THE
MOUNTAINEER
1951
“ICE” from “HIGH ADVENTURE” by Bob and Ira Spring
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

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President’s Message

GREETINGS TO ALL MOUNTAINEERS . . .

Since there are so many new members coming in from year to year and since many old members may have forgotten, I believe we should stop and consider the purposes of our Club. Quoting from the by-laws, “To explore and study the mountains, forests, and watercourses of the Northwest; to gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region; to preserve, by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise, the natural beauty of Northwest America; to make expeditions into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes; to encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.”

How many of us do more than climb or ski for pleasure? Here are a few of the ways in which the members can contribute to the Club.

One way is to turn in to the Climbing Committee information regarding the route up a new mountain or a new route up a previously climbed mountain and so help to prepare the climbing guides that the committee is preparing for various mountains.

Another way is to support the Public Affairs Committee. In the past this committee has had very little support from the membership. Just stop and think what would happen if some few did not stand guard to prevent the various commercial interests from moving into our national parks and other outdoor preserves. We would have little of our natural beauty left. So let’s go to the meetings announced by the Public Affairs Committee.

The third way is to remember to encourage that “spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.” This means that all of the various parts of the Club should be considerate of each other. The climbers, skiers, players, trail-trippers, view-finders, summer outing groups, and others all have their place in the Club as they are all lovers of the outdoor life. None of the groups in the Club should belittle any other groups because they may not be physically capable of doing the more vigorous activities.

I hope that this journey into the purpose of our Club has made each of you that has read this a better Mountaineer. I know that through the years as each Mountaineer comes to fully realize what his Club stands for, he becomes a better man and because of that the Club has progressed through the years.

Yours,

T. DAVIS CASTOR
Ice Advances During the Recession Of the Nisqually Glacier

By A. E. HARRISON

"How can the glaciers possibly recede with such encouragement?" The answer to this query in "Climber's Lullaby, 1950" by Harvey Manning1 will startle many Mountaineers. The glaciers are growing! They have been growing for about thirteen years, long before the recent wet, cold winters which produced the comment above.

The existence of this growth and its nature have been overlooked because the fronts of most of the glaciers are quite obviously receding. What evidence do we have that an ice advance is taking place? This evidence is found in reports on the Nisqually Glacier2 by Arthur Johnson. Johnson determined that the Nisqually Glacier began increasing in thickness at the higher elevations after 1944, and that this increased ice is moving down the canyon toward the terminus of the glacier. Observations by Kermit Bengston that the terminus of the Coleman Glacier on Mt. Baker actually advanced 80 feet between 1949 and 1950 are even more startling.

An understanding of this behavior of the glaciers is aided by considering the factors affecting glacial action, including a study of historical data on the position and size of the glaciers. The early discovery, and later, the accessibility of the Nisqually Glacier have provided considerable data on this glacier, so that it is the logical example of glaciation in the Northwest. Its place in the world-wide picture will be reviewed and the implications of its recent growth examined.

One important factor in the glacial behavior is the uniformity of their response all over the world.3 Local variations do exist and are not unexpected; it is the apparent lack of local variations that is surprising. The last major advance of the world's glaciers occurred about 1850.4,5 The position of the Nisqually ice front 760 feet below the bridge on the highway to Paradise Park, reported by Kautz in 1857, is not far from the maximum extension of the Nisqually Glacier in recent times, as indicated by the trimline or boundary between old and new forest growth. Other similar world-wide advances occurred about 1750, also in the 16th and 17 centuries.4 Minor advances occurred between 1890 and 1897 in Switzerland5 and advances were also observed in Norway and Sweden. Some Scandinavian glaciers which were receding in 1897 made small advances between 1900 and 1910. Photographic evidence indicates that the California cirque glaciers were certainly not retreating during that interval, although definite proof of increased glacial activity in the United States has been lacking because early data have been inaccurate or overlooked.

That this evidence of world-wide response to the glaciers is not limited to recent times has also been suggested by radioactive carbon studies6 which indicate that the last ice age advance in America retreated about 10,000 years ago, simultaneously with the retreat of the ice in Europe. Previous estimates of the age of the Wisconsin glaciation had dated the end of the Pleistocene ice age in North America about 25,000 years ago.

Did the Nisqually Glacier follow the world-wide pattern and advance at the beginning of this century? It has been the general belief that it did not, that recession has been continuous since 1857. Recent analysis of old records has revealed the surprising fact that the Nisqually Glacier did make a slight advance between 1904 and 1908.

The discovery of this advance was the result of an attempt to corroborate the theory that recession had been continuous. Previously known points on the recession curve (see Fig. 1), were the annual measurements made by the National Park Service since 1918, the location of the glacier on the topographic map of Mt. Rainier National Park, data by the Longmire family for
VIEWS OF THE NISQUALLY GLACIER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY SHOW THE FRONT ADVANCING DOWN THE CANYON

[1904 photograph courtesy of the National Park Service]
[1909 and 1912 photographs by Asahel Curtis courtesy of the Washington State Historical Society]
1885 and 1892 and the point reported by Kautz in 1857. Joseph N. Le Conte
had located a point on July 30, 1905, and a search for this point was made
in order to bridge the gap between 1892 and 1910. Le Conte’s point would
have been about 650 feet above the Nisqually Bridge if recession had been
continuous, but the cairn left by Le Conte on a granite ledge was found
about 500 feet farther up the canyon!

It was not difficult to find further basis for the belief once the idea of an
advance had been suggested. Le Conte’s article states, “The ice ends ab­
ruptly in a very steep slope...” His personal diary entry of July 20, 1905,
describes the front as 150 to 200 feet high and quite sheer. These comments
could have referred to the broken face of a receding ice front but they are
more suggestive of an advancing glacier. Old photographs were examined
to verify the nature of the Nisqually ice front before 1905. An illustration
in a book by E. S. Ingraham confirmed the impression that the glacier in
1895 would not have met Le Conte’s description without considerable
exaggeration.

Further verification of the steepness of the front was furnished by Mrs.
David P. Eastman’s recollections of a trip with her husband to Reese’s camp
in 1905. They had been told that the foot bridge across the Nisqually River
had washed away, but they could cross over on the glacier and continue up
the trail. They found a vertical wall of ice and were forced to climb over
the rocks to reach the top of the glacier. The upper surface was covered with
rock but was so badly broken that they returned to Longmire’s and followed
the other trail up the Paradise River.

Final proof of the advance was found in a 1904 photograph from the
Park Service files loaned to me by Mr. F. M. Veatch of the U. S. Geological
Survey. Some of the rocks on the side of the canyon have been circled on
this and later photographs to aid in visualizing the advance. The comparison
is complicated somewhat by the fact that the pictures were made from
different points. The estimated positions of the front in 1904 and 1909 have
been sketched on the 1912 view. A solid black line indicates the maximum
extension of the ice, based on ground moraine deposits, and suggests that
the glacier began receding again in 1908 or earlier.

Estimates of the position of the front in these and other photographs
have been used in obtaining the data tabulated below and plotted in Figure 1.
Source of the photographs used are indicated in the table. These data are
only preliminary figures and are likely to be changed by later and more
accurate surveys. The first data in the table were taken from observations by
early pioneers and may be subject to inaccuracies, although the curve indi­
cates that their observations were probably very nearly correct. Accurate
surveys of the location of the ice front have been made annually by the Park
Service since 1918.
## Location of Nisqually Glacier Front in Relation to the Present Nisqually Bridge

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Distance from Bridge</th>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Year</th>
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<td>900</td>
<td>Asahel Curtis Photo</td>
<td>1934</td>
<td>2614</td>
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<td>Myron M. Deiwert Photo</td>
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Glacial recession, interrupted by minor advances, has been the rule since 1850, with certain notable exceptions in Alaska which are not yet satisfactorily explained. The Nisqually Glacier has followed this world-wide trend. Its recession has totalled 4536 feet between 1857 and 1950, and it made a slight advance during the beginning of the century.

Recession of the front will continue until the supply of ice now advancing down the glacier at the rate of about 700 feet per year reaches the end of the glacier. The position of the front does not indicate the true condition of a glacier. There is a considerable lag between a climatic trend and its effect on the glacier front. A stationary front could be the result of equilibrium between the accumulation of ice and its loss by melting, but it is more likely that a stationary front is a transient phenomenon and occurs after the ice supply higher on the glacier has begun to decrease. The latter effect would be particularly true if climatic changes occur suddenly. Recession will increase as the ice becomes thinner and cannot flow fast enough to replace the loss by melting.

Ice in the lower half of the Nisqually Glacier is virtually stagnant; its thickness has been decreased so much by melting that its motion is slight and flood waters have eroded a gully in the ice. The decreased thickness of the ice in the lower portion of the glacier may have been aggravated somewhat by a rock shoulder which almost separates the glacier just above the beginning of the gully. It is probable that this rock shoulder extends under the ice to the west side of the canyon and restricts the flow below this point.

First evidence of renewed activity of the Nisqually Glacier was detected by Arthur Johnson in 1944 at an elevation of 6800 feet. The thickness began to increase at that time, although very little change had been observed during the previous two years. By 1949, a change from a decrease to an increase in ice thickness, indicative of the "front" of advancing ice, had progressed down the glacier 3700 feet horizontally to an altitude of 5900 feet. Johnson's data indicate that the "front" is advancing along the glacier at a rate of over 700 feet per year!

Measurements at an altitude of 6900 feet were not obtained in 1950 because the surface of the glacier was crevassed too badly to permit a survey, and ice had covered a reference point originally 63 feet above the edge of the glacier.

Photographs taken by Johnson's party in 1944 and 1950 near the rock shoulder mentioned above indicate that the increasing ice thickness had
progressed an additional 1300 feet since 1948. New ice should begin to flow past the rock shoulder during the summer of 1951 and the progress of the advance down the canyon will become easily visible to observers from Nisqually Vista at Paradise Park or other vantage points.

The nature of this new advance is indicated by Figure 2. The position of the ice surface in 1944 is sketched to scale. The changes in ice thickness since that time are exaggerated by a factor of five in order to show the effect more clearly. The position of the advancing “front” is defined arbitrarily as the point where the profile change from an increase to a decrease in thickness. This illustration aids in visualizing the simultaneous advance and recession on different portions of a glacier.

An increase in the velocity of the motion of the ice at the surface of the glacier accompanies the arrival of the advancing front. Measurement of marked rocks on the glacier at an altitude of 5900 feet indicate the surface velocity changed from a maximum of 60 feet per year prior to 1948 to a maximum of 155 feet per year between 1949 and 1950. Rock originally located by Johnson’s party at an altitude of 6800 feet in 1942 and 1943 had moved 1650 feet along the glacier by 1949, suggesting greater velocity of the ice at higher elevations.

It is interesting to note that the velocity of the surface of the ice is only one-fourth of the velocity of the advance itself. Whether this discrepancy can be explained by more rapid motion the center of the ice of the glacier, or by the ice in front bulging upward from the increased pressure of thicker ice behind it is a question which should be answered. The Nisqually Glacier, with its region of thin, almost motionless ice, and an advance of thicker ice progressing downward would be an ideal laboratory for the study of ice flow in glaciers.

Smaller “waves” of thickening ice have also been observed on the Nisqually Glacier. Photographs of the glacier near the rock shoulder in 1931 and 1936 indicate no loss of thickness between these years, although the ice melted rapidly at this point between 1936 and 1944. The effect of this 1936 phenomenon was not detected at the terminus of the glacier. It is probable that this earlier advance was smaller than the present one.

The Nisqually Glacier is not an isolated example of increased glacial activity. One of the results of the increased ice thickness on the Nisqually Glacier is the formation of crevassed areas in regions which were relatively smooth a few years ago. The same phenomenon is occurring on the Ingraham Glacier, where climbers report that the former “smooth highway” is now so badly broken by crevasses that it is impassable. If data were available, it would undoubtedly show that all of the glaciers on Mt. Rainier are responding uniformly to a change in glacial conditions.

This renewed activity is not limited to Mt. Rainier. Kermit Bengston’s data on the Coleman Glacier on Mt. Baker and evidence of glacial growth in California suggest that the activity may be world wide.
This newest glacial trend began about 1938 and is already as prolonged as the 1905 advance. If it continues, it may mean a return to glacial conditions comparable to the last major advance in 1850. Photographs of Mt. Rainier indicate that the snow and ice below the Cowlitz Cleaver is now 60 or 70 feet thicker than it was six years ago. Even a return to the climatic conditions of the twenties and thirties would hardly prevent this accumulated ice from moving down the Nisqually canyon and advancing past the present terminus of the Nisqually Glacier.

What is the cause of this advance and why was it not recognized earlier? The answer to the first question is still unknown. It must be caused by a climatic change, although meteorological data fail to indicate any trend that would explain a glacial advance. This inability to correlate the change in glacial activity with meteorological data suggests that new techniques of observation in this field should be explored. Before we can predict or even explain an advance we must have a much better understanding of the factors affecting glacial activity, as well as more and better data on the glaciers themselves. Evidence from the California cirque glaciers indicates that the change may have been rather sudden. Perhaps this fact is a clue that will lead to an explanation of the change.

Our failure to recognize the advance earlier is easier to understand. There has been a tendency to continue to look for evidence of recession merely because the glaciers have been receding for a hundred years. The fact that the glacier fronts continue to recede during the beginning of an advance has no doubt contributed to this tendency. Evidence of growth was frequently unrecognized. Le Conte wrote, "It is hoped that this will help future observers to determine something positive about the retreat of the glacier’s snout.

It is apparent that we should be measuring more than the recession of the glacier fronts. Surveys similar to those by Johnson should be extended to include the entire glacier. Photogrammetric surveying would be ideal for this purpose. It is probably not necessary to survey in detail more than one typical glacier in an area, since there is ample evidence that the glaciers all follow the same general pattern. (Notable exceptions to this statement such as the Taku Glacier in Alaska would be known and studied individually).

Will the present ice advance continue until it approaches the previous advances in intensity? The past summer would hardly suggest this possibility. Mt. Rainier has been denuded of snow by an abnormally warm season. We have no way of actually knowing whether the summer of 1951 was merely a bad season or the end of the trend of increased glacial activity. Only time will give the answer, and it will certainly be interesting to watch the glaciers in the next few years.

Acknowledgments: The writer gratefully acknowledges the assistance furnished by Arthur Johnson of the United States Geological Survey, whose reports and advice have been invaluable in this study.

Developments In Search and Rescue Equipment By the Mountain Rescue and Safety Council

By JACQUI L. PATTERSON

The Mountain Rescue and Safety Council, organized in 1948 to promote safe and sane mountaineering practices and to provide an organized search and rescue party for mountain accidents, has done much to develop specialized mountaineering techniques to high standards of safety and efficiency.

The Council has also been developing new communications for search and rescue work. Outstanding in this field of their operations has been the development of several aircraft adaptation kits for Motorola FM Handie-Talkie sets by Irving Herrigstad, radio and signal expert for the Council.

The adapter kit makes possible the use of any Motorola Handie-Talkie equipment of the Park Service, the Forest Service, or the State Patrol, each of which operates at a slightly different frequency, and to adapt it to air-ground communications. The kit includes an antenna mounting box with two coaxial connectors, a coaxial cable with end plugs, a microphone and earphone junction box with volume control, a "press to talk" type aircraft carbon microphone and a pair of aircraft type low-impedance earphones with an extension cable.

Rescue Equipment In Use

Upper left: Antenna junction box being taped to wing strut. Upper right: Stokeski stretcher in carrying position. Lower left: Stokeski stretcher with ski runner. Lower right: Victim being carried.
The illustration shows the antenna junction box being taped to the wing strut. The antenna from the Motorola set is then connected to the junction box on the strut. The coaxial cable is led through the door or window of the plane to the antenna post of the Motorola in the cabin. The hand set of the unit B is then disconnected, and in its place is connected the special junction box with volume control, to which the earphones and mikes are attached. This makes it possible to hear weak signals over the engine noise, and leaves the hands free.

