The
MOUNTAINEER
1950
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

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A Wealth of Opportunity  

By ARTHUR R. WINDER

Conservation, to use the pat definition, is the preservation and protection of our natural resources, whether it be the soil of the great agricultural regions, the minerals that come from the earth, the timber resources of our forests, or the products of the sea. Since the viewpoint in this regard is usually colored by gazing strictly through economic eye glasses, generally overlooked by most experts are resources whose shameful neglect has really only just begun to be realized. Those resources are our wilderness areas, and other sections of outstanding natural wonder or beauty set aside in the public interest for park purposes, with their attendant esthetic and recreational values. What man or woman, possessed of any soul, can, for example, stand in the presence of the wonders of our National Parks and not marvel at the forces that have created them, nor fail to thank those farsighted individuals who have been responsible for their preservation, for the eternal delight of the generations to come.

Mountaineers are, and by necessity must be, nature preservationists. Their very existence as an organization is dependent upon that fact, for without the wilderness and other reserved areas, there would not be the incentive for outdoor life as we know and love it. And it would be easy for us to beguile ourselves into thinking that there are plenty of such regions for all, but it has been proven time and time again that in the final analysis, we never have enough to meet the increasing demands of a growing population. We will be too late with too little unless an aroused citizenry will demand its inalienable rights as owners of the public domain to secure adequate reservations for primitive areas and parks before the desired regions have been snapped up by the greedy maw of selfish interests. The wilderness is also a definite factor in the preservation of our economic life, particularly in the Pacific Northwest, where we are dependent upon the careful use of our water resources, in that it provides natural controls over natural forces, as well as maintaining a desirable ecological unit. Yet the picture today does not indicate much progress, and in fact we are greatly in danger of actually losing some of the things which have been gained in years past, for once again local and special selfish interests, magnified and distorted all out of proportion to the true national interest, are seeking to destroy one of the fine units of the National Park System, the Dinosaur National Monument.

Dinosaur National Monument includes 327 square miles of spectacular canyons in northeastern Utah and northwestern Colorado. Within it is found, also, a dinosaur "quarry," from whence the monument secures its title, Indian archeological remains and an interesting variety of plant and animal life. But it is the scenery which is outstanding and makes this area one of the more beautiful and inspiring units of the National Park System. Through parts of the monument flows the rapid, curving Yampa River, entering from the east, while the Green River enters the area from the north through the wild and spectacular Lodore Canyon. This is a reservation worthy in every respect to be preserved for posterity, as it is the only unit in the National Parks which tells the story of the upper Colorado River. Although the Service has plans for developing the area for public use, so far this has not been undertaken, due to lack of funds. But there now hangs over this monument the sort of threat that increasingly confronts our public reservations. It is the proposal of the Bureau of Reclamation to construct two dams for power and irrigation, at Split Moun-
tain and Echo Park. Split Mountain Dam would dry up the Green River for several miles to create a reservoir that could be maintained at a fairly consistent level. Echo Park Dam, which would be 525 feet above the canyon floor level, would inundate the Yampa canyon, flooding geological formations of outstanding value and destroying the beauty and life of the canyon floor.

This is no idle threat. A hearing, conducted by Secretary Oscar Chapman, of the Department of the Interior, was held in Washington, D. C., April 3, 1950, and although at that time it was shown that alternate damsites outside the monument area would cost less to build on, store more water and create more electric power, the Secretary made his decision in favor of the Bureau of Reclamation’s plan for the construction of Split Mountain Dam, and bills have been presented in Congress for the purpose of exempting Dinosaur National Monument from restrictions against the building of such structures. Such action is clearly in violation of the spirit and concept, as well as contrary to the public law, of the National Park Service. If this bill passes Congress and is signed by the President, it might easily be the flesh wound which, under pressure from selfish interests, could push the sword into the heart of our National Parks.

The Dinosaur emergency also is causing serious thought concerning two disturbing factors in the national conservation-preservation scene. One is the relationship within our own government between various bureaus. In the case of Dinosaur, two agencies from the same department, the Bureau of Reclamation, whose principal aim is exploitation, and the National Park Service, whose purpose is to preserve the natural scene, were in direct opposition over the vital points under consideration, and the Secretary was forced to make a decision in favor of one over the other. That decision was for exploitation, and the basic principles of the park service were thereby endangered. It is curious to note that one of the deciding factors noted by Mr. Chapman was that the Bureau of Reclamation already had plans for construction of the dam within the monument, whereas none were immediately available for alternate sites. If an agency merely has to have plans available, it augers ill for the conservationist if in the future such a decision must be made again, and the threat to Dinosaur is but typical of other danger areas such as the dam to flood the lower Kings Canyon, the cutting of timber in Olympic National Park, the proposed Glacier View Dam in Glacier Park, or the flooding of Mammoth Cave. The integrity of our National Parks must be preserved, and the letting down of the barriers for one weakens the defense of all.

Another factor is the question of which is of the greater economic value; that is, would bring more dollars and cents to the people of the vicinity—construction of a dam to benefit a comparatively small group of people or retention of the natural scene for the benefit of all the nation. In some cases the latter provides the greater economic gain for the locality. As Bestor Robinson of the Sierra Club pointed out in his statement at the Dinosaur hearing, the state of California had two Yosemites, the valleys of the Merced and the Hetch-Hetchy. A dam was constructed on the Hetch-Hetchy and a reservoir created. Over a period of a year this artificial lake attracts a few hundred visitors; the undeveloped valley of the Merced, Yosemite, almost a million. The economic value to a community on that basis alone is overwhelmingly on the side of the natural scene, and this is a point that conservationists must drive home to those who have the urge—and who are being urged—to despoil their natural beauties for the construction, usually, of a dam. Almost every section of this country has a dam and reservoir where interested people may visit—we have no Paul Bunyans to carve out those magnificent canyons for us.

On the credit side of the ledger, there have been some important gains for the conservationist during the past year. One of these has been the establishment
of the Grand Teton National Park with the inclusion of most of the area formerly contained within the Jackson Hole National Monument, which is now abolished. The O'Mahoney Bill, establishing the enlarged park, provides for some compromise settlements of such controversial issues as private lands within the park, grazing and hunting rights, supervision of the elk herds, and monetary returns to the communities of Jackson County. This brings to a successful conclusion the fight against the enemies of the previous monument, who would have had it destroyed for the benefit of a very few selfish land holders. The American people owe a debt of gratitude to the people and organizations who have been carrying on this campaign, with a special vote of thanks to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who so generously acquired a great deal of the lands now included in the park.

Of special significance, too, was the act of President Truman in signing an air space reservation for the Quetico-Superior Wilderness Area of Northern Minnesota, thereby retaining this splendid land of lake and forest in its true wilderness aspect, free from the roar and pop-bottle bombing of low-flying planes and the cheap commercialism flown in by the iron birds. The reservation restricts airplanes to certain altitudes and excludes sections from air travel, and is a genuine victory for nature preservationists, with the way now immediately clear ahead for the work of permanently establishing Quetico-Superior in its planned wilderness future, which in combination with the region already set aside by the Canadian government, will form an international primitive park of outstanding value and beauty.

Attracting a great deal of interest also is the decision of the Forest Service to convert the large Glacier Peak Limited Area of Washington State into a Wilderness Area. A limited area is land set aside from the public domain on a "stop, look, listen" basis, pending completion of studies which will determine the best use for which the region would be suited, and thus better serve the people of the vicinity. It is unquestionable that the Glacier Peak region, with its tremendously rugged mountains, beautiful mountain meadows and lakes, is admirably suited for use as a wilderness area, with its attendant recreational values, and thus is better left in its comparatively primitive state. A conference of interested groups will be held this winter for the purpose of deciding final boundaries and the general status of the area, but final decision as to conversion to a wilderness area will rest with the Secretary of Agriculture. It must be pointed out, however, that such regions established by the Forest Service are very vulnerable to the establishment of mining claims, and a revision of the ancient mining laws is necessary to positively and adequately defend these areas from future encroachment.

A general trend throughout the country toward more consideration of the various aspects of conservation of our natural resources is a heartening development. Many states have formed commissions for that purpose and several are considering similar proposals. California has instituted in her public schools and colleges study courses in conservation, with some text books being provided in cooperation with Federal agencies, and the University of Washington held its first conference on conservation last spring. However, there is yet no favorable evidence that consideration of wilderness and recreational areas as desirable and valuable resources is yet being given serious thought. And here lies one of the broadest and most fertile fields for the preservationist to explore—public enlightenment through education and information—particularly with the youth of our nation. The need is great—the results could be magnificent.

Complacency is no virtue for the preservationist; there is still, and will probably always be a great deal to be done. Our parks and forests must be defended against crass commercialism and selfish interests, and protected for
the benefit of future generations, and it must be admitted, for our own enjoyment at the present time. Studies must be constantly made on new proposals, pending legislation, changes and new additions to our public reservations, and plans for new additions. These studies are of vast importance in attempting to analyze respective values and their relative importance to the region and people involved, for we must be fair in our conduct of our work, in that projects proposed and having merit shall not be opposed merely for the sake of opposition. Similarly we must not acquire new areas for wilderness or park that do not measure up to the standards expected of such areas. Such a lowering of standards will reduce the quality of the whole system of reservations for the public benefit. In addition to analysis of our problems, other groups with similar interests must be contacted for concerted action in realizing our aims; campaigns must be conducted in the public press and before the public at large, and government officials interviewed for their advice and cooperation. In short, there is a wealth of opportunity for the true lover of the natural scene. There are many of these men and women in the Mountaineers, most of them well informed on our conservation problems, but very few have come forward to assist the work of the club in this respect, with the result that too few persons have been forced to carry the load. With a larger and therefore more vigorous Public Affairs Committee, there is no limit to the possibilities that our club can accomplish. You can help.

Beside serving with the Public Affairs Committee there are a number of methods by which you may keep yourself informed on conservation matters. Membership in the Wilderness Society and the National Parks Association will bring you their fine publications with up-to-date discussions of conservation "hot-spots," as well as interesting articles on wildlife and the natural beauties of our wilderness areas. A very important way is to become an associate member in the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, and take an active part in its affairs. The yearly dollar dues brings its quarterly, devoted to conservation news and doings of other clubs. A sample of the broad pattern of the Federation may be secured from some of the resolutions adopted at the 1950 convention at Clair Tapaan Lodge of the Sierra Club at Donner Pass last Labor Day weekend. Among these were the restatement of National Park policies and a protest against invasion of several units of the System by dams, a request for additional organizational campsites in National Parks, a restatement of previous protests against the construction of an aerial tramway in the San Jacinto Primitive Area, encouragement of conservation through education, a request to the State of Oregon to include recreation as a part of the proposed new resources commission (as well as to open Oregon state parks to over-night camping), a protest against the disturbance of the California Condor Sanctuary for the purpose of exploring for oil deposits, and a suggestion to the Forest Service concerning the conversion of certain limited areas into wilderness areas and the return of others to normal supervision.

In addition to conservation matters, the Federation discusses common club problems, exchanging ideas on activities, membership and conduct of outings, and displays a great deal of interest in the matter of mountain safety in the mountains and forests, and generally coordinates the work of conservation on the Pacific Coast, well knowing that in numbers there is strength, and the greater the numbers the greater the force that may be applied for the benefit of our nation, and particularly those who are desirous of saving a portion of our grandeur for others to witness and marvel at. John Barnard, of the Sierra Club, is the president of the Federation for this year and he will more than welcome your assistance, suggestions and cooperation.
Swiss Alpine Ski Tour

By LYNN T. WALLER

In the United States the fellow who remarks, "I'd like to go on a ski tour," is regarded by the majority of skiers as a nut, a beginner, or so poor in ability that he wants to get away from the populated slopes. The "pat" reply is, "Well, brother, you can have that kind of skiing; all I want to do is come down the mountains. As for walking up them—I like to do that sitting down." Here touring ends, for the majority. A few enthusiasts, marked with rucksack and climbers, pursue one of the real thrills of skiing. Won't you come along on a week-end ski tour high up in the Swiss Alps in the Canton of Glarus?

In the winter of 1949 I was a student in the University of Zurich, Switzerland. I had joined a students' sports club, The Academischer Sportverein, and through this club I was learning the wonders of skiing in the Alps. For the ridiculously low rate of $45 it was possible to enjoy a full week at one of the foremost ski centers of Europe. This rate included meals, lodging, ski instruction, and transportation, which in this instance was about 80 miles. For as little as $4 or $5 you could ski jaunt for a week-end. One such tour was to the Schild, a mountain about 9,000 feet high, with broad open slopes that offered the very best to all skiers.

Our ski-tour began on a Saturday afternoon in February of '49. We enttrained in Zurich for the little village of Nafels, about fifty miles away. Detraining at three in the afternoon, we hustled to reach the little chalet up the mountain that was to be our shelter for the night. As the last rays of the setting sun caught at the tops of the peaks in back of us, we arrived. The thirty-odd of us, including ten Swiss maids, were assigned to our respective dormitories, and stowed our gear. Supper was typically Swiss; thick potato soup, spaghetti and meatballs, hard, black bread, and coffee. Though lacking in elegance, the food stuck to our ribs, and certainly hit the spot that cold night.

Our tour leader, Ernst Strupler, a young physical education instructor at the University of Zurich, gave us a brief outline of the next day's program. By starting at the civilized hour of seven, we would be able to reach the summit by noon. After lunch and rest, we would then have the entire afternoon to enjoy the unexcelled thrill of a nine- or ten-mile run to the village of Muhlehorn where we would enttrain for the return jaunt to Zurich. Ernst also took this occasion to divide our large group into three smaller groups of ten, each under the leadership of an instructor. One group consisted of the "Kanonen" or hot-rod skiers, while the rest of us, skiers of medium ability, made up the other two groups. This division was for the purpose of effecting an easier, controlled descent.

When the morrow's plan was completed, we lapsed into complete and utter relaxation. Singing, yodeling, the like of which one hears only in the Alps, burst from the lungs of these spirited young Swiss. Dancing and wild games fired the enthusiasm of us all. Yet by ten o'clock, the next day's climb on our minds, we were ready for bed. Sleeping on mattresses spread on the floor was not at all as we had anticipated. It was too cold, we had too few blankets, and there were too many of us crowded into a little room. Ernst's rousing calls in the pitch black at six the next morning were a welcome sound to all of us.

Ski touring in the mountains means climbing up the mountains. This involves work, so it lacks popularity among the people in this country. It's different with the Swiss. They love their mountains with such a deep passion:
Ski Tour in Ober-Engadin

Tour Up the Schild in Canton Glarus
that it is difficult to understand their feelings. They do almost anything to get out and up into their mountains. Even though we were out and climbing at seven, we could see groups of twos, and threes, and fives up above us making their way to the top. The climb was not technical, we simply walked up some rather steep grades. But to most Americans, this is abhorrent, especially with a pair of skis underfoot. Using climbers and following in the tracks of the skier ahead, we made remarkable progress. A good deal of credit for this was due to the knack Ernst had for picking ascents that were not too steep, and to his ability to keep us going at a slow but steady pace that did not seem to tire us. We had two stops for rests and refreshments of raisins or chocolate, and, sure enough, just as Ernst had outlined, we gained the summit at noon.

Perfect weather enabled us to scan the top of Europe. Oh, the satisfaction, the pleasure to be gained from sitting on a mountain top you've climbed, though it be only a walk-up! Our spot had only one disadvantage that day, it was a bit chilly and windy. After we'd looked around, we skied off the top and down three or four hundred feet into a sheltered lee where we were able to lunch, and sun ourselves in comfort.

An hour later we were ready for the afternoon's fun. Our groups split up with the medium-ability skiers leaving first. We weren't alone, however, as evidenced by the many ski tracks in the snow. In fact, the "pista" or track was in excellent condition because so many skiers had used and packed it down for us. I judge that five or six hundred skiers had climbed that Schild that day, without a tow in the area, simply for the thrill of this long downhill run. That run was something! It had everything, open slopes where one could do lazy christies at will, tight little canyons that had to be side-slipped and step-turned in order to be negotiated. More than this, the run was livened with the gay yodels and halos of exhuberant people enjoying a wonderful ski tour.

About half way down we suddenly burst onto a wide, open slope at the bottom of which was a hut with a large number of skiers assembled in front. We, too, stopped at the tea hut for a rest and a welcome cup of tea. What a gay sight it was, with everyone sitting on skis in the sun, but most impressive of all were the heavily-bearded Swiss who were serving up the tea. The hut was a real enterprise, returning a tremendous profit for a small outlay in equipment, because the entire thing was portable. The huts, I learned, were cow stables, not human habitats.

Sufficiently rested, we continued on our way down the mountains. The lower we descended, the less pleasurable became our skiing. We'd come to the forests, and instead of skiing across Alpine meadows, we now had to follow trails and dodge trees. Nevertheless, it was all fun. As we neared the bottom of our run, we came out into meadows that farmers had cleared, and here we were able to have a last fling at controlled christies before it was necessary to remove our skis and walk half a mile to the railway station. It had been a perfect day of skiing.

As I sat in the train that evening, listening to the joyous chatter of my Swiss companions, I couldn't help but wish that such a day could be duplicated in America. It can, to a certain extent, but far too few American skiers are willing to go after skiing with the vigor of the Swiss. In the Pacific Northwest I've seen snow fields equal to those I saw in Switzerland, but as yet only a very few venturesome souls go out on tours. Perhaps because too few facilities exist at this date; perhaps because more skiers need to "educated" to the joys of ski touring. That poses something of a problem; ski tours have to be experienced in order for their pleasures to be assimilated. Next time someone comes up to you on a slope and asks, "Want to tour?" take him up on it. You'll have a lot of fun.
Good Luck on Yerupaja

By DAVID HARRAH

ONE of the great mountain frontiers extant is the Cordillera de Huayhuash in Central Peru. Its exceedingly precipitous ridges and Himalayan ice formations provide an unsurpassed climbing challenge; and some of its summits, notably Jirishanca, are considered impossible. The area has been visited by several expeditions, mostly European. The monarch peak, 21,769-foot Yerupaja, second highest in Peru, was attempted twice by Erwin Schneider and Arnold Awerzger in 1936, but turned them back at 20,000 feet. This peak was the major objective of the 1950 Harvard Andean Expedition. George Bell, Graham Matthews, Jim Maxwell, and Austen Riggs, all from the Harvard Mountaineering Club, had planned for Yerupaja for three years. Chuck Crush and I from the Stanford Alpine Club added our momentum last December.

The usual expedition labor pains lasted all spring, but by the end of June we and our gear were through even the labyrinth of Lima red tape (in time for the start of the dry winter season in the mountains). In company with Senor Juan Ormea and his son, Tomas, our taxidermists and interpreters, we entruicked for Chiquian. One day's highway passes from the sugar-cane swamps of Parmonga through moraine-fields where the Lord piled His waste the day after Creation, up over bone-bare ridges 13,000 feet high. Then we dropped down into Shangri-La ... Chiquian Valley with its river, villages, and cornfields, topped by the magnificent, towering Huayhuash. The Hotel Bayer housed us for eleven cents a night while we waited for animals to be assembled. Meanwhile we began taking turns at the intestinal sickness from which we all suffered at various times. Finally our fifteen burros arrived and we began the two-day safari to our base-camp at Jahuakocha. Dusty miles of grueling valley and ridge-trail were relieved by a night's stop at Llamac, whose inebriated townsmen serenaded us with their lyrically Dionysian music. Our "arrieros" told us we had but two hours' ride to Jahuakocha; we arrived there after traveling hard all next day, July 4th. This lake is a bird paradise right in the shadow of the Huayhuash ridge. Here at 13,400 feet in occupied cow pasturage we pitched our two pyramidal tents.

Project Number One was reconnaissance. We knew that in general we had to follow the route Schneider used in his second attempt ... from the west col up the southwest ridge. The obstacles to reaching this col led Arnold Heim to proclaim Yerupaja one of the world's most inaccessible mountains. We spent our first days scouting in pairs, ruling out the direct approach up the tumbling glacier via Solterahanca Lake, and finding the one passable route up over the rocky north shoulder of Rasac Ridge, via a survey marker left by Hans Kinzl. We hired a local Figaro-Longshoreman named Napalti to mule-pack our high-camp load a thousand feet up the ridge to a dump. From there we and he back-packed a few hundred feet higher to Camp 2 in a boulder field at 15,200 feet. Two inches of snow wet the ardor of the three of us occupying this camp the first night, causing Graham to become quite ill. George and I were the only two healthy at this stage; so, cairning the ground behind us, we packed several hundred feet up over the first crest, dropped down, then up a thousand feet over the second half of the Rasac Ridge, and along and down an intricate ledge system which is probably the only possible route down to the Yerupaja Glacier. We pitched Camp 3 at 16,000 feet on a moraine hump a quarter-mile from water. Frequent winds drove great sheets of moraine dirt through our "glacier
meadow.” George and I returned to Camp 3, and then picked a route up the moraine, onto the glacier, and up two miles of ice to the col at 18,500 feet. Camping on the glacier entailed avalanche danger; the col itself was small and knife-edged. Twenty feet below the crest a section of its schrund lip had fallen against the upper wall, and it was on this platform that we pitched our Gerry tent. Returning to Camp 3, we were delighted to find that the others, plus several hired Indians, had packed most of the needed load over from Camp 2. George felt ill; but Austen, recently recovered, was able to join me at the col. Meanwhile the others, in various degrees of fitness, were packing up loads.

