members
   c. Special climbing projects and expeditions

VI. Subcommittee on Public Enlightenment and Standards
   a. Traveling condensed lectures and demonstrations to schools, camps, sport organizations, exposition booths, articles in newspapers, etc.
   b. Contact with equipment houses and manufacturers for seal of approval on tested equipment, test procedures, findings
   c. Regional associations with kindred old and new clubs at periodic conferences, adoption of standard policies, regional support, etc.
   d. Selection of outstanding Boy Scouts, Forest and Park officials, Guides, Skiers, etc. for invitational yearly free memberships
   e. Natural Science cooperative program tie-in with University of Washington Geology, Biology, Botany Departments, (specimen collections and data) Audubon Society, Meteorological station, Wild Life Conservation Groups, Chamber of Commerce, etc.

One of the great advantages members of The Mountaineers enjoy is the opportunity to come into close contact with kindred spirits, expert or otherwise, with whom they can learn, experience, and exchange ideas along their favorite hobbies and interests. The Mountaineering Development Group especially offers such opportunities to the mountainer who takes his club, his hobbies, and his mountaineering seriously, and who feels he owes our magnificent mountain region and sport a voice and hand toward fullest development.
IS YOU IS, OR IS YOU AIN'T—
A MOUNTAINEER?

seasonal location, and regional facts of our birds and local wild life with some of our experts? Are you safety and first aid conscious or trained to organize classes, competition practice, and work out specialized mountaineering equipment and techniques in this field? Are you an artist, draftsman, sketcher willing to try your hand at route and peak illustrations and climbing map printing projects? Do you have a camera or dark room equipment with which to record and produce illustrations for our many project files? Has your job given you the interest and training to make short work in laying out filing systems, indexes, or compilation of statistical data which the group is continually collecting for member use? Are you rugged and sound of wind and limb to test and conduct experiments in advanced climbing techniques, bivouac and rescue research, trail marking program, etc? Are you the adventurous soul who can combine his explorations and wanderings into remote regions with explicit fact-gathering assignments for assimilation by the group? Are you a good speaker interested in presenting simple mountaineering lectures and demonstrations to schools, and organizations? Can you digest and condense what you read from the literature, and enter into lively correspondence and contacts with other climbing organizations her e and elsewhere? Are you bugs about bugs, or a dyed-in-the-wool collector who can bring back rocks and minerals? Is it child’s play for you to type and take dictation when reports, findings, notebooks, etc. are to be written up during group meetings? Or can you apply your hobbies and talents to the numerous odd problems that will challenge our group? If you want to teach or be taught, train or be trained, intensify your interests and join birds of a feather, you may find or carve a niche in the program of the Mountaineering Development Group. The challenge is yours to accept.

ADDITIONS TO THE MOUNTAINEER LIBRARY, 1946-47

COOKERY
Pennsylvania State College
Let’s Cook Outdoors

U. S. Forest Service: Cook Book for Fire Suppression Crews

Mountains and Mountaineering
Burpee: Among the Canadian Alps
Chapin: Mountaineering in Colorado
Coleman: The Canadian Rockies
Freshfield: Exploration of the Caucasus
Harper: Night Climb
Palmer: Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers, third series
Rey: Matterhorn
Smythe: Alpine Ways
Smythe: Mountain Vision
Smythe: Spirit of the Hills
Stephen: Playground of Europe
Tilman: When Men and Mountains Meet
Turner: Conquest of the New Zealand Alps
Ullman: Kingdom of Adventure: Everest
Williams: Guardians of the Columbia

OUTDOOR LIFE, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Ernst: Deep River Jim’s Outdoor Guide
Evans: British Polar Explorers
Hardy: Tatoosh
Parkman: California and the Oregon Trail
Russell: One Hundred Years in Yosemite
Seton-Karr: Shores and Alps of Alaska
Stefansson: Arctic Manual
U. S. Navy Department: Survival on Land and Sea
Yeager: Your Western National Parks

Skiing
American Ski Annual: 1947
British Ski Yearbook: 1946
Huber & Rogers: Complete Ski Manual
Iselin & Spectorsky: Invitation to Skiing
Lineweaver: Let’s Ski
National Skiing Guide: 1947
Rybizka: Hannes Schneider Ski Technique, 1946 edition
BACK TO CASCADE PASS

APPROACHING THE PASS — D. Harrah

CAMPSITE — Robertson

MIXUP PEAK — D. Harrah

READY FOR DESCENT — D. Harrah

FORBIDDEN PEAK FROM THE PASS — Degenhardt
Climbers continue to be First Ascendants on the 1947 Climbers' Outing.

Back to Cascade Pass

DICK MERRITT

A year ago, a handful of climbers left Lake Chelan on an adventure into a new area, Cascade Pass. They knew little about what lay before them in the way of terrain or actual climbs. Ten days were spent in laborious exploration and some climbing was accomplished. With this information, how could we help but want to return to this climber's paradise.

Planning the 1947 Climber's Outing started early in the Spring but interest slowly disappeared. However, in early July several of us found that it would be possible to leave the city for ten days and immediately the thought of Cascade Pass returned. Climbers were notified, meetings were held, and on August 15 a well organized party of ten left Seattle.

The first night was spent at the cars about twenty miles east of Marblemount. Herman Rhodie, the experienced packer we had engaged to haul our belongings to the pass, told us he would be at the end of the road with the horses first thing in the morning. (New definition of “first thing”—9:00 or after.) Truthfully, even his late appearance was a relief. Our first disappointment came later that day when Rhodie announced that he would only be able to take us in ten of the fourteen miles that day. This meant one day of climbing would be lost.

The following day was our day of work. The remaining miles to the pass were covered and then a long wait for our equipment. Since we intended to move camp to the north of Cascade Pass after the first part of the week, part of each person’s rations were tied between trees in boxes so that the bears couldn’t possibly reach them. We thought that we were pretty clever. Then with about 50 pound packs, we started on a long, rather steep traverse over a 6,800 foot col. Upon reaching this col, an entirely new area to the south of Cascade Pass lay before our eyes. It was very late in the afternoon and our proposed camp-site at Kool-ade Lake was a short distance away. A few members of the party were still ambitious, however. Jack and Wesley decided they would try Mixup Peak while Joe and John decided there might be time to attempt an unnamed peak directly above Kool-Ade. The two climbing parties started off while the remainder of the party traversed rock slides and very steep heather slopes to the lake.

Kool-ade Lake is merely a small reservoir at the bottom of a permanent neve slope, its longest dimension being approximately 25 feet. It is not much over two feet deep at any point, however a very comfortable high camp was established here. Both climbing teams returned, after camp was settled, darkness having descended about an hour previously. Both ascents were reported as “First’s,” and everyone was pleased with the accounts. The unnamed peak directly above camp was named Hurry-up and the name was found to be appropriate to the type of climb it was. There was considerable discussion as to the possibility of the peak being Trapper, but Trapper is actually farther to the east and over a hundred feet lower in elevation. We found that Glacier Peak Quadrangle is not altogether too accurate as to the exact features of the area covered on our outing.

The following morning, eight of the party started out to attempt Daiber Peak which lay to the south and west of camp. The day was extremely foggy and knowing little of the climb itself made the trip more difficult. Hours of tricky traversing brought us finally to the south side of the peak. The actual roped climbing was very difficult in a sense: the danger from the vast amount of loose rock was a great hindrance in our upward progress and because of the dense fog, the summit could not be located definitely. We could only continue upward. Luck was with us, however, as our upward course led us directly to the summit where we located the Mazama’s cairn. The descent
was very slow and it was by luck that we managed to reach a place where firewood could be obtained to make our bivouac a little more comfortable. The temperature went well below freezing that night.

Upon our return to camp next morning, six of us decided to try an ascent of Spider Mt. The rock on the northwest ridge continued to get more rotten as we ascended. It soon was so bad that any piece could be crumbled to sand in the hand. Because of the exposure, we decided that it would be an unnecessary risk of life to continue. As it was, we returned to camp after an absence of more than 32 hours.