Another piece of equipment that contributes to greater adaptability and flexibility in rescue operations is the new folding “Stokeski” stretcher, which may be seen at the Mountaineer clubroom, where it is kept in readiness for use. The “Stokeski” is a redesign and rebuild of the standard stokes basket stretcher, into which certain features found in European practice have been incorporated. The “Stokeski” was designed by Wolf Bauer, president of the Council, and Jack Hossack, a Council member, both prominent Mountaineers. Wally Burr, a well-known Mountaineer and ski-builder, constructed the special ski runner.

Weighing about 40 pounds, the “Stokeski” is collapsible and may be placed on two packs and carried comfortably. Other stretchers used in rescue operations had to be carried between two people, and often slowed the party considerably.

A wheel, for operation on rocks or a trail, and a ski, make the stretcher practical for any kind of country, and the fact that it may easily be handled by two or three men instead of the four or six required by other stretchers, means more efficient mountain evacuations.

A basket type stretcher, the “Stokeski” is designed for comfort and to protect the injured person. It is adjustable, so that the accident victim’s head may be raised or lowered, or he may be carried flat. European experience has proved that many injured people can withstand transportation in a semi-sitting position much better than when prone, especially in rough terrain. The wheel and ski are flexible and provide a smooth ride with a minimum of jolts and bumps. To lower over a cliff, the running equipment may be removed and ropes attached to the skeleton, or poles and branches may be attached to drag the stretcher down steep slopes in the intermediate terrain.

The great advantage of the single ski runner over the toboggan, snowboat, or sled-type conveyances, becomes apparent in traversing steep slopes and dense forests, where the single ski edges, or one edge and the center fin, prevent side slip, and make it possible to hold the stretcher level without strain. Having bent-up tips on both ends, the “Stokeski” can be maneuvered downhill through the trees in a zig-zag pattern without necessitating complete turn-arounds at each change in traverse. In very deep snow, the extra height of the basket above the ski runner affords maximum protection for the patient and minimum resistance for travel.

Wally Burr has also given his time and ingenuity to building several “Akia” or “Snowboat” stretchers, which were copied from European designs and are suitable for Ski Patrol use. The Ski Patrol is an active supporting member of the Council.

TO THOSE WHO CLIMB

Drive fast the piton,  
Find thou ever height,  
Far above the crowd,  
Noble heart and mind:
Make sure the rope;  
Fear not nor falter;  
Strive on through cloud;  
Ye shall surely find.
Climb well life’s teton,  
Trust always God’s might,  
The mountain His altar.  
Noble heart and mind:
With soul of hope.  

—RICHARD STARK
Adventures In Logistics

By MAYNARD M. MILLER
Director, Juneau Ice Field Research Project
American Geographical Society

In planning an expedition, whether the goal is an alpine summit or scientific research, delivery of food and equipment is the major factor around which the extent of the project is planned. Of course, this is of less concern to the weekend climber in the northern Cascades or to the hiker on a short back-pack trip through the Olympics than it is to those planning expeditions to high and remote mountain areas or into Polar regions. In the Himalayas, the success of an expedition may depend on the availability and ability of native porters; in the more remote regions of Alaska, success usually depends on the careful employ of aircraft. Both of these are problems in logistics, one of them relatively recent in this application. During the last fifteen years, a new era in mountaineering has opened up in the sprawling ranges of northwestern North America. This era has introduced most effectively the newest logistic phase—a maximum utilization of the skill and technique of the bush pilot, and more recently of Navy and Air Force Rescue teams.

The sight of 1100 pounds of supplies free-dropped from a Belanca aircraft high up on the little known Brady Ice Field in July, 1940, first brought to my attention the great possibilities of aerial support. We had been struggling for weeks in a steady back-pack of equipment. In the end it was the half ton of supplies, delivered by air, which permitted our party to remain in the area, to accomplish some useful explorations and to ascend the highest peak in the southeastern part of Alaska’s Fairweather Range.1

In the summer of 1946, the effectiveness of such support was again brought forcibly home to me. Undoubtedly the aerial supplies received at one of our high camps on the Mt. St. Elias Expedition made the difference between victory and defeat in the ascent.2 On short expeditions of a purely mountaineering nature, one might well object to this type of mechanization from a sporting point of view. It may well reduce the satisfaction one gains on climbs in more accessible areas. On the other hand, if the use of aircraft spells the difference between reaching a remote spot or brings an otherwise hazardous enterprise within sensible and safe limits, there is no doubt what the answer should be.

For scientific work in such otherwise inaccessible regions the problem is clear. Out of those memorable accounts of major expeditionary conquests or of classic scientific field explorations, many pages are devoted to decrying the amount of time required in transport and in the mere details of “housekeeping.” This applies to those expeditions which have attempted ascents on the high peaks of Central Asia as well as to the epoch struggles in field research in Antarctica and the North Polar regions. A well known geologist, recently returned from an expedition to Palmer Land, related that during the fifteen months the expedition was in the field he was able to accomplish less than fifty days of effective geological work. In similar expeditions into the more temperate sub-arctic regions such usually varies between thirty and forty percent. This low ratio of time spent in profitable field work to time consumed in other duties is of vital concern to any project, no matter what its final objective may be.

The solution lies in minimizing the time required for essentials. This means the fullest utilization of all available logistic support. In scientific enterprises there are fewer limits, at least from an “ethical sporting” point of view, than there are in a purely mountain climbing venture. In the latter case, discretion must be employed so that the sporting satisfaction is not jeopardized. The St. Elias and Fairweather Expeditions were mountaineering
adventures and therefore belonged in the category where ethical limits of such support had to be considered. The other category has been shown in a very real way since our work began on the Juneau Ice Field in 1948.

The Juneau Ice Field Research Project, sponsored by the American Geographical Society and the Office of Naval Research, in late September of this year completed its fifth season of field work on the great “ice cap,” which covers more than a thousand square miles of highland country along the axis of the Alaskan Coast Range north of the Taku River. During the progress of this continuing expedition, maximum opportunity has been afforded for testing the above-mentioned thesis, while completing a number of fundamental studies in various fields of the geophysical sciences. Needless to say, the tests have not been without their adventures.

The desire of the United States Air Force’s 10th Rescue Squadron to extend and improve its training and experimental program into the Alaskan glacier country provided us with the ultimate in facilities of aerial support. It was upon this support that we planned our program. In the subsequent five seasons on the ice field, ski-equipped aircraft from this Squadron have succeeded in making thirty-five landings and jet-assisted take-offs on this highland glacier surface, at elevations varying from 3500 to 6000 feet. In the course of this operation, a ski-wheeled C-47 aircraft has delivered twenty-five tons of supplies and equipment. An additional twenty-five tons have been brought in by PBY and R4D aircraft on training exercises from the Sea Rescue Unit of the Naval Air Station, Kodiak Island. These flights have involved 145 parachuted bundles and more than 1000 individual packages dropped free-fall to the eighteen camps used by the Project. Additional supplies have been delivered by commercial planes chartered in Juneau.

During the winter expedition in January-February 1951, logistic support was provided entirely by a small 160-horsepower Aeronca ski-plane based in Juneau. Eighteen flights over a period of thirty days were necessary; but the effectiveness of light plane support under the most adverse conditions was proved. This was borne out again by the visit of Dr. Terris Moore, President of the University of Alaska, during the 1951 summer expedition. In five days, Dr. Moore made thirty-five landings on the ice field, delivering personnel and supplies to several of the Project’s camps. His ski-wheeled Piper Super-Cub of 125 horsepower, used less gasoline per hour than a small car and was capable of landing and taking off in only a few hundred feet of relatively level snow. Including a visit by the Arctic Institute’s 600-horsepower Norseman C-64 in 1949, we may say that a fairly complete test has been given to all sizes of aircraft in this type of logistic support. The larger C-47 proved to be most suitable for the delivery of heavy equipment up to elevations of 6000 feet. At higher levels than this, difficulty is encountered in take-off no matter what snow conditions may exist. With a smaller plane, such as the Super-Cub on skis, no difficulty whatsoever was encountered and Dr. Moore’s experience with this same plane on the slopes of higher snow-covered regions in Alaska proves its effectiveness at elevations as high as 10,000 feet. This fact introduces an even broader application of such techniques in both exploration of new areas and in scientific work.

Out of the array of experiences during the airlift to the Juneau Ice Field some are interesting to recall. Much of the experimentation was entirely new and many hard lessons were learned. The first landing of a large twin-engined ski-equipped aircraft to be effected on an Alaskan glacier was made by Colonel Bernt Balchen, Commander of the 10th Rescue Squadron, and his operations officer Major Roy Holdiman on the Upper Taku Glacier in July, 1949. Taking advantage of the frozen surface during the morning twilight, these men slid their large plane into a smooth landing with such ease that the effectiveness of this type of support was immediately apparent. To my knowledge, prior to this time, such aircraft had landed on highland ice in the northern hemisphere only in connection with one or two short operations in Greenland. Thereafter this Alaskan Squadron utilized the Taku Glacier as
an area in which to train pilots and crewmen who have since been carrying this technique out to the Polar pack ice.

One of these flyers, at least, will never forget his take-off on the Taku. Nor will I, since I was on board at the time. The plane had been in the area for several days supporting a transfer of equipment and personnel from one camp to another. With ten men and quantities of their gear on board, the aircraft was to take off from Camp 10, the main base, and fly to Camp 15, in the Berner's Bay Mountains sector on the northwestern side of the ice field. We had had a week of continually good weather and brilliant sunshine. The mid-summer snow surface was soggy and saturated with melt-water. In consequence, our take-off down glacier, without benefit of any wind, was impeded and sufficient ground speed could not be attained for us to become airborne. The JATO cylinders were fired. Still the plane could not take off. Just as the last rocket bottle was expended we entered a zone of crevasses, a mile or more above the neve line. We were faced with the frightening possibility that we might crack-up in the midst of this broken area, or, at the very least, could not turn around for another try. Realizing this, our pilot, who fortunately was one of the coolest and most capable flyers in the Squadron, completely committed the plane to an urgent take-off as he repeatedly gunned the engines. The ship lunged down-glacier across crevasses as wide as its skis. I could feel the pilot skillfully raise the tail of the plane when we crossed the widest holes, so that the tail-ski would not become caught on the lip of a crevasse. Suddenly, we hit a bump and leaped into the air. Subsequent take-offs were usually effected up-glacier, in the direction of increasing depths of neve.

There is another incident which I don’t think any of us will forget who were on hand at the time. It occurred after our supporting C-47 had made its twenty-sixth successful take-off from the Upper Taku. The plane’s landing gear had been damaged on the previous landing. Several of us were at the Juneau airport waiting for the plane to come in and became alarmed when we saw the pilot making circle after circle overhead. We thought at first that the release mechanism, which drops the JATO cylinders after use, had become stuck. Soon we saw that none of the bottles remained attached to the fuselage. A quick check with the radio tower put us in touch with the pilot. We learned that he was going to have to make a landing with the skis in their down position. Mechanical trouble in the hydraulic system used to raise the skis, now prevented use of the wheels in landing on the concrete air-strip. We shuddered at the thought of a ski-landing on concrete. After several more passes, the critical landing was attempted. With a terrifying rattle and a shower of sparks the aircraft slid to a halt, apparently none the worse for the jolt. Fortunately its rubber tires had been slightly over-inflated and had absorbed some of the shock. It took three days to repair the damaged gear before operations could be continued.

All the records for the transport of heavy equipment to the upper glacier were broken in July 1950. In a series of five flights, nearly eight tons of metal pipe, machinery and tools were transported to the center of the ice field by ski plane. The largest single piece of machinery, weighing nearly a ton, was broken down into three components of 600 to 700 pounds each. These had to be unloaded by muscle once they had arrived on the ice cap. Thus we were able to commence a pioneering bit of research with the use of a rotary drill rig, with which ice cores were obtained at a depth of nearly 300 feet. This permitted a whole set of investigations and observations to be made within the glacier. It could not have been accomplished without the aid of this marvel of modern expeditionary support.

During this same operation an attempt was made to fly in two over-snow vehicles, M-29C Weasels, weighing 5000 pounds apiece. One of the members of the expedition spent some days completely dismantling the machinery so that it could be fitted into the fuselage of the C-47. It was a heartbreaking discovery, at the end of all that work, to find that the largest segment of
the apparatus could not be reduced to smaller dimensions, and was still two inches too long to fit through the door of the plane. Determined not to be defeated, we were eventually able to devise another method of aerial delivery. But this aspect of the logistic program is a story in itself.

The final delivery of the over-snow vehicles was not until the following year (1951). During the previous winter’s expedition repeated consideration had been given to the possibility of driving the Weasels up either the Norris or the Taku Glacier from tidewater. The plan was abandoned, however, as a veritable moat of crevasses around the edge of the ice field and in the terminal portions of the glacier tongues made all routes unsafe even after the heaviest of snow accumulation.

Through the interest of General William Old, Commanding General of the Alaskan Air Command, our hopes were eventually fulfilled. A C-82 “flying boxcar” from the 54th Troop Carrier Squadron at Elmendorf Field arrived the following July and succeeded in the delivery of the Weasels to the ice field by huge parachutes—two chutes per vehicle, each chute 100 feet in diameter and each set capable of carrying 6000 pounds. Within one day, three flights were made to the ice field and more than 18,000 pounds delivered. On forty-eight-foot parachutes additional heavy equipment was dropped, including a coal-burning range for the winter station and a four-cylinder generator, weighing more than half a ton. In this one operation twenty-eight parachutes were used: all opened successfully and every drop reached the ground intact.

The most exciting phase was the para-drop of the second Weasel, an operation which could easily have ended in failure. A strong down-glacier wind had developed at the 3700-foot level. Each parachute opened beautifully and the huge load drifted gracefully through 1500 feet of space to land right side up on the snow and in perfect condition. Unexpectedly, the metal-lined pallet board, strapped to the base in order to cushion the fall, suddenly became a “sled.” In the strong down-glacier wind, neither of the chutes would collapse, with the result that the machine, pallet board and all, was dragged rapidly down the slope. Members of the party, moving as fast as they could on skis, were unable to catch up with it. Fortunately the other Weasel, dropped an hour before, had been unloaded and was in operating condition. It was quickly brought into use and at thirty miles an hour, overtook the wayward “sled” after it had been dragged a full mile toward a maze of down-glacier crevasses. The pilots, in the meantime, had flown low enough over the machine to partially collapse one of its chutes with the propeller-wash of the C-82. The first Weasel was then jammed in front and thus brought it to a halt. Here was one of those unexpected incidents for which no precedence existed. Only once before had such a drop been attempted. Thus new experience was being gained and more valuable lessons learned. In the succeeding few weeks the use of these machines greatly increased the efficiency of work being done in the outlying areas of the ice field. Where it had once taken a party on skis a full day to travel between camps, the equivalent distance was now covered in two or three hours.

Not only has the use of ski-aircraft been effective in supplying the various camps with food, instruments and equipment, but in several ways, as we have seen, it has saved the Project many weeks of otherwise tedious overland travel on foot and on skis. One of the strongest advantages has been that many senior scientists, specialists, and others who might not otherwise have been able to participate in the program, have been flown to and from the ice cap. Such personnel have thus been enabled to spend a maximum number of available days in the field with minimum loss of time. It has, moreover, allowed the regular members of these expeditions to effectively and efficiently conduct concentrated field work in the area for more than 400 days to date. Active participants in the Project in each year have been as follows: 1948 reconnaissance expedition, six men; 1949 summer season, twenty-five men; 1950 summer season, twenty-nine men; 1951 winter expe-
dition, nine men; 1951 summer season, seventeen men. In addition, more than a dozen non-participating observers have joined the Project for shorter periods of time by means of ski-aircraft. This brings the total number to ninety-five, not including members of the military air crews.

