The Mountaineer
Accident Prevention
Responsibilities,
and Mountaineering

By Robert O. Lee

Safe living, in terms of a reduction in human suffering and economic loss, is the ultimate objective of any safety program. Our efforts to make mountaineering a safe and sane recreation are dependent upon education, engineering and enforcement.

Engineering is responsible for the temper and dependability of the ice axe blade. Climbing equipment has been developed in a high degree to take rugged treatment and still be reliable. Constant research and field trials are rapidly eliminating the possibilities of equipment failures. How many mountaineering accidents can be directly attributed to the failure of a rope or a piton? Or how many ankle fractures are caused by a binding snapping or a ski breaking? Not many. The slate is comparatively clean of accidents caused by equipment failures. But how about the accidents in which the improper use of good equipment caused injury? Let’s consider the educational problem.

In industry approximately eighty-five percent of all accidents are caused by the choice of an unsafe method of performing a job operation. In many cases the injured person knew the correct way but in a moment of abstraction or because of hurry an unsafe method was used and an accident resulted. When the safe way is known and ignored the accident is all the more inexcusable. This constitutes an educational problem and often leads the educator into a maze of intangible concepts and difficult problems.

In reviewing the mountaineering accidents that have occurred in the Northwest this past summer several things become evident. First, there are people climbing tough peaks who have little formal training or practical experience. In many cases climbers with limited experience are attempting climbs that exceed their abilities. Some of the accidents indicate that makeshift or insufficient equip-
Skiing on Alta Vista, Mt. Rainier, Above Paradise Inn

—Photo by Bob and Ira Spring
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In the spring of 1948 plans were being laid out for an extensive miscellaneous climbing tour in western United States and Canada. The personnel of the expedition was to start out with six members of the Mountaineers and two members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club. Our plans called for climbing in the Sawtooths of Idaho, the Wind Rivers of Wyoming, the Tetons, the Canadian Rockies and finally the Bugaboo.

PART I—THE SAWTOOTH RANGE

After reading of the unscalable Monoliths and Aiguilles' in the Sawtooth Range of Idaho, our enthusiasm was at a high level as we got our first glimpse of the towers and pinnacles from the lodge at Redfish Lake. Three of us had left the day finals were over, June 11, and had picked up two members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club at our rendezvous in Missoula. Thus Joe Hieb, Wes Grande and I from Seattle, along with Bud King and Graham Matthews from Harvard, talked over the potentialities of getting a motorboat to take us to the head of the lake, 6 miles away. There we were to meet Fred Beckey, Art Holben and Jack Schwabland the following day.

The people at Redfish Lake were very congenial and intensely interested in the maze of equipment which we produced from our car. This was understandable as the pile of pitons and carabiners, ropes and ice axes grew, and the springs on the car again resumed their normal arc. Thus after the humorous remarks of the bystanders and a very reasonably priced boat ride, we
found ourselves and our equipment at the far end of the lake. Base camp was established about a mile up the trail from the lake at the base of Mt. Heyburn, as suggested by Mr. Underhill in his article. That night about 11 o'clock several peculiar yodels informed us that Fred and the others had arrived.

The following morning dawned beautifully clear and the camp was buzzing with eager plans to try the unclimbed spires that challenged nearby. Fred and Jack took an ample stock of iron and headed for some aiguilles across the river. Bud, Graham, Joe, Wes, Art and I headed straight up toward Mt. Heyburn, taking food and equipment for four persons for four days.

After dropping our gear at the broad 9,000 foot saddle on the south face of the mountain, we split up into three teams to try three different routes up the lower of two very striking aiguilles mentioned by Mr. Underhill—"Two towers of the genuine Chamonix aiguille type, each several hundred feet high which would certainly provide magnificent ascents, if they could be done at all without artificial means."

Art and Bud started up the center of the west face, Wes and Graham up the left center, and Joe and I went around to the right. Joe and I soon encountered very poor rock, the rottenest granite I have ever seen, and we therefore retreated. Wes and Graham found similar rock after getting up quite high but Bud and Art found a vein of better rock and were able to force a route straight up to the top. This vein route was obviously difficult and exposed. There was about 300 feet of rock climbing and several pitons were used for safety. Graham, Wes and Joe then went up the vein while I took off across
the snow basin with a telescope to examine the higher aiguille for a possible route. After building a cairn on the “lower Aiguille” a hasty descent was made and a rendezvous was held at high camp. It was decided that Joe, Wes, Graham and I would stay to climb the upper Aiguille and the West Peak of Mt. Heyburn, while Art and Bud would return to base camp to join Fred and Jack, after which the four would then proceed up Redfish Creek to look over several other towers to the southwest of Mt. Heyburn.

The next morning was very clear and the four of us at high camp had strong hopes of climbing the upper, or “Grand Aiguille.” My reconnaissance the previous day proved very encouraging. From a vantage point and with the aid of my telescope I determined a possible route on the west face involving about 400 feet of rock climbing. The appearance of the Grand Aiguille is justly described by Mr. Underhill—“The one (Aiguille) higher up, in particular, may demand all the resources of an expert party and even then prove unclimbable legitimately.”

At 8:00 a.m. we were at the top of a narrow col, just west of the peak, changing into tennis shoes. The first 200 feet was scrambling over large, steep slabs. Then I stemmed a 15 foot vertical chimney to a small pocket and anchored myself with an angle piton. The others then came up and Joe led a very tough pitch up a narrow chimney using three pitons. At this point an old rope sling and three pitons were found, evidence of the attempt by Jack and Dick Durrance in 1940. They climbed this tough pitch but due to the late hour were forced to turn back before completing the climb. I then climbed a 20 foot tension pitch, while Graham found an easier way over this obstacle by traversing a little to the right. Then 150 feet of exposed but easier climbing brought us to the summit. After building a very large cairn a rapid retreat was effected, involving three rappels, as a thunderstorm was bearing down on us.

The following morning was again very clear and we gathered our equipment and started up for a broad col just across from the two aiguilles on the westernmost end of Mt. Heyburn. Our objective was the 10,000 foot unclimbed west peak. Mr. Underhill describes this pinnacle as an “unscalable monolith.” After reaching the col we circled back on the north side of the
mountain and traversed to the base of the West Peak. After crawling through a long narrow tunnel behind an enormous granite flake, we stemmed a 30 foot chimney and came out on a large platform separated from the West Peak by a 30 foot chasm. Easy scrambling down the other side brought us at the base of the only climbable face, a 50 foot wall overhanging in its entirety. All other faces of the peak are sheer, exposed, holdless and without piton cracks. Our enthusiasm dropped to rock bottom as a terrific snow storm hit us from the southwest. As the climb was obviously hopeless that day, we cached our equipment and returned to high camp. Next morning again dawned clear and we quickly made off for the peak. The weather was to be kind to us that day for although thunderstorms constantly threatened in the distance, blue sky and warm sunlight was the rule over Mt. Heyburn. Again at the base of the wall, Wes tied into two nylon ropes, as double rope tension was the only technique that would overcome this peak. Our hopes of getting up this route were meager but connecting piton cracks showed themselves for the first 30 feet. From there on we planned to pass a sling over a large projection and traverse a little to the right into a high angle trough which led to the top.

Wes led up the first 10 feet using two pitons and one sling on a projection. Then Joe led up 20 feet of overhang to a sloping ledge, using 4 tension pitons and three slings on projections. This 30 foot pitch was exceedingly awkward and difficult. I then came up to the ledge and anchored myself with a piton to belay Joe as he attempted to pass a sling over the large projection six feet above his head. This he accomplished after several tries, and a nylon rope was pulled over it. We had reached the crucial point of the climb and when the nylon rope passed around the projection our joyful shouts echoed among the nearby towers. Joe hoisted himself up and around the flake into the trough while I belayed him. Meanwhile Wes was also belaying and Graham was taking pictures and seeing that the whole operation went smoothly. This job of his was very important as otherwise ropes often become tangled, and all the cracks and holds are not always visible from the climber’s view. Joe now inserted two more pitons for safety and a 20 foot pitch of high angle slab brought him to the top. He then anchored himself and belayed Wes and me, after which he rigged rappel slings while Wes and I built a small cairn. We then made a 50 foot rappel to the base, removing pitons as we went.

Our operations from high camp were now at a close and we returned that evening to base camp. There we learned that the other party had not been as fortunate as we with the weather. After making a thorough reconnaissance of an extensive area to the southwest of Mt. Heyburn, the party attempted one of two grotesque needles which had a horrid hook to the top. After acquiring the base of the finish pitch Fred started to place an expansion bolt but a bad storm interfered with progress and they were forced to retreat.

After discussing the next move, it was decided that we would go out the following evening after attempting three very striking aiguilles at the extreme west of Mt. Heyburn. Thus the next morning Fred, Jack, Art and Bud headed for these “splinter towers” while Wes and I went back across the lake to arrange for a motor boat to take the boys back that evening.

Fred and Bud started out on the “Thimble,” the first of the three splinter towers. This was a sheer needle of good granite and proved to be a very good climb. The route involved about 200 feet of high angle slab. At one point Bud stood on a tiny pedestal and while held to the wall with a piton, pounded in another one above his head to be used for tension. After overcoming this obstacle, they climbed abruptly to the meager summit, thereupon adding another first ascent to their credit.

After rappelling down, they crossed over to investigate the “Steeple,” the second of the three towers mentioned. It also proved to be a good climb, the route leading around a gendarme and then up a very steep holdless rib to the top. Bud belayed Fred as he frictioned his way up this rib. Two attempts were required before the summit was theirs.

Meanwhile Art and Jack were working diligently on the third and highest
of the towers, which they called “Splinter Tower.” Their route was up the south face and involved six leads of good climbing up a cascading system of cracks and chimneys. Thus the expedition to the Sawtooths came to a close with six new climbs accomplished, much information of that part of the range acquired and new friends and experience for everyone.

The party now proceeded to Sun Valley where two enjoyable days were spent, as a convention of the Sigma Kappas was in full swing. Several new acquaintances were made there also!

On the 20th of June our party split up, as Joe and Art had to get back to Seattle and Jack and Wes wanted to go directly to the Tetons.

PART II—THE WIND RIVER RANGE

This left Fred, Graham, Bud and me heading for the Wind River Range to investigate some new peaks referred to by O. H. Bonney in Appalachia. These he said were sheer granite monoliths formed by glacial cirque action near Pingora Peak. We obtained maps and information at the Ranger Station in Pinedale and after waiting a couple of days for better weather, drove up past Big Sandy to Thomas’ Ranch. From there, on the 25th of June, we hiked seven miles into Donald Lake. Fred and I took off that afternoon to climb “War Bonnet Peak,” while Bud went up to reconnoiter the peaks near Pingora. War Bonnet proved not too difficult, but fresh snow increased the amount of work to a large extent. The peak had been climbed several times before. From its summit we gained our first view of the tremendous cirque walls and unbelievably horrid, immense granite towers. Pingora looked terrific. After drawing a sketch map from that angle we decided it might be best to move our base camp over the divide to Shadow Lake.

This we did the next day and we were now virtually at the base of the towers. The country around that area was beautiful, all alpine meadows dotted with deep clear lakes. Trout lurked everywhere and that evening I caught eight beautiful and rare Golden Trout, using very crude equipment. From this base we commenced our climbing. An exploit by Fred and Graham was frustrated by fresh snow, but Bud and I had better luck on our objective, the 900 foot “Overhanging Tower,” its name suggested by an enormous hook-like overhang on the east face. Bud and I worked up the talus slope at the far end of the lake to the base of the 11,900 foot overhanging tower. After a partial ascent on the west face we concluded that the new snow and verglas made any further progress too hazardous on that side.

We then dropped down to the base of the southwest face, about 800 feet below the summit. The rock here was excellent and very dry, at least for as far as we could see. I put on tennis shoes and Bud kept on his Bramanis. I led up the first 120 feet, a 70 degree smooth pitch using two pitons, one for tension. Bud then came up and I started up the next pitch, a 20 foot vertical wall, followed by a steep 60 foot exposed layback. I put in three pitons for tension on the wall and used great care in climbing the layback as there were no cracks for pitons. Difficulties were a good deal tougher than we had expected and the route ahead looked worse. Bud then came up, removing the iron as he came. I then led up across exposed ledges to a small platform, using two more pitons for safety. At this point fresh snow began to foul up the route and we were still 400 feet from the top. Bud proceeded with his Bramanis and circumnavigated a large flake which blocked the route. Fortunately, this was the last tough pitch and the remaining 400 feet was scrambling over large granite blocks, but much fresh snow hampered our progress. The summit was attained in eight hours from Shadow Lake. We built a fairly large cairn and admired the surrounding granite spires.

Due to excessive amounts of fresh snow we decided it best not to attempt any further climbing, but plans were already brewing for a future return trip. We proceeded directly thereafter to the Tetons to meet Jack and Wes.

1See Appalachia, p. 962, June, 1941.
PART III—THE TETONS

We found our companions at Jenny Lake and learned that they had climbed Mt. Owen with Fred Ayres. Bud King had to leave us at this point as he had to go to Seattle, along with Jack and Wes. Fred, Graham and I now packed up to Garnet Canyon to try a new route on the south face of The Grand. Before leaving we were fortunate to be driven around the outlying country by Paul Petzoldt, as he wanted to point out to us the various routes that had already been climbed on The Grand.

On the 30th of June, Graham and I climbed the southeast face of Nez Perce while Fred reconnoitered our proposed route on The Grand. The next two days were stormy and we were forced to remain in camp. We had only four days' food with us and thus the third of July was our last possible climbing day. By some odd coincidence the morning of the third dawned clear and we were off for the peak at 5 a.m. At 7 we were at the base of our route, the intersection of the wide dike passage and a point just east of the Exum Ridge on the lower south face. Our route first led up a system of ledges in the shallow gully east of the Exum Ridge, rising about four rope lengths up from the dike. At this point we began to encounter fresh snow and verglas so Fred and Graham kept on their Branamis while I changed from nailed boots to tennis shoes. The next pitch was fairly dry, however, and I started up after taking on a good stock of hardware. The route led up over some steep slabs just to the right and then up the broad gully between the Middle and Exum Ridges. At this point we found several old pitons, evidence of Petzoldt's attempt in 1940. I worked up over a couple of delicate pitches using several pitons for safety. Fred and Graham then quickly came up and I started up the slabs to another belay point 120 feet away. Several more pitons were used here to safeguard my advance. The route now looked a little worse and as the rock was still fairly dry, I continued up another 120 feet. Thus far the rock had been very good but the cold wind made belaying uncomfortable.

The route now led into a steep snow finger up which Graham proceeded with his boots and ice axe. At the top of this finger was a short vertical pitch which was coated with verglas. Fred moved up to belay Graham through a piton while Graham struggled on the icy wall. This pitch caused us much trouble but Graham finally muscled his way over and belayed Fred and me up. From there the route turned to dry rock again so I climbed up another 120 feet using three more pitons. We now scrambled for about 200 feet to the edge of a long, steep snow gully that led to the summit snow field. Fred took over here and using very careful belays due to bad snow conditions, we worked up to a basin just below the final snow slope. Here Fred took a 200 foot lead across to a rock island, a good belaying spot. We then trekked up the last snow pitch to the summit while storm clouds gathered in the southwest. Our descent was via the regular route, which Fred fortunately found, remembering small landmarks from his climb nine years previous.

Graham left for Seattle the next day leaving Fred and me driving toward Banff where we were to meet Joe Hieb.

PART IV—CANADIAN ADVENTURES

On July 8th we picked up Joe at the Alpine Club of Canada Clubhouse and headed north for Mt. Brussels. At Athabaska Falls on the Jasper Highway we started up the trail toward the impressive, unclimbed tower. Upon reaching its base we encountered Fred Ayres and Don Woods who had similar ideas of making the first ascent. However, they had not been able to climb it and we soon learned why. The rock was limestone, its origin dating back to the Cambrian as noted from trilobite specimen. Needless to say, it was rotten, so rotten that we departed immediately after a brief climb on its crumbling walls.

Our next peak to investigate was Eiffel Tower. This we did the following day and again departed immediately after observing the columns of very rotten rock from its disintegrating lower flanks. Two days later we assembled
our gear and started in to climb Mt. Louis, near Banff. This is the peak Conrad Kain regarded so highly during his climbing days in the Rockies. The climb was quite good and rather enjoyable, an interesting part of the route being the final pitch, a narrow 400 foot chimney.

The next day we left Banff and drove to Spillimacheen. The following eight days were to be spent in that spectacular group of granite spires, the Bugaboos. This was the last chapter of our climbing journey and, perhaps due to the wonderful weather which descended on us, was the most enjoyable. On the morning of the 16th we were driven up that incredibly rough road in a jeep to get our first glimpse of the spires. Upon arriving at cave camp that afternoon we were pleased to find 24 cans of sardines, 10 cans of vegetables, 3 cans of soup and 3 cans of milk, left there by the A. C. C. in 1946. After an enormous meal that evening, we retired in the shadow of Snowpatch Spire.

At 8 o'clock the following morning we were chopping our way up the Snowpatch-Pigeon ice fall, heading for the north face of Pigeon Spire. It was on that face that we were to make about the toughest climb of the entire trip. Our new route started at the base of the snow finger which leads up to the prominent but narrow gully on the north face of the mountain. Due to badly iced conditions it was decided that Fred would wear Bramanis, Joe tennis shoes and I would bring nailed boots and tennis shoes.

Fred started up the snow finger, soon encountering a large schrund which he crawled over while well belayed from below. He then climbed to the base of the gully and Joe and I quickly came up. Joe then started up the high angle slab using several pitons as a safeguard. On the second lead he came to a very tough, holdless pitch which compelled him to insert one tension piton. He then continued up the center of the near vertical couloir, every inch of the climbing being more difficult than we had expected. After using a half dozen pitons he reached a small chockstone and belayed Fred and me up. Above this the route looked incredibly tough and we all but turned back right there. The next 300 feet was very near vertical. The rock was slabbly but connecting holds did seem to exist. A large ice tongue which we had noticed from below was discharging water down this 300 foot pitch and considerable snow and verglas was present.

I fitted Fred's felt pull-overs over my tennis shoes and after taking on a terrific stock of iron, started doubtfully up. The first 150 feet was negotiated with difficulty. But now the route was blocked by a bulging overhang coated in many places with verglas, and water dripping everywhere. Joe came up on the tension from the chockstone, anchored himself and prepared to give a belay. I then traversed a wet slab to put in the first direct aid piton. As I tied a sling into the ring of the angle piton, copious amounts of water ran down my sleeve. It was now obvious that I was going to get wet—very wet. In the next ten feet I chipped off many pieces of verglas, the icy flakes accelerating down past Fred, 200 feet below. After about one and one-half hours of work and the use of a magazine of pitons and slings, the pitch was ours. I don't believe it could have been done without felt soles. I then belayed Joe and Fred up to my perch on a small ledge above the overhang. Joe then climbed the next 100 feet, a near vertical vein requiring great care and balance. This brought us out of the gully to the base of the ice tongue. Our hopes were a good deal higher now.

But to our intense disappointment the tongue had about 4 inches of new snow on top, underlain by hard glare ice. Fred took the lead here, digging away the snow and laboriously cutting steps in the ice underneath. When about half way up he was able to traverse left onto the rock and we soon gained a point just below the summit cliffs. We had about 400 feet of climbing left and the sun was sinking rapidly in the west. Joe quickly led up a 150 foot 70 degree chimney and belayed me up. I then gave Joe a shoulder stand and using more pitons, he gained a short vertical pitch. He immedi-

*See Mountaineer, p. 43, Dec., 1948. (Continued on Page 87)*
Climbing IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

By DAVID LIND

Not many climbers in the Northwest are personally acquainted with mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. The 1948 Summer Outing was the first visit the group has ever made to the range. There are probably many others who would like to know more about the climbing possibilities and the special conditions that prevail. In a short article only that region visited by the outing will be discussed. Nevertheless, the climbing conditions which are described are rather typical of the whole range. The Sierra Club Bulletin contains many articles and illustrations of all the interesting climbing in the Sierra Nevada.

The climbing area visited is that region which centers at Tuolumne Meadow and includes the peaks around the head waters of the Tuolumne River. This area is shown on the Yosemite National Park quadrangle map. Reference to this map will show that the Sierras in this region rise gently from west to east breaking in an escarpment which runs the whole length of the eastern edge of the range. The altitudes of the peaks in this region are between 11,000 and 13,000 feet. The main streams, the Tuolumne and Merced Rivers, run northwest out to the San Joaquin Valley. Geologically the region is very interesting. The core of the range is a granite batholith upon which there still shows the remnants of the older underlying metamorphic and igneous rocks. These older rocks appear almost entirely on the crest and eastern edges of the range. By the process of glaciation the granites have been scoured and cut into smooth glacial domes, cirques and sharp spires. This fine rock makes the region an excellent one for both the rock scrambler and the technical climber. The older overlying rocks which form the core of a few of the peaks do not offer good climbing but may be enjoyed by those who just like to hike instead.

To one who is used to seeing the rugged heavily forested terrain of northern alpine areas, the high country of the Tuolumne basin is a remarkable contrast. There are many lakes and alpine meadows. The timber is rather sparse, and there is very little underbrush. Together with the assurance that good weather will prevail throughout the summer months, these factors have contributed toward making this region a delightful campers' playground. From the climbing point of view this means numerous climbing campsites and easy accessibility.

Any plan for a climbing outing must be based on a general knowledge of the details of the terrain as well as the peaks themselves. Fortunately, Starr's "Guide to the John Muir Trail" gives very complete information on trails, camps, distances and elevations. There is also included some mention of pack and commissary facilities. In the Tuolumne area almost all of the peaks are accessible from the highway with the exception of Mt. Lyell and Mt. Maclure. Nevertheless, those wishing pack stock can procure lists of approved packers from the Superintendent of Yosemite National Park. For the party which would rather not backpack its supplies, burros are available at almost every pack station. It is true that they carry only about 75 lbs. and require considerable attention, but they can go almost anywhere and require no special feed.