The plan was that the two climbers at the col would establish Camp 5 near the lower south peak of the mountain (this idea came from Schneider), then push onto the top if the weather and their strength permitted. Austen and I first reconnoitered the crest of the southwest ridge, but rejected this route as too steep and corniced. We chose a route traversing up the west face because the south face was too mushy, the west face appeared to offer a minimum of technical difficulties, its snow was fairly firm, and we had observed no avalanches on this face for a period of two weeks of hot, clear weather. (The day after we descended from the high camp for the last time the whole face began spewing down frequent surface avalanches.) We waited two days, sleeping very poorly because of the artillery-like night wind, then started up at 3:30 a.m. after one completely sleepless night. After five hundred feet Austen, sick and cold, was unable to go on. Next morning we started at 8:00, but Austen again collapsed with numbed fingers and nausea. I used the morning to carry the packs up the first long, safe slope. Chuck, though still sick, now came up to take Austen’s place. Chuck spent such a miserable night, however, that he was forced to return at once to a lower camp. The same day, George reappeared at the col, still convalescent himself. Next morning George and I, picking up the packs on the way, traversed, on ideally firm snow, a mile of the face. We effected several schrund crossings, were obliged to cut a few steps, and flexed our ankles traversing a long 65° ice slope. We found a natural tent platform at 20,500 feet, a little below and north of the south peak. This platform lay at the top of a 60° snowslope dropping three thousand feet to the glacier, and was immediately protected by an arching ice overhang. We had barely enough room to walk around the outside of the tent, and we were forced to remain stooped. To gain the slopes above we had to cut steps in 70° ice; and, to expedite our morning start, we also planted an ice piton and a fixed rope on this pitch. The view from this camp was unforgettable. We could see from the Pacific via the Cordillera Blanca and Huascaran to the beginning of the Amazon jungles. At sunset the effect was symphonic. Next morning we started at 8:00 on a summit try, but two hundred feet up George said he was too sick to continue. We returned to the col that day, where Jim was ready to make his bid. Newly-arrived clouds held us col-bound just long enough for Jim to acclimatize—we waited four days while the weather digested itself. Then Jim and I packed up to the high camp in a bitter wind. One day we acclimatized, eating our daily ration of four cubic inches of food: dried peaches, raisins, lemon drops, and compressed cereal with sugar and hot water. Next morning we started for the top, but Jim was sick and slow, and the weather looked threatening, so we returned to the tent. The high camp had a five-day food supply, of which three days’ was allowed for a storm. Thus it was necessary that on the following day we either climb the peak or return to the col for more food. Jim could move steadily but only slowly, a dangerous situation with early morning temperatures around 10° and (we suspected) inadequate footgear. We decided to gamble. A 10:30 start would keep us in the sun all day, and the initial light-loss would be compensated for by the full moon. We would not be deterred by Yerupaja’s
usual cloud plume, which was soupy but not stormy. I have subsequently learned that late starts are customary on the western slope of the Andes; one party on Huascaran started for the summit at 11:00.

So at 10:30 next day, July 31st, we left our tent, upward bound. Traveling lightly, we used 150 feet of 3/8" nylon, carrying three ice pitons for trouble. I was using both my ice hatchet and ice hammer for hand claws. (Where the ice is rubbery, this is much faster than step cutting.) Above our fixed rope we traversed south almost to the rocky base of the south peak, then cut upwards across a schrund and very steep ice to the ridge crest. It was now noon, and we were 500 feet below and 1,500 feet from the summit. To reach the east and climbable side of the ridge we stemmed fifty feet down into a crevasse, traversed it for 300 feet, and reascended its 70° side. We were enveloped in alternately thick and light fog, but route-finding now became simple: merely walking up the twenty-five-foot-wide ridge midway between the cornice line on our left and the sheer drop on our right. Breaking trail in mushy snow was tiring and soon filled my boots with water (I should have worn puttees.) At 3:00 we were at the base of the rock pyramid which is the buttress of the summit ridge proper. This 300-foot 60° rock-snow-and-ice face is climbable in crampons, but the three belay positions we hacked out were not Manual ideals. From here we had only to traverse 300 feet of very narrow, nightmarishly exquisite cantilever-and-lattice corniced ridge. Along this ridge there are belay spots of a sort, discernible to an eye trained in sailboat ballasting or tightrope walking. At 5:30 we stood one at a time on the summit, a flat cornice overhanging ten feet. The clouds parted, receded, drifted below; the thin air was crystalline clear, the sky blue-black, the late sun dazzling. Five feet on either side of us the mountain fell away sheer four thousand feet.

After the usual photographs we started back, belaying as carefully as we could. A hundred feet down the ridge we paused for a picture. We were standing together, unbelayed, on a most un-cornice-like section of the ridge. This was an error in judgment. I heard a crack, saw the snow open between my feet, felt myself hurtle head downwards amid tumbling ice blocks. "What a way to die," I thought. This and some reflections on the presuppositions of the concept of *hubris* were sharply interrupted by four excruciating squeezes on my middle—I was a yo-yo at the end of more than 120 feet of elastic nylon. My ribs felt like jackstraws. Jim shouted he could not help me, so I spent the best years of my youth double-axe clawing my way back up the 75° ice slope. Jim told me that he heard the cornice crack, saw me, his ice axe, and gloves go down. He caught his axe in midair, threw himself down on the snow, drove the axe in, and felt the rope jerk taut. His hand was six inches from the edge. What saved us was that the rope had sawed deep into the snow lip.

This incident had cost us precious minutes of daylight, and the damage to my ribs slowed us greatly. Fifty feet farther Jim jumped back just as a huge cornice went down under the weight of his foot. Our nerves were becoming frayed, but the remainder of the ridge descent was mere tedium. Now in semidarkness, we halted for half an hour while clouds obscured the moon, and rested again in the bottom of our ridge crevasse. At midnight we were at the western end and top of the crevasse, barely an hour from high camp. We realized, however that we did not have the strength to climb safely down the steep ice slopes where we could not be sure of our route. Beneath an ice chockstone Jim discovered a cave-like extension of the crevasse. We crawled in about fifteen feet. For the next ten hours our positions were parodies of the sitting, but for an ice cave above 21,000 feet this was fairly warm. Jim's toes were numb but dry. I thawed my sox over the candle flame while we talked about rock-climbing with artificial feet. My toes were white and wooden. I should
have massaged them but was distracted by my ribs. At 10:00 the next morning the sunlight encouraged us out, and by 11:00 we were in our tent at camp 5. We brewed some hot lemonade and then relapsed into a stupor.

By noon of the following day we had regained enough strength to think about moving down. We emerged from the tent just in time to see, through a rift in the dense fog, our four companions on the glacier below. They acknowledged our shouts of "help" but were immediately hidden by mist. A painful descent was relieved as we met our fellows on the slopes above the col. Jim elected to rest at camp 4, while I took advantage of the numbness of my feet to make camp 3 that evening. (My feet never "came to"; I subsequently lost all my toes). I rested a day and then moved to base camp on August 4th, helped over the Rasac Ridge by Chuck, my blackened and blistered feet just filling Austen’s size 13 boots. Chuck earned a mummy bag in heaven with his nursing, doctoring, cooking, and bodyguarding; and Graham, who almost did not join the expedition because of a knee operation in the spring, covered the forty miles from camp 3 to Chiquian in one day. By August 6th Jim was almost well, Austen and George were pulling down our camps, and Chuck and I had begun the three-day mule-and-taxi trip to Lima and the hospital. I was thirty pounds lighter and my nerves were gone. The Conqueror of Yerupaja rode away from his mountain tied to a cushioned saddle, tearfully grateful for the heat of a tropical sun, and nearly choked with joy to see before him, hour after hour, nothing but a sky of serenest blue, and ridge after ridge of brown, brown hills.

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In Memoriam

REDICK McKEE
E. W. HARNDEN
FRED C. BAYHA
Sliding Middleman Technique
In Snow

By CAMERON BECKWITH

SOMETIMES a different application of old and well-founded principles leads
us into fascinating new fields. So with the "sliding middleman technique." 

About a year ago the climbing committee undertook the project of thor­
oughly analyzing our snow-climbing technique. Many of the best and most
experienced climbers in The Mountaineers devoted much study to the subject,
and one of them, Wolf Bauer, came up with the basic formula for an entirely
new method of roped team climbing on snow. Mr. Bauer, a consulting engineer
in private life, with years of climbing experience throughout the Northwest
and Europe, was particularly well suited to author the idea.

During the past spring and summer, the climbing committee held several
field trips which were devoted exclusively to the practice of sliding middleman
technique on steep snow. The technique was also practiced on several climbing
class field trips where many teams of students simulated actual climbing condi­
tions and went through all possible combinations of falls and arrests. In the
light of our practice, the committee has altered and redesigned much of the
mechanics of the technique, but the fundamental theory and application have
stood up admirably as they were first visualized by Mr. Bauer. Parts of this
article are lifted directly from his first draft on the subject.

Some Basic Shortcomings of Standard Technique

Before we go into the new technique, let us briefly examine some of the
basic shortcomings of the present, or "standard," method of roped teamwork
on snow.

We have long accepted the three-man rope team as the safest minimum-sized
unit for glacier travel. Because glacier climbing and snow climbing are so
thoroughly intermingled here in the Northwest, we have found it desirable to
retain the three-man team for all snow travel as well. We know that dynamic
or running belays are far superior to any fixed or static belays, and we use them
at all times to protect the leader in difficult ice and snow. Consider the technique
of a middleman who is tied into the center of 120 feet of rope in the standard
method of snow climbing: First of all, he must support his axe. An ice axe
under stress will not stand self-supporting in snow like a piton in rock. It
should be held with the pick pointing up the slope, it should be held at the
proper angle so that the sliding rope will ride down the shaft, it should be
held down firmly, and it must not fail! Simultaneously, the middleman must
regulate the run of the rope. At the moment of impact the rope must slide and
then be braked to a smooth halt by gradual bending about the belayer's boot,
bent leg, or back of hips . . . depending upon terrain and circumstances. If the
rope does not slide, or slides very little, the initial impact is severe . . . resulting
in a broken shaft or a pulled-out axe . . . and the belayer is jerked out to tumble
after the falling lead man. If the rope slides too much, the available slack
rapidly vanishes and the same fatal results occur. In this analysis we see that the
proper dynamic belay on snow is made up of two distinct components . . . the
anchor or belay point, and the brake or rope control. In the present or standard
method of roped teamwork, one man must set up and successfully execute both
Continuous Climbing

LEADER FALLS
Team traversing upward and to the left at time of slip. Middleman has gone into self arrest position and No. 3 man gradually brakes the fall.

TEAM IN MOTION
Extra rope being dragged by No. 3 man could also be carried coiled.

MIDDLEMAN FALLS
Regardless of their relative positions, the load is borne equally by the two end men who will skid if the impact is severe.

NO. 3 MAN FALLS
Extra rope carried by No. 3 man insures that the men above him will have ample time to attain secure arrest positions.

Fixed Positions

LEADER CLIMBING
Middleman has anchored through the loop on his connecting rope and No. 3 man pays out slack as leader advances.

LEADER FALLS
Middleman concentrates on stability of anchor; No. 3 man concentrates on rope control.

MIDDLEMAN FALLS
Middleman has climbed slightly beyond his leader and has anchored in. Leader takes in rope while No. 3 man comes up.

NO. 3 MAN CLIMBING
Middleman has anchored through the loop on his connecting rope and No. 3 man pays out slack as leader advances.

The bottom two pictures of this group show the slope from the side instead of head-on.

The rope is shown considerably shorter than normal for purposes of illustration.
of these components simultaneously. It follows that either the anchor security or the rope control is sacrificed relative to the other.

Furthermore, the above-mentioned dynamic belay can only be used from pre-determined and prepared belay positions when the team is moving one man at a time. In addition, the third or bottom man on the rope is powerless to aid his middleman in any way. His moral support at such a time is pleasant, but quite ineffective against the pull of gravity. The best he can do is set up with the same technique that his teammate has used above him, and hope that in case of a slip the belay above will hold so that he will not have two men on his hands.

There is another shortcoming of the standard man-to-man belay technique that is, perhaps, even more insidious than the others. That is the general awkwardness and slowness involved. Proper regard to safety factors necessitates one man moving at a time on steep pitches . . . especially where there is no run-out. Leads are necessarily restricted, because out of the less than 50 feet of rope available must come enough to set up the belay plus ample margin with which to brake in case of a fall. Such procedure of one man moving at a time with comparatively short leads is sufficiently slow and tedious to cause even experienced climbers to frequently abandon the technique even though they are fully aware of the dangers involved by so doing. Speed and flexibility are closely allied with safety. When pressure of time and desire to reach the objective keep needling a team to stop using man-to-man belays and travel together as a unit, they are apt to do so. We have seen it happen many times.

Now let us regard standard technique when applied to unprepared belays when the team is moving together as a unit. We know that the rope should be kept strung out at all times . . . a rule imperative on crevassed glacier and highly desirable on snow slopes where a fall may be arrested before it properly gets started and high initial impacts may be avoided. Yet, in the case of an unexpected fall by the middleman or rear man, the man in front, or both men in front, may be suddenly jerked off their feet, since their backs are turned when the team moves together. Time for anchoring is extremely short, if any is available at all. Realizing this, we consider the self-arrest to be the best all-around belay to use when the team is traveling together as a unit. The arrest position is very fast to execute, it is not rigid or static in any sense, the axe is free of the rope and once in position it is almost impossible to cause a man to cartwheel or tumble completely out of control. Yet, when traveling with a well-strung-out rope, the falling man's shout and the jerk on the man above him may come together, and time for even a proper arrest may be lacking.

So in an attempt to overcome the shortcomings of standard technique listed above, and to increase the speed, flexibility and safety of the three-man team, we come to a different application of well-founded principles in the "Sliding Middleman Technique."

Steep Snow Travel

The front and rear men tie into the 120-foot rope as usual—the lead man using several wraps of the bowline-on-a-coil. The middleman does not tie into the main climbing rope at all, but rather, snaps onto it by means of a safety carabiner. In our practice sessions we have used 7/16" nylon, 25-feet long, for this purpose. In any event, the middleman's connecting rope should be fully as strong as the climbing rope and long enough to allow tying in with a bowline-on-a-coil, the free end reaching to the snow where a butterfly knot with small ice axe loop is tied, and thence outward about two feet to where the safety carabiner is spliced into the end. The safety carabiner with threaded sleeve is used to assure constant closure when being dragged over ice and snow. The ice axe loop referred to on the middleman's connecting rope should be tied so that
the knot rests on the snow when the wearer stands erect, and it is the only such knot used by anyone on the team. The middleman uses it only when he is belaying from a prepared position, and forgets it entirely when the team is traveling together as a unit.

It should go without saying that the cardinal rule on all steep snow climbing is never to move in a direct fall line, and this technique, as others before it, depends on adherence to this prerequisite. However, if the team is confronted with a situation where it is impossible or clearly unfeasible to traverse at all, such as a bad ice fall, the middleman may be readily locked into fixed position at any point on the rope. He does this by turning a portion of the main climbing rope two revolutions to form a small loop. The loop is bent over to the main rope again, and a small section thereof is pulled up through the loop, forming an "eye" into which the carabiner is snaped. Such fixing of the middleman's position is easy to accomplish and remove, and involves no trouble with wet knots.

Two other great differences from standard technique: Usually the best man on the team, and surely the strongest and heaviest man, occupies the middleman position instead of being in the lead. He is, in effect, a traveling piton, moving from point to point where anchoring facilities are best. He is not concerned with rope control, but has one job on which to concentrate—the furnishing of a positive anchor to protect the team. The other difference is that the No. 3, or lowest, man on the team deliberately carries or drags from ten to fifteen feet of slack at all times; for he is the rope control man on a team where everybody works together as a well integrated unit. He is not concerned with anchoring problems but instead concentrates on one job . . . the furnishing of smooth, controlled braking action on the rope in event of a fall by the lead man. The slack he carries insures that he has the rope with which to do it.

Using standard technique, it is not feasible for the middleman to attempt to take in slack after the lead man has slipped and is coming towards him. Where man-to-man belays are being used, the fall is generally quite rapid, and the belay man is clearly in no position to take up rope with one hand and hold his axe with the other. Extensive practice bears this out. It is better for him to concentrate on the two big jobs he already has. But in the sliding middleman technique the No. 3 man, after he sees the leader fall, can readily gather in rope with great sweeps of each hand . . . gaining yards before the impact comes and letting it pay back out again with increasing tension.

The illustrations with this article do not show an even more common method of belaying from fixed positions. That is with the middleman anchoring firmly through his axe loop and both end men moving at the same time. When the No. 3 man gets up close to the middleman, or when the lead man arrives at a good anchor point, both men stop and anchor in with turns of rope about their axe shafts, and the middleman proceeds up along the rope to the lead man where he anchors in as before and the operation is repeated. In this manner a three-man team can travel with approximately the same speed as a two-man team. The ability of the bottom man to properly control the rope is scarcely impaired at all by the fact that he is in motion.

The flexibility of the method is apparent. The middleman, with 100 feet of rope open for his movement, has twice the opportunity of finding a good belay point that he has with standard method. Furthermore, he has a much better chance of holding it firmly because of his undivided effort and attention. The lead man, also, has greater freedom of movement, and, if necessary, could go out on a 100-foot lead. It is not our intent here to advocate long leads by the No. 1 man, but rather to point out the extra flexibility which enables him to take those extra feet when he needs them, instead of trying to dig into a
poor position or stopping with a very small gain. Excessively long leads are
dangerous in any sort of climbing, but part of their hazard is removed by this
method where the No. 3 man can take in large quantities of rope after a fall
is started.

There is a noticeable time lag between the warning shout of a slip and the
actual jerk of the rope on the other members of the team. This gives ample time
to effect proper belay positions before the impact is felt. Executed properly, the
method assures that no one or two-man combination can fall and catch their
companion out of position.

Perhaps the most dangerous possibility that can confront a rope team is that
of the lead man falling and pulling the middleman off with him. The No. 3
man then has two men on his hands. Let us examine the advantages of this
method to cope with such an emergency: Due to the sliding feature between
falling leader and falling middleman, their relative speeds will vary. The
middleman is actually pulled only half as fast as the speed of his falling
companion. Due to this slower speed, he is much more able to aid in slowing the
fall and help with the final arrest. Furthermore, both falling men cannot strike
the end of their rope simultaneously, as is very likely under standard method.
The No. 3 man is called upon to arrest but one man at a time. (In practice
sessions we found that as soon as the falling lead man was arrested by the
No. 3 man and the strain of his fall removed from the middleman, the middle­
man stopped himself before he slid down onto the lead man. In any event,
such a possibility of the two running together at the bottom is of small conse­
quence when compared with the likelihood of the whole rope going.)

Glacier Travel

For glacier travel with any kind of method, we deem it advisable for each
man to carry three $\frac{1}{4}$" rope slings on his person, one of which is always fastened
to his climbing rope by means of a prussik knot. This feature is not so impera­
tive for large parties where all kinds of help is instantly available, but for small
parties of one- or two-rope teams it is a must. When using the sliding middle­
man technique, the middleman attaches his sling to his connecting rope.

The order of making a risky crevasse crossing with the new method is as
follows: The lead man waits well back from the lip of the crevasse while the
middleman anchors in through his axe loop. No. 3 man moves up quite close
to the middleman and to one side—even slightly closer to the crevasse than the
anchor point. From such position he is able to watch the progress of the lead
man and at the same time control the movement of the rope, which runs in a
45-degree angle or less from him through the carabiner and thence to the lead
man. Should the lead man fall into the crevasse, his fall is controlled by the
same running belay brought into play on steep snow pitches. Using this method,
the falling man will probably go further into the crevasse than he would if he
were rigidly belayed, but his stop will be much gentler, and chances are greatly
improved that he will be able to help extricate himself in good shape. Once
across the crevasse, the lead man anchors in with a turn of the rope about his
axe shaft. No. 3 man takes the slack out of the rope, wraps a turn about his
axe shaft, and anchors in with the rope taut between himself and the lead man.
Then the middleman moves across with his carabiner sliding along the stretched­
out rope. If he breaks through the snow bridge, he will hang and slide to the
lowest point on the rope, the pull being equally divided between both anchors.
If the glacier is steep he will slide toward the lower edge of the crevasse, or he
will hang suspended in the middle if the glacier is comparatively level at this
point. By stepping into the sling, which he already has attached to his connect­
ing rope, and sliding up the prussik knot, he relieves the constricting pressure
on his chest while he affixes his other slings. From this point he can either proceed up his connecting rope and then up the climbing rope in either direction by means of prussik knots, or he can lock his carabiner firmly onto the climbing rope with one of his slings, after which the other two members of the team can help him out via the Bilgeri method. No. 3 man comes across using exactly the same method from the other side of the crevasse as was used in protecting the lead man.