Of Course, in each successive season, certain members of the previous years’ expeditions have returned to continue their participation. For example, in 1950, ten members of the field party had been with the Project in the previous summer season; and in the 1951 winter expedition seven out of the nine men had participated in one of the preceding years. In this cooperative effort much experience has been gained, and a camaraderie has been born that will bring many of us together for further work in the high ice country north of the Taku. Plans are already being made for a small field unit to return to this ever-changing land of ice and snow in this coming summer. The 1952 party will continue at least some of the basic and systematic long range studies which have been inaugurated during these past five expeditions. The supplies which have been delivered by aircraft to the ice field have permitted installations which can be used not only by this expedition but by research parties for many years.


VIEWFINDERS

The Viewfinders for the second year offered trips to peaks that do not require technical skill in climbing. Our first climb of the year, June 17, took thirteen of us to American Ridge Lookout Cabin atop Goat Peak in Yakima County, just above Bumping Lake. Mount Rainier dominated the skyline; and the wild flowers seemed to be at their best.

Mount Pilchuk, locale of the trip on July 1, was climbed by forty-two. The lookout stationed on the peak spied his visitors far down the trail, and had some refreshing tea brewing upon our arrival. He was most cooperative in explaining his duties and equipment and in pointing out the mountains visible from his perch.

We had scheduled some scenic trips far off the beaten path, but found these back-pack trips were about as popular as devil’s club and poison ivy. The first trip in the middle of July to Mount Townsend via Lakes Barclay and Eagle was cancelled because of lack of interest. The next one on August 4-5 attracted four, who packed in to Copper Lake, then to Little Hart Lake, where overnight camp was made. From a nearby mountain-top reached the next day, they could see five lakes, including Lake Dorothy, and two lakes not on any of their maps.

The following week-end, Martha Hardy led sixteen climbers over a dusty trail to Tatoosh Peak near Packwood. There is an excellent view of Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, and Goat Rocks from the top, she tells us in her book “Tatoosh,” but we’ll have to take her word for it as we managed to pick about the only cloudy day all summer for the trip. We were joined on this trip by some members of the Tacoma and Everett branches.

The big Labor Day week-end found twenty-nine Viewfinders invading Vancouver Island. The invasion started Friday midnight on the Black Ball Ferry “Chinook,” with Mountaineers startling the tourists by unrolling their sleeping bags all over the top deck for the night journey to Victoria. At Victoria Saturday morning the “Marching Club,” as one well-dressed passenger called us, transferred with packs and dangling boots to a chartered bus for Little Qualicum Falls, just south of the Forbidden Plateau. The climb of Mount Arrowsmith was to begin there the next day; but this plan was abolished by the British Columbia Forest Service which was worried about the extremely dry forests and the danger evidenced by dense clouds of smoke hanging over the island.

New plans were formed on the spot, and our bus driver, who camped with us, took us to Port Alberni, thence to Stamp Falls, where we watched the salmon heading up the fish ladders to their spawning grounds. A swim in the Stamp River and a campfire finished the day. On Monday we returned to Seattle via Victoria on the new Canadian Pacific steamer “Princess Marguerite.” Although this turned into a sightseeing journey, everyone had a good time. Two of our members were detained by the United States Immigration Inspectors for not having any identification, and were not released until the gangplank was being lifted.

Trips scheduled for later than this writing are the President’s Trip up Mount Dickerman with the Trail Trippers; Mount David, north of Lake Wenatchee, and Tinkham, a lodge-pin peak to be combined with a work party at Snoqualmie Lodge.
THE NORTHERN CASCADES

PITON PETE

BOSTON GLACIER

COLUMBIA CREST

FIASCO

SUNCUPS

AMAZO TIME

Chuck Allyn and Harvey Manning
...What Strange Utterance Did The Loud Dry Wind Blow..."

By HARVEY MANNING
Chairman, Climbing Committee

Those who have watched the seventeen years of the Climbing Course and remember its small beginnings and the informal methods of the first decade, when everybody knew everybody else, sometimes shake their heads in wonder and despair when confronted with contemporary statistics. 302 students registered for the Basic Course, 148 for the Intermediate; 253 attended the Little Si Practice, 155 came to Commonwealth. 81 reached the summit of Rainier; through the year over 40 peaks were climbed, in addition to the 8 practice trips. How, it is asked, can such a multitude possibly learn anything about climbing? The answer lies partly in another statistic—this year 44 people either gave a lecture, led a practice, led a climb, or did all three. With several exceptions, all are graduates of the same school they now maintain; the ability of the institution to continue itself, and train its own leaders, makes mere size a self-solving problem. Indeed, the Climbing Course, like a Rotarian's dream, becomes each year not only bigger but better.

Monitor Rock, not long ago a one-day practice, was run three days this year, with Duwamish Piers and Little Si continued as double headers. A different approach is exhibited in the way the Commonwealth party was split into four groups, each under an assistant leader, each in a different corner of the Basin. Such devices, self-evident as they seem, represent radical changes in past method, but are actually the answer to increasing size.

With Experience Climbs one expedient is the scheduling of more climbs. On Memorial Day, for instance, four peaks were climbed by four separate parties. Several times when too many climbers assembled in high camp the leader split the group to either two peaks or two routes on the same peak. All in all, the old-fashioned Mountaineer mob is on its way out; only one of the season's climbs was dangerously over-peopled, and only four times did a party exceed forty in size. Under the smiling skies of the best mountain weather in history scheduled parties ranged far and wide this year, climbing everything from volcanoes to sixth-class rock faces, from Lodge peaks to mountains in the newer areas of Cascade Pass and the Cashmere Craggs.

One final aspect of increasing size is felt before we leave the city. For instance, even with each lecture given twice the Clubrooms have become a fire-inspector's nightmare, and, in my opinion, next year a lecture hall should be rented for classroom use. There is also an increasing dependence on printed material such as orientation booklets and instruction sheets. To decrease the distance between instructors and students, an advisory system is being developed, each member of the Climbing Committee acting as godfather to a segment of the class.

And the field of activities continues to be extended, a Mountaineering First Aid Course, a series of mountain climbing seminars, and the scheduling of climbing field trips to blaze needed trails, being typical. To handle these new matters, and for more efficient conduct of the old, the Climbing Committee itself was recently reorganized.

So it will be seen that nothing, whether a climbing technique or a teaching technique, is ever taken for granted, and progress is continuous. Certainly no insuperable problems are created by size—indeed, the larger the Course the higher becomes the caliber of our leadership, simply because there is more choice.

A builder is always concerned about his foundations, and the higher his skyscraper the deeper he sinks the base into bedrock. The older climbers of our club repeatedly wonder whether it is proper to conduct a climbing
school. They see innocent little girls, of an age to be their daughters, learning to climb, they remember their own first climbing seasons, and a cold horror creeps along their spines. They see daredevil youth piling spectacularity upon stupendosity, they recall their own days of ambition unmodified by sense, and raise their hands in shocked grief. And so let us recognize the superficial conflict between the Will to Climb and the Will to Live, for the very existence of the Climbing Course is an objectification of that supposed struggle.

In the first place many people climb, and for several reasons neither Mallory nor I have explained much about those reasons, and when Kinsey finishes with the male sex, he could find far worse subjects for investigation. In the meantime, lacking science, we can only philosophize, and my guess is that there are at least three or four separate and distinct motivations for climbing, and some climbers are driven by the noblest of human aspirations, and some by the basest. Some climbers are kin to Tamburlaine, Faust, Columbus and Ahab; some are buddies of pilots who buzz sorority houses, of Hollywood starlets who arrange drunken brawls over themselves, of gangsters who write autobiographies, and of lunatics who perch on hotel ledges above metropolitan streets.

None of this concerns the matter at hand—we begin with the fact that people want to climb; their reasons only interest us when individual climbing behavior is affected. Which behavior is, at the least, diverse.

It is easy for any of us, sitting before the fireplace on a winter evening, secure and mellow, to heed such arguments as these: “The modern world drums incessantly on Safety, to the detriment of all that makes life worth living, various non-profit research foundations dangle various bogies—highways, slippery bathtubs, smallpox, fire-crackers, unpasteurized beer, hoof-and-mouth disease, spontaneous combustion, body odor, crooked politicians, the wrath of God, cancer, Democrats, dandruff, harsh cigarettes, falling rock. Where is a man really Safe except in a grave? Moreover, all men are mortal, and death is busy everywhere—is it not better to die among morally elevating alpine prospects, attempting deeds worthy of young gods? Anyway, mind your own business, what I do in the hills is my concern, and my privacy is sacred.”

In the winter these words have a certain force, and awaken universal sympathies. But when you personally see snow dyed scarlet by human blood, when you hear the long scrape of nails and see a friend pitching silently through air and hear the soft crunch of his body meeting solid rock, and when you spend strenuous hours or days on one end of a stretcher, carrying the wounded home, then—and perhaps only then—you understand the meaning of mountaineering safety.

The basic premise of climbing is a search for terrain apparently dangerous, and the safe and successful traversing of such terrain. Any Climbing Course is propounded upon teaching people how to travel among the multitudinous dangers, few of them obvious, of the alpine regions. Certainly no mass sport is so dangerous as climbing, and certainly the Mountaineer’s boast of never a fatality on an official climb is not a boast we will always be able to make. Any experienced climber, viewing the doings of the Climbing Course, can safely predict that maybe this year, maybe next. but soon, somebody is going to be killed. Should we, at that time, discontinue the Course? Should we discontinue it now? Of course not, no more than a traffic accident is an argument for a return to horses and bicycles. And if we ceased the Course, climbing would go on. and with a far higher accident ratio.

But the misconception remains among most outsiders and many beginners that because climbing is done amid apparent dangers the climber typically carries on a flirtation with self-destruction. They imagine terror, trembling and the continuous near whisper of death to be normal accompaniments of reaching summits. The beginner often feels cheated if he does
not become paralyzed with fear at some point on the climb, and when
describing his exploits usually emphasizes the "dangers I have known." To
all of which we must answer, the Cult of Danger is not condoned by sane
climbers, who recognize apparent dangers which are met and overcome by
the individual's strengths and skills, and real dangers such as falling rock
or bad weather or incompetence. For these sane climbers the Will to Live
is expressed by the Will to Climb, not contradicted.

Perhaps the most difficult lesson to teach is judgment, for although any­
one can memorize rules of safety, nothing but actual experience and innate
good sense will tell when these rules apply. The saddest sight in the world
is an ambitious youth, living in a golden daze of peak-glory, who will be an
excellent climber—if he outlives his first two or three seasons. What can we
do to save him from himself? And what about the larger group of average
beginners, ambitious on their own level, who go on private climbs and often
exhibit the most alarming symptoms of the death-wish?

One effect of the increasing number of climbers is decentralization. No
longer is every Seattle climber a friend or acquaintance of every other
Seattle climber, with the result that many beginners operate at a great
distance from the more experienced men of the club. Because of this I
think we will find, in the future, the increasing necessity to recognize the
following long-established principle: every member of the Climber's Group,
whether on a scheduled or private trip, is responsible for his actions to
every other member of the Group, who would constitute his rescuers if he
were injured, when involved in mountaineering misconduct he must expect
his actions to be noticed by an informal tribunal of the more experienced
members of the club. The responsibility rests then, with the elder climbers
to make this principle an effective tool for maintenance of high standards
of safety, however loath they are to intrude on the privacy of another. It
is, after all, in most cases doing the novice a favor to help him stay alive.

In conclusion, it has been suggested the best way to prevent climbing
accidents is to prevent climbing. This is no doubt true, but most of us feel
climbing is worth enough to outweigh the normal risks involved. Climbers
will be hurt and killed, without destroying our delight in alpinism, so long as
the casualties remain small, and no breed of suicides appears, bloodying up
the hills. In the infancy of mountaineering Wordsworth wrote.

"... by knots of grass and half-inch fissures in the slippery
rock but ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed) suspended by the
blast that blew amain, shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
while on the perilous ridge I hung along, with what strange ut­
erance did the loud dry wind blow through my ear! The sky seemed
not a sky of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!"

Following is list of peaks ascended in 1951, on Experience Climbs:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>May 6—</th>
<th>July 7, 8—</th>
<th>August 25, 26—</th>
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<tr>
<td>Denny</td>
<td>Little Tahoma</td>
<td>Sloan</td>
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<td>Guye</td>
<td>Adams</td>
<td>September 1, 2, 3—</td>
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<td>May 19, 20—</td>
<td>Del Campo</td>
<td>Foley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whitehorse</td>
<td>Rainier via Emmons</td>
<td>Lonepeak</td>
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<td>Persis</td>
<td>July 20, 22—</td>
<td>Wahleach</td>
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<td>May 30—</td>
<td>Rainier via Kautz</td>
<td>Gunn</td>
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<td>Lundin traverse</td>
<td>Rainier via Gibraltar</td>
<td>September 8, 9—</td>
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<td>Mcclellan's Butte</td>
<td>July 28, 29—</td>
<td>Devil's Smokestack</td>
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<td>Thompson</td>
<td>Magic</td>
<td>September 15, 16—</td>
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<td>Tooth traverse</td>
<td>Sahale</td>
<td>Cruiser</td>
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<td>June 9, 10—</td>
<td>August 4, 5—</td>
<td>Horn</td>
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<td>Constance</td>
<td>Gunn</td>
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<td>Stuart</td>
<td>August 11, 19—</td>
<td>Chair via East Ridge</td>
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<td>Temple</td>
<td>Climber's Outing in Selkirks</td>
<td>Chair via Gully Route</td>
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<td>West peak of Temple</td>
<td>August 19—</td>
<td>Bryant</td>
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<td>June 30—July 1—</td>
<td>Monte Cristo</td>
<td>October 7—</td>
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<td>Unicorn</td>
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<td>Snoqualmie</td>
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A Mountaineer Looks At Foldboating

Mountaineer Annuals of the years when skiing first became the talk of our lodges, and much later the "talk of the town," reveal a familiar pattern. The prophetic word of those who, from the beginning, have helped to develop climbing and skiing, and now foldboating, is that we are witnessing the start of a new and popular field of mountaineering activity. This is evidenced by the rapidly growing group of enthusiastic river travelers who have taken to the folding kayak, just as they took to the ice axe and the ski.

Foldboating will not snowball nor spread as widely, perhaps, as skiing; but it will grow at an ever increasing rate. Like skiing, it offers thrills and exhilaration. Just as ski-touring and climbing, it must be learned and understood. It is typical that the special training and schooling required for winter and summer mountaineering has held in check an adoption of these sports by the general masses. So also with general river and stream travel. Schooling and practice in technique; equipment; safety maneuvers; navigation, as well as route finding; party management; camping; map reading, and all similar phases of mountaineering must be mastered and applied to a degree every whit as diversified and interesting as climbing and ski-touring. In fact, no dyed-in-the-wool mountaineer should be surprised that here is a third phase of mountaineering, in the broad sense of the word, as we know it in our diverse terrain.

The challenge is to make it safe. We must again evolve standards of equipment, and technique suited to our needs; and we must make adequate provisions for training, trip programs, and leadership. The Washington Foldboat Club, composed in its majority of members of the Mountaineers, has laid the foundation for this. As a group already widely recognized despite its short existence, its nucleus of experienced mountaineer members has successfully accomplished the purpose of its formation:

"To foster the safe and sane development of the foldboating sport in the Pacific Northwest.

"To encourage the exploration of our inland lakes, Sound, and rivers.

"To provide training and instruction in the art of river travel to its members and the interested public.

"To schedule trips on our waterways throughout the year for its members as well as organized expeditions on scenic or unexplored rivers.

"To develop and provide expert leadership for all scheduled trips.

"To construct and make available maps, records, and information on all navigable rivers of the region to its members.

"To promote public good will and understanding of the sport, and to keep in contact with officials and agencies that control and otherwise influence policies and development of our rivers and waterways.

"To contribute in the development of American standards of technique and of equipment for the good of the sport in general."

This augments and fits well within the avowed purposes of THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., "To explore and study the mountains, forests and watercourses of the Northwest . . . ."