Climbing routes always require detailed descriptions, and even then the unfamiliar party may stray from the route. Fortunately, the Sierra Club has undertaken the task of writing rather detailed climbing guides to the climbing areas of the Sierra Nevada. These give very adequate information for mountaineering parties and can be obtained from the Sierra Club in San Francisco. One feature of these guides is the classification of rock climbing routes ac-
cording to an arbitrary scale of difficulty. The classification is intended only to allow climbers to judge the peaks according to their abilities neglecting the other factors such as weather and snow conditions. Fortunately for the mountaineer the Tuolumne region, while not as high as those farther south, has more snowfall and for this reason offers some interesting snow climbing early in the season. There are a few small pocket glaciers on the north cirques of a few of the highest peaks, but only on Mt. Lyell does the ice present any problem. Incidentally the Lyell Glacier is one of the largest in the Sierra Nevada.

The Mountaineers in 1948 climbed eleven of the some twenty-odd peaks of the region. Most of these were one day trips from the Tioga Road which cross Tuolumne Meadow from west to east and hence over Tioga Pass and down to Mono Lake in the desert on the eastern side of the range. The climbing was rather easy but nevertheless interesting.

**Mt. Dana (13,050 ft.)**

This peak lies about three miles south of Tioga Pass at the eastern crest of the Sierra. It is composed of the older overlying rocks and hence is not a spectacular peak but nonetheless is interesting for the view of the crest and Mono Lake. The climb is classified as easy. The route follows from Tioga Pass up the west side of the north ridge. The actual climb is just 3,000 feet and takes about five hours. Early in the season the snow cover will make the climb much more enjoyable. During the outing some fifty people climbed this peak.

**Mt. Gibbs (12,700 ft.)**

Mt. Gibbs lies another mile and one-half south of Mt. Dana. It is composed of the same red rock. The best approach is via the Mono Pass trail leaving the Tioga Pass road about two miles west of the summit.

**Mt. Conness (12,556 ft.)**

This peak is reached by driving to Saddlebag Lake on the eastern side of the crest and about five miles north of Tioga Pass. The peak is composed entirely of granite. As is characteristic of Sierra peaks, the west face is a rather gentle snow covered slope while the east and north faces support small glacier filled cirques. The recommended approach for climbing the peak is by way of the small valley at the north end of Saddlebag Lake to the glacial cirque and up one of several couloirs to the ridge. This can be a very enjoyable snow climb if conditions are right. It is class 2 or 3 depending on the route. The climb requires about twelve hours for the round trip. Ten persons made the ascent.

**Mt. Lyell (13,090 ft.) and Mt. Maclure**

No climbing holiday in Yosemite would be complete without a climb of Mt. Lyell, the highest peak in the park. Furthermore, it is one of the most interesting. From Tuolumne Meadow Ranger Station the trail follows up the Tuolumne River to its source. Base camp is located at about 10,500 ft. just below Donohue Pass. The climbing route follows the western lobe of the glacier to the ridge between Lyell and Maclure and thence up the west ridge of Lyell to its summit. Except for possible snow or ice work and difficulty crossing the schrund, the climb is class 2. The climb from base camp and return requires only about seven hours. It may be possible to return the thirteen miles to the highway the same day. Mt. Maclure is an easy scramble up its southeast ridge from the saddle mentioned above.

Several members of the Outing party climbed both of these peaks and then traversed the glacier to descend into the head of Rush Creek which drains
to the east. Their return to camp was made by traversing the eastern shoulder
of Mt. Lyell to Donohue Pass.

Mt. Hoffman (10,921 ft.)

Mt. Hoffman lies somewhat west of Tuolumne Meadow. It is best
approached by trail from the Tioga Road via May Lake. The climbing route
lies up the south side of the peak. The climb is a very easy walk; however,
"The Thumb," a gendarme below the summit, may interest the rock climbers.
The climb of the peak is enjoyed for the wonderful view of the upper Yosemitie
Valley and the glacial domes which surround it on all sides.

The Cathedral Group is a group of granite spires along the west edge of
Tuolumne Meadow. These offer the best technical climbing of any of the
peaks which were climbed. It is true that they should be attempted only by
those familiar with rock climbing technique for most of the routes are class
4 or 5. The climbs are rather short, 200 to 500 feet, but their accessibility
makes it possible to climb several in one day.

Cathedral Peak (10,933 ft.)

The usual route follows the Cathedral Pass trail to the base of the peak
then up the west slope to the summit rock. Only the last pitch requires the
rope for protection. There are several very fine class 3 routes on the eastern
shoulder. The climb requires about five hours by the usual route. Twenty­
five Mountaineers ascended the peak, each taking his turn to sit on the sum­
mmit rock.

Unicorn Peak (10,848 ft.)

Unicorn Peak lies just south of the Ranger Station. The climb is made via
the Elizabeth Lake trail and then along the ridge from the south. One party
climbed this class 4 route while the other party of two ropes ascended the
class 5 route on the north arete. This is a short but very enjoyable climb, a
characteristic of most of the rock climbs in this group.

The other spires such as the Echo Peaks and the Cockcomb were not at­
ttempted by members of the outing. However, several small parties took
advantage of the opportunities for rock practice offered on Lembert Dome.
This is an excellent spot for practicing the fundamentals of the art on very
fine rock. No finer climbing area could be found for one interested in improv­
ing his technique in all phases of mountaineering.

The Outing did not have a large group of active climbers yet the number
and variety of the ascents made illustrates the wide choice of climbing pos­
sible in the region. Hardly a single group failed to make a climb which it
attempted. Nearby are located several groups of rather more difficult peaks:
the Minarets to the south and the Sawtooth Range to the north. Those who
are interested in these as well as other climbing areas should consult the
Climbers' Guide*. It is to be hoped that in the future many more moun­
taineers from the Northwest will visit these centers.

*"The tentative classification established by the Climbers' Guide is as follows:
1. Easy, Rock-climbing experience unnecessary.
2. Moderate, ropes should be available.
3. Difficult, Ropes should be used in all cases—continuous climbing.
4. Very difficult, belays should be used—consecutive climbing.
5. Severe, pitons should be available for safety.
6. Very severe, pitons required for direct aid.

**"A Climber's Guide to the High Sierra:"
TRANSITION

LIFE ZONES IN
YOSEMITE

MOUNTAINEERS' OUTING — 1948

D. WESSEL

SONORAN
SEATTLE - lotsa miles —
The campsite for this our first Mountaineer Outing in California, will be in Tuolumne Meadows, the largest and one of the most beautiful of the High Sierra meadows, with an altitude of 8,600 feet.

California, the High Sierra, and Tuolumne—here were three significant geographical names. What did they mean to members of the summer outing? California? On the map, a state with a thousand-mile Pacific shoreline; a state of superlatives—the highest and the lowest elevations, the largest trees. A reality to some but an unexplored land to others.

The High Sierra? Here definition of the term was desirable. Those who sought for information found that the High Sierra is a part of the Sierra Nevada Range of California. Approximately, it is a narrow strip 15 to 20 miles wide that extends from a short distance north of Yosemite National Park to the southeast along the eastern boundary of the park, along the border of Inyo National Forest, and along the eastern side of Kings Canyon and Sequoia National Parks. The decreasing elevation south of Mt. Whitney brings an end to the High Sierra. Minimum elevations are around 8,500 feet; the maximum is at Mt. Whitney with 14,945 feet. Between Mt. Whitney and Mt. Conness in northeast Yosemite are numerous peaks 12,000 to 14,000 feet high.

Tuolumne Meadows? Tioga Pass is the eastern portal for Yosemite Park. Seven miles southwest from the pass the highway enters the broad intervale of the Tuolumne River. Here with the river cutting across the eastern end of the area and Unicorn Creek marking the western boundary nearly two miles away, is Tuolumne Meadows campground.

A summer outing is more than names on a map. It is friendships enhanced, acquaintances made; it is moods and impressions that vary with the individual. But names on a map become realities, and these realities emerge to leave their impressions.

As the crow flies, Tuolumne Meadows is 700 miles south by east from Seattle. As the automobile must travel, it is nearly a thousand miles. For many members of the outing entirely new horizons beckoned beyond the eastern rim of the Cascades and south towards Yosemite.

Names on a highway map became a reality. For example: Bend, Oregon, population 10,021. Outing members southward bound found it an attractive little city, a pleasant spot for a brief stopover. Crater Lake, Lake Tahoe, Reno, and other places on the highway map emerged and left their definite impressions. Bridgeport, Mono Lake and Leevining became landmarks on highway 395. Not of themselves but because they signified the approach of journey's end.

On the map are Leevining, elevation 6815 feet and Tioga Pass, 9941 feet. Between these two points the highway must in 12 miles account for the difference in elevation and do it with regard for safety and the main purpose of any highway, which is reasonably speedy progress from here to there. Those who traveled these 12 miles saw a road carved out of mountain sides, a road that offered glimpses of rushing water far below, a road of high and huge mountain sides across a canyon. Beyond the pass and down the highway was the campground.

The summer outing of 1948 became a reality when members arrived at Tuolumne Meadows Monday, July 12. Dinner was served, the campfire lighted, and the outing was officially on its way.

The genial air and brilliant sunshine of Monday misled some into thinking that advance notices about night temperatures near freezing were some-
what exaggerated. Not so, as some found before dawn. Frost was evident in
the morning and ice put in at least one appearance.

The brilliant sunshine of Monday set the weather pattern for the outing.
Once only was there a partial clouding of the sky. Then late of an afternoon
clouds from over Conness and Dana drifted across the zenith and dropped a
scattered shower. The patterning drops did not fully lay the dust. That was all
of rain for the High Sierra outing.

The summer outing of 1948 was not a specialist's outing; rather it was
designed to be all things to all people. The pattern emerged Tuesday morn­
ing. Mt. Hoffman was the goal of the climbers who found its 11,000 feet
merely a conditioner for high altitude climbing. Trail trippers found Lem­
bert Dome and Lake Elizabeth easy introductions to High Sierra activities.
Others preferred to spend a leisurely day in camp.

Doubtless on each outing beginning with the very first some one incident.
some one activity, has provided flavor for that outing. An overnight trip to
Waterwheel Falls ten miles down the Tuolumne River was posted forWednesday
morning. Food, cooking utensils, and sleeping bags required transporta­
tion. When the motive power appeared it was not the truck, not pack horses,
it was burros. These patient, plodding, wise animals came into the open area
and waited for their burdens. Burros—here was a focal point of interest for
the 1948 outing.

Patience and perseverance are two essential ingredients of successful diplo­
macy when dealing with burros. They know their rights—80 pounds of dun­
nage and no more (or so the story goes). Diamond hitch specialists among
the trippers argued about over and under vs. under and over. Eventually all
equipment was packed and the burro train made its leisurely way across the
meadow. Pulling, pushing, persevering train attendants kept the burros in
motion till the final objective was reached.

Another day and the climbers took over the burros for an overnight trip
to Mt. Lyell. Profiting by experience, there was less of pull and push and
more of autonomy for the burros.

Lembert Dome, Elizabeth Lake, Waterwheel Falls, Mt. Lyell all became
more than names on a topographical map. Conness, Dana, Cockscomb, Ca­
thedral, Unicorn and Vogelsang were added to the climbers' list. Mt. Whit­
ney was conquered by one group that saw the sun rise over the desert land.
May Lake, Mt. Hoffman, Dana, Gaylor Lakes and Tuolumne Pass were listed
as accomplished goals for trail trippers. The Sardine Special, running express
from camp to designated points, made certain of these trips possible.

All was not climbing and hiking. Hardy swimmers found the clear, cool,
brisk water of Tuolumne River a challenge. Down the highway ten miles
from camp was Lake Tenaya. A clean, sandy beach, sparkling water tem­
pered by the Sierra sun—here indeed was a swimmer's paradise.

The physical activities of the day could well have had a doleful beginning
and ending had each member of the outing attempted to "rustle his own." There
was, however, the cook tent. And there, at break of day, Nashie and
Eva and Hugo, aided by Roger and Jerry and Curtis and Bud began those
activities that twice daily eventuated in the satisfying and wondrous meals
that awaited a line-up of the hungry.

Day was not fully done when the campfire circle was completed. Songs
and skits of the moment came in their turn. Visiting rangers and the park
superintendent provided more serious touches to the programs. Mrs. Hood,
familiar with birds and flowers of the park, added to the quota of knowledge
for the members. Hugo's daughter-in-law Norma brought enjoyment by
singing songs familiar and dear to all. Boys of the Trailfinders group, camped
in an adjacent area, added variety by showing how they entertain themselves
around their own campfire.

Thursday evening, July 22, the campfire ended with the goodnight song
and Auld Lang Sync. This, then, was the beginning of the end for the outing.
The cool dawn of Friday morning saw activity on all fronts—breakfast, clean-
up, packing, loading camp equipment, departure. By nine o’clock the camp area that had been home for outing members since July 12 was deserted, silent.

Technically, the summer outing was over. There yet remained the home­ward journey, which for nearly all members was via Yosemite Valley. And so down to and through the Yosemite of picture postcards, of photographs, of motion pictures. There they were—El Capitan, Yosemite and Bridal Veil Falls, Half Dome, and Glacier Point.

Imagine El Capitan rising 3,700 feet from the flat fields of Illinois. Or Half Dome towering nearly a mile above the Kansas plain. There they would not belie their immense bulk and height. In Yosemite, as they look out upon the Valley, their immensity is not at first comprehensible. Sunday evening was a deadline for most members, hence Yosemite could be seen only in the passing.

Members of the Tuolumne Meadows outing share certain common memories arising from things seen and heard—the camp fire circle; notes of the bugle sounding reveille and taps; the clear, cool High Sierra dawn; sunset dance on Lyell; lunchtime and the panoramic view from Hoffman; the beach at Tenaya; the High Sierra mountainscape so different from that of the Northern Cascades. Beyond these, however, each member has his own peculiar memories colored by his own slant on life.

In certain of its aspects the outing was a problem in logistics and a problem in planning. Beyond these, it was a gratifying example of willing cooperation by all who helped in the activities that give color and substance to a summer outing.

For Members of Outing See Page 69
Ascent of the Nisqually Icefall

By Dee Molenaar

Mt. Rainier's highest snow dome was reached by a new route on July 15, 1948, when Bob Craig and I climbed the Nisqually Glacier's steeply cascading icefall. Thus was recorded the 12th route by which the peak has been ascended. Previous research into the Park Museum Library files at Longmire had led us to believe that a party composed of Joe Hazard, Hans and Heinie Fuhrer, Thos Hermans, and Payton Farrar had already climbed the icefall route. However, a letter from Joe informed us that his 1920 ascent "via Nisqually Glacier" was made by an 8000 foot crossing of the glacier followed by a climb to the top of Wapowety Cleaver by way of previously unclimbed snow fingers.

A careful reconnaissance of the icefall was made during the first weeks of the summer and we noted that a long debris slope offered the only feasible route into the first breakups. On the right of this slope a steep ice chute between the glacier and the Nisqually Cleaver was spasmodically discharging huge blocks which slithered down from above on the warmer afternoons. It was our belief that the real route-finding problem would present itself above, among the leaning seracs and broken edged crevasses. With these observations as our only guides, Bob and I climbed to Camp Muir on the evening of July 14, prepared for a short rest before the early morning advent on the icefall.
We were up at 2:00 A.M. and were soon winding our way with the aid of flashlights among the large crevasses of the Nisqually cirque. By the time dawn had given sufficient light we were ready to tackle the steep ice of the 500 foot debris slope. On all sides could be seen a fan of newly broken ice blocks, strewn below the hanging cliffs on each side. With eyes peering cautiously into the ice towers above, we adjusted our packs and began the ascent up the slope. We soon found that it was much steeper than we had anticipated and that the use of the full 120 feet of nylon rope was necessary to reach between suitable belay points; another man on the rope would have presented a problem here. We had to chop several steps among the blocks at the upper end before we pulled ourselves into a wide notch between two seracs and breathed a sigh of relief.

From here the only route led us over ice hummocks to the top of a sharp edged, steeply leaning crevasse lip, then down into an ice jumble below. To reach this point we had no alternative but to leap across an 8 foot chasm to a precariously leaning ice block. Despite the early morning cold, the hard work of cutting steps and climbing the steeply angled ice had necessitated the removal of the outer layers of clothing. We soon found that, by changing leads at every stable belay point, we were able to conserve needed energy. It was impossible to forecast the direction of the route ahead for more than a rope length; crevasses hidden beyond a higher corner often brought us to a halt and a conference. After the long downward leap we found ourselves winding our way among a chaos of ice blocks which had broken from the face of a vertical crevasse wall high above. To reach this point I had to straddle a broken-topped ice bridge of uncertain strength while Bob belayed from behind a near serac. It held and soon we were edging along a narrow ledge toward a more suitable resting point.

The crevasse wall tapered into a small chute at this point. Bob cut several steps, both down-pressure hand holds and foot notches, and pulled his rangy body up the first nearly vertical, 7 feet of the wall. A few minutes later he belayed me into a saddle above. From here, I led the traverse across a 55-degree slope and into another notch above. From here we had our first, unexpected view of the big chute which we had determined to avoid at all costs. The rocks of Nisqually Cleaver could be seen projecting above the ice on the opposite side, while high above a perpendicular ice cliff broke the deep blue skyline. We sat down and surveyed the situation.

A narrow crevasse-ledge seemed to offer the only answer for continuance upward. While I established myself with a solid axe-belay, Bob climbed onto this ledge and chopped his way over an ice "chockstone" that barred the way. A few minutes later a welcome call came down from above that a "highway" was in sight ahead. We had previously feared that our only escape would have to be made by means of ice pitons driven into the steep upper end of the chute, then over to the rocks of the cleaver, so, with this new encouragement in sight, we took off our packs and sat down to rest.

A flash from below told us that our progress was being followed through the 33-power telescope at Paradise Inn so, to accentuate our elation at finding a route to higher ice, we danced a jig . . . until crampon points became too well acquainted with trouser cuffs. After sending an answering flash, we ate a small breakfast of raisins and bread. Our rests had been brief to this point, as any delay in climbing through the frozen breakups below might have left us in a position endangered by the melting action of the hot sun.

The route from here climbed across the steeply bridged crevasse, then along the knife-edged top of a ridge separating another crevasse, then over a hummock on this ridge to more friendly ice above. We alternated leading frequently as the heavier work of the early morning had taxed our strength considerably, and the hot rays of the sun had caused a great amount of perspiration. Our fruit juice had disappeared some time before and we were trying to relieve our dry-mouthed thirst with lemon drops and snow. However, the slopes rolled more gently here and we gained elevation rapidly until

(Continued on Page 23)
Forty-four Mountaineer Campcrafters traveled by way of Vantage, Spokane and Missoula on their way to this year's camp in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho. Travel was enlivened by the constant effort to recognize fellow Mountaineer cars; the amazing load on the DeSoto suburban enlivened many a conversation. The forest service had made an effort to reserve the camp on Little Red Fish for us. It proved an ideal camp site with a fine view of the rugged Sawtooth skyline across the lake. We found a good supply of fresh goods at the three stores in Stanley. Besides this supply of the usual foods there was Casey Jones' creel which came into camp each night filled with the legal limit and which added many a trout to each skillet.

People in camp were automatically divided into climbers and trail hikers. Monday, our first day in camp, found some of the climbers off early in an attempt on Mount Heyburn. Some people made the first trip into "town" to see what the stores had to offer and to find the warm swimming pool. This proved to be an enlarged concrete bath tub, complete with dressing rooms, which the forest service had made over a hot springs and which was a great source of delight to all of us during our stay.

At campfire Monday night we heard that our climbers had turned Scotch and in an attempt to save themselves seventy-five cents each, had taken the five and one-half mile up-and-down trail to the head of the lake. After traveling up the main trail on the west side of Redfish Creek for about a mile to a point where the going on the lower slopes of Heyburn looked good, they turned off and climbed at an angle of forty-five degrees to the left on the slope, to a point where a broad gully leads directly up the slope. There were cliffs on the right and some nice looking gendarmes on the left. Traveling up the gully for about a thousand feet they found it divided into two gullies. Since the one to the right seemed to go to a higher point on the skyline, it was chosen. The gully led up to a col between the middle and northwest summit of Heyburn. A little scouting convinced the party that the middle summit would require more time than was available, if the return to base camp was to be made safely that night. Travel had been over loose scree and sandy slopes but the ridge offered a little granite so tennis shoes were put on and the party traveled along the top of the ridge to a point which seemed about 150 feet lower than the other summits of Heyburn. The record left by the Iowa Mountainiers in 1947 and a cairn left by some other previous party were found. Our climbers left their record and made their way back to the col, then circled around Heyburn and came back to camp via the four Bench Lakes.

Wednesday morning cars took fifteen climbers and their dunnage first to the horse corral and then to the boat. Somewhere along the way they had lost the Scotch instinct and were all having their gear taken into high camp by pack horses. High camp was made at Alpine Lake at an elevation of 8400 feet. This camp is ideally situated for climbing. The ridges around the lake lead up to about 9700 feet with 200 to 400 foot granite spires and towers.
the ridges. Some are easy, some would probably never be climbed without expansion bolts. After scouting the area the first afternoon the climbers were sorry that the whole party had not been moved to this beautiful spot. There are small lakes in every valley, mountain meadows filled with flowers and little streams. There are firm, easily climbed open ridges leading up to an unlimited number of granite peaks that could be climbed, using Alpine Lake as a base camp.

On Thursday the trail past three small lakes north of Alpine Lake was followed, over a 9700 foot divide, then down past the two Baron Lakes with a loss of about 700 feet, then up the ridge to the west. This ridge was considered to be one of the Warbonnet ridges. Maps of this area are very inadequate. Anyone going into the region will benefit by consulting the sketch and

![Sawtooth Range as Seen from Little Redfish Lake (Base Camp). Mt. Heyburn in Middle.](image)

Photo by Lloyd Anderson.

by talking to others who have preceded them. Three climbers chose the right hand summit of a nutcracker-like peak which they called the Tomahawk. The route led along a narrow ledge, up a crack, then a pull onto the final summit rock. This was all very solid granite. The left summit of the nutcracker was climbed up to the last twenty feet where the climbers were stopped for lack of any cracks or holds. The main party of climbers scaled two other summits on the Warbonnet ridge that day which they called East Peak and Little Feather. Nowhere was any record of previous climbing found.