Many theories have been advanced regarding simultaneous travel on glacier when the team is moving together as a unit. Our limited practice, however, indicates that the most expedient method is to keep the rope well strung out in a straight line at right angles to the crevasse pattern. The middleman travels approximately in the center of the rope and carries the climbing rope either in his hand or in the crook of his arm. This action on his part minimizes rope drag on the lead man, helps keep the rope dry, and enables him to materially assist in belaying a fall of either one of the end men. (In this connection it should be noted that the middleman can hold the rope in this manner on snow pitches also, provided the team is moving together as a unit. Due to the direction of rope pull in case of a fall, however, his subsequent action would be different. On a snow pitch he would drop the rope and go into self-arrest position; on glacier he would retain the rope and offer friction to the slide.) Countless practice sessions using standard technique on crevassed glacier have shown us that usually one man has no difficulty holding a fall, due to the deep cut the sliding rope makes into the lip of the crevasse. We have even had cases where the other two members of the team have felt no pull at all when their companion went in. Icy conditions, steep crevassed terrain, and other hazards naturally call for man-to-man belays.

**General Observation**

The use of the separated anchor and rope-control point has long been recognized as sound rock technique. Its application is only new to snow climbing where the idea of a free-moving middleman makes it workable.

From the engineering viewpoint, i.e.: The gains in climbing speed, flexibility of anchoring choice, extra anchoring safety and efficiency by using two men to control a fall, the time-lag gained through the sliding middleman in coping with unprepared anchors, the mechanical advantage and jerk-free braking of the sliding carabiner acting as a brake-pulley—all seem to be such considerable advantages over standard method that they warrant a more thorough testing and study on our part.

In closing, it should be reiterated that this technique of snow climbing is still in an experimental stage. Our limited practice in the field indicates that it has great merit, but it has not yet been tested by enough climbers through a broad enough range of conditions. Perhaps it holds the answer to many of our snow-climbing problems, but we doubt that it will ever be a magic cure-all for them all.

Privately, we hope that mountain climbing is never refined to an exact science, else it lose much of its fascination.

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**MOUNTAIN SAFETY TIPS... by Wolf Bauer**

- Above all, be honest with yourself. Overrating one's ability in the mountains is one of the underlying causes of trouble in the bills.
- Stay with the party. Select one or two buddies and keep within sight at all times.
- Three is the minimum climbing party in the Mountaineers.
“It’s a rough Country!” —Conrad Kain, first to climb Mt. Robson

Return to Mt. Robson . . . 1950

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON

THE MOUNTAINEERS have a way of going back to country of exceptional beauty and climbing interest. Though delayed for twenty-three years by transportation problems, economic depression and war, in 1950 we returned to Mt. Robson for our Summer Outing. There were a few differences . . . this time the approach was by car instead of train, the party was larger and the menus more luxurious, Robson glaciers had receded a little . . . but the unchanged rugged loveliness of the terrain again rewarded us for the effort of our trip.

Enjoyment of the Outing began for most of us with the drive through the national parks of the Canadian Rockies—Kootenay, Banff, and Jasper. The Committee had provided identification stickers for each car, and we played companionable leap-frog up the long, trough-like mountain valleys. At countless view points, swimming-pools, campgrounds, resort shops and dining rooms, Mountaineer met Mountaineer.

Some of us looked nostalgically at familiar peaks of the 1944 Outing—Temple, Eiffel, Aberdeen, Victoria’s hanging glaciers. Many had our first view of the magnificent country along the Columbia Icefields highway, surely one of the world’s most spectacular routes. We visited the Athabasca glacier, and learned that an advance guard of our party had just scaled neighboring Athabasca peak. At the tourist information center and soda fountains in Jasper we made our last preparations for the wilderness.

Placarded at the beginning, “Travel at your own risk,” the fifty-six miles of single track forest service road beyond Jasper were marked by chuck-holes, blind corners, smothering dust, and occasional startling contacts with the Canadian National railroad tracks. Travel was at a crawl, and few drivers could enjoy the pleasant lake and mountain scenery.

Finally we reached the rendezvous at Dennison’s ranch where we were to leave our cars. After supper and a short night’s sleep, we piled up dunnage for the pack-train, stuffed leftover “necessities” into back packs, and started in the early morning up some sixteen miles of trail to permanent camp. At the ranch we began the somewhat awed study of Mt. Robson’s cliffs and ridges which was to characterize our next ten days. “Do you think they can make it?” was on everyone’s lips as we learned that our first climbing party had started up the south-southwest arete. We did not yet know how easily Robson could turn climbers from its flanks with fog and storm.

To city dwellers out of condition and with heavy packs, the trail seemed long, though the scenery offered great variety, and the weather was perfect. Our trail was easy along the Robson River to Kinney Lake, where the sharp pyramid of Whitehorn came into view. After struggling over a newly-blazed section through the woods above Kinney Lake, we came down into the Valley of a Thousand Falls and the warden’s cabin where Maxine Hagen was hostess. The valley is well-named, with many white ribbons of water stretching down its cliffs, some from hanging glaciers which suggested extensive ice-fields out of sight above. To our right, Mt. Robson dominated the sky.

The trail in to Berg Lake is intended chiefly for horses, and our Committee had had to improvise foot-bridges across many streams which horses could ford. Throughout the day we bounced on springy poles across rushing water, feeling like amateur tight-rope walkers.
Not far beyond the warden’s cabin we began the real climb of the day, up switch-backs in sight of the roaring Emperor Falls. The afternoon was warm, and the trail seemed to stretch out. At the top we gratefully bathed our feet in the icy river before tackling the last miles past Berg Lake. Crossing the delta of East Whitehorn Creek was tedious, as the streams were swollen in the late afternoon, and we had to hunt for passable fords. Across Berg Lake we saw the amazing ice-fall of the Tumbling Glacier which became our familiar view from camp.

The first night we could only be grateful for the creature comforts of our camp—water, wood, and level ground—but next morning we began to appreciate its superb location at a 5400-foot elevation on the meadows beyond Berg Lake. Mt. Robson towered above us in a combination of knife-ridges, sheer ice-slopes, and crumbling cliffs. The long ice-river of the Robson Glacier ended nearby. We were surrounded by a panorama of lesser peaks, sweeping up from wooded slopes through meadows and scree to glaciers and rock pyramids. We found the Continental Divide at our door, so that a half-mile walk took us from British Columbia into Alberta, and from a Pacific drainage basin into an Arctic.

The Robson area offers great climbing range, and although weather and time defeated us on the two major peaks, and gave varying experiences on the lesser ones, there was good climbing for everyone. Our first interest was, of course, Mt. Robson itself, and the whole camp followed eagerly the luck of the two climbing parties. The first group was turned back by storm before getting well up on the south-southwest arete, the so-called “easy” route. As they came back into camp, plans were underway for the second attempt, by the east ridge used by Conrad Kain on his first ascent. Skies were none too clear as high camp was established near the Helmet, and the climbers had to descend before getting onto the ridge itself. While weather was the determining factor in each failure, the climbers felt that each route promised severe technical difficulties. This was honorable defeat by a formidable foe, unclimbed since 1938.

There were many climbs of other peaks, in changeable weather. The Robson Glacier became a highway, as successive parties traversed it enroute to Rearguard, Lynx, and Resplendent. Rearguard, nearest guardian of camp, was a good introduction peak for new climbers, and offered no complications beyond some crevasse-jumping on the glacier. Lynx permitted views of the extensive Reef Icefield to the east when there was any visibility. Resplendent, well-named, was a snow-climb up the cirque at the head of the Robson Glacier. Two parties had disappointing weather for the long day’s trip to Resplendent—the last had a good day, and advantage of a well-marked route.

Mumm, above camp to the west, offered successively woods, meadows, scree, and snow, with a final short chimney above a 1500-foot drop. Several parties climbed it in varying weather. Smaller numbers made successful climbs of Phillips, Gendarme, Ann Alice, Titkana, and East Whitehorn. The party attempting Whitehorn, considered next to Robson in difficulty, found the old climbing guide vague as to route, and had to turn back because of time before reaching the right approach valley.

Many of the trail trips took advantage of unusual facilities for natural history study. Almost every camper visited the fossil beds below the snout of Mural Glacier, and many returned with stone records of the ancient, lobster-like trilobite. One group had a day’s horseback trip to the lovely alpine meadows at Moose Pass. To judge by the grimaces of dismounting riders, a day in the saddle can be more strenuous than a day climbing. On every promising day, small groups fanned out to lakes, meadows, fishing streams, and picture points.

Life in camp proceeded smoothly under the efficient, good-humored direction of Chairman Harry Hagen, his Committee and staff. Despite the problems
of pack-train transport, food of astonishing variety and quality kept appearing, perfectly prepared by Nashie, Eva, and Paul. Developing esprit de corps in so large a group seemed an almost impossible task, but the thoughtful planning of the Committee and good-will of the campers accomplished it successfully.

The Mountaineers seem always to meet "exceptional" weather on their Canadian outings, and 1950 ran true to form in its supply of rain and chill. Perhaps the weather is always "exceptional" where the great barrier of Mt. Robson blocks the way for moist clouds drifting from the southwest. Individual resources in rain gear were of endless variety, and commissary line chatter thoroughly evaluated the merits of poncho and parka, rubber and well-greased leather. We soon learned to drink our soup as we moved down the serving line, since it grew cold as poured. A single mishap was rumored from our one frosty night—store teeth frozen to the cup.

The 1950 Outing brought many campers from other clubs than the Mountaineers, people who contributed generously in climbing skill, campfire entertainment and general camaraderie. A trio of easterners came near success on a climb of Rearguard by the difficult ice couloir facing camp. Others were in the Robson parties. At campfire Duncan MacInnes shared with us his experience of an official trip through Russia in 1945; Blanche Lamont described her trek the length of Africa; and Phyllida Willis told of the fulfillment of a climbers' dream in her ascent of the Matterhorn. We saw camping gear of new design, and noted that the most impressive rain clothing was sported by California campers. Our member from farthest away was Marion Simpson, who had come from her home in Glasgow for a year as exchange librarian in Seattle, and whose neat, beribboned braids and cheerful Scots voice brightened camp.

The campfire stunts defy reproduction in words, though they cannot be forgotten. The juniors did a hilarious radio broadcast take-off under John Hull's direction. Veterans of the first Robson Outing told us in rhymed song of their earlier adventures, while Gavey modeled her 1927 costume of middy and knickers. The easterners illustrated climbing techniques from the early attempts on Mont Blanc, and Sierra Club members sang their comments on trip and camp. One evening our rugged Tacoma men changed character completely, and appeared as delicate Maypole dancers.

As the days went by we became familiar with the idiosyncrasies of our fellow campers. We marveled but did not envy the enormous red pack full of cameras which went everywhere on Ira Spring's back. Gus Hudson produced an unbelievable collection of gadgets, ranging from the boat-horn which furnished our rising call to his famous battery-powered electric razor. Several of the younger climbers took advantage of the chance to sprout luxurious beards, of which Ed la Chappelle's perhaps took the prize. Among the sartorial splendors of camp were Morrin Acheson’s breakfast costume of turtle-neck sweater and shorts, and Les Jerusha's plaid tam-o-shanter.

The Hat Dinner was a highly successful 1950 innovation, and the ingenuity of Mountaineer milliners ranged from Ficchie's mortar-board decked with supplies from the Secretary's box, to Katherine Gallagher's prize-winning arrangement of moose bones. At the Six Peak Dinner service was more formal and the company more select—ordinary climbers watched respectfully as new members were welcomed into the inner circle.

Finally we came to our last campfire, and chuckled over the newspaper which Jean Ripley and her staff had edited. After Auld Lang Syne we heard the finest harmony of the Outing, as a double quartet picked out notes by firelight. Next morning we struck camp quickly, and with mixed gratitude and regret turned again down the trail. That day the clouds leaked often, and the

(Continued on Page 33)
Why do men climb mountains? "Because they are there," Mallory says, sublimely vague. "Because the city is here," is another answer . . . the megalopolitan ant-hill with its increasingly louder, more expensive and more frequent explosions, its tinsel automobiles and pastel houses, garish neon and watery beer and shoddy wool. We all join unions and cry for security and pensions, we all buy insurance and see our dentists and eat vitamins, we vote the straight Vegetable State ticket, and only the very daring even shoot off fireworks on the Fourth anymore.

And so in these late times, as our history runs down, there is born the Weekender, darkly seeking some sufficient penance for some unknown sin, who can't make it to the Sources of the Nile and is too law-abiding to run up the Jolly Roger, but is nevertheless unwilling to conclude with panem et circens and dull Sunday afternoons. Lord knows what they do in Kansas, but in Washington a significant portion of the population . . . and larger every year . . . goes trail-pounding, hill-walking, and peak-bagging. Give a man a pair of Bramanis and a box of Amazo, a straw boater and a few lengths of sling rope, and what more does he need to be an adventurer-king? A little devil's club and vine maple and rain, and they're cheap and plentiful.

The Climbing Course in 1950, under the chairmanship of Victor Josendal, ran with its by now accustomed regularity, two hundred scholars and scores of instructors participating. To handle this number, classes were again split into Tuesday and Wednesday sections, the Monitor Rock, Little Si, and Duwamish Piers practices also expanded to weekend doubleheaders.

Despite the many students there was no shortage of snow for practicing; indeed, if the present climatological pattern continues, attendance at the July Hard Snow Practice (held on the Nisqually Glacier this year) will assuredly become compulsory, since not until then is the snow sufficiently compacted and fernified to provide proper conditions for learning. How can the self-arrest be taught when the slush is so soft you have to battle your way downhill? Commonwealth Basin, the night of April 22, was the scene of a blizzard, which provided excellent Slobbovian practice the next morning, but little else. The continuance of winter throughout May forced the second practice, on the slopes of Guye Peak, into June. How can the glaciers possibly recede with such encouragement?

While snow-belaying theory advances, notably with the Sliding Middleman described elsewhere, the already highly-developed modern techniques of rock-climbing belaying continue to saturate the structure of our teaching. Long gone are the shoulder belay, the knee belay, the ankle, toe and left ear belays which once looked so dramatic in classroom demonstration; now all the talk is of the hip belay, the dynamic belay, and anchors. We do more than talk, too, for the Duwamish Piers and Tumwater trips have become, as they should be, largely belaying practices. And at last the dynamic belay is available to the common man, the result of some hard work on these two field trips. With mattresses and ropes and all manner of ingenuities a fairly satisfactory substitute for a belaying tower has been rigged at the Piers, and in Tumwater Canyon two excellent overhangs have been excavated from the alder, and partially improved. Ladders to speed the faller's return climb, a few pitons or bolts for safety,
CLIMBERS LULLABY

Above, left to right: Bergschlund on Challenger; Lardy at Work; October on the Roman Wall.

Below: Cashmere Cragman; Summit Ridge of Victoria; Bramanis Uber Alles.
perhaps a mattress or two, and an afternoon with axe and shovel, will give us two ideal belaying stations, one of which provides a twenty-foot fall and the other a thirty-footer.

* * *

The basic aim of the Committee in scheduling Experience Climbs has always been to plan a varied program of good climbs. What is a good climb? One qualification, and our main problem at present, is to keep the party small enough to eliminate the features of a barbarian migration, with its attendant danger that an entire rope team may be swallowed up by the wilderness and never missed in the confusion, as well as the misery of endless hours funnelling through bottlenecks, and the total destruction of that feeling of solitude which is one of the finer rewards of mountaineering. The strategy of listing more and more climbs, with doubleheaders on big weekends, has been fairly successful the last two years, but not completely; several man-swarms have turned out, fortunately on peaks where the size of the party was little hindrance. As will be discussed later, the accidents this year have made it apparent that further steps must immediately be taken.

Another qualification for a good climb is that it not be a mere hike; now that the View Finders are in operation there is good reason for the Climbers to eliminate walkups from their schedule, especially later in the season when the processes of training and natural selection have raised the caliber of parties. For instance, why shag up the sand gully on Stuart when the west ridge provides 2500 feet of honest granite? Why climb the dog route on Whitehorse (a shaggy dog in Darrington holds, at last count, three ascents by this route) when the Great Coulouir is so much more interesting? Why hike up the highway on Chair when the southeast face presents itself so invitingly? Not to mention the many mountains whose easiest routes require use of the hands.

For the last few years at least the expressed policy has been to explore and develop new areas . . . new, that is, to official club parties—with progressively less emphasis on the Major Peaks and other trail trips which impress one’s relatives but are otherwise hardly worth the trouble. Several climbs this year (Diablo Group, Icy, Boston, etc.) were into territory never before visited by the Climbers on club trips; several more very worthy climbs were abandoned due to the singular lack of imagination shown by members. The Lucky Four Range and Buck Mountain, in particular, should have stirred a little red blood, and for some reason didn’t.

On April 30 many beginners made their first summit (not counting Little Si), that noble monarch of the Pass area, Snoqualmie Mountain. Sixty-eight souls completed the climb, an auspicious beginning for the season. The idea of a mass snow-walk and social session to start the year has proven very popular, and seems likely to become an annual affair. Memorial Day was not so happy a weekend. The trouble began with the cancellation of the four day Lucky Four expedition because of lack of interest. The Whitehorse party was diverted to the St. Helens search. The third platoon fought the Brothers to a draw, half of the sixty-six climbers reaching the summit, the other half milling fruitlessly in the fog. June 11 Mother Mountain (a substitute for the Sluiskin Peaks, inaccessible due to a washed-out bridge) and Fife’s Peak were climbed, or hiked, no one knows why.

Mount Baker, on the Fourth of July, was thoroughly pulped by eighty-eight volcano-lovers. Over the four-day weekend a party of nineteen traveled to the Diablo peaks, a tidy group of pleasant little mountains south of the Dam, easily accessible but practically virgin. A third ascent was made of Snowfield, 8350 feet, and a second of Colonial, 7600 feet. Had it not been for the oppressive heat (the mosquitoes stayed awake all night) several other short climbs could
have been made from the Colonial Glacier, but as has long been recognized, Seattle climbers operate at optimum efficiency only in a slight downpour.

Rainier sometimes seems an intolerable burden to the Committee, it being regarded by the majority of beginners as the summum bonum of mountainous uplifts, a great many quitting forever once they've got Beer Hill in the bag. But it must be scheduled, at least until the citizenry learns to enjoy climbing mountains. However, it has been for some time apparent that the size of Rainier parties was becoming too large for safety in case of sudden blizzards. This year, and probably hereafter, two climbs were made on the same day, one by the Kautz and one by the rather unusual Muir-Emmons route, substituted for the Ingraham when that glacier proved impractical for the season. Eighteen reached the top by the former route, thirty-seven by the latter. The Muir-Emmons, involving a traverse over the Cowlitz and Ingraham, and a higher traverse back over the Ingraham and Nisqually, is an interesting tour of a great many glaciers, but innumerable schrunds force detours and make the climb quite long.

The following weekend our distinguished vice-president, impeccably attired in a white shirt, tie, slacks and suspenders, strolled up Shuksan accompanied by two dozen friends and admirers. August began with a second attempt, and a second storm, on Spire, while nine of the hardy attended the Climber's Outing in the Northern Pickets. Huckleberry was ascended the second weekend of the month, being followed by the year's most glorious fiasco, Lardy's Adventures in the Nooksack Cirque. Veterans of Icy Peak (mark the sweat that stands forth from their foreheads as the name is uttered) shudder as they whisper of the difficulties attendant on transporting their leader, the Grand Lardy Himself, to the summit of his peak, and then conveying him safely home. The major problem on Big Four was in travelling up the Stillaguamish. This "road," reserved by our wise state officials as a bulldozer playground, seems to become more impassable through the years, the contractor being reluctant to give up his mudbox to the prosaic uses of automobile travel.

Labor Day the wonderland of Cascade Pass, the most scenic alpine area in the state (and who's at fault that it's not a national park?), was the scene of activities. Sahale was climbed, the party being able to move up slightly faster than the mountain could fall down, a smaller group going on to Boston, which they report could be utterly destroyed by several swift kicks or a handful of firecrackers.

Garfield finally fell to the prolonged, albeit desultory siege, of the Climbers, eleven reaching the top and two adding the neighboring Leaning Tower to their afternoon's entertainment. The Leader has been recommended for a citation in that although his party was successful he managed to avoid climbing the mountain himself. The only criticism that could be made of his feat would be that it involved hitting one man with a boulder and forcing another to jump over a fifty-foot cliff to escape the same boulder. And to end the season Sheepgap and Kaleetan were scheduled, the issue at this writing being in doubt.

The accident on Garfield, and the other on Sahale, are something for us to think about during the winter. Every season of Experience Climbs recently there have been anywhere from two to six injuries and countless close calls from falling rock, some of them so nearly fatal as to permanently sober all present. Anyone can see that unless something is done our luck is going to run out, soon, and our record of no deaths is going to be ended. What to do? The mountains can hardly be swept and glued, nor will we cease climbing. On Garfield every member of the party was both competent and extremely cautious; no one was to blame... which is usually the case. Still, a rock came down. For one thing, eighteen were too many on the peak... and are too many on most rock climbs. We have hesitated in the past to limit signup on climbs, but in the
future that... plus repeated, stern indoctrination... will probably be necessary. Every person who has ever gone on an official Mountaineer trip has come home alive, something few clubs can claim. If we are to continue this record, climbers will have to become accustomed to not always being allowed on their first choice of club climbs, and the Committee must stand ready to schedule overflow trips at the last minute. Such a system is more complicated, but as long as we value human life so highly we must expect increasing complications in an increasingly complex and crowded world.