The Mountaineers harbor the many who search for the elemental joys of matching wits with nature, of experiencing the invigorating companion-
ship of kindred spirits, or the personal thrill of cutting loose to search for the El Dorado of unknown places. To the sturdy nailed boot and crampon, to the flexible, clinging, rock-scaling slipper, to the swift-plowing ski, there has been added a new travel medium—the folding kayak or foldboat, a tool or conveyance that opens the unknown paths of our mountain streams, and quickly starts us on a new gypsy life of downhill valley touring.

We are here not so concerned with expounding the indescribable white-water thrills of shooting rapids, skidding out of back-eddies in gracefully banked water-christies, climbing and glissading the rolling curlers of a Sound freshet or deep river “haystack.” No, it would be a gross injustice to a recreational sport such as foldboating to limit its appeal to thrill-seeker. We Mountaineers are sure that skiing is more than tow-running or jumping. With each new experience in the mountains, we come to feel that mountain-eering is more than piton driving, step cutting, overhang rappeling, and chimney stemming, though they do contribute spice to climbing.

In foldboating we keenly feel the friendly bond with our fellow paddlers that stems from the mutual moral and physical support of close teamwork on river scouting trips and the mastery of difficult stretches. The foldboater who has lazied and floated down mysterious streams along the forest edge, bobbed down the laughing ripples of a gladed stream, peered into azure pools to watch the finny shadows undisturbed, who has sat at his wilderness campfire on a lonely river bar listening to the impatient beckoning of the current promising new adventure ahead, or who has entered unexplored canyons and glided around sharp bends to surprise the beaver, otter, deer or bear, finds little in nature study to differentiate valley touring from mountain travel, except that perhaps he comes to feel independent in a larger sense. This independence comes about not only with boat ownership which allows him to river travel crosscountry, sail or fish on lakes when and
where he pleases, or paddle with the tides into a Puget Sound sunset. Rather it makes itself felt in the relaxing change of pace from strenuous climbing and ski touring. This is travel in comfortable sitting position, unannoyed by flies, dust, sweating, and unfettered by pack loads, or tired feet. This is a feeling of snug comfort, though pouring rain drums the tight canvas deck and cockpit cover, this effortless ease of slipping down the everchanging valleys past towering mountains at speeds from five to fifteen miles per hour as in a slow-motion downhill ski run. But enough! Don't ask why foldboat when one can sail, or motorcruise, or waterski. Our naive answer would be the same as yours, dear fellow climber, when put to the same query of why climb mountains.

What Does It Take?

Well, in a kayak shell, it takes first of all some ability to swim, if necessary with a life vest around one's waist just as a climber wears his rope, except that the average foldboater is seldom called upon to wear it in the boat. Next it takes either a single or double seater, costing from $50 second-hand up to $175 and even $300 for the very best new equipment. Savings can be made if two people buy a double-seater together. It takes a car and friends who have a car (a minimum of two per party), a little gas money, and a Sunday or week-end once or twice a month between March and November to get maximum river miles under one's hull for experience, and to learn the ropes on the easier streams. It also requires some help and go to join a foldboating class; but it does help to put you into the experienced paddler class the following year. will keep your skin dryer, and your boat newer-looking than if you tried to learn it all yourself the long and hard (wet) way.

As in climbing and skiing it takes the gathering of the seven essentials, six of which, at least, appear to be essential. You will need a few waterproof bags, a small boat repair kit, an air mattress, a couple of lines with floats attached, your own soft seat cushion arrangement, a pair of shorts and old tennis shoes to wade around in should your kayak want to be led around or over shallows, logs, or a slalom flush gate made of rocks. That makes six. As to the seventh essential, this seems to have appeared under that term only this past season, and whether we are "again" it or oblivious to it at first, we'll find that our weathered and proudly worn outdoor togs have no place in the extrovert vogue of the Washington foldboater. It's colors, my dear, that scream, the louder the more in style, and pity the paddler who wants to find himself and his kayak in a still or color movie of this rainbow-mad crowd with only a bright smile. No safer group travels the wilderness byways during the trigger-happy hunting season.

1951 Season

As a matter of record and interest to our members, the following trips and accomplishments may be cited for the past year of activities.

A promising new week-end foldboating area in our Cascades has been scouted and opened up, with camping and basking point at Lake Wenatchee State Park. Here four streams and a scenic mountain lake combine to offer a foldboater's week-end paradise. Scouting trips on new rivers this year also included the Hoh River, the DeChutes River, the Suattle River, the upper Baker, the Nooksack, the upper Puyallup, and the Cle Elum River. New scouted stretches of other rivers as on the Yakima, Nisqually, Cowlitz, Skykomish, etc., were added to sections already made popular in former years, besides new cruises and sails on mountain lakes such as Baker and Spirit Lake, not to forget the Sound trips and roamings through the San Juan Islands.

Two scouters also ran the lower Fraser River Canyon from Alexandria Bridge near and below Hell's Gate to Hope. This proved an extremely difficult run made so by the very strong eddy currents created at great depth, the surface current at one point running upstream from bank to bank.
Two short portages were required, and much useful information was obtained on the hydraulics of this type of stream. It is a stretch not recommended for the average foldboater used to shallower streams, although from the town of Hope to Vancouver navigation offers no problems.

Trips of an exploratory nature were again taken by vacationers this year, and “Operation Wilderness” into the unexplored canyons and channels of the swift North Saskatchewan and Kootenai Rivers in the Canadian Rockies became unforgettable to the modern voyagers. In seven single-seaters they traveled about 250 river miles without signs of civilization. Thus The Mountaineers are again pioneering and popularizing the last (?) of the great and popular outdoor sports originating from the region of the Alps, that cradle of our modern climbing, skiing, and foldboating.

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**CLUB ENTERTAINMENT**

**Monthly Meetings**

We could hardly wait to see all our Mountaineer travelers turn homeward at the end of the summer with their slides and movies, for then another season at our club-rooms for viewing the summer’s doings would be under-way. Europe, travels across the United States, and here at home—climbs, outings, and boat trips have all been recorded and so it will be well to find yourself once a month in our club-rooms at 523 Pike Street in Seattle to see your friends and re-live their adventures via the movie screen and the slide projector.

Mountaineers are everywhere and always with cameras at their sides. Some were on bicycles in Europe and on their return they promised a glowing evening of pictures; an education in itself. Some of our members took to the briny deep and the cruiser “Twanoh” and were off for a never-to-be-forgotten trip to Princess Louisa Inlet. The picture takes on board numbered everybody, so another evening of armchair cruising will be at hand.

You had but to pick up the Rotogravure section of the Seattle Times to see more Mountaineers, this time crossing the rugged Olympics. That was just a squint of the Summer Outing pictures they will bring for us to see.

As winter comes, skiing will be our theme and we’ll learn about the things we try when we are on the slopes. Last winter, as well as our own pictures, we had others loaned to us. We traveled England, Siam, and the “down-under land.” Close at hand we were taken on some Pacific Northwest trips by slides. On one evening we had our travels focused skyward as we viewed the huge Mount Palomar telescope, its construction and what is expected of its use.

After a season of such luring pictures at our club-rooms, we will all be off for the next summer, sitting high on a bicycle in Europe or Mexico, being a salt at sea, or atop some awesome peak! Don’t expect us home until fall, but we’ll be armed with pictures and ready for another season of clubroom fun all over again.

—CHARLOTTE PECHMAN

**Dance**

With that real zest for living characteristic of Mountaineers, the dancers came in ever-increasing numbers to enjoy the beauty and vivacity of folk dances. The casual observer, listening to the music of Bob Olson and his orchestra and watching the Mountaineers in their gay costumes, might easily imagine the Cossacks of the Don riding again as Polish Hall shudders under the heavy rhythm of the Russian “Korobushka,” or enjoy the songs and laughter of old Vienna while the whirling couples dance the Viennese Waltzes. Everyone likes a trip south of the border with the “Mexican Waltz,” and something awakens in the hearts of all of us as the heady “Gypsy Wine” dance leaves the dancers laughing and breathless.

In keeping with their spirit of progress, the Mountaineers adopted new dances such as St. Bernard’s Waltz, Corrido, and At the Inn. These were introduced by Dorothy and Chet Little, to whom the dancers owe much for their generosity and patience in teaching them.

The Halloween Masquerade, which is becoming a tradition, revealed unsuspected talents and wit among those who promenaded in various guise from clowns to trees, so that the judges had difficulty choosing the winning costumes.

**Special Outings**

The success of the cruise to Horsehead Bay in May was undoubtedly what inspired the Trustees to re-create the Special Outings Committee. Also, the success of the week’s cruise in the summer of 1950 assured our having a cruise in 1951 for nine days, including Labor Day. We shall now try to make one-week cruises an annual event.

After a dance and a horseback outing at Irish Cabin in August, and a week-end cruise or two in September, Special Outings Committee will meet to plan the ensuing year.

—KEN HITCHING.
"Where the Wild Goose Goes"

By MARY E. HOSSACK
Illustrations by Bob Cram

The day came at long last—August 3—our takeoff time for the Caribou country of northern British Columbia, land of the loon and the wild goose, of big game and fighting fish, an untarnished wilderness world of peace and quiet beauty.

Eight of us planned to make the circuit, via canoe, of a parallelogram formed by a group of lakes situated seventy miles east of Quesnel, B. C. These narrow mountain lakes, the Bowron-Isaac group, are connected by streams and portages—"easily traversed" the map assured us; the distance around the circuit is about one hundred ten miles. We had arranged with R. D. McKitrick, of Bowron Lake Lodge on Bowron Lake, last outpost of civilization, to have four canoes ready for us there. All other equipment, also our food which was carefully planned to eliminate unnecessary weight, individually packaged for each overnight camp, and packed in waterproof bags, we took with us from home.

Eleanor and Joseph Buswell, Jane and George MacGowan, Lee and Roy Snider, my husband, Jack, and I, all mountaineering comrades of long standing, left Seattle the evening of August 3 in two heavily loaded cars, sped north across the border and camped that night on the banks of the Fraser River at Hope, B. C. The next morning, under a glorious sun, we drove north again up the rugged gorge of the Fraser. The mighty, silt-laden stream has carved out a deep and tortuous channel and the road, now being improved, which clings precariously to the curves and twists of the cliffs high above, is breath-taking. At Lytton we left the Fraser and followed the clear, deep-green Thompson River, soon emerging into open parklike country.

Past Cache Creek, 100 Mile House, lovely Lac LaHache, 150 Mile House, we followed the old stage-coach route of the early mining days, when fabulous fortunes in gold came out of the Caribou, north to the booming little city of Quesnel; then west through tenantless country we drove in gathering darkness through and on beyond the isolated mining town of Wells, while rain descended in torrents. When it seemed that we must be the only survivors in this wet, dark world, the shadowy outlines of Bowron Lake Lodge loomed out of the night. In response to our knock, the kerosene lamps were lighted and the McKitricks made us welcome.

On Sunday morning we carefully stowed our gear in the four slender green canoes which were ready for us on the shore of Bowron Lake. Just as we shoved off into the great unknown a flock of wild geese, Canadian honkers, swept over us and away up the lake; their calls, wild and strong, were like an invitation to follow.

None of us had had much practice in canoeing—just a few trial spins on Lake Washington, but we all liked it at once and had no great difficulties. Loaded canoes are surprisingly stable if reasonable caution is used. The feel of the paddle against the smooth, yielding strength of the water, the quietness of the feeling of oneness with the natural surroundings are very good.

Groups of loons sent their wavering, haunting cries across the lake as they rode low in the water or dived at our approach. They enjoyed the showers which brought out our ponchos. At the end of the lake we searched for and found the narrow, twisting channel through the high green reeds which led into Swan Lake. Red-winged blackbirds, sandpipers, goldfinches and various
other birds sang and darted around us. On the marshy shore we saw wallows and mud slides made by the small and large wild occupants of the area. The feeling of exploring a place where few people go was most intriguing to us all.

Half-way down the lake we camped on Swan Island in a grove of quaking aspens. The ground was covered with thick, spongy moss of a vivid green and the underbrush was lush. Evergreens were fir, larch and pine, and a graceful low-growing cedar. Numbers of the trees had been felled by beavers, the men saw several of the industrious creatures while fishing.

The cries of wild geese and the rattle of a kingfisher woke us to a cool, grey Monday morning and soon Canadian bacon and trout, caught the night before, were sizzling on the griddle. Camp quickly broken, we were on our way over the smooth, dark water. Swan Lake merged smoothly into Lower Spectacle Lake. The depth of the lakes on the western side of the rectangle varies tremendously and aquatic vegetation grows rampantly, reaching the surface in many places. High, wooded mountains rose steeply on all sides where we stopped for lunch, beside one of the small log cabins Mr. McKitrick has built at several points around the lakes. (They are kept locked and are used mainly during the big-game season.)

At the end of Upper Spectacle Lake we found a sign, Portage 1, and an ancient little four-wheeled cart which ran on rickety wooden rails across a narrow strip of land to a miniature lake beyond. Transferring our canoes and dunnage in this manner was easy and fast and we were soon across the tiny lake to Portage No. 2, which was like the first and brought us into Babcock or Three-Mile Lake, where the loons kept us company all the way.

Our next hazard was a small creek which varied in depth from a few inches of clear water running over pebbles, to deep holes. It was further complicated by numerous beaver dams, some of which were four feet high. We pulled, pushed and paddled by turns, poking holes through the beaver dams as we went; it was fun. The creek ran into the Swamp River, an opaque glacial stream with a fair current, a rather stiff pull. We passed a cow moose feeding in the water and startled a big bald eagle from his perch in a tall snag. Two miles upstream the shores curved away into the broad expanse of Sandy Lake.

Camp that night was made on a beautiful sandy beach backed by grove of white birch trees. The forested hills around us were mirrored in the quiet water. After a delicious ham dinner we watched the brilliant sunset tinge the snow peaks up the lake with soft rose. We spent a day there fishing and exploring. The ladies also did the laundry and those men who believed in shaving, shaved.

On Wednesday we paddled the length of Lonezi Lake, which is fjordlike in its beauty. The wooded mountains rise precipitously from the narrow lake, the higher and more rugged peaks capped by rock and extensive hanging glaciers, waterfalls and strips of lighter-green vegetation mark the course of avalanches. Kaza, the Needle, thrust its stark summit high into the blue on our left and Ishpa, the Pyramid, on our right, proudly bore a heavy burden of ice. Late that afternoon we reached the end of Lonezi Lake and the entrance to the Caribou River, the swift water about which Mr. McKitrick had warned us. Brave in our inexperience, we launched out into the deep.

The river grew swifter, the volume increased and we found ourselves paddling upstream on a turbulent glacier torrent, whose curves followed one
upon the other. Our procedure was to paddle furiously up the deep-water side of a curve, laboriously gaining as much distance as possible, then to head straight across the rushing water, paddling hard to maintain direction, landing on the shallow side of the curve where there were no overhanging trees and thickets, and where we could line the canoes up the bank to the next curve by means of ropes attached to the prows and thwarts. This we continued to do hour after hour, for five hours to be exact, and only twice did a canoe get away and head downstream, losing precious distance. It was exciting and exhausting. At eight o'clock we gratefully sighted the clear, calm waters of McCleary's Lake and on the far side a camp which hunters had left, where an old canvas tent erected over poles made a welcome refuge for a weary group of canoeists.

We spent three days in this ideal spot. McCleary's is a small lake surrounded by forested hills and snow-capped peaks. While the men fished and explored the portages ahead of us which led around the falls of the McCleary River and on up to Isaac Lake, we women had a wonderful leisurely interlude in camp, amid the flowers and birds and shining dragonflies. We saw moose and deer, beavers, loons, wild geese and ducks, many with broods of young, and the tracks of bears. An adventurous mink, while Jack had another fish on his hook, slipped up and stole a fish he had already caught and placed on a log a few feet away. We had some wonderful trout—the largest was twenty-five inches long. We baked the larger fish in heavy foil and made hot biscuits in a foil oven; they were delicious. The weather at McCleary's was glorious, except for two thunderstorms one of which was most severe and gave us an awe-inspiring display of fireworks and terrific thunder-claps amid a deluge of rain.