Friday the Packrat peaks were on the schedule. Travelling around the outlet side of Alpine Lake, up the ridge, then contouring to the south near Packrat, the party dropped down to the little lake near the base of the peak. The route up Packrat was an angling passageway that led up through the cliffs to a col between the two summits. The north summit, which is the most prominent on the skyline with its steep tower, was climbed first. From the col the party climbed along the left of the ridge, then up to the tower base; then along a ledge to the east ridge. It was necessary to rope for safety around the tower base. The east ridge led back up on the tower on a higher shelf from which it was possible to climb to the highest point. In his report Underhill mentions climbing Packrat but we found no cairn on this peak or any record of a previous ascent. Upon returning to the col, part of the climbing party went on to the south peak. The route up this peak was along the ridge from the col to the first false summit, then along the ledge on
a broken rock slab passageway to an upward sloping gully with considerable rotten rock. The gully leads up on the ridge to clean rock slabs. Along this ridge the roped parties had some very nice climbing to the final summit.

Since Saturday was the day to return to base camp a climb close to camp was chosen. A tower on the west end of Braxon Ridge, situated above and to the north of Alpine Lake, close to the three little lakes which the main trail passes is easily reached and was called Alpine Tower. The last 200 feet of granite rock on this tower is climbed by a very interesting route. The party went over the ridge to the west of the tower, then circled the tower to the northeast side. The route then was up downward sloping slabs on the left. The last pitch was a hoist with the arms to a saddle rock, then up the last pointed summit rock with one piton for a belay. To get off the summit rock required another piton driven in the top and the use of a sling and rappelling rope.

The boatman met the party at the head of the lake at the appointed time. The trail hikers who had come to furnish transportation back to base camp could hear the chant of “stroke! stroke!” far up the lake, as the temperamental outboard motors had again put on an act. Vivid memories of their own experience on the lake, a sudden squall, wet spark plugs, tin boats, and a curt command to “man the oars” made them glad that the climbers had a calm evening to come down the lake under their own power.

Until Sunday the weather man had dealt us beautiful weather but now, as if angered by the show of audacity in treading on the Sawtooth’s virgin summits, he gathered his forces; roared in such rage the sparks flew; rolled up huge black clouds from which he shook rain and hail nearly all day. Moutaineers are hardy souls and stood their ground so that he soon knew he had met his match and although he rumbled on occasion the next few days he never really bothered us again.

On Monday, August 9, a party of four went back across the lake at dawn and started up Mt. Heyburn again to try for the main summit. The route this time was again up the broad gully for a way, then out of it to the right, up through the smaller gullies, through the cliffs to a col between the middle and east summits. Clouds were rolling up so that time seemed again to be a deciding factor and the party was forced to choose the easier climb. The east summit was not difficult, except for the final summit rock which requires one man to climb up over the shoulders of the first man in order to pull himself up to the top. This spot is somewhat exposed, making the venture a little thrilling. Camp that night was made in the valley. The next day the party climbed two peaks on the south end of the Braxon Ridge. The one nearest the Braxon summit was called Tunnel Peak because of the huge slabs of rock the party crawled under to reach the summit. The second peak was called Lightning Peak since the climbers’ fingers tingled with static while on the summit rock.

Monday also saw a party start up Fishhook Creek, a short distance by car, then by trail to the basin at the base of Mt. Thompson. The climb of Mt. Thompson did not prove difficult but the trip in and out in one day was a long one. Since the scenery is beautiful in this basin, good campsites are available, and there are other interesting climbs to be made in the area, it was decided that another party might well plan to make a base camp here as well as one at Alpine Lake.

While the climbers rambled over the beautiful granite peaks, the trail hikers spent many varied days. Trips were made up many of the side valleys to mines, lakes and beaver dams. There was the day the junior population
had horses in camp and we found how determined a horse can be when he knows his rider is no cowhand. There was the long auto trip along the back road toward Boise, the sociable cups of tea under the Marzoff awning, there were huckleberry muffins and wild gooseberry dumpling to sample.

The party plans were laid to include a side trip into the Wallowa country in northeastern Oregon. For this reason our camp on Little Red Fish broke up on Wednesday and we were again on the road, visiting Sun Valley, Craters of the Moon, and the Shoshone Ice Caves en route. As a climbing area the Wallowa region was a bitter disappointment. The rock is so extremely rotten it crumbles at a touch. The peaks are rounded ridges with rock too rotten to hold a knifelike edge. Those of the party who made the trip to Hat Point will never forget the view over the deep gorge-like valleys, especially as seen from the five-mile view point. Our last campfire was held on Wallowa Lake and as is the way with Mountaineers, with one trip hardly over the whole party was already speculating about where to go next year!

Two members of this party for unfortunate enough to contract Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. One case developed at Redfish Lake, the other perhaps from a tick bite in the Wallowas, although the tick may have been carried from Redfish too. The party had been informed that the season of danger was past. From our experience it would seem advisable to make sure of inoculation for this dangerous disease whenever going into this area.

MEMBERS WITH THE CAMPCRAFTERS IN THE SAWTOOTHS

- Rae Anderson, FN
- Lloyd Anderson, AEPHKNOPWY
- Mary Anderson, 215
- Ruth Anderson, 215
- Sue Anderson, 215
- Tenny Helmy, A
- Joy Bellamy, 45
- Albert Bagdan, AFNRTWY
- C. Findley Bowser, AFNPWY
- Dallas Bowser, AFNPWY
- Elsie Barkman, FNPRT3
- T. Davis Castor, AFI
- Marion Castor, 15
- Bob Castor, AFN
- Alita "Dunny" Castor, 2456
- Raymond Castor, 45
- Malcom Cropley, AFNIP3
- Cathy Cropley, 45
- Jean Cropley, 45
- Inez Easton, AFNKTWY
- Casey Jones, T1
- Loleta Jones, RT115
- Melva Jones, AEPHKNOPORY
- Walter Jones, 145
- Everett Lasher, AEPHKNOPWY3
- 15d Lowry, APF
- Mary Lowry, 12
- Martha Lowry
- Bill Marzolf
- Grace Marzolf
- Dick Paterson, FNW1
- Ray Paterson, 125
- Noel Paterson, 5
- Herbert Schiesell, AFNV1
- Anna Schiesell, 145
- Evelyn Schiesell, 115
- Madeleine Schiesell, 115
- Carolann Schiesell, 146
- Herbert Schiesell Jr., 115
- Fred Tiedt, 1
- Harriet Tiedt, 121
- Glen Tiedt, 1
- Cheryl Tiedt, 21
- David Wessel, EHOR


Trail Trips: 1—Bench Lakes, 2—Redfish Way, 3—Fish Hook Creek, 4—Casino Creek Mo., 5—Lily Pond, 6—Alpine Lake.

Ascent of the Nisqually Icefall

(Continued from Page 19)

we were stopped in our switch-back course by an enormous crevasse at 12,500 feet. We had to work to the left and toward the top of Wapowety Cleaver. With great relief we found a route across a razor-backed serac which leaned solidly over a blue-walled hole. Noon found us resting on the rocks of Wapowety, near the saddle over which the Kautz summit route climbs. We reached the summit at 2:00 P.M., extremely tired, but satisfied with our good fortune in finding a way through the icefall below. The sky was cloudless and the afternoon hot as we signed the summit register.

We arrived back at Paradise Valley at 7:00 P.M., after a fast descent via the Fuhrer Finger, the snow couloir on the lower end of Wapowety Cleaver, up which Joe Hazard's party had climbed in 1920. It had been a long, hard day, but one all the more memorable for the fine mountain adventure just experienced.

NOTE: As an afterthought to this climb, it might be added that on or about September 11, 1948, a huge avalanche on the right side of the icefall took with it all the seracs and filled all the crevasses on the lower 1000 feet of the icefall. The Park Service is now considering the route as closed to summit climbers.
With the exploration of the Cascades more or less at an end and a diminishing number of unclimbed peaks remaining, mountaineering interest becomes attracted to the most difficult peaks, towers, and parapets. Just such a region is the Cashmere Crags, an eastern extremity of Mt. Stuart batholith embracing Snow Lakes and Mt. Temple, being bounded on the north by the Tumwater-Isicle divide, the east by the Snow-Peshastin Creek divide, the south by Ingalls Creek, and west by Mountaineer Creek and Enchantment Lakes.

Those afflicted with “rock climbing fever” will have to search hard for an area that can better satisfy their desires. On the heights above 7500 feet stand four long parallel ridges of tremendous peaks and monoliths, crowning hillsides that bristle with lower spires. The would-be climber, in fact, wonders where to begin. Perhaps “Miles of Monoliths” would more suitably title this paper.

This challenge recent climbers were not slow to meet. The main and west peaks of Mt. Temple fell in 1946 and 1947. Seeking a new approach to the Crags May 22 found Ralph Widrig, Wes Grande, and me clambering up the brushy slopes of Rat Creek from the Icicle Road. I blissfully stepped over two rattlesnakes, this being later called to my attention. Shortly after, while kicking steps in soft snow to our 6500 foot campsite I gave a yodel to my companions below. Mother Nature, in the form of a coyote band, answered with the most eerie and discordant musical interlude any of us had ever heard. We watched one of the critters begin a snow slide on a nearby cliff.

The clear afternoon was too precious to devote to wild life studies, so while Wes prepared camp, Ralph and I started for a row of startling towers that had been staring down at us ever since we began the Rat Creek climb. These three 7300 foot towers, located west of Mesa Lake on the northernmost of the four alpine ridges already mentioned, we named the “Dragon Teeth.” As we climbed higher several things became certain. This north ridge (Mole

†1946 and 1947 Mountaineer.
Ridge) continued well east, presenting a veritable fairyland of pinnacles and parapets, their great, sheer granite faces tinted by the afternoon sun. Between us and the magnificent Mt. Temple ridge rose an array of hitherto unseen peaks, which we dubbed the “Three Musketeers Ridge.”

Then the “Dragon Teeth” turned our thoughts to climbing. Changing to crepe soled shoes, Widrig quickly led up the first two towers. Although short, we agreed the exposure and a few missing holds provided a thrill. Then we hauled out the hardware for an assault on the seemingly hopeless south tooth. Only one route appeared, it beginning up a white overhang. With the hammer I chipped step up a paper-thin granite flake, gingerly balanced on its top, and hammered in a high piton. Using slings and tension I worked up and right on three more pitons, once descending to remove the first two because of rope friction. This was tiring work so I retired to the base for Widrig to take the relief shift, during which he worked the rope to the upper limit of the overhang. Slings were now dangling gaily several feet away from the face. With the correct combination in mind I was hoisted to the highest piton and after some very touchy struggling, managed to reach a standing point. There were no cracks for protective pitons, so I nervously worked up a high angle slab in a groove-crack. A “moral support” piton near the summit encouraged me to continue to the meager top. Using a tension belay, Ralph had the unpleasant task of removing the iron, for our rappel took us askew of the route.

We left camp early on the 23rd to see which of the formidable peaks east of Rat Creek would show a summit route. Some of the quaint peaks below the “Mole” looked so hopeless that we felt it unwise to grapple with them in view of a potential storm. But the “Mole” itself presented such a repelling picture that none of us had serious thoughts of scaling it as we scrambled to the 7600 foot Edward plateau. Between glances at the terrific walls of the nearby Duolith, The Comb, and the Three Musketeers, we fortuitously spied a weakness on the southeast face of the “Mole.” The latter peak, I should explain, is a giant dome rising from the depths at the west end of the Edward plateau, having 500 to 1000 foot sheer faces on all sides.

Soon we donned the rope in a gully overhung by a house-sized chockstone. I muscled up a 30 foot overhanging layback crack, breathlessly arriving at a scrubby pine tree. Some easy ledges brought us beneath the overhanging upper face. Our only hope was to find a route behind a flake that seemed to protrude from the overhanging wall, seen only by a careful scrutiny of the face above. Grande took the lead up an ever-narrowing fissure, soon placing two pitons for aid when the crack overhung and became devoid of holds. Soon we all consolidated beneath the overhanging flake. From a shoulder stand Grande advanced into the crack behind it and squeezed his way for some 50 feet horizontally to the alcove. Widrig then did likewise, anchored to a piton, and again gave a supporting shoulder at the base of a nasty chimney. Grande pounded a safety piton and then chopped steps up an icy groove with the hammer point. At the worst spot he luckily found a rock tunnel through which he could crawl to the big rib on the upper south face. After Widrig and I reached this point with the help of tension, avoiding the wet tunnel, we raced to the summit in three rope lengths along boulevards of lichen. Much to our delight we found the broad summit dotted with clear pools filling solution holes. An impending storm forced us to quickly erect a big cairn between the ponds and retreat to the world of horizontal dimensions in a series of nice ropedowns. Sodden clouds settled over the array of spiked peaks and rain pelted us on the homeward journey.

The following week-end Pete Schoening and Art Holben accompanied
Widrig and me to Nada Lake, 5 miles from the road. An unexpected highlight was the crossing of the raging Icicle by a swinging cable car, for floods had destroyed all the bridges. Bestirring ourselves with difficulty shortly after midnight, we left for the most western towers of the Temple ridge. While Widrig and Schoening began assaulting The Monument, a tremendous monolith, Holben and I scouted to the west end of the last peak on the ridge. Not being anxious to spend the day on something useless, we returned to try the southeast face of this formidable peak. Traverses led 150 feet below the knifed east ridge. Here we groped at several doubtful possibilities, finally deciding on a direct climb.

I began resolutely to pound pitons, unscrupulously relying upon direct aid to progress 40 feet, simply because there was no other method of accomplishing this spectacular wall. Then Art swarmed over a short tension stretch to mount an exposed ridge step. Soon unexpected ledges took us to the base of the summit block, which overhung some 40 feet. The massive granite had no flaws that pitons or finger muscles could use. A glance at the sides of the block gave us more incentive to do the only thing possible: lasoo the topmost horn with the spare rope. From a lesser block Holben whipped the loop over the horn on the fourth try. Soon I reached the top on prusik slings, finding the last few overhanging feet very awkward. To keep swinging at a minimum we anchored the base of the rope. We built a large cairn on the 8200 foot summit and christened it Prusik Peak.

A look to the east startled us. Across the square top of The Monument stretched a nylon rope. An exchange of yodels and yells told us they would be on top "in a few minutes." Later the details became clear: they had gained an airy circling ledge 20 feet below the summit with the aid of 6 pitons for tension in a nightmarish, vertical crack. But in the remaining stretch of granite nothing possible appeared, so Widrig tied two bolts to a cod line, in the absence of loose rocks, and managed to throw them over the summit. Schoening then traversed the tiny ledge to the opposite side via a cannonhole to secure a nylon rope over the smooth summit. The climb ended with the thrill of swinging up on prusik slings. In spectacular ascents such as these there is no need to justify the use of bolts or throwing lines, for the ascents were impossible otherwise. After descending they made the first ascent of Flake Tower, which stands between Prussik Peak and The Monument. This proved to be a thrilling 5th class ascent via a 70 degree ledge and two vertical chim-

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See photo, 1943 Mountaineer, Page 1
neys on the east face. Before leaving the heights we inspected the next peak east, “The Boxtop,” which unpleasantly overhung on all four faces, giving us a subject to talk about while hiking to the valley.

The week-end of August 7th had busy preparations until a pre-dawn cloudburst washed us back to the lowlands. Jack Schwabland, Fred Melberg and I left packs near timberline on Nada Creek and in the afternoon climbed to the crest of the 8000 foot Three Musketeers Ridge. The Musketeers were short but not easy. From my shoulder Jack manipulated a difficult, vertical layback crack to a ledge at the base of the three individual monoliths. The lowest was no problem but luckily the other two were close enough so we could stem the spectacular gap between them. Some eight gendarmes on the crest east fell in succession; one needing a shoulder stand and one a piton. Not a single summit block had a loose rock for cairn building so we sometimes carried a few rocks for such in pockets or rucksacks.

After an early start from the road on the 29th, Ralph Widrig, Pete Schoening and I climbed to the jutting towers just east of Temple’s summit. By noon we had conquered 8320 feet of Razorhead Spire, the highest of this cluster, via a route involving 400 feet of excellent rock climbing. Comet Spire, just northeast, fell next via an exposed area. Overhanging the Nada Creek Valley from the north face of Comet was a most impressive gendarme we named “The Meteor.” Some tricky descending took us to its base and after a series of two shoulder stands and piton protection, I found that an impossible appearing lichen slab was just barely climbable by palm-and-flatfoot frictioning. Soon we rappelled from a piton, traversed and descended the east face of Comet to a wild looking tower that seemed to stand out in space. Because of its resembling superstructure, we named it “The Professor.” Previously this great tower had seemed impossible but we had spotted just one hope on the west face. From a shoulder stand Widrig wormed his way up a 100 foot vertical crack, grappling with loose blocks, and once placing a piton. Then Schoening and I came up, gave a shoulder to gain the summit and passed up rocks to erect a monumental cairn. There was one tower left to climb, that being the monolithic Lighthouse Tower north of Temple itself. Pete and I climbed high on the south face and spent a fruitless hour attempting to throw a cod line over the bald, round summit. Ralph reminded us it was getting late so we worked to his exposed platform on the west face. Using slings, he diagonally left on what optimists might call a crack. Then three angle pitons for aid enabled him to nearly reach a spacy ledge 20 feet below the summit. Soon after he had come down for a rest, I wiggled onto the smooth ledge by standing on the highest piton. This time I pegged a rock with a line directly over the summit. Ralph now on the east face, soon secured a spare rope that he pulled across. Using a rope maneuver too complicated to describe, I descended to remove most of the iron. When Pete had reached the summit on prussik slings it was dark enough to see the lights of Cashmere. About midnight we reached the Nada Lake cabin.

Three days later, Pete and I returned to the Icicle Road, accompanied by Herb Staley. We forded the river east of Rat Creek and climbed the hillside to about 4500 feet where a prominent tower juts into the sky. I made two difficult leads over rather decayed rock, once using a piton, and reached the summit block. Using a shoulder stand, we singly gained the flawless tip. Some bees joined the fun, giving Pete some memories, and inspired the name “Yellowjacket Towed.” After a lunch at a welcome creek, we clambered 1500 feet in the hot sun to the lowest of the Rat Creek peaks, namely, The Hook. This big monolith gave us no end of trouble for the last 30 feet had nary a piton crack. After numerous tries, Pete planted a cod line across the pointed summit and pulled up a spare rope which I secured with two pitons and an expansion bolt. As Pete almost reached the vertical tip on prussik slings, the rope showed signs of slipping so he hastily retreated. As far as we were concerned, however, that was close enough to call it another first ascent.

Since the week-end promised clear skies, Jack Schwabland and I made
camp at Nada Lake and on the first afternoon climbed to the 7000 foot ridge beyond Snow Lakes, our objective being a lonely granite shaft known as The Sentry. By straddling a knifed block, we gained a belay spot to begin the one route that offered hope. I stood on Jack’s shoulders, pounded a tension piton, and breathlessly struggled to a tiny notch. Jack came up to belay again. I found the last pitch impossible even with a shoulder, so as a last effort managed to loop the spare rope over the summit block hoping it would hold. I went up gingerly on prussik slings, shuddering to find that only a half inch knob of granite kept the rope from slipping.

September 5th was a busy day. Beginning at the east end of the McClellan Ridge, we climbed the two tricky “Snags,” once having to use a tree on the initial pitch. Gremlin Peak, next on the ridge, required a shoulder stand on the summit block as did 7300 foot Arrowhead Peak. Later we found a route up the exciting Rocket Peak, it being patterned in the form of an elongated “Z” on the east face. After considerable climbing, we arrived at a deep notch 35 feet below the summit and looked at that final pitch with puzzled faces for not a piton crack could be seen. On the second try, I reached a downslobbed ledge from Jack’s shoulder, a stunt I considered quite difficult. The next stretch of very high angle granite was impossible, so I drilled a hole and inserted a contraction bolt, not oblivious of the terrific exposure to the right. A sling and the bolt itself provided the means to scramble up the slab to its top. Bringing Jack up was a problem for if he came up the rope, he would swing out beneath a horrid overhang. A complicated method of using two ropes worked but only after he once had to support his whole weight by biting one rope to prevent a slip. Luckily we could pound a piton on the summit from which to rappel. The next day we climbed the Black Pyramid on the Temple Ridge beneath “The Professor.” Alternating leads, we found the very exposed west ridge a delightful 4th class climb demanding every type of rock climbing technique, including chimney stemming and a shoulder stand. After lunch we conquered the two Eagleheads to the east, finding them short but thrilling climbs.

It seems safe to suggest that an aerial drop to support a climbing expedition had never been done in this state. To alleviate the strain of heavy backpacking, Ralph Widrig, Pete Schoening and I decided to try this on a one week trip using a 7300 foot camp among the last larches just north of Lighthouse Tower. On September 18th we arrived at the camp scene, watching for the Le combe, piloted by Art Sommer, as the mounting sun scattered the few clouds. Guided by a gloriously red silk banner mounted on a pole and two smokey fires, he dropped three bundles on the first trip from Lake We nachtee. On the third flight, just after dropping a sack in the midst of camp, much to our horror we watched the plane suddenly lose altitude and heard a crash behind the ridge of Lighthouse Tower not 400 yards from camp.

To describe the sickening feeling we had momentarily is redundant. But imagine our surprise when we saw the pilot appear walking into view as we ran toward the crash scene! Soon we learned that higher bundles had fallen forward into the control stick, forcing him into a sharp dive during which he stalled the engine. Looking at the wreckage, we were convinced it was a miracle that he was relatively unhurt. That evening Pete took him down the alpine slopes to Nada Lake and on to Seattle while Ralph and I busied ourselves with erecting an elaborate camp and salvaging items crushed in the free drops. A cloudless sky cheered us into climbing, so we tramped across a few miles of gorgeous alpland to the sandy and sometimes swampy Edward Plateau to climb The Comb, the two main summits of which we attained after some fine 4th class climbing. Time enough remained for the slabby Duolith close to the cairn-topped Mole. Ralph led a torturous route to the notch between the twin summits, once squirming up a tiring chimney deep inside the peak. The last rope length was my lead; it proved difficult as expected. By friction climbing I could manage to negotiate the slabs but at the touchiest spot four pitons with slings were needed for aid.
After we helped a disassembly group Pete had brought up to salvage worthy parts of the plane, we wandered into the high country west of Prussik Peak. Here, after a simple scramble on the north summit of Enchantment Peak, it was found the more interesting, spiry, south summit required tennis shoes. Rain squalls darkened the 21st so we read and listened to Ralph’s portable radio, expressly brought along for just such a day. In the morning he woke me with a “we’ve had it” look. I peered out of the tent flap and ratified the proposal that we temporarily abandon camp, for fresh snow blanketed everything. Bright skies on the 25th lured Schoening, Chuck Welsh, Fred Melberg and me to the camp but icy winds acted hostile. Much of the snow had melted or evaporated so we lost little time climbing to the southwest base of The Boxtop, a great tower that had been in our thoughts all summer. Every block between the joints in the granite displayed a typical urgency to overhang. For the rock area covered, I have never seen so many overhangs. The Boxtop’s entire north face and east edge just seem to lean outward. Melberg and I began searching for a route while Welsh and Schoening climbed Temple’s west peak. The many overhangs so baffled me that route finding became mostly the trial and error type. We worked across the south face of an abbreviated tower below the west edge of The Boxtop. Finding a slab too crackless for pitons, I made a delicate ledge traverse beneath an overhang jutting fully 12 feet beyond me. Now on the wall of the Boxtop itself, I worked up a vertical chimney, searched in vain for piton cracks, and finally climbed higher, where I placed two. Further holds were missing so I placed an angle piton and from a sling groped around for a hold like a beast of ill repute nailed to a barn wall. I dropped a bit to rest and after stepping higher into the knotted sling found a high hold that allowed me to just barely muscle onto a snow-bedecked ledge.