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RETURN TO MT. ROBSON...1950
(Continued from Page 28)

last miles of the trail were deep in mud. However, downhill speed brought everyone out early, and after a hurried supper, cars headed toward Jasper again. Everyone claimed to want to get over the "road" by daylight, but there was some reason to suspect that real beds in Jasper were a powerful lure.

The comradeship of the Outing continued as we passed and repassed, met and compared notes, on our way home. Those who had visited Lake Louise on the way up now did Banff, and vice versa. Many of us succumbed to British imports, some soaked in hot spring pools, others looked over the treasures of the Canadian Alpine Club at Banff. At last, tired, brown, rumpled, we rolled back into the States.

What impressions were left? More than can be catalogued here, but above all the picture of that great, thrusting wedge of ice and rock which towered above our camp. "It's a rough country!" Yes, and we love it.

* * *

MOUNTAIN SAFETY TIPS... by Wolf Bauer

•When conditions or climbs are out of the ordinary, obtain advice from our Climbing Committee and official sanction from Park or Forest Service.

•Conditions in all mountain travel are ones of extremes. Provide adequately for temperatures, food, rest, time, weather, first aid, spare parts.

•Register in and check out of climbing area with Forest or Park officials. Use car window emergency card as precautionary measure to speed aid should you need it. Leave your plans with someone at home.

•Take periodic mountaineering, skiing, and first aid refresher courses to keep yourself up-to-date and efficient.

•Skiing ability is only one of several requirements to be met by the winter mountaineer or ski tripper. Mistakes in equipment omissions and gear condition, or in general planning, are more costly in winter than summer.

•Your life may depend on your gear and equipment. Check it religiously before each trip. This is a responsibility to your climbing partners.

•Never let pride or false modesty prevent you from acquainting your leader with any weaknesses or physical limitations you may have that may affect the party strength or party management. Such pride may become criminal negligence.

•As leader, your early determination of the weakest member and condition in your party is prerequisite to trip efficiency.
1950 in Review...

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

What makes The Mountaineers one of the most unusual and envied club of its kind? I think it is because you have an active, growing membership containing a relatively small group of people who give unstintingly of their time, enthusiasm and talent to successfully manage the many varied doings that are listed in your bulletin each month. I doubt if another club exists that offers its members as many opportunities to participate in different activities as does The Mountaineers. However, I don't mean to imply that we should be satisfied.

Your club has well over 2000 members made up of each of you. How many have ever served on a committee? If you have not, when are you going to start becoming a full-fledged Mountaineer? How many of you have attended a work party? You who have not are missing an opportunity to become a better Mountaineer. How many of you have spent a night at Stevens, Snoqualmie, Irish Cabin, Meany or Mt. Baker; attended an annual banquet, an old-time dance, a Tacoma fair, an Everett banquet at Weyerhaeuser, a trustees' meeting (all are welcome), a Thanksgiving dinner at Irish Cabin, a play, a summer outing, a monthly meeting, an annual flower walk, a bridge session, and so on ad infinitum; or gone skiing, climbing, local walking or view finding with a Mountaineer group?

If I have mentioned something you have never done, it is heartily recommended that you participate in each, at least once. Better still, pick out an activity and volunteer your services to the committee chairman of that group. Although it may be hard to believe, the best times are had by those Mountaineers who give and not by those who only take.

If a few people can give you such a choice of things to do, think how much better it would be if each and every one of you were to help. If you cannot find an interest in The Mountaineers that you can enthusiastically support by working on a committee, then you are unusual. If you are unusual, then start a new activity.

Yours for a better club,

JOSEPH M. BUSWELL

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The Year in Tacoma

A review of the year's activities in Tacoma would be lacking without reference to completion of the Narrows Bridge. September was the due date—one of vital interest to the Mountaineers in facilitating access to many trail areas. Our photographic chairman, Clarence Garner, has made a hobby of photographing the bridge in all stages of construction and from all vantage points, having been given the freedom of the bridge by virtue of being an expert in his own right. He is well qualified to lecture on the bridge.

Featured at our photographic meetings were scenic views by Mountaineer Bogdon of Enumclaw; colored moving pictures of Quetico Superior Park, Minnesota; and Mt. McKinley National Park by Ranger Oscar Dick now stationed at Rainier National Park.

Irish Cabin, as always, played a large part in the year's program. Under the able management of Earl Gijuak and Alice Bond, many improvements were made to the building, including a gleaming new kitchen. Our cabin served as a base for winter alpine sports. Our old non-winter activity group displayed a tendency for snow shoes. Our 'snow bunnies' and our better skiers have developed an ever-increasing enthusiasm for ski hills. And all of us have been initiated into the skiers' fraternity. We've seen snow falling on virgin slopes; breathed the keen cold air of winter mountains; put chains on our cars; and found comrades in the high adventure of skiing from Mt. Hood to Mt. Baker.

The extensive planning and scouting work for Trail Trips done by Keith Goodman deserves special mention, and is responsible for their never-failing attraction and success. From seashore to mountain top, Tacoma Trail Trippers traveled over ten counties to see an island upon an island; a few raindrops where it isn't supposed to rain; 'clud' bombs and a diving submarine being bombed by a plane in mock warfare. They visited two lighthouses; tramped through a rock quarry; toured the prairies three times and hiked the length of two of the three largest sandspits in the state. Two of the places visited are subjects of recent books: Port Gamble ('Tide, Time and Timber') and Mt. Pilchuck ('Pilchuck'). Dungeness Spit attracted the record crowd of the year, 59 hikers, the violet walk excepted.

This year's climbing course, for both the elementary and intermediate students, was well attended by the Mountaineers and those interested in mountaineering. Lectures, demonstrations, slides and movies on making climbing a safe, enjoyable sport were presented by competent instructors. Our field trips on snow, rock, and ice were hampered on some occasions by weather conditions, but each person participating felt more sure of himself in rugged terrain afterwards. Small groups, showing initiative and leadership, have been climbing since early in the season, some of them in areas away from Tacoma's Cabin Peaks. The Cabin Peaks have not been forgotten however, as shown by the increase of stars on the Irish Cabin record.

The Conservation Committee has been active under the able chairmanship of Leo Gallagher who has added prestige by virtue of having been President of the Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs. He has written letters of protest to United States Congressmen directly connected with Olympic National Park, Glacier National Park, Grand Teton National Park and others against attempts at encroachments on timber and wild life and National Park values in general.

Arbor Day was commemorated by the committee planting five hundred Douglas fir and Port Orford cedar in the forest wilderness area of Pt. Defiance Park, needed to renew the forest cycle of life. The committee hopes to make it an annual affair. The writer, having been a Pt. Defiance big trees, was much chagrined at being unable to take part in the planting due to unhealed injuries from an auto accident.

On the occasion of The Mountaineers' Beach Fire at the Leo Gallagher's summer home near Rosedale in July, the committee was taken to Allen's Point on Henderson Bay near Rosedale, which is a prospective State Park. Favorable progress has been made by Leo with the proper state officials and owners of the 160-acre tract. The committee was much impressed with the charming location.

Tom Dodge's New Year's Special Outing at Alexander's-by-the-Sea at Ocean City again this year was another fine outing. Irene Slade provided several fine musical evenings. Our sincere appreciation for a very fine year under the management of our President, Floyd Raver, and Secretary-Treasurer Ann Jackson.

—C. E. HEATON

Tacoma Clubroom Programs

Regular monthly meetings of the Tacoma Mountaineers Branch offered a great variety of entertainment, hoping to interest new and present members. November saw us transported by air to Central and South American ports by means of Roger Chase's unique travelogue and colored slides; early ships that plied Puget Sound and the antics of their skippers were brought vividly to us by Keith Goodman; 'Tomorrow's Forest' and 'Green Harvest' made an interesting evening, as presented by representatives of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company; while in May, we contemplated the pleasures of joining the Summer Outing in the Mt. Robson area in Canada.

For variety's sake, the club arranged the Christmas Party, with games, songs, gifts and all the trimmin's; and the St. Patrick's Day Ho-Down. A wonderful crowd turned
out for the square dances, which were
called by our own members, Jean Scott,
Alice Bond and Mary St. John.
This year we asked the men to serve
refreshments at the meetings; the food was
delicious as prepared by Amos Hand,
Bruce Kizer, Dick Scott and Dave Davies.
Refreshments served by the women were
the backbone of sociability.
During the summer, six beach fires were
enjoyed, at New Beach, Point Defiance
Park; the Tom Dodge's home; the Leo
Gallagher's Rosedale beach home; Clara
Young's home, at which time her brand-
new outdoor stove was initiated; the Fred
Corbit's Sunset Beach home; and the Ta-
coma Mountaineer Fair in the lovely yard
of the Elwood Budis.
Two cruises on Puget Sound aboard the
yacht, Gallant Lady II, on July 6th and
August 16th, brought out record attend-
ance of members and their friends. At the
September meeting we held our annual
election of officers and viewed the Summer
Outing pictures. October was our annual
banquet. Thanks, everybody, for taking
part!
—STELLA KELLOGG

Irish Cabin

Irish Cabin is essentially a climbers' 
rendezvous, with its busiest season during
the summer. But it is also a vital link in
the lives of all The Mountaineers, for it's
available all through the year for parties of
four or more. Formerly the home of a pio-
neer miner, the original building, still in
good condition, is used as dining room and
connects with the huge recreational room
with its ever-blasting fireplace. The kitchen
was completely redone and modernized in
the Fall of 1949 in time for the annual
Irish Cabin Thanksgiving Dinner.
The casualness and informality of Irish
Cabin is, naturally and paradoxically, based
on hard work and systematic planning.
This latter is a joint committee with two
chairmen and two functions: house and
activities. The House Committee planned
and outlined necessary repairs, collected
materials and machinery, and directed work
parties. Two years' supply of stove and
fireplace wood was cut. Cement founda-
tions for the old building were placed in
another session. The women brought pot
luck to feed the heavy laborers, cleaned
closets, the stove, the floors and accom-
plished other jobs that show little but mean
much.

Alice Bond, co-chairman, planned the
monthly activities of Irish Cabin this past
year. The season opened early in March,
with everyone arriving the night previous
in preparation for an early-morning start—
objective: Mowich Lake on skis or snow-
shoes. Sixteen of the starting thirty-five
made it. April saw the beginning of the
monthly climbing parties. A taffy pull,
featuring Wilmot Ramsey, preceded the
next day's attempt at Baldy Peak. That
time the Carbon River, all crossings washed
out during the winter, provided an obstacle
too great to conquer. The climbers struggled
with devil's club and fallen timber in a
vain attempt to gain the trail in time to
make the climb. So it goes—fun and exer-
cise anyhow! By July the rangers had
thrown new foot bridges across the Carbon
and a party of thirteen made Pilcher. Ann
Jackson waited patiently to sign the regis-
ter last: the thirteenth person and her thir-
teenth peak! Several climbers stayed over
the remaining days of the Fourth holiday
to conquer other peaks.

In all there are twenty-four good peaks
accessible from Irish Cabin. Valley-pounders
and campers also find it an ideal base for
trail trips or just plain vacations. It can
be a fisherman's paradise, too, or a loafer's
heaven. Irish Cabin is what you make it.
—EUGENE AND BETTY FAURE

The Year in Everett

Nature outdid herself in providing a
colorful and picturesque setting along the
banks of the Stillaguamish River for the
Annual Salmon Roast which started the
year's activities in Everett. More than a
hundred members and guests were served
salmon, roasting ears and coffee.
One of the most enjoyable fall hikes was
to Copper Lake at the foot of Vesper Peak
in the Sultan Basin area. The beauty of the
lake and surrounding mountains made the
trip very worthwhile, although the trail was
in poor condition. Many samples of rock
were carried out by the rock enthusiasts.
Later in October, cranberries for the holi-
day season were gathered in the bogs near
Stanwood. This year the Annual Greens
Walk, held just before Christmas, took the
group to a new area near Lake McMurray.
Many greens were gathered to be used in
home decoration. In February there was a
trip to Deception Pass where members of
the party enjoyed walking the beach in a
storm. Spring and summer trail trips and
camp-outs included Mt. Pilchuck, Barclay
Lake and Goat Mountain Lookout in the
Mt. Baker area. Snow Lake in the Sno-
qualmie area proved most popular for a
day trip and many were the requests for a
repeat trip.
The Annual Thanksgiving Dinner and
program held early in December was very
successful. The illustrated talk by Nels
Bruseth, member of the National Forest
Service at Darrington, added greatly to the
enjoyment of his audience. Table decorat-
tions of sculptured fruit and vegetables
caused much comment on the artistic ability
and ingenuity of the committee members.
During the winter months day-ski-trips
were organized nearly every Sunday and
were well attended. There were work par-

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ties at Snoqualmie Pass, card parties and pot luck dinners. Outstanding party was the week-end at Happy Annen's cabin near Warm Beach with Phil Brandner, Supervisor at Mt. Baker National Forest, and his wife as our honor guests. Dancing and story-telling were the diversions of the evening with a walk on the beach scheduled for Sunday. Our Liars’ Contest, in which everyone participated, proved that it is not wise to believe all that one hears.

Many spring and early summer climbs were postponed or cancelled because of bad weather, road and snow conditions. Unscheduled substitute trips included camp-outs in the Skagit area, on the Icicle River and at Salmon Le Sac where trail trips were taken. Climbs of Mt. Pugh, Spire, Index and Bedal were made during the summer. Mt. Pugh was climbed in the moonlight in August with all the climbers agreeing that it was a wonderful experience.

Labor Day weekend was spent on the Olympic Peninsula. A trail trip to Boulder Lake on Sunday and car trips to Olympic Hot Springs, Crescent Lake, Hurricane Ridge and Deer Park gave the participants many thrills and awe-inspiring views of the Olympics, the Sound and the Cascade Range in the distance. All members of the party are planning to return to this scenic area which affords so many good climbs and trail trips.

Although our climbing program was somewhat curtailed, our other activities were varied and provided many good times and shared experiences. On many of our trips we had guests who appreciated the opportunity to see some of the scenic beauties of this region and who gained a better understanding of mountaineering through their association with the Mountaineers.

—ADELSA DOPH and VI JOHNSON

Third Annual Northwest Mountaineering Conference

The third Mountaineering Conference, sponsored by the Mountain Rescue and Safety Council, was held at Paradise, Mt. Rainier National Park being host. Due to the emphasis on radio and ground communication phases of search and rescue, a large representation of both Forest and Park Service officials was evident.

Perfect weather again prevailed during the two-day conclave, September 9 and 10, flying and snow conditions both being unusually favorable for the maneuvers and demonstrations on the ground and in the air.

Saturday's program included lecture and demonstrations by Irving Herrigstad on ground signals and the topographic limitations of various radio frequencies in the field, showing how the efficiency of high frequency sets are reduced by natural barriers, such as ridges and trees, and how such signals are modified by reflection and echo conditions. The Coast Guard demonstrated its loudspeaker plane-to-ground system by flying a PBY over the search area, the pilot locating and acknowledging the various ground signals as to their effectiveness. A pin-point parachute drop was made. The conference learned that the use of a roll of toilet tissue rolled out on grass and held down with rocks made most effective letter signs for air observations. Snow trenches and mirrors also were quickly spotted, while other signals were less effective. The maneuvers showed up the possibility of giving encouragement and information to lost parties by loudspeaker from the air, and after locating such parties, communicating by loudspeaker questions and ground signal replies without radio.

Mr. Fuge of the Seattle Weather Bureau also led a discussion on weather factors in the mountains.

Saturday evening was made up of a full program of talks and illustrations, John Preston, Superintendent of the Park, welcoming the conference, and Commander Suydam and Commander Finley, Retired, explaining the functioning of Coast Guard, communication systems, and search operations. Mr. L. Stoner showed how to handle pigeons and introduced us to the possibilities of employing pigeons, their capabilities and limitations in mountainous terrain, and offered the Council the use of this medium in any future emergencies. Dr. Otto Trott presented a highly informative lecture on alpine survival and exposure factors, as well as illustrated first aid techniques. Cam Beckwith spoke on snow-climbing belays and showed sequence slides of the sliding middleman technique.

Sunday morning's program included some very interesting exhibits and demonstrations on rock and snow of various alpine litters for winter and summer use, such as the Bavarian "Bergrutsche," built by the Alpines of Hood River, the "Akja" snowboat, built by Wally Burr, and the collapsible alpine Stokes model with wheel and ski, built by Jack Hossack and Wolf Bauer. The Mountaineers demonstrated the sliding middleman snow-climbing technique, while Gordon Patterson and K. Molenhaar showed simulated crevasse rescue hoisting methods. In resting and showing the ease of transporting persons with these new type alpine litters, it may be of interest that Dr. Eikan, eighty-two-year-old father of Dr. Otto Trott, was taken up and down several miles of rough trail and also snow terrain to make possible his viewing of the demonstrations.

After a final meal to top all previous fine culinary efforts by Mr. Popinoff, Ralph Wiese outlined search organization procedure and Mr. J. Simmons of the Oregon Mountain Emergency Committee gave a brief description of the workings of his group. Joint cooperation was stressed be-
between Washington and Oregon groups. The Council Chairman indicated that the Washington State Aeronautics Commission may next year receive appropriations upon which the Council may be able to draw indirectly to further its Mountain Safety campaign, as well as equipment and general expenses. Irving Herrigesrad has been working on several operations manuals for alpine radio communication and emergency signals. Mimeographed copies of the first of these were distributed at the Conference. Others will follow when printing or funds become available. The Conference was also shown the car window emergency cards which the Council printed this year.

—Wolf Bauer

The Players Score with “If I Were King”

If I were King—Ah love! If I were King
What tributary nations would I bring,
Beneath your feet what treasures would I fling—
If I were King.

Dame Fortune, Lady Luck, several four-leaf clovers and liberal amounts of Mountaineer elbow-grease all teamed up to score a memorable success as the Players presented Justin McCarthy’s famous medieval adventure, “If I Were King,” as the twenty-fourth Mountaineers Players’ production at the Forest Theater on June 4th and June 11th.

Fortune smiled early on the many players who portrayed the lusty villains, swashbuckling heroes and beautiful damsels of this brilliantly-written drama of the times of King Louis XI. A big slice of luck arrived when Mrs. Lois Sandall said “yes” to the request of Chairman Burbank Rideout and the players’ committee that she again direct the Spring Play. With the same enthusiasm and skill that marked her work on twenty-one previous Mountaineer productions, Mrs. Sandall organized the rehearsals and the cast settled down to twice-a-week rehearsals.

As if this stroke of good fortune were not enough, the players, for the first time in many a season, were blessed with an ample supply of honest-to-goodness M-E-N. No longer was there need to disguise our valiant girls behind heavy beards and try to reach them to walk and talk like medi eval heavyweights! With an ample supply of talented man-and-woman power available, aspiring newcomers as well as hoary veterans, McCarthy’s long-dormant characters of the fifteenth century breathed new life.

Four-leaf clovers seemed to abound everywhere as many willing hands pitched in to work at the many back-stage jobs that are all parts of a successful production. Costumes were ordered (many had to be hand-sewn), tickets and programs were printed, theater props were sketched and constructed. The publicity staff had a horseshoe tossed in its lap when the Seattle Times gave the Mountaineers a lavish full-page Sunday spread on the very day of the first showing!

Beneath cloudless skies the big cast held its costume rehearsal at the Forest Theater—and then everyone held his breath. “Sun for rehearsal brings rain for production” was one old-timer’s reminder. Only too well the case remembered how Sleeping Beauty had slept for one hundred years in a thunder shower only two seasons previous. Could the season-long string of good breaks continue unbroken?

Early in the week before the first show the weatherman promised a sunny Sunday, but the entire cast remained wary. June’s fickle weather always makes the forecasters look bad, so each player reached for the hidden rabbit’s foot. The weatherman fulfilled his promise, however, and the big crowd that turned out for the first production was rewarded with a skillful and colorful effort amidst the sunshine and shadows of the incomparable Forest Theater.

“Rain forecast for Sunday” was the word during the following week as the cast smoothed out the rough spots with final rehearsals. However, Dame Fortune pitched in and lo! the weatherman changed his mind. So, on June 11th, beneath flawless blue skies, an overflow crowd sat enthralled as the cast delivered a memorable performance, one that marked “If I Were King” as one of the outstanding productions of the long Forest Theater history.

Lady Luck and her crew of charmers played their parts well, but in no ways better than the oversized group of players, carpenters, prompters and the many others who lent willing hands to put over the big show.

With a peppy banquet at Scandia the players and friends rang down the curtain on the 1950 season. No sooner had the handshakes of congratulations made the rounds than plans were started for the silver anniversary show of 1951.

With artistic skill and plain hard work the players of today are maintaining the traditions started by that hardy band of “Robin Hood” so many years ago. “Tis quoted that good work brings good fortune, and, if such is true, Lady Luck will continue to save her broadest smiles for the efforts of the Mountaineer Players!