Sunday was portage day for us; Roy and George had one exciting canoe trip across the rapids above the falls, when the current behind a large rock caught the prow of the canoe and flipped them into the swift water. Roy found that he could swim to shore in his clothes and heavy boots, and George was able to maneuver the canoe into an eddy. The waterproof dunnage bag, filled with food, which they were carrying was also rescued; we were lucky. The fellows manfully carried the heavy canoes on their shoulders over so-called trails distinguished mostly by down timber, rocks and holes every few feet. It was not easy work at best and the steady rain was not helpful. We women helped carry dunnage and encouraged the men. Up one short stretch of the swift McCleary River we paddled and camped in the dense woods at the outlet of Isaac Lake, the largest of the group, which is thirty-five miles long.

Each new lake we traversed seemed lovelier than the last. Isaac Lake is clear and green and the rocky shores drop almost vertically to great depths. Skimming along over the transparent waters we were delighted by the most perfect reflections of the encircling mountains and the snowfields above.

Our camp at Betty Wendel Creek half-way up the lake was visited by a bull moose which came very close to our tents and fed unconcernedly at the water's edge. The moon came up through broken clouds as we sang the old songs and spirituals in harmony while the fire burned low. It was a beautiful night.

As we neared the end of Isaac Lake the rains descended again and they continued while we made our last portage over rough, marshy terrain into Indian Point Lake, our last lake. However, the weather was warm and no
one minded; we always slept dry in our little tents and everyone had water­
proof clothing.

One last camp on the shores of Indian Point Lake, where the laughter
around our evening fire was so contagious that three loons answered us and
came sailing close into camp before they discovered their error and dived precipitately. Next morning we paddled across the last stretch of shining
water in time to keep our rendezvous with Mr. McKitrick on the far shore.
Since we had seen no one except ourselves for eleven days, it seemed almost
miraculous to see him riding out of the woods. We followed the pack horses
over seven miles of boggy trail back to a warm reception and a wonderful
dinner at the lodge. That evening Mr. McKitrick told us tales of gold mines,
grizzly bears and moose hunting before the fire while mounted trophies
looked down reproachfully upon us from the walls.

On Friday morning, in golden sunshine, we regretfully took leave of the
lovely land of the lakes. On the way back to Quesnel we took a short side
trip to the ghost mining town of Barkersville, where we strolled through
the almost deserted streets, once so full of lusty life, and explored the
historic graveyard where the fireweed grows high around the worn markers
and stones.

Back across the border in our own land, we readjusted ourselves to the
restraints and the comforts of civilization. It had been wonderful for a time
to go “where the wild goose goes.” Now some of us are talking of buying
canoes for ourselves.

THE LUCKY FOUR RANGE

One of the year’s scheduled Experience Climbs was a Labor Day trip to the Lucky
Four Range, due north of Mount Baker in British Columbia. It was an especially inter­
esting trip in that no Seattle party had previously climbed in the area, most of our advance
information deriving from the 1946 Canadian Alpine Journal. A 200-mile drive through
Chilliwack to Restmore Annex, followed by a bus ride up the private logging road to
Jones (Wahleach) Lake, brought us into a lovely logged-off valley bottom. The bus driver’s
information on the location of the trail could not have been further wrong had he hated
us like poison: a normal three to four hour trail hike developed into a six to ten hour
trial by brush and yellowjackets. Several camps were occupied, all in fine alpine lo­
cations, depending on what point weariness overtook the several groups. The next day
all but one of the party climbed Foley, 7200 feet, with two climbers ascending Wahleach
(Welch), 8100 feet. High, sharp peaks they are, draped with numerous small, active
glaciers—but so rotten as to make a rock climber very sad at heart. The majority of the
party spent most of the day at the Rico Mine, situated on the slopes of Foley in a 6200-
foot col between two glaciers. The miners (who are supplied by helicopter) served ham
and eggs to all comers, and coffee and cake after we returned from Foley, and escorted
us through the mine, where many fine quartz and garnet crystals were gathered. Climbers
are advised: (1) it’s a beautiful alpine area, but not for climbing; (2) access requires
much correspondence, both to get permission from the warden to enter and to arrange
transportation up the private road.

CLIMBS IN JAPAN

Lieutenant (j. g.) Kermit Bengston, now spending most of his time cruising off the
coast of Korea, reports that he has not wasted his shore leave in Japan. His first climb
was an ascent of the 3000-foot active volcanic cone of O Shima in the mouth of Tokyo
Bay, accompanied by several thousand Japanese. According to his account the trip is
interesting, though the peak is regrettably lacking in glaciation. After several attempts
were turned back by bad weather, the Bengston Fujiyama Expedition saw its ambitions
realized when the summit of that noble peak was attained. The climb was without incident,
though quantities of new snow kept the local citizens from attempting the ascent, and
Lieutenant Bengston and his companions enjoyed the rare privilege of being almost alone
atop Fuji.

SAFETY TIP . . . Safety-consciousness is a daily habit. In order to
carry over into Mountaineering, it must be practiced out of the
mountains. It cannot be effective if turned on and off for special
occasions.—WOLF BAUER.
Ascent of Mt. Saugstad

By PETE SCHOENING

The beautiful and spectacular mountains we know within our own state are actually only a portion of the long cordillera extending up and down the Pacific Coast. In British Columbia, under the name Coast Range, are found the most majestic extremes, the most spectacular glaciation and serration of the entire rugged spine. It’s not far from Seattle to this climbers’ playground—on a clear day the Waddington peaks are visible from such summits as Baker—but access is difficult and the weather is notoriously poor, and comparatively little climbing has been accomplished. Until now the main objective has usually been in the direction of whichever peak has the temporary distinction of “highest unclimbed,” and as a consequence most of the highest mountains have been climbed. One of them, however, in spite of explorations and attempts, successfully resisted man’s efforts until this summer. This is lofty Mt. Saugstad, 11,000 feet, located approximately 400 miles north and west of Seattle, deep in the heart of the Bella Coola group of the Coast Range.

On three successive years in the late thirties, climbers failed on Saugstad, turned back by those common problems—finding a feasible approach, a feasible summit route, being there when climbing conditions were satisfactory. With the knowledge obtained on these attempts, and with a horrifying amount of climbing paraphernalia, John Dudra of Vancouver, Bill Kuss and I squeezed into Fred Melberg’s Seabee one day early in August, and took off on the first stage of a quest we hoped would be successful.

About five hours flying time brought us to the head of North Bentinck Arm, one of those scenic fjords so prominently a feature of the British Columbia Coast. Nestling here between towering granite walls at the mouth of the Bella Coola River is the historic little town of Bella Coola. Historic, for it was here Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific in 1793, the first white man to cross the continent, beating the more publicized Lewis and Clarke expedition by 12 years. In 1894, Reverend Saugstad established a settlement in the Bella Coola Valley and with the aid of the high-paying government jobs induced a sizable number of settlers to take up land. Most of these families apparently came from Minnesota. Even today one can talk to some of the original pioneers and listen astonished to the tales of the hardships encountered in building the community. Today the Valley harbors a population of some 1500, about half whites and half Indians. The only transportation to the outside world is by boat, plane or trail, but even in this isolated condition the citizens modestly flourish on the fishing and logging industries, with some pretense toward farming.

We arrived in the town on Saturday evening, and as usual in small towns, most of the population were actively engaged in gossip fests, or in buying up the next week’s supply of reading material. Into this peaceful scene we trudged under stupendous packs, and when we established headquarters on the steps of the only cafe in town, local conversation and interest naturally concentrated on us. “Goin’ prospectin’?” “Headin’ up for some bear hunting, eh boys?” “You fellas from the University?” These were typical questions. With some difficulty we managed to convey the idea we were not only sane, but we were going to attempt their highest mountain.

Mt. Saugstad is located some ten miles to the south of the Bella Coola Valley and approachable from the river by either of two small tributaries. Our selection, based on previous explorations, was the most westerly tributary, ten miles east of the town. Snoottli Creek. Without doubt the valley of the Snoottli nourishes the healthiest brush to be found in the Coast Range, and presents considerable difficulty to anyone trying to travel with 65-pound packs. Supposedly a trapping line runs up the valley but we were able to

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follow it only a couple miles, and then we were on our own. This “garden of green stuff” is indescribable in language fit to be printed. In some places the network of unmentionables is so thick we could only see a few feet, and sheer brawn, no brain, was what it took to get through. We adapted a technic of just staggering and bulling blindly ahead, ramming into the thickets and hoping to gain a few inches, and at least not be thrown backward, which also happened. It was in some of these blind wallows, I pictured meeting one of the much respected grizzly bears. Every citizen of Bella Coola has a terrifying grizzly story, and they’re always telling them. After seeing some of the places where these monsters had strolled through the brush, in areas which looked impregnable to anything but bulldozers, and seeing tracks as big as dinner plates, we were in no mood to doubt even the wildest details of the local stories. Actually, though we saw too many fresh signs to be comfortable, our only bear experience was when John, awakening from dreams of bears, heard horrible snorts, growls, and groans nearby, and was halfway up a tree before he discovered the disturbance was due to the soft and delicate snoring of one of his companions.

An incidental note on proper armor for brush-fighting—to save my wool climbing pants from the ventilation which would be so uncomfortable at cooler altitudes, I wore tin pants in the valley. I think on such occasions the extra weight is well worth it.

The second day gave us our first view of the peak, for previously the weather had been a little nasty, going to the extreme of a little rain to freshen up the vegetation. Needless to say, at higher altitudes the moisture had been snow, and our objective was well plastered down some 1500 feet
from the summit, which made the peak look a little rough. Without this snow Saugstad is essentially a massive rock structure formed in the shape of a star whose arms are the north, east, south, and west ridges. Each ridge is separated from the others by small but spectacular glaciers situated below steep cliffs that join at the apex to form the true summit. The form is not absolutely symmetrical for the summit shares its glory with a prominence on the north ridge known as the North Peak.

After careful scrutiny of possible visible routes, the final plan was to establish high camp well up on the west ridge within a day’s climb of the summit, which would also allow the possibly necessary deviation to an alternate route on the south ridge. Moving slowly to the snout of the West Saugstad Glacier, we found rope and crampons essential to further progress through the great serac fields. Presently a ledge was found traversing from the side of the glacier and leading to the crest of the west ridge. We continued on easy slopes to a neat little nest of rocks at 7300 feet, which we selected for high camp. Water and wood were absent from this lovely haven but Mother Nature had made up for the scarcity by providing a vast excess of granite boulders. One thing is for sure, it wasn’t hard to get up in the morning.

This was the day we were waiting for, and after swallowing a cold breakfast we began the slow and steady climb to the summit. The first hour was not too severe in difficulty but as altitude was gained the ridge became steeper and the exposure on either side increased, the glaciers below steadily receding. Progress was complicated by glare ice covering the rock, but careful timing, proper selection of footing and hand holds and good balance took us ever upward until finally there was no place else to go up, and the summit was ours, a rounding ridge five feet wide dropping 5000 feet on the west, and 2000 feet on the east to an immense hanging glacier whose avalanches poured another 1500 feet to a lower glacier.

The day was flawless and around us as far as the eye could see jutted the summits of a sea of mountains. Even famous Waddington, highest in the Coast Range, was visible on the horizon 60 miles to the southeast. It doesn’t take much of a prophet to forecast that for years to come, mountainiers will be making first ascents in this alpine paradise.

I was surprised, though, at the lack of basic difference between the peaks around us and those in our own northern Cascades—degree of glaciation is all that distinguishes the two. It was not too long ago that the Cascade Pass giants and the Pickets were quite similar.

Many known and unknown distant peaks were observed but a promontory that kept catching our eyes and our ambitions was about a half mile to the north and 500 feet lower than our own perch. This was Mt. Saugstad’s North Peak. Retreating to Boulder Patch Camp we decided to put it on the program for the next day.

After crossing the West Saugstad Glacier we tripped lightly to the snout of a hanging glacier and followed it up some interestingly steep neve to its head and then navigated the rock for 500 feet to the crest of the long north ridge of Saugstad. The North Peak was now about midway between us and the main summit. The route was essentially up the ridge but on occasion we were entertained with some whiskered climbing, first by being forced out on the east face for the first 400 feet and then out on the west face for a similar distance. The rock on the steeper portion of the ridge was rotten and quite similar to the brown sugar constituting the Willis Wall of Rainier. Most of the rock of the area is granite but a later observation of this route indicated it followed a wide dike running up to the ridge. Our self-esteem as route-finders fell considerably when we discovered this.

Throughout the climb we used 136-foot, 3/8-inch nylon ropes with leads averaging about 60 feet, usually traversing leads to give protection to the belayer. No safety devices were used other than the natural rock projections. All belay points were protected as much as possible from rockfall by finding
positions below rock projections, overhangs, and the like, anchoring the belayer with the loose end of the climbing rope. Two of the leads were across extremely steep ice slopes necessitating crampons and step-cutting.

The top was finally attained at 4:00 p.m., with our consciences hurting, for the last two hours since 2:00 p.m. had been the predetermined turnaround time. Here again was a case where the force of desire swayed our mountaineering judgment, and although we were able to return without a forced bivouac we must credit that to luck rather than good sense.

With two summits of Saugstad accomplished we addressed ourselves to the return, using the same grizzly-dodging techniques, and with nothing notable—oh yes, the brush was still there.

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SOUTH FACE OF FORBIDDEN PEAK

Of the many faces in the Cascade Pass area, the slabby south wall of Forbidden Peak is one of the most challenging. With the advent of the extended road, climbers became interested in this problem, and on the Fourth of July weekend of 1950 Bill Fix, Pete Schoening, Fred Beckey, and I endeavored to scale this sheer 1000-foot wall. Downslab and the rarity of piton cracks precluded all routes except one possibility, that being a more broken section that appeared to culminate in a deep chimney hitting the west ridge near the summit, but even portions of this route looked terrifying from below.

The first day we made some 500 feet from the glacier, using a number of pitons, and finding progress painstakingly slow, because of the difficult climbing and utter lack of decent belay positions. These were often of a hanging nature, using pitons as anchors. There was no hope of making the summit that day so we left fixed ropes along most of the lower section.

Fix and Schoening remained to complete the climb next day, as the rest of us had to return home. The bad down-slabs were eventually negotiated, and the chimney of the climb— the vertical chimney—proved quite a problem. Pete spent several hours leading through a jumble of overhanging cracks, a climb he considers as exposed and as difficult as any he had even done. Above this a fifth-class pitch led to the west ridge, from where the summit was reached late in the afternoon, ending a climb that required the use of thirty-four pitons, five for direct aid. On the next day Beckey returned with Chuck Welsh and Phil Sharpe and with Pete made the second ascent of the east ridge.

—DICK WIDRIC.

AN ALTERNATIVE TO PLANNED BIVOUACS

Climbers contemplating ascents which, because of their length and difficulty, are usually considered to require more than one day have a choice of two alternative methods. One is the traditional technique of maintaining altitude as gained and at night making bivouacs on the route, continuing the climb on the next day, or as many days (with intervening bivouacs) as are required. The two main disadvantages of this method are, first, the danger of bad weather isolating the climbers, and second, the physical and mental deterioration. Improper rest and food, and in many cases the constant nervous strain, reduce the efficiency of the climbing team, often making the climb progressively less safe, and progress increasingly slower.

A second method recently demonstrated on such face-climbs as the East Face of Index and the South Face of Forbidden is to spend the first day establishing the route as high as possible by placing fixed ropes, belay stations, and safety anchors, and then returning to a camp at least reasonably comfortable, retracing the route and completing the climb on the next or following days. This technique eliminates the two disadvantages pointed out in the other procedure, the climbers starting each day in good condition, and never being at the mercy of overnight storms. Thus, although more climbing is necessary due to the repetition of the route, it is probably on many long, difficult climbs a much safer and enjoyable technique.