Camp was scheduled to be moved to Boston Basin on the following day. This required traversing up to Mixup Col, descending back to Cascade Pass, retracing the trail about two miles, and then ascending two miles of seemingly perpendicular trail. Before leaving Kool-ade, one party climbed Mixup, another party climbed Magic Peak, and a third party climbed both Hurry-up and Mixup. Mixup proved to be a very intriguing rock climb. The route looked almost impossible until we were actually on the face itself. It turned out to be an enormous solid gray-granite staircase. Climbing was quite difficult at the beginning and again near the summit of the climb.

When Cascade Pass was reached, it was discovered that the boxes containing the remainder of our food, had been tampered with. It must have been a bear able to untie the supporting ropes, open boxes, and steal such delicacies as candy bars, cookies, and several complete meals. The menus of several of the party were considerably cramped for the remainder of the trip. Half of the party reached Boston Basin that night, the rest the following morning.

Dense fog hampered climbing the next day. One group was fortunate in that they were able to climb above the fog where the peaks could be seen clearly. Heading for unclimbed Sharkfin Tower, this party climbed to the right hand notch at the base of the summit pinnacle. From there they climbed directly upward, traversing from one side of the ridge to the other. From the top of the tower, it was merely a traverse along the ridge to the summit. The climbing was enjoyable though the exposure was terrific. Fortunately the climbers were able to get off the peak before the clouds settled and snow started to fall.

Friday morning, three of us, hoping to have the same luck as the group on the preceding day, started off to attempt a first ascent of Forbidden Peak, highest peak in the area. However, dense fog, swirling snow, and sounds of distant avalanches turned us back before any familiar landmarks at the base of the giant three-sided pyramid could be located. Arriving back at base camp, we found everyone in favor of hiking the fourteen miles to the road that afternoon.

In spite of the consistently poor climbing weather and the loss of supplies, the outing was unanimously voted an overwhelming success. Most of the party felt that the trip required the use of a tremendous amount of mountaineering knowledge. Five good peaks were climbed, some of the group making first ascents of three of these. Everyone returned healthy with the exception of a few blisters, wealthy in the friendships made, and wise in the amount of mountaineering knowledge obtained. What more could anyone ask!

**MEMBERS OF 1947 CLIMBER'S OUTING**

- Wesley Grande 1-2-3-5
- David Harrah 1-2-6
- Jack Kendrick 1-2-2-4-6
- Marvin Lewis 1-4-6
- Melvin Marcus 1-2-4-6
- Dick Merritt 1-2-6
- John Robertson 4
- Dick Safely
- Jay Todd 1-3
- Joe Vance 1-3-4-5-6

(1) Daiber Peak (Formidable) 8,350 ft.
(2) Mixup Peak 7,800 ft.
(3) Sharkfin Tower 8,500 ft.
(4) Hurry-up Peak 7,800 ft.
(5) Magic Peak 7,600 ft.
(6) Spider Mt. (Attempt only) 8,200 ft.
The Gypsies pack up their kids, and old duffle bags, venturing from mountain crags to the seas.

Memoirs of a Campcrafter
W. P. ELFENDAHL

The year 1947 shall go down in Campcrafter memories as one of many happy Mountaineering experiences. The season’s trips began with the Everett Mountaineers, on a wildflower trip and then carried us from mountain crags to the sea, from the Canadian border to the Oregon-California line.

We began on a fine spring day in May when Herman and Helen Felder led us through the glories of the Tumwater-Chiwaukum Recreational Area. Bird-bills, shooting stars, phlox, camas lillies, avalanche lillies, calypso and myriad other flowers greeted us in their scented glory. From this wonder spot of nature we travelled on Memorial Day week-end far north to the Mt. Baker Forest Area. There we enjoyed skiing, climbing, fishing and hiking for three glorious days.

La Push, Washington, with its picturesque and scenic ocean beach was the scene of our third excursion. Here we were entertained by the curious actions of the limpet, the oyster drill, hermit crab and hundreds of sea animals and crustacea too numerous to mention. Here, too, we were visited by the agents of one of life’s most famous personages, King Neptune. Afore-mentioned agents visited our campfire and then proceeded to crown all fathers present, “Kings for a Day” (It was Fathers’ Day Week-end.)

July 4th found Mountaineer Campcrafters encamped at DeRoux Creek Forest Camp, in the North Teanaway District. Fourteen members of the party ascended Mt. Stuart via Stuart Pass. A thoroughly enjoyable weekend was had by all. The old mine and diggings, the deserted shack with the porcupine, the acres and acres of lupine, all surrounded with the majestic crags of Esmerelda Peak, Iron, Hawkins and Huckleberry mountains, these are the happy memories of the Teanaway.

Mowich Lake, the peak baggers paradise, was our Labor Day stamping grounds. Though we were forestalled by what bode ominous (rain), we none the less persevered and had one of the most active weekends of the entire year. Forty-five Campcrafters made a total of 116 ascents in two days. Echo, Observation, Hessong Rock, Pleasant, Fay, Mother, Castle and Tolmie all fell victims of Campcrafter nails.

On September 20th, Campcrafters were found trekking east over the Snoqualmie Pass where the last trip of the 1947 season was held. Here twenty-five Mountaineers enjoyed the scenic beauty of the Salmon La Sac District and ascended Cathedral and Red Mountains.

To save the best for the last the time has come for us to talk of the big Campcrafter event of 1947, the Oregon Gypsy Tour.

On the 26th of July with spirits high and the barometer dropping, twenty-two vigorous sons and daughters of Washington defied the Ides of Oregon and proceeded south via Portland, Mt. Hood and the Skyline Trail to Breitenbush Lake, our first campsite. This spot was to be the jumping off place for Mt. Jefferson, but the best we could hop over was Campbell’s Butte and Pyramid Butte. Reason? The rains came.

This foreseen unhappy happenstance, the dropping barometer, brought the first setback. The climbers couldn’t climb and the children couldn’t take it, so the children wrung out their socks and decided to head for the second campspot, at Big Lake in drier country. The climbers persevered till about two hours after the children departed and then they too left for points south and east. After driving through several bigger lakes, we arrived at Big Lake in the Santiam Pass Area, where everything was honeysuckle and sunshine. We spent five glorious days at Big Lake, fishing, climbing, swimming, sunbathing, trail pounding, nature studying and just plain loafing. Climbs were made of Mt. Washington and North Sister and valley pounders enjoyed trail
trips to Patjens Lakes, Hoodoo Butte, Suttle Lake and other spots. Campfires were highlighted with toasted marshmallows, watermelon, hot bread on a stick with jam and at Friday night’s campfire with Friendship Cake by “Chef” Elfendahl and his hot reflector oven.

On Saturday, August 2nd, the first weekers headed home and the two weekers headed south to Devil’s Lake where we were joined by four more hardy Mountaineers. The second week’s journey took us to Devil’s Lake for two days where mushrooms became a prominent part of our daily diet and South Sister succumbed to the Mountaineers designs. Here too, Thor pounded on his anvil and entertained us with an electrical display to delight the weak of heart.

On Tuesday, August 5th, we moved to Diamond Lake, our final campsite. The following day the entire party, eighteen strong, travelled south to see that magical wonder of nature, Crater Lake National Park, where we spent the entire day making the circuit tour of the park and climbed Mt. Scott, the highest point in the park. We then returned to Diamond Lake, our base camp, where Hubert “Hub” West outdid himself by catching only trout over twenty inches in length, much to the delight of all who had fried trout for breakfast the next day.

Thursday, our final day on the tour, was a day of great activity. Mts. Thielsen and Bailey fell to Mountaineer prowess. Trail trippers and fishermen filled the larders with fish and mushrooms and the final campfire, which signalled the trip’s end, was broken up with deep regret. For though we had lived like drowned moles, rustling and splashing in duffle bags, and our cars were bulging with overloads of equipment and supplies, we were happy in the thought that the Oregon country is a good country in which Mountaineers should travel again and again.

