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**Cornice at Mount Baker**

Photo by Bob and Ira Spring
Mt. Rainier from the West

By George R. Senner

There is a saying that the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence. This idea took a different meaning to two rangers working at Mt. Rainier National Park. Both Cornelius (“K”) Molenaar and myself were anxious to see what the routes looked like on the other side of the mountain. In July of 1948, while making an ascent of the Tahoma Glacier route, we made a careful check of the various routes which appeared feasible in the Sunset Amphitheatre area. One route part way between Sunset Amphitheatre and Ptarmigan Ridge looked interesting to us. After studying this ridge (Sunset Ridge) we decided to attempt it at a later date. Somehow the weather at Rainier did not agree with our two days off each week, and it was not until August of 1949 that we were able to attempt this route. In the meantime we learned that the route had been successfully climbed by Lyman Boyer, Arnold Campbell and Don Woods back in 1938. These men had descended via the Kautz route. This ascent did not lessen the appeal of the route to us however.

On the evening of August 8th we started out for the west side of the mountain. We were fortunate to have been granted permission to drive to the end of the West Side Road.* The first evening was spent in comfort at the St. Andrews Creek patrol cabin. The next morning, after a hearty breakfast of mush and raisins, we drove the remaining distance to the end of the road (3,500 feet). From here two trails offer approaches to the alpine regions. The most direct trail leads up into Klapatche and St. Andrews Parks. From there the Puyallup Cleaver, which leads up into Sunset Amphitheatre, is easily reached. We chose the other trail, a roundabout way through Sunset Park and up to the Colonnades. This choice was out of curiosity as neither of us had seen much of this area previously.

By the time we reached Colonnade Ridge the blanket of fog which had covered the lower slopes of the mountain lay below us. The old Colonnade lookout station offered a fine point from which to study our route (6,500 feet). After several minutes of observation of the route, between mouthfuls of sandwiches, we started out. From the lookout we dropped into a saddle to the south, then back up onto Colonnade Ridge. Several thousand side hill steps later we arrived at the end of the ridge.

In order to travel both up and down lightly loaded, we decided to make our base camp at this point, a mere 8,300 feet above sea level. We also noted that it would be a favorable spot in case we decided to return via the Tahoma Glacier.

After making a hasty camp we started out on a short reconnaissance of our route for the following day. The South Mowich Glacier appeared to offer no great difficulties in crossing, and the long snow fingers rising steeply above appeared to make a good route. One obstacle seemed apparent in the form of a bergschrund which ran fully across the lower end of the first long finger. From there to 12,500 feet the route looked clear, but steep. At approximately 12,500 feet the ridge we were observing seemed disjointed as we moved from one observation point to another. We left it at that and returned to our camp where we alternated on cooking soup, then tea, until the sun set.

At 2:00 A.M. we were up again. By 3:00 A.M. we had eaten and put on crampons. The route across the South Mowich Glacier proved as easy as we thought. More than once we were aroused out of our early morning stupor by the sound of cracking ice underfoot. The first stretch up went quickly, and at 9,000 feet we encountered some glare ice which we slowly worked across. After passing this point we quickly crossed under a small rotten ice

* Permission to make this climb was granted by the National Park Service. A support party was on call at the park during the time the climb was in progress.
fall, and before many minutes were at the bottom of the long schrund. It was now getting light and it was easy to see that the schrund ran fully across the bottom of the snow finger rising above, from rock cliff to rock cliff. We did not care to climb up the rotten cliffs so we looked for a route over the schrund. The upper lip bulged over so “K” proceeded to cut off the edge of it, while I belayed from his right and below. The crevasse prevented us from making a frontal approach. After a few minutes “K” managed to sink his ice axe in frozen neve above and climb over. With good steps to follow I quickly joined him.

The next two thousand feet of elevation were straight up a narrow snow finger of about 45 degrees. As the neve was frozen our crampons gripped well. We gained elevation rapidly in this section, making short, steep switchbacks and balancing ourselves with our axes. The sun was out all over the countryside but we were still in the shade. This made cool climbing however, so we did not mind. The main difficulty was the continued steepness of the slope which offered few places to relax the ankles. The way to rest was to cut a large step and we did little of this. At about 12,100 feet we reached the top of the finger and climbed onto the sloping rock of Sunset Ridge. This was one of the few places where Sunset Ridge was not broken up by rotten gendarmes. From this spot on the ridge we had excellent views of the Tahoma Glacier, Sunset Amphitheatre, and the Spray Park country. At about 12,500 feet our smooth ridge ended. This was the place that had looked disjointed from below. From this point the ridge dropped a few feet to a notch. In searching for a way down we found a sling left by Lyman Boyer and party

THE WEST SIDE OF MT. RAINIER FROM COLONNADE LOOKOUT

1. Base Camp. 5. Liberty Cap beyond highest visible point.
4. Rope sling found here. 8. Point Success.

—Photo by Dee Molenaaer
back in 1938. We decided that climbing down would be more rapid than rappeling. At this stage of the climb three people would have been a crowd. Our 120 foot nylon was just long enough to belay the first man down to the notch. The exposure below was becoming more noticeable as the slope dropped rapidly away to the North Mowich Glacier far below.

From the notch we climbed along the northwest side of Sunset Ridge for a few feet, then upward to the top of the ridge itself. We were then in the sunlight and decided that food was in order. After eating some oranges and chocolate we started up the suncupped ridge. The cliffs above us were steep and rotten so we decided to traverse out onto the steep smooth slopes to the north that hang over the North Mowich Glacier. Before long we were in a long neve-ice finger which joined with a gentle ridge running to the top of Liberty Cap. This was our steepest slope (50-55 degrees). During most of the climb we used the picks of our axes for balance. A few rock outcroppings served as belay points and made the use of ice pitons unnecessary. Exposure in this spot was also more pronounced. The slopes dropped 4,000 feet in a steep manner below. At 11:15 A.M. we reached the final ridge to the summit, and once again were back in the sunshine. From here to the summit the way was smooth going. At 12:15 we dropped our packs on top of Liberty Cap.

Before starting out on our climb both “K” and I had agreed on not going over to Columbia Crest. We both had been there several times before, and considered it out of our way to go there at this time. Liberty Cap (14,112 feet) is justly considered one of the three main summits.

After resting for a few minutes we decided to start down. We were uncertain of what lay ahead, as the view of the Tahoma Glacier was not too thorough from Sunset Ridge. From Liberty Cap we headed east, dropped over 500 feet in elevation, then headed south hitting the high summit snow table between Liberty Cap and Columbia Crest. The route from here led southwest down the broad Tahoma Glacier. Down to 12,600 feet we had a clear field, except for occasional crevasses. At this point a large crevasse skirted entirely across the Tahoma. The upper lip rose from ten feet to a great deal more in some places above the lower lip. In most places the upper lip overhung. Skirting the crevasse for a short distance we found an overhanging projection of ice which extended far enough out to allow us to jump down to the lower lip. “K” belayed while I tested a jumping spot on the end of the projection. In a few minutes we were both down on the lower side. From here we again had good going. A broad, smooth corridor led down the middle of the glacier for several hundred feet. Although the areas on either side were heavily crevassed, our corridor had only a few small ones. At approximately 12,200 feet elevation our corridor ended in a badly broken up ice roll. As it was now about 2:30 P.M. the ice and snow were becoming very rotten. After several minutes of searching for a route through we began to wonder if we would have to retrace our steps back up the glacier, over the large crevasse, and down a different route. The breakup was such that rappeling would only isolate us on broken snow blocks. After a few failures we found a short rotten stretch that ended in a small drop off. Below the drop off another smooth corridor commenced. We half slid over the rotten sections to keep from falling into holes. Then for the third time we had clear going. At 11,800 feet this corridor also ended in a jumbled up mass of ice. By this time it was quite hot. We were now a considerable distance down the glacier and badly exposed to the ice blocks hanging in the ice-fall above. Our first thought was to get out of this exposed area as soon as possible. The route below would have required a great deal of time so we traversed down and to the right in the direction of St. Andrews Rock. At 11,600 feet we encountered our last broken up area. After weaving through a few blocks and cutting steps down an ice roll we emerged on the rock strewn shelf of snow that lies southeast of St. Andrews Rock. Before long we were at the upper end of the
rock and out of danger of avalanches. It was now 4:30 p.m. We had been wearing crampons for over thirteen hours.

After removing our crampons we ate a little, then we climbed to the top of St. Andrews (11,562 feet). The year before we had skirted around the rock on the South Mowich Glacier in order to avoid the broken up Tahoma. This year both glaciers were badly crevassed, so our quickest route lay over St. Andrews Rock. On top we unroped, then climbed down the rotten west face. "K" said the whole peak reminded him of brown sugar, and I agreed as it was the rottenest rock I had ever seen. Over one hour later we reached the saddle between upper and lower St. Andrews Rock. From here the route was obvious. We followed the knife edged ridge up and over lower St. Andrews down to a point overlooking our previous year's 9,700 foot camp on Puyallup Cleaver. A short glissade and we arrived at our old base camp. One-half hour later after dropping down and crossing the Puyallup Glacier we arrived at our present high camp.

We had been on the go for nearly 16 hours and were hungry and weary. After a leisurely forty-five minutes of eating, resting, and packing, we started down. Again we crossed the Puyallup Glacier, then down Puyallup Cleaver, by Tokaloo Rock, and into St. Andrews Park. The park land was very welcome. Both St. Andrews and Klapatche seemed luxuriously soft and green after the rock and ice world above. At 10:00 p.m. we reached the end of the West Side Road and the luxury of an automobile. We were tired, hungry, and our ankles felt like rubber from crampon work and rock pounding. Nevertheless, we had satisfied our curiosity. The west side of Rainier was new and exciting.
The 43rd Summer Outing

A REPORT TO THE SOCKHOLDERS

By Ellen Walsh

Organization of this outing company was completed on August 6 and activity began immediately. Each member invested a minimum of six pairs of socks (wool) in the expedition, thus becoming a sock-holder. While this investment showed heavy depreciation, all six pairs being in unmarketable condition at the end of the outing, dividends received by each member more than repaid the original capital.

A statement showing receipts and expenditures of a typical sock-holder is appended to this report. Also appended is the report of our Vice-President in Charge of Higher Aspects (climbing chairman, that is).

The night of August 6 was spent in a public camp near the Trinity Mine. A light rain was not enjoyed by all. The next day was enlivened by alternate downpours and drizzles which made the nine-miles-up of trail cool, dustless and some other adjectives. Buck Creek Pass, where five days were spent in the first camp, proved to be everything members of previous outings had claimed—beautiful, flower-surrounded, interesting. It would have been comfortable too, but for the weather. Long remembered will be the Friday night campfire, when we sat in the falling snow and listened to a talk on the propagation of orchids. Wednesday, the day of the Glacier Peak climb, was beautiful. For the story of the climb, see the Higher Aspects report below.

Is there a sound-effects man present? Then let his background for Buck Creek Pass be the tromping and chomping of horses and mules feeding through the night. Let him not forget the mules (new to their packing job and rebellious) who were responsible for those noises of sudden bucking and of battered boxes. And may we have a soft strain of music for the gentle doe who wanted so much to reach the horses' blocks of salt that she dared to work her timid way right among their restless hooves.

Sock-holders who had participated in other recent outings found this operation different. Trails but no roads. No human habitation except one lookout. No place to spend a nickel. A moving camp, not a permanent one. Simple equipment. Dishpans back on the ground in the old tradition. The special congeniality that knits together a group off by itself in a rugged wilderness area.

The terrain was different, too. It is a country of ridges—up and over and down and up and over again. Comparatively little rock except right near peak summits. Steep—really steep—slopes covered with grass and flowers and heather but well ridged by sheep and game trails. Magnificent mountain panoramas. And beautiful Glacier Peak over all.

On Saturday morning we left Buck Creek Pass in the snow and went over Middle Ridge to camp at Image Lake (also known as Mirror Lake), high on Miner's Ridge. From that morning on, the weather was superb and made up for all its misbehavior.

At Mirror Lake the always-excellent food reached its climax in the six-speaker banquet. Scenery reached its climax too—and so did sunburn. It was with light hearts and peeling noses that we took the trail to Lyman Lake on Wednesday, through Suiattle and Cloudy Passes and over the slope of North Star (where the unusual "tree houses" drew many visitors to their windswept ridge).

Everything was plentiful at Lyman Lake—the fish, the mosquitoes, the scenery, the sun, the wind off the glacier—and we left on Friday morning rather sadly, for we were nearing the end of the outing.

The lack of a trail to the pass above the glacier meant the pack train had
Water fight at Lyman Lake—The climb of Glacier Peak—Rappelling on Chiwawa—Pies and biscuits almost every night and the traditional campfires all make this an unforgettable outing.
to go back the way it came, so when we left Lyman the party divided into backpackers and backtrackers.

The backpackers took the short way over the glacier and camped that night at Leroy Creek, enjoying that rarest of treats, a campfire where the smoke went straight up and got into nobody's eyes.

The backtrackers took the long and scenic trail, letting the horses do the packing. They camped Friday night at Buck Creek Pass and left Saturday morning, saying farewell to the flower fields of Liberty Cap and the friendly slopes of Helmet Butte.

The whole party was together again for last campfire at Trinity Mine, very festive and musical in mood after their hot showers and clean clothes. It is safe to say that each and every member of the outing was glad he had invested in an activity which gave such rich returns.

* STATEMENT OF EXPENDITURES AND RECEIPTS OF A TYPICAL SOCK-HOLDER *

Expenditures:
- Cash expended during outing ............................................................. $000.00
- Skin (blisters, sunburn, abrasion) ...................................................... 1 square foot
- Pounds of flesh lost on trails and climbs ................................................. 10
- Wear and tear on clothing and equipment .............................................. Plenty
- British thermal units of heat lost on cold nights .................................. 10,561
- Energy expended in getting up ups and down downs .......................... 2,853,428 ½ foot pounds
- Circumference lost around waist line .................................................. 3 inches

Receipts:
- Cash received during outing ............................................................. $000.00
- Skin (grown to partially cover expenditure) ........................................... ¼ square foot
- Pounds of flesh gained at commissary .................................................. 11
- Circumference gained around leg muscles ........................................... 4 inches
- Dirt deposited on skin, hair, clothing and equipment ........................... 5 pounds
- British thermal units of heat gained on hot days ................................ 65,004

Dividends received (these dividends exempt from income tax and moth damage):
- Beauty seen ..............................................................................................
- Information acquired ..............................................................................
- Friendships made ....................................................................................
- Health benefits ......................................................................................
- Inspiration ..............................................................................................
- Fun ...........................................................................................................
- Satisfaction in achievement ...................................................................

Value of dividends: incalculable

* REPORT OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF HIGHER ASPECTS OF THE OUTING *

By John Carter, Climbing Chairman

The members of the 1949 Summer Outing enjoyed all types of climbing, from the highly photogenic snow climb of Glacier Peak and spectacular rock climb of Sitting Bull to the flowered meadows of Liberty Cap and Flower Dome.

Glacier Peak was the most important and longest climb scheduled for the Outing. Three days were set aside for this climb and luckily those three days had the best weather of the first week of the outing. Those making the climb left Buck Creek on Tuesday, carrying their climbing equipment and food for three days. The trail, down three-and-a-half miles to the Suiattle River and up another three-and-a-half miles to timberline, was generously supplied with fallen trees, over, around and under which the heavy packs had to be maneuvered. Camp was made at timberline and the evening was spent preparing and eating supper and watching a large herd of goats on the adjoining ridge.
Early the following morning, the climbers arose and started up the mountain which was enveloped in a thick fog. But by the time the glacier was reached they were above the fog and were able to enjoy a beautiful sunrise with a cloudless sky above.

The route to the summit, starting from the ridge along the north side of Chocolate Glacier, on which high camp was situated, led diagonally up and into the middle of the glacier. Then, winding through a maze of large crevasses and seracs, it continued up to the lowest point between the false and main summits, and from there, directly to the top.

Thirty-one people made the climb and despite the frequent stops for picture-taking (there were at least as many cameras as climbers), the top was reached only seven hours after leaving high camp. The party was back at high camp by mid-afternoon, the return being accelerated by some fine glissading. Then, in order to shorten the hike planned for the next day, camp was moved down to the Suiattle River and by noon Thursday everyone was back at Buck Creek Pass.

The south peak of Sitting Bull Mountain proved to be a thrilling rock climb. This, the first recorded ascent of the peak, was made by thirteen people and entailed the use of two fixed ropes.

Chiwawa, the final climb of the outing, was perhaps the most enjoyable one. It was a leisurely climb and was made in perfect “Eastern Washington” weather. It was also an interesting climb, combining roped glacier travel with, at the summit, a rock scramble. From the top, Trinity Mine, where the cars had been left, was visible.

There were eight scheduled and numerous unscheduled climbs made during the two weeks of the outing. Only one climb, that of Fortress Mountain, was canceled because of poor weather. Of the sixty-eight members and camp personnel on the outing, only seven reported having made no climbs, proving that this was essentially a climbers’ outing.
15 Years of Climbing Classes

By Harvey Manning

There was not, in the beginning, a Climbing Course. Once upon a time you learned to climb—if you learned to climb—by following a friend who knew—if you had a friend who knew—or faced years of trial and error, clothesline and alpenstocks, terrors and confusions. But in 1935 nineteen students and an instructor gathered one evening, referring to themselves as the Climbing Course. Five years later a hundred students were rappelling from the ceiling of the old clubrooms; by 1949 the ivy was thick and the Course was an essential part of the Mountaineers, embracing the activities of scores of lecturers, trip leaders and instructors, and nearly two hundred registered scholars.

You say you want to climb a mountain? You say you want to know all about belays and crampons, glissades and bivouacs, rest steps and axes? You say you don't know the difference between a tricouni and a marmot? It doesn't matter—you'll learn. Got a spare buck? Got a spare evening a week, and a few empty spring and summer week-ends? Your most strenuous previous exercise may have been sniping butts, but if you're willing, by summer you'll be climbing Rainier and the South Face of the Tooth—and climbing them yourself, not riding on a guide's shoulders—and climbing them safely, under controlled conditions, not charging blindly, wildly into the unknown.

Which is not to say we teach “How to Scale the Mustagh Tower in Ten Easy Lessons.” The limitations of a climbing school are obvious; no matter how expert the tutoring, a climber cannot progress beyond his limitations and desires; perhaps half the beginners graduate from the Basic, not one in ten from the Intermediate. Some have six thumbs, some get blisters and palpitations, some find they prefer babbling brooks and fields of lilies, or T-bars and broken ankles. Moreover, even those who submit to the full treatment still cannot be called Compleat Climbers; there is no Advanced Climbing Course, and probably never shall be, for beyond the Intermediate, development is dependent on experience—application and extension of the basic, teachable principles. But beyond dispute, a climber is better prepared for advanced climbing after two years of school than ten years of self-tutoring.

The Climbing Course, long since past the experimental stage, continues to evolve with changing conditions and increasing experience. Under Cam Beckwith's chairmanship, the Climbing Committee this year instituted a number of improvements and new directions.

The first of these—separation of the group into Tuesday and Wednesday sections—was imposed upon us by bulk of registration and lack of space. With the end of the Basic, and normal withdrawals, the remainder of both sections who continued were reunited.

Teaching method grows with the age. Following the best of modern pedagogy, visual aid in lectures is being expanded from random demonstrations, exhibits, and miscellaneous movies to a planned library of color transparencies to supplement lectures. It is hoped by wise yearly additions to accumulate pictures ranging from tying bootlaces to carrying an axe to tossing codlines and making kabobs, with appropriate material for each topic in the curriculum.

Reading left to right—Prelude to suffering—He will now proceed straight up—Ecstasy and nausea. First descent—Paths to glory—Rest step.

See the daring summit climbers—Will it go?—One mountain too many.

Another hill almost bagged—and none of them have been climbed. 1. Vine maple, slide alder and rain, rain, rain.

Photos by Chuck Allyn, Harvey Manning and Dale Turner
The most important departure from the past was in the requirements for Intermediate graduation, changed this year so that a candidate must now instruct on three Elementary field trips and lead rope on four experience climbs, including one rock climb and one snow climb on a major glaciated peak.

The advantages are several. First, there is largely eliminated the loophole under which, formerly, a climber could satisfy all requirements for both courses in one year, absolutely disappear the second year, and—technically—claim graduation. Second, there is ensured a certain level of competence, since unqualified persons would not be entrusted with the safety of two other climbers on a roped climb. Third, all of us are aware that in order to teach we must know; more than one wise old instructor, veteran of a score of mountains, has changed the bronze for the crimson before the greenhorns by getting stuck on a cliff of Little Si, taking a swan dive and multiple somersaults on a standing glissade, or rappelling off the Piers upside down—and learned more than his pupils.

Finally, though all of us realize the Course is self-renewing, that in order to maintain himself each participant must put in the bank as much in his second and third years—as he draws out in his first and second, too many second year students were shunning Elementary practices as beneath them, making it necessary for novices to instruct one another. Apparently as a direct result of the new requirement, this year's Elementary practices were well supplied with instructors, two students to an instructor being common in sharp contrast to last year, when a single professor sometimes had as many as nine souls under his tutelage, and obviously could do little but harangue the multitude and demonstrate.

The Intermediate practices, however, still are troubled by lack of leadership: all too many of us, after the second year, disappear into the Great Beyond, leaving Intermediate climbers, as before, teaching themselves to chop ice and pound iron. Postcards and telephone calls excavated a good many experienced climbers this year, but not enough.

In the dark years to come we shall remember the spring of '49, a lovely spring, a genuine spring, with just one repulsive Sunday between March 27th and June 5th; for once practice trips were climbing practice trips, not experiments in misery; the schedule of practices was probably, on the whole, the most successful in the history of the course.

Monitor Rock and Little Si provided full days for the usual eager regiments of rock climbers. Both snow practices were held in Commonwealth this year, one on the slopes of Guye, the other on Kendall. New snow and insufficient practice ground on Guye made the trip only a partial success, but Kendall supplied plenty of good slopes, and after a full morning the summit was attained in time for lunch and a splendid glissade.

Of the Intermediate practices, Duwamish Piers (belaying, crevasse rescue, rappelling), and the Nisqually Ice Practice, old reliable, were as good as usual; the excellence of the two other trips, both experimental, was even more gratifying.

Since Glacier Boulder was landscaped beyond our reach we have needed a good piece of granite for advanced rock practice, but alas, glacial erratics of such size are uncommon, and until we quarry a small mountain and haul it to Seattle we must climb rock in place. What place? Five minutes from the car, under the smiling skies of the Cascade Rain Shadow, lie tons of steep, solid, warm rock, ripe for balance climbing and pitons—the towers of Tumwater Canyon. Despite advance qualms, only one serpent was sighted in the grass, and he went one way as decisively as Grande went the other. The chief flaws of Tumwater are the distance from Seattle and the heat, debilitating in the extreme to Puget Sound climbers, pale of face, gill-equipped, seekers of dark, damp holes under rocks.