From a ledge 20 feet higher, I belayed up Schoening and Melberg. Pete then started up a pitch that we expected to be “high point” for the day but found a cannonhole through which he climbed, soon breathlessly arriving atop a block almost 60 feet directly overhead. Because time was now very short and the possibility of a snowstorm almost a reality, Melberg and Welsh gallantly sacrificed their ambitions so that Pete and I could make a dash for the summit. I found the ascent to Pete’s perch quite strenuous. A blasting, icy wind made usurry on a south face traverse that was most exposed. Anchored to pitons in snowy, awkward cubbyhole, I belayed Pete as he struggled up an exhausting 50 foot vertical chimney, the outward-sloping sides adding to difficulties. Only once could a good piton crack be found. We were too cold to ponder after a short but exciting cheval that took us to the highest block, so immediately began the descent by rappelling. Upon return to camp, a thick ice covering on a pond was proof of the unusually cold day.

Another surprise greeted us after dawn. Seven inches of powder snow made a wintry scene and gave rise to Welsh’s repeated remarks of how handy skis would be. Soon the white camp stirred with departure preparations. Leaving a food cache in a pontoon raised into a tree, we slithered down the heather and rock slopes with clumsy loads of equipment and plane parts, terminating the year’s last sojourn to the higher crags.

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**Why?**

“Why do men climb mountains?” came a query from the back.

The speaker stopped a moment, and the silence seemed to crack
With excitement and suspension as the fellow looked about,
And tried to form his answer, to prove, without a doubt.

“Well,” he drawled quite slowly, in a most deliberate way.

“I’ll tell you why I climb ’em, tho it seems not much to say.
As Mallory said, ‘Because they’re there,’ we climb them.
And ’tis true.

Because if they weren’t there I wouldn’t climb, would you?”

—Sarah Lee Molenar.
Three years ago an old friend was lost to The Mountaineers when Snoqualmie Lodge burned. A poll among members indicated that a new lodge in the Snoqualmie area would be popular, and a suitable site for the building was located by Mr. A. Anderson. Planning of the structure was done by a committee consisting of T. Davis Castor, chairman; Ken Nordan, Jack Crabill, Maurice Muzzy and Tim Abell.

In the last two years the hill has been cleared and toolhouse and outbuildings constructed. The foundation was started in July of this year and under the able guidance of T. Davis Castor the building almost “sprouted” in the week-ends that followed. Many hours of fun and experience for businessmen, housewives, children, teachers, grandmothers and grandads have resulted in a modern four-story lodge. The interior is finished in white pine and large view windows open on a wide vista of mountains and forest. Folding dining tables that can be removed from sight give more room for dancing and a large fireplace beautifully designed by Tennys Bellamy completes the rustic, homey effect.

The kitchen has a gas range where dinner can be placed in the oven, followed by a day of skiing free from tending a fire. In the future the basement will probably be the most popular floor of the lodge. Imagine basking in a hot shower after a hard day of skiing; or for the more hardy, a brisk icy shower! Yes, this will be a reality when funds are available, as will a drying room, which has already been roughed in. Sleeping quarters handle 60 comfortably, with men's and women's quarters on the third floor and extra space for families on the fourth. Appropriations from club funds with many generous donations from members have made the lodge possible.

Skiers should enjoy the hill which is not only as long and as steep as Meany Hill, but much wider. The left side is steep enough to keep skiers in condition and the right provides a good practice lane for beginners. Eventually there will be a tow up the center of the hill but this is a job for future summers. Tours to Beaver and Lodge Lakes will keep the ski ramblers occupied and perhaps we will see Snoqualmie to Meany Ski Patrol Races again.

Attendance at work parties indicates that the lodge will be popular both in summer and winter as it is only one-quarter mile from the summit and in the center of the 10-peak area. The location is convenient for those who like to leave the city for a day of relaxation and there are numerous short hikes and “camera spots.” There is still a lot of work to be done but the cooperation already shown foretells a homey, cheerful lodge that may well equal the success of its predecessor.

**Stevens**

*By Helen McLellan*

The Stevens Ski Hut, in all its new two-by-fours, is ready for occupancy. Construction of the 33-bed lodge was expedited by use of two hoists which enabled the girls to do the hoisting and carrying while the men did the measuring and marking. Lumber could almost be placed directly from the pully, thus eliminating extra handling. The present structure represents one-third the size the lodge could be and plans allow for expansion as need requires. If additions are made, the present unit will serve as kitchen. The back porch opens off the main floor with enclosed steps to the basement, allowing us to
A Work Party... Photos by Bob and Ira Spring
bring skis into the lodge with a minimum of snow shoveling. The Stevens Hut’s share of the building fund bought a generator, wire, and electrical fixtures, and a conduit was run underground from the powerhouse to the lodge to eliminate wires being broken by snow or falling trees.

Notable among contributions was Herbert Schiessel’s gift of metal window sashes with glass already installed. There was concern that windows might be broken by the girls hoisting materials past them; one was broken, but by a mighty man with a hunk of siding. Accidents have not occurred due to caution, and because most work ordinarily done on the outside was accomplished from the inside. For example, as a board at the lower edge of the roof was nailed to the beam, a team on the inside reached out to lay and nail the shingles. This was continued all the way up one side of the roof and to within three boards of the other side. Putting on the last two rows of shingles was quite a feat. The rain had turned to snow a couple of hours before the brave lads climbed the four floors, pulled themselves through a hole in the roof and inched along the slippery ridge.

Work parties were well attended in spite of discouraging weather, and it is truly through your help and the Stevens Hut Committee that we are able to offer our own accommodations at Stevens Pass this winter.

The committee consisted of Walt Little, chairman; Patty and Jim Crooks, Jerry Dunlap, John Hansen, Harry Dost, Ann and Ted Leber, Helen McLellan, Clyde Millo, Clair and Elliot Mock, Al Robinson, Dick Whiting and Ted Whiting.

Meany Ski Lodge Work Parties

By Jo Anne Norling

Timber! The saw is pulled out of the cut. An ax lying by the tree is hurriedly picked up. Branches snap off in the big fir’s downward path, and the impact is felt beneath your feet. Another section cleared in the new ski lane and enough wood to keep the hut warm for many evenings of schottisches. And when the snow begins to fill in the hollows and bend down the huckleberry, Meany Ski Hut will be ready for another winter. The need for manpower to build Stevens and Snoqualmie Lodges has necessitated small but efficient work parties. Skiers must eat, so the hut is scrubbed, the food situation checked, and the bin is filled with coal for baking Nashie’s pies and cinnamon rolls. Skiers must socialize, so the wood is stacked high for ‘round the hot air register discussions, and the hambo records dusted off. And, finally, skiers must ski; the lane gets a thorough brushing and a new tow rope is threaded through the shives. No more long rope-splicing sessions!

But to create and build is far more stimulating than maintenance. This winter when the siren announces dinner you can shove off above the top of the tow, follow the ridge into a portion of the downhill course, point your skis down instead of angling back toward the lane, and pull up behind the hut. If you’re still in one piece, it’s guaranteed you’ll be first in chow line. This new trail will be wide enough for a giant slalom course. The electricians have installed new telephone circuits covering both the downhill and slalom courses, taking the guesswork out of race timing. The novice lane to the left of the tow begun last year has been lengthened and widened. You can learn your snowplows without some schussboomer flashing by your ski tips or falling down in front of you.

It waits only for winter to come. Bring your old records, your studying, your dancing shoes. Bring your accordion, your knitting, your sleeping bag. Incidentally, bring your skis. It won’t be very long—the nights are frosty and hint of new snow.
Ski Competition

By Jo Anne Norling

"Hit 'em high, keep forward, ski smoothly." A formula for slalom running well observed, judging by the showing the Mountaineers have made this year in Northwest racing. Although the club policy is limited in sponsoring competition the club was well represented in the major meets of the year.

The Stevens Standards were held every other week-end as official PNSA class races to give skiers an opportunity to build up points toward a higher rating. Elaine Holmstead and Sue Nygren each won class "C" downhill, giving Elaine enough points to move into class "B," while the men placed high in several races. In March Mount Hood played host for the 1948 PNSA Championships, with Bub Kuss returning with the cup for first place in Class "B" slalom; Chuck Welsh and Bill Granston tying for fourth.

March was an eventful month. Our five-man team took third behind Multnomah Ski Club and the Penguins in the Stevens Annual Giant Slalom Team Race, Jud Nelson running sixth with individual honors. But the big upset occurred on the Warm Springs course at Sun Valley March 27, when Jeanette Burr, skiing for The Mountaineers, set a record for the course to win the Harriman Cup and the coveted title of "Women's National Downhill Champion"!

The Red Mountain Ski Club at Roslyn, B. C., held a giant slalom in honor of the visiting Americans in which Chuck Welsh and Shirley Simmons took the honors. Jeannette added to her trophies a Class "A" first in the Golden Pole Giant Slalom at Hood and a second in the Paradise Daffodil Cup Giant Slalom sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Elaine Holmstead won Class "B" at Hood, while Chuck placed fourth and fifth in the two races.

Much of the practicing has been done on a section of Meany Lane; many an hour has been spent setting gates and running combinations, taking turns with the stopwatch. Postponed once because of poor weather, the annual Mountaineer Club Races were run in a cold wind and thick snow flurries. Engraved on the perpetual cups this year are the names of Bob Piper and Grace Bovee, first in slalom, and Bob Kuss, winning the downhill. The spring Thundermug Giant Slalom, held at Martin, proved such a success that it will become an annual affair. The handpainted trophies prized this year by Milt Scarlotas and Jo Anne Norling, will be hard to part with, but they must be given up to the next year's winners.

There are many plans being formulated for competitive skiing during the coming winter. The club has been for some time a member of the Pacific Northwest Skiing Association, and it is hoped to sponsor some races, perhaps an invitational meet. And the new giant slalom course just cleared this summer must be tried out. Racing should not be an exclusive aspect of skiing, but open to all abilities from Cookie Slaloms to Class "A" national races. Enter according to your abilities and then work on it. Competition can improve your skiing, timing, and sportsmanship. Complete your skiing enjoyment by adding a fourth phase to the already popular three—ski touring, tow running, and ski mountaineering. 3-2-1-Go! Your time is running.

SKETCH BY JO ANNE NORLING
Ski Ascent of Mt. Rainier

By Charles E. Welsh

Until this last summer, Mt. Rainier had yet to have ski tracks etched from its lofty summit all the way to its base. True, the late Sig Hall made a complete ascent, using skis, but due to the icy condition of the snow he found it necessary to use crampons for the upper portion of the descent. Since this effort the National Park Service has consistently refused to grant permission for summit ski attempts. It was only after two years of rejected applications that the Park Service finally decided to allow us a trial attempt via the Emmons route, the results of which were to help determine the official policy toward such enterprises. As a safeguard, we were required to have an adequate support party.

Our first attempt was to have been over the Memorial Day week-end, but a torrential downpour over the western portion of the state caused us to postpone our venture until later. As it would happen, the weather changed and the week-end turned out to be quite beautiful. Our next two attempts went no farther than Glacier Basin, where we were rained out both times.

The third and last attempt started in singularly inauspicious weather. Our support party had gone on to Steamboat Prow, but due to the hollow booming of numerous thunderstorms we of the ski party, Cliff Schmidtke, Dave Roberts, Kermit Bengtson, and myself, had remained in the warm, dry shelter of a cabin in Glacier Basin. At one o'clock the following morning we noticed a few stars, forthwith threw our food and extra clothing into our rucksacks, and started pell-mell up Inter-Glacier, accompanied by five of our friends who intended to spend the day skiing near Camp Curtis while awaiting our return. The ascent of Inter-Glacier was not the ordinary everyday drag that most ski-mountaineers dread but undergo regardless; the frequent green flashes of lightning and occasional rain squalls made it an event to be remembered. We reached Camp Curtis in time for a meager breakfast, and as the last of the night and the thunderstorm were both dissipated in the warm rays of a brilliant, gold sunrise, we pushed our skis upward past Steamboat Prow, in the direction of Crater Rim.

Conditions were ideal for climbing on skis and we made fairly rapid progress up the first 3,000 feet. The weather, which up until now had been too ideal to accept without suspicion, now provided a brisk, chill breeze which soon turned the beautiful corn snow into a surface which had the appearance of frosted glass and made the use of skis considerably harder. After an hour’s struggle on the ice I remembered the sage advice about discretion being the better part of valor, so I reluctantly placed my skis on my shoulder and continued the ascent on crampons. Dave, to whom I was roped, was still able to make his ski climb, so he kept them on, and did so all the way to the top. Cliff and Kermit were having the same trouble as I, and they too were soon using crampons. In the meantime several climbing parties, including our support party, had overtaken and passed us, and as we wearily made our way over Crater Rim, most of the climbers waved us farewell as they commenced their downward journey. We dropped our skis and staggered to the register box. It was now 2:00 p.m., so we hurriedly prepared to descend.

We skied two on a rope, each man carrying a ski pole, in one hand and an ice axe in the other. The first 2,000 feet was extremely icy and was cut by two very large bergschrunds, so we moved one man per rope at a time, the stationary man giving a running ice-axe pick belay. This system proved to be both safe and rapid, so we soon found ourselves below the bergschund area, headed down toward a sea of murky, yellow-tinged clouds. Shortly thereafter the snow changed from unbreakable to breakable crust and we proceeded rapidly, since belays were unnecessary. As we became completely immersed in a somber, gray cloud, the snow conditions changed and we found
ourselves in deep, wet slush at about 11,000 feet elevation, at the top of the hogback above Steamboat Prow. We moved rapidly down this section, occasionally passing one of the foot parties, and sloshed to a stop at Steamboat Prow just after overtaking the foremost of them. A cold wind sprang up and large, very wet snow flakes began to fall. Being quick to take a hint, we splashed rapidly down to meet those of our support party who had been skiing at Camp Curtis and who had patiently waited the last two hours in miserable weather. We all enjoyed a fast run down Inter-Glacier on firm summer snow. This last run was a fitting climax to the first complete ski-descent of Mt. Rainier.

As an experimental trip, we all felt it had been quite successful, and that it answered several questions. It was generally believed beforehand that a ski party would have an extremely small chance of experiencing good skiing conditions all the way from the summit to the base. Our experience certainly did not accomplish anything toward weakening that belief. We had ice on the upper section, trap crust in the middle section, slush most of the way past that, and good summer snow only on the lower half of Inter-Glacier, so we cannot very well claim that the downhill run alone justifies the use of skis to the summit, at least under such conditions. However the excellent practice in roped skiing and other ski-mountaineering techniques, and the enjoyable portion of the run, combined to more than sufficiently justify their use. During the ascent we confirmed the well known fact that army mohair climbers are impractical under icy conditions, due to the fastening straps preventing one’s edges from biting into the ice. We feel that a wax-on type climber might be far superior for such an undertaking. We are also of the opinion that the climb should be made from a high camp at Steamboat Prow. The climb can readily be accomplished in one day from Glacier Basin, but it would be much easier using the higher camp.

Lastly, but of great interest to ski-mountaineers, comes our opinion on such changes in policy as we feel should be considered by the National Park Service. We feel that ski ascents, if allowed, will provide the National Park Service with less trouble as a rule than foot parties now do if permission is granted only to parties of proven experience and capability. The strength of such a group should more than offset any small additional hazard that skis provide. The experience and capability requisites automatically minimize the dangers of using skis, and men with as much experience and skill as many of the rangers possess should experience little difficulty in judging a party’s qualifications.

Our gratitude goes to the National Park Service officials for allowing us to make the trip, and by so doing we hope we may have helped them somewhat in their desire to outline a fair policy toward ski mountaineering.
THE FIRST YEAR OF THE
Mountaineering Development Group
By Wolf Bauer

The first year of existence of the Mountaineering Development Group having passed, it may be of interest to give a brief review of accomplishments, and shortcomings, and chart the next year's program and activity.

The fact that all the goals we have set ourselves to reach the first year were not realized is probably not so significant as the fact that a small group of Mountaineers strove steadily and with enthusiasm to contribute to the development of our Club in various phases of mountaineering. The surface has only been scratched; there is much to be done to bring a planned and orderly development of climbing courses, safety policies, leadership training, mountain lore and natural science fact gathering, area development, indexing of complete outing and climbing guides, and regional integration of climbing fraternities, governmental agencies, and the general public.

At the expense of the more rapid organization of some of the other subcommittees of the group, the first year effort was directed toward the development of the more essential, yet possibly weaker, phases of the club program, namely, mountaineering training, safety and rescue, as well as fraternal, governmental, and public relations.

To summarize briefly, the Committee on Climbing Courses under the able leadership of Cam Beckwith organized and conducted revised and rearranged classes of instruction and rigorous field training opportunities. New visual film and slide aids are being prepared for the winter classes. An ample supply of rope leaders for field and experience climbs will be drawn from intermediate course trainees under a new policy which requires intermediate and advanced students to assume rope leadership responsibilities for a certain number of beginner field trips before receiving their graduation certificate.

A committee on leadership training under John Klos has been working on the plans for training. Leaders for official club climbs and expeditions will also be required to hold an advanced First Aid certificate, first aid training being offered under the auspices of the Regional Mountain Rescue and Safety Council. John's committee has also completed a difficult job of climb and trip scheduling this summer, in view of seasonal weather abnormalities.

The Committee on Climbing Area Development under Art Winder has not had the support it deserved; however, a direct start has now been made toward bringing order and completeness to a well-indexed geographical outing and climbing guide.

The Committee on Safety under the successive leaderships of Keith Rankin, Ed Kennedy, and Jim Crooks has been active and successful in several of its endeavors. Its members probably have worked together more consistently than any other unit of the Development Group, a fact which is reflected in the greater awareness toward safety of the collective club and public mind. Distribution of safety cards and phone call committee numbers was only the first phase of its ambitious program for the coming year, and Mountaineers should not be surprised to notice rescue and climbing equipment research, periodic winter and summer mountaineering climbing posters, specialized first aid classes, and publication of safety tips in equipment stores, the newspapers and radio, and the standardization of registration policies to be worked out with the Forest and Park Services for all mountain travelers. The publication of a small safety instruction pamphlet aimed for widest distribution among the skiing and climbing public will be editorially and financially sponsored by the Mountain Rescue and Safety Council.

The Committee on Advanced Climbing Training, under the energetic guidance and efforts of Fred Beckey, has done much to orient itself and lay the first foundations toward Mountaineering Development projects for the future. The committee has put the Mountaineers on record for having ren-
dered public service in conducting a climbing and hiking course for the Y. M. C. A. Adult Hobby School during the early part of the year. We wish to thank Fred for giving his time toward this instruction. A number of field trips and lectures on advanced climbing, expeditionary, and leadership were conducted by the committee, as well as the presentations of various clubroom exhibits of equipment and new climbs made. More detailed training and courses for advanced mountaineering are planned for next year.

The Committee on Natural Sciences under Toni Sobieralski has been mainly active in sounding out interests in the Club and in formulating plans for creating wider interest in this somewhat neglected phase of our Mountaineering Development. Natural science field trips have been well attended, and it is apparent that an enthusiastic nucleus is being formed in our club to probe into the fascinating fields of mountain ecology, and also pass on some of this knowledge to other Mountaineers by periodic lectures, illustrations, field trips, and exhibits.

Your chairman wishes to thank all the active members of the Mountaineering Development Group for their fine spirit and cooperation in helping to raise our Club standards and the mountaineering art in general in this, the first and most difficult year of the group. It should be pointed out to all our members that there are certainly no requirements for joining the committees of the groups except interest and enthusiasm for some phase of mountaineering that needs developing (and what doesn’t?). The group therefore solicits the valued thought and help from all members by asking them to participate in and shape the program of the years ahead.

**Pacific Northwest Conference**

*By Wolf Bauer*

The Mountaineering Development Group early became cognizant of the need of establishing closer contact with the mountaineering organizations and governmental agencies directly and indirectly affecting climbing and emergency policies. Through the approval of the Board of Trustees, it therefore became possible to mail out personal letters to all Park and Forest supervisors and district rangers (over sixty in all), explaining our desire to keep them more closely in touch with our activities, policies, trip schedules, etc. To this end, complimentary copies of the Climber’s Notebook and the Mountaineer’s Annual were enclosed, and all officials were placed on the monthly bulletin mailing list to keep them posted. Reaction to this project has been excellent as shown by letters of appreciation and the attitude of the agencies in contact with our members.

Board approval allowed the group to carry out the second phase of this project in June, namely, the calling of a Northwest Mountaineering Conference for the dual purpose of acquainting mountaineering organizations of the region with each other’s problems, and to sound out the possibility of setting up a regional safety and rescue council with established local, federal, and military agencies.