MEMBERS OF 1947 GYPSY TOUR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Week of Participation</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alex Alexander</td>
<td>1, 3, 4, 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dean Bollman, Sr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bill Elfendahl</td>
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<tr>
<td>Florence Elfendahl</td>
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<td>Jerry Elfendahl</td>
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<td>Larry Elfendahl</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bill Laval</td>
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<td>Joan Laval</td>
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<tr>
<td>Myrtle Logue</td>
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<td>Ernest Linger</td>
<td>(G), 1, 2</td>
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<td>Bill Maxwell</td>
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<td>Opal Maxwell</td>
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<td>Harvey Moore</td>
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<td>Bill Simonton</td>
<td>(G), 4, 5</td>
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<td>Fanny Simonton</td>
<td>(G), 4, 6</td>
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<td>Fred Tiedt</td>
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<td>Harriet Tiedt</td>
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<td>Glen Tiedt</td>
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<td>Cheryl Tiedt</td>
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<td>Jay Todd, Jr.</td>
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<td>Helen Todd</td>
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<td>Hubert West</td>
<td>3, 4, 6</td>
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<td>Blanche West</td>
<td>4, 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Herman Warnstedt</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>Phyllis Warnstedt</td>
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<td>Larry Warnstedt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Warnstedt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dick Paterson</td>
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<td>Kay Paterson</td>
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<td>Noel Paterson</td>
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Ascents made by number: 1—Mt. Washington; 2—North Sister; 3—South Sister; 4—Mt. Scott; 5—Mt. Thielsen; 6—Mt. Bailey.
Unclimbed peaks have lured Mountaineer youth with come hither signals.

Now Conquered
GUMMIE JOHNSON

There are still peaks remaining in the Cascades with summits untrod by human feet. These stand as a constant challenge to adventurous climbers. Several summits of heretofore virgin peaks have been added to the list of "Now Conquered." Some of these peaks were climbed last year but were not recorded in detail.

NORTH PEAK LIBERTY BELL—In the last week of September, 1946, Fred Beckey, Chuck Welsh and Jerry O'Neil were in the Washington Pass Area, northeast of Lake Chelan, to climb the north peak of Liberty Bell. After hiking the sixteen miles from Early Winters Creek Guard Station to the pass, they beat brush to the west side of Liberty Bell where a gully separates the north peak from the rest of the mountain.

Following the right fork of the gully, and trading nailed boots for tennis shoes almost immediately, the party with Fred leading, worked along a slab on the north face of the gully until a good belay spot was found. From this point some very steep slab was traversed until a vertical crack was reached into which Fred drove a piton. Passing this piton the party continued working up the ridge until they made the summit.

An excellent view rewarded the climbers for their efforts, but no one had brought along a pencil to start a register. To leave some record, the lettering on a cheese box was cut off and pasted on adhesive tape to spell out the individual names.

In descending, the group used two 100-foot rappels to bring them to the gully where they had left their boots. A total of three pitons were used on the mountain, two ascending, and one for rappelling. Later, the south peak of Liberty Bell, the highest point on the mountain, was climbed. From this point the party reported a good view of the middle peak, yet unclimbed.

SNAGTOOTH RIDGE—Two days after climbing the north peak of Liberty Bell, Fred, Chuck, and Jerry crossed over the ridge southwest of Willow Creek and attacked Big Snagtooth, the highest pinnacle on Snagtooth Ridge.

After climbing the first 100-foot pitch which was both steep and exposed, a six-foot overhang was encountered and circumvented. From this overhang the party walked to the main ridge and the summit, both being relatively level, though exposed. No pitons were used on Big Snagtooth, although a shoulder stand was required to ascend the last fifteen feet to the summit.

Following Big Snagtooth, two pinnacles, Willow Tooth and Cedar Tooth, were climbed. The party then attempted a fourth pinnacle on the ridge, Rusty Tooth, which proved to be the hardest climb. Halfway up the first 100 feet, Fred required the use of a piton and rope sling for direct aid. From this point, after three attempts while standing on Jerry's shoulders, Fred succeeded in reaching a crack in the vertical rock face to drive a piton. Then traversing to the right, he reached another crack which, though rotten, allowed passage upward to a point ten feet below the summit where another piton was driven for safety. The top was very small, the party being subject to the same exposure encountered on the rest of the ridge. Five pitons were used in ascending, two for direct aid. The descent was made with two 100-foot rappels from pitons and rope slings.

SLIPPERY SLAB TOWER—Dave Harrah, Bill Herston, Ruth and Keith Rankin joined forces in early May, 1947 to form the third party to attempt Slippery Slab Tower, a rugged gendarme south of Scenic up Surprise Creek Valley. This year's party made its way up the snow-covered valley to the base of the 250-foot tower at an elevation of about 6,250 feet.
NOW CONQUERED!

SLIPPERY SLAB TOWER — K. Rankin

MT. HOZOMEEN — W. H. Mathews

UP THE SLIPPERY FACE — K. Rankin

WEST PEAK, MT. TEMPLE — W. Dunaway

LIBERTY BELL — F. Beckey

NORTH FACE MT. SHUKSAN — D. Watson
Equipped with tennis shoes, ropes and hardware, they chose the east face to begin their ascent. Progress was blocked 50 feet up by a slippery slab from which the tower derived its descriptive title. Two pitons were used to aid in traversing the slab, for friction alone would have proven somewhat risky. Once over the slab, Dave Harrah accomplished a tricky, exposed traverse directly above the slab, climbing to an exposed belaying point. Crossing to a ledge to the south face, the party discovered a steep, shallow chimney which they mounted with care to the 6,500-foot summit. A glass tube sufficed to hold their record of the first ascent of Slippery Slab Tower.

WEST PEAK TEMPLE—In spite of its proximity to Leavenworth, few mountaineers have visited the pinnacled region west of Nada and Snow Lakes. Two peaks in this region, McClellan and Temple were first climbed in 1946.

May 17th of this year, Melvin Marcus, Bill Dunaway and Fred Beckey set out intending to climb the unclimbed west peak of Temple. After a seven-mile hike to Snow Lake, there spending the night, the party next morning made its way around the north shore of the lake and headed for the saddle between Temple and McClellan overlooking Enchantment Lakes. Dropping to one of the lakes, they headed for the south side of the ridge about one-fourth of a mile from the main summit.

With rope and tennis shoes, Bill began the assault on the west face of the 300-foot tower. The granite was very steep everywhere but amply cracked. Belaying continually, the party slowly moved up the high-angle slabs and narrow cracks. At the second rope length a tricky hand traverse delayed them a little. Near the summit a shoulder stand and a chinning stint were made necessary by a short overhang. The climb, though short, was strenuously exciting. The estimated elevation was 8,350 feet and from the tiny summit mists played havoc with the scenery. Retreating hastily with the aid of a rappel, the party descended, crossed to the main peak of Temple and “second ascended” it. This second climb was somewhat hazardous by a light snowfall.

SOUTH PEAK MT. HOZOMEEN—Three miles south of the Canadian border east of the Skagit River lies isolated Mt. Hozomeen. Its 8,080-foot north peak was first climbed several years ago by a survey party; its 8,050-foot south peak was climbed June 14, 1947, by Fred Beckey, Melvin Marcus, Jerry O'Neil, Ken Prestrud, Herb Staley and Chuck Welsh.

Hiking the four miles from the end of the road to Lake Hozomeen by flashlight, the party arrived at the lake at 1:00 a.m., indulged in four hours of sleep and started the climb next morning with a one and one-half mile brushwhack around the east end of the lake to the gully separating south and north peaks. Running water made travel miserable and often dry clothes had to be sacrificed to overcome steep wet cliffs. Their objective, a 6,500-foot saddle, was reached after gaining 800 feet on a 30° snow slope, and 1,200 feet on exposed rotten rock and slabs, after having beaten their way through wet brush intermingled with cliffs. From the saddle the party worked in teams: Chuck, Herb and Jerry in one; Fred, Ken and Melvin in the other, first climbing a 300-foot shoulder on the east side, then dropping 50 feet to a knife-edge and onto the south face on the ridge. Accomplishing a series of traverses, chimneys, and several short pitches, and dropping 350 feet through a small notch, a one-hundred yard traverse on the south face brought the two rope teams to the base of the final 400 feet of summit rock. They worked around a series of overhangs directly above them to gain 150 feet.