The fourth Intermediate practice, Hard Snow, is a new idea. It has long been observed that all our snow practice was in the spring, in soft snow, yet admittedly the real problems of technique arise in hard snow. Presumably we Seattle Mountaineers, bivyacking here on the edge of the ice sheet, with
nearly all our climbs involving snow, should be the nation’s experts, but it is no secret that we use approximately as many varieties of axe belays as there are axe belayers, some of which must obviously be inferior. This year’s September seminar on Nisqually was valuable in convincing all participants of their ignorance; as a result, research is intensifying, and should be extremely valuable in the testing of old techniques and development of new ones. The ice axe loop, the ice axe wrist loop, and particularly belays in hard and soft snow and ice, all bear investigation; climbers, get scientific—this is undoubtedly the most important project we have ever undertaken.

Originally conceived as logical fulfillment of the practice trips, the Experience Climbs continue just that, but more: on club trips we not only observe and emulate more learned alpinists, but get our bearings in unfamiliar country, find congenial climbing partners for our private trips, renew old friendships, and catch up on the latest yawkers and gossip. Due to the scheduled climbs the Climber’s Group is the most active and closely knit in the club.

Nineteen climbs, twenty-two mountains (exclusive of the Climber’s Outing described elsewhere), were planned this year, and in spite of typical Puget Sound weather, sixteen summits were stashed in the community bag. Why so many climbs? Because there are so many climbers. Whereas in the recent past forty to eighty has been a common turnout, this year, with doubleheaders scheduled until Rainier, and also on Labor Day, and after Rainier (with which many climbers, for various reasons, close their careers), single climbs each week-end until October, parties have tended towards a much more manageable twenty.

This was not one of the superior climbing summers—I say “summer” with a sneer—somehow it never topped snowing except when it rained. Fortunately Seattle climbers, with the passing of years, come to regard the mere attainment of summits as a puerile pleasure, realizing that a good night’s sleep while the rain pit-a-pats or the snow plops on the tent is the true philosopher’s ecstasy. Otherwise we would never have survived the rigors of the 1948-49 Advance of the Glaciers, which promises presently to annihilate rock-climbing in the Northwest, and relocate the ice practice at Fifth and Pike.

The lid was cracked May 1, when Denny was climbed in fog and rain by two score Indomitables, lovers of the interiors of clouds. Memorial Day the Black Ball Range was visited, Constance and Anderson falling to twin parties.

In June the climbers returned to Adams; in June the tempest returned to Adams, bringing this year four inches of a white fluffy substance down on base camp, making a veritable winter wonderland, as all agreed after an excellent night’s sleep. Can Adams be climbed by the club? Is there an “Adams”? Tune in next year at this same time. A group of veterans from last year’s fiasco, craftily slipping away to Little Tahoma, supposing the unperturbed gods would be concentrating their talents on Adams, were visited by the same fluff, but influenced by a hanzai faction marched upward to 9500 feet before sanity came like a miracle and the party descended to watch Mook Safely do a bathing-suit-in-the-snowdrifts-ballet.

Spent by its effort, the sky allowed us the first sunny Fourth of July in years. Blinking owlishly in the unaccustomed sun, a score of climbers spent the day on the South and North Peaks of Three Fingers, all agreeing the third ladder on the South Peak was a good fourth class pitch—nor was the second ladder particularly soothing after Ray (“the Avalanche That Moves Like a Man”) Rigg fractured a vital rung.

The same week-end saw Louis Whittaker rise to new splendors of eloquence as his party, fresh from Elinor the day before, arrived at the false summit of Bruiser Cruiser, saw the main peak, and progressed through hysteria to cold reason. After a display of rhetoric unmatched since Lucifer spoke by the shores of the Burning Lake, six relapsed maniacs shivered snake-like up the Horror and descended, broken, to Flapjack Lakes and a home that would never, somehow, be quite the same.

The time, July 15; the scene, Starbo; the cast, a sea of Mountaineers; the event, the Climbers’ Ascent of Rainier. It rained that night—snowed on
In tergla cier—were we downhearted? Naturally not—the Climbers always get up Rainier. As we packed to the Prow the clouds fell away below, a large bright disc in the sky dazzled on the glaciers, and Brew Hill shone above. The wind rose, the pumice dust infiltrated, ice formed on exposed noses, food began to lose flavor, but at 5:00 the army sacked out for an excellent evening’s sleep, lulled by the cracking of tarps in the wind. At midnight Cam’s jolly voice called us to purgatory; by 1:00 the last rope, searching their souls and retching, began the plod. At 7:00 the lead team, haggard and distraught from finding by flashlight great numbers of mouldy old crevasses where formerly the Emmons had been fine smooth ski slopes, reached the crater; shortly after 8:00 the last of sixty-six arrived, the largest party of any nationality or denomination ever to climb Rainier. The day was clear and warm; we communicated by mirror with Yakima Park (neither of us really had anything much to say). The downward track was quite colorful (grape, loganberry, orange, grapefruit, and other gay pastels), and the Prow was regained without incident. Came the glissade down Interglacier, refreshing to souls, destructive of pants, the hike down the Starbo trail, and tremendous debauches in the ice cream dens of Eatonville and Puyallup.

Darkness descended on Spire the next week-end, where a contented group of Base Camp Hikers and Sleepers were entertained by Bull El fendahl and his Harmony Quartet. Columbia, Cathedral Rock and Daniel, Merchant, and Index occupied August, all successful climbs despite high brush and low fog, lost leaders and weary followers, and other misadventures.

Labor Day on Stuart (“it never rains on Stuart”) it rained, and continued to rain, very hard. It also rained on El Dorado, but during nine moderately dry hours six fanatics glissaded to the summit. What if the descent was uphill? What if a grandaddy thundershower did catch us an hour from camp? What if the wind did blow and the rain sweep in horizontal? Monday morning four yet remained at high camp to hike up Hidden Lake Peak. Remember Cascade Pass—crowded with huge achttausenders crawling with glaciers, it must inevitably become one of the popular climbing grounds.

Whitechuck was guessed, not seen, the morning of September 18, as winter snows came down to five thousand feet; the party was well satisfied to go home with an empty bag. Garfield, attempted the next week-end, promises to become another Annual like Adams. This year we at least left the cars, but fog made route-finding a job for holy men. Jim asks Ray, “does this gully look familiar?” Ray says emphatically, “I’ve never seen it before in my life!” “I don’t think I have either,” muses Jim. “What shall we do?” cries Ray with high enthusiasm. “Let’s go home!” This seemed a satisfactory solution, so after a picnic lunch, a full course of Charley’s limericks, and an interesting hour of making Firsts on assorted towers, cliffs, boulders and trees, nine sophisticates looked up to Garfield, shrugged shoulders, and went home. October 2 the South Face of the Tooth groaned under a load of twenty-five Climbers and fifteen Campcrafters happily enjoying the last dry rock of the season. High point of the day was watching Bugs Lasher on the Flake; after a half hour observers were convinced three point suspension is all through—henceforth the Lasher Breast Stroke is The Technique. And at long, long last, October 9, in a relentless storm with nine inches of new snow on the ground, Silver Peak was climbed for laughs, and the Experience Climbs were laid to rest.

So it was with the Climbers in 1949; with fifteen years of experience, under Cam’s able and imaginative leadership, we had our best year yet. Now it’s back to the fireplace or the ski hills, as you please—it’s not long till spring—soon we’ll (ugh! pui!) be at it again.
Iowans Climb Four Peaks, 13,400 Feet of Rainier, and Report That Regardless of What the Papers Say, They're Just Like Other Mountaineers.

By JOHN EBERT

The tenth annual summer outing of the Iowa Mountaineers, of the University of Iowa was held in the State of Washington during the summer of 1949. The group left Iowa City August 13 and returned September 4. Thirty-four members participated, 12 women and 22 men. Transportation consisted of a Ford truck and four passenger cars.

A very ambitious program of ascents of isolated snow peaks was planned in advance, but was considerably modified before leaving upon advice of members of the Seattle Mountaineers who were extremely cooperative in all respects. As the outing progressed it was found advisable to modify the schedule again and drop several additional peaks.

This year's outing was one of the most enjoyable in club history. Washington is an extremely beautiful state and no true mountaineer who travels over 5,000 miles can climb one mountain after another without taking a few days off occasionally to enjoy other scenic attractions. Then too, the mountains in Colorado and Wyoming do not compare with such peaks as Adams, Rainier and Baker in the amount of time and energy required to complete an ascent. The Washington peaks require greater physical endurance, a longer climbing day in most cases, a leader more experienced in route finding, and provide beautiful views throughout the climbs.

A very early start in the morning seems the key to success in ascending the isolated snow peaks. This was proven to us on Rainier. We left Camp Hazard at 5:30 a.m. (6:30 a.m. standard time), when actually with our large group we should have started at least 2 hours earlier. We reached Wapowety Cleaver shortly after 1:00 p.m. but decided to turn back to allow sufficient time to descend the ice wall before dark as we had several inexperienced members in the party. The experienced members could have made the top easily and returned, but the rope leaders decided to keep the entire party together; a good common sense decision.

The weather on the outing was exceptionally good. We did not lose a single day because of poor weather and therefore were able to schedule an extremely active program of activities. Besides quite comfortably covering the 2400 miles each way in less than four days, 24 members ascended Mt. Adams from the south side while six dropped out just below the summit; 11 members climbed Castle Peak; 26 members ascended Pinnacle Peak; 25 members spent an entire day enjoying snow and ice practice on the steep slope of Nisqually Glacier; 13 members ascended Rainier via the Kautz route to a point slightly beyond Wapowety Cleaver at an elevation of 13,400 feet; and 20 members reached the summit of Mount Baker, although the entire outing personnel hiked in to Kulshan Cabin.

We cannot recall an outing which provided us with so many beautiful campsites. Usually we were the guests of the city, and the mayor or police chief invited us to camp in the best area the town had to offer. A few of the more unique campsites included the athletic stadium of Washington High School at Pendleton, Oregon; the Court House lawn of Davenport, Washington, with the use of the Court House restroom facilities; the night spent on the summit of the mountain overlooking the city of Victoria on Vancouver Island with the thousands of glittering lights far below, and the San Juan Islands and water of Puget Sound glistening by moonlight in the dim horizon. Probably the most beautiful campsite on the entire outing was the

(Continued on page 57)
The 1949 Climbers’ Outing

By R. Safely

The finale of the dust-dodging race between Darrington and the Sulphur Creek Camp on August 1 wasn’t exactly neck and neck but leads of the two cars alternated frequently. Earl Mosburg with the D. C. license plates placed first with his passengers Walt Reed and Dick Safely still wondering how their twenty thousand dollar poker pot blew away in the wind so quickly. Vic Josendal’s more burdened car came through five minutes later carrying the “Rover Boys” : Erick Karlsson and Paul Brikoff, very thankful that theirs was a closed, dust-proof car. Tom Miller was too busy with his teeth and Ray Rigg was too busy combing his already three day old beard to even notice the dust.

The party was on its way at 3:50 p.m. They were delighted with the wonderful trail that stretched for a full hundred yards until it was rudely interrupted by the first of many windfalls. Of course, the party was thrilled to have these fine natural obstacles so finely placed along the trail to condition them for the future days.

Four hours of travel found members of the party almost in the dark, and two hours later they tucked themselves into bed filled with noodles and bony canned chicken.

The very persistent actions of Mother Nature prevented the party from doing any actual higher altitude climbing until Thursday morning. At about nine a.m. the characteristic early morning mist of August cleared away from Sunny Knoll and revealed the objective for the first day three thousand feet above. The crew hurriedly climbed out of its sacks, the “Rover Boys” cooked their breakfast, and everyone was off.

The climb up the first peak, headed by Earl and Tom and including all eight, was a roundabout but very interesting route, including a steep snow gully, scree scrambles, easy rock, slabs, a ledge utilizing three pitons, and some enjoyable rock leading to a summit large enough for all.

The register read “Dome Peak” but when the mist cleared away to the east they were all disappointed when the true summit appeared two hundred yards away, ten feet higher, with a deep separation between it and where they stood. Later they agreed that this peak should be called Southwest Spire of Dome Peak.

That night eight ravenous men devoured one of the six community dinners, which Erick prepared. Sacks were filled shortly after for an earlier start Friday.

The morning was clear and hot and True Dome seemed years away in the thin mist. The team did get an earlier start and was well up the slope when the cold north wind started blowing. True Dome was almost entirely a snow climb with fantastic views in all directions. The summit ridge sloped off in almost unbelievably steep snow fields on both sides, but ropes were not used until the party was seventy feet from the summit. These rope leads to the summit, made individually, were used as subjects by everyone who had a camera.

It was decided that the best route down would be through the Cannon Hole, a ten by twenty foot hole penetrating the ridge between the West Spire of Dome and Hydramatic Spire, a flaky needle named by the party.

An attempt was made on Hydramatic on the way down, led by the “Boy Wonder” from Yale and including four of the eight man party. One hundred feet from the summit the mist became thicker, the wind colder, and it was getting late so they turned back to camp, headed for dinner and the sack.
This was one peak climb each member would look into if he were in the region again.

The goal for the third day was not decided definitely until the party was high on the upper slopes of Dome Glacier. They then agreed that Dynaflo Tower, also named by Miller, a thin granite tooth in the ridge between Dome and Spire Point, would be their objective.

This was a very enjoyable rock climb taking about three hours from base to base and requiring four one hundred foot rope leads to the summit. Vic and Walt climbed via the ridge while Dick, Ray, Tom and Earl reached the summit via an interesting overhanging chimney. Some pitons were used for safety.

Plans to climb or even find the peaks: Blue, Blizzard, or Sinister that day were cancelled by the thick “pea soup” fog mixed with rain that blew in from the west. Following the morning tracks the party had no trouble finding the camp.

The rain put all to sleep early that night, which aided the trek out Sunday. Going out was much easier than coming in because the climbers followed a ridge, seen too late on the way in. This ridge had few windfalls and was improved by numerous game trails.

At the cars everyone was satisfied, tired, glad he came, and felt that if at all possible he would come on every Climbers’ Outing in the future.
It's been a great year for the Players, with a good play, a good cast, good direction, good leadership, good staff work and good weather combining to make "The Prince and the Pauper" an artistic and financial success.

This year about two thousand people saw the play. Almost eight hundred came the first Sunday. The next performance profited from the publicity given by a full page of pictures and text in the Times and had twelve hundred in the audience. For many of them it was a first experience in the forests of the Olympic Peninsula. For others it was doubly pleasurable because it gave them a chance to show off the beauty of the Puget Sound country to visitors who marveled at the stately trees, the rhododendron-covered slopes and the forest undergrowth.

Tryouts and rehearsals started in the winter, with Marion Castor as Players' chairman and Mrs. Lois Sandall as director. Work parties through the spring readied the theater for use and brought into being a simple but impressive stage setting of palace gate and cathedral window. The cast was costumed in the colorful garb of the Tudor period. Efficient committees went into action arranging publicity, transportation, music and all the other details that go into the making of a production.

June found everyone worrying about the weather—needlessly, for both the fifth and the twelfth were days of warm sun. Down the winding trail came the audience and the little prince changed clothes with the pauper and went out among the poor of his kingdom to learn new understanding.

Magnificently attired, the ladies and gentlemen of the court moved about the stage. The herald (mounted on a real, live horse), appeared at the gate. The thieves and beggars of the London slums held their drunken revels. And it all ended happily, with the rightful prince crowned and seated on a convincing replica of the ancient throne used in the coronation of the English kings.
The Forest Theater is a place of special and enchanted beauty. That is what attracts new members to the cast and brings old members back year after year. The plays are work, but they are fun—and a real cultural contribution to Seattle life, too.

As a result of the play, this year saw the Players making their bow on television. Seattle has a weekly show called "Stage It" in which teams from various organizations compete in acting out and guessing charades. Each of the organizations puts together a team and acts out a play. The viewers at home in Seattle probably enjoyed it more than those who actually attended the performances.

A wide variety of interests and abilities among our Mountaineer members was made evident. It is to be hoped that in future years even more of those attending our banquets will make a special effort to bring their hobbies with them, in order that others may enjoy them.

Many of those who displayed articles have attended hobby classes at the Broadway Edison Technical School. Among these were Carol Vincent, Harriet Walker, and Mabel Furry. Carol’s leather work has proved to be a practical craft. She made herself a beautiful hand bag, as well as the new cover for our Snoqualmie Lodge register. Both Harriet and Mabel studied water color at the school, and have completed many lovely pictures in that medium.

From early childhood art has been Harriett’s first love, but she had been unable to make it her career. She has now returned to it as her avocation, and has painted about fourteen Puget Sound scenes in oils. Mabel also has shown considerable ability in oils.

We Had a HOBBY SHOW at the Banquet

By Elvera Lehtinen

Something new was added to our annual banquet this year—a hobby show. Twenty-one members brought articles for display, articles they had either made themselves, or had collected. Mrs. Everett B. Stackpole helped arrange them on tables and on the walls of the Chamber of Commerce banquet room.

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Miss June Oakley brought samples of her large collection of early American glassware. Her interest in glass was first stimulated by a lovely compote that was given to her father and mother for a wedding gift by Miss Oakley's grandfather and grandmother. June has acquired most of her pieces at auctions and junk shops in Seattle. She chooses those whose craftsmanship is outstanding.
Miss Celia Shelton brought some of her beautiful, large, watermelon pink camellias. They were from her six-foot-high Grandiflora Rosea bush, a specimen of which first attracted her attention in a neighbor's garden. This camellia bush has been particularly rewarding, not only because of its unusually lovely flowers, but also because of its open-growing, luxuriantly green foliage.

Mrs. Magdaline Porter displayed some of her collection of almost a hundred arrowheads. They were all gathered in the Yakima Valley, along the Columbia River. Arrowheads are plentiful there because the Indians used the area as an annual meeting place, bringing with them tools and materials for the making of new tools and weapons. Indians also buried their dead near the Columbia River, and arrowheads are found in the old graves. Mrs. Porter's arrowheads are almost all made of petrified wood and of solid agate. In many of them the growth markings of the tree are apparent, but this is sometimes the sign of a comparatively weak arrowhead, since these tend to chip along the markings.

Mrs. Richard G. Paterson brought some of her pottery which she makes out of synthetic clay. This is interesting, since it is baked in her own kitchen oven at a temperature of only 250 degrees. This ware is heatproof, and has most of the advantages of the type of pottery that is made of the natural clays. In appearance there is but little difference. Mrs. Patterson found herself making flower containers of this clay in order to illustrate a flower garden talk which she was scheduled to make. She couldn't buy the kinds of containers she needed, so she proceeded to make them with most satisfying results.

Miss Leva Lash was an army librarian in Europe during this last war. She wanted souvenirs of her stay overseas, and of necessity her choice had to be small. After-dinner coffee spoons seemed to be the best answer, and Lee brought back forty of them. They were acquired in antique shops where families had been forced to turn in their heirlooms, in order to buy the necessities of life.

Mrs. Harry Hagen had had training in art, and so when she and her husband became interested in wild flowers and could not find suitable pictures to illustrate their studies, Maxine proceeded to paint them from life, using water colors as her medium. She has thirty beautiful pictures of our western wild flowers. Several brought photographs for us to enjoy. Ira Spring is a professional, and his prints are always outstanding. Dwight Watson and Edna Ballou had some fine pictures to display, also.

Mrs. Roy Snider has knit five ski sweaters and she brought one sweater set that she had knit for her daughter Mary. It is of Scandinavian design, with little red hearts and snowflakes on a white background. Mrs. William B. Jeschke brought her appliqued quilt that she had designed and sewn herself. Elvera Lehtinen had a hand crocheted tablecloth.

Betty Morrissey brought a collection of bone china cups and saucers. Evelyn Mac-Donald exhibited metal work and wood carvings. Mrs. Fred Corbit also brought some bronze work and wood carvings. Purchasing a fireplace bellows
several years ago Mrs. Corbit decided that a little decoration would improve the appearance. So - - - she joined a wood carving class and learned how. Becoming more proficient, Mrs. Corbit carved the fireplace screen pictured on page 22. Mrs. Marion Abel brought her collection of rare and unusual books, which she inherited from her father. One of her oldest books was published in 1568. She also has a few first editions, including a rare copy of the Tribune Primer by Eugene Field. Wolf Bauer was kind enough to bring his foldboat. During the evening he set it up and took it apart again, with an interested audience viewing the procedure. Mrs. Wolf Bauer brought some samples of pottery she had made, and several books that she has rebound.

The hobby show was enthusiastically received by those who attended and added a great deal of interest to the evening.

Marker for the Mountaineer Tree, Point Defiance Park, Tacoma, carved by Mrs. Fred Corbit.

The hobby show was enthusiastically received by those who attended and added a great deal of interest to the evening.

Mount Wilbur from Ptarmigan Tunnel, Glacier National Park

Photo by Roy Snider

The Campcrafters in 1949

By Dick and Kay Paterson

The Campcrafters’ year started with big splashes in April. In spite of our delight in being out again, most of our activity consisted of ducking quickly from one cabin to another. A little clamdigging and beachcombing was done. Although the number of clams taken wouldn’t cause concern in conservationist circles, they did flavor the chowder!

The May trip to Larrabee State Park turned the tide. The dampness confined itself to the beach, and while the children captured weird sea monsters, the hikers climbed in the Chuckanut Hills. They found a fine view and some practice rock climbing beside the chance to explore a deserted homestead and some small lakes.

Memorial Day week-end was spent on the Upper Icicle River. Our climbers reached the top of West Temple Peak in the Cashmere Crags while the rest of the party climbed Icicle Ridge. The scenic and floral interest of this area made it rate high in our camping memories.

On the Fourth of July at White River Falls the climbers vacillated between peaks so long they finally covered a two day trip in to Clark Mountain in one day, thereby establishing a near record for fast footwork. Another group found a climb up to Mt. David saddle rewarding. The most awe inspiring sights in this area near and far were the heavy ravages of last winter.

Almost before we knew it the high point of our year’s activities was upon us—the Campcrafters’ Summer Outing to Glacier National Park. Throughout our trip the weather was to play a prominent part in our conversation. The first night’s sandstorm at Vantage was more than compensated by the peace of Montana’s Thompson Lake. Sunday afternoon found us at Kintla
Lake in the northwest corner of the park, warily scanning the sky and bargaining with the packer, in the process of which Lloyd Anderson's high camp salesmanship hit a new high.