The Conference was held in Seattle, the morning session at the Clubrooms, and a joint luncheon preceded the afternoon session and demonstrations at Camp Long in West Seattle. Space does not permit the publication of the many addresses and discussions presented by the various agency heads and invited representatives of other mountaineering clubs. This material is on file with the Development Group. Suffice it to state that the Conference was well attended and represented by all major mountaineering clubs of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, and that the eight agencies invited attended in force and contributed with enthusiasm to the purpose and aims of the Conference. It would seem that the Mountaineers, Inc., have succeeded in leading the way in establishing a regional round table and a cooperative council that may set the pattern in other areas of the country. Conference agreed that such conventions should become an annual affair.
The Juneau Ice Field Research Project

By Melvin Marcus

During recent years the great glaciers and ice fields of Alaska have beckoned men to explore and discover the secrets hidden behind the coastal barriers. In so doing, climbers and skiers have found a new type of alpine beauty unsurpassed anywhere on earth. The love of mountains has not been the only motivation, however, which has attracted these wandering alpinists. The huge expanses of moving ice hold the answers to many questions which have puzzled science for years; questions which if answered may help solve problems of meteorology and geology which have a direct bearing on our climate, economy, and everyday life. The American Geographical Society has taken the lead in fostering such glacier research in the last few decades and as a result often a great percentage of time in the field on various expeditions has been devoted to scientific observations and mapping. In many cases scientific work has over-shadowed the recreational ambitions of the party.

Such was the purpose of the Juneau Ice Field expedition during late August and through most of September this year. On this enterprise field operations were under the co-direction of Maynard M. Miller, of the Department of Exploration and Field Research at the American Geographical Society and William R. Latady of the Aeronautical Chart Service in Washington, D. C. Mr. Miller was also in charge of the glacial and geological investigations while Latady coordinated the meteorological program and photography and photogrammetry. Melvin Marcus, who is studying in the Department of Geology at Yale University, assisted in the geological and glacial work and acted as expedition recorder. Lowell Chamberlain, president of the Harvard Mountaineering Club, was in charge of equipment and acted as ecologist. W. Lawrence Miner from the Stanford Graduate School, was food chairman and assistant meteorologist. Anthony Thomas from Juneau, Alaska, was assigned by the U. S. Forest Service as a technical observer.

Thus each of the men noted above was suited to a particular need of the party and equipped to do some form of scientific work. The material accumulated on such diverse subjects as weather, hard rock geology, glacial geology, botany, etc., was nevertheless all pointed toward a detailed and integrated study of these high-level glacier conditions, conditions which are to be related critically to those seen in existence at lower levels in this area in earlier studies. Outside of the Arctic Institute of North America's Project "Snow Cornice" this is the first major attempt to make any high level glacier studies on the North American continent to date. The reason for this of course is that almost all efforts previously have been restricted to observations in the terminal portions of glaciers.
The Juneau Ice Cap, as the district is known locally, is located 15 miles northeast of Juneau, the capital of Alaska, and stretches 30 to 40 miles to the east and 80 miles north towards Skagway. A 1936 party led by Father Hubbard crossed the southwestern portion of this "ice cap" but the 1948 group was the first to plan extensive explorations within the confines of the ice field proper. The southeastern half of the area is dominated by the spectacular 8384 foot Devil's Paw, a massive rock peak arising 4000 feet above the glacier surface. Five excellent climbing areas were found altogether by the party, all affording difficult rock climbing and the finest in ice and snow work.

Although this year's program allowed no time for major climbs, several minor ascents were made which whetted the members' appetites for the beckoning summits of the great rock nunataks which rise so spectacularly above the broad glacial expanse. One of the most enjoyable tasks was to reconnoiter a summer ski area for Pan-American Airways. At the very end of the summer excellent ski slopes were found which afforded runs of two to three miles; a skier's heaven only 30 miles by air from Juneau.

Movement and ablation stakes were placed in the glaciers to record glacial motion and loss of snow by melting and evaporation. The stakes were carefully oriented from a network of plane table stations and future readings will give an accurate record of what happens since the placement of the rods. Observations were made on the position of the late summer snow line at various locations on the ice field and of course when the winter snows began to fall in late September, just before the party descended to civilization, accurate records were made of snowfall and meteorological conditions during this important transition period. A geological map of a portion of the area was made and photogrammetric data obtained from a chain of observation stations. Also an extensive collection of rock specimen and arctic-alpine flora was obtained.

The 1948 project was by no means an attempt to accomplish all the work necessary to understand the area nor was it an attempt to do any extensive mountaineering. It was merely a reconnaissance in a new and little-known district to lay the groundwork for another party which will set up large scale operations on the ice field next summer. A longer period of time will allow for a continuation of the work started this past summer and permit a ramifying program of seismic research, etc., along lines which the above preliminary investigation could not include. Next year it is also hoped that some interesting ascents will be made of many of the magnificent peaks seen in this glacio-alpine paradise.

Climbers in Tuolumne

What is it beyond the range that calls
The climbers do not pause
On rock that slides, they move
Each holding in his thought
His own sunrise.
And after rock the angled rise of ice—
On crampons now each moves across the white expanse
As pigmy men,
Yet far below their shadows crawl
Enormous blue.
What is it then beyond that calls
it is not this; though this is solitude
With air too light to fill full length of lung,
They must go on—and up, and up.
Here the sheer wall—the snaky rope,
Now taut, now coiled, now writhing on,
An outthrust lip of rock, a quick delay,
And then the top!
What was it on this range that called:
There is a farther range and dome of silent mist;
The shrill octave of wind—and you,
And comrades staggering—
There is the One Unseen
He Who offers a calm shoulder
On which to lean.
—Kay DeBard Hall.
In the fall of 1947 Chuck Welsh and I had occasion to be going over Stevens Pass and down through the Tumwater canyon to Leavenworth. While admiring the clean granite exposure along the road we noticed what appeared to be an outcrop separated from the slope in back. It appeared to us to be a sheer granite flake. This aroused our curiosity but as the summer was coming to a close we made no attempt to investigate.

But the following May I began to get curious again and suggested that a party go over and attempt the peak. Thus on the first day of May Fred Beckey, Wes Grande, Joe Heib and myself set out from Seattle in pouring rain but with hopes of getting some early spring rock climbing. Our hopes were raised 100 percent when the skies cleared about five miles east of the pass and warm, dry rock greeted us.

After examining the peak with a telescope we concluded that we definitely needed some conditioning before attempting it. The closest thing at hand to practice on was a beautiful granite overhang not 20 feet from the car. This proved to be extremely difficult and after spending two hours on the 50 foot projection it was clear to us that expansion bolts were needed to overcome it. Twilight was close at hand so we did not attempt to place any, but removed our pitons and slings and headed down to Leavenworth for the night. The apple blossoms in the orchard in which we slept were an invigorating sight against a clear blue sky the following morning. We felt that we needed a little more practice before trying the spire so we prepared to climb
a 60 degree granite slab. Taking a belay from above for safety each climber worked up the pitch and at the top we were of the unanimous opinion that the Tumwater canyon was an excellent location for rock climbing.

But now our eyes wandered across the river to the spectacular flake that overhung menacingly from all visible sides.

We started out with a maximum of equipment! It consisted of the following: three 120 foot nylon climbing ropes; one 120 foot manila climbing rope; 200 feet of quarter inch manila sling rope; pitons including horizontal, vertical, angle and wafer types; a newly developed type of contraction bolt with half inch star drills and piton hammers; 15 carabineers; cameras; and lastly a bow and arrows with 300 feet of cod line in case there was no other way. Perhaps we were optimistic in carrying all this equipment but the peak looked good! In a half hour we were at the base of the monster. It was more or less four sided and overhung on three and a half sides. The remaining pitch varied from 85 to 95 degrees. Tumwater Tower was about 300 feet high on the longest face and 120 feet on the shortest. However a knife-like arete connected the shortest side with the slope in back about 70 feet from the top. Traversing this to the peak a large flat slab was found and used as a base for belaying. Fred led most of the pitch, placing pitons and using slings on projections where piton cracks could not be found. At a point three-quarters up, he passed a sling around a projection and placed an angle piton in a wide crack to protect scaling a small but bulging overhang. A 10 foot pole was hoisted to the top and a large white flag made of two handkerchiefs was mounted thereupon, a ceremony that prompted numerous highway tourists to stop. We later observed that this flag could be seen from Leavenworth.

The next week-end Wes Grande, Pete Schoening, Dick Widrig and myself were again heading down the Tumwater canyon looking diligently with the aid of the telescope for further spires.

Suddenly Pete ordered the car to stop and called our attention to a grotesque flake of granite which was separated from a nearby cliff. We excitedly assembled our gear (about the same as before) and started up for it. In fifteen minutes we had reached it, looked at all sides and were doubtfully discussing a route which started out up a 40 foot overhang. "Piton Tower," as we later called it, was from 60 to 150 feet tall and overhung on all faces. The only thinkable route was the one under consideration, as piton cracks were lacking elsewhere.

Thus Pete prepared to give a shoulder stand while I tied into two nylon ropes. With Dick and Wes belaying I stood on Pete's shoulders to drive the first piton and took tension therefrom. A second piton was inserted as high on the overhang as I could reach and a quarter inch manila sling put into both. I then retreated and Pete led up two more piton lengths to a small uncertain shelf which he surmounted with difficulty. We had been two and a half hours on the spire and the light was fading so we left our hardware on the face and departed to our apple orchard for the night.

The next morning early we were again at the base of the flake casting doubtful glances upward. I worked up to the shelf using the previously placed hardware for aid. From there the route led left up a tilted, exposed ledge to the top of the overhang, six pitons facilitating double rope technique on this pitch. Slings were also used. I then retreated and Wes took over and reached the top of the overhang fresh and ready to go further. The route then led right, over a very difficult overhanging slab, gained with the use of one more direct aid piton. Wes was now out on a wide ledge and traversed to the base of a lone tree growing in the rock. This was a wonderful belay point. The rest of us then came up on a fixed rope and Wes traversed out on an exposed ledge to the final pitch. One more direct aid piton used with another shoulder stand and the summit was ours. The climb required seven and a half hours for the 60 vertical feet of climbing. Fifteen pitons were used, twelve for direct aid.

We feel that Piton Tower would make an excellent practice climb for tension technique. It can be reached from Seattle in three hours and the time of future climbs could no doubt be shortened, now that the route is established.
The third phase of the Group project concerned the establishment of a central council representative of all forces of the region, working toward the prevention of mountaineering accidents and the efficient synchronized search and rescue of personnel requiring aid in mountain or air travel emergencies.

As a direct result of the Conference, the Council has become a reality and is initiating the first phases of its important and manifold program. With the active support of the National Ski Patrol and other organizations and agencies having permanent members on this Council, it becomes apparent that The Mountaineers, Inc., have succeeded in creating a potent instrument for the efficient coping with mountain emergencies, the prevention of mountaineering accidents, and the establishment of proper public and governmental relationships for the good of the art.

1. SPONSORS
The Council will be sponsored by The Mountaineers, Inc., the Washington Alpine Club, and the regional chapter of the National Ski Patrol. It will be represented by two or more members of each of these, the sponsoring organization designating its own members to serve on the Council.

2. SUPPORTING AGENCIES

3. DIVISION
The Council being established for the two-fold purpose of coping with mountain emergencies through preventive as well as active rescue measures, two separate committees will meet and dispatch their functions at separate periodic sessions.

OPERATION

1. SAFETY-EDUCATION COMMITTEE
a. This committee will organize and hold lectures to youth groups, high schools, ski clubs, issue or publish winter and summer mountain travel safety tips in local papers, on radio, public posters and instruction sheets at equipment stores, resorts, and trail starts, and generally initiate or enlist help for a sustained winter ski-touring and summer climbing safety campaign, and the eventual preparation and publication of a small mountain emergency pamphlet for wide distribution.

b. The committee will also cooperate with and augment the program of the Seattle Park Department at Camp Long, call periodic regional mountaineering conferences for discussion and standardization of teaching and climbing and ski-touring standards, and keep in close touch with the policies and program of the American Alpine Club Safety Committee and similar committees of the members of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs.

c. It may undertake the testing and issuance of stamps of approval on various mountaineering equipment in the interest of safety and when requested by manufacturers or the consumer public.

d. The committee will especially work closely with the National Forest Service and Park Service in adopting certain registration and inspection procedures, trail and shelter-hut notices, and policies pertaining to mountain safety of the public.

e. Beside membership from sponsoring organizations, the committee will include representatives from Forest and Park Service, National Safety Council, Red Cross, and Seattle Park Department Camp Long.

2. SEARCH AND RESCUE COMMITTEE
a. This committee will be instrumental in research on rescue patrol equipment and techniques, and promote the maintenance of an adequate backlog of trained rescue patrol volunteers and functioning system cooperative with the listed and represented government agencies.

b. Organize and conduct short rescue maneuver courses of instruction, as well as specialized first aid training.

c. Screen and analyze and recommend upon mountain accidents pertaining to climbers and skiers in this area, submitting such findings to immediate organizations and relatives associated with the dead or injured individuals, as well as exerting some influence over any resulting publicity.

d. The committee will eventually organize under its jurisdiction and guidance several 18-man rescue patrols located in strategic centers along the Cascade and Olympic mountain fronts and integrate all into the existing Air Search and Rescue Plan of the Washington State Aeronautics Commission.

e. One of the projects of this committee will be to draw up, print, and distribute an annually revised information pamphlet on the location, addresses and phone numbers of Mountaineer telephone committee, various local sheriffs' offices, strategic hospital and ambulance stations, first aid stations, search and rescue agencies, as well as steps of procedure in following through on various types of search and rescue missions involving specialized mountaineering personnel and equipment.

f. Besides membership from sponsoring organizations, this committee will include representatives from Washington State Aeronautics Commission, U. S. Coast Guard and Air Force Rescue Detachments, State Patrol, and other invited experts as need arises.
As a field research effort of the Arctic Institute of North America, Project “Snow Cornice” in the summer of 1948 took its rightful place as the first major integrated study to be made in high level glacier areas on the North American continent. During recent decades detailed observations on the character and behaviour of glaciers along the Alaskan coast have been restricted primarily to the zones of termination and wastage below the late summer snow line. “Snow Cornice” on the other hand was an effort to investigate a typical high arctic-alpine area and to establish a semi-permanent geological and meteorological research station in the zone of accumulation up where the largest westward flowing glaciers of the St. Elias Range are born. To this end, Walter A. Wood, the director of the New York office of the AINA, organized a group of observers, trained in diverse fields, into a working unit for the operation which began early in June. Personnel representing various institutions, both in Canada and the United States, were included.

The expedition was shaped to carry out an eight-fold program of scientific investigation and exploration in the southern half of the 750 square mile area embraced by the Seward Glacier plateau in southwestern Yukon Territory, and about 60 airline miles north of Yakutat, Alaska. Firstly a semi-permanent research station was established at 6,000 feet elevation by the erection of a Jamesway Hut on a nunatak within the confines of the vast Seward ice field; the idea being to have this station reoccupied at intervals for correlative observations during the next five years. Secondly the Institute initiated a
long-range glaciological program under the able direction of Professor Robert P. Sharp of the California Institute of Technology. This was ramified by the seismic and sonic work of Dr. Thomas Northwood and his associates from the National Research Council of Canada. Of special interest also were the efforts of B. O. Steenson, from the Electronics Department of California Institute of Technology, who used radar for determining the depth of glacial ice. Preliminary exploration and study of the geological character of the interior of the St. Elias Range was also made and meteorological conditions in this weather-making district were analyzed and standard data collected. Ecological studies were carried out and a photogrammetric program placed in effect. Lastly investigations and experiments were conducted to test many types of equipment and the efficiency of expedition techniques which up until now had generally been applied. In this latter context the use of a ski-wheeled aircraft for liaison and supply was critically analyzed. Although a discussion of the scientific program considers so many new and fascinating aspects, many of which should vitally interest mountaineers, space alone precludes more than bare mention that these results, although essentially of reconnaissance nature and remaining yet in the embryo stage of analysis, were nevertheless most satisfactory and auger to be both unusual and significantly valuable.

At the completion of the scientific program, and if time and field conditions warranted, an exploration and ascent of Mt. Vancouver, 15,720 feet, the highest unclimbed peak in North America, had been planned. Because this report is being written for the Mountaineers’ Annual, the remaining descriptions will deal primarily with the mountaineering aspects of the summer’s activity.

Because of unavoidable delays and the desirable priority given to glaciological and photogrammetric field investigations, it was not until the first week in August that any serious thoughts were given to the proposed attempt on Mt. Vancouver. Before any high camp loads could be safely dropped on the upper reaches of the mountain, it was deemed advisable to send the Norseman C-64 aircraft to Juneau so that it could undergo a 100 hour motor check. It was not until the 14th of the month that pilot King was able to bring the plane back to the airstrip constructed on the Seward Glacier below camp three. That same evening he flew Wood and MacCarter to Yakutat to pick up three previously packed boxes of high camp food and supplies which were to be parachuted to each of three proposed campsites on Mt. Vancouver’s spectacular north ridge. Early in the morning of the 15th, personnel at the Seward Glacier camps heard the drone of an engine high overhead and with binoculars soon observed the red fuselage of the expedition plane laboriously climbing into the rarified air in the vicinity of “Institute Peak.” One parachute was seen to blossom from the plane and billow into a cirque at 9,000 feet near the location of the low campsite on Mt. Vancouver. Another parachute was seen to pass out of sight beyond the dark ridges of “Arctic Peak.”
The plane desperately tried to climb above the 13,000 foot level but refused to go higher with the other load. After an hour of futile maneuvering it returned to the vicinity of the glacier airstrip and made an approach to effect a landing. What happened during the ensuing few minutes on that beautifully clear morning in the heart of the St. Elias Range will never be forgotten by any of the observers on the ground. The sun had been high for some hours and had softened the snow surface of the glacier to such an extent that when the plane landed, it nosed over in the soft snow and ended up reclining on its back with a bent propeller and considerably damaged struts. This occurred in spite of twenty previously successful landings there. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, although the expedition's means of escape from the range was quite effectively obliterated—for the time being. It was a serious situation and one which Wood, as leader of the expedition, handled in an admirable way. After everyone ate a hearty lunch and discussed the situation thoroughly, Wood stated that he was going to stay with the plane and with pilot King in charge of salvage operations to see if the aircraft could be righted and repaired. Although his heart had been set on being in the party to attempt Mt. Vancouver when the time was ripe, he suggested that Miller, MacCarter, Ross and Magoun start up immediately to see if they could make the ascent using the loads which had just been dropped at the lower camp on the great north ridge. The next five days were to prove to be the most exciting of the summer both for the eleven members of the expedition who remained on the Seward Glacier and for the four who planned to go high.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 16th of August the four designated men left the weather station at Camp Three and on skis climbed for five hours into the high snow basin between “Arctic” and “Institute” Peaks. An easy ascent over gabbro cliffs for several hours found the party roped up in the 9,000 foot glacier-filled cirque where the first parachute load had been dropped. A flag on a spring-released pole attached to a box of supplies waved energetically in damp fog. Hence the climbers found it easily as they neared the head of this amphitheatre several hundred feet below the crest of the ridge leading upward to “Institute Peak” and Mt. Vancouver. By a quirk of fate this load was reclining on the lower edge of a large bergschrund which all too easily could have swallowed it from view had the flyers been a split second late in dropping the chute. Unfortunately the other load could not be found. It evidently had missed the ridge top and slithered some thousands of feet down precipitous cliffs to the east. Camp was made here beside the remaining box which fortunately had enough food for five days. A cold night was spent in two tents at this 9,000 foot level and an impenetrable cloud obscured the magnificence and steepness of the surrounding terrain.

A nine hour climb in clearing skies the next day brought the party to the 12,500 foot contour where high camp was established in the bitter cold of another arctic night. Crampons had been continually necessary to negotiate the sheer blue ice above the cirque camp. Climbing up to this point consisted mostly of ridge work requiring the traverse of rock and ice gendarmes, overhanging cornices and many short but sheer ice pitches requiring considerable step chopping and making advisable the use of additional safety rope. The route was continually steep and exposed, being one of the most spectacular that any of the party had ever been on. Above 10,000 feet Magoun suffered strangely from mountain sickness, so the next day it was advisable to leave him resting in his sleeping bag at the high camp. The view from this location was unparalleled, with the huge massive bulk of Mt. Logan (19,850 feet) less than 25 miles to the north and with an impressive panorama of Mt. Cook, Mt. Augusta, Mt. St. Elias, MacArthur Peak, Mounts Steele and Lucania, and Mt. King George and Queen Mary as one swung his gaze from west to east. Of course everything on the Seward Glacier was by then apparently flattened out below.

A determined attempt to reach the summit was made on the 18th of August by Miller, MacCarter and Ross. Incredibly steep ice climbing was en-
countered above high camp before the top of "Institute Peak" was achieved at 13,100 feet. The ridge twisted upward in a series of spiralled knife edges and difficult ice slopes which consumed far more than their share of time. Above 13,000 feet a two-mile traverse over the hanging ice cliffs on the east face of the mountain was accomplished by slogging through deep and wind-driven powder snow. At three o'clock in the afternoon the final ridge leading to a 15,000 foot pass beneath the summit massif was reached and skirted to the east above a treacherous looking avalanche slope. The lateness of the hour, a rising wind, and bad looking weather blowing in from the west made it necessary to turn back at 13,500 elevation. Above appeared to be a walkable route to the top. The mountain had been climbed as far as difficulties were concerned. While the party was returning to high camp, another attack was planned for two days later, after a relay of loads could be made to reinforce the food supply from the 9,000 foot camp. By the time Magoun heard a yodel from the returning party at nine o'clock that night, it had gotten bitterly cold and the wind had risen making it almost impossible at times to see one's hand in front of his eyes. The descent over the spiralled knife edge was especially tedious under such circumstances. An hour later it was discovered that Ross was suffering from a bad case of frostbitten toes.

On the 19th, leaving Ross in the high camp tent, the others descended to make a relay of supplies from below; however, 500 feet down the ridge Magoun became ill once again. This necessitated a return to the high camp where the party remained recuperating all that day. Another concern was added to an already swollen supply of bad luck when MacCarter complained of a pain in his side. This was soon diagnosed as a cracked rib which he had evidently suffered in the nosing over of the airplane a few days before. There was no longer any question about what to do. With less than one remaining day's supply of food and practically no gasoline left, high camp was evacuated on the 20th and the party descended slowly to the amphitheatre. Climbing down 3,500 feet required ten hours and several lengthy rappels from ice pitons. In these lingering days of summer, the winter cold wave had apparently set in. Everywhere the snow surface had become hard and blue ice was exposed in countless new places, making it necessary to chop a new route down in sections which had been easily ascended by kicking steps in firm snow a few days before.