—Bob Neupert
Climber's Outing

The 1950 Climber's Outing, fifth in the series, was held in the Northern Pickets, a rarely visited group of highly-glaciated precipitous peaks. Nine climbers constituted the expedition, thus nearly doubling the number of persons who have reached the area, previous crowds having been by three Mountaineer and two Ptarmigan parties. This neglect is not easy to understand, since the peaks are the dominating feature of the view east from Shuksan, the climbing varies from easy to interesting, and access is not difficult, eighteen miles of good trail leading up Ruth Creek to Hannegan Pass, down the Chilicastro and up Brush Creek to Whatcom Pass at the northern limit of the range. The Chilicastro trail is maintained by the Forest Service, and traveled over Whatcom Pass is, as of now, convenient, thanks to the efforts of a USGS crew which this summer surveyed a line from Ross Lake to Ruth Creek, and rebuilt the trail up the Little Beaver and down Brush Creek in the process. From Whatcom Pass the way lies over heather, rock, then snowfields and glacier, to the Challenger Glacier and Perfect Pass, a beautiful basecamp for the northern half of the group. The southern half is reached via the headwaters of Luna Creek, involving a rough descent from the Challenger Glacier to the ice-wrecked basin, then climbing again to Luna Lake. The scenery, unique in the state... such as the 4000-foot glacier-gouged avalanche-roaring headwall of Luna Creek, the three-mile-broad gleaming expanse of the great Challenger Glacier, and the near view of the even more serrate Southern Pickets... by itself justifies the exertion.

Little climbing was accomplished, for which may be blamed mountain lassitude induced by many days of hauling heavy packs, and an untimely end to good weather... namely a short but bitter blizzard which drove the party to more temperate latitudes a day earlier than the original nine days planned. More time or less voluptuous longing for sleep is necessary to climb extensively in this land of high peaks and deep valleys, great glaciers and mad gneiss. Whatcom Peak, 7700 feet, an easy snow ascent from Perfect Pass, was climbed for the fifth time. Luna Peak, 8500 feet of snow and shattered gneiss, made a long hike (the fourth) from the Cascade River at Gillet. Furt, the one that got away, was scheduled but lost by mail, was climbed for the fifth time. The col between the North and Middle Peaks is reached, a 100-foot descent and an easy snow ascent from the Cascade River at Gillet. The climb, up brush, heather, steep snow and rock, is not difficult but quite long. Lack of time prevented the party from continuing to the main peak, but a high bivouac would make this easily possible.

West Peak of Johannesburg

Fourth of July weekend, 1949, a party consisting of Bill Elendahl, Dave Lind, Jay Todd, and Tom Miller made the first ascent of the West Peak of Johannesburg, climbing from the Cascade River at Gilbert. The climb, up brush, heather, steep snow and rock, is not difficult but quite long. Lack of time prevented the party from continuing to the main peak, but a high bivouac would make this easily possible.

Challenger and Redoubt

In August, 1949, Peter Mitch and Kermit Bengston, while making a geological reconnaissance in the area of Whatcom Pass, made the fourth ascent of Challenger in the Northern Pickets. Redoubt, 9055, in the Chilicastro Group, was also climbed from the Pass, though this was a very long trip over meadowed ridges and final easy snow. An intermediate bivouac would make the climb more pleasant.

Index Traverse

During the summer of 1950 a three-peak traverse of Mt. Index was completed, apparently for the first time. The regular route may be followed up the North Peak, and from this point the new route leads down to a gendarme on the south side. The col between the North and Middle Peaks may then be reached via a descending traverse on the west face. From this col it is necessary to climb 150 feet to a ridge leading to the false summit of the Middle Peak. On this section pitons should be used for safety. After the false summit is reached, a 100-foot descent and an easy scramble lead to the true Middle Peak, a probable first ascent. An adequate overnight bivouac site can be found about 200 feet down the east face. Leaving the

Right, upper: Flag Pole from the Northwest. Lower: Mount Index.
bivouac, the col between the Middle and Main Peaks is reached via a passage on the east face. Working out of the col pits are again necessary for safety. It is then possible to reach the northwest corner of the Main Peak by climbing moderately difficult rock.

Crags

Many good first ascents were made this year in the Cashmere Crags on the ridge and slope north of Ingalls Creek. Both the Knitting Needle Group and the Nightmare Needle Group were quite thoroughly climbed. They were all short climbs on excellent granite and usually quite difficult. Average elevation is between 7000 feet and 7500. Of these the Flagpole (west of McLean) was the outstanding example. The first ascent was made by F. Beckey, P. Schoening, and P. Sharpee on July 16. The climb required ten bolts, several pitsons, and many hours.

First Ascent of Little Snowpatch, Windjammer and Westwind

Little Snowpatch, a prominent granite tower in the Ingalls Creek area, was climbed June 25th by Pete Schoening, Fred Beckey and Joe Hieb. Climbing ranged in difficulty from 4th to 6th class. The middle portion of the route consisted of a near vertical open trough, at the bottom of which was found a crack to hold several direct aid pitons. A 4th class lead then brought us to the unusual top.

Windjammer and Westwind Spire, just north of Little Snowpatch, were climbed by Beckey and Schoening. Both spires presented interesting climbing. Fortunately, the climbers had with them two large oversized angle pitons which they said were the only thing which made the ascent of Westwind Spire possible. The cracks encountered on the rock were of a very wide nature.

Cascade Peak

Cascade Peak, 7500 feet, is an interesting rock peak in the Cascade Pass area, dwarfed somewhat by the mass of Johannesburg on one side and the Triplets on the other. The first ascent was made the latter part of July, this year, by Phil Sharpee, Pete Schoening, and Fred Beckey. The route led up over the frozen neve of a three-thousand-foot couloir to a wide bergschurnd which was passed by lifting one member of the party over the upper lip. At the pronounced col five hundred feet below the summit they changed to tennis shoes and ascended the downslop south face to the top. The rock is rotten and a more feasible approach is on the south side via the Magic-Hurry Up Col.

Bonanza

The state's highest non-volcanic mountain, Bonanza Peak, elevation 9511 feet, was climbed for the first time since 1943 by Vic Josendal, Tom Miller, Ray Rigge, Harvey Manning, Jay Todd, and W. B. Spickard. The approach to the peak by automobile over Stephens Pass and up the Columbia, by boat on Lake Chelan, bus up Railroad Creek to the mining town of Holden, followed by a five-mile hike to Holden Lake is very enjoyable. The climb is made up a crevassed glacier and class 3 rock to the summit. Early in the year steep snow makes the climb somewhat treacherous, but later in the year the snow melts off the face and the climb is safe and easy, though fairly long.

Middle Peak

Memorial Day 1950 Pete Schoening, Wes Grande and Dick Widrig hiked up Early Winters Creek to Washington Pass, under the granite walls of Liberty Bell. Crossing the pass and circling to the west, two snow couloirs presented themselves, one leading to the summit ridge on either side of the objective, the unclimbed Middle Peak. Perpendicular, holdless walls barred progress up the northerly couloir, but the other alternative went easily until halfway up, where a large chockstone was surmounted by a shoulder stand leading into the narrow, verglas-coated chimney between the boulder and the wall. Later in the year, when the snow is gone, the chockstone may prove insurmountable without direct aid. Above here a small down-slaning ledge led to another chimney where the complete lack of holds required the use of tennis shoes even though the verglas continued. Three hours were consumed from the chockstone to the top of the chimney. A short snow climb brought the party to the ridge, where it was met by an icy wind. Fortunately... since Pete's toes were growing numb due to kicking snowsteps with open-toed tennis shoes... a series of easy chimneys led to the summit. Two rappels. one from a Rawl-drive bolt above the chockstone, made the descent rapid, and the base of the couloir was reached six hours after first entering it.

Glacier Bay

A party including Kermit Bengston spent the summer of 1950 making a geological survey in the area of Glacier Bay, Alaska, many short climbs being accomplished in the process. These peaks, ranging up to 4000 feet, rise from water's edge, the climbing being on icelfalls and some rock. A probably easier route than the one climbed up Fairweather, the dominant mass, was seen but more serious business prevented an attempt.

Selkirks

Two parties from Seattle visited the Selkirk Range in Canada this summer, both ascending the famous Northwest Ridge of Sir Donald, 10,818, a 2600-foot climb on solid quartzite, not difficult but by all accounts one of the most enjoyable climbs in Canada. Worth Doyle and Bob Sipe made the climb earlier in the summer, Tom Miller and Harvey Manning over Labor Day, support parties at the Wheeler Hut
being available for both groups. These peaks, accessible from Seattle in a day and a half, are probably the most pleasant climbing area on the continent, at least for those who enjoy a combination of forests, meadows, large glaciers, and solid, moderately difficult rock. It is therefore somewhat amazing that, including three club outings, less than ten groups of Seattle climbers have been in the Selkirks.

* West Peak of Three Queens *

Three and one-half forest miles northwest of the northern trip of Little Kachess Lake are the ridge towers that make up the Three Queens Mountain (also Mineral Mountain). The only previously unclimbed tower of the group was the West Peak, so in the middle of August, 1950, Don Wilde, Phil Sharpe and Pete Schoening scrambled to the east col of the 250-foot rock pinnacle to change into tennis shoes and rope up. After they then up the south ridge, with the use of three pitons and a couple of sturdy tree bails. Though this route to the summit was not extremely difficult, a route from the col on the west side of the tower appeared easier and probably safer.

* Cascade Pass Climbs *

The mountain summits in the Cascade Pass area are now accessible for weekend climbing. The road up the Cascade River has been extended so that a 138 mile automobile trip from Seattle followed by a 3 mile hike on a recently cleared trail brings the climber to a good high camp at Cascade Pass, elevation 5392 feet. From the alpine meadows of the pass, massive Johannesburg, with its hanging glaciers, dominates the view to the southwest. Eastward from Johannesburg, Cascade Peak, the Triples, Hurry Up, and Magic can be seen. Trapper and Mixup are also good climbs south of the pass. The Horseshoe Basin peaks: Sahara, Boston, Buckner, and Booker lie north of the pass. During the last week of August, an ambitious Mazama party including Don Woods and Fred Ayres climbed six of the peaks mentioned above from a single high camp at the Pass. They reported Johannesburg was their best climb (a third ascent).

Many of the peaks have been climbed only four or five times. The first ascent of Cascade Peak was made in July of this year by Fred Bekey, Pete Schoening and Phil Sharpe.

Unfortunately much of the rock is rotten. However, there are two outstanding climbs on good rock: Forbidden peak, two miles west of the pass and Mt. Goode, eight miles east. Forbidden Peak can best be climbed from a high camp up the Boston Mine Trail. This great rock pyramid has been climbed six times by the west ridge, by the east ridge with a traverse to the upper north ridge, and by the south face as described elsewhere.

With the extension of the Cascade river road, Goode can now be approached from the west, with the high camp a one-day hike from the pass. Pete Schoening, Phil Sharpe and Gibson Reynolds climbed this difficult peak by the Bedayan route on the Labor Day weekend.

It is expected that much more climbing will be done in this outstanding area next year.

—VICTOR JOSENDAHL

* Climber's Nightmare *

Thirty-four weary miles up Screaming Panther Creek, Wilford, Josephine and Algernon came upon one of the most monstrous oddities ever seen in a cocky nightmare, let alone in the mountains. Balanced precariously atop a blood-red granodiorite cone swayed a flawlessly perfect glass-smooth obsidian sphere; glittering ominously under the leaden clouds it seemed cloaked in evil portent. This apparent glacial erratic filled us with awe, and all thoughts of approaching closer were abandoned until nightfall, when in the flickering moonlight it assumed a less savage aspect. At this point the uninitiated would have become dizzy, and might have used such terms as 'impossible' and 'foolhardy.' We counted out an expansion bolts, bedecked ourselves with iron, and nervously snapping our carabiners we hesitantly crept forward. Algernon had the crossbow at ready and upon signal from Josephine got off the first round. Two thousand feet of codline peeled from the magazine, the arrow glanced from the vitreous surface and impaled Wilford from groin to clavicle. Our only arrow was thus damaged beyond repair, so we resolved to force a direct route. A quick series of course echelles, anchored to Rawl drives, brought us to the base of the support cone. Rapidly passing a line around its precipitous sides, we cinched the rope tight, climbed upon it, tied another line higher still, and so, step by step, mounted further into the night. Dawn found us clinging to the minute rugosities of a thin film of verglas directly below the gleaming underbelly of the sphere. The only roughness on the mirror-like finish above us was the ice particles from our frozen breath. From here on, bolts alone could force a passage. Josephine braved the first lead with two-roe tension. Due to the extreme hardness of the sphere, fourteen drills were dulled in sinking the first hole. These were passed down to Wilford, who with ebbing strength filed them sharp and passed them back. Here the uninitiated would have become dizzy and might have used such terms as 'impossible' and 'foolhardy.' Thirty-four bolts later we crossed the equator of the sphere, only to gaze up into an ominously churning sky. Though the climbing was now easier, snow, sleet, rain, and hail tore at us with icy fingers while lightning threaded its way down our line of bolts. Here we spent a day lashed to the iron, while the constant explosions of thunder rendered us periodically senseless. Once again the uninitiated would have become dizzy. At last the tempest slackened and sheer determination carried us to the summit. We were both agreed it had been a memorable adventure... an experiment in pure sensation!
Trail Trips from Seattle

The Trail Trip contingent began its activities by unwillingly succumbing to the elements and letting the snow fall on Granite Peak, unmolested by our snowshoe tracks. But never say die! and the first week in February found us ignoring the icy roads on Vashon Island while we went on a tropical tour of Beall’s extensive orchid greenhouses and varieties of orchids that were in bloom. An evening get-together a month later to compare colored slides found everyone amazed that he still knew the difference between a carrleya and a dendrobium.

A journey to the Tacoma Narrows Bridge and Point Defiance Park came next. One of the Tacoma members explained the construction work then going on at the bridge and then all hiked by trail along the cliff to Point Defance and the historical museum at Fort Nisqually.

Those hardy souls who were unable to snowshoe on Granite Peak in January tried it again in March and found themselves getting some unwanted practice in travelling on crust under a light cover of newly fallen snow. Deception Pass proved to be a welcome change from the snow and Mt. Erie was the objective. When the trail petered out, a scramble over the rock cliffs brought everyone to life. On an ordinary day the San Juan’s would have been visible, but since it was cloudy, they were hidden. Yet views of the nearby countryside made the trip to the top worthwhile.

In April, when ordinarily most of the snow has fallen in the mountains and crunchy spring snow is good for snowshoeing, a trip to Commonwealth Basin was planned. But winter this year was not giving up so easily, and we found a foot of new snow from the previous day, and the snow at the summit falling on our way in to the Basin. Later in the month Everett led the group to a state forest lookout above Lake Samish near Bellingham. Clouds hovered over Mt. Baker until everyone was back on the Lake and hid behind the clouds until we had gone.

Labor Day week-end gave us an opportunity for our only camping trip of the year, and the Waterhole (just that) Camp at Hurricane Ridge in the Olympics was selected. Saturday afternoon found all but the newest model cars parked along the steep road to the ridge waiting for radiators to cool, but everyone arrived at camp before dark and in time to visit campfire. Sunday’s trip to Moose Lake began from the ridge at Obstruction Point with Mt. Olympus and the peaks to the west and south magnificently displayed. The trip down to the lake was sunny but clouds had rolled in from the west before we all returned to the cars. In spite of the wet, cold fog blowing across the ridge, everyone welcomed a slice of cold watermelon before driving back to camp. Camp proved to be a wetter place than when we had left it in the morning, but we all managed to eat dinner only mildly diluted by raindrops and found campfires an easy place to dry clothes and dunnage. Those who hadn’t visited the Hurricane Hill Lookout Saturday took the two-mile branch road before leaving for home. The weather had cleared and the scenery again was breathtaking for those who had any breath left after helping the car cling to the road up to the Lookout. From the ridge, each car picked its own pleasure in driving back to Seattle, using
every possible route except by air to try to avoid the holiday traffic.

For those who wanted an easy post-holiday hike, Seward Park offered an opportunity to get on the trails without leaving the city. Trips to Klappatche Park and Mt. Dickerman, two favorite haunts not visited for several years, were scheduled as the roads were at last passable. Return trips also to Pratt Lake, Beech Lookout, and a visit to Kitsap Cabin wound up the year's activities and left us ready to spring eagerly on to new trails next year.

—MARIAN LUNDBERG

Climbing With the Viewfinders

1950 gave birth to a new committee, organized to meet the demand of a group who wanted to climb high enough for a view, yet avoid the technicalities of ropes, pickaxes, and suction cups. New, inexperienced members as well as old-timers climbed together every second weekend, with lunch and camera. The first hikes this spring were one-day trips, and gradually worked up to longer trips requiring overnight camping, and an overnight backpack trip to Eagle Lake.

The April 16 trip went off with a very weak "pop." Dirty Face Mountain near Lake Wenatchee had been selected for the maiden voyage, but soft, deep snow, together with rain, made us retreat farther east to the sunshine belt where we had to settle for a hike along a ridge near Tumwater Recreation Area. Deep snow and poor weather also forced a shorter substitute on April 30.

We finally sneaked up on Old Sol May 14 at Christoff L. O. in the Chinook Pass area with Mr. Rainier in the foreground. This was a good trip for the camera fiend and sunbather.

The next two were snow climbs of Red and Granite, both of them Snoqualmie Lodge pin peaks. After these ascents the novices possessed a good working knowledge of an ice axe, and learned that one of the rewards of early spring climbing is glissading down the mountain.

Fife's Peak, our first overnight trip, brought out the largest turnout of the season. Camp was made at Hell's Crossing Forest Camp on the east side of Chinook Pass Highway, and our climb was made via the scenic ridge route in beautiful weather. Our timing was perfect, for as we neared the cars Sunday night the clouds rolled in from the southwest and about five minutes after leaving for home the rains came.

In July we bagged another Lodge pin peak, Silver this time, and also Church Mountain near the Canadian border. The rock garden at the summit of Silver was in bloom for us. Church was a hot climb, but well worth the effort. Many of us returned home with petrified sea shells from the fossil beds, although it will no doubt take considerable steaming to make them tender enough for soup or chowder.

In the middle of the Summer Outing we planned a backpack trip to Lake Barclay with a climb of Townsend via Eagle Lake for Sunday. Only eight hardy souls turned out in the threatening weather, so we packed in to Eagle Lake, Saturday, where we made use of our trip leader's luxurious private cabin and enjoyed the clatter of the rain against the solid roof above us. On Sunday our enthusiasm was about as damp as the weather, so we retreated inside and left Townsend Peak to the clouds.

August 20 and 27 found us atop Colman Peak near Mt. Baker, and Mt. Pugh, an Everett pin peak in the Darrington area. Excellent weather prevailed both weekends. The Colman Peak climbers probably through arrangement with our leader, the Club president, were treated to a brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Our September climbs of Surprise and Toltie Peaks wound up the Viewfinders' activities for the year. The balance of the weekends were left open for work parties at all the cabins.

—BOB RINEHART

Campfires and Craggs

We Campcrafters traveled to many areas hitherto unvisited by any sizable group, planning several of the trips for their geological interest, some for the thrill of exploring the unknown, and others for their beauty and remarkable vistas. We slept on a spot which will soon be under water forever, we pioneered Bridge River Valley, and were startled by an echo in Sultan Basin.

Rosario Beach was enjoyable as always. From Mt. Erie the San Juan Islands sat upon Puget Sound like huts, contented seagulls, and 'the great white watcher' jutted into the clear blue day, dominating the northern Cascades just as it did when first Vancouver saw and named it. Mr. Jenette of the Jenette Farms whetted our interest with tales of the volcanic origin of Fidalgo Island, and gave us many specimens of red chert, gold and copper ore from the mine at the rim of the crater.

A Seattle gem society has taken tons of cherts from this mine for polishing and forming into ornamental pieces.

At Chief Joseph Dam we were favored with a fine explanation of the bedrock foundation and the unique engineering being employed in the design and construction of one of the country's greatest power plants. Harriett Tiedt located a picturesque campsite about three miles upstream from the dam, which will soon be covered by the waters of the lake (as yet unnamed).

We found that Red Top Mountain, near Blewett Pass, holds particular interest for rock collectors because of its variety of blue agate and geods. The Campcrafters built the first cairn on its peak. Likewise we
found Sultan Basin a rewarding trip, rich in old mining history, rich in climbing possibilities, for it makes accessible by a new route the peaks around Vesper, Gothic and Sheep Gap. And you can have keen fun listening to your voice bounce around those mountains, loud and clear.

The Suiattle area was widely acclaimed as one of exceptional beauty. Our climb of Green Mountain and exploration of the ridge leading to Mt. Buckindy opened up an interesting climbing area. Some evidence points to the Downey Creek route as being the best approach, but the most direct is up Buck and Horse Creeks without benefit of trail. On Green Mountain were vistas and alpine meadows with acres of flowers equal to Mt. Rainier or the Olympic high divide. A new trail beyond the three-mile mark is comparable to the Wonderland Trail. Downey Creek Trail, closed since early war years, is again open to travel.

After a great deal of deliberation, correspondence and planning, the committee selected Manning Park for the first half of our Summer Outing. There's a hard-surfaced road to the campsite five miles east of Allison Pass, northeast of the Skagit area. It's a marvelous site for base camp for two- or three-day pack trips to major peaks: Hozameen, Castle, and Silver Tip. In another year the Canadian Government may have completed their system of trails to commanding view points such as Frosty Mountain, Windy Joe, Skyline Ridge and Three Brothers. The latter area is of special interest to the botanist because of its vast floral meadows.