Monday our high camp was reached on foot, or by high seas for some, up beautiful winding Lower Kintla Lake and along the shores to the head of Upper Kintla Lake. Here again Old Man Weather gave us a taste of his darker moods which was enhanced by the late arrival of the much dis-'cussed' packer. This camp offers a base for climbing Gardiner, Boulder, Kintla and Kinnerly Peaks. The outstanding peak, magnificent Kinnerly, which was not climbed due to the adverse weather conditions, can only be approached by a tedious and difficult brush fight. The best approach seemed to be from the western or lower end of Upper Kintla Lake, from which the northwest ridge or the scree slopes and the face between Kinnerly and Kintla can be ascended. Many other peaks bordering Bowman Lake were viewed through the mystery of swirling clouds. Several interesting trails invite one to the Canadian Border and to Waterton Lakes. Wind and weather finally drove the climbers to base camp. Here the luxuries of home looked good and we were welcomed with samples of Casey Jones' huge catches of trout, and campfire coffee, cake and doughnuts. With high hopes for better weather we decided to head for the eastern slope of the Continental Divide. A phone call by the Kintla Ranger had reserved a picturesque area at East Glacier Campground on St. Mary's Lake, which was to be our home for the next eight days. Late Thursday afternoon found our group together again after a day of adventurous driving for some, and much picture taking.

Logan Pass and adjoining meadows, lovely in its display of flowers provided activity for the entire group. Hidden Lake and Mt. Oberlin were easy trips for some while the climbers ascended Mt. Reynolds. Amid sunshine and showers the succeeding days were spent in trips to Gunsight Pass (ask Elsie Burkman about the fishing in Lake Ellen Wilson), Sperry Glacier and Chalet, and along the Garden Wall to Swiftcurrent Pass and to Many Glaciers. Every trail presented new experiences with the animal life, a different floral display and physiographic features of unending interest.

The climbers found Chief Mountain an exhilarating climb after the suspense of the drive in on the Slide Mountain road and an escapade with a mountain goat. The approach is made on a narrow truck trail about five miles from Babb. After a drive of about eight miles a northeast course is set for the mountain. A series of upward traverses at timberline brings one out to the northwest shoulder of the peak from whence the summit ridge can be climbed. The central block is the highest. Of special interest are the contrasting layers of sedimentary rocks. The overthrust of the older rocks over the more recent plains formations is here most clearly noticeable.

Several other peaks fell on succeeding days due to the judicious selection of climbs on the park border in order to escape the weather on the continental divide. Various cars made the most of the intervening stormy weather to visit Waterton and Cameron Lakes, Browning Indian Museum and Two Medicine with its nearby scenic attractions. All of the Trail Trippers agreed that Iceberg Lake is one of the most memorable spots, but those who saw the Gunsight Pass area at its best elected it the most interesting.

The climbers found Mt. Wilbur their best climb, and certainly the longest and toughest. Due to the lack of climbing information, climbers this year, as well as those in 1934, contoured too far west along the side of the mountain and ended by ascending the west peak. The best, but probably the most tedious route appears to be from the Iceberg Lake side. A chimney leading up
between the middle and higher east peak seems a likely route. We were fortunate in having sparkling clear weather and a chance to see a band of mountain sheep in a remote cirque.

The real highlights of the trip for some, might be the night the campfire disappeared in a thousand directions when a great gust of wind blew it all out of the fireplace, or, the next night when the same playful hurricane left some of us roofless, and forced nearly everyone in “Cyclone Hollow” into their cars. Marion Castor’s wonderful campfire programs and Mary Anderson’s equally wonderful “eats” brightened up many a damp evening.

After a last fond look at Logan Pass and a good-bye to the bears on the highway, we all struggled home by various routes through Canada and the United States.

In August a few hardy souls mustered up enough strength to climb Mt. Pugh and found a boulevard freshly blasted out for them. The rest of the party, after exploring all the nearby trails, grew fat eating surplus ice cream.

On Labor Day we kept in form by finding the one rainy spot in the state, at Phelps Creek. The hikers climbed Carne Mountain, and went on to get a glimpse of Ice Lakes, while the others scavenged the mine dumps of the old Trinity Mine and looked over the buildings. Art Marzolf gave us a fine exhibition of how to catch a fish—three, to be exact.

The new Snoqualmie Lodge rang to our praises of wonderful food, a fine showing of colored slides, and gay old-time dance music at our reunion on October 1 and 2. The South Face of the Tooth and fair weather made a most enjoyable conclusion to our year’s program of climbing, trail trips, good fellowship and appreciation of God’s creation.

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**CAMPCRYAFTERS’ SUMMER OUTING**

**July 16-31 at Glacier Park**

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<th>Attendee</th>
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<td>Mary Jane Allen</td>
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<td>Lloyd Anderson</td>
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<td>Ruth Anderson</td>
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<td>Sue Anderson</td>
<td>C-Findley Bower, B-O-R-S-1-3-7-9</td>
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<td>Dallas Bowser</td>
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<td>Elsie Burkman</td>
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<td>Ralph Esterquist</td>
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<td>Margaret Elliott</td>
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<td>Corneliunus Grimes</td>
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<td>Casey Jones</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lolita Jones</td>
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**CLIMBS:** A—Altyn Mt.; B—Boulder Mt.; C—Chief Mt.; D—Divide Mt.; H—Henkel Mt.; O—Oberlin Mt.; S—Swift Current Pk.; R—Reynolds Pk.; W—Willow, West Peak.

**TRAIL TRIPS:** 1—Upper Kintla Lake, 2—Boulder Pass, 3—Kintla Lake Trail, 4—Hidden Lake, 5—Garden Wall, 6—Sperry Chalet, 7—Gunsight Pass, 8—Ptarmigan Lake, 9—Roes Creek, 10—St. Mary’s Falls, 11—Avalanche Lake, 12—Iceberg Lake, 13—Grinnell Lake.
SECOND ANNUAL
Northwest Mountaineering Conference

By WOLF G. BAUER

DEDICATED to safety and the proper development of the mountaineering art in its various phases, the Second Annual Northwest Mountaineering Conference was held this year at Snoqualmie Pass June 4 and 5, Washington Alpine Club acting as host, along with The Mountaineers.

These conferences are sponsored by the Mountain Rescue & Safety Council of Washington for the purpose of bringing together the active climbing organizations of the West in roundtable and field demonstration sessions, to contribute to each others' mountaineering lore, and to explore fields of mutual cooperation in regional safety and rescue programs. This year, over 120 delegates from 32 organizations and widely scattered parts of the country attended the two-day conclave. The following clubs and organizations were represented:

- Rocky Mountain Rescue Patrol, Colorado
- Mountain Rescue & Safety Council, Washington
- Kitsap Search & Rescue Group, Washington
- Mt. Hood Ski Patrol, Oregon
- N. W. Region National Ski Patrol, Washington
- Mt. Rainier National Park Service, Washington
- Olympic National Park, Washington
- Regional Headquarters U.S. Forest Serv., Oregon
- Mt. Baker National Forest, Washington
- Snoqualmie National Forest, Washington
- Wenatchee National Forest, Washington
- Marine Air Det. Air Land Rescue, Washington
- Naval Air Land Rescue, Washington
- U.S. Coast Guard, 13th District, Washington
- Canadian Army, British Columbia
- Sierra Club, California
- Washington State Patrol, Washington
- Federation Western Outdoor Clubs
- Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Washington
- Washington Alpine Club, Washington
- The Mountaineers Inc., Washington
- B. C. Mountaineering Club, Canada
- Canadian Alpine Club, Canada
- Obsidians, Oregon
- American Alpine Club, Washington
- Yale Mountaineers
- Alpineys, Oregon
- Cascadians, Washington
- Bremerton Ski Cruisers, Washington
- Mazamas, Oregon
- Rimrock Mountaineers, Washington
- Crag Rats, Oregon

This year's Conference theme stressed public safety as well as search and rescue operations. To this end, the Council was supported by one of its member agencies, the United States Coast Guard Search and Rescue Detachment, whose members trained and practiced with our rescue patrol in advance of the Conference. In consequence, a fine demonstration of team work at the Pass in several phases of coordinated search and rescue in mountain terrain was presented.

Thus the Conference witnessed all phases of a complete operation, beginning with the original request for aid, the channeling of telephone and radio information under State Coordinated Plan (See Flowsheet), the organization of the rescue patrol, further request for aerial support, briefing and plan from binging point with Coast Guard helicopter crew and ground equipment truck, the synchronization of radio frequency for walkie-talkie and handy-talkie, the preparation of a suitable landing mat on soft snow for the 'copter, the manner of navigating the ground patrol from the air by compass bearings through open and timbered terrain to the scene of accident, the dropping of stretcher and supplies by parachutes fitted with snow anchors at spots indicated by daylight colored-smoke flares. The patrol then demonstrated various
methods of evacuation from steep rock pitches, using some of the recently adopted European techniques and equipment, as well as adaptation of Coast Guard tools, such as rope-throwing guns, to alpine work. A further demonstration of emergency improvised litters and carries was given. Fred Beckey of The Mountaineers gave an interesting demonstration of advanced rock climbing and specialized climbing gear.

Saturday evening after a meal even better than the first one served at the Snoqualmie Forest Ski Hall through the courtesy of Webb Moffit, several fine lectures were presented for the assembly. It was indeed a grand sight to see so many keenly interested mountain men sit around a circle in the lengthening shadows of Denny and Guye peaks, absorbing the highly specialized and continually illustrated First Aid lecture so ably dispensed by Dr. Otto Trott of the National Ski Patrol. Morgan Harris, chairman of the Sierra Club Mountaineering Committee talked of his club's research in equipment testing, and presented some novel insights into the mechanics of lightning storms as they affect climbers on the mountains. Cam Beckwith, chairman of the Mountaineers' Climbing Committee next gave the conferees a detailed description of the climbing instruction program developed in the past 15 years by the Mountaineers, illustrating his talk with samples of visual training slides which were received with great admiration for their excellency as well as care in which the program under Cam has been developed. A showing of the latest European winter and summer alpine rescue training films rushed to the Conference from Germany concluded the evening's program. Sunday, Kurt Beam of the National Ski Patrol demonstrated various improvised ski sleds and transport techniques, as well as actual avalanche search procedure, and further demonstrations in snow bivouacking, crevasse and glacier rope and anchor maneuvers rounded out the field session.

Members of our rescue patrol and 'copter crew, U. S. Coast Guard, 13th District
Sunday afternoon was employed for an open roundtable session of the MRSC with regional Forest Service and Park Service officials. These discussions centered around effective ways and means of pushing a mountain travel safety campaign directed at the public, and the younger "would-be" climbers in particular. Policies of registration for climbers were dealt with in detail, and much was accomplished. As chairman of the MRSC, the writer gave the following progress report on the council's activity for the year:

**RESCUE PHASE—**

1. There has been successful aid by the rescue patrol in two mountain emergencies. Both resulted in injuries to young students climbing on snow without adequate training and equipment.
2. The Council has established close contact with Bergwacht of the Bavarian Red Cross, having already acquired plans, books, equipment, and training films for its own use and program. Summer and winter stretcher and sled equipment is being constructed for patrol use, and others are encouraged to do likewise in other areas.
3. Training and simulative field practice maneuvers have been made with the armed forces, and more intensive patrol training is contemplated.
4. The Council has been accepted as an official member to work within the framework of the Air Search & Rescue Plan of the Washington State Aeronautics Commission.

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**MOUNTAIN RESCUE-PATROL INTEGRATION WITH REGIONAL AIR SEARCH AND RESCUE PLAN**

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**GROUNO-AIR EMERGENCY CODE (SYMBOLS 10 FOOT PLUS, WORDS- STONES- FARM- SAWMILL TREES)**

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<th>Code</th>
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<td>REQUIRE MEDICAL SUPPLIES</td>
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<td>REQUIRE FOOD &amp; WATER</td>
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<td>COST INDEMNIFICATIONS</td>
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SAFETY PHASE—

1. The Council has printed and distributed hundreds of copies of a series of Mountain Safety Tips this year to schools, colleges, libraries, sporting goods stores, Forest Service, youth organizations, climbing clubs, etc. Literature and equipment displays were set up at the Seattle Public Library and Central Y. M. C. A.

2. Through the Council's efforts, Forest Service registration for climbers in the northwest has been extended in scope and detail, and we are well on the way to make the public ever more conscious of these self-protective measures.

3. Through the vigorous campaigning of Major Griswold, The Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs has approved and is supporting the work of this Council, and already three clubs have initiated safety and climbing standards and training into their programs. It is hoped similar councils will form in other areas.

4. Winter and summer mountain travel safety hints have been and are being given to the newspapers periodically, and school lectures and radio interviews further reinforce the safety program of the Council.

The Conference brought out the significant facts that an annual mountaineering conference is a superior medium to learn, screen, and adopt the best and latest practices and equipment used in all phases of mountaineering and skiing; that government agencies and military branches can be brought together to cooperate in both rescue and safety programs pertaining to our mountain travel; that interest is high and keen, and the subject important—as witness the contributions made to this conference from Europe, and delegates sent from far-away areas. We, as Mountaineers, can take pride in having initiated and co-sponsored the Mountain Rescue and Safety Council, and that so many are giving so unselfishly of their time and skill in the interest of our mountaineering sport, and the life and safety of our members and the general public.

Climbing Awards & Publication

By Cam Beckwith

It has become increasingly apparent that there is a tendency within our club to climb peaks without regard to fundamental safety factors. These fundamentals are outlined in the Climbing Code which the Mountaineers adopted several years ago. It is as follows:

1. A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate support is available who have knowledge that the climb is in progress.
2. Carry at all times the clothing, food and equipment necessary.
3. Rope up on all exposed places and for all glacier travel.
4. Keep the party together, and obey the leader or majority rule.
5. Never climb beyond one's ability and knowledge.
6. Judgment will not be swayed by desire when choosing the route or turning back.
7. Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.
8. Follow the precepts of sound mountaineering as set forth in the "Mountaineers' Climbers' Notebook" and "Ski Mountaineering Manual."
9. Deport ourselves at all times in a manner that will not reflect unfavorably upon our club or upon mountaineering.
These essentials of safe mountaineering conduct are taught in our climbing classes, published in our club literature, signed by our juniors upon entering the club, and are recognized by good mountaineers the world over. They need no defense.

First of all, we agree that if we are to be consistent in good mountaineering ideals, we cannot recognize, as a club, any climb which violates the standards we uphold. No publication of the Mountaineers should contain accounts of climbs or trips which are in violation of our own code, not only because it is obviously contradictory, but because other people, including members of our club, find it easy to construe the accounts as meaning that such procedure is accepted—and in that direction lies danger, not only violent danger to the individuals on the climbs, but danger to the prestige of our club.

Furthermore, we agree that it is strikingly inconsistent for our club to award any pins or awards of any kind for climbs in which our code is violated. Such practice amounts to nothing less than direct encouragement to destroy our own ideals.

In the past, it has been our practice to publish many small private climbs in the Mountaineer Bulletin. However, the club has grown large, many names are unfamiliar to most of us, and there is no broad interest in reading of countless well-known climbs of well-known peaks. In addition, the Bulletin accounts of climbs are only a partial record, and represent only a small amount of the actual climbing done by club members throughout the year. Most climbs are not turned in, and Bulletin facilities are not large enough to handle those that are reported. Consequently, the climbs have been relegated more or less to the status of filler material. Any extra space in the Bulletin could be excellently used with a series of safety articles, if not a regular column by the safety committee. In view of the foregoing, it seems only sensible to limit Bulletin accounts of climbs to regularly scheduled and sponsored Mountaineer climbs only, and to the successful completion of any series of pin peaks.

Outstanding ascents or exploratory climbing deserve proper recognition in the Mountaineer Annual, where they would be kept as a matter of record. Effort should be made to include such climbs in the Annual each year.

We remember that we do not climb primarily for recognition of the climb, but rather for enjoyment; that that enjoyment does not necessarily hinge upon the amount of publicity given thereto; and that the basic tenet of continued enjoyment in the mountains is safety.

In view of the foregoing, we have adopted the following resolution, not only to guide future procedure with these matters within the club, but as a statement of climbing policy of the Mountaineers:

Be It Resolved:

Henceforth, climbs made in violation of the Climbing Code will not be acknowledged by the Club. No mention will be made in any Mountaineer publication, and no awards of any kind given in recognition of climbs that are made without regard to the principles of good mountaineering. Bulletin accounts of climbs will be limited to regularly scheduled Mountaineer climbs and pin peak completions only. Outstanding ascents and exploratory climbing deserve detailed accounts in the Annual. If any question should arise about any climb participated in by Mountaineers, it should be referred to the Climbing Committee which shall make a thorough investigation. If, in their opinion, good mountaineering conduct has been violated, they shall report to the Board with recommendation for further action.
This is a highly competitive old world and many have been the rewards to those who have made outstanding achievement in many lines, and many are the prizes to which men devote their lives and their talents in an effort to gain some small measure of immortality in their particular hall of fame. And throughout the history of mountaineering it has been the policy to provide rewards of a more material nature as an encouragement to greater achievements in alpine fields.

The Mountaineers have been no exception. Quoting from the 1922 Annual we find that “the exquisite sterling silver trophy presented by Thomas J. Acheson is to be awarded each year to the Washington member accomplishing the most notable achievement in mountaineering for that year.” A five person commission was appointed to act as judges of whom should be the recipient of the award, and the name first appearing on the trophy is that of A. E. Smith, of Bremerton, who with Robert Schellin made the first ascent of Mt. Constance on July 26, 1922. To quote from the committee’s report “it was the feeling that the initiative to attempt this ascent, the splendid strength and skill, and high type of mountaineering displayed, should win for Mr. Smith the honor of first holding the coveted trophy.” It may come as a shock to modern adherents of climbing safety that the party did not even carry a rope!

The second name to be inscribed upon the Acheson Cup was that of Wallace Burr, for his ascent of The Table in Garibaldi Park during the summer outing of 1923. However, the committee began to realize that the cup was actually a detriment to sound mountaineering, inasmuch as there was a tendency toward recklessness among some of the members, in an effort to achieve some spectacular mountaineering feat which would make them the “winner” of the trophy for that season. Therefore in 1924 we find them preparing this sound and sensible report:

“It is the feeling of the Committee, and approved by the donor, Thomas J. Acheson, that while the cup was given to encourage initiative in mountaineering, it is not desired to encourage the risk of human lives in hazardous ascents for the sake of its possession.

“We further feel that the words ‘notable achievement in mountaineering’ may be interpreted to include that fine unselfish service which paves the way that others may follow to the heights, which trains scouts to carry on the traditions of the Club, and the unselfish devotion to the great sport of mountaineering’: which proves again that The Mountaineers had solid thinking and leadership in those days. As a result of the committee’s recommendations, Joseph T. Hazard was selected as the recipient of the award for 1924, and in effect, the Acheson Cup became a service award, and has so remained to this day, although the cup has been retired in favor of a plaque.

The Club was without a definite technical mountaineering award for a number of years, but in the late 1920’s serious thought was again given to the idea, with the hope of encouraging Mountaineers to venture further afield into districts not so well known. This finally culminated in the creation of the present Climbing Award, a wooden plaque with silver plates for individual awards. Avoiding the possibility of “competition” for the trophy, the committee in charge of drawing up the regulations under which the award would be made, specified that it should be given only to outstanding mountaineering achievements, with emphasis on the exploration, and the increasing of our knowledge of our mountain fastnesses, and that no award be made unless important enough to warrant the publication of the story of the expedition. No specific time was set for making awards; this was left to the discretion of the awarding committee.
The first party to have their names engraved upon the plaque were those of Bill Degenhardt, James C. Martin and H. V. Strandberg, for their exploration of the Terror Group in the Skagit region in 1932. Since that time there have been but nine awards, as follows: 1933, first ascent Mt. El Dorado, Don Blair, N. W. Grigg, Arthur R. Wilson, Arthur R. Winder; 1935, Mt. Rainier, via Ptarmigan Ridge, Wolf Bauer, Jack Hossack; 1936, Mt. Challenger, O. P. Dickert, Jack Hossack, George MacGowan; 1938, Blue and/or Mt. Triumph, Lloyd Anderson, Lyman Boyer, O. P. Dickert, David Lind; 1939, New route on the Grand Teton, Jack Hossack, George MacGowan; 1940, Forbidden Peak (this is an error in the name, the correct title is Forgotten Mountain), Lloyd Anderson, Fred and Helmy Beckey; 1941, South Tower, Mt. Howser, Lloyd Anderson, Helmy Beckey, Lyman Boyer, Tom Campbell; 1942, second ascent of Mt. Waddington, Fred and Helmy Beckey; 1946, Kate’s Needle and Devil’s Thumb, Fred Beckey and Bob Craig.

Several of the awards made upon the plaque, however, do not properly qualify under the terms set up for its operation. Climbs such as the new route on Grand Teton, South Tower of Howser, and Mt. Waddington, while they are very notable climbing achievements, and much to the credit of those who accomplished them, do not qualify under the exploratory phase.

Another type of climbing award which has been very popular with Mountaineer members, has been the various climbing pins. The oldest, and most honored of these, is the Six Peaks pin. Climbing the six major peaks of Washington (so designated because they were the focal points of early summer outings) originally entitled you to be a “graduate” Mountaineer, but about 1921 the familiar white and blue pin was established and awarded to those who had climbed at least two of the peaks on summer outings, an obligation that has ceased to exist during later years. Other pins are the First Snoqualmie Ten Peaks, established in 1923, the Second Ten Lodge Peaks, and more recently the three Everett pin peak groups, and the Tacoma Irish Cabin pin peaks. These emblems, however, represent not so much a material reward for the actual performance of the climbs, but rather they are perpetual symbols of many happy hours spent amongst the beauties of our beloved mountain wilderness, and a constant reminder of the warm companionships of those who have shared the mountains with you.

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive—there the blessing lies.

Why?
By Florence Sarah Winship

"Why do you climb mountains?" asks that nuisance Common Sense.
"Why go toiling up steep ridges, walk on hobnails, sleep in tents?"
All along the way he keeps repeating "Why? Why? Why?"
Yet also all along the way the things we do give our reply.
We camp in spacious mountain meadows, heather-carpeted below,
Where pointed alpine firs are dark against the sunset glow.
We wander over sunny hillsides, bright with blooming mountain flowers;
The happiness within us blossoms, nature's joy is matched by ours.
We walk along a forest trail, hear a hermit thrush song start-
The music is not in the tree-top, it is here within our heart.
When we make friends with furry creatures, meet a gentle little doe,
It's our own comradeship that's brightened; mountain friendships quickly grow.
We watch great waterfalls come tumbling, sliding down from off the heights,
The pleasure of their graceful beauty adding to our day's delights.
We venture on a glacier's ice—you must be careful where you go!
But it's a change from all those city streets, and you can walk on August snow!
We climb up long, steep, rocky ridges, close to mighty domes and towers.
The hills are strong—we conquer them, and the strength of the hills is ours.
We stand upon a lofty summit, watch the rosy sunrise glow,
And it is our own aspiration we see shining on the snow.
We learn that when we go out climbing, laboring up some toilsome peak
The heights of thought within ourselves demand the altitudes we seek.
So when old Common Sense intrudes and keeps insisting "Tell me why!"
We have already made our answer: "It is just because I'm I."
Blockhouse Tower

By Pete Schoening

In the latter part of July, with a couple of days to squander, we headed out to battle the fine granite spires of the Cashmere Crag area. We were not long, however, in finding out our preliminary battle was not with those delicate aiguilles but with swarms of bloodthirsty monsters commonly tagged mosquitoes.