On the 21st, Miller and Magoun reached base camp on the Seward Glacier where mountain lassitude no longer took its effect. They were followed 28 hours later by MacCarter and Ross, who had been resting at the low camp for a day. On the 23rd, the winter cold wave hit the glacier airstrip in earnest and a bad storm settled down over the six mile long north ridge of Vancouver, plastering it with new snow. But the Jamseway Hut kept personnel out of a 60 mile an hour wind and allowed them in comfort to celebrate two factors: first, what was considered to be a determined and worthy effort on a most formidable peak, and secondly, the miraculous salvage of the airplane by the other members of the expedition. In the same five days the aircraft had been rotated into a pit along the leading edge of its wing and by means of a jack had been hoisted onto the glacier surface again in an upright position. After making repairs and general overhaul, pilot King then flew it back to Yakutat for additional checks preparatory to evacuating all personnel from the St. Elias Range until the next phase of Project "Snow Cornice" in 1949.

Personnel participating in "Snow Cornice": P. D. Baird, AINA, glaciology; A. Bruce Robertson, Univ. of Toronto, geophysics and medical; G. R. Hall, 3rd, meteorology and botany; Maurice King, Fairbanks, Alaska, pilot in charge of air operation; B. Leighton, Calif. Inst. of Tech., glaciology; R. S. MacCarter, Harvard Mountaineering Club, logistics; F. P. Magoun, HMC; M. M. Miller, American Geographical Society, geology and glaciology; Dr. T. D. Northwood, National Research Council of Canada, geophysics; J. G. Potter, NRC of Canada, geophysics; G. P. Rigby, Calif. Inst. of Tech., geology and glaciology; J. H. Ross, HMC, meteorology and botany; D. J. Salt, Dept. of Physics, Univ. of Toronto, geophysics; Prof. R. P. Sharp, Calif. Inst. of Tech., senior scientist in charge of geological and glaciological study; F. W. Simpson, NRC of Canada, geophysics; B. O. Steenson, Calif. Inst. of Tech., geophysics; Sir Hubert Wilkins, AINA, organization and equipage; P. H. Wood, HMC, meteorology and botany; W. A. Wood, AINA, director of project "Snow Cornice"; Dean Goodwin, Juneau, Alaska, air advisor.
Mt. Baker’s Nordwand

By Fred Beckey

Between the Cockscomb-Camp Kaiser Ridge and the Roman Wall of Mt. Baker, an arc of about 175 degrees, no summit route has ever been climbed. Scarred tracks of falling ice and rock make climbing on this great and steep face foolhardy. But at one point, a sharp arete facing N.N.W, splits the icefalls and shows a route free from objective danger.

A scrutiny while on a ski ascent last year convinced me the route was feasible, the chief problem being a large icewall at about 9600 feet. Early on August 7th Ralph and Dick Widrig and I trudged through the crevasse fields of the Coleman Glacier. Still being drowsy from a long evening of story telling and tea drinking, I felt it my duty to be tethered at the end of the rope. We donned crampons at about 8000 feet where the arete meets th Coleman, and climbed steep neve fields and fingers to the foot of the icewall. Two possibilities presented themselves: one was to use pitons for tension and climb directly over a vertical face; the other was to climb a face just left of the arete that varied from 60 to 80 degrees. Though longer, we chose the latter route, possibly to preserve the puritan tradition as long as possible.

Ralph anchored to an ice piton at the vertical wall’s base, belaying as I chopped steps on a left traverse across the now-knifed arete. Chopping in blue ice all the way and once placing a piton, I climbed 60 feet and anchored to another piton. Ralph came up and crawled into a peculiar cavern to belay, after which I chopped to the end of another lead, sometimes cutting finger holds, and pounding another protective piton. The lower edge of a longitudinal crevasse offered a convenient belay, so we all gathered there after removing the iron. Four more leads required continuous steps and two pitons. Toward the end of these difficulties I was unhappy about the chopping. The angle, here down to 45 degrees, would have allowed continuous climbing but for a thin layer of treacherous snow atop the ice. But the high exposure, not only from below, but on both flanks of the arete, forbade taking chances. Later I chopped only for the alternate foot, finally trusting neve when it became thicker. Under a scorching sun we zigzagged through crevasses to the base of the final bergschrund, here veering left for 400 feet on a steep and exposed traverse, then continuing straight over a short slope to the summit, reached ten and one-half hours after leaving Kulshan Cabin.
Winter it was yet, and the rhododendron in our Forest Theatre stood shivering and alone, waiting for the first light touch of early spring to awaken them to the beginning of a glorious new season.

Winter it was yet when the first meetings were planned to bring to life a new chapter in the long list of Mountaineers’ Spring Plays. At the first organizing meetings, held in February, under the capable chairmanship of Mr. J. M. Fuller, the Mountaineer Players selected Percy MacKay’s Chinese fantasy “A Thousand Years Ago.” This well-written comedy was chosen to celebrate the silver anniversary of our quaint Forest Theatre, located in a natural glade on our Kitsap Cabin property west of Bremerton. Returning again as director was Mrs. Lois Sandall, who had guided us to success in nearly every play since the theatre’s inception in 1923.

The feeble voice of early spring whispered through the tall firs and the rhododendron heard the call to awaken.

Scarcely had the preparatory work been completed when the call went forth for players, veterans and newcomers, to begin the twice-a-week rehearsals that are the breath of life to the dormant pages of the author’s script. Rehearsals were faithfully attended, with such problems as everyday jobs, school work, and—yes, baby-sitters—worked out with typical Mountaineer ingenuity. Baby sitting was no problem to some veteran actors as their “babies” had grown up to become talented and useful members of the cast.

It’s spring again and the closed buds of the rhododendron begin their growth, preparing for the triumphant days ahead.

As the members of the cast rehearsed, acted and emoted, the production staff prepared its behind-the-scene work. Dorothy Lahr, whose costuming of “The Sleeping Beauty” last year drew so much praise, set out to surpass her previous effort. Using largely the materials from last year’s show, Dorothy designed and sewed an authentic wardrobe of Chinese costumes that was considered by many as the best the players have yet enjoyed. A willing stage crew, headed as usual by Norbert Schaal, rebuilt the stage settings so that any Chinese emperor of long ago would have felt quite at home. Art Winder led his theatre reconstruction detail in readying the spacious natural amphitheater, in-
cluding replacement of the many wings on both sides of the stage. Dancers, working under the skilled tutelage of Margaret Tapping, began their practice in preparation for the colorful numbers which have highlighted so many past spring plays.

Late spring has come and the buds begin to open, showing the first hint of glorious colors yet to come.

After ten weeks of practice and rehearsals the entire cast of actors and dancers moved in on Kitsap Cabin for dress rehearsal. Beneath cloudless May skies the entire group of more than fifty joined for the first time and worked through the entire play under Mrs. Sandall's sharp and critical direction. What a steadying support she was when it seemed as if a "thousand years" of effort would be needed before we were ready!

Summertime at last! Rhododendron bloom in numbers as never before, blazing the way to the long-awaited summer.

Clear, warm sunshine greeted the audience of more than 800 at first-curtain time on Sunday, June 6. With the entire cast and choruses tense to cues, the silver anniversary production became a fitting tribute to the many talented Mountaineers through the years who had given the show the unique place it now holds in the artistic culture of the Northwest.

Came July 13! After a gloomy huddle under the dripping eaves of Kitsap Cabin the cast voted to postpone the play until the following Sunday and possible clearing skies. But the luck we had enjoyed in the formation of such a fine production had left us and on June 20, amid a steadily falling rain, we gave our second performance before a valiant band of 200 spectators who stuck it out to the final curtain.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

**CABINET**

Calaf, Prince of Astrakhan...Rohr, Neupert
Harak, servitor...J. M. Fuller
Altoun, Emperor of Pekin...Ronald Todd
Turandot, his daughter...Dorothy Petrich
Zelma, her slave...Ona Todd
Chung, heron guard...Kenneth Teller

**VAGABOND PLAYERS FROM ITALY**

Capuccino, leader...Harriet Walker
Scaramouche...Blanche Harcourt
Pantaloon...Marion Castor
Punchinello...Phyllis Cavender
Harlequin...Mable Furry
Lords of Royal Divan...Emma Kment

**SLAVE MAIDENS**

Nancy Hickford
Dorothy Castor
Joyce Morgan
Jane Osterhaut
Nedra Polk
Louaine Shrum
Janet Shauson
Mari Snider

**SLAVE SPEAR DANCERS**

David Adams, Gordon Pfister

**DANCERS**

Chinese

**Kitsap Cabin...**

There is a cabin in the wooded hills
Built long since by eager volunteers
Of riven cedar and of rough-hewn sills
Stout against weather and the passing years.

There have been campfire song and Maypole dance.
Parties for all the saints that mark the seasons,
Patrick and Valentine and goblin-prince,
With blessed Santa Claus the best of reasons.

For bringing joy to crippled children's eyes
Gaily our Christmas garlands still we twine.
While old, sweet carols to the rafters rise
Blending with incense of the new-cut pine.

"The world's a stage": an actor every man,
Whether in fact or in our ferny woods
Kitsap has been, within its little span
A glass, reflecting Life's vicissitudes.

Lovers have lived here in each other's eyes
The old, old story that is always new:
Here once a bridal couple pledged their vows;
Here once friends met to join in sad adieu.

So, Kitsap, take the measure of our praise,
Oft may we enter still your welcoming door.
Long may it be until wild winter rains
Beat down your rafters to the forest floor.

—Patience L. Paschall.

Note: To explain references in stanza V: The funeral of Mr. Remey, brother-in-law of the author's, was held at Kitsap Cabin. Also, Mr. and Mrs. Langley Shauson were married at Kitsap. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Todd met as make-believe lovers in the first production of Ali Baba, the later spent their honeymoon at Kitsap. Oh yes, Kitsap has nostalgic memories for a lot of Mountaineers!
Various Notes . . .

Climbing—

Southwest Face of Sloan Peak

The best of adventures begin with a well planned objective. Such was the unclimbed southwest face of Sloan Peak, the Matterhorn of the Monte Cristo region. Jack Schwabland and I changed to sneakers at the central base of the sheer 1500 foot south face, and after some heather scrambling, we enjoyed three rope lengths of steep and delicate rock climbing. Above a heather patch the route looked too artificial, so we angled up west on a grassy ledge that showed evidence of goat trespasses. Beyond a sharp corner the airy ledge continued until we over­ looked the edge of the very exposed west face. I wormed around a blind corner to the crest of a narrow ridge where Jack ventured “the goats never went up that.” On a difficult 100 foot lead he then demonstrated man's superior agility. A few more moderate pitches brought us easy rock on the upper west face. Descending from the summit after witnessing a boisterous thundertorm, the conventional route proved troublesome when we had to traverse the lower southeast snowfield in tennis shoes with an angle piton in each hand.—Fred Beckey.

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Slippery Slab Tower

A new route up this peak was made on July 25 by Fred Melberg and I, being directly to the summit via the middle east face. Difficulties forced the use of three pitons for tension.—Jack Schwabland.

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On July 13 the first climb of Rainier via the Gibraltar Route since its discontinuance was made by George Senner and Cornelius Molenaar.

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Mt. Adams via the Lyman Glacier

Having been intrigued for some time by the unclimbed northeast profile of Mt. Adams, Cornelius Molenaar and I left our car at eight, the evening of September 18 bound for the Lyman Glacier. Following the Cascade Crest Trail and then the Red Butte fork we travelled eight pleasant, if not steepy miles through moonlight meadowland. We left the trail near the moraine of the Lava Glacier and continued over occasional new slopes and small morainal deposits, traversing onto the lower level of the Lyman about 2 A.M., at which point the gradient increased sharply. Thirty minutes after this juncture we stopped for a hurried breakfast and repaired the height of 8300 feet, where the glacier rises steeply to the cirque head and two ice snouts flank the right and left shoulders of the Lyman. Between the two ice faces a steep and relatively unbroken corridor angles up to the right, emerging at the crest of the east shoulder of Adams in a not too extensive development of wide, caved-in crevasses. After negotiating several large crevasses below the corridor chute we found ourselves more or less safe from falling ice on the right. The ice wall on the left was directly overhead, but we had a good margin of time before the sun would begin melting the contact points. The corridor averaged 50-55 degrees, reaching over 60 degrees in short pitches. Here we found water-ice that necessitated much step chopping. It was an instance of debating the safety factor of a piton belay or getting “out from under.” We decided in favor of the latter and taking alternate leads, gained the crest of the corridor about seven. After an enjoyable pause we worked through the breakup and thence onto the tedious slopes leading to the summit, reached at ten, after 14 hours afoot. This ascent is further testimony to the many interesting variations still beckoning from our more frequented summits. The north ridge provided a quick route back to the car.—Robert W. Craig.

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Ascents of the major peaks by the ordinary route generally are commonplace news, but Jack Schwabland and Harry King (Harvard Mountaineering Club), caused some eyebrows to rise when on September 11 they scaled both Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams.

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South Face of Castle Rock

Tumwater Canyon's Castle Rock, soaring almost vertically above the highway three miles west of Leavenworth, has long been the scene of practicing difficult rock technique, although climbing sorties with the object of making a route up the longest and sheerest wall, directly facing the road, have apparently been limited to half-hearted attempts until this year. Two attempts by Wes Grande, Jack Kendrick, and Fred Melberg had pushed a route 50 feet above the tower leaning against the upper wall. Getting to the prominent grassy ledge at the base of the tower via a direct route of varying class 5 and 6 climbing had taken most of the first trip. The 70 foot vertical crack on the east side of the tower required constant piton protection.

On October 10 the south face was conquered by the trio of Fred Beckey, Jack Schwabland and Wes Grande. A fixed rope enabled them to quickly reach the top of the tower. Beckey led to the end of the 50 foot pitch, redriving the pitons which had since become loose. Upward progress was here barred by smooth rock and a dearth of cracks, so from this belay spot Beckey made a delicate and exposed right traverse 20 feet, placing 3 pitons for safety. A high angle slab gave footing to surmount an overhang in an adjacent chimney, which offered a fine route to a belay lodge. Schwabland took the next lead, climbing a steep crack to a tree,
where a sling and carabiner was used to protect the lead. The remaining 60 feet to the top of the face was over excellent granite with tiny holds. Above the tower 15 pitons were used.—Fred Beckey.

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Canada

British Columbia's most magnificent range, the Coast Range, has been the scene of considerable mountaineering in 1947 and 1948. In 1947 the Harvard Mountaineering Club Expedition, with a nucleus of Fred Beckey, William Putnam, Graham Matthews, Harry King, Francis Magoun, and Leonard Winchester, made mountaineering history by completing 24 first ascents, including such peaks as Dentiform, Telliot, McCormick, Mercator, Schultz, Claw, Frontier, Threshold, Roovers, Outpost Heartstone, Delusion, and Pagoda. Provincial Canada's highest unclimbed peak, 12,400 foot Asperity, was scaled by Beckey, Magoun, Matthews and King. A Sierra Club party made a few notable climbs, such as Mt. Projectile and Mt. Wilson, and jointly with the Harvard party, conquered Stiletto-Needle. Aerial drops aided both expeditions.

In 1948 the Harvard group of Graham Matthews, Harry King, William Fix, William Maxwell and George Bell carried on, aided by an aerial drop in the Telliot Glacier and near Mt. Geddes. They climbed the latter peak and made first ascents of the second Claw Peak, Mt. Hardship, Mt. Privation, Mt. Remote, and Ribbon Peak, before snowy weather belated climbing until their departure date.

This season has seen the first traverse of the Northern Selkirks from Swan Creek to Flat Creek, and in both directions. While traveling west, Ben Ferris, William Putnam and Andrew Kauffman made the first ascents of Mt. Colossal, Quadrant Peak, Mt. Woten, the East Peak of the Gothis, the West Peak of Argentino, and Mt. Donson. Simultaneously travelling in the opposite direction, a party composed of Sterling Hendricks, Donald Hubbard, Arnold Wexler, Chris Shoredon, Pete Peterson, and A. Faberge made the virgin summits of Enterprise Peak, Mt. Austerity, Mt. Turret, Mt. Centurion, and Mt. Howay.

Mt. Brussels was climbed by Jack Lewis and Ray Garner. Fred Ayres and John Oberlin made the second ascent of Mt. Alberta and with Don Woods made several first ascents.

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Ski Mountaineering

Glacier Peak Via Southwest Shoulder

Last July H. Manning, D. Widrig, P. Huffman, D. Turner, B. Brooks and K. Bengtson climbed Glacier Peak by a route which appears to have several advantages over other popular routes. This is particularly true for Ski ascents.

From the White Chuck road, 9.5 miles of good, level trail brings one to Kennedy Hot Springs where two shelters are located. This makes a good base camp. From the Hot Springs take the White Glacier-Glacier Hut trail (marked) for about one mile, until the trail reaches the top of the main ridge that is on the right hand side of the milky creek flowing from the mountain immediately behind the Kennedy shelter.

At this point, leave the trail and proceed toward the mountain, keeping near the edge of the ridge, which falls off very steeply to the creek below on one's left facing the mountain. The going here will be found fairly flat and free from underbrush. After about a half mile, the timbered ridge runs into a very steep open-timbered hill. Proceed directly up this slope. Blazes will now be found which can be followed to timberline.

Scattered alpine timber and open meadows are reached at an elevation of 5000 feet on the top of the ridge and about two hours after leaving the Hot Springs. The mountain is skiable from here to the top, and there should be excellent skiing there until June 15 on most years. Follow a ridge to the top of and slightly to the left of the ridge directly towards the top of the mountain until the ridge culminates in a series of huge towers at timberline. At this point traverse to the right, keeping clear of the lava cliffs just above yet losing little or no altitude, toward the point where the southwest ridge can be seen to join the mountain. When this ridge is reached, proceed directly towards the mountain top again until the slope becomes very steep. At the base of this steep slope, cut right again through a large gap in the ridge making up the steep slope. Once through the gap, head directly towards the mountain top up a moderately steep snow field.

What has appeared to be the top of the mountain all this time is actually the false summit. When a short distance below the base of the rocks making up this false summit, traverse about one-eighth mile around the mountain to the right (east) until you are directly above Disappointment Peak, a large rock mass easily made out from above. Here an easily negotiated chute, the same one that is used when climbing via the White Chuck, brings one quickly to the summit.

—K. Bengtson.

Mt. Olympus—Attempt on Skis

In February, 1948, P. Schoening, R. Widrig and J. Heib attempted Mt. Olympus, via the Hoh River, using skis. This road was blocked 4 miles from Jackson Guard Station by a 6 foot windfall. Many windfalls had to be cut up to that point and it is advised that future parties attempting the ascent at that time of year carry an axe and shovel. Snow was encountered about 3 miles above Jackson Guard Station. Due to foul weather the ascent was not completed.

Three weeks later J. Heib and R. Widrig again set out up the Hoh prepared to stay about a week. Snow was encountered
one mile up the Hoh road and skis were used immediately from where they parked at the windfall. Skiing was reasonably fast and Elk Lake was made on the second day. There was about one foot of snow at Jackson Guard Station, three feet at Olympic Guard Station and seven feet at Elk Lake. The trail could not be found past Elk Lake. The snow was dry at that elevation (2400) and the going was quite easy on skis. On the one clear day they had they set out early for the summit but were stopped a half mile from Glacier meadows by very steep avalanche gullies. They climbed up the 5500 feet on the edge of these but no route could be seen across. After looking over the situation they decided the best way (if not the only way) was to traverse from Elk Lake at the same elevation and cross the gullies on the alluvium at their bases. It would then be somewhat of a problem to get up to Glacier Meadows but they believed that it could be done. A day should be allowed to go from Elk Lake to Glacier Meadows and the climb made from there.

-Ralph Widrig.

Roads, Trails, and Huts—

A logging road is being built up Glacier Creek, at present terminating three miles from Kulshan Cabin. However, both the new road and the old trail have been closed to travel in summer.

The Silver-Skagit road from two miles west of Hope, B. C., to the Ross Lake Reservoir can be used only by special permission. The road provides a fine approach to some primitive mountain areas north of the border. In time it is expected that the new lake will offer a useful mountaineering approach to much of the upper Skagit and Chilliwack region.

The Mountain Memorial Association has built a cabin at Lookout Point, about three miles up the trail at Pratt Lake. Other cabins are under construction.

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Equipment—

Contraction Bolt

The use of some sort of hardware that can be placed anywhere in good rock has for some time been an interesting problem to enthusiastic rock climbers. In the winter of 1947 R. Widrig brought a new idea on the subject to J. Hieb at the Rainier Electric Oven Co. for developing. By the following May a bolt had been developed that definitely offers possibilities. It uses a 1/2 inch star drill, cut down to five inches in length and fitted into a 3/8 inch octagonal sleeve, similar to the sleeve developed earlier by members of the Sierra Club. The drill is held in the sleeve with a set screw and this allows drill bits to be interchanged easily.

The bolt itself is 3/8 inch in diameter and three inches long. Two saw cuts are made from one end, 1 3/4 inches down lengthwise, at right angles to each other. These taper in width from 1/2 to 1/4 inch. Thus the bolt diameter is 1/2 inch at the end and tapers to 1/4. The other end is flattened to 1/4 inch in a forge and a welded ring put in.

Under ideal conditions one of these bolts can be put into good granite in 13 minutes. The strength of a bolt so driven has been estimated by authoritative persons to be well over 3000 lbs. However, if time and energy is to be conserved and the strength of the bolt need only be great enough to support one's weight as over a short tension pitch, it can be driven only about half way. The use of these bolts is, of course, strictly limited to short pitches on good rock which would otherwise be impossible.

A similar bolt, with a single saw cut, has been made for use in holes drilled by a 3/8 inch spiral drill. Strength and time tests are currently being made with the hope of saving time, yet maximizing strength. A recent test has shown us that with the new 3/8 inch spiral twist drill a hole can be drilled in solid granite in less than five minutes. Either a contraction bolt or an improved type of expansion bolt is suitable for this size hole.

-Ralph Widrig.
**Trail Trips**

By Elizabeth Schmidt

The Trail Trippers walked up hill and down in all kinds of weather with the good sportsmanship one can always associate with Mountaineer activities. New members learned how and why we do things in our particular way. New friends were made and knowledge and appreciation of the scenic beauties of this region were increased and intensified.