The final 250 feet required the use of four pitons, a shoulder stand including an overhang which would not be circumvented, and great care, since the rock was rotten and exposed. The six men arrived at the top at 4:30 p.m. with snow beginning to fall lightly. Hastily building a cairn, they descended with the aid of two rappels but were overcome by darkness at 4,500 feet where the night was spent. The mountain got its revenge, for the climbers had to endure a constant drizzle and vicious mosquitoes for six hours. At the first sign of daybreak they covered the remaining distance to base camp. Looking back for a last glimpse of Hozomeen they saw only. an empty gray mist where the mountain would have been.

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NORTH BUTTRESS MT. SHUKSAN—Mt. Shuksan has been ascended from every conceivable angle but the north, which is the true left profile as seen from Mt. Baker Lodge. From White Salmon Ridge, the steep rock cliffs and hanging glaciers rise to form a promontory north buttress at 8,600 feet which is separated from the summit pyramid by a segment of Price glacier.

Bob Craig and Fred Beckey, late on the 20th of September, 1947, began the climb of this north buttress by dropping into White Salmon Creek from Shuksan Arm and climbing to timberline, over 5,500 feet on White Salmon Ridge. The next morning after studying the great rounded face, towering steeply overhead, they attempted an exposed hanging glacier just to the left of a 500-foot slabby cliff which blocked their route. Climbing almost vertically, they worked up a steep ice face, zigzags between numerous crevasses to an ice finger which led to the steep buttressed ridge above the slabby barrier. Bob crossed a loose, snow-choked schrund; then Fred worked up the ice finger, cutting steps where necessary. On firm, 45° neve, the lead exchanged every few hundred feet. At about 8,000 feet, after a steep ice patch requiring careful belaying, the party emerged onto rock and found easy climbing to the glacier above the north buttress, although the rock was very loose.

Crossing the flat glacier, Bob and Fred found a feasible point to cross a large bergschurnd from which point they traversed the glacier to the east face of the summit pyramid. Then choosing the rock furthest right, they climbed the steep, well-broken rock to the summit in tennis shoes, alternating the lead and belaying continually since the climbing was delicate and exposed. At noon the two stood on the summit, elated that the trip had been made so efficiently. Descending via Winnie’s Slide and Lake Ann, Bob and Fred arrived at Austin Pass at 5:00 p.m.

Tacoma brings Irish Cabin up-to-date with “the New Look.”

The Year In Tacoma

KATHRYN GALLACHER

The Greatest Achievements of the Tacoma Mountaineers this year under the presidency of Dick Scott, has been the improvements of Irish Cabin under the chairmanship of Floyd Raver. This has meant real work on the part of some of our generous members. If you don’t think it is stylish just come and see. Outstanding climbs from the Cabin have been Red Stone, 1st Mother, Poch Peak, Crescent, Tyee, Castle and 2nd Mother.

Ski trips were arranged for during the winter by Bruni Wisclecnus, with a tour of Crystal Basin, a week-end at Meany Ski Hut and skiing at Paradise Valley. Meetings were also held to give us more of the technique of skiing.

The highlight of the 1947 Social Season was the Annual Banquet, held at the Towers. The soft lights and the many beautiful flowers from the Budil Gardens arranged throughout the room made a perfect setting for our annual get-together. Later movies taken this summer on the Outing in the Tetons were shown, followed by installation of our new officers. Chairman was Julia Bair.

The Local Walks with Alice Fraser as chairman led us over very interesting territory including the tour of Pack Demonstration Forest near LaGrande; exploration of historic and unusual spots near Nisqually; also a visit to Arta and Jack Richardson’s farm near McKenna; delightful trips around Spanaway, Vashon Island and Fox Island; a trip to Snow Lake near Snoqualmie Pass; and the wonderful Salmon Bake.

During the winter and spring the local climbers class was conducted by Walter Frederick and enjoyed climbs of Castle, Howard, Tolmie and joint practice climbs with Seattle.

On an evening early in September the Annual Fair was again held at Budil’s Gardens, bigger and better than ever. With Fox Island produce
walking away with the blue ribbons again; several strange people in costume, “the lost skier,” etc., and everyone consuming quantities of hamburgers, corn, scones, pie, cake and coffee, a good time was had by all.

During the summer Ferdinand Bondy planned week-end outings for the whole family to Cape Flattery, Golden Lakes, Mt. Aix, Baldy Mts., Bumping Lake, Mowich Lake and a trip from Sunrise to Carbon River.

We shall long remember our visit to the Ferry Museum with Mr. Foster as host; Ruth and Fred Corbetts dancing party at Puyallup; the Christmas party; the visit to the Aquarium; the seven symphony concerts; and the many pictures shown at the home of Neta Budil. During the summer we met at the Point Defiance Park for a picnic, enjoyed a garden party at Moseson’s and a beach party at Gallagher’s, and the Gallant Lady cruised around Puget Sound with a capacity crowd on two warm summer evenings.

The Year In Everett
FRANK AND VIRGINIA EDER

Greetings from Everett! Although we are the smallest branch of the Mountaineers, numerically, the events of the past year have proved that we need take a back seat to no one where enthusiasm and diversified activities are concerned. Our membership has continued to increase, bringing in many very active members, thanks to the diligence of the membership committee headed by Vi Johnson.

The year started with the traditional Salmon Roast on the Stillaguamish River, again conducted by Herman Felder. With nearly one hundred members and guests in attendance, the affair was a huge success.

Our local walks chairman, Loleta Jones, is to be highly commended for the many and varied trips held this year. Thirty-seven hikes and climbs were held, with an average attendance of some twenty members. Pin peaks climbed included Round, Stickney, Index, Liberty, Pugh, Del Campo, Spire, Silvertip, and Whitechuck. Our trips carried us over a wide area of the state, some of the more ambitious members making climbs of Eldorado, Little Devil, Shuksan, Rainier, Baker, Olympus, St. Helens, and many others.

One of the most unusual activities of the climbing year was the dedication of Mt. Keyes, formerly known as Goblin Mountain. The committee, under the direction of John Lehmann held a ceremony at the summit amid adverse weather conditions, and preparations were made for the placing there of a memorial plaque.

To foster more interest for those who are not desirous of climbing any of the three “Everett Pin Peak” groups, a new group of peaks was named by the climbing committee, to be known as the “Lookout Peak Pin” group. Included are fifteen peaks, scattered over a wide area of the northern Cascade Mountains. They are: Church, Surprise, Ruth, Pilchuck, Higgins, Sauk, Si, Dickerman, Beckler, Rock, Lichtenberg, Winchester, Green, Huckleberry, and Anderson Butte. Tubes have been placed on several, and the remainder will be placed by the end of next season.

On the social side, led by our able social chairman, Vivian Widmer, we were kept well entertained during the winter and spring months. The annual Thanksgiving Dinner was held at the Weyerhauser Mill Cafeteria, with 120 persons in attendance. It was an outstanding success from all points of view. An interesting program featured an illustrated talk on the Island of Ceylon by Gardiner Angell. Easily the most remembered of our monthly meetings was the one which featured a graphic account of the climb of Mt. St. Elias by Dee and Kay Molenaar. A series of old time dances was held, and proved very popular. Our thanks go out to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Day who gave us instructions at each dance.

Much credit for a highly successful year must go to our chairman, Harold Sievers, and his wisely selected committee chairmen, each of whom put forth much hard work to make this our most active year since the inception of the war.
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Mountain Cabin Memorial Association

The idea of mountain cabins surely is not new for they are enjoyed by the sports-loving public in many mountainous sections of the world. However, here in our Pacific Northwest, where vast mountain wilderness is so near at hand, mountain cabins are sadly lacking. Thousands of us have dreamed for years of the time when mountain cabins and shelters would be plentifully available on all mountain trails. Mountain cabins as MEMORIAL CABINS may possibly be considered new. The idea of Memorial Cabins came to the writer as the result of deep concern and personal sense of loss experienced with successive news items telling of close friends killed in action overseas.