Our route from Manning Park to the second phase of our trip led us over a twisting, narrow road cut from the precipitous banks of the Fraser. At Lillooet we drove our automobiles onto flat cars of the PG&E Railway and were transported 20 miles westward along the walls of Seton Lake to Shalalth. A thrilling drive, gaining 3000 feet elevation in five miles, took us over Mission Mountain and down into Bridge River Valley. At this point a natural damsite has been provided by nature to give 1350-foot head of water from the Bridge River tunnels in Mission Mountain and down the 2½ mile thick steel penstocks to the powerhouse on Seton Lake. Three 50,000-hp. turbines are being installed and five more are on the way. The power plant is now sending electricity into our Northwest power pool.

A forty-mile trip up the glacial river brought us to our campsite on Big Gun Lake. With individual ingenuity, each group set up its own housekeeping area, creating from logs and old boards, tables, benches, cupboards. Besides swimming, fishing and boating, which the children enjoyed heartily, we visited old mines along both Big and Little Gun Lakes, and collected our wealth of specimens. Ernie Howard and Wallace Green were genuinely helpful in explaining local mineral lore and in enabling the men to visit the workings of the Bralorne Gold Mine. The men went down to the 3000-foot level, glimpsed a fortune in gold and gathered samples of the ore in a temperature of 125°. Since miners are superstitious about women entering a mine, the ladies were conducted to the stamping and sorting mill.

Our climbs of Sloan, Green and Penrose revealed a horizon of challenging summits, many of them upwards of 10,000 feet. To the north peaks rise out of vast glacial and permanent snow fields reaching almost to the summits, which reminds one of the Alaskan coastal glacial systems. The main valley systems are large and extensive in comparison with the Washington Cascades. A well-planned two- or three-day trip would be required to scale those peaks to the west and north. Mrs. Ferguson, Penrose, Green and Dickson can be climbed in an extended day's trip. Sloan and Terminal demand an overnight trip, and many other mountains to the south can be climbed in this period of time. Rock varies from solid granite to rotten serpentine.

After our long, rugged drive into this beautiful country in back of beyond, we were amazed to see a plane wing down to the lake. Every day it came, on schedule. Astounded, we learned we were but two air hours from Vancouver! But we wouldn't trade our experience and drive for all the comfort of a fast trip by plane. Sunny days (the weather here is stable), slipped by all too quickly. Soon those wonderful trout breakfasts supplied by Casey Jones were memories, and so our little fawn, and the good times around the campfires with our Canadian friends. Our worry that we would all require blood transfusions before the mosquitoes finished feeding upon our private supplies was forgotten when we feasted on Doris Wilde's potato pancakes. For a long time we'll remember the beautiful camp spot provided by Mrs. Sowden of Gold Bridge, and the scenic Marble Canyon and Cache Creek by which we returned. The Campcrafters recommend that this route be used as the best road of entry into the Lillooet district.

In marvelous weather, we finished the year's program with rock climbing on Governor's Ridge and Cowitz Chimneys on Mt. Rainier, and the Three Queens near Lake Kachess, while the trails and lakes resounded to the laughter of small fry, and now are silent for us until Spring comes again.

—DICK PATerson and ED LOWRY

- Your leader's word is final if it is precautionary. You have the right to question decisions, but not to detach yourself from the party alone when a safety decision is reached by the majority.
- Get yourself in good physical condition gradually before going on longer climbs. Your lack of condition may jeopardize the party. Mountain climbing requires a close medical check-up periodically, especially with greater age.
A review of the past year shows that the skiers were blessed with a tremendous fall of snow, which, although it never did quite end, allowed for a good snow at comparatively low altitudes. August and September were filled with most-week ends with the first snow. As the season which brought skiing began, there was a slow start in organizing committees, which promised some of the planned functions; even so, most of our objectives were accomplished.

Skiing is an established activity of the Mountaineers; and to the end that both pleasure and safety may be effectually combined, the Ski Mountaineering Course is held each winter, with lectures at the clubrooms and practice trips to almost any area and with careful regard for the conditions likely to be encountered, a really fine season was planned and enjoyed by those who stayed beyond hail of the practice slope and the racing trail. In the past it has been noticeable that ski-touring has for the most part drawn its devotees from among those whose experience reaches back—back to the days when the sport of skiing was viewed as an adventure, and when the public askedance by the public as being only slightly less tinged with psychopathic symptoms than the sport of hanging from cliffs with a thread of rope for sole support, when a ski binding was a contraption like a leather harness, and ski wax was an experimental conglomeration of stuff mixed in your own basement, pungent and sticky. It is noteworthy then that new faces are appearing, and that new faces are appearing, and that year by year, to receive a cordial welcome as they learn the back trails and discover still another alluring facet of the art of skiing.

Most tours, excepting those on major peaks, have been of the one-day type. From the standpoint of perfect weather and snow conditions, the first tour, to Mt. Baker, was one of the best, although the February weather is not always so cooperative. This was followed by trips to Denny Basin, Pyramid Peak, Seattle Park, Silver Basin, Crystal Basin, St. Helens, Mt. Baker, and Inter-Glacier—the last trip requiring pontoons and slickers as well as skis. Snow conditions made it advisable to cancel trips to the Barrier and Camp Hazard. Groups of three or four made a few of the tours, but in general a comfortable group of ten to fifteen was on hand at the start. The committee at Mt. Baker scheduled tours each week-end that the cabin was open. These were generally to Shuksan Arm, Table, or Herman, and those familiar with the area will realize that a really fine run was possible in most seasons. The season was not the best that has been experienced at Mt. Baker, but we still managed to lay down a good many miles of ski tracks.

Ski touring is an established activity of the Mountaineers; and to the end that both pleasure and safety may be effectually combined, the Ski Mountaineering Course is held each winter, with lectures at the clubrooms and practice trips to almost any area suitable to the purpose of demonstrating climbing techniques. In essence, the Club seeks to present the problems to be encountered and overcome while traveling in the wintertime, usually at a distance from facilities or assistance, and the most practical methods of meeting these problems.

The course as now taught is the culmination of years of experience, and yet it is added to from time to time, and will be revised still further before being printed in a permanent form. Seven lectures at present form the basis for the course, and these subjects covered indicate the problems and hazards which are encountered.

Warmth, Energy, and Clothing, followed by Equipment and Technique, present the proper means of being as comfortable, as safe, and as enduring as possible. Snowcraft, Avalanches, Waxing are designed to facilitate ease and safety of travel, as are Route Finding and Weather. Camping and Party Management are self-evident, Glacier Skiing and Emergencies present the solution to problems not ordinarily encountered at lower altitudes. In all phases of the course it will be noticed that self-sufficiency of the individual, cooperation with others for the good of the party, and the high regard for rules of safety, are all stressed. Recognition and avoidance of natural haz-
ards are fundamental to the Ski Mountaineer; of necessity there is an overlapping into the field covered by the complete course in mountain climbing, since the climber and the skier at higher altitude will as often as not have recourse to the same expedients to reach their goal. In its broader and less complicated aspect, however, the tourist-on-skis needs his fundamental skill in hanging on while his skis carry him over the landscape, and the know-how to be comfortable and avoid danger. And this knowledge increases from year to year, with the help of all the members.

Any person who can pass the Class 3 test for skiers may complete the Ski Mountaineering Course. The test is based on the ability to make four successive downhill turns, without stopping or falling, and in good control on a 25-degree slope. Speed is not of the essence; an experienced skier may schuss a difficult slope, and get to his destination faster, but it is also possible for a relatively inexperienced skier, who can pass the above test, to traverse carefully, proceed more slowly, but still reach his destination safely. And all who venture off the practice slopes should have the basic knowledge to care for themselves. As a milestone, it should be noted that a new crop of geniuses has arisen. Every person who took the test in the Ski Mountaineering Course this year passed with near-perfect grades. Our thanks to the good instructors, who apparently must be on the genius-side themselves.

A resume of the season would not be complete without mention of the integrated activities which round it off. Entertainment is offered at the clubroom from time to time on subjects of primary interest to the skier; movies, lectures, and demonstrations are given, and anyone who has suggestions or help to offer is welcome indeed. And no matter what your degree of skill, the backbone of the ski tribe's activity is still the lodge or hut, with hot food, pleasant talk, and friendship. A report of lodge activities is elsewhere. The lodges have certainly been wonderful bases for operations of all the skiers.

-John F. Fuller

**SKI COMPETITION**

Ski Competition divorced himself from his mate, Ski Recreation, this past season and went out into a snowy world to prove he could stand on his own two boards. Competition refused financial aid from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Treasury, and faced single life with zest and dazzling plans. He would earn his own way selling subscriptions to the National Ski Annual, and arrange a dance with a superb orchestra and door prizes . . . maybe several dances . . . good conditioning for skiers' knees. He would show ski movies at the clubrooms and pass the tambourine for contributions. Competition would flourish!

By the time the divorce was final and he was free to operate on his own, it was too late to obtain suitable dates for use of the clubrooms, or to squeeze Club Racing dates into a calendar already filled with Outside Racing events. Registration classifier fell ill, and Correspondence and Publicity collapsed. Though Ski School showed progress, and Outside Racing was well represented by Mountaineers, the going was rough. Ski Competition didn't have even the luck of the little Red Hen . . . all her barnyard fellows rallied 'round when the bread was ready, while only a few Mountaineers came to partake of the Entertainment and Dancing.

This ski year, however, with the course charted early and his six divisions ably manned, Ski Competition hopes to whizz into the open slopes and race successfully over the finish line to complete the season.

**1950 FOLDBOATING SEASON**

There is little doubt in the minds of those all-around Mountaineers who have trained for, sought, and tasted the thrills (and chills?) of swift mountain stream slalom runs, or the adventure and memory of new river exploration vacations in faraway places, memories of entering unexplored canyons, mastering chutes, rapids, and tight turns, or of campfires along the ageless downhill highways . . . that foldboating is not only here to stay, but that it has all the earmarks of becoming the climber's and skier's little brother with growing pains.

A goodly number of Mountaineers associated with the Washington Foldboat Club have helped develop this versatile sport, and it is only logical that a recreation which satisfies the climbers and skiers equally will become a part of their mountain activities. The foldboater learns the art in foldboating courses that teach him about his gear, the antics of the current and its navigation, the coping with emergencies (including the use of rope and carabiners to make the climber feel at home), and the technique of trip management and scouting. In the field he graduates from gentle streams to "first descents" on exploration journeys. There are forty foldboat-navigable streams in Washington alone, and many are awaiting us in Oregon, Idaho, and Canada. From the river the mountains look taller, the country greener, the trail is always downhill and dustless, without retracing one's step, without a burdenome pack, and with an ever-changing panorama and current speed. From the mountains upon which he climbs, the glaciers upon which he skis, and finally to the melt water upon which he can coast so effort-
lessly down the valleys... the climber, skier, and foldboater have in common the spirit of adventure, the test with the elements, and the source of these joys... our mountain ranges. Why not widen your appreciation with a change of pace now and then, and learn to feel the freedom of a light kayak carrying you down our magnificent mountain streams?

(Note: River mileage of Mountaineer-participating trips for 1950 accumulated to well over 4,000 "foldboater miles." Included in these were trips on the Cedar, Skykomish, Stillaguamish, Yakima, Snoqualmie, Tol, Nisqually, Green, Cowlitz, Skagit, Sauk, McKenzie, Rogue, Kootenay, and Bow Rivers, the latter on a stretch of over 150 miles between Lake Louise and Calgary, Alberta.)

—WOLF BAUER

KITSAP CABIN

Across Puget Sound we have a cabin that many of the newer members have not yet visited; also, the loveliest outdoor theater in the Northwest. We acquired this 74-acre farm near Bremerton in 1916. In 1940 we obtained a clear title to an adjacent 40 acres. Kitsap Cabin was built there in 1918, and those members not in service that summer worked hard to finish it in time for the World War I boys to come home to it. A large stone fireplace dominates the main room where we dine and dance and talk; there's a kitchen with an old-fashioned range, and a storeroom for the mattresses. Sleeping quarters are separate. The women's dormitory, built in 1928, has about 25 double bunks in it; men's quarters are more primitive, but adequate. Frequently the Mountaineers sleep under the stars amidst the fir and dogwood trees.

In former years Kitsap Cabin was used quite regularly the year around. It is hoped that we can again make it the favorite center of fun. There's the nucleus of a good folk-dance record collection, and plenty of space, so all of you with rhythm in your bones can come make the rafters ring.

In the winter and spring of 1949 and 1950 the cabin was open during ten weekends. Our Hallowe'en Party is a tradition, for it's a Kitsap custom to lead blindfolded victims through the woods to hair-raising, spine-tingling adventures in the House of Horrors, known on ordinary days as Fleet's Cabin. Nashie was on hand to spear us with delicious turkey. December 10, on a Saturday evening, found us Christmas-partying and competing for gifts hanging from a huge tree. The next day the Trail Trippers joined us for our annual Greens Walk, and to make wreaths for the Children's Orthopedic Hospital.

In spring we turned to work and play rehearsals. Kitsap Cabin got its face polished for June guests. We swept the roof, sawed and chopped wood, got the ram working after winter freezes, repaired the pipe line, cleaned out the cabins and trails... and, of course, there's always the theater to prepare for the climax of the year... The Play.

These two weeks in June were the natural end toward which we worked in spring. Nashie came again to relieve us of the cares of cooking for 55 people. Costume fittings went on in unexpected places, grease paint and make-up kits popped out of trees, worried frowns turned skyward, although we all know The Mountaineer Thespians are true troopers and the play goes on, rain or shine. Last-minute instructions from the director, Mrs. Lois Sandall, drifted up from the theater seemingly going in one ear and out the other of the heedless players. Harried phone calls whizzed over the wires from Hidden Ranch; willing workers struggled down-trail with hot lunches for the actors. During the performance audience and participants alike fell under the spell of our forest theater and "If I Were King." So we invite you, and you, new or old Mountaineer, to come to Kitsap. If you've a yen for play-acting, come. Mrs. Sandall will develop your dormant dramatic talents. Should you want to dance, or walk in quiet beauty, visit Kitsap. It knows you, and you will love, this property of ours that is both a natural park and a rhododendron preserve we should protect and cherish through the years.

—ELVIRA LEHTINEN

MUSING AT MEANY

The mellow, echoing whistle of a streamliner as it crawls through the valley below brings one to pause and reflect on the serenity of the hillside on which he stands. As the diminished sixth sound waves fade into stillness, the eyes rest on, and suddenly become aware of... a symphony of reds, browns and golds. In the near distance, dull hacking sounds of a lazy axe clearing a downhill run are heard in audible accompaniment. An occasional yodel penetrates the crisp air in anticipation of the coming season of skis.

Low at first... then shrill, the siren sounds gladsome proclamation that dinner is ready. The green woods quickly belch forth happy workers who come stumbling through the rouge twilight. Ready to receive the onrushing avalanche is the volunteer kitchen crew—ready with Spanish rice and meat balls... ready with ginger cake and whipped cream—ready with a list of names to help clean up the kitchen.

Evening chores finished, each Mountaineer settles to his or her reverie, either active or passive. For there is dancing, folk and modern. Shelves weigh heavily with discs of Hambos and Schortisches, Polkas and Fox Trots. There are no widening games of pick-up-sticks. There is a Canasta tournament. There are books to peruse and tall tales to be heard and told. Then, one by one, drowsing figures move upward to the bunks and sleeping bags. A bit of banter between the dormitories... then sleep.

The somber pines outside keep lonely vigil awaiting the morn that will witness
stil more activity, willingly performed by
those who have found peace here. A
blanket of cobalt ... star-studded ... 
overhead lends calm refuge. The night
brings plays a lullaby upon the strings of
nature. The hillside composes a tone poem
of nocturnal ecstasy.

Dawn arrives all too soon, but the aroma
of frying bacon gradually lures even the
most profound sleeper from the depths of
lethargy, into the active heights of action.
The roof needs reshingling. Wood needs cut­
ing, coal needs hauling and the tow
mechanism needs attention.

There is still good fellowship to be had
and Gavey is there to distribute it evenly.

Then another work party has slipped
further towards long-awaited winter. Re­
luctant souls return to the city to anxiously
scan weather reports in daily hope of
snowfall.

Then it happens! First shining crystals are
formed on leaf and twig. The hillside spar­
kles with a carpet of ermine. A myriad of
diamonds gleams in the morning sun ... 
harbingers of the season of schuss and sla­
lom. Tall pine and mountain hemlock yawn­
gingly stretch many arms into a heaven of
profoundest blue. Days pass, bringing drifts
of powdery snow ... over which skis glide
with a light swishing sound, their passage
lifting the snow in a scintillating cloud.
The determined hum of whirring sheaves
invites novice and expert alike to ever-new
delights.

Colman and Dale keep constant vigil as
maintenance progresses smoothly.

The perpetual warmth and welcome of
the hut awaits chilled ear and frosty nose.
Domestic odors of baking cake and roasting
meat permeate the alpine atmosphere, pro­
voking lusty appetites. Nashie is at home
in the kitchen. We are at home with our­
selves and nature. We are at Meany.

—RICHARD STARK

SNOQUALMIE LODGE

The Gypsy's hearth is a wide, wide hearth And its warmth bel'll always have.
The bread he bakes is friendly bread and He gives it to all who fare.
For those who follow the wide world o'er Have need of friendly bread,
Bread of daring and laughter and courage high. And nothing can take its stead.

That's the hearth of Snoqualmie, wide as
the gypsy's, friendly with laughter, talk and
food. Perhaps this is so because its hearth
has cemented into it some of the wisdom of
age that's usually associated with gypsies,
for the first Snoqualmie Lodge was planned
at the summer outing campsites way back
in 1913, before many of the Mountaineers
were born. Our present lodge is a continua­
tion of the former building; the stones of
the fireplace are a gift by those same peo­
ple who joined hands around that campfire
nearby forty summers ago. Thus to our
present hearth comes part of the old which
roots it deep into the beginnings and tra­
ditions of The Mountaineers, and licenses
Snoqualmie Lodge to assume a certain lead­
ership in activities as the 'year 'round lodge.'

Everyone who's week-ended at Snoqual­
mie knows the 'gypsy' truth of its warmth
bel'll always share. We shared with about
one hundred ten people on Valentine's Day.
It's an unwanted task to turn people away,
so feeling a bit like a harried hostess who
wonders whether her guests will be more
comfortable crosswise in bed, or on the
floor, we chose the latter. We even laid 'em
out by the range.

Crowded quarters became routine. The
Bachelor Party in December opened the
season, for skiing and otherwise. More than
eighty bachelorettes and bachelors skimmed
over the dance floor half the night and had
energy left over the next day for trying
their skis on the snow covered road above
and below the lodge.

By the Christmas holidays plenty of snow
covered the stumps and blueberry bushes
for trail skiing or skimming down from the
ridge, and each week end thereafter skiers
single and skiers married with small fry,
came to the lodge to take lessons and work
on Christsies, or to ride the neighboring
campfire chair lift to the ridge for a cross trek
and a long run to the highway.

The Klondike Party was a delight to all.
Gold nuggets bought anything; gaming
halls and beautiful girls lured Sourdoughs;
Dangerous Dan McGrew died again in
Jane's arms, and Carrie Nation rushed all
the way from Kansas to clean Vice from the
frozen north. Colored slides of the party
are a treat!

Four squares, with Bill Durant calling,
shattered the mountain quiet on April first.
And the final week end in May was re­
served for members of long standing. They
reminisced before the fire Saturday evening
and greeted more friends at tea on Sunday.
But actually, special occasions aren't re­
quired for fun at Snoqualmie. With noth­
ing scheduled one Sunday in May, an
impromptu group set off for a snow field
near Guye Peak for practice in glissading
and handling an ice axe. Another day a
group started for the site of the old lodge,
but never could find the trail beneath deep
snow.

And there's always music at Snoqualmie.
Records to inspire a work party; to encour­
age you to one more climb of the hill on
skis; quiet music for dinner time, lively
music to waken sleepy heads on Sunday,
and a choice selection for dancing any time.
You can dance before breakfast if you can
stand up without a cup of coffee.

A ski tow will be in operation by snow­
fall. Each week end finds the lodge and ski
enthusiasts, under the direction of Jack
Crabill, cutting trees, hauling them into
place with block and tackle, pouring cement
for the ski tow motor hut. It's a big job,
but when it's done, the lodge winterized,
broken windows mended and other minor
repairs completed, Snoqualmie will be ready
for its third winter season.

There's spring and summer, too. Twenty
Lodge Pin Peaks to challenge the climber,
the Pacific Crest Trail and others to lure the hiker, a wide porch on which to rest and breathe tangy Cascade air and the fragrance of firs. All of you who 'have need of friendly bread,' gather round Snoqualmie hearth often.

STEVENS HUT

Practically every week end from late November to May some 30 to 40 Mountaineers head for a full week end of skiing and eating at Stevens. By leaving Seattle in the black of dawn the skier can reach Monroe in time to be greeted by the village cop at the full stop sign. Those who make the full stop can thank those don't for their $5.00 contributions toward the building of the new highway from Snohomish to Monroe.

From Monroe the drive continues on road newly paved this summer, passes the spectacular Mt. Index country and leads on to the 4,000 foot summit of Stevens Pass—where chains are occasionally required. At the summit skiers are rewarded by ski slopes extending to 5000 foot elevation which are serviced by a three-quarter-mile T-Bar, a series of four rope tows from the Forestry Lodge up into the Bowl, and two shorter tows for the elementary skier. At the end of the full skiing day they can reach our Hut by skiing down from the T-Bar or by packing in one-half mile from the rope row.