SAFETY TIP... Fatigue and Haste—watch out! Recognize and control them. We have learned this year how serious is a disregard of either.—WOLF BAUER.
Most people who have climbed on peaks that are, or have been, heavily glaciated will agree that climbing such peaks is more inspiring than any other type of climbing. This is especially true if the present glaciation is quite extensive. It is, however, difficult to look at the enormous amounts of fresh detrital material present near the termini of rapidly receding present-day glaciers without wondering if glacial ice will disappear or very nearly disappear from all but our highest summits in the foreseeable future. It is said by many people, and there are published reports, that our climate actually is getting warmer and drier. Glacial recession is said to be due to this change. Mountaineers are sometimes willing to accept this idea when skiing is ruined by warm rains for days on end in January, but it does not seem quite so plausible to a party whose winter vacation is ruined by weeks of incessant blizzards or to a party turned back from the summit of Mr. Rainier at 11,000 feet by a July blizzard. Also, when evidence of Pleistocene glaciation is seen along the roadside in the lowland many miles from any present glacial activity while returning home from a blizzard-ruined trip, one often wonders what sort of climatic conditions must have prevailed then in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest.

One of the best ways to determine overall climatic trends and to shed light on past climatic conditions is to study present-day glaciation. Glaciers are formed where there is an annual excess of precipitation in the form of snow over annual melting, or ablation. The snow piles up year after year and gradually changes by a process of recrystallization into ice. When the ice reaches a certain critical thickness it will begin to flow, and when the glacier reaches equilibrium the flow of ice past any given point will represent the annual excess of solid precipitation over ablation above that point. By noting changes in ice flow past a given point difference in the sum total, or integrated effect, of the following factors can be measured: (1) total annual precipitation above a given point occurring in the form of solids, (2) total annual liquid precipitation above the given point possessing power of ablation, i.e., warm rains, (3) average annual air temperature, and (4) the average radiant heat received annually from the sun. This last is determined by the radiation emitted by the sun and the average protection afforded by cloud cover. These factors will be different for various glaciers in the same locality due to differences in exposure, elevation, gradient, and other physical factors, but they will remain essentially constant for any given glacier.

Aside from the interest to mountaineers, the geologist and climatologist are interested in glacier study because the above-mentioned climatic factors determine lowland as well as alpine climate and they were the factors determining the climate during periods of Pleistocene major glaciation. Two glaciers are being studied in the State of Washington at the present time—the Nisqually on Mt. Rainier by the U. S. Geological Survey and the Coleman on Mt. Baker by Western Washington College. The Coleman project was begun three years ago with the measurement of the altitude of the surface of the ice all the way across the glacier at right angles to the direction of flow at two elevations—4,800 feet and 6,000 feet. These two stations were about one-fourth mile and one mile, respectively, upstream from the terminus. The position of the terminus was also mapped. Permanent bronze reference markers were established in marginal bedrock at both localities and in the vicinity of the terminus. All measurements were made accurately, using a transit. Measurements were made in October just prior to winter snows, and it was found that the snowline—altitude above which snow remained throughout the year and hence the altitude above which accumulation ex-
ceeded ablation—was just about the altitude of the upper station. Six thousand feet is a very low altitude for the snowline on a glacier with the gradient of the Coleman. It is almost certainly much lower than it has been for many years in the recent past, and would lead one to suspect increased down-valley movement of the glacier.

The terminus of the Coleman presents the same appearance on the termini of other major Cascade glaciers and most glaciers all over the world. There is a large deglaciated area and all evidence of rapid recession. Interestingly enough, when the measurements of the fall of 1950 were plotted, the surface of the ice had risen an average of 30 feet across the glacier at the lower reference point and an average of 15 feet all the way across at the upper reference point. This indicated an increase in flow, and as expected the terminus had advanced down valley about 80 feet from its position the previous year. An examination of the glacier in June of 1951 indicated that a further advance of 60 feet had occurred and more could be expected. The terminus had thickened considerably and vigorous ice movement was indicated by frequent avalanches at the terminus. Ice avalanches were also occurring with great frequency in an icefall one-half mile from the terminus. A large area of bedrock exposed within this icefall the preceding year had been completely covered with ice. Snow depth at 9,500 feet elevation on Mt. Baker within the snow supply area of the Coleman was as much as 150 feet greater than at the same time of year two seasons previously.

The Coleman is the only glacier within the United States that is definitely known to be advancing, although there are reports of thickening of glaciers on Mt. Rainier and in the Sierra. This thickening will probably lead to readvance, if it continues. Some major glaciers in Alaska are known to be thickening and advancing, although the majority are thinning and their termini are receding. This simultaneous advance and recession of glaciers in the same area may seem confusing, but further study will undoubtedly show much of it to be caused by the different effects of minor climatic variations on glaciers with dissimilar geography; for example, the effect of a series of unusually warm and moist air masses on a glacier deriving its ice supply from neve fields where these air masses would cause rain as compared with the effect of the same air masses on a nearby glacier supplied by neve fields high enough to receive the precipitation as snow. The Coleman advance probably is due to the recent series of winters during which there was abnormally heavy snowfall followed by summer cloud and temperature conditions less unfavorable to snow retention than normal. Conditions for snow retention at Mt. Baker during the melting season of 1951 have been very unfavorable, and results of the October 1951 measurements will be of great interest when available.

No particular significance can be attached to the advance of the Coleman until a thorough study has been made of available weather records for the area, other glaciers in the area, and until observations have been made for a number of years. Continued study will probably show that (1) mountain valley glaciers in regions of copious snow supply and high ablation rates change much more in volume and extent in response to minor climatic variations than is suspected by most observers; (2) although the area of Cascade Range glaciers may be expected to vary quite considerably in response to minor climatic fluctuations, no major climatic change is occurring at present. The present climate is generally a little warmer and drier than the climate prevailing a few hundred years ago when all Cascade glaciers were at their recent maxima.

It cannot be over-emphasized that there is need for much further study to establish or dis-establish these ideas and obtain more data useful in the study of present climate and climate during the periods of major glaciation. In the meantime, the Coleman Glacier area of Mt. Baker (Kulshan Cabin approach) is of especial interest to those interested in glacial phenomena and scenes of great natural beauty.
Underground Rock-climbing

By W. R. HALLIDAY

From the earliest days of his existence on earth, caves have played a large part in the life of man. From the eras when he contested their shelter with the sabre-tooth tiger, cave bear, or, more happily, the lumbering ground sloth, he has left decipherable records of his life and burial within the shelter of the cave. Here may be traced the entire progress of the race, from primitive ceremonial paintings and sculptures of clay to the coins and implements of the copper and iron ages, serving perchance as religious shrines, as sources of saltpeter for the manufacture of gunpowder or guano for fertilizer, or, in these uneasy days, alternately as tourist attractions and possible air raid shelters. Equal has been man's progress in the answer to the call of the dark unknown, from the smoky pitch torches of our long-gone ancestors to the flickering candles which have served for most of the world's cave exploration and our brand-new carbide lamps and flashlights. And with each extension in our capabilities, interest in cave exploration increased.

America is perhaps the world's richest nation in caves. It has been authoritatively estimated that, within our borders, 10,000 caves are known and perhaps five times as many have not yet been discovered. Nevertheless, speleology in the United States is probably thirty years behind that of Europe, where organized groups long ago took the lead in systematic exploration and study. Besides the archeological and paleontological possibilities, caves represent a geologist's paradise in the unsolved problems of their formation, their bedrock and fantastic decorations, their atmosphere and ground water. Unique animals and plants excite the biologist. Stupendous vistas intrigue the photographer. Impossible traverses and bottomless pits delight the climber.

In the regions of Europe and the United States where caves are common, climbing groups have often taken the lead in their exploration. The Colorado Mountain Club has carried out the only known exploration of Marble Cave, Colorado. The Rockclimbers of the southern branch of the Sierra Club have taken an active part in the penetration of the more difficult vertical caves of southern California. The Potomac Appalachian Trail Club is responsible for pioneering the incredible route through the famous Schoolhouse Cave of West Virginia, where the average time for the 3000-foot round trip is 22 hours. More recently, members of the Mountaineers have begun the systematic exploration of the caves of the Northwest.

Many caves require no special equipment. The majority require little or no skill or special knowledge, although a background of the geologic and biologic factors is desirable for full enjoyment of a cave. Skill in rock climbing is essential to the serious caver, for otherwise the unknown will ever remain just out of reach.

On his first venture underground, the climber will be impressed by the difference from the conditions to which he is accustomed. Most obvious is the utter darkness, relieved only by the gleaming circle from each spelunker's headlight. The climber will often have to descend into a black void on rock he has not previously ascended. Even if a climber is accustomed to limestone, he will find cave rocks different. The rather smooth block surfaces left by the solution of ancient ground water are vastly different from the jagged, pitted surfaces of exposed limestone. It is necessary to watch for false floors and to estimate the strength of various mineral coatings. Severe overhangs are frequently encountered, and, due to the narrowness of many passages, the climber may feel cramped without the whole sky to lean back against. Route finding requires different processes and branching passages may overwhelm the novice.
Not all the conditions are discouraging, however. A pleasant, even temperature and absence of wind may be anticipated. The very narrowness of the passages offers another wall to push against in many a difficult spot. Even the darkness may be a hidden advantage for it conceals exposure. Extremely stimulating is the lure of the unknown as the passages and pits open ahead, and just around the next bend may be great formations cascading down high walls into crystal pools—perhaps never before seen by man.

With proper equipment, the old bugaboo of getting lost is rarely a problem. Ordinary out-of-doors principles well known to Mountaineers are effective. Strings may be laid out in small, highly complex caves, and dues or smoked arrows indicating the direction to the entrance may be used to advantage. Falling rock, while an ever-present possibility, is rarely a cause of serious accident, perhaps because of the awareness of the caver of its presence. The safety of caving under proper conditions is verified by the fact that no member of the National Speleological Society, in its twelve years of existence, has been severely injured or killed, in spite of an admittedly faulty safety program during its early days.

Techniques of cave climbing are in general those of rock climbing, with certain special emphasis, modifications and additions imposed or allowed by local peculiarities. Chimney-stemming (chimneying) is the caver’s most useful technique. Every known or imagined method is commonly employed, in cracks ranging from nine inches to six feet in width. Some spelunkers consider crawling to be merely horizontal chimneying, and proceed accordingly.

Characteristic is the caver’s use of a fixed rope, which is sometimes misused as a substitute for a belay. The rope may be used for direct aid in ascent, as a guide line in descent with prussik knots at overhangs, occasionally for a Tyrolean traverse, and at times to rappel on a familiar descent. On a first descent the ever present possibility of rappelling over a great overhang and the common narrowness of the fissure discourage that technique, especially where close inspection of the route to be used in the ascent is necessary. Such a location often calls for the use of rope ladders, or even a winch. When such an overhang must be approached from below, French speleologists have devised a demountable portable mast for raising a ladder into position.

Equipment should be held to a minimum or it will all be discarded at the first tight crawl. That minimum, however, should include two ropes per party, preferably one nylon safety rope and one manila climbing rope, each 120 feet of 5/16-inch, unless the cave is known to require no rope work. Emergency food, flash camera, rudimentary first aid kit, compass, measuring tape, notebook for mapping, one canteen, and full carbide container for each two men; and three sources of light per man (excluding matches) are essential.

Most cavers prefer carbide headlamps over the less rugged and dependable electric type, but spare parts for either must always be carried. Spotbeam pocket flashlights should make up the second light source, unless the cave is adapted to Coleman lanterns. Candles, lit with waterproof matches, have brought many a party safely to daylight when other sources have failed. Other equipment will depend on the individual cave. Anything from dust masks to life rafts may be required. A few pitons are often especially useful.

Clothes should be rugged, warm and in layers. Expected temperatures are around 55 degrees in limestone, with several degrees seasonal variance encountered in lava. Tan coveralls have proved highly satisfactory, especially if equipped with patch pockets, which protect what is otherwise the most vulnerable area. Knee pads are highly agreeable in long crawls. Tennis shoes are best for most limestone caves, especially where a little wading is necessary. Bramani boots are sometimes advantageous, and are essential for
the more rugged exploration of lava tubes. Tricounis are of advantage only in certain types of ice caves. Cotton gloves will prevent the inevitable minor but painful hand abrasions and burns. Most cavers like hard hats and will point out the scars on their helmets on request. Others prefer to use their heads.

For all those interested in seeking out the mystery and beauty of the inner parts of the earth, the National Speleological Society, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., and its Cascade Grotto, made up largely of Mountaineers, stand ready to extend every possible aid. Come cave with us!

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ATTEMPTS ON NORTH FACE OF BARING

The north face of Mount Baring, the great wall one sees in profile from the lower Skykomish valley, and head-on from the Gunn peaks, long has been considered one of the outstanding mountaineering problems in the state. On two week-ends in July this year, probably for the first time, parties attempted this 3100-foot precipice.

The first week-end was spent in reconnoitering possible routes, and the highest point reached was the second prominent ledge seen from Barclay Lake. We concluded the huge chimney cleaving the upper face would be impossible, if not suicidal, because of chockstones as big as three-bedroom houses, and also the considerable rockfall. Several routes exist up the easier east face, but we concentrated on the north face, and in particular, the semi-corner between the north and east faces.

The second week-end saw us regain this second ledge over previously-fixed ropes. We then proceeded directly up from the east end of the ledge, over a nose-like structure, to a small ledge about 300 feet above the second ledge. Here it appeared possible to find a way through the overhangs which ring the upper face some 200 feet from the top, so with a shoulder stand and three aid pitons we climbed to the much-appreciated shade of an overhang. Working south under this bulge, we used four aid pitons, including one wide-angle, to negotiate thirty feet. Again belaying under an overhang on an excessively narrow foot-ledge, we moved south about five feet and up a semi-trough through the overhangs twelve feet where we ran out of cracks, even for the wafer piton that is most commonly useful on this face. After seven hammer blows on our drill holder, there was only a slight dent in the rock and the new drill was blunted; a few more blows broke the only drill we had along. There was nothing to do but retreat, though we were probably little more than a rope-length below a green highway which led to a summit, another rope-length above. In all, five pitons were used on the first step to reach the second ledge, eleven pitons on the first cliff (one for aid), and eleven more on the second cliff (seven for aid).

—DICK BERGE.

BOLT KIT

In recent years the “expansion bolt,” under a number of names and of various types, has become a common item in the equipment of the rock climber. It has certain unique advantages which make up for any difficulties found in its use. Bolts are invaluable for climbing on steep, flawless rock. The direct aid technique required on such pitches has a definite and sound anchor when bolts are used. Safety anchors for belaying or rappelling are other practical uses.

Pete Schoening, after much experience and investigation, has devised a bolt kit which is lightweight and complete. This kit consists of:

1. Two one-fourth-inch three-flute Rawl twist drills.
2. One number fourteen Rawl drill-holder shortened for convenience, with a hole drilled in the handle for a safety cord.
3. Three feet of one-fourth-inch rubber hose for cleaning holes.
4. Ten one-fourth-inch stud-type Rawl Drive bolts; five of these one and one-half inches long for solid and hard rock, and five two inches long for softer rock.
5. Five ring-type hangers.

The total weight of these items is slightly over a pound, which makes it practical to carry even on the longest climbs.

The mentioned drills, drill holders, and bolts can be purchased at Campbell Hardware in Seattle. The rubber hose is available at any scientific supply house. The “hangers” necessary to allow use of carabiners and rope are of local manufacture and can be purchased at the Recreational Equipment Cooperative.

—JOE HIEB.

SAFETY TIP ... For his own safety and that of others, a true Mountaineer can perform general First Aid. Can YOU?—WOLF BAUER.
THE PLAYERS' 25th ANNIVERSARY

Deep in the heart of every Mountaineer is a sincere appreciation of the natural beauty of the great outdoors; and this year over 2500 people walked through our Kitsap Rhododendron Preserve down the trail to The Forest Theatre. Here, on June 10 and 17, amid the tall, towering trees, two record-breaking audiences saw The Players' 25th Anniversary Production, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." The play and the forest made one of the most enjoyable productions yet presented by the Mountaineers.