Each cabin is to be dedicated to the memory of one or more persons who gave his life in war. The sites are to be chosen by representative groups so as to best meet the requirements of the many users. A written contract has been accomplished with the United States Forest Service wherein the Forest Service will build cabins with funds supplied by the Mountain Cabin Memorial Association. This agreement includes maintenance and protection by the Forest Service. Work is under way for a similar plan with the National Park Service.

Two general types of structures have been planned. The one for general summertime use is eight by sixteen feet, closed on three and one half sides with built-in bunks for ten persons. Construction will be of logs generally, but may be of stone if it is more readily available. On sites where the single cabin may prove inadequate to meet the demands, additional structures will be built rather than larger units, thus affording party privacy.

The second type building is for year round use with particular attention given to winter conditions. Size of the floor plan is sixteen by twenty four feet with two stories, the second floor being balconies at both ends. Winter time access will be via door type windows opening into the balconies. There will be sleeping accommodations for groups up to fifty.

Plans for a third type for high mountain use are yet to be decided upon. Each cabin is to be appropriately affixed with a dedicatory metal plaque stating the memorial and the sponsor. The use of the cabins recreationally is unlimited. Infrequently they will prove invaluable as bases for rescue work.

Thus far two cabins have been completed, one at Nordrum Lake, and a second just constructed at Lake Lower Tuscahatchee.

Officers of the Mountain Cabin Memorial Association are Frank Mortimer, president; Norman Cressy, secretary; and Mrs. Charles F. Clise, treasurer.

All activities in the association are volunteered; and the help of you and all other sports-loving persons is needed, both physical and financial. Individual general memberships are $1.00, individual junior (under eighteen) memberships are 25 cents; and donations for the building funds upwards of the amounts just stated are very much in need and have been judged deductible items on income tax returns by the offices of the Collector of Internal Revenues, Washington, D. C. Persons interested should see Judge Wm. G. Long, George MacGowan, Clark E. Schurman, or Ome Daiber of the Mountaineers, or write to the Mountain Cabin Memorial Association, care of the secretary, Norman F. Cressy, 1720 Yale Ave., Seattle 1, Wash.
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Frozen Sentinels — Bob & Ira Spring
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 SAMUELSEN, Auditor

BALANCE SHEET AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1947

ASSETS

Current Assets
Cash in checking accounts:
- Fireplace Fund ................................................ $ 177.00
- Building Fund .................................................. 867.00
- General Fund ............................................... 4,550.64 $ 5,594.64
Savings accounts in Washington Mutual:
- Reserve Fund (now includes Summer Outing & Players Funds) .................................. 3,692.63
- Snoqualmie Fireplace Fund ......................................... 302.00 8,446.32 $14,040.96

Investments
- Permanent Fund:
  - Savings accounts ........................................ 2,000.00
  - U. S. Government Bonds .................................. 5,000.00
- Seymour Saddle Horse Fund:
  - Savings account ......................................... 226.59
  - Bond ............................................................ 1,000.00 1,226.59
- General Fund U. S. Govt. Bonds ........................................

Buildings and Equipment
- Kitsap Cabin ........................................ $ 3,194.68 $2,616.41 $ 378.27
- Meany Ski Hut ........................................ 5,204.68 2,726.76 2,477.92
- Clubroom Furn. & Fixtures .................................. 1,027.78 653.87 373.91
- Library .................................................. 1,220.32 616.61 603.71
- Motion Picture Equipment ................................ 696.41 190.33 496.08
- Snoqualmie Lodge ........................................ 1,010.66 39.03 971.63
- Stevens .................................................. 417.91 417.91

Total Assets ......................................................... $28,887.67

LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS

Liabilities
- Tacoma & Everett Share of Dues ........................................ 419.00

Surplus
- Capital Surplus ........................................... $7,398.16
- Permanent Fund Surplus ................................... 5,000.00
- Seymour Fund ................................................ 1,220.59
- Rescue Fund .................................................. 50.00
- Building Fund .............................................. 5,119.69
- Snoqualmie Fireplace Fund .................................... 479.00
- Free Surplus .................................................. 9,203.23 28,468.67

Total Liabilities and Surplus ........................................ $28,887.67
# SEATTLE UNIT

## INCOME AND EXPENSE STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1947

### INCOME

#### Dues:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Income</th>
<th>Less Allocation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>4,761.90</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma</td>
<td>711.00</td>
<td>244.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett</td>
<td>270.00</td>
<td>53.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Less allocation to Tacoma: 244.00
Less allocation to Everett: 53.00

#### Initiation Fees:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>650.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less allocation to branches</td>
<td>122.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Publications:

#### Allocation of dues:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>2,453.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma</td>
<td>2,992.90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cost of monthly bulletins: 1,464.00
Less sale of publications: 161.81

Net cost of publications: 1,295.91
Deficit of allotted dues over cost: (240.91)

### Committee Operations:

#### Excess of income over expenses:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Trail Trips</td>
<td>70.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>29.59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbers</td>
<td>52.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dance</td>
<td>46.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Baker cabins</td>
<td>210.27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Players</td>
<td>185.41</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 905.63

#### Excess of expenses over income:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ski</td>
<td>121.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie</td>
<td>30.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing</td>
<td>472.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Banquet</td>
<td>23.84</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 433.62

### Other Income:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>329.42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sale of Snoqualmie Timber</td>
<td>1,291.40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 5,534.43

### General Expenses:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Salaries</td>
<td>1,043.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rentals</td>
<td>870.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>29.69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>317.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stamped Envelopes</td>
<td>231.88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Federation Dues</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office Supplies</td>
<td>94.44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social Security Taxes</td>
<td>37.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Election Expense</td>
<td>25.03</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heat and Light</td>
<td>116.03</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom Maintenance</td>
<td>114.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emblems and Pins</td>
<td>137.78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>131.86</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 3,180.49

#### Depreciation:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2,353.94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 538.30

### $1.00 of each initiation fee transferred to Building Fund:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1,815.64</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 189.00

### Net Income:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1,626.64</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 1,626.64
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., TACOMA BRANCH

Treasurer's Annual Report October 1, 1946 to September 30, 1947

RECEIPTS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Membership Refund from Seattle</td>
<td>$263.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin</td>
<td>$150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>$41.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local Walks</td>
<td>$22.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest Accrued on Savings Account</td>
<td>$11.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest from two $500.00 Series G War Bonds</td>
<td>$23.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DISBURSEMENTS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Club Room Rent</td>
<td>$28.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin (Repairs and Replacements)</td>
<td>$130.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxes, Irish Cabin</td>
<td>$1.41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond Storage Fee, Bank of California</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond, Treasurer</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postage</td>
<td>$10.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social Committee</td>
<td>$31.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Committee</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>$22.35</td>
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</table>

$513.22

ASSETS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash, Bank of California</td>
<td>$717.43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash, United Mutual Savings Bank</td>
<td>$515.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two $500.00 Series G War Bonds</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Property—Irish Cabin Land</td>
<td>$300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Furniture and Fixtures—1946 value $328.98 less 15% depreciation plus new equipment $100.58</td>
<td>$380.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club Room and Local Walks Property 1946 value $127.28 less 15% depreciation</td>
<td>$108.19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

$3,081.01

LIABILITIES: None

NET WORTH, Estimated $3,081.01

NORMA JUDD, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., EVERETT UNIT

Financial Report, from October 1, 1946 to October 1, 1947

Checking Account

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Balance October 1, 1947</td>
<td>252.54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Receipts:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dues refund, Seattle Branch</td>
<td>85.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Banquet</td>
<td>144.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trail Fees</td>
<td>22.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>3.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash Available</td>
<td>255.63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disbursements:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>229.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>63.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance October 1, 1947</td>
<td>292.76</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Investments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bonds (cost)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Resources</td>
<td>592.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Schedule of Disbursements:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>229.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trustee expense</td>
<td>16.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Record Tubes</td>
<td>35.27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett Ski Club</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supplies</td>
<td>6.78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>292.76</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WM. ANDERSON. Treasurer.
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

SEATTLE BRANCH

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

President, Lloyd Anderson
Vice-President, Walter Little
Secretary, Louise Fitch
Treasurer, Byron Clark