To most climbers familiar with the crags region, mosquitoes are unheard of, but we found out with some regret that the last of July and the first part of August seem to be hey-day for these barbarians.

However, imbued with energy and an ample supply of blood, Norm Osborn, Evan Lucas, Ralph Turman and I tramped up Snow Creek to Nada Lake and then cross country by the base of Mount Temple's east peaks and north to a fabulous spot called Edwards Plateau. This plateau has an elevation of 7800 feet and is situated just east of Rat Creek and at the head of Hook Creek. The spot is absolutely level for about a mile square and is covered with grassy alpine meadows and scattered tamarack and pine trees. It seemed to be an animal's paradise. The sun was getting low as we trudged across the plateau, so we made camp and spent a cozy night with squadrons of our parasitic foes.

The following morning Ralph and I scampered down Hook Creek to the lower or valley base of Blockhouse Tower with only the usual few dozen mosquitoes plucking away at our blood supply. Blockhouse Tower is situated on the ridge separating Hook and Rat Creeks. On the ridge it is between The Mole and The Hook, both of which were climbed in 1948 and described in that year's annual by Fred Beckey. The tower is a huge cube of granite which drops off almost vertically on all sides. From the ridge base to the summit it is about 400 feet and on the valley side it's just a long way down! About 70 feet below the true summit is an enormous platform ledge upon which is perched Rectiloid Tower. This block, though lower than the true summit of Blockhouse, has been eyed as a prospective for further adventures.

Our planned route was to follow the ridge from The Hook to the ridge base of the objective. From here the route, if any, went up, we hoped. After changing into tennis shoes and selecting a vast assortment of climbing hardware, we proceeded to gain the ridge and advance to the tower wall. This part of the climb proved very enjoyable with a minimum of exposure and some interesting pitches. One such pitch consisted of a chimney stem between a tree and a rock wall. Presently we arrived at the point where the rock acquired a fantastic angle both up and down. At the time I was more interested in the down since the exposure had quickly become terrific.

Ralph Turman braved the first lead across the northwest face and obtained a secure belay point at a small tree where he informed me he couldn't
be budged with a ten ton truck. I believed these wonderful words of assurance at first but after glancing down almost 1,000 feet to Rat Creek below I wished there was a truck to test him. However I managed to reach him safely and without too much difficulty. From here our route worked up three leads to a spacious ledge 100 feet below the base of Rectiloid Tower. This bit of climbing presented varying difficulties, including a one piton direct aid pitch. Our hopes were then almost smashed by a vertical wall. After a careful examination and fixing an ultra-strong belay we worked up an extremely steep V chimney. Through good luck and an accommodating rock fracture it was possible to plant a good piton about half way up the chimney as a protective measure. This safety device allowed a further advance without undue
risk to an airy rock projection about a foot square which was 30 feet below Rectiloid Tower. However the length of our rope would not enable an attempt on this pitch with the belay on the relatively comfortable ledge below. It therefore was evident that a new belay position would have to be made on this exposed perch. Two pitons served to make the spot a little less precarious and we prepared for further progress.

We suddenly realized that there wasn’t a mosquito around. Our only conclusion was that the airy exposure was too much for their breed. At any rate exposure is far superior to oil of citronella.

The pitch above us was an overhanging crack seven inches wide. Seven inches allows a foot and part of a shoulder to squeeze inside but isn’t too roomy, and when overhanging, it is apt to give a nasty climbing problem. We were first able to gain eight feet by a rather wobbly piton belayed shoulder-stand to a spot of almost holdless surroundings. A risky flake crack seemed the only possibility so we dared it with an aid piton which enabled us just enough height for a finger-hold and another direct aid iron. A little muscle work and the dance floor ledge which held Rectiloid Tower was ours.

Rectiloid Tower is a block of granite about 40 feet high with unscaleable walls except possibly by bolts. The best possibility to its top however would be a rope throwing operation.

The summit of our hopes was still 75 feet higher. From below this last pitch showed signs of difficulty but it worked out surprisingly well. The summit block afforded a tricky slab pitch but the top was soon gained. After laboring on a witty cairn message we made the spectacular rappel down and headed for home a little low on both energy and blood.

Mt. Johannesbergh

By David Harrah

Last August the north face of Johannesberg, in the Cascade Pass region, was climbed for the first time. This impressive face rises from 2700 to 8200 feet, holds three glaciers and a variety of cliffs. The best route follows the center rib.

The lower part of this rib is thinly covered by brush, which in many vertical pitches provides the only holds. It is controversial whether a rope can be used in this sort of brush. About a thousand feet up the rib it is possible to traverse to the right into the long, easy trough of water-worn slabs which leads up to the lower glacier. Late in the year when there is no avalanche danger there will be some bare ice and several crevasses. The upper glacier is gained by veering to the left above the lower glacier. The climbing to this point takes about four hours.

The best way to attack the final belt of cliffs is to leave the upper glacier on the right, to get into an obvious trough running upward along the left side of the upper part of the central rib. This trough is difficult in one spot but generally easy for 500 feet. Then a ledge-system leads to the major difficulties of the climb. A polished shoulder must be overcome to reach some easy slabs. To the left of these, around a very exposed blind corner where at least one piton must be used, lies a chimney which is the key to the ascent. This chimney must be followed upward about 80 feet to an inadequate standing-belay position where a piton anchor must be used. Above this lies the final pitch, a steep wall 70 feet high. The rock is excellent but the holds are tiny and the piton cracks are scarce. The climb from the upper glacier to this point requires about five hours. This route brings one to the ridge crest just west of the lower summit. The main summit lies a considerable distance along the ridge to the east
which is so broken as to make a direct traverse of the crest a very tedious job, probably occupying at least six hours. In the August ascent the approach used was to descend the south side of the mountain, traverse east below the cliffs, ascend to the crest again just east of the main peak, which can be reached along the crest. The climbing on the south slope of the ridge requires great care in route finding; on the summit ridge one must use tennis shoes and have the patience to follow a tortuous path. Altogether this section of the climb, by the longer route on the south slope, takes about five hours. The peak itself is unimpressive and would be hard to find in the fog. Only one previous ascent was recorded in the register can, which had no pencil.

The easiest way back is to drop down the south slope, traverse a mile and a half west, cross the ridge to the north, and follow the trail down to Gilbert's Cabin. A good seven hours are required for the descent.

This climb deserves more attention than it has had in the past. The road is now completed to Gilbert's Cabin, which is the best jump-off camp. The north face itself will give anyone a fair workout; the climber is rewarded by a splendid view and several hundred acres of wild flowers on the south side. The times given in this account are estimates; the August ascent required much more time because of the route-finding problem. One should be prepared to bivouac.

If someone told you that you were resting on the sastrugi below a bergschrund, looking at an aiguille, would you know what you were doing?

According to the Climber's Notebook:

Sastrugi—wave-like ridges of snow, formed by wind and sun action.

Bergschrund—a large crevasse separating the main mass of the glacier from the permanent snowfield or rock face above.

Aiguille—a sharp peak of rock, so called from its needle-like or sharp pointed outline.
Ski Competition

By Bob Cram

In a flurry of wrenched ankles, multiple fractures, and torn ligaments, the elite of the Mountaineer skiers, namely the racers, staggered through another year of ski competition. The term elite is used with the utmost of casualness. These racers are probably elite only in that they have little or no brains, due to numerous “egg-beaters” taken while vainly attempting to schuss Meany Lane. None the less, these bloody but happy warriors emerged from the ’48-’49 season with more than modest success in their endeavors.

Individual efforts saw several Mountaineer racers advance into Class A. Among those daredevils who succeeded were Churning Chuck Welsh, Brave Dave Roberts, Booming Bill Granston, and Battered Bob Kuss. All these competitors placed consistently high in the numerous races that they entered and thus garnered enough points for their advancement. Dave Roberts did exceptionally well in the Stevens Standards, walking off with a couple of seconds and a third. Chuck Welsh also came into his own by placing high in the Golden Pole at Hood, and other races.

Outstanding among the women competitors was Elaine Holmstad who, in just two years of competition has risen into the ranks of top women racers. Elaine won two Stevens Standards last year, and capped a successful year by winning both the Downhill and Slalom Championships in the PNSA Women’s Class B Races. Janet Wright did very well in Junior Competition by winning two Stevens Standards. Grace Bovee showed her usual flawless style.

Several races that are shining memories to the competitors should really be mentioned at this point. Of utmost interest, of course, were the Club championships held on Meany Lane in early April. Running under ideal conditions, the Slalom was held in the morning on the Lane with two well known competitors setting and forerunning the course. These noted racers were none other than “Zero” Kastner and Ray MacGowan.

Winning the Slalom took some very fancy skiing on the part of Tattered Ted Whiting, as Bob Kuss was hot on his tail, followed by Dayrell Bate, Bob Power, and sixteen other competitors.

Ladies’ winner was Jo Anne Norling Feringer, hotly pursued by Elaine Holmstad and a bevy of skiing beauties. The new downhill course which winds through the trees was christened in the afternoon and a course record was established that may not fall for some time. Bob Parker covered the distance in the fantastic time of 4 seconds to capture top honors. Even more remarkable is the fact that Parker won the PNSA Class B Downhill Championship in exactly the same time just a few weeks later. Bob Power was second, 4 seconds behind Parker.

Junior competitor Joanne Chetlain copped the Women’s Downhill, followed by Elaine Holmstad. Combined awards were presented for the first time this year and were awarded to Elaine and Bob Power. These are small trophies presented by the club, and can be kept permanently by the winners.

Several other races were held at Meany during the season for club members only. Typical of these was the New Year’s Giant Slalom which saw Norm Welsh and Grace Bovee burn down a lightning fast course to take top honors.

Other sterling efforts were made by many of our competitors. Bob Cram came in 35th (absolutely last) in the Golden Pole at Hood, and Alan Taylor came in 29th. Taylor remained remarkably consistent, the slender flyer roaring in 25th in the Heather Cup Giant Slalom at Mt. Baker on the 4th of July. In the same race, Granston and Roberts had a rough time in Class A, coming in near the end. The Mountaineer team was disqualified in the Penguin Giant Slalom because some of our boys got lost somewhere on the course.

That’s about it for now, but you ain’t seen nothing yet. We’re planning competition for the coming year that should result in some swell compound fractures!
Snoqualmie Lodge

1948—A VISION • 1949—A REALITY

By Mary Stackpole

What sparked this splendid achievement?

The same loyal spirit of cooperation which built the first Snoqualmie Lodge, has carried this one to a satisfactory conclusion.

Under the direction of that human dynamo, Dave Castor, an army of volunteer, unpaid workers—those with “know how”; and those unskilled but willing, constructed The Lodge as it stands today, a building worthy of the best Mountaineer tradition.

The Lodge will appeal to Mountaineers of every status from the Old Timers who will enjoy the fireplace, and the view from the picture windows, to the Mountaineer offspring who with shrieks and howls will patrol the wild woods along the pipe line, and rid our property of all Indians.

A snowfall such as the younger generation had never seen prevented the extensive use of The Lodge during the past winter months. As the wind whistled icily through all the unfinished corners, The Lodge drew a blanket of snow around her shoulders. On the hill side it was tuck in clear up to the eaves.

But with the coming of spring, “Work Parties” put in an appearance, and by strenuous efforts we were able to “put our best foot foremost,” in September, when we were hosts to the Convention of the Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs.

By stretching a bit here and there we housed 90 persons, while the Washington Alpine Club took care of the overflow. Did we mention how many pitched their tents in the yard? Anyway, a feast with all the trimmings was served by several of our Junior Mountaineer girls to 150 outdoor lovers.

In quick succession there followed the Campcrafters’ Reunion Banquet; the Climbers’ Banquet; and on October 22-23 came the climax event, the Dedication of Snoqualmie Lodge.

The Dedication brought out over 200 persons, of whom 70 were Old Timers (before 1920). Two Real Old Timers, Alida J. Bigelow and W. Montelius Price, charter members of the Mountaineers, were there. George MacGowan, master of ceremonies, introduced as speakers, T. Davis Castor, C. G. Morrison, and Leo Gallagher, who outlined the story of the original planning and construction of the Lodge.

L. A. Nelson, then gave the speech of dedication during which he called upon his hearers to repeat after him: “We dedicate Snoqualmie Lodge to the activities of the Mountaineers with the faith that it will be operated and maintained in the true Mountaineer spirit of service.”

The Mountaineer generations to come will owe much to those who have brought this building into being. Now, it is ours to use and enjoy; for trail hiking and skiing; a place to play and to climb; a place where at night you will listen to the whoosh of the snow sliding off the roof.

New lodge fireplace built by Mr. Joe Appa.

Photo by Roy Snider.
MEANY Memoranda

By CLAIRE Mock

It was all a matter of pride and pocketbook—you could uphold your pride and save your pocketbook by hiking in like a true Mountaineer, or take the train, and swallow your pride, at the same time unbalancing the budget. One particular week-end, we were glad we had chosen the latter course. Three stalwarts and their dates left Meany Hut Sunday night in a gathering snowstorm. We will not recount their minor mishaps, but only say their feelings did not run high when they reached the highway at long last only to find the road closed. About ready to crawl into a snowdrift, to freeze and to die, they managed to find enough strength to hie themselves to Snoqualmie Lodge, there to await the reopening of the road. Unfortunately, it was opened the next morning, so not too many classes were lost.

Many week-ends, about ten of us would take the train on Friday night. We'd bring our dinner to eat on the train, and piping hot cocoa, prepared as soon as we arrived, would fortify us against freezing in the dorms. We felt like very good Samaritans when the crowd arrived Saturday mornings to find a warm welcome; and by warm we mean heat and hot water.

Mountaineers are most ingenious, but their ingenuity was taxed the week-end the food did not arrive till Sunday noon. From staples on hand, about 40 people were served nutritious, if uninteresting meals—after all, there's a limit to what one can do with beans; but then, needless to say, Sunday night we really had a feast.

The heavy snowfall last winter was a mixed blessing. We'll never complain about too much snow, but maybe the ski tow boys felt differently. Many hours were spent laboriously tunneling through thirty or more feet of snow to free the rope and shives. While six or eight fellows worked on the tow, the rest of us would pack the hill. Mountaineers are swell people! And then the fun began. Beautiful snow, and a hill in fine shape, made skiing this year the best ever. Ski classes were held and many novices were soon holding their own with intermediates. The intermediates challenged the advanced skiers, and they in turn, were outshussing the schussers. Each day found a skillful group practicing a tricky slalom course. The skill they developed was demonstrated by their fine showing in many races.

Evenings at Meany were like a skier's version of You Can't Take It with You. While some are still busy with K.P., others are studying, bridge groups form, a crowd shouts over a game of Pick Up Sticks, kibitzers knit, and many a fastcap is turned out to flash down the hill a short time hence. The phonograph no longer plays miscellaneous records, folk tunes come to the fore. Soon boots are discarded and the crowd of dancers increases, old steps are taught to newcomers and new steps are learned by all.

Falling leaves indicate another ski season very soon. Time to make ready our gear and prepare for the slopes. Besides, our tall stories are stale by now; another season will provide a fresh supply; we can't wait for it to arrive!
Snow's deep, but you stagger on up Peanut Hill carrying skis, pack, and that load of groceries. The snow stings your face and your eyes are shut most of the time, but you keep plodding. Pretty soon you can see the light, so you stumble down past Little America, stack the skis in the nearest snowbank and slide down to the cabin. Friday night, and you're all set for another Baker week-end.

By jeep and truck and car they came to Baker cabins last year. Most weekend nights you'd find the cabins full, with card playing Mountaineers, musical Mountaineers, photographic Mountaineers, and even studious Mountaineers. If the weather was good, you were apt to find a Spring brother taking pictures. Hear a yodel up at Austin? It could be that expert, Walt Gonnason. Or if you'd been walking near the cabins some night, you might have heard the music makers with a wide assortment of instruments and an even wider assortment of voices.

Baker has hills for everyone, places to go where you can see out to the Strait, and there's always the possibility that someday both the snow will be good and the weather will clear up!

If you're a beginner, there's Peanut Hill and Heather Meadows, but if you're more advanced, you can go all the way up to Austin Hill for your thrills. There are many places for skiers who like to go touring—Shuksan Arm with acres of powder slopes, the Dome and Austin Pass, or Herman's Saddle, up behind Bagley Lake. There's also Table Mountain, and a hair-raising run down the Hourglass.

This year the Gates cabin has been leased to provide for more Baker lovers than ever before. With more room for activities, a large fireplace, a view—even a bathtub—skiing at Baker promises to be unexcelled.
STEVENS Ski Hut

Like the typical shake-down cruise of a well-built craft, the 1948-1949 season for Stevens Ski Hut was one of fun, work, finding and correcting flaws, and coping with “unusual” weather.

Completion of the hut ran a dead heat with the first snows, and we heaved sighs of relief for the weather tight walls, the basement fuel supply, stove and furnace, generator and sturdy annex. We continued to be thankful during a winter of unprecedented snows, when, if we could get to the hut at all—it was closed for three weekends in February while the highway was blocked by slides—we had a snug base from which to enjoy a variety of slopes and wonderful snow conditions.

The dedication party in December was a hilarious highlight of Mountaineer history. With Fitchie as principal “brain” behind the planning, Bob Cram as incomparable M.C., and everyone in the house sharing in the stunts, we spent an evening of continuous laughter, culminating in presentation of a special gift to Walt Little, guiding spirit in the hut construction.

There were, of course, a few problems. Wide cracks in the rough ceilings—floors let sawdust float down onto dining tables whenever anyone moved in the dormitories—the kitchen corner was finally protected by tacking up strips of cardboard cartons. The first few hours after the hut was opened for a weekend were frigid, until Walt suggested covering the hatches to the dormitories, and the furnace settled down to efficient heating of the living floor. Green fuel was a continuing headache, especially when the hungry mob came in from the hills at dusk and breathed down the necks of the Commissary Committee members who were trying to cook dinner on a lukewarm stove.

But there were days of new powder snow; the thrill of riding to the top of the T-Bar when Glacier Peak and its neighbors stood out in the clear air; skiing off the Barrier or in the Bowl; even the friendly slope of the baby hill for beginners. Evenings brought their own fun—the indescribable mixed scent of wood smoke, wet wool, frosty air, and good food; knitting, bridge and studying; the constant battle of Allais versus Arlberg, brought in from the
slopes; old friendships strengthened and new ones pleasantly begun. Sometimes romance was even given a helping hand.

During Christmas and spring vacation periods the hut stayed open, to the delight of student skiers and the eventual exhaustion of temporary hut chairmen. Throughout the season, committee members, headed by operating chairman Len Greenaway, did yeoman duty for the comfort and enjoyment of the Mountaineer skiers.

As hut habitués scattered for the summer, committee members were planning, and fall work parties proceeded through superb weather under the supervision of new Hut chairman, Ben Muzzey. Outside walls were made truly weather-tight by battens over the siding, drainage ditches were improved, and the yard was cleaned up. An ingenious chute to the garbage pit was constructed. Inside, the lounge-kitchen-diningroom was dressed up by Leo Gallagher’s gift of finished flooring and firbe-board tile ceiling. The room was completed with walls of horizontal cedar panelling which set off Dave Gardner’s impressive series of mountain photographs. A benefit party plus numerous donations produced components for a high quality phonograph, which Art Nation assembled at home and installed in the hut. The good music and old time dancing at the work parties were only a suggestion of the fun in store for the ski season.

Hot water in the kitchen, blue oil-cloth on the basement washroom counters, a new drying rack near the furnace, and a fire ladder on the exterior wall, have added comfort and safety to the building.

It’s still a small craft, Stevens Hut, but a snug one, with a devoted crew and passengers. The crunch and sparkle of new snow, the thrill of a long schuss, the tang of mountain air, the warm light from the windows as we climb back to the hut after a day on the slopes, are enough to keep us travelling.
Mirror Lake at Indian Henry’s, looking at Success Cleaver.

Photo by Marian Lundberg

Along the Trails

MARIAN LUNDBERG and EVELYN MACDONALD

With the weather giving us more than an even break this year, some 700 people ventured forth on the trails to find the fellowship of the crowd as congenial as ever and the scenery unsurpassed. A camera became a useful tool for taking pictures instead of a knobbly weight to hold down a lunchless pack on the way home.

The first trips were scheduled when our unusually wintry winter was still going full blast. The Commonwealth Basin trip had to be cancelled because of icy roads. Later in January we made the short drive to Kenmore and the long walk to Bothell along Lake Washington shoreline to Denny Park and across Norway Hill. There were several inches of snow to scrunch along on, enough to find trails of tiny animals and birds.

Beehive Lookout, the middle of February, drew a mixture of hikers, snowshoers and skiers, some of those frustrated by impassable snow conditions to ski areas. There was snow on the ground and in the air all the way, cutting down visibility and making the job of lifting boots up and down a little harder than usual. The quietness was as wonderful to the ear as the beauty to the eye. Can you hear the soft sprinkle of snow all around, the swish of the frozen pant legs of the fellow directly ahead, the dribble of a little creek that hasn’t frozen yet, the crunch of the stepped-on snow, and the occasional grunt from someone who sank through the crust on the last step?

The end of February brought the trip to Lost Lake, near Granite Falls. Snow was melting in patches here and there from the beginning of the trip and, as we climbed, it became denser until we were all falling through to our hips at the softer spots. To be long-legged and heavy was a definite disadvantage, but everyone turned up at the top to eat lunch and bask in the warm sun.

High Point Lookout, near Monroe, came next, and aside from losing a car in a ditch along the way and the slight dampness of the day, we had a fine trip. The car was pulled out from where it had slipped and both the regular group and the car extrications made the top, where we could study where things ought to have been, out there in the mist. Bad weather again hindered our trip, this time up Issaquah Mountain. While the view from the top was enveloped in fog, the hike was an enjoyable one.

The second Sunday in April proved to be an ideal day for the beach hike to Kingston. Everyone found the woods beautiful in their early spring coloring and the beach fire a wonderful place to relax while eating lunch. Enroute to the Hope Island Cafe later in the month, Gavey took us around the town of La Conner and gave us historical tidbits and a chance to work up our appetites. From the smorgasbord, we loaded down our plates with edible tidbits, ones that would have pleased the fussiest gourmet.

The combined trip with Tacoma to the Tacoma prairies for the annual Violet Walk was successful both for finding sunbeams and flowers. The weather was just right for pictures of camas, calypso, violets and people. The next week-end we joined the Campcrafters at Larabee State Park on the Chuckanut Drive for a hike high above Samish Bay.

Our first three-day week-end, over Memorial Day, found 76 people in a
caravan to Lake Chelan State Park. The main event was the all-day boat trip up-lake, and what could beat the combination of fine weather and beautiful scenery? The 71 who went nautical almost overtaxed the boat company’s resources, but everyone made it both ways including the boats.