On our first hike, in January, we climbed Issaquah Mountain in a dense fog past bushes and trees covered with beautiful snow and ice crystals. A few moments of sunshine would have turned, the whole summit into a dazzling fairyland but they did not come. Those who struggled through the snow to the tower were only rewarded with more wind and little more view. Later in the month the sun shone for Herman Felder's trip to High Point L. O., and how we basked in it.

The trip to Lake 22 in February was done mostly in the snow and many of the party travelled on snowshoes, some for the first time. Snowshoes offer good possibilities for mountain trips in wooded areas in the winter. Carol Vincent and the Joneses of Everett gave us a beautiful day. One person discovered how easy it is to slip off snow banks into creeks but was saved.

The visit to Deception Pass in March happened to come on one of the stormiest Sundays of the year. Thirty people were hardy enough to brave the gale and rain on the high bluff above the old stone quarry and enjoy the experience. Two of them were prospective members and joined immediately afterward.

April was a month of substitutions due to ferry trouble and the late spring. The Kingston and Blackjack L. O. trips were replaced by Squak Mountain led by Harvey Moore, and Mount Si led by Bob Rinehart. It was quite a contrast to the warm sunny days on which we have climbed Si at the same time in other years.

Tacoma and Seattle combined for the annual violet walk on the Tacoma prairies early in May. Violets were found as well as some lovely patches of Calypso. The Seattle ball players were so scarce that the game had to be played Tacoma and Seattle combined for the annual violet walk on the Tacoma prairies early in May. Violets were found as well as some lovely patches of Calypso. The Seattle ball players were so scarce that the game had to be played Tacoma and Seattle combined for the annual violet walk on the Tacoma prairies early in May. Violets were found as well as some lovely patches of Calypso. The Seattle ball players were so scarce that the game had to be played Tacoma and Seattle combined for the annual violet walk on the Tacoma prairies early in May. Violets were found as well as some lovely patches of Calypso.

On May 16 Jim Boyle, Jr., took us into a gold mine near Silverton and later we went through the mills and did our best to understand the mining and reducing processes. A little side trip took us into a narrow snow-filled mountain valley edged with sharp crags and showing evidence of several avalanches. Yellow glacier lilies were beginning to bloom in the bare spots.

We crossed Stevens Pass on May 23 and made a valiant attempt to locate Merritt Lake in the snow. The good company and the flowers below snow line were compensation enough for the lost lake and everyone felt that the day was well spent.

The Campcrafters and the Trail Trippers combined in June for another trip to Deception Pass. The rain came down gently this time as we hiked along the beach and climbed Goose Rock for an imaginary view of mountains and Sound. The flowers and company again enhanced the damp scenery and a new little trail was discovered.

No trips were scheduled for July and everyone not attending the Summer Outing was encouraged to go on the Lodge work parties.

Three trips were scheduled for August. The first turned out to be the most successful of the season when Burge Bickford took us to Summerland where the weather decided at the last minute to be good. The views and floral displays were unsurpassed and members of the party explored the glacier, thrilling over the masses of paintbrush and lupine. The wrecked bridge over Frying Pan Creek was crossed safely and no one slipped over the edge of the falls. A thunderstorm boiling up the valley below kindly went to Sunrise and avoided us.

The Norse Peak L. O. trip led by Harvey Moore had its charms even though the incomparable view from the summit was obscured by thick, cold rain just as we arrived for lunch. The mountainside on the way down abounded with sweet, wild strawberries and huckleberries.

Dampness created several inches of mud on the beautiful Surprise Lake trail on August 22 and fog came down over the edges of the mountains surrounding the lake. As usual we had a good time. It was a marvel that no footwear was left behind in the mud; everything was evidently firmly fastened to its wearers. The leader, John Bogdan, found the beginning of the trail in a maze of timber newly cut to make way for a power line, and brought everyone safely back over slippery logs and through the adhesive trail.

All trips in September and October were cancelled by request of the Board of Trustees in order to expedite the building program. During this short season nearly 400 people attended the trips, finding a challenge to their energies and sportsmanship, breathing spicy, woody air, enjoying the comradeship of others with similar viewpoints, and finding inspiration for daily living.

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**Inland Water Trips**

By Ken Smith

Foldboat touring has had many postponements this summer due to "slightly moist" weather. However, there is another summer coming and we hope it will provide sunnier weather. Otherwise we had better get together with the Chamber of
Commerce and push the Japanese current toward the Pacific Coast. For those who haven't been able to investigate our purpose, our Mountaineer theme consists of exploring the waterway trails as well as the mountains and forests. While essentially a climbing group, we are also a nature-loving group and there are many avenues available for study of our water-life.

The foldboat had its invention in America during the Civil War. While crudely made, it proved practical. However, much credit must go to the Germans, mechanical perfectionists as they are. Necessity, still the mother of invention, produced the incentive to improve the folding boat idea. Most Germans, even decades ago, could not afford autos. Being a harborsless country the idea of an inexpensive folding yacht appealed to them. For many decades thousands have been taking their (4½ ft.) folded boats upstream on the train, assembling them, and then would shoot the rapids homeward. The boat is 4½ feet folded and assembles to 17 feet. (See photo above). Those proficient in the exacting art of assembly accomplish this in 15 minutes, slipping the rubber and canvas vulcanized carcass over the collapsible wood-dowel frame. This unique design facilitates repairs greatly. Here is a craft requiring little maintenance and is easily converted for sailing or surf-riding. On longer lake and sound tours a pair of light outboard motors can be attached on either side by means of a yoke.

Riding the white waters is as exhilarating as performing on the fastest race track. One need not be an Eskimo to enjoy these seaworthy folding kayaks. Confidence as a helmsman comes from lack of fear of water. It is not a sport for poor or non-swimmers and if there are enough interested in learning to swim, a three-month class could be conducted this winter. In this country there are fabulous avenues of watertrails and facilities to reach them. Riding the foaming streams and channels, as has Wolf Bauer, a well-known Mountaineer. This winter we will have the privilege of seeing some of their sparkling movies and slides with many a yarn yet to be spun.

Therefore, you Acquatics, I urge you to come! Learn different methods of propulsion, via foldboat. Learn much more of God's world!

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Therefore, you Acquatics, I urge you to come! Learn different methods of propulsion, via foldboat. Learn much more of God's world!

The Everett Mountaineers spent an active year full of both fun and usefulness. For pleasure there were the usual hikes and climbs in the mountains, although poor weather prevented several major climbs from being completed successfully. In the winter the group enjoyed skiing and snowshoeing. There were also Old Time Dances at Legion Park. The Seattle Mountaineers held their Annual Banquet in Everett and our club, with Mrs. Helen Felder as chairman, was glad to be host. Vivian Widmer arranged the Everett Annual Banquet which featured Mrs. Russell Day as the main speaker.

In addition to the activities for pleasure there was also a program of useful projects. During the hunting season there were several people lost in the forests near Everett. Since it was obvious that some of the tragedies might have been prevented if proper mountaineering techniques had been observed, the Everett Mountaineers held a public meeting. Mr. Joe Buswell was the main speaker and the meeting was very well attended. The Everett club also assisted in three mountain rescue parties.

In order to cooperate with the Seattle Mountaineers in their big project of building three new mountain cabins, the Everett club contributed $300 to be used equally in all three. We also donated money to the Mountain Cabin Memorial Association who are building shrines for war heroes. In addition to these financial contributions, the Everett Mountaineers had many work parties to help complete the cabins which we all hope to enjoy when they are finished.

The following people led our club of ninety-five members by serving in key executive positions: Bill Anderson, president; Lea Herman, secretary; Herman Felder, treasurer; Frank Eder, trustee; Hilda Beuler and Ray Anderson, hike chairmen; Loleta Jones, social chairman.

The Year in Everett—
By Louise Lawrence

The Everett Mountaineers spent an active year full of both fun and usefulness. For pleasure there were the usual hikes and climbs in the mountains, although poor weather prevented several major climbs from being completed successfully. In the winter the group enjoyed skiing and snowshoeing. There were also Old Time Dances at Legion Park. The Seattle Mountaineers held their Annual Banquet in Everett and our club, with Mrs. Helen Felder as chairman, was glad to be host. Vivian Widmer arranged the Everett Annual Banquet which featured Mrs. Russell Day as the main speaker.

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The following people led our club of ninety-five members by serving in key executive positions: Bill Anderson, president; Lea Herman, secretary; Herman Felder, treasurer; Frank Eder, trustee; Hilda Beuler and Ray Anderson, hike chairmen; Loleta Jones, social chairman.
Keener interest and greater appreciation of the opportunities and privileges enjoyed by Mountaineers has been stimulated this year by the fine leadership of Fred Bondy and his capable chairmen and committee workers. Outstanding were the elementary and intermediate climbing courses developed by Norma Judd given, for the first time, by local members of wide experience who adhered strictly to the Mountaineer Climbers' Notebook and regulations. Seventeen members were awarded elementary certificates and six the intermediate. Irish Cabin 24-Peak Pins were presented to Brunnie Wislicenus (delayed delivery) and to John Carter, and 6-Peak Pins were received by Edward LaChapelle and Edward Drues. Mount Olympus and Glacier Peak were also climbed by 13 members on special trips during the summer.

Equally memorable are the 16 Trail Trips, eight of which were in wholly new areas. They include, in part: Muck Creek near Roy, in the rain; Luhr Beach with sunshine and visitors from Olympia; Hillhurst, the abandoned town on the prairie and through the only yellow pine forest in Washington; Greendale, Harts Lake Road, with towers to climb; and Ohop Lookout, only it was foggy. Wilmot Ramsey lead a party into the Bald Hills district above Deschutes River Falls in May when the water was high, necessitating the building of a bridge.

During the summer gay evenings were spent around the campfire at the homes of the Benjamins, the Corbets and the Goodmans. In September G. E. Heaten, aroused to the desirability of new trails in Point Defiance Park, lead a group of 23 into the little known central area, on paths he had previously chopped out of the rough terrain. We measured 23 of the 33 big Douglas fir trees shown on Mr. Heaten's map and found ten were over 23 feet in circumference, and the largest was 28 feet. An especially healthy specimen 30 feet off the road near Point Gulch was chosen "The Mountaineer Tree" and was so dedicated with appropriate formalities.

Records would be incomplete without mention of the four traditional and annual events: The Violet Walk was held again this year on the Prairie with over 100 people participating. Keith Good­man's innovation of a water-wagon made the dry camp a de luxe one. The 1948 Fair in Budil's spacious and electrically lighted backyard with Mrs. Kellogg's hot scones and the Scott's hamburgers. On the Kalpachee Park trip in early October, 14 cars were admitted through the Round Pass Gates of Mt. Rainier National Park to St. Andrew's Creek, where 51 climbed the three-mile trail through brilliant foli-

age. The Salmon Roast at the Sand Pit where 75 people enjoyed the expert work of Dick Scott and his helpers.

The overnight Tatoosh trip was a first for Tacoma Mountaineers, who stayed at La Wis Wis Forest Camp, drove to Pack­wood to start the climb at 7:30 a.m., and 21 achieved the 6,307 foot summit. On Labor Day week-end 10 folks headed for Long Beach where perfect weather made camping under cypress trees near the Haunted House a pleasure. Points of in­terest were explored and a Coast Guard rescue of fishermen two miles out at sea gave added thrills.

At Irish Cabin, the long desired fireplace is completed and in use. It is beau­tiful and sturdy, and even more, it has copper plaques appropriately chosen and originally designed by Ruth Corbit. Other improvements are the new underpinnings, making the floors safe for dancing, and a new 300-gallon water tank with rebuilt water line and all tile drain. The Thanksgiving dinner at the cabin was gay and festive.

Chairman Tom Dodge and others have spread enjoyment with monthly evenings of music appreciation. Ed LaChapelle ar­ranged a photographic salon, and also sev­eral monthly meetings with moving pic­ture entertainment. The cabin at Fox Island continues to be a weekly haven and monthly scheduled trips find Mountaineers enjoying its facilities. The 1948 Annual Banquet was held again at the Towers in a pleasing setting of soft lights, music, floral arrangements, and clever Alaskan motifs. Guest speaker was Park Ranger Oscar Dick who fascinated us with accounts of his work in Mt. McKin­ley Park, Alaska.

With Floyd Raver as president and the other offices and chairmanships also ably filled, Tacoma Mountaineers are going places in 1949. Watch the bulletins! Come out and see!
In Memoriam

Audra B. Haggerty joined us in 1936. She and her young son, Leland, like a chummy sister and brother, often climbed and skied with us and Audra graduated from the Climbing course. The Players found her fine alto voice invaluable in chorus and quartet work, and her quiet dependability indispensable in behind-the-scenes committee assignments, even during a remission in her last illness. Since she passed away, on January 11, 1948, following months of failing strength, we have sadly missed her loyalty, helpfulness and singular serenity of soul.—Harriet Walker.

Peter M. McGregor, charter member, leader and pacemaker on numerous Summer Outing climbs... Trustee and watchdog of the treasury many years... Urged the purchase of Kitsap property for a rhododendron preserve and used his own funds to make the down payment... His thoughts were always for others first: Pete's pail of lemonade with its ring of tin cups was a familiar campfire feature... His cheery trailside fire and hot coffee revived many a weary belated hiker before reaching camp. A true Mountaineer was Pete.—Ben C. Mooers.

Louis Nash was born in England and came to the United States at age 21. He worked for the betterment of the laboring man from then on; was instrumental in organizing the Retail Clerks' Union. He served two terms as a King County Commissioner. Inveterate hikers, he and Mrs. Nash traveled nearly every trail in the Puget Sound region. Louis was a Mountaineer over 25 years.—Ben C. Mooers.

Olive Rand. The world was her home. Several times during an active lifetime she worked and lingered her way around it. We, her many friends, never knew from whence her letters would come—Shanghai, Manila, Capetown, Havana, London—but when they did come those priceless letters were passed gaily from group to group. They always brought the message of keen mind, joy of living, deathless friendship. Olive Rand joined The Mountaineers in January of 1912. She died in Los Angeles, September 12, 1948, the victim of a taxicab accident. She leaves behind her one sister, Grace, two brothers, and the many world and Mountaineer friends. To them she will always be as real as when she was with them. We, her friends of the byways and the mountain summits, will hold Olive Rand in the warm grasp of friendly memories.—Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard.

Challenge of the Unclimbed

A number of amazing, if not grotesque, peaks yet untouched by man were “discovered” by spire hunters while on climbing trips in the Cashmere Crags the past summer. Two striking monoliths, namely The Candle on the south side of Mt. Temple and The Prong on the north side of McClellans Peak, appear to be virtually flawless granite shafts. A battle of wits and skill with these severe rock engineering problems, likely to commence soon, should be extremely spectacular. The singularity of these shafts is possibly exceeded by the locally famous “Flagpole,” a large needle on a jagged peak south of the Enchantment Lakes, whose circumference at its base is less than various places higher up. Those who have been on the sheer walls of The Boxtop, The Monument, and Prussik Peak have at least had the dubious feeling of security in that the entire peak was unshakeable under hammer blows. All opinions to date agree that any attempt on The Flagpole and some other aiguilles on the Ingalls Creek mountainside will be experiments in pure sensation.

Not to be outdone, The Great Blockhouse, largest of the Rat Creek Peaks, has miffed all searches, even telescopic, for a summit route. Rising over 1000 feet sheerly out of Rat Creek, this great granite dome is similar to its higher neighbor, The Mole, but reconnaissance has failed to find a single route, as it did on the latter. Even those accustomed to the rigors of ironing a route up vertical walls find the thought of the exposure that would be encountered as “horrific.” Any climbing route would probably be up the north face to the ledge at the base of a flat-topped, flawless, rectalloid tower perched at the north brink of the superstructure of the peak. Fortunately, this garish tower is not the highest point, and it is believed that if this ledge can somehow be reached, a left traverse will lead to a series of steps that appear climbable to the highest point. Needless to say, this climb will be a project requiring considerable time and effort.—F. B.
MEMBERS OF HIGH SIERRA SUMMER OUTING, 1948

1948 Outing Committee
J. M. Fuller, Chairman
Allen Robinson, Commissary
Elizabeth Mills, Secretary
David Lind, Climbing
Dorothea Fuller

Baker
Hugo Zimmer

Cooks
Rogers Gilmore
Curts Martin
Jerry O'Leary
Bud Cornish

Seattle Members of The Mountaineers
Numbers indicate the peaks climbed.

Allen, Leftene, 8
Allen, Mary June, 8
Baker, Arthur B., 6-9-11
Bogdon, Albert L., 1-2-3-6-8-9-10
Bogdon, John E., 2
Bogdon, John J., 1-2-3-6-8-9-10
Bowman, Adeline C., 1-1-5-8-9-10
Bowman, Andrew S., 1-1-8-10
Bretz, Bertha H., 1-7
Browning, Eugene, 10
Carlton, Albert, 1-6-8-9
Cook, Gordon Gene, 1-1-5-8-11
Cosgrove, Carolyn, 7
Degenhardt, William, 1-5-8-8
Ekrem, Betty, 8
Elkins, Margaret, 1-7-8
Fuller, J. M., 8
Haley, Mary, 1-3-1-5-8-10
Hall, A., 1
Hanson, Roselyn, 1
Holcomb, Mary, 8
Hull, John A., 1-7
Johnson, Vailie, 1-7-8
Johnson, Elizabeth, 8-11
Klos, John, 1-3-1-5-8-9-10
Lind, David, 1-3-4-5-8-9-10
Lindberg, Marion, 1

Everett Mountaineers
Andersen, William, 1-7
Easton, Inez, 1-2-1-5-7-8-9

Tacoma Mountaineers
Altes, Mildred, 8
Corbit, Fred, 1-7-8
Corbil, Ruth, 1
Druery, Dr. J. A., 8-11
Druery, John, 1-8

Lewis, Gwyneth, 1
Lewis, Margaret, 1
MacDonald, Edith H., 1-5-8-9-10-11

Legend of Peaks
1—Mt. Dana
2—Mt. Gila
3—Mt. Conness
4—Mt. Lyell
5—Mt. Mather
6—Vogelsang Peak
7—Johnson Peak
8—Mt. Hoffman
9—Unicorn Peak
10—Cathedral Peak
11—Mt. Whitney

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY

FLOWERS (WILD)
Brockman. Flora of Mt. Rainier.

FORESTS
Hazard. Our Living Forests.
Stewart. Fire.

GEOL OGY
Mattie. Geologic History of the Yosemite Valley.

MOUNTAINS & MOUNTAINEERING
Bridge. Safe Climbing.
Lunn, Mountain Jubilee.
Murray. Mountaineering in Scotland.
Nyece. Mountain and Men.
Peattie. Sierra Nevada: Range of Light.
Russell. Mountain Prospect.
Tilman, Mt. Everest.
U. S. Forest Service. Cascade Crest Trail, Washington, Pacific Crest Trail

Webster. The Friendly Mountain.

OUTDOOR LIFE & NAT URE STUDY
Carrihger. One Day at Teton Marsh
Halsted. How to Live in the Woods
Jaeger. Tracks and Trailcraft
Stanwell-Fletcher. Driftwood Valley
Meany. Mountain Camp Fires

WEATHER
Grant. Cloud and Weather Atlas

P HOTOGRAPHY
Milner. Mountain Photography

S K I N G
American Ski Annual, 1948
Irish Ski Yearbook, 1947
Eugen & Atwater. Ski with Sverre

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION
Singleton. Greatest Wonders of the World

WEATHER
Grant. Cloud and Weather Atlas
To visit Sun Valley, Idaho, is to discover an exciting, "new world" of winter wonders. More ski-perfect slopes served by eight electrically-powered chair ski lifts...a fine variety of fun facilities...and two modern hotels add to the charm of this gay, sunny, snow-blanketed sportsland. Plan your perfect vacation now—summer or winter—at Sun Valley!

* * *

For information address: W. P. Rogers, General Manager, Sun Valley, Idaho, or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1273, Omaha 2, Nebraska, or see any local travel agent.
The Mountaineers, Inc.
Seattle, Washington

I have examined the books of the Treasurer of The Mountaineers, the Secretary, and the committees and find that they are in good order. Properly authorized vouchers accompanied disbursements, all cash receipts were accounted for, and the bank accounts and bonds were in existence as reported. The financial reports were in good order and give a representation of the present financial condition of the club.

SYLVIA NIEMI, Auditor.