ELECTED TRUSTEES

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

Terms Expiring October 31, 1949
Louise Fitch
John Hossack
George MacGowan
Arthur Winder

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Betty Stokoe
Club Room Secretary, Mrs. E. W. Fowble
Librarian, Marguerete Chalfant
Bulletin Editor, Agnes Dickert
1947 Annual Editor, Bette A. Maples

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES AND CUSTODIANS

Auditor—Evelyn Samuelson
Building Policy—C. G. Morrison, Tenny Bellamy, Henry Anderson
Campcrafters—William Elfendahl
Climbers Notebook—Patty Crooks
Dance—Agnes Stapp
Entertainment—Helen Milovich
Geographic Names—Ralph Dyer, Redic McKee, C. G. Morrison, Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard
Kitsap Cabin—May Smith
Outing Equipment—Charles Simmons
Meany Ski Hut—Malcom Post
Membership—Harriet Mehhorn
Mt. Baker Cabins—William Degenhardt
Mt. Baker Construction—Roy Snider
Mountaineer Development Group—Wolf Bauer
Photography—Ray Brandes
Players—Harriet Walker
Public Affairs—Arthur Winder
Publicity—Jo Anne Norling
Rhododendron Park—Peter McGregor
Ski—John Hossack
Snoqualmie Lodge Construction—T. Davis Castor
Stevens Hut Construction—Walt Little
Summer Outing 1947—Burge B. Bickford
Trail Trips—Esther Simons

* * *

TACOMA BRANCH

President, Ferd Bondy
Vice-President, Ann Jackson
Secretary-Treasurer, Gunhild Aarestad
Trustee, Emerson Wonders

TRUSTEES

John W. Carter

Lawrence H. Thie

Mrs. Leo 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, W. A. Andersen
Secretary, Leona Hirman
Treasurer, Herman Felder
Trustee, Frank Eder

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Local Walks—Hilda Bueter, Ray Anderson
Membership—Violet Johnson
Social—Lolita Jones, Vivian Widmer
GENERAL PRINTING CO.
Owner: WILLARD TAYLOR
EL. 4422
Smith Tower Annex
SEATTLE
Mt. Rainier — McKinnis

Anderson Supply Co.
Developing, Printing
Enlarging for
Particular People.

111 Cherry St.
SEATTLE 4, WASH.
Nisqually Glacier — McKinnis

P. J. Perry & Co.
Insurance
AUTOMOBILE, ACCIDENT
AND ALL OTHER BRANCHES
349 Henry Bldg. — SE. 2050
Res. MA. 1132
SEATTLE
Lake Crescent — McKinnis

WARSHAL'S SPORTING GOODS CO.
First and Madison
Seattle 4, Wash.
Mr. Shuksan — Springs

CHILD PORTRAITS
by
BOB and IRA
SPRING
Latest Electronic Lights
Modern New Studio
Framed Scenic Gift-Pictures
Stock Color and Black & White
Illustrated Magazine Stories
Phone A Luther 6383
512 FIRST AVE. NORTH
SEATTLE
WHALEN'S SPORTING GOODS
"Your Pleasure Is Our Pleasure"
1316 Second Ave.
EL 8271
SEATTLE
Indian Henry's — McKinnis

LaBOW, HAYNES COMPANY, INC.
Insurance Brokers
1229 Dexter Horton Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH.
Mt. St. Helens — Springs

RECREATIONAL EQUIPMENT COOPERATIVE
Room 203
523 Pike Street
SEATTLE 1, WASH.

EASTMAN KODAK STORES, INC.
Everything Photographic
1319 Fourth Ave.
SEATTLE
Mt. Wilbur, Glacier Park — McKinnis

CONCENTRATED FOOD SUPPLIES
Unsulphured Fruits, Fruit, Honey and Raw Sugar Candies
Vitamin & Mineral Accessory
FOOD FOR MOUNTAINEERS at Home and on the Trail
Dr. McCormick's NATURAL FOODS CO.
1918 3rd Ave.
1313 3rd Ave.

OSBORN & ULLAND, Inc.
Sporting Goods
Mountaineering, Skiing,
Fishing Tackle, Camping
Second and Seneca St.
MA 8464
TOTAL MEMBERSHIP, OCTOBER 31, 1947

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Seattle</th>
<th>Tacoma</th>
<th>Everett</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Regular</td>
<td>1116</td>
<td>911</td>
<td>139</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>238</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spouse</td>
<td>273</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life</td>
<td>182</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honorary</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complimentary</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1581</td>
<td>1303</td>
<td>185</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

HONORARY MEMBERS

Colon William B. Greeley
Major O. A. Tomlinson

LIFE MEMBERS—Mrs. Naomi Achenback Benson
Reginald H. Parsons

COMPLIMENTARY MEMBER—Mrs. William W. Seymour

HONORARY MEMBERS

Charles M. Farrer
Peter M. McGregor

SEATTLE MEMBERSHIP

(Address and phone numbers are Seattle unless otherwise stated)