But the day is not over! An apprehensive look at the hut's duty sheet shows that there is plenty for all: (1) Wood to be chopped, (2) generator to be started, (3) water to be turned on, (4) food to be packed in (men only), (5) dinner to be cooked, (6) packs to be hoisted to the dorms and snow to be shoveled... among other things. On most weekends these functions proceeded smoothly, but some members can remember the week end when the chimney clogged and the generator failed, the "hot" water froze and the kitchen stove belched smoke into the lounge and up through the dorms, necessitating wide-open windows in zero weather. (Br!) Another memorable item of the winter was the continued effort of Chairman Ben Muzzey to explain with his eastern accent the use of the Hut's new fire extinguishers. We are still awaiting a western interpreter. And we recall the trying morning when a pair of ski boots, surreptitiously hung over the stove to dry, fell into the cereal water.

With a new season ahead, we hope that more of the Club membership will enjoy the good skiing and good times at Stevens.

Club Entertainment

MONTHLY MEETINGS

On Pike Street, at 523, is a stationary place in the center of Seattle that once a month assumes the air of a travel agency. From here The Mountaineers have traveled the world: England, South America, Ireland, Mexico, Guatemala, Bermuda, the Scandinavian countries, have all been toured via that quickest of transportation, the photo lens.

The Mountaineers got acquainted with the "Men of Gloucester," Yosemite glaciers, did ski mountaineering with the Sierra Club, and visited the Skagit area through the courtesy of the City Light. They relived former Summer Outings, up to and including last year, through the wonder of colored slides. And, in June, everyone went to Sun Valley for an evening.

No wonder that Mountaineers, with such tempting travelogues fed to them during their Monthly meetings, take off for a real bicycle tour of Europe, for climbing in Alaska and South America, or vacations at Sun Valley. Just join in these Clubroom activities and you, too, will be putting quarters in the piggy bank toward that trip to somewhere, returning to lure the rest of us clubroom travelers to distant places.

It is a dizzy circle. Between our own pictures and those loaned to us, it looks like The Mountaineers "are going places."

DANCES

Crowds of dancers rushed to Polish Hall the first Friday of each month, eager not to miss the opening of Bert Lindgren's music, or a minute of the half hour "new dance" instruction. For the first time it was necessary to limit admissions to Mountaineers and their 'dates,' and there is talk around about having two dances a month during the '50-'51 season.

This proves that International Folk Dancing is growing in popularity throughout the country; that the Mountaineers are increasing in numbers; and that Mountaineers are rugged people. Doing the "To-Tur," "Oh Johnny," "Gypsy Wine," "Mexican Waltz," Swedish "Hambo," the dizzying Viennese Waltz, that Russian breath-taker "Korobushka," and the lusty German beer-garden schottische, "Bruder Lustig," is harder on the knees than climbing a mountain. The committee got down to fine statistics and figured that by the end of the season everyone had expended enough foot-pounds of energy to have climbed Mt. Rainier 3 1/2 times a piece.

Thank goodness for the pop, cupcakes, and conversation at intermission.

To Dorothy and Cher Little: a low bow from brightly shirted men, and a curtsy from colorfully-skirted women for their patience in teaching many new dances.

In February, 1950, the orchestra and The Mountaineers suffered the loss of Bert Lindgren. During the ten years he played for us, his talent for arranging music into rhythms perfect for folk dancing and his evident enjoyment in playing for us, earned him a permanent place in the hearts of Mountaineer dancers.

Personnel of the Lindgren orchestra, under the leadership of Bob Olson, played for
the remainder of the season, and will furnish music for the '50-'51 season. Our schedule again will include a Hallowe'en dance where ingenuity of costume is the cue, and our spring "Tolo" dance where the women may blossom into evening dresses and charm their men to the rhythm of conventional ballroom music.

-- VALLIE JOHNSON

MUSICALES

Mountaineers are music lovers... every musical event of any importance, whether symphony, ballet, chamber music or recitals—turns out to be a sort of Mountaineer reunion. For indeed, the Mountaineer ear, accustomed to the sounds of the out-of-doors, is attuned to the musical, from the flute of the bird's call to the bass of the roar of the avalanche; from the pianissimo murmur of the fledgling stream to the crescendo of the waterfall.

This companionship in music early in 1942 instilled the idea in a group within the Club to organize the first musicales, in the form of recorded programs, accompanied by informal program notes, and sometimes including group discussions on the music performed. The popular reception of the first performances prompted a series of monthly evening devoted to the listening to recorded classical music, with emphasis on the performance of compositions not usually heard in the concert hall. The programs at first were conducted at the clubrooms, but expanding use of the room by other activities has caused their removal to the homes of various members, with occasionally an outdoor program being scheduled for the summer months.

As interest in the musicales progressed, Vincent Millspaugh became concerned with the problem of providing a record-playing instrument of above average tonal quality for use by the group interested in musical programs, and of extra power to provide for various activities of the Club throughout the year in social affairs, dances, parties and clubroom entertainment. Accordingly, with the assistance of his father, Mr. H. L. Millspaugh, he designed and constructed the Thalian Record Player, which was given to the Mountaineers at the monthly meeting of the music group at the Green Lake Fieldhouse on Tuesday evening, November 13, 1949.

To quote from Vince's letter of presentation, the "instrument" consists of two main units. One is the console built in the form of a large suitcase covered with red plastic luggage material. It contains a dual-speed Webster record changer and pickup and a high-grade amplifier with necessary controls, etc., and a set of detachable aluminum legs. The second unit is the speaker cabinet, finished in natural knotty pine and hardwood, with casters and carrying handles, and doors to protect the speaker and grills. The sound production unit consists of a high fidelity fifteen-inch coaxial speaker backed by a built-in tone chamber.

The cabinet is frankly too large for transport in an ordinary auto. If, after a trial period this lack of easy portability of the speaker cabinet is found to restrict its use, a twin-speaker unit in suitcase form and weighing approximately forty pounds can be had at a comparatively low cost. The Club would then have a truly portable music and PA system in addition to the large unit for group music programs.

In addition to playing records, plug-ins are included in the rear panel for microphone attachment, a radio input or another turntable if such might be desired. By a selector switch on the main control panel these various inputs, including the set's own record changer, can be used interchangeably. By use of a microphone, speech can be amplified through the set for dances or other purposes.

Prior to the acceptance of the Thalian Record Player, the music group had been operating on an informal basis, but at the December, 1949, meeting of the Board of Trustees, it was made a formal committee of the Club, and the instrument placed in its custody. The player is stored at the clubroom, and is available for all Mountaineer activities as required, and may be secured through arrangement with the clubroom secretary. Provision should be made for its transport if used other than at the clubrooms.

It is hoped that more and more Club members will interest themselves in the monthly musicales, in order to generally broaden our basic musical knowledge, and thereby greatly increase our enjoyment through more varied and interesting programs. Of interest, too, is the setting of films of their own taking to the music of the masters by some of the Club members, reversing the usual procedure of setting the music to the film. Among such films produced so far have been Larry McKinnis' setting of Liszt's "Les Preludes," and Dwight Watson's of Smetana's "The Moldau."

Shortly after the musicales were started in Seattle, a similar group was formed in Tacoma, and has also been enjoying monthly gatherings for the purpose of listening to recorded music. This year the two groups are planning to exchange programs.

Photographic Notes

Some members of The Mountaineers may not know that our Club is the owner of considerable movie equipment and films. There are two 16-mm. cameras (one Eastman and one Bell and Howell), a tripod, two screens and a 16-mm. Bell and Howell projector. All of this is in charge of the photographic committee and is accessible to members only through that committee.

If one of the Club committees wishes to make a movie to record its activities, it may ask the board for permission to buy film and get an authorized person to take the pictures. These films are then kept in
the clubroom and may be used by groups within the Club on making arrangements with the photographic committee. At present these films may, on request, also be shown for organized groups outside the Club with an authorized member of The Mountaineers running the projector. Some of the climbing films have been sent around the United States to other climbing clubs who requested them.

Up to the present time the films available at the clubroom deal chiefly with Summer Outings, Plays and Climbing. A list of these is given below:

### Climbing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film Title</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Length</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ascent of the Tooth</td>
<td>1940</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climb of Lighthouse Tower</td>
<td>1949</td>
<td>500 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbs:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Horse</td>
<td></td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chair Peak</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Mountain</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Index</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guye Peak</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Technique (general)</td>
<td></td>
<td>1100 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Technique (Kautz Ice Fall)</td>
<td></td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Technique (Tumwater Canyon)</td>
<td></td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
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### Summer Outings

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Length</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Robson</td>
<td>1927</td>
<td>1200 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glacier Peak, Mt. Baker</td>
<td>1928</td>
<td>800 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake O'Hara</td>
<td>1929</td>
<td>800 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Rainier</td>
<td>1930</td>
<td>1600 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Olympus</td>
<td>1933</td>
<td>1200 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glacier National Park</td>
<td>1934</td>
<td>1200 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circling Mt. Rainier</td>
<td>1936</td>
<td>800 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glacier, Shuksan and Baker</td>
<td>1937</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selkirks</td>
<td>1938</td>
<td>800 ft.</td>
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### Plays

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Title</th>
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<th>Length</th>
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<tr>
<td>Alice in Wonderland</td>
<td>1927</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adventures of Snow</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>1930</td>
<td>100 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adventures of Alice</td>
<td>1931</td>
<td>300 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves</td>
<td>1932</td>
<td>800 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Reluctant Dragon</td>
<td>1933</td>
<td>800 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rose and the Ring</td>
<td>1934</td>
<td>600 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toad of Toad Hall</td>
<td>1935</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under Richard’s Banner</td>
<td>1936</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snow White</td>
<td>1937</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sleeping Beauty</td>
<td>1938</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rip Van Winkle</td>
<td>1939</td>
<td>300 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Midsummer Night’s Dream</td>
<td>1941</td>
<td>500 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sleeping Beauty</td>
<td>1947</td>
<td>200 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A Thousand Years Ago</td>
<td>1948</td>
<td>300 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Prince and the Pauper</td>
<td>1949</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I Were King</td>
<td>1950</td>
<td>300 ft.</td>
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### Miscellaneous

Activities of the Mountaineers

(Used for Sportsmen’s Show)

<table>
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<tr>
<td>Special Outing Boat Trip</td>
<td>1941</td>
<td>400 ft.</td>
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For the benefit of anyone wishing to arrange a program, it takes 4 minutes to run 100 ft.

—Frieda Bickford

### Additions to Mountaineer Library

**1949-1950**

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<td>American Alpine Club</td>
<td>Safety In the Mountains</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<td>American Ski Annual, 1950</td>
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<td>British Ski Yearbook, 1948, 1949</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brockman</td>
<td>Trees of Mt. Rainier National Park</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bruce</td>
<td>Assault on Mt. Everest</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Busk</td>
<td>Delectable Mountains</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clark</td>
<td>Splendid Hills</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Damm &amp; Just</td>
<td>Look at Norway</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elkins &amp; Harper</td>
<td>World Ski Book</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Engel</td>
<td>History of Mountaineering in the Alps</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fitzgerald</td>
<td>Highest Andes</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<td>Landyard</td>
<td>Story of the Hills</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Landman</td>
<td>Where to Ski</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<td>Lunn</td>
<td>Mountains of Memory</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Micouleto</td>
<td>Power Skiing</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<td>Pearsie</td>
<td>Cascades</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<td>Rutledge</td>
<td>Everest, 1933</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<td>Schuster</td>
<td>Postscript to Adventure</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<td>Smythe</td>
<td>Behold the Mountains</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tilman</td>
<td>My Alpine Album</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wilcox</td>
<td>Two Mountains and a River</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wilcox</td>
<td>Camping In the Canadian Rockies</td>
<td>1949-1950</td>
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THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

Membership—November 1, 1950

REGULAR.......................................................... 1408
JUNIORS .......................................................... 335
SPOUSE............................................................ 262
LIFE................................................................. 6
HONORARY........................................................ 4
COMPLIMENTARY .................................................. 3

Total Seattle Tacoma Everett

1408 1192 151 65

335 331 14 10

262 222 29 11

6 5 1

4 4

3 2 1

2037 1755 195 87

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- TACOMA, Second Twelve—†
- EVERETT, Bronze Pin—†
- EVERETT, Silver Pin—II
- EVERETT, Gold Pin—III
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ALBRIGHT, Mrs. Aubrey W., 2355 Eastlake, Apt. 203 (2) MI 1986
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ANDERSON, Mrs. Lloyd (Mary G.), 4226 W. Southern (6) WE 3340§
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ATKINSON, Merial, 1618 3rd W. (99) GA 9896
Austin, Thomas E., 1808 12th Ave. (22) PR 1911
AVANN, Sherwin P., 5003 16th N.E. (5) KE 4384
AVERY, Eleanor Parks, 3951 W. Elmgrove (8) H 1099
BABCOCK, Raymond, Graybar Electric Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
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BREMERMAN, Glen F., 5834 Woodlawn (3) KE 8904

BREMERMAN, Mrs. Glen F., 5834 Woodlawn (3) KE 6904

BRESLICH, Sandra, 3302 E. 70th (5) KE 5926

BRETT, Elizabeth C., 104 14th N. (2) GA 7265

BRETTZ, Bertha B., 1236 E. 22nd (5) VE 0396

BRIKOFF, Paul, 4022 34th S.W. (6) AV 4396

BRISTOL, Don P., 17212 35th N.E. (5) KE 5536

BROCKMAN, C. Frank, College of Forestry, U. of W. (5)

BROCKMAN, William E., 4198 Union Bay Lane (5)

BROCKMAN, Mrs. William E. (Mary Jane) 4198 Union Bay Lane (5)

BROOKE, Richard J., 3002 E. 57th (5) VE 1417

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

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

BRETCHER, Jim, 1024 31st N. (2) PR 4072

BROWN, Eline, 4519 37th N.E. (5) FL 1529

BROWN, Fred, 2343 N. 15th (33) SH 8679

BROWN, F. Stewart, 4828 Purdue (5) KE 1088

BROWN, Mrs. F. S., 4828 Purdue (5) KE 1088

BROWN, Marilyn, 900 F St., Vancouver

BROWN, Robert E., Box 83, Hoquiam, Hoquiam 1100

BROWN, Sally, Box 83, Hoquiam

BROWN, William J., 632 S.W. 110th (66) LO 8931

BROWNING, Curtis, 418 N. 36th (3) ME 9941

BRUSCO, Gwyneth, 6844 32nd N.E. (5) KE 5358

BRYCE, B. Boyd., Rt. 3, Box 293, Bellevue, Lakeside 482-H

BUCEY, Mrs. Boyd K., Rt. 3, Box 293, Bellevue, Lakeside 482-H

BULMER, Robert E., 3630 Magnolia Blvd. (99) GA 5528

BULMER, Ron L., 3630 Magnolia Blvd. (99) GA 5528

BURCHETT, Douglas M., 89 Washington Ave., Cambridge 4, Massachusetts

BURKMAN, Elsie, 4225 Williams (99) Bus. EL 4386

BURNETT, Hazel, 1103 E. 55th (5) VE 7719

BURNS, Jean Marshall, 646 Washington, Bremerton, Bremerton 7-3253

BURR, Jannette W., 8202 14th N.E. (5) VE 0817

BURR, Wallace H., 8202 14th N.E. (5) VE 0817

BURR, Wallace H., 8202 14th N.E. (5) VE 0817

BUSHR, Mrs. Wallace H., 8202 14th N.E. (5) VE 0817

BUSHROUGH, Suzanne, 6042 29th N.E. (5) VE 6670

BURTON, Arthur C., Knickerbocker Hotel, 7th and Madison (4) (Mail returned)

BUSHELL, Don, Jr., 411 Smith (9) GA 0710

BUSWELL, Joseph M., 6821 34th N.W. (7) DE 3349, Bus. LA 7300, Local 381-44
SNIVERLY, Dr. J. Howard, 309 E. Harrison Ave., Helena, Montana
SNIVERLY, Robert B., 1120 21st N. (2) EA 6770
SNYDER, Allan, 8634 Fauntleroy (6)
SOBERALSKI, Mrs. Antoni, 2816 34th S. (44)
SOBERALSKI, Mrs. Antoni (Gwen) 2816 34th S. (44)
SODERMAN, Stanley C., 5143 46th N.E. KE 7220
SORELLS, Kenneth W., 217 Pine (1)
SORSETH, Carlyne, 115 Valley (9) GA 1726
SOSS, Betty Jean, 2114 50th S. (44) PR 8653
SPARKE, Nora A., 2404 29th W. (99) GA 8550
SPELLMAN, M. J., 4230 Kenny (8)
SPENCER, Herbert L., 127 16th N. (2) PR 0045
SPIKARD, Dr. W. B., 1127 36th Ave. (22) MI 2222
SPIKARD, Mrs. W. B., 1127 36th Ave. (22) MI 2223
SPRING, Elliot B., P. O. Box 359, Shelton, Shelton 541-W
SPRING, Mrs. Elliott B., P. O. Box 359, Shelton, Shelton 541-W
SPRING, Ira, 512 1st N. (9) AL 6383
SPRING, Mrs. Ira, 512 1st N. (9) AL 6383
SPRING, Robert W., 512 1st N. (9) AL 6383
SPRING, Mrs. Robert W. (Norma) 512 1st N. (9) AL 6383
SROUFE, Frances J., 551 E. 59th (5) VE 1956
STABENCE, Theima, 4325 Brooklyn (5)
STADDEN, Maude, 308 54th (5) KE 7821
STABLEY, Virginia, Rt. 4, Box 343, Port Orchard, Renton 3885
STAFFORD, Ann, 620 1st S. (9) AL 8224
STANTON, Roland, 3302 E. Mercer (2)
STAPP, Agnes B., 18000 1st N.E. (55) SH 7274
STARNES, A. J., 84 N. 9th (2) VE 7821
STARTZ, Earl, 10725 Palatine (33) EM 3948
STAU, Aubin, Marguerite L., 10725 Palatine (33) EM 3948
STEDMAN, Cecil K., 2660 Boylston (2) CA 4654
STEELE, Fred, B., 2624 Fairview N. (2) GA 2270
STEELE, Barbara L., 4232 E. 124th (55) SH 6869
STEELE, William L., Jr., 18235 Ballinger Way (55) EM 5962
STEBENS, Mrs. William L., Jr., 18235 Ballinger Way (55) EM 5962
STEERE, Bruce E., 6520 Seward Park (8) RS 7381
STELLS, Claire, 4714 Acacia Pl. (5) VE 6885
STEINWAY, Mrs. Henry T., 2312 40th Ave. (55) GA 1288
STEPHANUS, B. M., 109 Main (4) MA 5224
STEPHENVILLE, Mrs. John H. (Ruth) 5236 Columbia Pl. (99) GA 7489
STEWART, Mary, 100 Crockett (9) GA 8057
STEWART, Mary, 1000 1st N. (9) AL 6383
STEWART, Marga1·ette L., 8215 S. 138th (88) VE 4340
STEWART, Mrs. Walter V. (Dorothy) 1727 17th Ave. (2) KE 7320
STEWART, Margaret, 3313 Bella Vista (44)
STEWART, Charles T., 1404 24th N. (2) EA 7011
STEWART, Mrs. Walter V. (May) 1727 W. 59th (2) KE 4183
STEWART, Robert W., 1727 17th W. (99) KE 2243
STEWART, Robert T., 35th S. W. (6) AV 3684
STEWART, Robert T., 35th S. W. (6) AV 3684
STEYER, Mrs. William L., Jr., 18235 Ballinger Way (55) EM 5962
STEERE, Bruce E., 6520 Seward Park (8) RS 7381
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STEWART, Robert W., 1727 17th W. (99) KE 2243
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STEWART, Robert T., 35th S. W. (6) AV 3684
STEWART, Robert T., 35th S. W. (6) AV 3684