The combined efforts of the director, chairman, players, and staff resulted not only in a much-appreciated production, but also in a very substantial profit for the Mountaineers' general treasury. Considerable credit must be given to Elmer Fullenwider, chairman of the Players' Group. His efficient management of the production contributed much to its success.

The Players regretfully accepted Mrs. Lois Sandall's resignation as director, for she has in the past directed more than twenty productions and done much to build the reputation of our Forest Theatre. The Players' Committee was fortunate, however, in securing as the new director, Miss Lucille Fuller who has wide professional experience in play direction and is active in radio and television advertising.

This year, on March 15, over seventy-five Seattle Mountaineers reported to the clubrooms for tryouts and production signup. Within ten days regular rehearsals started and major roles were assigned. By the middle of May, the Knights, Ladies, and other members of King Arthur's Court were cued in.

The production staff was also hard at work. Special recognition goes to Ray Petrich, in charge of Stage Construction; to Bob Neupert, in charge of Newspaper and Direct Mail Publicity, and to Ruth Cramer, whose efforts secured the greatest amount of radio publicity the Players have ever enjoyed. Special credit also goes to Jean Anderson, Properties, and to Art Nation and his talents and pack-loads of recording and sound equipment, including a gasoline power generator requiring six husky Mountaineers to get it down and up the trail. Marion Castor's efficient management of Kitsap Cabin kept the Players well-fed and well-rested.

Other Mountaineers are to be commended for their production contributions but space does not allow listing of so many names. Members of the cast assisted in making their own costumes and in helping with scene construction when not on stage. Yes, the beautiful costumes of this year's production are the property of the Players' Group and the beginning of our own costume supply.

The history of the Players' twenty-five productions is long but interesting. The old-timers have fond memories of the early days when stunts and improvisations were acted out around the campfire on summer outings and in the lodges. The first theatrical effort that had any continuity was a Sleepy Hollow pantomime played around a big campfire in front of the old house that was inherited with the Kitsap property. This is not considered the first production—indeed, in 1923, the following spring, a presentation was given of Robin Hood based on the poem by Alfred Noyes, and is considered the first complete production. It was given in the forest below Hidden Ranch and was unique in that the audience followed the actors to various acting locations.

This presentation was received so well that the following year, 1924, the Mountaineers took to dramatics in real earnest; drama classes were formed, and the second production, "The Shepherd in the Distance," was given. This was followed in 1925 with "The Little Clay Cart." It was not until the fourth production, "Reinald and the Red Wolf," in 1926, that the present site of The Forest Theatre was used. Many hands and many hours of hard labor cleared the space for this natural theatre. To the casual observer it would seem that nature herself made it, but Mountaineers who worked there know that nature received a lot of help.

The Fifth Anniversary production was "Alice in Wonderland." Just a glance in the 1927 scrapbook at the masks and costumes of this production reveals why the Mountaineer Players from the very beginning have had a reputation for the unusual. The sixth production was "Robin of Sherwood" by T. J. Crawford, followed with "Make Believe" in 1929, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" in 1930, and "Alice Adventuring in Wonderland" in 1931. The Tenth Anniversary was celebrated in 1932 by presenting a play especially written for the Forest Theatre by Harriet King Walker, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." Following productions were: "The Reluctant Dragon" in 1933, "The Rose and the Ring" in 1934, "Toad of Toad Hall" in 1935. "Under Richard's Banner" in 1936, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" in 1937, "The Sleeping Beauty of Loreland" in 1938, "Rip Van Winkle and the Silver Plagon" in 1939, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" in 1940, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1941. The Twentieth Anniversary Production was "The Princess and Mr. Parker," 1942.

After four years of no performance during the War, 1943-46, the Players reorganized in 1947 and presented again "The Sleeping Beauty of Loreland." This was followed by "A Thousand Years Ago" 1948; "The Prince and the Pauper," 1949, and "If I Were King," 1950.

New Mountaineers who are interested in the Players' activities will find very interesting reading in the detailed reports of the Players' history and productions found in the Mountaineer Annuals of 1930, 1933, 1943, and 1947. The Players are now looking to the future, especially to next year's production. This year's overflow crowd on both Sun-
From the Players Scrapbook

"The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"

Forest Theatre 25th Anniversary Production

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days brings to immediate attention the problem of seating capacity. Discussions are being held concerning clearing ground for more seats, which will also require higher wings to be built for backstage masking. An alternative has been suggested in the thought that a twilight, third performance be given on one of the two Sundays. Other improvements, such as electricity for the theater, are being discussed. Over and above these, is the possible removal of the timber on the property immediately adjoining the theater area. This problem is discussed in the Kitsap Cabin report.

The annual spring play is the only major activity of the Mountaineers to which the general public is invited, not only to enjoy the play but to also observe a sample of what Mountaineers are doing to conserve the natural beauty of our forests. The Forest Theater is the property of the Mountaineers and the Players will continue their annual productions when the rhododendrons are in full bloom, even though the adjoining timber be removed. Claude Kirk will be the chairman of next year's production, the play has been selected, and soon both old and new Mountaineer Players will report for "On Stage."

**SUMMER OUTING—1951**

*By R. B. KIZER*

At an unholy hour in the murky dawn of August 4, eighty-two Mountaineers routed themselves out to meet the 6:15 and 6:45 at the Seattle and Tacoma bus stations. After weighing dunnage bags to get the bad news of excess weight, all proceeded to renew old acquaintances, make new ones, and together anticipate the joys of the outing.

Goodbyes were said to the envious stay-at-homes, and the outing was officially on its way—across the Sound and peninsula to Twanoh State Park, where the contingents from both cities met with more glad reunions. Then they proceeded on three buses, winding along the road cut into the foot of the Olympics, with Hood Canal's ever-changing views constantly on the right for fifty miles.

The final stop in "civilization" was made at the Brinnon store where all indulged in an orgy of buying post cards, stamps, ice cream cones, candy bars, cookies, and peaches. Already the flavor of the Olympics had been sensed through the picturesque names encountered: Twanoh, Skokomish, Lilliwawp, Hamma Hamma, Duckabush. And where will one find a more mouth-filling word than Dosewalisps? Up the river of that name the caravan now proceeded, the road becoming only a narrow notch on a steep hillside.

In the meantime, for several days, Bob Nicholson, that incomparable packer and wrangler, had been crossing the Olympics from the Quinault, packing in and cache-ing at camp sites, supplies for the outing. And here he was at the end of the road, ready with forty-two horses and mules to pick up dunnage, cooking equipment, and more food for the long trek.

Hikers, riders, and pack train soon hit the trail for the short afternoon trip of three miles, up past the beautiful, uproarious Falls, past the log jam that dammed the river above the gorge, among giant cedars eight or ten feet in diameter in the rich bottoms, and on and up to Dose Forks. There the party unrolled sleeping bags on the dry dust of an open fir forest beside the dashing river, lolling in the bright sunshine on the sturdy footbridge, and helped with the commissary for the first overnight camp. An early rising call was inevitable when it was announced that it was a long hike, eleven and a half miles, to the next camp. The early start was fortunate for it became increasingly warm when the trail emerged from the forest into various open spaces and, finally, into Dose Meadows.

Despite much open territory, there seemed to be a scarcity of level land, so that late comers had to use considerable ingenuity to find, or make, a home-site to suit their needs or fancy. All were finally established for the three-day stay in these lovely meadows rimmed with five respectable mountains. Though the committee had been warned that there was no wood available here, it turned out to be the campfire builder's paradise for an avalanche had sheared off the trees of the mountainside about fifteen feet from the ground, the crusted snow's depth, and deposited them right at camp-site. The same avalanche had thoroughly smashed the ranger's old shake cabin. Providing material for all our building needs, a table for commissary seats, etc.

Minor faults of the place were the proximity of squatters, scarcely outside the campfire rim, and a yellow-jacket settlement in the same neighborhood. Diversion was provided by several generations of marmots living just beyond the squatters and yellow-jackets, who spent the day in normal chores but spent the evening whistling. Another diversion seemed amusing to some but directly the opposite to others. At first, the deer which strayed into camp met with everyone's approval. After a day or two, some seemed to view with suspicion and disapproval any deer which went past the campfire into the woods where the tents were. They would depart suddenly in pursuit with wild threats.

Fred Corbit, the jovial master of ceremonies, got campfire programs going. Spice was added by the delightful "Conway quartet," from Portland and the Mazamas, who gave a scintillating account of their climb of Olympus and hastening over our trail, in reverse, to meet and visit the Mountaineers for two days. The regular yearly round-robin's were voted for Marion Simpson, Rick Mack, Cameron Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Spring, and Betty Schreiner Blackler.

Activities each day ranged from the doldrums of camp to trips up the trail, through the meadows, or various plodding or technical climbs of peaks. Sooner or later, almost everybody got up Sentinel and Lost Peak. And quite a few made Miscellaneous, Claywood,
and Wellesly. The views of Mounts Olympus, Anderson, Constance, and many peaks to the south, were outstanding. But the crowning glory of the region was the open meadow land covering most of the mountain-sides, sprinkled with flowers and etched with clear, cool streams, still supplied by large north-slope snow-fields. The flowers were mostly fall varieties, with red and yellow mimulus and rosy Indian paintbrush predominating and, intermixed with other tiny flowers, forming natural garden gems in a setting of lush green moss. “A little bit of heaven—the best single feature of the outing,” some called one such natural gardens. Blue gentians and valerian were plentiful. More rare were the dwarf delphinium and mountain phlox, and, in tiny crevices of the craggy peaks, the delightful little primroses, only one, two, or three inches high.

At daybreak, all were awakened by the merry melody of Clarence’s yodel, for the move to Hayes river was announced as “eleven and a half miles, all down hill after crossing Hayden Pass”—which involved a climb of a mere 1400 feet! This overnight camp was beside the Elwha river, where a fireguard station and telephone gave a slight touch with the outside, particularly the news that the Soleduck fire was under control. Fishing in the Elwha was the business of the afternoon. Some fish were caught.

Announcement: Early rising call tomorrow, eleven and a half miles, all up hill, but not much. The record must have gotten stuck! Every move seemed to be eleven and a half miles. And so it was, except the next move, which was only six and a half, and the last one, which turned out to be a healthy sixteen miles. But the trail up the Elwha diverted the mind from the miles. The river was a succession of white and dark water, falls, cascades, and fishing pools. The famous rain forest of the Olympics grew increasingly magnificent until at 2000 feet elevation, numerous Douglas firs were up to nine feet or more in diameter, clean and straight, without a limb for a hundred feet.

Bridges got the attention. Especially when one was seen to be made partly of sawn timbers, here twenty-five miles from a road. One, nearly eighty feet long, was made entirely of freshly sawn timbers and planks—and the builders were caught in the act. With a chain saw, they had ripped logs up to three or four feet in diameter and almost unlimited length to get material. Then there were primitive bridges, logs across the streams. A very limby one, broken and sagging into the water, led into camp at Elwha Basin. And what a camp. Brush everywhere, except in women’s quarters, which were ideal, barring a little traffic. Men and married and mules took to the brush, the gulch, and the gullies, and chopped and niggered to get down to a space big enough for a sleeping bag, a pair of boots, and a toothbrush. Even so, the congestion was something terrific, especially in “Devil’s Gulch,” not to mention the labyrinth of trails through the brush.

The climb of Olympus was to start the next morning. But next morning there was a sensation in camp. It appeared that Herb Schiessel wanted a helicopter ride. So, riding on horseback, and trailed by twenty-five men, Herb proceeded the six and a half miles to Low Divide. There, after radioing and due waiting, the whirly-bird finally hovered over and settled down in the small meadow. Soon, Herb climbed aboard and, after one false start, whirled away.

Undeterred by the first serious-looking clouds of the outing, the thirty-six would-be climbers of Olympus, plus a few porters and camp-followers, loaded shelters, sleeping bags, extra clothing, food, ropes, and crampons on their backs, and headed up the canyon for Dodwell-Rixon Pass, Queets Basin—and Olympus. Besides browsing in a rich huckleberry patch, seeing a herd of nearly a hundred elk, and crossing an impassable canyon, they had an uneventful day. The weather was perfect next day, and thirty-five, all who properly started, made the summit. The day’s delay had been a benefit. The climb was sandwiched in the only two cloudy days of the outing, and the only rain, an hour or so, fell as they came down from the pass into camp.

In camp, life had been ordinary, except for shorter lines at meals, more food, much crystal hunting, select bathing parties, a runaway horse, the building of a de luxe table and other preparation for the Six Peakers’ Banquet. The second-weekers, wan and pale, arrived after hiking twenty-two miles, bringing our total number to ninety-four. And, at campfire, there was the treat of candy sent in by the delectable Conway quartet. Their gift of oranges was deferred until a later camp.

Twenty-two Six Peakers were allowed to partake of the annual banquet. Five new candidates, Anne Osgood Moore, Betty Lou Gallagher, Paul Wiseman, Floyd Brandon, and Jerry Brandon, having done the required chores and been tested and tried, were welcomed to membership.

Next was the short move, down to Chicago camp, and up and up to Low Divide, with its lovely, water-lilled Lake Mary (fishing) and charming Lake Margaret (swimming); its level, open meadows and its vacillating creek, which shrank a hundred feet in length every night, and stretched out each day. From here, successful flank attacks were made on Mount Christie by small parties, but the large party making the frontal attack, after some slight difficulty with geography, got back to camp in time for supper.

Ravishing costumes and superb characterizations kept the audience tense as the Seattle thespians revived Greek drama in portraying the romance and intrigue of local Amazons and downtrodden men from Chicago camp at the last campfire. Here at the last camp was a good place to take stock of the outing. The outstanding natural features were the magnificent trees (cedar, fir, and Sitka spruce), the impetuous, clear, cool streams, the colorful upland flower gardens, and the lush maidenhair ferns lining every
Warm, sunny days had followed one another in happy succession in effective refutation of the old Mountaineer adage that it "always rains in the Olympics." All days had been crystal clear and warm except two partly cloudy days, with the one shower.

The last move prompted a rising call before daylight. Fred Corbit was one of the first down the Quinault trail. The warm sun and the clear, cool river soothed aching feet and frazzled nerves. Fresh peaches and great quantities of fresh milk and cream and ICE CREAM at dinner helped restore flagging spirits.

By campfire time, all were able to enjoy the outing newspaper. The Olympic Crystal Gazer, vote Glacier Peak as the choice for next year's outing, and pay proper homage to the hard-working members of the summer outing committee—Chairman Sherwin Avann, Secretary Jean Ripley, Alice Wegener and Floyd Brandon, Commissary, and John Klo, Climbing.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF THE JUNEAU ICEFIELD, ALASKA

By MAYNARD M. MILLER

On July 18, 1949, Anthony Thomas and Dean Williams, two Juneau men, official members of the American Geographical Society's Juneau Icefield Research Project, left Camp 6 at the eastern edge of the icefield in the vicinity of Devil's Paw and traveled on skis to the Project's main base, Camp 10, in the center of the field. Here they spent a few days and, joined by Dr. T. R. Haley, left on July 25 to continue out to Juneau via the expedition's Camp 16 on the Lemon Glacier. They were held up for a day or two by a severe storm but reached the edge of the icefield on July 29 and were in Juneau on July 30.

This crossing, with good weather conditions, should normally require about four days on skis. In an emergency, the fifty mile overland trek from Camp 6, via the Lemon Glacier to the Glacier Highway running north of the city of Juneau, could be made in somewhat shorter time. For the most enjoyable journey a week is ideal.

A party of mountain climbers, in the area for a short time, and independent of the J.I.R. Project, crossed the icefield from Devil's Paw, also in the summer of 1949, stopping at the Project's Camp 10 after Thomas, Williams, and Haley had left. They emerged from the icefield via the Mendenhall Glacier in two separate groups, one in the evening of July 31 and the other on August 1, after the Thomas-Williams-Haley party had returned to Juneau. (It was a matter of pride to the people of that city that the first actual foot-crossing of the "ice cap" had been made by local men.)