ABEL, H. V., 1662 38th Ave. (22), Pr. 1255.
ABEL, Mrs. H. V. (Marion), 1462 38th Ave. (22), Pr. 1255.
ABEL, Clarence L., 1715 Madrona Dr. (22), Pr. 0682.
ALBRECHT, H. W., 1862 Shelby (2), 6818.
ALLYN, Charles, 4630 19th Ave. S. (8), Ra. 4463.
ANDERSON, Andrew W., Fish & Wildlife Service, Dept. of Interior, Washington, D.C.
ANDERSON, Caryl, 7058 34th N.E. (5), Ke. 0868.
ANDERSON, Harold, 227 21st Ave. N.E. (2), Pr. 3386.
ANDERSON, Ida Marie, 124 Warren Ave. (9).
ANDERSON, Lloyd, 4326 W. Southern (6), We. 3940. **112
ANDERSON, Mrs. Lloyd (Mary C.), 4326 W. Southern (6), We. 3940. **
ANDERSON, Marilyn, 2910 Blue Ridge Dr. (77), Su. 8737.
ANDERSON, Wm. H., 4464 Fremont Ave. (3).
ANGELL, Nihl D., Rt. 1, Box 134, Bellevue, Wash., Ve. 8213.
ANGELL, Nihl Dave Jr., Rt. 1, Box 134, Bellevue, Wash., Ve. 8213.
ATHEN, Eleanor, 230 S.W. 104th St. (66), Gl. 6166.
ASPLUND, Mrs. Jonas (Helen), Rt. 1, Box 122, Eatonville, Wash.
ATWORTH, Mariots Johnson, 5137 47th Ave. N.E. (5).
AVANN, Sherwin P., 5003 16th Ave. N.E. (5).
AYERS, Charles, 1225 E. Northlake (5), Me. 7051.
BAILEY, Jack, Univ. Sta. Box 122 (5), 4000 Univ. Way, Me. 9824; Me. 0630, Joc. 587.
BAKER, C. Tom, Univ. Sta. Box 11 (5), Me. 0500, Me. 8957.
BAKER, Russell, 213 12th Ave. No. (2), Pr. 6818.
BAKKEN, W. J., 1615 Lander St. (44).
BALDWIN, Clayton H., 4746 16th Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 4272, Se. 2700.
BALL, Fred W., 526 Belmont N., Apt. 303 (2), Pr. 7859.
BALL, Mrs. Fred (Helen), 526 Belmont N., Apt. 303 (2), Pr. 7859.
BALLER, Mary A., 2124 8th Ave. N. (9), Ga. 9223.
BANNISTER, Robert E., 4514 3rd Ave. N.W. (7), Me. 4080.
BARNABY, J. T. (Tom), 526 Lakeside Ave. S. (44), Ca. 6763.
BARNES, Don V., 4311 Linden Ave. (3), Me. 2192.
BARNES, John, 5-308 Admiral Way (6).
BARNES, Mrs. John (Jinny), 5308 Admiral Way (6).
BARNES, Mrs. LaNaya (James), 4033 15th Ave. N.E. (5), Ev. 0369.
BARRETT, Donald, Rt. 1, Box 79, Redmond, Wash.
BARROW, Cran, 2919 Fairview Ave. N. (2), Ca. 7029.
BASKERVILLE, Gail, 650 Paramount Theatre Bldg. (11), Ma. 7061.
BATE, Dayrell, 2151 N. 86th St. (3).
BATES, Peggi, 2400 S. Flower St., Los Angeles (7), Cal. @
BATES, Steven C., 1460 Badoodmoor Dr. (2), Ea. 1146.
BAUER, Mrs. Wolf (Harriett), 5213 11th Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 5874.
BECK, Theodore R., 2627 Ferdinand St. (8), La. 3264.
BECKLEY, Fred, 7136 Woodside Pl. (6), We. 7313.
BECKWITH, Cameron, 6231 21st Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 8388.
BEEBE, Jim, 3407 Goldendale Pl. (5), Ke. 9562.
BEEBE, Mrs. Jim (Shirley), 3407 Goldendale Pl. (5), Ke. 9562.
BEEZER, Robert R., 1137 22nd Ave. N. (2), Pr. 1344.
BEIERSDORF, Edward, 956 18th Ave. N., Ga. 6986.
BELAMY, Tennys, 10119 Radford (77), 9525 15th Ave. N.W. De. 1515, He. 4828.
BELSTAD, Barbara, 25 W. Highland Dr. (199), Ga. 4244.
BELVIN, Robert W., 1215 Shelby St. (2).
BELVIN, Mrs. Robert W., 1215 Shelby St. (2).
BEMIS, Suzanne. 4747 21st Ave. N.E. (5), Ke. 3163.
CAMPBELL, Byron A., 511 E. 60th St. (5), Ke. 9747.
CAMPBELL, John M., R.F.D. 1, Selah, Wash., Me. 3381.
CAMPBELL, Thomas T., 7 Harrison St. No. 21 (9), Al. 3281.
CANADY, E. D., 25 E. 60th St., Orangeburg, N.Y.
CANDEE, Marion, 1205 E. 42nd St. (5), Me. 8539.
CARKEEK, A. P., Rt. 2, Box 385, Bellevue, Wash. Lakeside 219-M.
CARLSON, Albert, Star Route, Coulee Dam, Wash.
CARLSON, William R., Fragarla, Wash.
CARNEY, Elvin P., 1006 Hoge Bldg. (4).
CARPENTER, Bill, 2630 45th Ave. S.W. (6).
CARPENTER, Fred, 10339 Lakeshore Blvd. (53), Ve. 4039.
CARRINGTON, Mrs. Mildred M., 105 Harvard Ave. N. No. 305 (2).
CARSTAIRS, Ellen A., 1115 E. 43rd St. (5), Me. 3746.
CARSTAIRS, Margaret T., 1115 E. 43rd St. (5), Me. 3746.
CARTER, Denton, 10013 Richwood Ave. (77), De. 1728.
CARTER, Elwood T., 4760 21st Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 6016, 851 Post St., San Francisco (9), Calif.
CASH, Gene, Box 874, Seahurst, Wash., GI. 2511-M.
CASTERLIN, Mrs. Anne, (Mail Returned).
CATASTORS, Mrs. T. Davis (Marion), 6536 53rd Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 8264.
CAYNEVER, Phyllis, 1206 E. 50th St. (5), Ke. 8012, Ei. 6710.
CEDERQUIST, Anne, 6910 15th Ave. N.E. (5).
CEHRS, Charles, Gen. Delivery, Corvallis, Ore. (5).
CEHRS, Mrs. Charles (Betty), Gen. Delivery, Corvallis, Ore.
CHALFANT, Margarete, 5514 31st Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 7821.
CHANDLER, Barbara Jean, 538 N. 72nd St. (3), De. 3817.
CHANDLER, Gladys M., 2206 Union St., San Francisco (23), Calif.
CHARBONNEL, Mrs. J. E., Rt. 3, Colville, Wash.
CHARBONNEL, J. E., Rt. 3, Colville, Wash.
CHEETAIN, Joanne, 4123 Lake Washington Blvd. (2), Ra. 4128.
CHEETAIN, Marcia, 4123 Lake Washington Blvd. (22), Ra. 4128.
CHIDESTER, Keith, 2473 Aurora Ave., Ga. 1619.
CHILD, Elsie T., 2828 Broadway N., Medical Dental Bldg. (1), Ca. 4700, El. 5559.
CHRISTENSEN, John H., (Mail Returned).
CHRISTIAN, LAURIE, 7700 37th Ave. N.E. (5), Ke. 1064.
CLARK, Byron, 9035 View Ave. N.W. (7), Su. 9004.
CLARK, Geneva, 403 14th Ave. N. (22).
CLARK, Irving M., Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 387.
CLARK, Sterling, 5124 5th Ave. N.E. (5).
CLISE, J. W., 1403 Shenandoah Dr. (2).
CLOW, Edith M., 1100 N. 9ist St. (3), Ve. 3230.
COBERLY, Wallace, 5602 36th Ave. S.W. (6), We. 9212.
COBLENTZ, Ruth M., 503 Medical Arts Bldg. (1), Ma. 5851.
COLE, Linda M., 1203 James St. No. 305 (4), Ma. 7876.
REEB, Vera, 4205 15th Ave. N.E., Me. 1840.
RRT, W. Duncan (Mail Returned).
REID, Mrs. W. Duncan (Betty) (Mail Returned).
RHEING, Frank L., 1225 E. Northlake (5), Me. 7951.
REMBAUGH, Don, 15852 14th N.E. (55), Sh. 6984.
REMEY, Mrs. Wm. B. (Mary P.), Rt. 1, Box 1395, Bremerton, Wash., 8035-J-1.
REMYER, Barbara, 1432 33rd Ave. S.
REMMERDE, Ebraron, 1432 33rd Ave. S. (44), Pr. 8476.
RHOADS, Dale, 11401 69th Place S. (88), Ev. 1708, Ra. 4679.
RICKARD, Thomas, 133 Pine St., Klamath Falls, Ore.
RIDDLE, Elizabeth, 2557 S.W. Vista Ave., Portland 1, Ore. Be. 3408.
RIGG, Raymond R., 4553 8th Ave. N.E. (5), Me. 5371.
RIGG, Mrs. Raymond R., 4553 8th Ave. N.E. (5), Me. 5371.
ROBERTS, Mrs. Leda H., 703 17th Ave., Ev. 0414.
ROBINSON, E. Allen, 1334 Terry Ave.
ROBERTS, Mrs. Leda H., 703 17th Ave., Ev. 0414.
ROBINSON, Raymond L., 3126 11th Ave. S.W., (44), Pr. 8476.
RICE, Mary E., 17813 1st Ave. N.W., Richland Beach 1367.
RICHARD, Mrs. Thomas (Hilda), 6011 Cycle Ave. (6), Ke. 5971.
RICKARD, Thomas, 133 Pine St., Klamath Falls, Ore.
RIDDLE, Elizabeth, 2557 S.W. Vista Ave., Portland 1, Ore. Be. 3408.
ROBERTS, Mrs. Leda H., 703 17th Ave., Ev. 0414.
ROBINSON, E. Allen, 1334 Terry Ave.
ROBERTS, Mrs. Leda H., 703 17th Ave., Ev. 0414.
ROBINSON, Raymond L., 3126 11th Ave. S.W., (44), Pr. 8476.
RICE, Mary E., 17813 1st Ave. N.W., Richland Beach 1367.
RICHARD, Mrs. Thomas (Hilda), 6011 Cycle Ave. (6), Ke. 5971.
RICKARD, Thomas, 133 Pine St., Klamath Falls, Ore.
RIDDLE, Elizabeth, 2557 S.W. Vista Ave., Portland 1, Ore. Be. 3408.
ROBERTS, Mrs. Leda H., 703 17th Ave., Ev. 0414.
ROBINSON, E. Allen, 1334 Terry Ave.
ROBERTS, Mrs. Leda H., 703 17th Ave., Ev. 0414.
ROBINSON, Raymond L., 3126 11th Ave. S.W., (44), Pr. 8476.
RICE, Mary E., 17813 1st Ave. N.W., Richland Beach 1367.
RICHARD, Mrs. Thomas (Hilda), 6011 Cycle Ave. (6), Ke. 5971.
JACKSON, Ralph, 9316 Washington Blvd., S.W. (9), L.a. 2688.
JACKSON, Harry, 1501 N. Cedar (6), Pr. 3269.
JACKSON, Mrs. Velma, 1501 N. Cedar (6), Pr. 5563.
JEWETT, Helen Mar, 302 S. K St. (3), Ma. 1181.
JUD, Norma, 3716 N. 26th (7), Pr. 7037.
KELLOGG, Stella, 3940 N. 31st (7), Pr. 2366. ♡
KELLY, Albert A., 4801 N. 10th St. (6), Pr. 4194.
KELLY, Mrs. Albert A. (Hazel), 4801 N. 10th St. (6), Pr. 4194.
KILMER, Charlie, 506 S. Jay St. (3).
KILMER, W. W., 1006 N. M St. (3), Ma. 8896, Bus. 11596, Market, Ma. 85560.
KILMER, Mrs. W. W. (Inez), 1006 N. M St. (3), Ma. 8098.
KIMBROUGH, Ada c/o Pickwick Hotel, 1409 Boren, Seattle, Wash.
KINZNER, Harold L., Annie Wright Seminary (3), Br. 2205.
KELLOGG, Marie, 1019 Fidelity Bldg. (2), Ma. 0057.
KELLY, Mrs. Albert A., 4801 N. 10th St. (6), Br. 9249.
KELLY, Albert A., 4801 N. 10th St. (6), Br. 9249.
KEMP, W. W., 1006 N. M St. (3) Ma. 2639.
KELLY, Mary, 816 N. M St. (3), Ma. 9563.
KELLOGG, Stella, 3940 N. 31st (7), Pr. 5261. ♡
RAVER, Floyd M., 501 Perkins Bldg. (2), Br. 3344.
RAVER, Leonard F., 1404 N. Cedar St. (6), Pr. 3113.
RAVER, Lois, 1404 N. Cedar St. (6), Pr. 3113.
REUTER, Mrs. Carl T. (Eleanor), 203 N. Hall, Grangeville, Idaho. ♡
RICHARDS, Andrew, 8310 S. 16th (8), Pr. 2044.
RICHARDSON, Florence E., 3102 N. 30th St. (7), Pr. 3395.
RICHARDSON, Mary Caroline, 3102 N. 30th St. (7), Pr. 3395.
RITCHIE, Leroy S., 3214 N. 9th St. (6), Pr. 3802.
ROBISON, Robert D., Rt. 9, Box 139-C, Fircrest, Wash.
RUS, Walter G., 3520 N. Gove (7), Pr. 2050.
RUSH, Mrs. Walter G., 3520 N. Gove (7), Pr. 2050.
SCHENCK, Fred B., Rt. 6, Box 202, Y.u. 9485.
SCOTT, Richard B., 805 S. Ainsworth, Ma. 5569.
SANNER, George, 6532 Pacific (4), Ga. 0100.
SEYMOUR, Mrs. Wm. W., 609 N. Chestnut, Ellensburg, Wash.
SHERY, Harold, 1915 S. 54th (8), Ga. 5456.
SHERY, Mrs. Harold, 1915 S. 54th (8), Ga. 5450.
SIMMONS, Eva, 307 S. 9th St. (2), Ma. 3884.
SOWLES, Earl, 1506 56th St. (8), Ga. 4124.
SPERRY, Clarence E., 30 K St., Seattle, Wash.
STACHUR, Mrs. Arthur, 252 S. Stadium Way, Spanaway, Wash., Gr. 7164.
STACHUR, Mrs. Arthur, 252 S. Stadium Way, Spanaway, Wash., Gr. 7164.
STANDAERT, Geraldine, Rt. 2, Box 236, Kent, Wash., Phone 301-M.
STEWART, Calvin, 3423 S. 11th St. (6), Pr. 5643.
ST. JOHN, Mary L., Annie Wright Seminary (3), Br. 2205.
STRATTON, John N., 312 Auburn, Ga. 0749.
SULLIVAN, Joyce, 1405 S. Washington St. (6), Pr. 9600.
SUNNOLL, Agnes, 431 Broadway, No. 608 (3), Ma. 8266.
THIE, Lawrence H., Rt. 1, Box 231, Spanaway, Wash., Gr. 7164.
THIE, Mrs. Lawrence H., Rt. 1, Box 231, Spanaway, Wash., Gr. 7164.
THOMAS, Jesse O., 410 6th Ave., Ma. 0050.
VAN DYKE, Mrs. Eva L., 211 N. J St. (3), Ma. 2452.
VAUGHT, Mildred, 1319 S. Eye St. (3), Br. 5243.
VON SELLE, Elizabeth E., Annie Wright Seminary (3), Br. 2205.
VRAEDENBURG, Gene M., West Seattle High School, Seattle, Wash.
WADSWORTH, Alice, 518 S. 7th (3).
WATTS, Thomas, 4015 S. L St. (8), Ga. 5358.
WINTERTON, M. G., P. O. Box 337.
WISLICENUS, Brunhilde, 3520 N. 29th (7), Pr. 6625.
WISLICENUS, Gustav A., 3520 N. 29th (7), Pr. 6625. ♡
WISLICENUS, Mrs. G. A., 3520 N. 29th (7), Pr. 6625.
WONDERS, Emerson, 3411 N. 22nd (7), Pr. 2250. ♡
WYLIE, Beverly, 315 10th St. S.E., Puyal­up, Wash., Phone 2668.
YOUNG, Clara H., 2502 S. 40th (8), Ga. 7548.
YOUNG, Ethel M., 3810 N. 12th St. (6), Pr. 8191.
YOUNG, Margaret S., 3810 N. 12th St. (6), Pr. 8191.
EVERETT MEMBERSHIP