### SEATTLE UNIT

**Income and Expense Statement for Year Ending October 31, 1948**

#### INCOME

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<td>Trail Trips</td>
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<td>Climbers</td>
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<td>Players</td>
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<td>Sale of Snoqualmie Timber</td>
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#### EXPENSES

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<td><strong>Total Expenses</strong></td>
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<td><strong>NET INCOME</strong></td>
<td>$539.54</td>
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62
BALANCE SHEET AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1948

ASSETS

Current Assets
Cash in checking accounts
Mt. Baker Donations ................................ $ 318.57
Snoqualmie Building Fund ................................ 595.25
Stevens Building Fund .................................. 586.20
Building Fund ........................................ 341.00
General Fund ......................................... 1,256.91 $ 3,698.63

Savings accounts in Washington Mutual Reserve Fund ................................ $ 2,450.86
Building Fund ........................................ 23.37 $ 2,474.23 $ 5,572.26

Investments
Permanent Fund, U. S. Bonds ................................ $ 5,000.00
General Fund, U. S. Bonds ................................ 1,000.00
Seymour Saddle Horse Fund................................ $ 226.59
Bond .................................................. 1,000.00 1,226.59 7,226.59

Buildings and Equipment
Recorded Allow for
Kitsap Cabin ........................................... $ 3,194.68 $ 2,671.41
Meany Ski Hut ......................................... 5,204.68 2,974.55 2,230.13
Snoqualmie Lodge ...................................... 8,696.26 136.19 7,360.07
Stevens Ski Hut ....................................... 2,366.55 41.79 2,324.76
Clubroom Furniture & Fixtures ....................... 1,304.16 691.26 692.86
Library ................................................ 1,385.88 676.98 708.90
Motion Picture Equipment ........................... 1,096.17 614.21 481.96
Equipment ........................................... 974.58 239.94 734.64 $23,124.82 $8,649.16 $15,663.66 $15,663.76

Snoqualmie Pass Land.................................... 1,100.00
Climbers’ Notebooks .................................. 169.36
Prepaid Expenses .................................... 1,319.17

Total Assets .......................................... $31,050.94

LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS

Taxes ................................................... $ 370.50
Refund to Members of Summer outings ............... 495.00 $ 865.50

Total Liabilities and Surplus ........................ $31,050.94

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF TACOMA MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

RECEIPTS:
From October 1, 1947 to September 15, 1948

Membership Refund from Seattle ........................ $ 330.00
Irish Cabin Committee ................................ 169.89
Climbing Committee .................................. 10.15
Local Walks ........................................... 26.79
Fox Island ............................................ 7.34
Maynard Miller Receipts ................................ 28.13
Care Receipts .......................................... 20.00
Interest from Two $500.00 War Savings Bonds ....... 25.00 $ 618.30

DISBURSEMENTS:
Irish Cabin ............................................. $ 115.69
Photographic Committee ................................ 1.00
Social Committee ........................................ 60.00
Membership ............................................. 7.50
Climbing ................................................ 65.00
Flowers .................................................. 4.00
Taxes (Irish Cabin) .................................... 8.25
Bond Storage Fee, Bank of California ................. 2.50
Bond, Treasurer ........................................ 4.00
Postage ................................................... 10.00
Advance on Maynard Miller Lecture ................... 15.00
Stadium High School Speakers Fund ................. 13.13
Two Care Packages .................................... 20.00
Binding of Annals ..................................... 20.70
John Slipp (Subscription to Aquarium) .............. 2.00 $ 346.29

ASSETS:
Cash in Bank of California ................................ $ 989.41
Cash—United Mutual Savings ........................... 586.73
Two $500.00 series G War Bonds ....................... 1,000.00
Property—Irish Cabin Land ................................ 300.00
Irish Cabin Furniture and Fixtures—1948, $328.98 less 15% depreciation plus new equipment, $100.58 380.21
Club Room and Local Walks Property, 1948, value $127.28 less 15% depreciation 108.19

LIABILITIES: None

NET WORTH: Estimated ................................ $3,364.57

GUNHILD AARESTAD, Treasurer
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., EVERETT UNIT

Financial Report from October 1, 1947 to October 1, 1948

CHECKING ACCOUNT:
Balance October 1, 1947.................................................. $215.09

Receipts:
Dues Refund from Seattle........................................... $89.00
Annual Banquet.............................................................. 115.50
Trail Fees..................................................................... 8.10
Sale of Government Bond............................................ 296.10

Cash Available..................................................................... $511.19

Disbursements:
Social.......................................................................... $160.60
Miscellaneous.................................................................. $284.13
Balance October 1, 1948.................................................. $183.06

Investments: Bonds at Cost............................................. $518.00

Total Resources.................................................................. $701.06

Breakdown of Disbursements:
Annual Dinner................................................................ $132.56
Other Social.................................................................... 28.04
Trustee Expense............................................................. 22.06
Rent for Meetings........................................................... 34.00
Donation to Mountain Memorial Cabin Association......... 83.50
Miscellaneous................................................................... 27.97

$328.13

HERMAN FELDER, Treasurer

SEATTLE BRANCH
OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

President, Jos. Buswell
Vice-President, T. Davis Castor
Secretary, Ester A. Simmons
Treasurer, Byron Clark

ELECTED TRUSTEES

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

Terms Expiring October 31, 1950
Wolf Bauer
T. Davis Castor
Phyllis Cavender
Mrs. Irving Gavett

Junior Representative to the Board, 1948, Art Holien
Recording Secretary, Barbara Martin
Club Room Secretary, Mrs. Florence Kesh
Librarian, Margarette Chaliant
Bulletin Editor, Agnes O. Dickert
1948 Annual Editor, Mary T. Haley

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES AND CUSTODIANS

Auditor—Sylvia Nieni
Building Policy—John Hossack, C. G. Morrison, Henry Anderson
Campcrafters—Dick Patterson
Climbing—Cameron Beckwith
Dance—Marie ROUTECKEY
Entertainment—Mary Jane Allen
Kitsap Cabin—Dorothy Petrich
Outing Equipment—Charles Simmons
Meany Ski Hut—Bob Kuss
Membership—Laetitia Uram

Mt. Baker Cabins—Irma Spring
Mountaineer Development Group—Wolf Bauer
Players—Marion Castor
Public Affairs—Arthur Winder
Publicity—Adelaida Dechandler
Ski—Martin Ochsner
Snoqualmie Lodge—T. Davis Castor
Stevens Hut—Walt Little
Trail Trips—Marian Landberg

TACOMA BRANCH

President, Floyd Rayor
Vice-President—Dr. I. A. Drues

Secretary-Treasurer—Ann Jackson
Trustee—Richard Scott

TRUSTEES

John W. Carter
Nita Budil
Clarence Garner
Katherine Gallagher

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Irish Cabin—A1 Kelly
Local Walks—Keith Goodman
Membership—Mrs. Frances Goodman
Special Outing—Tom Dobie
Fox Island—Mildred Alten
Ski—Gene Scott

Climbers—Ed LaChapelle
Photography—Ralph Jackson
Music—Ehele Dodd
Social—Jean Fuller
Publicity—Norma Judd
Campcrafters—Fred Bandy

EVERETT BRANCH

President—Mrs. Adele Doph
Secretary—Louise Lawrence

Treasurer—Casey Jones
Trustee—Bill Anderson

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Local Walks—Frank Eder
Programs—Loleta Jones

Publicity—Rae Anderson
Social—Vivian Wagnier

Photography—C. O. Davis

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Membership</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Seattle</th>
<th>Tacoma</th>
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<td>271</td>
<td>19</td>
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<td>2,203</td>
<td>1,905</td>
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**Honorary Members**

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tr>
<td>COL. WILLIAM R. GREELY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAJOR O. A. TOMLINSON</td>
<td></td>
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**Life Members**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MRS. EDMOND S. MEANY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDMOND S. MEANY, JR.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MRS. NAOMI ACHENBACK BENSON</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGINALD H. PARSONS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUANE S. FULLMER</td>
<td></td>
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**Complimentary Member**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MRS. WILLIAM H. PARSONS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Seattle Membership as of October 1, 1948**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ABEIL, H. V.</td>
<td>1462 38th Ave. (22), Pr. 1255.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABEIL, Mrs. H. V. (Marion)</td>
<td>1462 38th Ave., (22), Pr. 1255.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABEIL, Clarence L.</td>
<td>1915 11th Ave. No. (2).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABEIL, Mrs. Clarence L. (Spouse)</td>
<td>1915 11th Ave. No. (2).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALBRECHT, H. W.</td>
<td>1862 Shelby (2), Ea. 4685.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALEITH, Richard C.</td>
<td>1010 4th Harrison St. (2), Pr. 3175.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALEXANDER, A. B.</td>
<td>3121 16th So. (44), Pr. 2979.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALEXANDER, Elieen</td>
<td>4515 16th N.E. (5), Ve. 9022.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLAN, James</td>
<td>5708 34th N. E. (5), Ke. 6868.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLLEN, Edward W.</td>
<td>Northern Life Tower (1), E. 3429.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLLEN, Mary Jane</td>
<td>1162 15th Ave. No. (2), Ea. 5650.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLLEN, Rosemary Bond</td>
<td>Rt. 2, Box 745, Kirkland, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLISON, Jack W.</td>
<td>1145 11th Atlantic St. (6), We. 3899.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLYN, Charles</td>
<td>4630 19th Ave. So. (8), Ra. 4560.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALQUIST, Mildred</td>
<td>3421 35th Ave. So. (44), Ra. 7303.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Andrew W.</td>
<td>Fish and Wild Life Service, Dept. of Interior, Washington 25, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Caryl</td>
<td>7055 17th N.E. (5), Ve. 2728.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, C. L.</td>
<td>933 12th No. (2), Ca. 3618.*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Harold</td>
<td>Box 227, Mercer Island, Wash. Ad. 6493.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Helen D.</td>
<td>720 Broadway (22).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Henry</td>
<td>1619 Belmont Ave. (22), Pr. 3836.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Ida M.</td>
<td>124 Warren Ave. (9).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Jean M.</td>
<td>4125 Brooklyn Ave. Apt. 11 (5), Me. 7625.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Lillian V.</td>
<td>2209 N. 42nd St. (3), Me. 5808.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Lloyd</td>
<td>1326 W. Southern (6), We. 3941.***</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Mrs. Lloyd</td>
<td>(Mary G.) 4326 Southern (6), We. 3940.***</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANDERSON, Wm. H.</td>
<td>4614 Fremont Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANGEll, Nihl D.</td>
<td>Rt. 1, Box 134, Bellevue, Wash. Ve. 8213.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANGEll, Nihl Dave Jr.</td>
<td>Rt. 1, Box 134, Bellevue, Wash. Ve. 8213.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARCHER, Eleanor</td>
<td>230 S.W. 164th St. (66), Gt. 6166.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ASPLUND, Mrs. Jonas (Helen)</td>
<td>Rt. 1, Box 80, East Vance, Wash.</td>
</tr>
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<td>ATWORTH, Mariots Johnson</td>
<td>5137 47th Ave. N. E. (5).</td>
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<td>AUSTIN, Thomas E.</td>
<td>1608 12th Ave. (22), Pr. 1911.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AVANN, Sherwin P.</td>
<td>5003 16th Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 4564.</td>
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<td>BABICH, Mary, Austin 110, University of Wash. (5), Ve. 7700.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>BAILLEY, Jack, University Station, Box 122 (5).</td>
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<tr>
<td>BAKER, Glenn E.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BAKER, Mrs. Russell</td>
<td>3219 Dearborn St. (44), Pr. 4829.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BAKER, Russell</td>
<td>3219 Dearborn St. (44), Pr. 4829.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BAKER, Tom (C. T.), Box 11, University Station (5).</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>BAKKEN, Mr. W. J.</td>
<td>1615 Landier St. (44).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BALCH, Donna</td>
<td>5005 15th Ave. N.E. (5), Ke. 2267.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BALDWIN, Clayton H.</td>
<td>4746 16th Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 1272; Office, Re. 2700.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BALL, Fred W.</td>
<td>7703 Linden Ave. (3).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BALL, Mrs. Fred W.</td>
<td>(Helen L.), 7703 Linden Ave. (3).</td>
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<tr>
<td>BALSER, Mary A.</td>
<td>2121 8th No. (9), Ga 9252.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BANNISTER, Robert E.</td>
<td>4514 3rd N.W. (7), Me. 4080.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BANNON, Calvin F.</td>
<td>7045 Beach Drive (6), We. 1595.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARAGER, Darce R.</td>
<td>6523 20th N.E. (5), Ve. 9217.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARNABY, J. T. (Tom)</td>
<td>520 Lakeside Ave. So. (44), Ca. 6763.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARNES, James A. (Mail returned).</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARNES, Mrs. James (LaNaya) (Mail returned).</td>
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<tr>
<td>BART, Dayrell</td>
<td>2151 W. 86th St. (3).</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARRETT, Donald</td>
<td>Rt. 1, Box 79, Redmond, Wash.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARRETT, Dorothy</td>
<td>5026 22nd N.E. (5), Ve. 3988.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARROW, Cran</td>
<td>2919 Fairview Ave. No. (Atlanta) (2), Ca. 7029.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BASKERVILLE, Gail, 605 Paramount Theatre Bldg. (1), Ma. 1275.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>BATES, Peggy (Mrs. R. O. Coogrove) 231 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. (7).</td>
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<tr>
<td>BAUER, Wolf</td>
<td>5213 11th N.E. (5), Ve. 5874.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BAUER, Mrs. Wolf</td>
<td>(Harriet), 5213 11th N.E. (5), Ve. 5874.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEBIE, Hans</td>
<td>5626 42nd Ave. S.W. (6), Av. 2183.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
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Come in to Bauer's and see our line of pure down garments—cloud-light, yet comfortable at temperatures approaching 50 below!

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RECREATIONAL EQUIPMENT COOPERATIVE, 523 PIKE, ROOM 203, SEATTLE 1

BOLLMAN, Victor S., 760 Belmont Place (2), Mi. 5155.

BOLLMAN, Edna G., 6016 36th N.E. (5), Ve. 3330.

BOND, Hugh Albert, 3811 Bagley Ave. (3), Me. 6279.

BOND, Jean, 5251 12th Ave. N.E. (5).

BONELL, Hannah, East Falls Church, Virginia.

BONNAR, Hector V., Yashon, Wash., Red 1831.

BORDSEN, Dr. T. L., 11217 2nd N.W. (7), Gr. 1722; 916 Colbldg., El. 4535.

BORDSEN, Mrs. T. L., 11217 2nd N.W. (7), Gr. 1722.

BOVEE, Grace, 5127 Latimer Place (5), Ke. 8308.

BOWEN, Chas. A., Rt. 2, Box 2068, Edmonds, Wash.

BOWEN, Rachel L. (Mrs. Chas.), Rt. 2, Box 2068, Edmonds, Wash.

BOWLER, Frank F., 339 Lakeside Ave. (22), Ma. 6120.

BOWMAN, Adeline C., 814 E. Howell St. (22), Ea. 4514.

BOWMAN, Andrew S., 814 E. Howell St. (22), Ea. 4514.

BREMERMAN, Glen F., 5834 Woodlawn Ave. (3), Ke. 5904.

BREMERMAN, Mrs. Glen F., 5834 Woodlawn Ave. (3), Ke. 5904.

BRETT, Elizabeth C., 1310 Minor Ave. (1), Se. 9094.

BRETTZ, Bertha B., 1213 E. 92nd St. (5), Ve. 0396.

BRIGHT, Norman, 493 6 S. 114th St. (8), La. 3780.

BRIGHTBILL, Linwood J., 1715 Sunset Ave. (6), We. 0398.

BRISTOL, Don, 4936 S. 114th St. (88), La. 3780.

BRITTENHAM, Helen, 1006 Spring St. Rhododendron Apts. (4), Ma. 1941.

BROCKMAN, C. Frank, 7052 53rd Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 7890.

BROCKMAN, Jean, 7052 53rd Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 7890.

BROOKS, Burton, 3002 E. 57th St. (5), Ve. 1417.

BRANDT, Evelyn, 8609 41st S.W., Av. 1029.

BRANDT, Margery E., 610 12th Ave. No. (2).

BRANDT, Marnie, 1116 Summit Ave., Mi. 4508; 8609 41st S.W., Av. 1029.

BRANDT, Mrs. Marnie (Mimi), 1116 Summit Ave., Mi. 4508; 8609 41st S.W., Av. 1029.

BROOKS, Richard J., 3002 E. 57th St. (5), Ve. 1417.

BRANDT, Margery E., 610 12th Ave. No. (2).

BRANDT, Marnie, 1116 Summit Ave., Mi. 4508; 8609 41st S.W., Av. 1029.

BRANDT, Marnie (Mimi), 1116 Summit Ave., Mi. 4508; 8609 41st S.W., Av. 1029.

BROOKS, Richard J., 3002 E. 57th St. (5), Ve. 1417.
OUTING HEADQUARTERS

DEPENDABLE SERVICE FOR 30 YEARS

- Fishing Tackle
- Climbing Equipment
- Parkas—Wool or Rain
- Clothing—Dress or Work
- Skis
- Bindings
- Poles
- Tents
- Sleeping Bags
- Dehydrated Foods

Quality with Economy

OUT-DOOR STORE, Inc.
717 1st Ave.
EL. 8165
Seattle 4, Wash.

RAPPELLING—Bob and Ira Spring

GEORGE MacGOWAN
Insurance of All Kinds
WM. H. HARMER CO.

611 Securities Bldg.
MAin 7698

When making purchase please mention this ad in Mountaineer Annual

BROOKHURST, Jo Anne, 1163 19th Ave. No. (2), Ea. 6621.
BROWN, Donald G., 11705 40th Ave. N. E. (55), Sh. 3021.
BROWN, Eleanor, 7271 19th N. E. (5), Ve. 2628.
BROWN, Fred, 2313 No. 185th (33), Sh. 8679.
BROWN, Sally, 507 W. 5th, Aberdeen, Wash., Phone 2-226.
BROWNING, CURTIS, 118 N. 36th St. (3), Me. 9911.
BROWNING, Eugene, Bayonier, Inc., Chelton, Wash., Phone 262.§
BUCEY, Boyd K., Rt. 3, Box 293, Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 482-R.
BUCEY, Mrs. Boyd K., Rt. 3, Box 293, Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 482-H.$
BUFF EM, Harvey E. (Mail returned).
BURKE, Gertrude C., Olympic Hall, University of Wash. (5).
BURKE, Laurie Anne, 327 N. 48th St. (3), Me. 0627.
BURKMAN, Elsie, 1103 E. 55th St. (5), Ve. 1719.
BURR, Jannette W., 8202 14th N. E. (5), Ve. 0817.
BURR, Wallace H., 5202 14th N. E. (5), Ve. 0817.
BURR, Mrs. Wallace H., 8202 14th N. E. (5), Ve. 0817.
BURROUGH, Suzanne, 6012 29th N. E. (5), Ve. 5670.
BURTON, Barbara B., 100 Crockett St. (9), Ga. 9357.
BURTON, Joan N., 2020 43rd Ave. No. 9, (2).
BUSWELL, Joseph M., 2833 W. 72nd (7), He. 6116.$
BUSWELL, Mrs. Joseph M. (Elenor), 2833 W. 72nd St. (7), He. 6116.$
BUTTERFIELD, Gordon, 2520 Warren Ave. (9), Ga. 1918.
BUTTERFIELD, Russell A., 2520 Warren Ave. (9), Ga. 6918.
BUTTERFIELD, Maureen (Mrs. Russell A.), 2520 Warren Ave. (9), Ga. 6918.
BUZZETT, Helen, 1526 8th St., Bremerton, Wash., Phone 1577-J.
BYINGTON, L. D., 236 S. Coronado, Los Angeles 4, Calif., Fl. 9207.$
BYINGTON, Mrs. L. D. (Elizabeth), 236 S. Coronado, Los Angeles 4, Calif., Fl. 9207.$
CADE, Glen, 7919 Roncon Ave. (8), La. 1778.
CADONAU, Richard, 3918 Mead St. (8), La. 6616.
CADONAU, Mrs. Richard, 3918 Mead St. (8), La. 6616.
Caldwell, Donald, 5156 Latimer Place, (5), Ke. 2696.
Caldwell, Janet, 533 30th Ave. So. (41), P. 1831.
CAMERON, Mrs. H. D. (Phyllis), Sea-hurst, Wash. Gl. 2698-W.$
Campbell, Thomas T. (4) (Mail returned).
CARRIEK, A. P., Rt. 2, Box 385, Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 218M.
CARLSON, Albert, Star Route, Coulee Dam, Wash.
CARLSON, Signe E., 407 E. 41st St. (5), Ke. 3903.
CARLSON, Ted W., 6518 18th Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 3562.
CARLSON, William R., Pragaria, Wash.
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Aiguilles & Monoliths

(Continued from Page 10)

ately shouted back that the route was clear to the summit and Fred and I literally ran up the slab to verify the good news. Fred chopped across glare ice patches and at 7 p.m. we were on top admiring a beautiful sunset. We descended via the regular route and arrived back in camp well after dark.

Two days of questionable weather then passed and we spent our time making a reconnaissance of the route on Snowpatch. However, the fourth day was clear as a north wind had sprung up and we quickly made off for the spire. The rock was wonderful, the weather likewise, and the climb was most enjoyable. The overhanging traverse and the vein pitch were considered to be the most interesting parts of the route, demanding a knowledge of technical and advanced methods of rock climbing. The entire ascent was an excellent example of a long, difficult rock climb and is quite justly described by Raffi Bedayan in his article of the first ascent.¹ We were the third party to sign the small register on top. Our climbing time was five and one-half hours from the pinnacle col to the summit. We removed no less than 12 pitons, besides those which we put in, relics of previous climbs and attempts.

The next day we moved camp almost to the summit of Crescent Peak, climbing all six peaks of the mountain that afternoon. The following morning we were off for Bugaboo. We climbed by the regular route, as our proposed new route was obviously hopeless. The weather that day was very clear and the entire horizon for 360 degrees was an inspiring maze of snowy peaks.

On the next and last day we climbed Marmolata, building an enormous cairn on its summit to replace the tiny one we found there. That afternoon we returned to camp to find that the snafflehounds had done a thorough job of cleaning it up for us.

Our climbing tour was now in its final hours and as we made our way down the moraine of the Bugaboo Glacier our thoughts drifted back to the many aiguilles and monoliths on which we had had the pleasure to practice the art of mountaineering.
Accident Prevention
Continued from Inside Front Cover

tment was carried by the party involved. In these cases accident prevention becomes a problem of public morality and education.

Within our organization we can control training. Through intelligent programming and diligent effort the Mountaineers have developed a climbing course that is most outstanding. By recently sponsoring a mountaineering conference and setting up a regional mountaineering rescue and safety council, the efforts of all agencies have been shaped to pierce the armor of public ignorance and make mountaineering and skiing "know how" available to all.

The road to safe skiing and mountaineering is a long one. There are many obstacles and faulty concepts to be overcome. Too many mountaineers subscribe to the "Six Murderous Beliefs" as set forth by Mr. Dearborn of the National Safety Council. They assume that the accident will happen to the other fellow but not to them, they believe that when "your number is up" you are going to have an accident, they feel that the law of averages relates to accidents, they state that "accidents are the price paid for progress," they hold that being cautious is cowardly (the "Spirit of '76" concept) or they sincerely feel that an accident is an act of God. We know that these concepts can be murderous. We know that most accidents can be prevented.

It is the individual responsibility of all of us who ski and climb to prevent mountaineering accidents. The leader of a climb has the responsibility of his rope or group but no leader can be criticized for the carelessness of his rope mates. Remember the words "individual responsibility." You are responsible for your actions and your safety and you will be the one who suffers if you fail in your duty and have an accident.

Our club, the Mountaineers, has established an outstanding tradition in Northwest mountaineering. Our reputation is well respected throughout the United States. The accomplishments of our members are known and talked about wherever members of the "faith" congregate. Let's uphold that tradition! Let's avoid drawing criticism to our club by reckless climbing. Remember, a mountaineering accident usually denotes ignorance, carelessness and poor climbing, none of which can be condoned by an organization such as ours.