On the next trip, to Mount Margaret above Lake Keechelus, we found the upper trail obscured by snow but with the help of bright colored crepe paper tied to branches along the way, finding the way down was easy. There was a fine view of the surrounding peaks from the top before the clouds came, and by glissading on the way down, we reached the cars before the rain.

We started the Green Lake trip in the mist, hiked up the trail through great trees wet with mist, and ate lunch surrounded by mist. It discouraged most picture taking, but didn’t keep us from enjoying the deep, vivid green of the lake, set in such a definite basin and ringed with trees of other shades of green.

The three days over July 4 took us up the Little Wenatchee River to Lake Creek campground. The advance party hiked to Kodak Peak Saturday and the entire group went up Poe and Longfellow Peaks Sunday. The weather was good, the view good, and the glissading (for some) good and wet. Nevertheless, the watermelon at campfire that evening hit the spot after the dry trip down the trail.

The next Sunday took us to Longmire and up the trail to Eagle Peak. The saddle at the foot of the peak was perfect for enjoying lunch and offered a majestic view of Mt. Rainier and an opportunity to watch a party descending from a summit climb.

We gave Merritt Lake another try this year and since the trail was free of snow, it had no chance to hide. The sight of the deep blue lake was certainly worth the trouble of finding it at last. Some of the more energetic climbed Nason Ridge beyond the lake to view the Lake Wenatchee region beyond. The beach called again in July and this time the trails led from Indianola into the nearby countryside. Everyone enjoyed the coffee around the beachfire when lunch time came and the ferry ride back to town later in the afternoon.

The middle of August found us on a sandy, open trail through a burn on the way up to Shriner Peak Lookout. Rainier, Adams, and St. Helens were all visible with merely the turn of one’s head. The return trip to the cars was slowed down considerably by the abundance of huckleberries, blackberries and strawberries that were getting ripe along the trail.

Next, Van Trump Park, above Longmire, brought out both climbers and trail trippers. The weather was perfect for lapping up wonderful scenery with the eye or with the camera, and the flowers were scattered in bright pots in the meadows wherever one looked. Comet Fall was a wonderful attraction.

To help as hosts to the Western Federation Convention at Snoqualmie over Labor Day, the Trail Trippers provided the guests with an opportunity to see Snow Lake and pick the huckleberries which were everywhere in abundance. September 18, Joe Buswell was to lead us up to see the coloring on Mt. Dickerman, but that Sunday found the area in the midst of the first fall rains. The road near Big Four being impassable, Bear and Pinnacle Lakes became the objective. The lakes had an enchanted look, shrouded by low clouds on that gray, wet day. Luckily the trail was well covered, but was there a soul that wasn’t wet through by the time we reached the cars? The next week we had a good percentage of people from the previous week trying their luck on the hike to Indian Henry’s along with Tacoma. Everyone was rewarded with a perfectly cloudless day in which to hike, eat, and take pictures. Some of those who scrambled up the peaks nearby were fortunate enough to see a band of mountain goats on the cliffs of Iron Mountain.

Trips to Pratt Lake and Beehive Lookout planned for October and November and the greens hike to Kitsap in December brought the year’s activities to a close. We’ll look forward to seeing you on new trails with us next year.
Borrowed equipment, oversized boots, awkward pack—
but made it anyway.

Photo by Doris Balch

Ascent of
POPOCATEPETL

By Doris Balch

While in Mexico with the American Youth Hostel this summer our group set out to climb Popocatepetl, the “Smoking Mountain.” With a height of 17,876 feet, the volcano ranks as one of the highest peaks on the North American Continent, and for beauty rivals our Rainier.

One of the first recorded ascents was made by Diego de Ordaz, who took sulphur from the crater for Cortez in 1519. Since its last destructive eruption in 1802, many have climbed the mountain. Native guides wrapped climbers’ feet with cotton cloth, tough hide, and ropes to give traction on the ice. Standard pieces of equipment in the early days were straw mats for glissading, serapes for warmth, and sombreros with dark veils for protection from the sun.

Our equipment was a little more modern. The Club de Exploración of Mexico City provided us with boots, ice axes, crampons, warm clothing, and two of their members to act as guides.

There were eight of us attempting the climb. Win Arias, New York; Jay Erickson and Bob Goller, Milwaukee; Frieda Hammermeister, Pittsburg; Carol Schwitkist, San Diego; Joe Savin, Detroit; Dwain Moorehouse, of Los Angeles Sierra Club, and myself.

At five in the morning we left the village of Amecameca and traveled by truck to the high ridge between Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. Since most of our group had had no climbing experience, our route lay up the most traveled northern face. Starting from well over 10,000 feet, we found our way smooth and steep, first over grassy mounds, and then through deep volcanic ash which gave under our feet like loose sand.

We went up past Las Cruces, where wooden crosses told of loss of life on Popo, as the natives call the mountain.

After three hours of climbing in the sifting ash, Win and Dwain began to feel the effects of the high altitude, and had to turn back. All of us noticed dizziness, ringing of the ears, and nausea, but we were using the rest step and managed to get along without too much trouble. The rest step amused our Mexican guides, who apparently had not seen it before.

At about 15,000 feet we reached the ice field. Ropes were not being used, though they well could have been used on this part of the ascent. In the center of the ice field my right crampon snapped in two, and for a moment I was thinking that there would be an extra cross at Las Cruces. After landing on one of the other climbers, however, I was able to continue the climb with one and a half crampons.

After the ice field, we climbed the snow cap of the mountain, and finally stood on the northeastern rim of the volcano. This crag is known as Espina zo del Diablo, or Spine of the Devil. The opposite rim was the rarely climbed Pico Mayor.

As soon as we reached the crater rim, our guides surprised us with the climber’s custom of their country. They embraced us, then took off their headgear and knelt at another cross on the rim, to give thanks for a successful climb. Behind them, sulphur fumes and steam rose from the 1,636 foot crater.

Looking north from the symmetrical giant on which we stood, we could see...
the rugged, non-volcanic Ixtaccihuatl, which is said to offer fine climbing. It is 16,960 feet high, and the Indians say Popo is a warrior guarding Ixtaccihuatl, the "Sleeping Woman."

Far to the east we could see Orizaba, 18,564 feet. It is the highest peak in Mexico, and called by the Aztecs "Cital-tetpetl," or "Star Mountain."

Clouds had been gathering for the daily afternoon rain, so after a lunch and thirty minutes spent resting on the summit, we began the descent. Two hours later we were at the bottom after a successful climb. An eight hour ascent is not the best record for Popo, but we made the top and left no new crosses on the Smoking Mountain. My advice is, don’t leave your climbing equipment behind when you head for Mexico!

Mr. Rash

By Conrad O'Brien Ffrench

There is no place for child or wife
In Mr. Rash’s hectic life.
For, his way is, so to speak:
The shortest to a mountain peak.

Work and puzzle, plan and plot;
It’s better thus, or is it not?
Crampons, knapsack, axe and rope,
Which way, what way, how to cope?

And should the season prove too late.
Hang the snow, he’ll climb on fate.
And if he falls, ’tis fate’s to blame,
The road, via folly, leads to fame.
And if not fame, then notoriety,
With one dope less in our society . . .
After a search and all the fuss,
His epitaph will ’praps read thus:

Exited this life with brevity,
While testing out the laws of gravity.
North of The Taku

By Fred Bekey

From near the fringes of Taku Inlet and the lower Taku River to Atlin Lake in northern British Columbia, and stretching along the International Boundary to the vicinity of Skagway is the so-called Juneau Ice Field, perhaps the fifth largest in Alaska. This long, wide, and amazingly flat plateau is of interest to not only the glaciologist, but also to the climber and ski-mountaineer, in view of the maze of striking rock and ice summits that emerge from the interlacing band of “icecap” glaciers.

Most prominent of these are the large rock massifs near the eastern periphery of the icecap, just west of the Tulsekwe River and Glacier, centering about 8584 foot Devils Paw, and its satellite, Michaels Sword, in area roughly explored by Father Hubbard in the ’30s. The relatively low elevations of these peaks in comparison to some other Alaskan Coast Range areas is not to be taken lightly by the mountaineer, for not only is the relief rising from the icecap often great, but conditions here approximate those of 11,000 feet in the Waddington area, and are possibly more severe than anything to be encountered in the Alps or the United States. As spectacular rock climbing challenges, the peaks in this area, along with those west of the Stikine, must rank among the foremost in Alaska.

The lot of being the pioneer mountaineering expedition with serious intent to scale the most regal peaks in this relatively unexplored area fell to three club members: Ralph Widrig, Fred Melberg, and I; along with Graham Matthews of the H. M. C. and Fred Ayres of Portland. A perusal of aerial photographs loaned by the Bureau of Mines and Resources of Canada allowed us to plot a route from Twin Glacier Lake to our proposed camp at the base of Michaels Sword, as well as plan summit routes.

Juneau skies cleared June 15 so Alaska Coastal Airlines made a 900 pound free drop at the base of the “Sword,” with Widrig along to plot the camp location and throw out the 32 bundles. On their return we clambered aboard the Bellanca with our skis and traveling packs and were flown to the north shore of the lake, the pilot skilfully landing amid a myriad of icebergs. Magnificent sights of the icecap glaciers, particularly the Taku and its distributary, the Hole-in-the-Wall, kept our noses glued to the windows and cameras clicking. The sheer thrusting of the icecap peaks, well plastered with snow from a two week storm spell, was a beautiful sight to behold, and at the moment, a rather alarming one.

Isolation was complete once we had unloaded and helped turn the Bel-
lanca, and only the cracking and grinding of the calving West Twin Glacier as occasional seracs crashed into the water and formed bergs broke the afternoon silence. By the time we had scrambled a mile up brushy cliffs we felt the need of rest from mosquito bites, so a fly camp was quickly made. We had barely left in the morning when Ayres, by most fortuitous chance, broke an ankle while treading upon an insecure rock. To get a plane for help Matthews and I crossed the glacier and in eight hours of very rough snow, swamp and brush travel reached Taku Lodge. Soon a plane ferried us to the lake, and in a few hours of arduous work we had Ayres at the water’s edge for transport to Juneau.

Needless to say, such an unfortunate event was a tax on both the morale and strength of the expedition, additionally so when cirrus thickened after we had only a few hours sleep. To avoid the danger of a serious delay and the possibility of our drop being covered by snow we left early on the 17th for “Harvard Basin,” at 4500 feet on the edge of the icecap, finding brush and soft snow a great impediment to back packing. At last we could use skis, these being worn the remaining nine miles under a stagnantly hot sun which took the last bit of energy from each of us. By the time we had pitched camp and located most of the bundles we all felt ready to sleep for a solid week, which we might well have done in view of the inclement weather that burst that night. Between thrashings of first rain squalls and then snow we managed to gather in the bundles and neatly arrange camp so that a minimum of discomfort was experienced in moving from one tent to another, and to the huge food pile, the amount of canned fruit contained therein making it appear to be anything but an alpine climbing ration.

Clearing weather on the 21st was a welcome respite, for we now had had three long days of each other’s witicisms, and the lone intellectual reference brought by Matthews (Shakespeare’s Five Great Tragedies). Michaels Sword, being so close at hand, naturally came to be our first mountaineering interest, so after a mile ski trek to the cirque wall separating the “Sword” and “Paw” we began an earnest assault on the 200 foot rock face in an effort to reach the long and obviously difficult north ridge. After jabbing our valued skis near the cirque wall Widrig scrambled across a schrund chasm to a niche in the rock wall some twenty feet up.

Smooth granite proved difficult even with tennis shoes, so to protect an awkward crawl across a high angle slab he slammed in a piton. Exposure and small holds were the order of the pitch, and with the protection of another piton, Widrig reached a convenient ledge. I hauled up the packs eventually, and Matthews came up with a load on a tension belay. Shifting one hundred feet left, we worked up an eighty foot wall, nearly vertical, during which Ralph placed iron for protection and once for momentary tension. More cross maneuvering placed us on the ridge crest, thus to end the day’s work due to an approaching warm front. After marking a cache with a cairn we rappelled down the wall, leaving a fixed rope for a proposed grand assault. Misty rains made every slope above 25° a potential slide hazard. One day in particular we heard huge rock and snow avalanches thunder from the face of Devils Paw on the average of every ten minutes. So when the 24th showed promise of fair weather we dared only fare on a ski climb, our object being a 7500 foot peak three miles east, it actually being the highest peak for miles around except for the “Paw.”

Emperor Peak, as we dubbed this monarch of the “Twin Glacier Group,” proved a most interesting roped ski ascent for Widrig, Matthews and me, a maze of crevasses suggesting constant vigilance. Two hundred feet below the knifed ice summit we encountered an unusually hard rain crust. We left our skis and began hacking steps on the right side of a heavily corniced ridge. Widrig and I took turns at this unexpected labor for four leads, the angle of the slope being 55° much of the time. Fog shrouded what should have been a magnificent summit view, but glimpses of the “Paw” and the Taku Towers to the west were an acceptable reward.
The ski run to the upper Twin Glacier was perhaps the best sport of the trip, as over 2500 feet were descended with much frolic, despite the necessity of roped precaution.

On ensuing days I made a ski reconnaissance to the north side of the “Paw” and discovered what should be the most feasible and only safe summit route. But much to our disgust conditions remained entirely impracticable in our remaining time; in fact the poor weather even made the airy “Sword” ridge impossible because of the profuse fresh snow.

Roisterous times in the tent at Camp Mung, some of which developed into varied far-fetched discussions and gentlemanly arguments, and some promoted by Melberg for the sake of sharpening scholarly attitudes and reasoning, kept the hours of stormy weather unusually pleasant. This was also aided by the order to eat beyond one’s normal capacity, for the versatile food pile yet remained large.

On July 2 we retrieved the fixed rope between storms and the next night skied to the lake over a fast crust after caching supplies for a later expedition. As planned, we were met by a river skiff from Taku Lodge, which whisked us across the ice-strewn lake and through rapids to the Taku. Enjoying the cooking of professionals was truly a delight, as was sleeping in a real bed. The power boat took us to Juneau in a few hours, thus ending a most enjoyable, though unsuccessful climbing venture. We were happy to see Ayres in town and learn his ankle was healing well.

Matthews and I flew to Yakutat immediately to join a Colossal Enterprises Expedition to Mounts Cook and Vancouver, enjoying a clear view of the Fairweather Range en route. Hospitality extended by the C. A. A. for housing and the Arctic Institute of North America through Walter Wood, who took us for a flight over the Hubbard Glacier in the ski-wheel Norseman piloted by Maurice King, were much appreciated. In several days the weather permitted Cordova Air Service to fly us to Disenchantment Bay, where base camp was set up on an island. To our chagrin we learned the troops had been unable to get across the thick ice floes with their rubber boat, and had found all approaches to Mounts Hubbard and Seattle impracticable, although they had scaled an unnamed 9700 foot peak. It was decided best to return to Juneau, then, via plane and the halibut boat with Captain Oscar Oberg.

Despite their being accustomed to creatures of the north, our mascot, “Skag,” a malemute whom Putnam invariably passed off as a wolf, created much comment from local citizens. In fact, it seemed well that we left again for Twin Glacier Lake on the 14th of July, this time our shifting personnel counting five: Bill Putnam, Harry King, Andy Griscom, David Michael and myself.

The trek to Camp Mung, quickly “uncached,” was made in less than twelve hours, skis again facilitating travel. The improvement in climbing conditions was most remarkable: now snow was crusty and steep rocks were bare of fresh snow. The evening of the 15th found Griscom and me making the ascent of “Couloir Peak,” much of the ascent being up a steep, grooved ice couloir in the freezing evening shadow. From the summit we had a fine view

*Michaels Sword and the Devils Paw—distance, 10 miles.*
of our proposed route on the “Sword,” and looked at Mt. Nelles and other beckoning but distant peaks across the Canadian line. Of much interest was the sight of an impounded lake near the edge of the great Tulsekwe Glacier, which is said to cause annual floods in the lower valley, and which causes a huge transverse wave in the glacier, as shown by aerial photos.

We awaited our air drop with impatience, but as the 18th cleared from a morning fog we dispersed, Putnam and Michael heading for the Horn Peaks, Griscom remaining in camp, while King and I made off for the “Sword.” The former found the Horn Peaks not to their liking in view of the little equipment we yet had, so visited Marcus and other personnel of the Research Project camp, all of whom welcomed our arrival.

Other members of their party were setting up a camp near ours as King and I left for the west side of the north ridge. Here we found a “shortcut” to the north ridge which eliminated the cirque wall ascent and several ridge steps. Almost 1000 feet of well broken rock enabled us to reach a very exposed and narrow ridge some 600 feet below the summit. A short step proved a bit delicate; then King led around a snow schrund to the base of what we called the “first gendarme.” Here the ridge became so steep and narrow, and so devoid of holds, that the thought of giving up the climb became an annoying possibility. I tried a traverse to the west, but the holds were poor and the route above the gendarme looked absolutely hopeless. We worked to the east, and after King had a good piton anchor I squirmed up an overhanging crack that proved very difficult. Disappearing around a corner, I located a belay spot from which the route still appeared dubious. An exploratory climb to the right got me into trouble, so I worked to the left around a blind corner, finding some holds on a shady, vertical wall. The route required piton protection here, and on the next lead, when I worked up to an 80 foot crack to the notch. Subsequent leads were difficult and always very exposed, as we had to avoid the crests of the second and third gendarmes by way of the very airy east face, but the flush of victory could not be denied us. As we built a six foot summit cairn we yodeled at ski-trooping members of the Research party. Amid our rappelling procedure we heard and soon saw the Norsemen making its air drop at Camp Mung, not realizing it was poorly scattered for miles.

I helped push a camp to the north side of the “Paw” at 5,000 feet, and on the 22nd Putnam, Griscom, and Michael climbed through many difficult crevasses to the north col. On the next day the final ascent was completed via the steep northeast ridge, the crux being a fifth class rock wall led by Griscom and some difficult step chopping by Putnam on an ice face annexed to a bergschurnd. It was after midnight that the trio worked its way down the great face to the temporary camp to be greeted by the howling dog.

In the meantime King and I skied to the Horn Peaks and spent the day in pursuit of scaling their highest peak, namely the “Antler.” A very steep and loose snow gully, and later a fifth class rock face gave us eerie moments. The upper west wall of the summit was of excellent diabase rock, and in four leads, during which I placed several safety pitons, the summit was reached.

We passed by and set up the camp of the Research party, fallen in by ablation, and on the 23rd scaled the beautiful granite massif four miles west known as “Organ Pipe.” Route finding was a major problem; finally we worked up a series of hopeless-looking granite cracks. King had the leading honors, placing pitons for protection on the bad leads, and once using tension to overcome a holdless block.

After this spectacular and exciting ascent time was running short, for we had conquered the best peaks in the eastern half of the icecap, and we were due to begin the 40 mile ski traverse on the 26th. Led by Skag we toted 60 pound loads 12 miles that day to camp on the Taku Glacier. Fog and rain tented us two days, so we visited the nearby Research camp, where we spent time nailing boards on their house, and were surprised to see such luxuries as watermelon and hand lotion on deck.

We steered across the Taku on the 29th by azimuth and on the next day cleared many miles across an unnamed ice plateau west of the Taku Towers
and down the upper Mendenhall Glacier, where it was a joy to have skis. En route Griscom and Michael climbed “Sapphire Spire,” and I climbed “Flower Tower” with Griscom while the others went ahead to lay a track before an approaching storm clouded the route. The latter peak had a very steep snow slope as well as an exposed summit scramble.

The snout of the Mendenhall, a popular tourist landmark, was reached only after a gruelling day’s struggle with crevasses, ice falls, and wet brush in a downpour. Ours was a sad story; rain had soaked us the previous night, mists made it impossible to find the easiest route, and we had to rope up, use crampons, and chop steps on more than one occasion on our 12 hour grind with heavy loads. But some semblance of happiness emanated from our miserably wet condition as we hit civilization, for perseverance had enabled us to climb the most cherished mountaineering objectives on the icecap and to make the first traverse from the edge of the Tulsekwe to the Mendenhall.

In Memoriam

ELTON C. WILSON
FLOYD HARBECK
MRS. WILLIAM OSBORNE
MARGARET CARSTAIRS
EDITH PAGE BENNETT
ELSIE VAN NUYS
MYRTLE CULMER BARRY
Common chatter has it that Tacoma Mountaineer activity whirled dizzyly this past year under the able leadership of our President, Floyd Raver, his co-officers, and most efficient board. There have been work parties and work parties. Irish Cabin has a new kitchen, new from the bottom up, and Al Kelly, the chairman, says—"Watch for more."

Aches and pains and linimented muscles have been the order of the day for a large number of new climbers corralled by our Membership Chairman Frances Goodman, better known to us as "Mom," and taught to walk by her husband Keith whom we call "Pa." Now Pa Goodman has been known as Chairman of Local Walks both this past year and the one before, and it was Pa and his committee who planned and scouted fourteen trail trips having a total attendance of 303 members and guests.

Our veteran mountaineer, Tom Dodge, appointed as Chairman of the Special Outings Committee, scheduled four outings adapted to all ages, interests, shapes, and abilities. These were two or three day trips; one to Alexander's by the Sea at Ocean City over a very cold and slippery New Year's, one on Memorial Day week-end to Longmire, one on July 4th holiday to Baker Lake, and the fourth over Labor Day to Goat Rocks.

Along came Ed LaChapelle whose duty as Chairman of the Climbing Committee was not only to help Pa Goodman's neophytes to higher altitudes, but to see that all of us had a little training and experience beforehand. In two very extensive courses we learned a lot of things we'd never had of before. Of course most of us are still somewhat awkward and clumsy, but Ed crows about six who did climb 24 Irish Cabin Peaks, and five others who completed their six Majors. The committee project for production of training
films made slow progress yet a complete scenario for two films, Rock and Ice, has been prepared.

You have heard of our dyed in the wool snow shoers, have you not? Sh-h-h!—This year they were changed into ardent followers of the old slats technique, “Get back on your feet.” Gene Scott and her Ski Committee did it. There were two one-day trips and one week-end trip each month and a monthly meeting too, devoted to exercises for conditioning unwilling muscles, exhibitions and discussions of ski equipment, and movies, even our own local yokel shots.

Long time quietly detested picture snappers came into their own this year. Ralph Jackson, Photographic Chairman, arranged monthly work shops with the result that even the leaders of climbs have begun to tote tripods, etc.

Music lovers abound. For the sixth year of recordings, Ethel Dodge created an astounding enthusiasm and decidedly bulging attendance.

On the Five Mile Drive of Point Defiance Park there stands a Douglas Fir Tree about 400 years old, 24 feet in circumference and 220 feet tall, heretofore not visible to the public. Due to the efforts of Carl Heaton it now draws hundreds of visitors and bears a handsomely hand carved plaque done by our own Ruth Corbit. Carl Heaton is a member of Tacoma’s newest committee, born this year, devoted to conservation, and ably chairmained by Leo Gallagher.