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<td>ALBRECHT, Bob</td>
<td>622 S. Grant (6) MA 350-1</td>
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<td>ALLEN, Mrs. Jack</td>
<td>1018 S. Jay (3) Bus: MA 2065</td>
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<td>1018 S. Jay (3) BR 0564</td>
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<td>ALTES, Mildred E.</td>
<td>802 N. Pine (6) PR 7220</td>
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<td>ARMSTRONG, Helen T.</td>
<td>301 N. 5th (3) MA 1491</td>
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<td>BAIR, Julia</td>
<td>3510 N. Mason (7) PR 3759</td>
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<td>BALCH, Donna</td>
<td>Rt. 5, Box 235, Puyallup</td>
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<td>BATE, Dayrell</td>
<td>AVC Bate D.L. AD 19 3675</td>
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<td>BALDWIN, Mrs. Ray (Mimi)</td>
<td>Rt. 2, Box 148, Bellevue</td>
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<td>BROWN, Phyllis</td>
<td>3606 N. 16th (6) PR 1041</td>
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<tr>
<td>BROWN, Jordan F.</td>
<td>Rt. 9, Box 752-J</td>
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<td>BROWN, Jordan F.</td>
<td>Rt. 9, Box 752-J</td>
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<td>BROWN, Jeralean</td>
<td>3716 N. 26th (7) SK 2405</td>
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<td>Casebolt, Mrs. Clifford</td>
<td>714 N. Sheridan (6)</td>
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<td>Casebolt, Mrs. Clifford</td>
<td>714 N. Sheridan (6)</td>
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<td>CARR, John W.</td>
<td>3909 N. 14th (4) GA 8815</td>
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<td>CHRISTIE, Mary A.</td>
<td>3712 S. Washington (6) PR 7873</td>
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<td>CRAWFORD, E.</td>
<td>5120 N. Highland (7) BR 9448</td>
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<td>Cumbie, Effie Annie</td>
<td>933 S. Sheridan (6) BR 9484</td>
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<td>CAMERON, Crissie</td>
<td>3606 N. 16th (6) PR 6066</td>
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<td>CARLTON, M.</td>
<td>510 W. Main St.</td>
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<td>CASEBOLT, T.C.</td>
<td>714 N. Sheridan (6)</td>
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<td>714 N. Sheridan (6)</td>
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<tr>
<td>CLARK, Lella</td>
<td>103 Cambridge Apts. (3)</td>
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<td>COLE, Henry A.</td>
<td>3206 N. 31st (4) PR 3322</td>
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<td>CORBIT, Fred A.</td>
<td>1112 Market (3) MA 3346</td>
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<td>COTTER, Effie Annie</td>
<td>933 S. Sheridan (6) BR 9484</td>
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<td>Davidson, David A.</td>
<td>2129 Mountain View Blvd (6)</td>
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<td>Denton, Frank</td>
<td>1320 S. Trafton (6) MA 8610</td>
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<td>DODGE, Florence F.</td>
<td>5201 S. &quot;T&quot; (8) GA 7604</td>
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<td>DODGE, Thomas, E.</td>
<td>3325 N. 31st (7) PR 5332</td>
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<td>DRUSS, Mrs. Thomas (Ethel)</td>
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<td>DODGE, Florence F.</td>
<td>5201 S. &quot;T&quot; (8) GA 7604</td>
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<td>DRUSS, Edward, 922 N. Ainsworth (6)</td>
<td>MA 6282</td>
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<td>DRUSS, Edward, 922 N. Ainsworth (6)</td>
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<td>DRUSS, Mrs. A. (Bess)</td>
<td>922 N. Ainsworth (6) MA 6282</td>
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<tr>
<td>Name</td>
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<td>JUDD, Norma</td>
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<td>3940 N. 31st (7) PR 2356††</td>
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<td>KILMER, Charley</td>
<td>506 S. Jay (3) BR 5593</td>
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<td>KILMER, W. W.</td>
<td>1006 N. &quot;M&quot; (3) MA 8098</td>
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<td>KILMER, Mrs. W. W.</td>
<td>(Inez) 1006 N. &quot;M&quot; (3) MA 8098</td>
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<tr>
<td>KIMBROUGH, Ada</td>
<td>704 E. Thomas, Thomas</td>
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<td>KOPP, Lucielle</td>
<td>405 4th Ave., Apt. 605,</td>
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<td>LA CHAPELLE, Ed</td>
<td>205 N. Tacoma (3) MA 2037††</td>
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<td>LANGHAM, Marie</td>
<td>6443 Wildair Rd. (9)</td>
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<td>LARK, Alice L.</td>
<td>Rt. 3, Box 349, Olympia</td>
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<td>LINDENMUTH, Chester</td>
<td>J., 201 N. &quot;I&quot; (7) BR 4021</td>
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<td>LITTLE, Willard G.</td>
<td>2219 N. Washington (7) PR 6589</td>
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<td>LUND, Ture A.</td>
<td>Rt. 6, Box 594, YU 9204</td>
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<td>MARKER, Martin H.</td>
<td>8406 S. Tacoma Way</td>
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<td>MATTHEWS, J. M.</td>
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<td>3021 N. 28th (7) PR 4093</td>
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<td>McGUIRE, Fred L.</td>
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<td>MILLER, Maynard</td>
<td>Dept. of Exploration and Field Research, Am. Geo. Soc. Broadway and 156th, New York City.  Y 1††</td>
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<td>MINER, Wallace S.</td>
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<td>MOORE, Warren L.</td>
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<td>NEILAN, Donald</td>
<td>614 Melrose N., Seattle (2)</td>
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<td>416 S. &quot;M&quot; (3) MA 2037††</td>
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<td>NEWGARD, Ron</td>
<td>902 S. Cedar (6) BR 2353</td>
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<td>NORTHCUTT, Jessie O.</td>
<td>Ona 225 S. 54th (8) GA 3574</td>
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<td>OGDEN, Crompton H.</td>
<td>784 Commerce (2) BR 5146</td>
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<td>OGREN, Clarence A.</td>
<td>1839 Porter, Enumclaw</td>
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<td>OHLSO- - , Theodore R., Y. M.C.A., MA 3196</td>
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<td>PATRED, Edward F.</td>
<td>604 Chennault Ave.,</td>
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<td>PINKHAM, Mrs. Marion</td>
<td>400 N. 4th (3) BR 9249</td>
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<td>POLLOCK, Robert</td>
<td>1511 Ridgeroad, Shelton</td>
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<td>PRICE, Mrs. Irene Ru</td>
<td>400 N. 4th (3) BR 9249</td>
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<td>PRICH, Kenneth G.</td>
<td>3815 N. 36th (7) PR 7417†††</td>
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<td>RAMSEY, Wilmot</td>
<td>Box 1083, Olympia</td>
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<td>RANDALL, Catherine</td>
<td>426 Broadway (3) MA 1829</td>
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<td>RASMUSSEN, Gertrude</td>
<td>Snow, 1911 N. Proctor (7) PR 5261†</td>
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</table>

**RAYER, Floyd M., 501 Perkins Bldg. (2) BR 3344‡‡**

**TAYLOR, Louis H., 1404 N. Cedar (6) PR 3113**

**TRENDAK, Fred, 2210 N. 27th (7) MA 7672**

**REUTER, Mrs. Carl T. (Eleanor) 203 N. Hall, Cranberry**

**RICHARDSON, Florence, 3102 N. 30th (7) PR 3396**

**RICHARDSON, Ingalls, 502 S. "I" (3) BR 7658**

**RITCHIE, Leroy S., 816 N. Steele (6) BR 2622††**

**RITCHIE, Mrs. Leroy (Amy) 816 N. Steele (6) BR 2622**

**ROBB, Ralph, 9316 Washington Blvld. (2) BR 3344‡‡**

**REEDER, Mrs. Carl T. (Eleanor) 203 N. Hall, Cranberry**

**RUSSELL, Walter G., 3520 N. Gove (7) PR 8762**

**RUSSELL, Mrs. Walter (Ethel M.) 3520 N. Gove (7) PR 8762**

**SCANDRETTE, Onas, Fragaria, Wash.**

**SCHUYER, Elwin D., 707 N. Alder (6) PR 4785**

**SCOTT, Norman, 2411 S. 41st (8) GA 8353**

**SCOTT, Mrs. Norman (Helena) 2411 S. 41st (8) GA 8353**

**SCOTT, Richard B., 1718 Mountain View (6) PR 3458**

**SCOTT, Mrs. Richard (Gene M.) 1718 Mountain View (6) PR 3458**

**SENNER, George, 1004 E. 61st, Seattle, KE 0510**

**SENNER, Mrs. George (Gloria) 1004 E. 61st, Seattle, KE 0510**

**SEYMOUR, Mrs. William, 609 N. Chestnut, Ellensburg?**

**SHERIDAN, Harold, Report 6, Box 261, GR 5300**

**SHERIDAN, Mrs. Harold (Grace) 4, Box 261, GR 5300**

**SIMMONDS INC., Eva, 207 S. 9th (2) MA 3884**

**SLADE, Irene, 3516 N. Union (7) PR 6845**

**SOHLLBERG, Helen L., 3009 N. 22nd (7) PR 5839**


**STACHER, Arthur A., 1520 Washington Blvd. (2) MA 8340**

**STAUDERET, Geraldine, Rt. 5, Box 6, Kent, Phone 301-M**

**STAUDERET, Marylyn, Rt. 5, Box 5, Kent, Phone 301-M**

**ST. JOHN, Mary L., Annie Wright Seminary (3) BR 2296**

**STAND, Dorothy A., 9509 Veterans Dr. S.W. (9) LA 3128**

**TASTOR, Walter, 4221 N. Gove (7) PR 1512**

**THOMAS, Jesse, 4116 6th Ave. (6) MA 0050**

**THOMAS, Richard C., 231 S. 70th (4) GA 4150**

**THRELKELD, Earl F., 2605 S. 13th (6) BR 2558**

**THRELKELD, Mrs. Earl (Inez) 2605 S. 13th (6) BR 4788**

**VAN DYKE, Eva L., 811 1/2 S. "M" (3) MA 3419**

**VAUGHN, LeRoy, 1019 E. La Brea Dr., Inglewood, California**

**VAUGHN, Mildred, 1319 S. "I" (3) BR 5243**

**WALLACE, Mrs. Glenn (Frances) 26 Halsey St., Astoria, Oregon**

**WALTERS, Pat, 1912 Park Dr. (3) BR 3855**

**WATERS, Ruth L., 814 S. Stevens (6) PR 4050**

**WENTON, Roy H., 114 Summit, Fircrest (3) SK 1589**

**WINTERTON, M. G., 6847 S. Puget Sound (8) MA 6796**

**WISLICENUS, Brunhilde, 3502 N. 29th (7) PR 6651†‡**

**WISLICENUS, Gustav A., 3502 N. 29th (7) PR 6651†‡**

**WISLICENUS, Mrs. Gustav, 3502 N. 29th (7) PR 6651†‡**

**WONDERS, Emerson, 1126 Market (3) MA 6202**

**WOOD, Agnes, Rt. 11, Box 24**

**WONG, Young, Clara H., 2502 S. 40th (8) GA 7518**

**WONG, Ethel M., 3810 N. 12th (6) PR 8191**

**WONG, Margaret S., 3810 N. 12th (6) PR 8191**

73
EVERETT MEMBERSHIP

AHRENS, Nada W., 4538 19th N.E., Seattle (5)

ANDERSEN, Mrs. Rae, 2513 Cedar, SE 2232

ANDERSEN, William M., 4723 Carleton Rd.

BAILEY, Arthur, Monroe, Phone 2401

BAILEY, Josephine G., Rt. 4, Box 522, HI 1598

BANKS, Harold N., Jr., 1310 Rucker, BA 6853

BANKS, Nancy Katherine, 1310 Rucker, BA 6853

BANKS, Wrenetta W., 1310 Rucker, BA 6853

BANKS, Winifred S., Providence Hospital School of Nursing

BENSON, Naomi A., 114 Mukilteo Blvd.

BERGE, Richard Waldon, 2512 Rucker, BA 6853

BLUEMEKE, Fred J., 2209 Virginia, BA 4859

BROWN, Beulah, 3931 Colby, BA 0513

BUERER, Hilda, 1825 Rucker

CAMPBELL, Mrs. Bernice Valley, 116 S. Duluth Ave., Sioux Falls, South Dakota

CHAPIN, Charles Edward, 320 West Ave., Arlington

CHAPMAN, Kenneth, 3412 Bell, BA 6492

CHURCH, George A., 3007 Hoyt, BA 1371, Bus. CE 1122

COCKBURN, Charles G., Lake Stevens, CE 2134

COCKBURN, John F., 4524 19th N.E., Seattle (5) VE 1661

COOPER, Leslie R., 210 Colby Bldg., CE 1159

CRAYTON, Catherine, The Mayfair, BA 2469

DAVIS, C. O., 2115 18th St., BA 6484

DAVIS, Mrs. C. O., 2115 18th St., BA 6484

DOPH, Albert C., 2805 19th St., BA 8129

DOPH, Mrs. Albert C. (Adelsa) 2805 19th St., BA 8129

DOPH, James, 2805 19th St., BA 8129

DOPH, William S., 2805 19th St., BA 8129

EASTON, Inez, Granite Falls

EDER, Frank M., 2627 Rucker, BA 0418

EDER, Mrs. Frank M., 2627 Rucker, BA 0418

FELDER, Herman, 716 33rd St., BA 3303

FELDER, Mrs. Herman (Helen) 716 33rd St., BA 3303

FREED, George J., 4532 3rd St., Lowell

HAIN, James, 1412 23rd St.

HAIN, Mrs. James, 1412 23rd St.

HANSON, Mrs. Roselyn T., 621 1st W., Apt. 102, Seattle (99) GA 4651

HIRMAN, Leona J., 1317 Rucker, BA 5148, Bus. BA 3104

HOPKINS, William A., Rt. 3, Box 315, Vancouver

Hudson, Mabel C., 2532 Rucker, #34

HUTTON, Robert C., Star Rt., Marysville

JESCHKE, William B., 1609 Fulton, BA 4417

JESCHKE, Mrs. William B., 1609 Fulton, BA 4417

JOHNSON, Violet, 1317 Rucker, VA 5418

JONES, C. S., 520 Pilchuck Path, BA 0826

JONES, Mrs. C. S., 520 Pilchuck Path, BA 0826

KNEHR, C. L., (Bill) 3617 Federal, BA 7644

KOHNE, Russell A., 3202 Laurel Dr., BA 9516

KOHNE, Mrs. Russell A., 3202 Laurel Dr., BA 9516

KROGH, Lee, 5010 Seahurst, BA 9025

LAWRENCE, Louise, 1810 14th, CE 2252

LEHMANN, Christian H., 3830 Federal, BA 7722, Bus. BA 3751

LEIMANN, John F., 3527 Hoyt, BA 9701

LIVDH, Nels O., Box 546, Edmonds, Edmonds 814

MATTESIWS, Bruce C., 2608 Rucker, BA 8758

McBAIN, Mabel E., Bell’s Court, BA 3567, Bus. 6053

MCKENZIE, William D., Box 384, Edmonds, Phone 1644

PAPRITZ, Jack, Rt. 5, President 2375

PETERSEN, William C., Rt. 1, Lake Stevens, TU 2134

REILLY, John Allan, 2506 Wetmore, BA 4259

REILLY, Mrs. John Allan (Martha S.) 2506 Wetmore, BA 4259

ROSS, Ralph H., 2332 Wetmore, BA 9393

SCOTT, Celia Mae, 3607 Federal

SHELDON, C. G., 3711 E. Pima Ave., Tucson, Arizona

SIEVERS, Harold, 1732 Colby

TAYLOR, Jane E., The Clermont, Apt. 308, CE 1325

THIE, Mrs. Lawrence H. (Mary Louise) Coupeville

THOMPSON, Nan, Madrona Apt., #34, 2622 Rucker, CE 1887

URAN, C. Gordon, Rt. 3, Snohomish, Phone 4135

URAN, Mrs. C. Gordon (Johanna) Rt. 3, Snohomish, Phone 4135

VAN BROCKLIN, Dr. H. L., 110 Lewis St., Monroe

WIDMER, Vivian, 1411 18th St., CE 1780

ZIMMERMAN, Rosa, Madrona Apt.
Climbing Code

A party of three is the recommended minimum for safety.

Carry at all times the clothing, food and equipment necessary.

Rope-up on all exposed places and for all glacier travel.

Keep the party together and obey the leader or majority rule.

Never climb beyond one's ability and knowledge.

Judgment will not be swayed by desire when choosing the route or turning back.

Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.

Follow the precepts of sound mountaineering as set forth in the Mountaineer's "Climber's Notebook," and "Ski Mountaineering Manual."
Seattle, Wash., Nov. 10, 1950

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.

CHESTER L. POWELL, Auditor

SEATTLE UNIT
Income and Expense Statement for Year Ending October 31, 1950

INCOME

DUES
Seattle ........................................ $6,806.55
Tacoma ........................................ 759.75
   Less allocation to Tacoma.. 253.00 506.75
Everett ..................................... 216.00
   Less allocation to Everett.. 47.00 169.00
   Less allocations to publications... 2,886.00 4,596.30
INITIATION FEES .......................... $999.50
   Less allocation to branches .... 54.50 945.00

PUBLICATIONS
Allocation of dues .......................... $2,886.00
Cost of annual, 1949. 1,987.36
   Less advertising income... 251.65
   Cost of monthly bulletins 1,685.70
   Total cost of publications 3,421.41
   Deficit of allotted dues over cost... (535.41)

COMMITTEE OPERATIONS
Excess of income over expenses
Campcrafters .................................. $28.50
Dance ........................................ 379.25
Kitsap Cabin ................................ 16.36
Meany Ski Hut. 697.58
Mt. Baker Cabin ................................ 24.52
Players ....................................... 386.87
Ski ........................................... 4.21
Snoqualmie Lodge 22.21
Stevens Ski Hut 170.56
Summer Outing 870.95
Trail Trips 43.12
Viewfinders 16.90 $2,661.03
Excess of expenses over income
Climbing ................................... 19.26
Net income—Committee Operations... 2,641.77

OTHER INCOME
Interest .................................... $175.00
Emblems ................................... 245.70

TOTAL INCOME........................... $7,893.36
GENERAL EXPENSES

Telephone ................................................. $ 73.51
Salaries ....................................................... 1,545.00
Rent .............................................................. 1,200.00
Insurance ...................................................... 381.30
Clubrooms ..................................................... 35.35
Miscellaneous ............................................... 1,178.27 $4,413.43

DEPRECIATION ...........................................

TOTAL EXPENSES ........................................1,503.76

NET PROFIT .................................................. $5,917.19

$1,976.19

BALANCE SHEET AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1950

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS
Cash in checking accounts
General ........................................ $ 1,159.47
Meany Ski Hut ........................................ 448.40
Snoqualmie Lodge ...................................... 94.50
Stevens Hut .......................................... 46.30
Summer Outing ........................................ 1,461.79 $ 3,210.46
Savings accounts in Washington
Mutual Building Fund .................................... 25.85
Reserve .................................................. 2,350.27
Seymour .................................................. 235.77 2,811.89

INVESTMENTS
Permanent Fund, U. S. Bonds ........................ 5,000.00
General Fund, U. S. Bonds ............................. 1,000.00
Seymour Fund, U. S. Bonds ........................... 1,000.00 $13,022.35

BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT

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<td>561.21</td>
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<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>1,850.77</td>
<td>833.79</td>
<td>1,016.98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion Picture Equipment</td>
<td>1,096.17</td>
<td>705.79</td>
<td>390.38</td>
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<tr>
<td>General Equipment</td>
<td>1,157.21</td>
<td>397.78</td>
<td>759.43</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

OTHER ASSETS
Snoqualmie Pass Land ......................... 1,100.00
Climbers' Notebooks ............................. 1,228.27
Prepaid Lodge Expenses .......................... 1,155.61

TOTAL ASSETS ......................................... $31,562.22

LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS

LIABILITIES
Tacoma and Everett share of dues ......... $ 354.50

SURPLUS
Capital Surplus ................................... $16,155.99
Permanent Fund Surplus ........................ 5,300.00
Seymour Fund ....................................... 1,235.77
Building Fund ..................................... 2,300.61
Rescue Fund ........................................ 30.00
Free Surplus ...................................... 6,165.35 $31,207.72

TOTAL LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS ............ $31,562.22

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THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.—TACOMA BRANCH
Financial Report from October 1, 1949, to September 30, 1950

RECEIPTS
Dues and Membership Refund from Seattle........................................... $ 295.00
Interest on United States War Bonds.................................................... 25.00
Sale of Climbing Class Movie Film....................................................... 21.25
Showing of Chrislers Pictures............................................................... 130.58
Social Committee ................................................................................. 343.71
Irish Cabin Activity Committee............................................................ 140.28
Irish Cabin Maintenance Committee..................................................... 11.02
Special Outings Committee................................................................... 3.12
Climbing Committee............................................................................. 17.78
Photographic Committee....................................................................... 6.75
Ski Committee....................................................................................... 5.20
$ 999.69

DISBURSEMENTS
Bonding of Secretary ........................................................................... 5.00
Safekeeping of War Bonds .................................................................... 2.50
Irish Cabin Building Committee............................................................ 382.88
Membership Committee ........................................................................ 5.00
Climbing Committee............................................................................. 28.00
Social Committee................................................................................... 234.51
Ski Committee....................................................................................... 10.00
Irish Cabin Insurance............................................................................ 55.12
Irish Cabin Taxes................................................................................... 2.61
Nominating Committee Expense.......................................................... 6.98
$ 732.60

ASSETS
Cash in Bank of California...................................................................... $ 732.10
Cash in United States Mutual Bank........................................................ 1,125.43
Funds retained by Local Walks Committee............................................ 14.22
Funds retained by Membership Committee.......................................... 3.06
Two Series "G" War Bonds..................................................................... 1,000.00
Property:
  Irish Cabin......................................................................................... 800.00
  Irish Cabin Furniture and Fixtures.................................................... 380.21
  Club Rooms and Local Walks Property............................................. 108.19
$4,163.21

LIABILITIES: None
Net Worth, Estimated........................................................................... $4,163.21

ANN E. JACKSON, Treasurer

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.—EVERETT UNIT

CHECKING ACCOUNT
Balance October 3, 1949...................................................................... $127.46
Receipts:
  Dues refund, Seattle Branch.............................................................. $71.00
  Trail Fees......................................................................................... 86.00
  Cash Available................................................................................... 213.46
Disbursements:
  Miscellaneous................................................................................ 14.40
Balance September 29, 1950................................................................. $199.06
Investments:
  Bonds (cost)................................................................................... 370.00
Total Resources.................................................................................... $569.06

C. O. DAVIS, Treasurer