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

ALBER, Loretta, 2608 Virginia, White 975.
ALBER, Luella, 2608 Virginia, White 975.
ANDERSON, Myrtle, Box 58, Mukilteo, Wash., West 2351.
ANDERSON, Mrs. Rae, 2513 Cedar St., Black 98.
ANDERSON, W. M., Clermont Apts., No. 204.
ANDERSON, Mrs. W. M. (Grace), Clermont Apts., No. 204.
ANGELL, Gardiner, 15 Popham Road, Scarsdale, N.Y.
ANGELL, Mrs. Gardiner (Helen), 15 Popham Road, Scarsdale, N.Y.
ARNOLD, Scott W., 517 Seneca St., Seattle 1, Wash.
BAILEY, Arthur, Monroe, Wash., Phone 2401.
BAILEY, Bernice E., Bell's Court, Blue 612.
BAILEY, Josephine G., Rt. 4, Box 522, Snohomish.
BARNETT, Garfield C., 313 Central Bldg., Main 92.
BENNETT, Dorothy J., Monroe, Wash., Phone 2801.
BENNETT, Harry T., 240 N. Kelsey St., Monroe, Wash., Phone 2801.
BENSON, Naomi A., Rt. 5, Box 125, White 79-W.
BERGE, Richard Waldon, 2512 Rucker, Black 379.
BLUEMEKE, Fred J., 2209 Virginia, Red 618.
BOLTON, Doris, 743 10th Ave. N., Seattle 2401.
BROWN, Beulah, 3931 Colby Ave., Orange 1197.
BENNETT, Dorothy, 240 N. Kelsey St., Black 716.
BENNETT, Dorothy J., Monroe, Wash., Phone 2801.
BARNETT, Garfield C., 313 Central Bldg., Main 92.
BENNETT, Mrs. John, 1010 Rucker Ave., Black 1555.
BENNETT, Dorothy J., Monroe, Wash.
BOLTON, Doris, 743 10th Ave. N., Seattle 2401.
BROWN, Beulah, 3931 Colby Ave., Orange 1197.
BENNETT, Dorothy J., Monroe, Wash.
BOLTON, Doris, 743 10th Ave. N., Seattle 2401.
BROWN, Beulah, 3931 Colby Ave., Orange 1197.