Our overnight fall trip to Grapeview on The Gallant Lady, managed this year by Dorothy Newcomer, has become so popular we fear one of these days it will sink the ship. There was the Annual Salmon Roast too, a colossal event handled by Jordan Brown, and those many, many responsibilities shouldered by Jean Fuller as Chairman of the Social Committee: the Thanksgiving Turkey Dinner at Irish Cabin, a gay Christmas party, the Annual Fair in Budil’s woodsy gardens, and the Annual Banquet at The Top o’ The Ocean.

THE YEAR IN Everett

By NAIDA RATLIFF

It has been a year now since you have heard of our activities up here in Everett. And contrary to any rumors you may have heard, we are still climbing up in the hills in spite of the three broken legs among our active members. Everett does have a reputation for being a pretty rugged group, you know.

Last October, we, with the rest of the Mountaineers, cancelled all our activities in order to help as much as we could with the cabins at Snoqualmie and Stevens. However, as November arrived we felt the need of an outing and took a trip up our old standby, Mt. Pilchuck. Blessed we were, too. The weather was extraordinarily lovely, and the new snow made the trip an excursion into paradise. As we approached the summit, it was with somewhat the same feeling that one must have when entering Shangri-la. The beauty of the scene with the bright sunlight and the sparkling quality of the icicles and the snow was unforgettable.

Every year after Thanksgiving it is our custom to hold our annual dinner, and it seems to be becoming the custom to hold it in the picturesque dining hall at Weyerhaeuser Mill B. The good food served by the management could have something to do with that. For two years we have been fortunate enough to have Russell and Marjorie Day give us a resume of their hostel trips to Europe. This year Marjorie’s charming talk and Russell’s particularly beautiful pictures made us all wish we could go right down and buy a ticket.

The Happy Annens were our hosts for a week-end at Mission Beach in
February. Among the activities were dancing, pictures, a walk on the beach, and a story telling contest. The story telling may have brought out the super whopper liars of our membership, but you can still depend on the authenticity of MOST of our exploits.

Just to prove that women's suffrage was no idle rumor, Everett unit elected a female chairman for the past year, Adelsa Doph. She instituted regularly scheduled monthly meetings with a program of speakers, pictures, and refreshments. It could have been Vivian Widmer's refreshments, or then it might have been Lolita Jones' programs, but the meetings were especially well attended. Walter Gonnason gave his talk and pictures on the Mt. McKinley climb sending the refreshment committee into a pink tizzie when twice as many people as expected appeared. A special meeting worthy of note presented Celia Hunter and Ginny Hill who had spent a year in Europe attending school and touring by bicycle. Other leading lights this year were: C. S. Jones, treasurer; Louise Lawrence, secretary; Bill Anderson, trustee.

One rather interesting experience was when a normally simple trip became quite hazardous due to unusual snow conditions during the month of March. It was more with a hope for practice than any premonition for need that ropes were carried up Mt. Si. The day was one of those peek-a-boo days when the sun appears to be replaced a moment later by clouds, and vice-versa. However, as the party neared the Haystack, it became apparent that ropes would be a welcome safety measure. The soft snow on top of icy rock was bad enough but a raging blizzard continued all through the Haystack ascent and descent, and as might be expected, the sun came out beautifully when the party had completed the descent.

All mountaineering activities were harassed this year by the results of our "unusual" winter. It caused a number of cancellations or changes in our planned program (June was our fatal month). One of our first and better attended climbs was in April up Sauk Mountain near Rockport. This trip, along with others, was slowed considerably by soft and deep snow. During the same month some of the less active members enjoyed a very pleasant Sunday in the Big Lake area up Devil Mountain. In May came two popular trips: one, up Rock Mountain in the Stevens Pass area for an easy climb, and another, a rugged climb up Whitehorse. An August event introduced a new area to us. In the Tomyhoi country, the trip up Red Mountain was one that must be made again as it is indeed worthy of further exploration. September brought a repeat trip up Ruth. This area is so lovely that we could shout about it from the rooftops. The year ended with a climb up Persis with the last 2500 feet above the clouds (always suspected we were angels.)

Along with firecrackers and the 4th of July was Everett's third attempt on successive years to climb Mt. Baker. The two previous years the climb had to be abandoned because of adverse weather conditions. So, believe in black cats, shattered mirrors, or not, the third time was the charm. Ideal weather conditions, a grand group of climbers will make it a trip to be recalled with pleasure.

Altogether our year was full of activity of one kind or another. Perhaps our numbers are few but there is atomic energy in the air up this way. And we are, no doubt, just as happy, as if we had good sense.
First Ascent of The Chisel

The Chisel is the most prominent of the rock towers east of the trail to Nada Lake, in the Cashmere Crags. This climbing problem attracted the attention of Joe Hieb, Pete Schoening, and Fred Beckey on May 21, when they assaulted the north wall. Other faces were not only overhanging, but crackless.

The dubious "route" is difficult only on the last 90 feet, but the problems encountered here took over four hours to solve. From a convenient ledge the route runs up a block to an overhang, which is circumvented by a diagonal fissure. Smooth walls force the use of four pitons for aid; then hope for finishing the last forty feet without expansion bolts faded as each of the climbers took turns in attempting to work up the vertical wall via a quicker method. Flawless rock was scaled through the use of several bolts and more pitons for direct aid. Fifteen feet beneath the scant summit, cracks ran out once more, but several heavenly "gift" cling holds appeared that enabled the leader to work into a narrow crack that extended to the flat summit, and which fortunately supported special angle pitons.

This climb, as well as experiments, has shown that contraction bolts, or Rawl-drives, fitting a three-eighths inch hole, are safer and easier to use than expansion bolts. A new type of twist drill, fitted into a home-made sleeve, enables a practiced climber to finish a one inch hole in less than eight minutes, even under trying positions.

First Ascent of The Shrew and Monkey's Head

The Shrew, a spire in the Cashmere Crags north of The Mole, was climbed over the Memorial Day week-end by Pete Schoening and Dick Widrig. Fourth class cracks for several hundred feet on the west face proved the key to the ascent.

Just between The Shrew and The Blockhouse is The Monkey's Head, reached via an exposed traverse from the north side of the former. The ascent, made by the same party, involves a sixth class pitch up an overhanging nose; several fourth class leads finish the ascent via a polished south slab.

First Ascent of The Dagger

This pinnacle, near The Chisel, proved disappointingly abbreviated, although it had one short piton pitch. The ascent was made in September by Joe Heib, William Fix, Graham Matthews, and Fred Beckey.

New Climbing Movies

Two movies on rock climbing were filmed this spring. One, taken in Tumwater Canyon, will feature safety techniques used on difficult ascents; the other records the ascent of Lighthouse Tower, involving numerous types of specialized techniques.

Success Cleaver as a Climbing Route

For a climber who wants to know Mount Rainier from many points of view, the relatively unused route up Success Cleaver affords an interesting perspective. Although the route is climbed only occasionally, it poses no greater problems of technical difficulty than does the well beaten path up the Emmons Glacier. The chief problem to meet in this ascent is proper timing, as the climb is a long one, starting from 3,100 feet. This year a group of climbers tried to overcome this disadvantage of the low starting elevation by beginning their climb at Paradise and contouring over to the Cleaver across the Van Trump, Kautz and Success Glaciers, but found this was a more time-consuming route than going straight up from Tahoma Creek through Indian Henry's Hunting Ground.

High camp can be made at around 10,500 feet where the Cleaver begins to merge into the general face of the mountain. Above this point, the route leads...
through pumice gullies and cliffs to the top, with no unusual difficulties except that if the party plans to return the same way, they should thoroughly mark the way, as it is easy to come down a wrong gully, and miss the main spur of the Cleaver entirely. The best climbing time for Success Cleaver is in June or early July, as the intermittent snowfields make the climb speedier, easier, and more pleasant, particularly on the return. Later on in the year when the snow has melted, the climb can be quite exhausting because of travel through pumice and debris which does not give secure footing, but slides with each step. The whole trip can be made on a two-day week-end, although because of the longer approach, allowing for a third day would be of good advantage for the average climbing team.—Marian Long.

** In September, the Mountaineer Bridge Group commenced its fifth year of contract bridge at the Clubrooms. The number participating has varied from two to seven tables. The group meets at 8 p.m. on the first Wednesday and third Thursday of each month, or as noted in the bulletin. All members and friends are cordially invited to attend, whether they are beginners or experts.

**

Foldboating

The little group of foldboat enthusiasts in the Mountaineers is growing slowly and steadily. The radius of their activities and number of trips though, is increasing by leaps and bounds. The rivers of Washington offer a fertile field for exploration and adventure. Akin to skiing in many ways, foldboating in the Pacific Northwest is in a stage of development reached by skiing 30 years ago. It is real honest-to-goodness pioneering. There are no maps showing navigable river stretches, boulders, rapids or dams, and virtually no literature since H. W. Higman's article in "Foldboat Holiday" 10 years ago.

We move—as the skier does—swiftly, not by motor power but the law of gravity. Natural obstacles lurk behind many river bends. Shallow draft, easy maneuverability and resilience of structure and hull enable us to negotiate many streams closed to other river craft. Yet, quite often we have to trust our luck and skill to get us by safely. They usually do. Those who saw Cary Grant’s and Ann Sheridan’s struggle to keep from going over the dam in "I Was a Male War Bride" may appreciate how we felt when we blissfully all but sailed over the Yakima River dam above Ellensburg. Unfortunately there was no movie camera handy to immortalize our desperate struggle.

The Yakima from Cle Elum down has become one of the most popular rivers. It always carries enough water, is swift and interesting without being difficult, and enjoys more sunshine than the west side of the Cascades. Nine boats participated in our trip July 16th. The occupants of three boats entertained the rest of the party by capsizing—without any bad effects beyond a gentle ribbing. The “haystacks,” high waves farther down near Thorp, are one of the most exciting parts of the river.

The Skagit, Washington’s biggest river next to the Columbia, attracted a large group the end of July. It is an easy river from Bacon Creek down, with the picturesque glaciers and rocky crags of the El Dorado group in the background.

Mountaineers own 12 out of a total of about 30 foldboats in the Seattle area. They ran the following rivers this year: Yakima from Cle Elum to Roza Dam. Sauk from Darrington to mouth. Stillaguamish, North Fork from Oso to Arlington. Stillaguamish, South Fork from Granite Falls to Camano Island. Skykomish from above Goldbar. Snoqualmie, South Fork from Falls to Duvall. Tolt, from 10 miles above Carnation to its mouth. Sammamish from Lake
Sammamish to Lake Washington.
Spokane from Coeur d'Alene Lake to Spokane.
Green River from Flaming Geyser Park down.
Carbon and Puyallup Rivers from near Orting to Sumner.
Nisqually from McKenna to Sound.
Lower Hoh.
Fold boats were also used on Lake Washington, Puget Sound, Howe Sound and in the San Juan Islands.—Roger A. Freeman.

** * * *

Operation Foldboat
The Fourth of July found six Mountaineers travelling north to Howe Sound, near Vancouver, B.C. Deserting the mountains temporarily, we headed for the water, exploring a new Mountaineer activity—foldboating.

Because of camping difficulties, we didn't embark from our starting place, Horseshoe Bay, until Sunday morning, beginning our eleven mile paddle up the Sound. Ours was strictly a paddling operation, although many foldboating operations are carried out in streams.

It's surprising though, how fast one does pick up the knack of paddling a foldboat, for we hadn't been at it more than an hour before we had eased ourselves into the rhythm. But we were glad to know that we had Ken Smith's little "egg beater" motor to pull us when we got tired.

When afternoon came, a good wind blew up from behind, so two of the foldboats rigged up sails from G. I. tarps and flew down the Sound, leaving the third boat far behind.

By the time evening came, we had grown a little weary from our vigorous day paddling up the fjord-like Sound and decided to camp for the night. We found the only possible camp set on the steep side of the Sound in a series of ledges. With a little work, we produced a semi-comfortable camp which gave us a beautiful view of the surrounding mountains, including Garibaldi and the Black Tusk.

Monday morning dawned bright, crisp, and beautiful, and, knowing that we must be back in Seattle again that weekend, we left our hillside home fairly early in the morning for Horseshoe Bay. Strong winds slowed us down quite a bit. As the morning progressed, the two boats with Ken Smith, Bill Brockman; Mary Jane Monroe and Herb Flatow were close together. Both giving each a race, pulling strongly against tidal currents and choppy waves.

Ken Smith insists he put Bill Brockman in his boat (keeping my boat ahead), so that he wouldn't have to paddle so hard. The third boat, paddled by Shirley Raine and Dayrell Bate, meantime had disappeared far behind. This worried us; time was growing short.

We didn't realize what a battle we would have in the final stretch until we approached the entrance of Horseshoe Bay, and with aching arms and hands, strained ourselves for the final pull to land. Battling the last huge swells and wind for more than two hours, we arrived in the quiet waters of Horseshoe Bay literally exhausted.

Having been worried about our two distant paddlers, we noticed with curiosity a familiar boat and two very familiar people on shore. Yes, there were Shirley and Dayrell, lounging peacefully on the beach, waiting for us. They had thumbed a ride into the harbor on a cabin cruiser, passing us when we were quite unaware of them, some two or three hours before!

Summarizing the trip from the standpoint of Mountaineer interest, there is a definite challenge in the sport of foldboating. This trip has opened up many possibilities for future exciting trips on large inland waterways, especially where such devices as small motors or sails, as we rigged, can be used.

To anyone interested, foldboating is packed full of sport and enjoyment. Why not try it with us next year—"How sound?"

(Refer to last year's annual for descriptive details of these most versatile and utilitarian of small craft.)

—Mary Jane Monroe.

2400 MILES FROM HOME
(Continued from page 17)

Lower campground at Paradise Valley at the foot of Mt. Rainier. The tremendous glaciers and ice cliffs of the Kautz route on Mt. Rainier loomed immediately above.

We were a bit bewildered at first by newspaper releases crediting us with a diet of pie and ice cream and carrying tons of climbing equipment up the mountains, but we gradually became accustomed to the spectacular in mountains, scenery and publicity. We were treated with the utmost courtesy at all times and are especially thankful for the fine cooperation of Mary and Lloyd Anderson, Bill Elfendahl and Burge Bickford of the Seattle Mountaineers.

As director of the past ten Iowa Mountaineer summer outings I cannot help but compare past outings from the standpoint of accomplishment and over-all satisfaction. The 1949 Washington Outing must rank with the best. The peaks are tremendous, the scenery extremely colorful, and the opportunity for all-around mountaineering training exceptionally good.
43rd SUMMER OUTING—BUCK CREEK PASS—GLACIER PEAK AREA
August 6th to 21st, 1949

1949 Outing Committee
William Degenhardt, Chairman
Rick Mack, Commissary
Albert Bogdan, Commissary
John Carter, Climbing
Betty Schreiner, Secretary

Packer
Bob Nicholson
Baker
Paul Hibert
Camp Assistants
Harry Hagen, Jerry O'Leary
Howard Hitchcock

MEMBERS AND PEAKS CLIMBED

Appalachian Mountain Club
Peabody, Mrs. Dean, 1-2-3-5
Peabody, Dean Jr., 1-2-3-5

Everett Mountaineers
Inez Easton, 1-1-5-7*

Seattle Mountaineers
Avann, Sherwin P., 1-4-5-6-7-8
Bogdan, Albert, 1-4-5-6-8
Bogdan, John, 2-3-4-5-6-8
Brandon, Jerry, 1-2-1
Brandon, Loyd E., 1-2-3-4-5-8
Carkeek, A. P., 2-1-5-8
Carter, John, 1-4-5-6-8
Coleman, Linda, 1-3
Cosgrove, Dorothy, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8
Daly, Wilfred V., 1-4-5-7
Degenhardt, William, 2-3-4-6-8
Fenton, Fred A., 1-3-5
Fullner, Duane, 1-4-5-8
Furry, Mabel, 1-3
Grimes, Cornelius, 1
Hagen, Harry, 1-7*
Hagen, Maxine, 3-1
Hudson, A. H., 1-2-3-5-7*
Hudson, Helen, 1-2-3-5-7*
Jirau, Leo, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8
Johnson, Vailie, 1-6
Johnson, Elizabeth, 1-2-3
Mack, Rick, 1-3
Matson, Charles, 2-3-4-5-7
Mikesell, Jeannette, 1-2-3
Mittus, C. A., 1-2-3-4-6-7*
Myers, Ellen, 1-2-3
Nicholson, Bob
Osborn, Anne L., 1-2-3-4-5-8
Ochsner, Louis, 1-2-3-5-7-8
Ripley, Jean, 1-2-3-4-5
Ross, Virginia, 1-2-5
Russell, Mary Ellen, 1
Schreiner, Herbert, 1-1-6
Schreiner, Betty, 1-2-3-4-6

Spring, Ira, 1-4-8
Spring, Patricia, 1-1-8
St. Aubin, Earl, 1-1-5-9
Stenke, Mary, 1-3-5
Uhmann, Paul F., 1-2-5
Walsh, Ellen, 1-3-5
Wegeher, Alice, 1-2-3-4-5-8
Wegner, Helen, 1-2-3-4-5-8
Wiseman, Paul W., 1-2-3-5-6-8
Van Patton, John, 5-7

Sierra Club
Hurst, Valerie, 1-3-5

Tacoma Mountaineers
Corbit, Mrs. Fred A., 1-2-5
Corbit, Fred A., 1-2-5
Fries, Mary, 2-3-4-5
Gallagher, Betty, 3-1
Gallagher, Joe, 1-2-1
Gallagher, Katherine, 1-3
Gallagher, Leo, 2-3-4-5
Gallagher, Theresa, 3-1
Garner, Clarence, 1-3
Hairgrove, Dorothy
Hend, Anos
Heaton, C. R.
Kizer, R. B.
Paxlock, Robert, 1-2-5
Waslenen, Bruni, 1-1-5

Washington Alpine Club
Spurrin, Robert, 1-1-5-6-7-8

Legend of Peaks
1—Liberty Cup
2—Helmet Butte
3—Flower Dome
4—Glacier Peak
5—Plummer
6—Sitting Bull, South Peak
7—North Star
8—Chiwawa

*Those climbs of North Star marked with an asterisk indicate climbs to the false summit where a Mountaineer register is located, the others climbed to the main summit.

Glacier Peak from Mirror Lake.
Photo by Ira Spring
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.

ROLAND SHERMAN, Auditor.

**SEATTLE UNIT**

**Income and Expense Statement for Year Ending October 31, 1949**

**INCOME**

<table>
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<td>Less allocations to publications</td>
<td>$6,188.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Initiation Fees</td>
<td>$800.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less allocation to branches</td>
<td>61.00</td>
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**Publications**

| Allocation of dues | $2,178.00 |
| Less cost of advertising | $1,903.17 |
| Less cost of monthly bulletins | 1,814.18 |
| Less cost of publications | 3,329.96 |
| Less deficit of allotted dues over cost | 3,233.06 |

**Committee Operations**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Excess of income over expenses</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Campercrafts</td>
<td>$36.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbers</td>
<td>101.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dance</td>
<td>331.34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Players</td>
<td>375.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens Pass Ski Hut</td>
<td>203.78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing</td>
<td>488.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trail Trips</td>
<td>56.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excess of expense over income</td>
<td>$1,596.14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banquet</td>
<td>4.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitsap</td>
<td>204.83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Baker Cabins</td>
<td>49.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>207.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ski</td>
<td>162.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squoqatnie Lodge</td>
<td>33.61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excess of income</td>
<td>662.91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Income</td>
<td>933.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>286.07</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crisler Movies</td>
<td>83.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total income</td>
<td>$4,997.16</td>
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**EXPENSES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>General Expenses</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Salaries</td>
<td>$1,510.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rentals</td>
<td>1,240.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>18.58</td>
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<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>339.85</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stamped envelopes</td>
<td>292.29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Federation dues</td>
<td>30.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Social security taxes</td>
<td>66.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Election expense</td>
<td>30.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heat and light</td>
<td>182.58</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clubroom maintenance</td>
<td>223.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emblems and pins</td>
<td>123.17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Film</td>
<td>150.04</td>
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<tr>
<td>Safety Committee</td>
<td>178.52</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>92.61</td>
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<tr>
<td>Depreciation</td>
<td>$4,189.56</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total Expenses</td>
<td>1,566.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NET LOSS</td>
<td>$6,055.91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$1,058.18</td>
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</table>
## ASSETS

### Current Assets

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Account</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash in checking account</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Fund</td>
<td>$2,117.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>$321.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing</td>
<td>$599.56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savings accounts in Washington Mutual Fund</td>
<td>$25.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reserve Fund</td>
<td>$2,550.27</td>
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### Investments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Permanent Fund, U. S. Bonds</td>
<td>$5,000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Fund, U. S. Bonds</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seymour Saddle Horse Fund</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savings account</td>
<td>$225.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond</td>
<td>$1,060.00</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### Buildings and Equipment

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Recorded Value</th>
<th>Allow for Depreciation</th>
<th>Net Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin</td>
<td>$3,577.26</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>$2,576.12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>$1,625.21</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens Ski Hut</td>
<td>$1,591.87</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom Furniture and Fixtures</td>
<td>$1,353.57</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>$1,235.17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion Picture Equipment</td>
<td>$1,101.97</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Equipment</td>
<td>$1,101.97</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Assets</td>
<td>$7,205.72</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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### Liabilities and Surplus

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma and Everett share of dues</td>
<td>$366.06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capital Surplus</td>
<td>$16,137.61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Permanent Fund Surplus</td>
<td>$5,600.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seymour Fund</td>
<td>$1,235.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Building Fund</td>
<td>$1,060.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rescue Fund</td>
<td>$500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Free Surplus</td>
<td>$1,060.00</td>
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</table>

### Total Liabilities and Surplus

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$29,597.55</td>
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### RECEIPTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Social Committee</td>
<td>$51.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest on United States War Bonds</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return Premium on Irish Cabin Insurance</td>
<td>$5.16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox Island Committee Balance</td>
<td>$9.88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Credit on return of climbing class training film</td>
<td>$22.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Committee</td>
<td>$47.73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ski Committee</td>
<td>$35.31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Committee</td>
<td>$11.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special Outings Committee</td>
<td>$4.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Mountaineer Fair</td>
<td>$105.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donations to Irish Cabin Fund</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inez Kilmer</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$623.61</td>
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### DISBURSEMENTS

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Description</th>
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<td>Social Committee</td>
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<tr>
<td>Membership Committee</td>
<td>$9.00</td>
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<td>Climbing Committee</td>
<td>$98.11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Committee</td>
<td>$42.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Photographic Committee</td>
<td>$16.22</td>
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<tr>
<td>Safeguarding of Bonds</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer's Bond</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Envelopes and Stationery</td>
<td>$15.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Postage for Nominating Committee</td>
<td>$3.62</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$701.39</td>
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### ASSETS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash in Bank of California</td>
<td>$665.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash in United States Mutual Savings Bank</td>
<td>$1,102.26</td>
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<tr>
<td>Funds Retained by Local Walks Committee</td>
<td>$28.33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two $500.00 Series G War Bonds</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Property: Irish Cabin Land</td>
<td>$390.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Furniture and Fixtures</td>
<td>$380.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club Room and Local Walks Property</td>
<td>$108.19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$3,385.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### NET WORTH—Estimated

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$3,385.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

ANN JACKSON, Treasurer
THE MOUNTAINEERS INC.—EVERETT BRANCH

Financial Report, October 1, 1948 to October 3, 1949

CHECKING ACCOUNT

Balance October 1, 1948........................................... $183.06

Receipts:

Dues Refund from Seattle ........................................... $79.50
Annual Banquet ..................................................... 164.80
Trail Fees ............................................................ 11.49
Sale of Government Bonds ......................................... 167.00
Cash Available ......................................................... $125.79

Disbursements:

Social ........................................................................ 259.17
Miscellaneous ............................................................. 81.33

Balance October 3, 1949 ................................................ $127.16

INVESTMENTS: Government Bonds (Cost) ....................... 370.00

Total Resources ......................................................... $197.16

Breakdown of Disbursements:

Annual Banquet ......................................................... $181.39
Social ........................................................................ 8.53
Trustees’ Expense ....................................................... 16.00
Rental ........................................................................ 36.25
Speakers ...................................................................... 34.00
Donation to Club Cabins ............................................... 200.00
Miscellaneous ............................................................. 6.22

$181.39

C. S. JONES, Treasurer
per H. Sievers, Trustee.

SEATTLE BRANCH

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

President, Joseph M. Buswell
Vice-President, Cameron Beckwith
Secretary, Ester A. Simons
Treasurer, Frank Doleshy

ELECTED TRUSTEES

Term Expiring October 31, 1950

Wolf Bauer
Joseph M. Buswell
T. Davis Castor
Phyllis Cavender
Mrs. Irving Gavett

Term Expiring October 31, 1951

Mary Anderson
Cameron Beckwith
Irvine Dickford
William Degenhardt
Arthur Winder

Junior Representative to Board, 1949: Bill Wing
Recording Secretary, Elsie Anderson
Club Room Secretary, Mrs. Irene Hinke
Librarian, Margarette Chalfant
Bulletin Editor, Agnes O. Dickert
1949 Annual Editor, Marolyn Smith

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Auditor—Roland Sherman
Building Policy—John Hosack, Fred Gibbons, C. G. Morrison
Camping—Dick Paterson
Climbing—Vic Jessdal
Dance—Duane Fullmer
Entertainment—Florence Thompson
Kitsap Cabin—Evelyn Lehtinen
Meany Ski Hut—Coleman Leuthy
Membership—Betty Schreiner
Mt. Baker Cabins—John Klos

Players—Hurbank Rideout
Public Affairs—Arthur Winder
Photograph—George Willner
Safety—Jim Crooks
Ski—Recreational John Fuller: Competitive, Elv Bodin
Snoqualmie Lodge—John Crabill
Stevens Ski Hut—Ben Shuazy
Summer Outing, 1949—Harry Hagen
Trail Trips—Mary Jane Allen

TACOMA BRANCH

OFFICERS

President—Floyd Raver
Vice-President—Dr. I. A. Drues
Secretary-Treasurer—Ann Jackson

Trusteens

Nita Budil (Mrs. Elwood Budil)
John Carter
Norma Judd
Walter Frederick
Richard B. Scott—Seattle Trustee

AUDITOR—Walter Russ

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Irish Cabin—Earl Ghuka
Irish Cabin Activities—Alice Iond
Climbing—Wallace Minier
Club Room—Fred Bandy
Conservation—Leo Gallagher
Local Walks—Keith Goodman
Membership—Frances M. Goodman

Music—Irene Slade
Photography—Clarence Garner
Publicity—Carl Heaton
Ski—Lester Faiga
Social—Stella Kellogg
Special Outing—Tom Dodge
E V E R E T T B R A NC H
OFFICERS
President—C. S. Jones
Treasurer—C. O. Davis
TRUSTEES—Harold Sievers
COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN
Local Walks—Christian Lehmann
Social—Louise Lawrence
Membership—Leslie Cooper
Programs—Frank Eder

T O T A L M E M B E R S H I P — D E C E M B E R 8, 1949

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Seattle</th>
<th>Tacoma</th>
<th>Everett</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>1,096</td>
<td>152</td>
<td>73</td>
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<tr>
<td>Regular</td>
<td>1,321</td>
<td>338</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>338</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>33</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spouse</td>
<td>203</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
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<tr>
<td>Life</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1,925</td>
<td>1,631</td>
<td>193</td>
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HONORARY MEMBERS

COL. WILLIAM H. GREELEY
CHARLES M. FARREY

LIFE MEMBERS

MRS. EDMOND S. MEANY
EDMOND S. MEANY, JR.
REGINALD H. PARSONS
DUANE S. FULLMER

COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERS

MR. JOE APPA
MRS. JOE APPA
MRS. W. W. SEYMOUR

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP AWARDS—SEATTLE

Y. W. C. A.—Janet Nelson and Peggy Baugh
Campfire Girls—Barbara Johnson and Joanna Johnson
Girl Scouts—Mary Pieroth and Mary Lou Deuter
Associated Boys Clubs—Frank Eder and Robert Janisch
Y. M. C. A.—Bryce Little and Robert Janisch

A D D I T I O N S T O T H E L I B R A RY

GEOLOGY

Bonney, Building of the Alps.
Geikie, Mountains, Their Origin, Growth and Decay.

MOUNTAINS AND MOUNTAINEERING

Barford, Climbing in Britain.
Beckey, Climber’s Guide to the Cascade and Olympic Mountains of Washington
Carr & Lister, Mountains of Snowdonia.
Conway, Climbing in the Himalayas.
Conway, First Crossing of Spitsbergen.
Goss, Alpine Tragedy.
Lunn, Switzerland in Prose and Poetry.
Mazama, Mountaineering on Mount Baker.
Mosso, Life of Man on the High Alps.
Munday, Unknown Mountain.
Peattie, Inverted Mountains.

Illeby, Climbing Days.
Smith, Story of Mont Blanc.
Smythe, Rocky Mountains.
Tyn dall, Mountain Paths.
Violet-Le-Duc, Mont Blanc.
Wilson, Alpine Ascents and Adventures.

OUTDOOR LIFE AND NATURAL STUDY

Hai g-Brown, On the Highest Hill.
Hardy, Skyo.
Hedenstrom & Kjellstrom, Sport of Orienteering.
Higman & Larrison, Pilchuck.

SKIING

Allen, How to Ski by the French Method.
American Ski Annual, 1948.
Harper, Skiing Naturally.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Byrd, Coast of North Greenland.

SEATTLE MEMBERSHIP AS OF OCTOBER 1, 1949

(Address and phone numbers are Seattle unless otherwise stated)

ABEL, H. V., 1462 38th Ave. (22), Pr. 1255.
ABEL, Mrs. H. V. (Marion) 1462 38th Ave., (22), Pr. 1255.
ABELL, Clarence L., 1119 9th Ave. No. (1).
ADAMS, Mrs. Dick (Marjory LaVelle), 1831 10th Pl. N. E. (5), Em. 9011.
ALBRECHT, Harrie F., 1105 Boren Ave., Apt. 501 (1), Cl. 09590.
ALBRECHT, H. W., 1862 Shelby (2), Ea. 1163.
ALEXANDER, Richard C., 1010 1/2 E. Harrison St. (2), Pr. 3175.
ALEXANDER, A. B., 3221 16th So. (4).
ALLAN, James, 5708 31st N. E. (5), Ke. 0958.
ALLAN, Barbara, 5525 Othello St., La. 1135.
ALLAN, Edward W., Northern Life Tower (1), El. 3129.
ALLLEN, LaRene, 4757 17th Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 5358.
ALLLEN, Marilyn, 5525 Othello St., La. 1135.
ALLEN, Mary Jane, 1462 15th Ave. No. (2), En. 5650, Bus., El. 9090, Ext. 1161.

62
CLIMBER'S GUIDE to the Cascade and Olympic Mountains of Washington

By Fred Beckey

Price—$3.50 Postpaid

271 Pages—54 Illustrations—18 Maps

Published by THE AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB

113 East 90 St., New York City 28

or at Your Own Local Book Shop
BAINES, Don V., 1431 Linden Ave. (31). Ke. 2132.
BARRETT, Donald, Rt. 1, Box 79, Redmond, Wash.
BAUER, Mrs. Wolf (Harriett), 5213 11th N.E. (5), Ve. 5874.
BECK, Theodore R., 26,27 Ferdinand St. (2), Mi. 4008.
BECKEY, Fred, 312 Smith Tower (2), El. 1168.
BECKWITH, Cameron, 6231 21st Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 8388.
BEEBE, Jim, 1304 Union Day Place (5). Ve. 0794.
BEECHER, Mrs. Jim (Shirley), 1304 Union Day Place (5). Ve. 0794.
BIEMERSDORF, Edward, 556 18th N. (2).
BOFFETY, Myrna, 1509 2nd Ave. W. (39), Ga. 1176.
BOELL, James R., 1, Redmond, Wash.
BELLAMY, Tenny, 10119 Radford Ave. (77). De. 1919.11
BELCHER, Ireland, 200 Warren Ave. (9). Ga. 7114.
BELSEY, Barbara, 252 Queen Anne Ave. (3). Apt. 807 (9).
BELLAVIN, Robert W., c/o Tacoma Public Library, Tacoma, Wash.
BENZ, Suzanne, 4727 21st Ave. N.E. (5), Ke. 3183.
BENGSTON, Kermit B., Dept. of Science, Western Washington College, Bellingham.
BENZAK, John G., 605 Spring St. (4), Ms. 0624.
BERNARD, Virginia Lee, 1729 41st Ave. S.W. (6), Av. 7609.
Bowers, Robert A., 103 11th Ave. (22).

BECKFORD, Burge B., 5055 Pullman Ave. (5), Ve. 1159; Bus., El. 6130.**III
BICKFORD, Mrs. Burge B. (Frilda), 5055 Pullman Ave. (5), Ve. 4159.
BIGelow, Alida J., 6212 K. Mcgraw (99).
BIGFORD, Jack Norman, 3922 Thistle (8), Ra. 3542.
BISHOP, Lottie G., 441 Humphrey, New Haven, Connecticut 5-7238.
BLACK, David, 3336 Cascadia Ave. (44). La. 6221.
BLACKLER, Jack A., 6733 13th N.W. (7), Ke. 1222.
BLAINE, John, 5264 16th N.E. (5), Ve. 1508.
BLAINE, Mrs. John (Elisabeth), 5264 16th N.E. (5), Ve. 1600.
BLAKELY, Carl, Everett Point, Bellevue, Lakeside 1-7120.
BLISSELL, Walter A., Jr., 261-1213 S.W. 137th (66).
BLISSELL, Walter A. Jr., 261-1213 S.W. 137th (66).
BOGNAR, Hector J., Vashon, Wash., Redmond, Ohio. 11:
BOSANTAN, Armene E., 103 11th N. Apt. 65.
BOWLER, Frank F., 339 Lakeside Ave.
BISHOP, Lottie G., 441 Humphrey, New Haven, Connecticut 5-7238.
BOWMAN, Adaline C., 703 E. 13rd (53). Ke. 8220.
BOLLMAN, Paul V., 760 Delmont Place.
BOLLMAN, Dean H., 9219 2nd Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 3874.
BOGDAN, John B., 3417 West 59th St. (3), Ke. 8388.
BOGDAN, John I. Jr., 3417 West 59th St. (3), Su. 2317 (home); 6110 Phinney Ave. (3), Su. 8311 (bus).§
BOGDAN, John I., 2132 Porter St., Enumclaw, Wash.; 3117 W. 59th St., Seattle, Su. 2317.
BOGDAN, John I., Jr., 2137 West 59th St., Su. 2317 (home); 6110 Phinney Ave. (3), Su. 8311 (bus).§
BOWSER, C. Findley, M. C. 30, Route 3, Warren, Ohio.**
BOWSER, Dallas Spencer, M. C. 30, Warren, Ohio.**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Phone</th>
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<tr>
<td>Boye, Nauette</td>
<td>10628 8th N. E.</td>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>Wash.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brace, Donald</td>
<td>8334 15th Dr.</td>
<td>La.</td>
<td>5627</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bradshaw, Marguerite</td>
<td>Route 1, Box 485</td>
<td>Mercer Island, Wash.</td>
<td>Ad. 0865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brand, Deiors</td>
<td>711 Lakeview Blvd.</td>
<td>(2)</td>
<td>En. 7583</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brandon, Jerry</td>
<td>225 S. W. Whitaker</td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brandt, Evelyn</td>
<td>5003 15th Ave. N. E.</td>
<td>(5)</td>
<td>Ke. 2502</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brandt, Margery E.</td>
<td>Box 466, Route 1</td>
<td>Mercer Island, Wash.</td>
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<td>225 S. W. Whitaker</td>
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<td>Breed, Elizabeth C.</td>
<td>104 14th N.</td>
<td>Ca.</td>
<td>7255</td>
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<td>Brett, Elizabeth C.</td>
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<td>Brett, P. A. (Mail Returned)</td>
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<td>Brettz, Bertha B.</td>
<td>1213 E. 92nd St.</td>
<td>(5)</td>
<td>Ye. 6936</td>
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<td>Bricker, Paul</td>
<td>4022 34th S. W.</td>
<td>Av. 4398</td>
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<td>Breit, Don</td>
<td>1615 33rd Ave. (Lower Apt.)</td>
<td>(22), Ca. 1936</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brockman, C. Frank</td>
<td>College of Forestry, U. of W. Seattle (5) Wash.</td>
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<td>Brockman, Jean</td>
<td>7052 53rd Ave. N. E.</td>
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<td>Ke. 7890</td>
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<td>Brockman, William E.</td>
<td>7052 53rd N. E.</td>
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<td>Brooks, Burton</td>
<td>3002 E. 57th St.</td>
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<td>Brooks, Richard J.</td>
<td>3002 E. 57th St.</td>
<td>(5)</td>
<td>Ve. 1417</td>
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<td>Brotherston, Jo Anne</td>
<td>1163 19th Ave. No.</td>
<td>(2), En. 6621</td>
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<td>Brown, Eleanor</td>
<td>1900 E. 47th (Alpha Phi House)</td>
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<td>Brown, Fred</td>
<td>2313 No. 185th (33)</td>
<td>Sh. 9679</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown, Marilyn</td>
<td>1900 F St., Vancouver</td>
<td>Wash.</td>
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<td>Browning, Curtis</td>
<td>418 N. 36th St.</td>
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<td>Brazy, Chet</td>
<td>3235 3rd Fairview N.</td>
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<td>418 N. 36th St.</td>
<td>(3), Me. 9911</td>
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<td>Brown, Marilyn</td>
<td>1900 F St., Vancouver</td>
<td>Wash.</td>
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<td>Brown, Elizabeth C.</td>
<td>5106 W. Stevens</td>
<td>(6), Ye. 3727</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bruce, Boyd K.</td>
<td>Rt. 3, Box 293</td>
<td>Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 482-R</td>
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<td>Bruce, Mrs. Boyd K.</td>
<td>Rt. 3, Box 293</td>
<td>Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 482-R</td>
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<tr>
<td>Humber, Robert Erie</td>
<td>17902 Brittany Dr.</td>
<td>(65), La. 6082</td>
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<td>Burkman, Elsie</td>
<td>1225 Williams Ave.</td>
<td>(99), Office. El. 4333</td>
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<td>Burnett, Hazel</td>
<td>1163 E. 55th St.</td>
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<td>Burr, Jannette W.</td>
<td>8202 14th N. E.</td>
<td>(5)</td>
<td>Ye. 8017</td>
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<td>Burr, Wallace H.</td>
<td>8202 14th N. E.</td>
<td>(5)</td>
<td>Ye. 8017</td>
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<tr>
<td>Burr, Mrs. Wallace H.</td>
<td>8202 14th N. E.</td>
<td>(5)</td>
<td>Ye. 8017</td>
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<tr>
<td>Burnough, Suzanne</td>
<td>6042 29th N. E.</td>
<td>(5)</td>
<td>Ye. 5670</td>
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<td>Burton, Barbara B.</td>
<td>100 Crockett St.</td>
<td>(9), Ga. 9397</td>
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<td>Burton, Joan N. (Mail Returned)</td>
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<td>Buswell, Joseph M.</td>
<td>6821 34th N. W.</td>
<td>(7), De. 3019, La. 7300, Local 381 1/4</td>
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<td>Buswell, Mrs. Joseph M. (Eleonor)</td>
<td>6821 34th N. W. (7), De. 3019 1/4</td>
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<td>Hutterfield, Gordon</td>
<td>2520 Warren Ave.</td>
<td>(9), Ga. 6918</td>
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<td>Hutterfield, Russell A.</td>
<td>11047 Wallingford Ave. (33), Sh. 2533</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hutterfield, Mrs. Russell A. (Maureen)</td>
<td>11047 Wallingford Ave. (33), Sh. 2533</td>
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CARKEEK, A. P., Rt. 2, Box 385, Bellingham, Wash., Lakeside 218 M.

CARLSON, Albert, Star Route, Coulee Dam, Wash.

CARLSON, C. G., 2312 W. 97th St. (7), De. 4078.

CARLSON, Mrs. C. G., 2312 W. 97th (7), De. 4078.

CARLSON, Clarence Jr., 2312 W. 97th (7), De. 4078.

CARLSON, Signe E., 4407 E. 41st (5), Ke. 3903.

CARLSON, Ted W., 6518 18th Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 3562.

CARLSON, William R., Fragaria, Wash., Tel. 55X1.

CARLSON, Mrs. William R., Fragaria, Wash., Tel. 55X1.

CARSON, Carolyn, 2527, 27th W. (99), Al. 2837.


CARMILL, Marilyn G., 1712 E. 86th (5), Ve. 6019.

CASE, Mrs. Joyce, 421 N. Yakima, Tacoma, Wash.

CASELS, Colleen, 4953 Purdue Ave. (5), Ke. 7818.

CASTERLIN, Mrs. Anne, 516 Ravanva Blvd. (5), Ve. 1808.


CASTOR, Robert L., 6536 53rd N. E. (5), Ve. 8264.


CASTOR, Mrs. T. Davis (Marion P.), 6536 53rd Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 8264.

CAVENDER, Phyllis, 1206 E. 50th (5), Ke. 8012; El. 6710.

CEDERQUIST, Anne, 6910 15th Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 7139.

CEHRS, Charles H., c/o Engineering Dept. Fresno State College, Fresno 1, Calif. Δ

CERVIN, Ruth, 1120 Lakeside S. (4), Pr. 3325.

CHALFANT, Margarette, 5511 31st Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 7821.

CHAMBERS, Doris L., 2120 Broadway N. (2), Ca. 5062.

CHAMBERS, Jeanne, 3216 W. McGraw (99), Ga. 3365.

CHANDLER, Barbara Jean, 538 N. 72nd St. (3), De. 3817.

CHAMPION, E. L. (Miss), Rt. 2, Box 2398, Edmonds, Wash. (Winter address) 1105 6th Ave., Seattle 1, Wash.

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COURTNEY, LaVern C. (Mail returned)

COWELL, Alice, 1140 E. 42nd St. (5), Me. 1741

COWLEY, Joseph Greenleaf, 2210 E. Lynn (2), Fe. 5228

COX, A. H., 33rd & E. Alder St. (22), home

En. 7711: Office Ma. 1121


COX, Shirley K., 1010 Union (1), Sc. 7271.

CRAIL, John W., 7233 24th Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 1568.

CRAIL, Mrs. John W. (Catherine), 7233 24th Ave. N.E. (5), Ve. 1568.

CRAFT, Bill (Mail Returned).

CRAFT, Mrs. Bill (Ann) (Mail Returned).

CRAIG, R. W., 11275 E. Northlake (5).

Houseboat: Me. 2535. Perm. Home Address, 1921 33rd St. (11), Pr. 1033.

CRAIG, Robert W., 12239 Colvis Ave. (33), Sh. 2121.

CRAIG, Mrs. Robert W. (Marion R.), 12239 Colvis Ave. (33), Sh. 2121.


CREEL, Wilhelmine S., 1009 15th N. E., (5), Me. 6013.


CROOK, C. G., 627 No. Williams Ave., Portland 11, Orecon.

CROOKS, James William (Mail Returned).


CROPLEY, Malcolm L., 1102 2nd N. W. (7), Me. 8582.

CROSSTLER, Mrs. K. O. (Peggy Batejle), 1311 W. 29th St., Apt. 6, Los Angeles. (37), Calif. §

CROM, Carl B. Jr., 3717 California Ave. (6), We. 6716.

CRUM, Mrs. Carl B. Jr. (Jeanne), 3717 California Ave. (6), We. 6716.

CULVER, Thelma, 7th & D. Steakhouse.

Wash., Phone 9281.

CUNNINGHAM, Francis, 1331erry Ave. (1), Mo. 6323.

CUNNINGHAM, Mary Jane, Route 1, Box 121, Bellevue, Wash. §

CUTTIS, Mrs. Irene K., 312 W. 77th (7), home. Su. 5078; bus, Ei. 1114.


CUSHING, Winifred, 4134 11th N. E. (5), Ke. 1255.

CUTN, Dr. Rollin E., 1721 Interlaken Blvd. (2), En. 1262.

CUTNS, Mrs. Rollin E. (Dorothy R.), 1721 Interlaken Blvd. (3), En. 1262.

DAHL, Jean, 5582 15th N. E. (5), Ke. 6566.

DAHLSTROM, Dorothy, 2631 Ballinger Way (55), Sh. 2170.

DAHBER, Onie, 5351 1st N. E. (5), Ke. 9291, Ph. 0-0380.

DAHBER, Mrs. Onie (Mathe), 5351 1st N. E. (5), Ke. 9291.

DAHBER, Mrs. Onie (Mathe), 5351 1st N. E. (5), Ke. 5221.

DAHER, Mr. W. Bruce (Mail returned).

DAIL, Wilfred V., 3660 W. Henderson (6), Av. 1331.

DAMAN, Mrs. Horace J. (Harriett), 326 W. Mercer, Apt. 208 (99), Al. 0761.

DAIRK, Marcelle, 5004 8th Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 9220.


DAVENNY, Mrs. Richard (Lowene), 5613 20th Ave. N. E. (5).

DAVIN, Fidelia G., P. O. Box 65, Kitsap Whid.

DAVIN, Judy, 3111 E. Laurelhurst Dr., Ve. 5676.

DAVIN, Lois E., 814 N. 37th (7), Me. 1933.

DAVIN, Thomas M., 6 Tread Road, Overbrook Hills, Penn.

DAWSON, Mrs. Harry, Route 1, Box 1222, Alderwood Manor.

DEAH, Carolyn Marcia, 4315 Burke Ave. (3), Me. 3814.

DEBRING, Margaret, 1633 Byolston Ave. (22), Pr. 6072.

DE FOREST, Doug, 2838 11th West (99), Ge. 8065.
DEGENHARDT, Mrs. Wm. A. (Adela ide), 4927 51st So. (8), Ra. 1608.
DELEHANTY, Margaret, 906 Terry Ave. (4), Ma. 3660.
DEMPSEY, Donald P., 3702 42nd Ave. S. (6), We. 6410.
DEUTER, Mary Lou, 5227 51st Ave. S. (8), Ra. 7867.
DeVOE, Donald Robert, 1117 N. Broadway (2), Ca. 4728.
DeVOE, Beulah, 4710 36th Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 2566.
DICKERT, O. Phillip, 568 Lynn St. (9), Ga. 6599.
DICKERT, Mrs. O. Phillip (Agnes), 568 Lynn St. (9), Ga. 6599.
DIXIE, Ruth, 2506 Warren Ave. (9), Ga. 5269.
DIXON, Mary Ethel, 1631 16th Ave. (22), Ea. 8158.
DODGE, William E., 4425 2nd N. W. (7), Me. 8534.
DODSON, Jerry, 5015 Alaska St., Ra. 6939.
DODSON, Perry A., 5015 Alaska St. (8), Ra. 6939.
DOLSKY, Frank L., 701 Dravus St. (99), Ga. 8857.
DOLSKY, Mrs. Frank L. (Kay), 701 W Dravus St. (99), Ga. 8857.
DOLSTAD, John D., 350 Lee St. (9), Ga. 9216.
DONALDSON, Joann, 5031 38th Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 3899.
DONLEY, Gloria, 6832 16th Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 1542.
DUNLAP, Gerald M., 10820 23rd E. (55), Sh. 6538.
DUPUIS, Fred J., Box 332, Star Route 1, Bremerton, Wash.
DUQUET, Emory Martin, 1518 35th N. E., Ke. 7697.
ELFENDahl, William P., 2028 32nd Ave. No. (41), Ca. 8113.
ELLIS, David, 3714 E. 15th St. (55), Sh. 1803.
ELLIS, Mrs. Walter (Violet V.), 718 E. Howell St. (22), Ca. 2702.
ELLIS, Margaret, 323 Portage Bay Place (2), Mi. 1597.
ELY, Ralph L., 1407 1st Ave. No. (9), Ga. 2157.
EASTMAN, Henrietta V., 7330 35th A. W. (6), We. 7131.
EGAN, Evelyn, 2927 36th S. (44), Ra. 3532.
EGGERS, Donald, 9825 Marine View Dr. (6), We. 5255.
EHRENCLou, O. A., c/o The Insular Life Assurance Co., Ltd., Manila, P. I.
EKREM, Betty V., Route 2, Box 640, Mercer Island, Wash. Res., Ad. 0710,
ELFENDahl, William P., 2028 32nd Ave. No. (41), Ca. 8113.
ELLIS, David, 3714 E. 15th St. (55), Sh. 1803.
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WINCE, Margaret L., 2222 Monroe St., Cortavilla, Ore., 780-J.
FISHER, Mrs. Thomas M., 1806 E. 171st (55), Em. 2303.
FISHER, Mrs. Thomas M., 1866 E. 171st (55), Em. 2303.
FITZGERALD, Louise M., 2171 Hoyter Ave. (2), Ca. 7711.
FLETCHER, Barbara, 723 17th (2), Ca. 6191.
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LEBER, Ralph E., 426 Polson Bldg. (4), 
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KUHN, Lodema, 4326 2nd Ave. N. E. (5), 
KUHN, Mrs. John (Lidia), 41 Highland 
KUSS, Bob, 1423 E. Northlake (5), Ev. 
KUSS, Virginia, 3042 Belvidere Ave (6), 
KVAHLE, Ruth, 1500 8th Ave. W. (99), 
LA BAR, Elaine, 1310 Minor Ave. (1), Se. 
LEBEN, Ralph E., 425 Poison Bldg. (4), 
LEBEN, Ralph T. (Ted), Rt. 2, Box 491, 
LEBER, Mrs. Ralph T. (Ann), Rt. 2, Box 
LEE, Robert O., 4418 29th West (99), Ga. 
LEBEN, Elvera, 3014 Market St., Apt. 
LERCHENMUELLER, Hans, 2511 McClel- 
LESTER, Dr. Charles N., 2560 9th W. 
LESTER, Mrs. Charles N., 2560 9th W. 
LEUTHY, Coleman S., 4225 E. 124th St. 
LEUTHY, Fred W., 4225 E. 124th St. (55), Em. 5642. 
LEVESCO, Sidney, 845 S. Greenbrier, 
LEVISON, Marvin, 2004 E. Prospect St. (2), 
LICH, Floris K., 2758-B Westlake Ave. 
LIFEY, Bryce Jr., 1141 Boren, No. 503, 
LITTLE, Chester, 110 Argye Pl. (3), He. 6780. 
LITTLE, Mrs. Chester (Dorothy), 110 Argye 
LITTLE, Mrs. Eulalie B., 2124 E. 1076, Ju. 7297. 
LITTLE, Walter B., 1334 Terry Ave. (1), 
LLOYD, Helen, 2212 29th W. (99), Ga. 7750. 
LOEFFLER, R. Donald, 1723 Lafond Ave., 
LONG, Mrs. Maude C., 2203 14th Ave. S. W. (6), We. 7557. 
LORD, Myrtle I., 546 E. 81st St. (5), Ve. 2711. 
LONG, Marion, 905 3rd Ave., Rm. A355, 
LOWRY, Charles E., 2717 18th S. (4), 
LIMBACH, Dorothy H., 4337 15th Ave. 
LITTLE, Walter, Mrs. (Rick), Sunnyside, Wash. (5), Ve. 1676. 
LONG, Burl., 12 516 13th Ave. N.E. 
LAND, Mrs. John (Gail), 1106 6th W. (99), Al. 4746. 
LANGLOW, W. A., 6927 55th S. (8), Ra. 6990. 
LANGSTAFF, Russell O., 3205 W. Elmore 
LARSON, Olle, 2805 11th N. (2), Ca. 3272. 
LAM, Leva, 621 1st W. Apt. 306 (99), Al. 0887. 
LAMIN, Robert L., 11 640 3rd Ave. So. (88). 
LAND, Mrs. Robert, 11640 3rd Ave. So. (88).* 
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LANE, John, 1106 6th W. (99), Al. 8476. 
LANE, Mrs. John (Gail), 1106 6th W. (99), Al. 8476. 
LEWIS, Marvin, 2004 E. Prospect St. (2), 
LITHE, Dorothy H., 4337 15th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 
LILLIAN, Frederick, 421 2nd No. (9), Ga. 3102. 
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LEWISON, Mrs. John (Lidia), 41 Highland 
LEWIS, Marvin, 2004 E. Prospect St. (2), 
LICHT, Floris K., 2758-B Westlake Ave. 
LIFEY, Bryce Jr., 1141 Boren, No. 503, 
LITTLE, Chester, 110 Argye Pl. (3), He. 6780. 
LITTLE, Mrs. Chester (Dorothy), 110 Argye 
LITTLE, Mrs. Eulalie B., 2124 E. 1076, Ju. 7297. 
LITTLE, Walter B., 1334 Terry Ave. (1), 
LLOYD, Helen, 2212 29th W. (99), Ga. 7750. 
LOEFFLER, R. Donald, 1723 Lafond Ave., 
LONG, Mrs. Maude C., 2203 14th Ave. S. W. (6), We. 7557. 
LONG, Mrs. WM. (Maude C.), 2203 14th Ave. S. W. (6), We. 7557. 
LONG, WM. G., Jr., 2203 47th Ave. S. W. (6), We. 7557. 
LOtRIG, Arthur N., 210 Commerce Hall, 
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, (5), Me. 0630 Ext. 382. 
LONG, Mrs. WM. G. (Maude C.), 2203 14th Ave. S. W. (6), We. 7557. 
LONG, WM. G., Jr., 2203 47th Ave. S. W. (6), We. 7557.$ 
LOWRY, Edmund G., 8740 Loyal Ave. (7), He. 2071.$ 
LOWRY, Mrs. Edmund G., 8710 Loyal Ave. (7), He. 2071. 
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LINDAHL, Vera, 5710 Kirkwood Place 
LUNDGAHL, Vera, 5710 Kirkwood Place 
LUNDIN, Robert J., 1636 37th Ave., Oak- 
LUNDIN, Mrs. Emilsea A., 8741 Dayton Ave. (33), Ra. 6777. 
LUTGEN, Clifford T., 4832 Graham St. (8), La. 3778. 
LYON, Irene (Mail Returned). 
MACDONALD, Betty Rae, 3826 43rd N. E. (5), Ve. 4866. 
MACDONALD, Evelyn, 516 13th N., Mi. 2978. 
MACDONALD, Shirley, 1723 Lafond Ave., 
MACPADDEN, Martha, 4552 E. Laurel Dr. (5), Ve. 4404. 
MACPADDEN, Nancy, P. O. Box 2858. 
MACGOWAN, George, 3916 West Thistle 
MACGOWAN, Mrs. George, (Jane), 3916 W. Thistle (6), We. 6290. 
MACK, Mrs. F. D. (Rick), Sunnyside, Wa. 
MALLORY, Frances, 4731 18th N. E. (5), Ke. 4433. 
MALONE, Carl, 3201 E. 86th (5), Ve. 9131.
OLIVER, Nina Jo, 8720 Wahash Ave. (8). 
Ra. 2834.

OLIVER, Ivadell Dean, 3662 5th Ave. S.W. (7). 
We. 3886.

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OLSEN, Mrs. Axel, Rt. 3, Box R-109, Auburn, Wash.

OLSON, Clarence A., 8102 Latona Ave. (5), Ke. 6619.

OLSON, Don L., 2711 E. 107th St. (55), Le. 3920.

OLSON, Mrs. Axel, Rt. 3, Box R-109, Auburn, Wash.

OLSON, Mrs. Harold A., 3601 Newton St., Mt. Rainier, Md., Union 3178.

OSGOOD, Anne L., 1233 E. 69th St. (5), Sh. 4645.

OSGOOD, Mrs. William W., 3406 Newton St. (4), Ve. 3121.

OSTERHOUT, Glenn B., Sr., 5711 E. 77th Ave. (5), Ve. 3138.

OSTERHOUT, Glenn B., Jr., 5711 E. 77th St. (5), Ve. 3138.

OSTERHOUT, Glenn B., Jr., 5711 E. 77th St. (5), Ve. 3138.

OSTERHOUT, Jane, 5711 E. 77th St. (5), Ve. 3138.


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PRESTRO, Kenneth, 69 Malcolm Ave., Pittsfield, Mass. 1 A
PREUSS, Marie, 530 W. 51st St. (7), De. 2032.
PRICE, Mrs. Eva., 5919 High Point Dr. (6), Ve. 4833.
PRICE, W. Montelius, 114 Madrona Place No. (2), Ea. 1619.
PRIBOR, Bob, 1111 Kamiakin, Pullman, Wash.
PROCTOR, Joan Rita, 2101 15th Ave. So. (44), Ca. 6711.
PUH, Major Mary M., WAC Staff Dir., Hqs. Third Army, Ft. McPherson, Georgia.
PUTNAM, Mrs. John, Snoqualmie, Wash.
RAEI, Helen Ethel, 4519 12th Ave.
RAINE, Shirley E., 1215 Franklin Ave. (2), Ca. 4933.
RALESTON, Jerry, 4605 50th So. (8), Ra. 1636.
RAMSDAY, Gladys E., 69 Cambridge Road, Madison A, Wis.
RANKIN, Kathleen Ann, Arlington Apts.
RASMUSSEN, Norman, 3212 E. 70th (5), Me. 8161.
RASMUSSEN, Mrs. Robert (Barbara Marjorie), 2647 36th W. (99), Res., Al. 163-1; Ve. 1823.
RASMUSSEN, Mrs. Wally (Ruth T.), 5035 E. 17th St. (88).
RASMUSSEN, Wally (J. C.), 5035 E. 17th St., Lake Forest Park (55).
RATHBUN, Ellen C., 1928 3rd W. (99), Gac. 4701.
RATCLIFFE, Ruth, 5620 40th S. (6), Ve. 2649.
REECE, Orlin W., 1743 6th St., Bremerton.
REEVES, Vera, 4205 15th Ave. N. E. (5), Me. 1840.
RELL, Martha, 1020 E. Denny (22), Ea. 3358.
REPER, Walter R., 2, Box 619, Mercer Island, Wash., Ad. 7462.
RECONA, Jack, 9733 11th Ave. S. Vi., 3398.
RICHARDS, Laura, 4732 22nd N. E. (5), Ve. 5489.
RICE, Orin W., 748 6th St., Bremerton, Wash., phone 2354-J.
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RIDDLE, Robert L., 6059 Sycamore.
RIDEOUT, Burbank, 4620 51st So. (8), Ra. 2285.
RIGG, Raymond R., 4553 8th Ave. N. E. (5), Me. 5371.
RIGO, Mrs. Raymond R., 4553 8th Ave. N. E., Me. 5371.
RILEY, Jack N., 203 W. 60th (7), Su. 6293.
RILEY, Clarence M., c/o Columbia Lbr. Co. of Alaska, 905 2nd Ave. Bldg., Seattle (1), Se. 6730.
RINK, Robert H., 122-1 22nd, Longview.
RIPLEY, Jean O., 2334 Franklin (2), Ca. 2372.
RISTIE, Kyrlis, 8255 30th Ave. N. E. (5), Ke. 2140.
ROBERTS, David, 5850 919th N. E. (5), Ke. 1336.
ROBERTS, Mary A., 1965 12th W. (99), Ke. 8161.
ROBINSON, Beverly, 4327 E. 44th St. (5), Ve. 3227; Fl. 0249.
ROBINSON, Mary E. (Elizabeth Milus), 1119 E. 43rd (5), Me. 3871; Bus., Fl. 0709.
ROBINSON, Marilyn, 7716 44th S. (6), Ve. 1073.
ROCHESTER, Marjorie (Mrs. R. N.), Mercer Island, Wn., Ad. 1100.
ROBIE, Albert, 2716 32nd So. (44), La. 2921.
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ROGERS, Dr. Philip M., 8915 42nd N. E. (5), Ve. 2649.
ROGERS, Philip W., 8915 42nd Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 2649.
ROGERS, Ted A., 8915 42nd Ave. N. E. (5), Ve. 2649.
ROLL, Rex, 1215 E. Spring (4), Ea. 9730; Bus., Ma. 8381.
ROLLER, Martha, 1020 E. Denny (22), Ea. 3358.
ROPER, Alice E., 1018 9th Ave., Apt. 115 (4), Mi. 5889.
ROXFORD, May, 1725 12th (22), Ea. 4745.
ROSENFELD, Walter, 6320 15th N. E. (4), Ke. 7190.
ROSS, Kenneth, 12014 8th N. W. (77), Gr. 1214.
ROSS, Marjorie, 1204 8th N. W. (77), Gr. 1114.
RUSTAD, Sylvia, 29·12 Fuhrman St. (9), Ga. 5992.
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RUDY, Isabelle M., 2125 11th (2), Ca. 2125.
RUSSELL, Mary Ellen, 933 20th No. (2), Ea. 1125.
RUSTAD, Sylvia, 29·12 Fuhrman Ave., Mi. 5887.
RYAN, Ruth, 6534 12th N. E. (5), Fl. 3440.
RYDER, Dorothy, 4105 Brooklyn Ave. (5), Me. 5971.
RYDER, Madalene, 1303 James St. (4), El. 5929.
WILLIS, Mary E., 5235 17th N. E., Apt. 5 (5).
WILLNER, George, 3410 62nd S. W. (6), Av. 9669.
WILLNER, Mrs. George (Ellen), 3410 62nd S. W. (6), Av. 9669.
WILSON, Christina G., 2132 2nd Ave. (1), Se. 7835.
WILSON, Mrs. Elton C. (Harriet), 346 E. 54th (6), Ke. 6481.
WILSON, Joseph W., 9006 Fauntleroy (6), Ve. Wash. 9272.
WILSON, Kathleen H., 1707 E. Queen Anne Dr. (9), Al. 0169.
WILSON, Patrick O., 5th West Crockett (99), Ga. 6357.
WILTFSE, Mrs. P. T., 2601 46th Ave. S., Ve.
WILL, Mary E., 16229 Maplewild (66), Gl. 3536-J-3.
WIMPSIDE, Doris, 9685 51st So. (8), Ra. 2577.
WINSLOW, Patrick 0., 510 West Crockett (99), Ke. 0398.
WINSHIP, Florence S., 1707 E. Ontario St., Chi. 6182.
WISHAAR, Donald P., 3385, Bus. 6739 Dibble Ave. N. W. (7), He. 0927.
WISHAAR, Mrs. Donald P., 6739 Dibble Ave. N. W. (7), He. 0927.
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WOLFE, Katharine A., 907 E. 72nd Ave. (5), Ke. 0471.*
WOOD, Everett M., 9027 17th Ave. S.W. (6).
WOOD, Marian, 503 1st W. (99), Al. 0188.
WOOD, Betty L., 5267 48th Ave. So. (8), Ra. 2577.
WOODWARD, John, 6030 18th N. E. (5), Ke. 3145.
WINTON, Mrs. Howard, 1307 E. Boston St. (2), Ca. 2434.
WRIGHT, Dimie E., 762 3rd St. So., Kirkland, Kirkland 3926; Se. 0813.
WRIGHT, Frances E., 3130 Franklin Ave. (2), Ca. 3285.*
WRIGHT, Janet, 4124 55th N. E. (5), Ve. 3525.
WULFF, Dagney, 621 1st West, No. 6 (99), Ga. 6190.
WUNDERLING, Herman P., 5424 57th So. (8), Ra. 3960.
WUNDERLING, Mrs. Herman P. (Margaret H.), 5424 57th So. (8), Ra. 3960.
WYNNE, Grace, 2650 47th S. W. (6), Av. 3188; Ma. 2317.
YOUNG, James, 597 12th No. (2), Ca. 6029.
YOUNG, Judith S., 1921 19th N. (2), Mi. 2694.
YOUNG, Robert D., 1431 113rd N. E. (5), Ke. 0474.
ZIMMER, Hugo, 630 W. Mercer Pl. (99), Al. 3676.
ZIMMERMAN, Mary Lou, 4237 55th N. E. (5), Ke. 0958.

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BANKS, Wenetta W., 1310 Rucker Ave.
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BERGE, Richard Waldon, 2512 Rucker, Black 379.
BLuemke, Fred J., 2209 Virginia, Red 618.
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BUELER, Hilda, 1825 Rucker St., Red 729.*
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COCKBURN, John F., 4524 19th N. E. (5), Ve. 1661.
COOPER, Leslie R., 210 Colby Bldg.
CORBIN, Noelle, 2620 Grand Ave., White 1211.
CRAVTON, Catherine, The Mayfair, BA 2409.
DAVIS, C. O., 2115 18th St.
DAVIS, Mrs. C. O., 2115 18th St. DOPH, Albert C., 2805 19th St., Black 720.
DOPH, Mrs. A. C. (Adelisa), 2805 19th St., Black 720.
DOPH, James, 2805 19th St., Black 720.
DOPH, William S., 2805 19th St., Black 720.
EASTON, Inez, Granite Falls, Wash. EDF, Frank M., 2627 Rucker Ave., White 1341.*
EDER, Frank M., 2627 Rucker Ave., White 1341.*
EDER, Mrs. Frank M., 2627 Rucker Ave., White 1343.*
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FELDER, Helen, P. O. Box 633, Main 482-R.*
FELDERS, Mrs. Herman, P. O. Box 633, Main 482-R.*
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GLEASON, Byron T., Route 1, Box 81, E. 2919.
GLEASON, Mrs. Byron T. (Marilyn Doph) Rt. 1, Box 81, E. 2919.
HALLGREN, Guin, 3608 Norton Ave. HUBBARD, Mabel C. 2632 Rucker Ave.
HAIN, James, 1142 23rd St. HAIN, Mrs. James, 1142 23rd St.
HIRMAN, Leona J., 1317 Rucker Ave., White 1528; Main 776.
HOOPER, Margaret, 2322 Broadway.
HOPKINS, Wm. A., 2220 Colby Bldg.
HUBBARD, Mabel C., 2632 Rucker Ave., 81, Cedar 1887.
HUTTON, Robert C., Star Route, Marysville, Wash.
JESCHKE, Mrs. William B., 1609 Fulton St., White 875.
JESCHKE, William B., 1609 Fulton St., White 875.
JOHNSON, Violet, 1317 Rucker, White 1528; Main 117.
SCHOANNING, Hedvig, Tarnveien 1, Vo­
huat V. Aker, Oslo, Norway.
SCOTT, Richard B., 1718 Mountainview
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SENNER, Mrs. G. (Gloria), 1004 E. 61st,
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Inc., Sta. 1, Fairbanks, Alaska.
SEYMOUR, Mrs. Wm. W., 609 N. Chest­
nut, Ellensburg, Wash.
SHERRY, Harold, Rt. 1, Box 216, Taco­
ma, Gr. 5330.
SHERRY, Mrs. Harold, Rt. 1, Box 261, Ta­
coma, Gr. 5330.
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3884.
SLADE, Irene, 3516 No. Union (7), Pr.
6645.
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Pr. 9393.
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STACHER, Arthur A., 1520 Washington
Hldg. (2), Ma. 5696; Res. Ma. 9888.
STACHER, Mrs. Arthur, 1520 Washington
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STANDAERT, Geraldine, Rt. 5, Box 5,
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ttle (4), El. 9724.
ST. JOHN, Mary L., Annie Wright Semi­
nary (3), Br. 2205.
STRATTON, Lt. John N., 7970 CIC Group,
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N. Y.
SUNNELL, Agnes, 5560 29th N. E., Se­
ttle (5), Ve. 2068.
SUSTMAN, Olive M., United Pacific Ins.
Co., Medical Arts Hldg (3), Br. 1258.
(7).
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THOMAS, Jessie D., Box 1654, Ma. 9181; 110 6th Ave., Ma. 0650.
TILTON, Douglas L., 5133 No. Defiance
(7).
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Ma. 2452.
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VAUGHT, Midred, 1319 So. Eye St. (3),
Br. 5213.
WALTERS, Pat, 1012 Park Drive (3), Br.
3855.
WARNER, Pauline, 114 N. E St. (3), Br.
8902.
WATEROUS, Mary Frances, Annie Wright
Seminary (3), Br. 2205.
WATERS, Ruth L., 814 So. Stevens (6),
Pr. 0450.
WESTON, Roy H., 114 Summit Ave, Fir­
crest (3), Sk. 3559.
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WISLICENUS, Gustav A., 3502 No. 29th
(7), Pr. 6625.†
WISLICENUS, Mrs. G. A., 3502 No. 29th
(7), Pr. 6625.
WONDERS, Emerson, c/o Yakima Meat
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