The first crossing of the southwestern portion of the Juneau Icefield was accomplished in a three-day trip by Father Bernard R. Hubbard, Jack Koby, and Henry Pigg, between July 26 and July 28, 1927. These three men, with three pack dogs, traveled up the left-hand side of the Mendenhall Glacier from its terminus, crossing to the east, according to Father Hubbard's account, via the snowfields at the head of the Norris Glacier to the vicinity of the Upper Taku.

They apparently then climbed over the intervening ridge between the Norris and Taku Glaciers; crossed the Taku Glacier itself at an intermediate elevation and emerged into the Taku Valley not far from the Hole-In-Wall Glacier. The total distance of this route as shown on the map adds up to no more than thirty-five miles. This trek, however, constituted the first reported exploration of the higher reaches of the Juneau Icefield. Hubbard's route traversed the southwestern edge of the Icefield and did not enter the large central area of the "ice cap."

During the summer of 1949 six members of the Juneau Icefield Research Project effect ed the first south to north crossing of the Juneau Icefield by ascending via the Hole-In-Wall Glacier in the Taku Valley and then traveling the full length of the Taku Glacier to the icefield's northern edge in the vicinity of Camp 9. In the 1950 and 1951 seasons, members of this same research group successfully crossed the "ice cap" from southwest to northeast and from southeast to northwest. These crossings, as were those in 1949, were all accomplished in the normal pursuit of the Project's field work and studies in the outlying portions of the area. At the present time there are relatively few sectors of the "ice cap" which the Project has not fairly well investigated. For purposes of this work during five field seasons a total of eighteen main and subsidiary camps has been established over an area of nearly 700 square miles of highland ice. The American Geographical Society anticipates use of these facilities for further work every few years in the future.

1The Alaska Daily Empire, Juneau, Alaska, August 1, 1949, p. 6.
4During the course of which the Project was in the field approximately 400 days.
SEATTLE TRAIL TRIPS
By HELEN V. JOHNSON

The year 1951 with its unusually beautiful summer weather will be remembered well by Trail Trippers as well as all other contingents of the Mountaineers. Trails were cleared early of snow and flowers bloomed more colorfully and profusely than ever. With such ideal conditions, large groups enthusiastically sought the beauties of the forests and mountains. The bright days made it possible to see glorious views from the summits.

The weather-man, however, gave us a little of everything for our first trip in January to Devils Mountain Lookout on a ridge east of Mount Vernon. About twenty hardy souls were in the group who made the brisk, wintry trip. Although the views were considerably obscured by snow squalls, we were compensated by the charm of the snow scenes in the woods.

Heavy weather caused cancellation of the February snow shoe trip to Lake Tipsoo, but two trips later in the month were more successful. At Fishermen's Wharf in Ballard, we were invited aboard a sturdy craft of the fishing fleet and given an explanation of the gear by the owner. The trip continued in the morning sunshine along the beach to the Government Locks and Golden Gardens. A favorite repeat trip (on February 25) to Beall's Greenhouses on Vashon Island brought forth about forty flower and camera enthustiasts to admire the rare orchid plants in their numerous stages of growth. This trip also included a visit to the Campfire Girls' Camp Sealth.

In March, the Seattle Trail Trippers joined the hospitable Tacoma group for a night at Irish Cabin prior to hiking to Mowich Lake. Later in the month, we walked across the Narrows Bridge and on to Point Fosdick, after stopping for lunch and basking in the sunshine along the beach.

The skies and waters seemed to be competing for intensity of their blue colors on April 22 as we hiked along the bluffs and beaches in the Deception Pass area. For the week-end of April 27 and 28, the Mountaineers sprouted wings for an unusual trip by air to Vancouver Island for over-night camping in John Dean Provincial Park; for trail tripping on Mount Newton, the top of which was covered with a mass of flowers; and for a sightseeing tour of Butchart Gardens and other points of interest in Victoria. The enjoyment of this outing with its variety of experiences will undoubtedly spur us on to others of its type. Andy Bowman, who made the numerous arrangements with the airlines, the transportation companies for the ride into Victoria, and for sightseeing trips, deserves a great deal of credit for the success of this wonderful week-end.

We joined the Tacoma people on May 6 for their annual violet walk on the Tacoma prairies. The May 20 boat trip around Vashon Island was so successful that it gave incentive to the creation of a Special Outing Committee, headed by Ken Hitchings. In spite of the gray skies of the morning of May 27, a fair-sized group answered the call of rhododendron time and proceeded to drive to Mount Walker on Hood Canal near Quilcene. The weather seemed to become more threatening as we drew near our destination, and by the time we reached the base of Mount Walker, the misty rains had arrived. Some of the group went to a Forest Service camp up the road while the more determined drove on to the summit, ate lunch in the rain, and estimated where certain landmarks would be when the clouds cleared. Even though the landscapes were hidden by fog, the rhododendrons along the road were beautiful and the side trips on the way home up the Dosewallips valley, past the Hamma Hamma River and Wa Wa Point, were worthwhile.

Trip plans for views of Mount Rainier but the weather wasn’t too cooperative—at least on June 3, for our trip to South Prairie Lookout in the Wilkeson area. On June 24, the group climbed to Sun Top Mountain Lookout and, although visibility of Mount Rainier was not very good, we were rewarded by a beautiful display of squaw grass on the mountain meadows.

The next week-end trip was to Salmon La Sac with the Everett Mountaineers. We camped between the Cle Elum and the Cooper Rivers in a Forest Service campground, sang around the campfire, and then were lulled to sleep under the stars by the sound of the rushing rivers. Trips along the Cooper River canyon led to many lakes and the top of Jolly Mountain. Our trip to Dege Peak on the Sunrise side of Mount Rainier brought out one of the largest groups of the year. The day was superb and the visibility from the top of Dege Peak was practically unlimited, giving full views of Mount Rainier and the surrounding mountain ranges in all directions. The flowers, including lupin, flox, squaw grass, paintbrush, lilies, and many other varieties, made fine subjects for the many camera fans. Watching the downward trek of the climbers on Mount Rainier added more interest for the group.

Beautiful weather again made an enjoyable trip with the Everett group on June 27 in the Darrington area to Meadow Mountain. Much of this was through meadows filled with a variety of mountain flowers. The generous hospitality of the Abels at their Bainbridge Island summer home gave us a rare day on the beach.

Wintry Gap on the Carbon River side of Mount Rainier is scheduled with Tacoma late in August and, over Labor Day week-end, we will join the Viewfinders for another excursion. Vancouver Island to Little Qualicum Falls and Mount Arrowsmith. September trips are planned to Indian Henry's, Snow Lake, and Mount Dickerman. In October we hope to go to Green Mountain, spending the night at Kitsap Cabin; and to join the Everett group for one of its salmon bakes. A work party at the Snoqualmie Lodge and a trip to the site of the old cabin are scheduled for November, closing the year with the annual Christmas greens walk.
SKI RECREATION
By JOHN M. HANSEN

The Ski Recreation Committee is the skiers' equivalent of the Climbing Committee. The purpose of the committee is to promote pleasure skiing by sponsoring clubroom ski movies and courses of instruction. These courses include the Ski Touring Course, the Ski Mountaineering Course, and Ski Instruction at Stevens, Snoqualmie, and Meany Ski Huts.

Ski Touring Course

The Ski Touring Course, which was introduced by Wolf Bauer last year, consisted of three classroom meetings. The sessions were to introduce the average skier to the pleasures of ski touring by giving him the requirements for ski touring. The subjects covered dealt with energy, clothing, warmth, equipment, snow-craft, avalanches, waxing, weather, route finding, and emergencies. The course had no prerequisites or examination. Several day tours were taken to give the students actual use of their classroom knowledge.

Ski Mountaineering

The Ski Mountaineering Course curriculum is similar to that of the Touring Course with the exception that the subject matter is presented more thoroughly. Also sessions on party management, camping, and glacier skiing, plus an examination, are added. To be eligible for the course, one must be a Class 3 skier. That is, be able to make four successive downhill turns without stopping or falling, and in good control on a 25-degree slope. Several field trips are required for graduation. These include an overnight bivouac on snow by building either an igloo or snow cave, crevasse rescue practice, roped skiing, and several day tours. Last year trips included ski ascents of Mt. Baker and Mt. St. Helens, glacier trips on Mt. Rainier going to Camp Hazard via the Nisqually and Wilson Glaciers, and to Steamboat Prow, up Inter Glacier.

Ski Instruction

Last season ski instruction was further organized by Roy Wessel. A good job was done by determining a unified skiing technique to be taught by certified instructors at the various lodges. A unified system of teaching skiing is very important, especially in the beginning and intermediate stages of skiing ability. The student skier will not be taught conflicting methods of skiing, thereby faster producing better skiers. Basically, the method is a modified Arlberg technique. This method is suited to the type of snow found in the Cascades. Instructors are at the Ski Huts on a varying schedule so that pupils may be given all degrees of instruction from beginning, through intermediate, advanced, and on to racing, if they so desire.

The Aims

The basic tenet of the Ski Recreation Committee is to show skiers the thrill of swinging down snow-covered slopes, whether they be accessible by tow or by sealskin. The emphasis is placed on bringing the skier to the magnificent possibilities of ski touring in our mountain ranges and the long down-hill runs to be found on uncut snow among the beauty of snow-covered landscapes. When the skier feels this enjoyment, he will agree with Hannes Schneider that "skiing is a way of life."

WEST FACE OF ELDORADO

Of the many difficult climbs in the Cascade Pass region, Eldorado Peak is not considered too hard by way of the usual route along the east side of the south ridge. However, the 3000-foot west face of this peak has caught several climbers' eyes as probably being a very interesting climb.

Our attempt began on August 28. After hiking up the Sibley Creek trail to just below the pass, we cut left over a pass that placed us at the head of the north fork of Sibley Creek. By maintaining elevation and traversing at the head of Sibley Creek, we reached the crest of the wall that circles the Marble Creek cirque. The 1200-foot descent of an extremely steep couloir was negotiated with some rope work and a camp was established down on the cirque about one-half mile from the base of the objective. The route to this point would be a feasible approach to Dorado Needle and other summits in that area.

The west face of Eldorado Peak is split by a prominent spur ridge and although routes would be possible to the north of this spur, on the spur, and to the south of the spur, we chose the latter. The climb started with the first 400 feet on the spur ridge and then 800 feet up a small but active pocket or hanging glacier. Near the head of the glacier we traversed to the right onto the rock and followed a series of ledges for the summit. Most of the rock in the area is granite but dikes of a softer formation formed relatively safe traversing ledges that made the ascent easier than expected.

Since the hanging glacier used in the ascent sounded like it had a bad case of indigestion, we chose to alter the return route slightly and kept to the south of the glacier and crossed it at its snout. The glaciation in this Marble Creek cirque is very interesting.

—PETE SCHÖNING.

ASSINIBOINE—1951
By KURT G. BEAM

For the past five years, Mount Assiniboine, the “Matterhorn of Canada,” has been unclimbable. This summer, within a twelve-day period from August 10 to 22, it was ascended by four parties.

Leading this short parade of climbers was an Austrian-born houseboy from the Banff Springs Hotel, who disappeared from his post without informing the proper authorities, and climbed the 11,870-foot mountain solo. Local papers tersely reported his feat under the heading: “Made Climb—Paid Fine.” Three days later a mathematics professor from Amherst College climbed Assiniboine in a record time of nine hours! On August 21, three more young hotel employees ascended the peak.

Encouraged by the success of these three previous ascents, Erling Strom (operator of Assiniboine Lodge) and I started out from the lodge at 4:15 A.M. on August 22. Had we known what we were in for, we would have stayed at camp and played horseshoes.

Following the west shore of Lake Magog for a mile and a half, we climbed a scree slope on our right which led us up a series of chimneys, ledges and very steep snow fingers to the base of Assiniboine Glacier. It was a twenty-minute scramble from there up scree and snow fields to the Northwest Face of the mountain. Erling, who speaks very little on a climb, paused here and asked me what day it was. I told him it was Wednesday, the twenty-second. “Well, that’s good. The twenty-second is my lucky day,” he answered. In the light of later events, I was inclined to give this a little thought.

We worked our way diagonally across the face towards the North Ridge over steep stretches of scree and loose rock until we reached the “red band.” (There are two distinct bands on Assiniboine. The red, which is a highway-like ledge approximately fifteen feet wide, extends across the Northwest Face. Rising directly up from this band for thirty feet is an almost vertical rock wall. The yellow band is a similar wall about fifteen hundred feet below the summit. Fungus deposits give the bands their remarkable colors.)

At this time of the year the red band was filled with ice, which formed a fifty-degree slope towards the rock wall. Here we roped up, cut a few steps, and climbed the wall. This was one of the two fairly solid pitches on the mountain.

By now the sun had risen high enough for us to send our prearranged mirror signal down to camp. To our great satisfaction it was seen and returned. After a short rest we went on to the North Ridge, which offered steep but not difficult climbing up to the yellow band. Here the ridge became much steeper and more exposed. The Northeast Face looks sloped from a distance, but is actually a vertical wall some six thousand feet high. We could see crevasses far below on the glacier which leads to Mount Eon and Mount Aye.

Two days before, from nearby Mount Terrapin, I had scanned the section of the ridge we were now climbing. It had looked like a giant staircase from there, and that was just what it proved to be. Every hold had to be carefully tested, as chunks of rock came loose at the slightest pressure. Climbing became a process of setting down one hold and trying another.

Finally we came to the last obstacle, a series of ice-lined chimneys, from which we were separated by an extremely steep ice field. Erling chopped steps here, as there was no place above for us to remove crampons had we used them. It was no easy choice to select the right chimney. Picking one that appeared to offer the most protection, Erling inched his way up while I gave him a careful belay. I followed, and another forty minutes of very exposed climbing brought us to the summit ridge, a huge snow cornice about a quarter of a mile long. Happily we proceeded to the cairn and entered our names in the register. It was now 12:45 P.M. We rested, ate a small lunch, and I took some pictures.

The view from Assiniboine was breath-taking. Scores of mountains that I never expected, came into sight. In varying shades of blue, three lakes were set in among the peaks. Two of them we identified as Gloria and Marvel. The third seemed to have no name, so I christened it Lake Beam. We steeped in the scenery until 1:15 and then began the descent. Clouds were gathering around the summit. Erling remarked that they might develop, it was not one conducive to further photography!

I led down while Erling secured me from above, using a static rock belay. Since the rock on Assiniboine, as I have stated, is definitely not solid, I politely voiced my nervousness. But Erling was as confident of his rock belay as I was of my dynamic body belay. So we compromised. He used his and I used mine.

We moved down very cautiously and were about thirty minutes from the summit when we noticed the clouds closing in slowly around us. We did not take this too seriously, but went on painstakingly testing each hold. Suddenly things began to happen. First it hailed, then it drizzled. The wind turned cold again; and we found ourselves in the middle of a blizzard. We were slowed down considerably, as the rock was extremely slippery. My rubber lug climbing soles were worn down by the rock, and this did not help the situation. We were forced to rely on our hands more than our feet in a good many places.

We reached the ledge at the bottom of the yellow band at 4:35, and felt somewhat relieved. But not for long! Now a thunderstorm and thick fog added to our woes. The mountain vibrated and our axes gave off a hissing sound. The wrist loop on mine had been torn loose on the ascent, so I was forced to hold it while climbing. It was constantly
getting in my way. This predicament, plus the memory of having read somewhere that ice axes attract lightning, prompted me to discard this treasure which I brought from Austria just last year. The thrill of hearing it tumble down the mountain tended to compensate for the loss.

We were now climbing on three or four inches of new snow, with practically no visibility. The steps we had made on the way up were impossible to find. Our predicament would have been a great deal worse had Erling not known the mountain so well. At 7:30, cold and fatigued, we arrived at the red hand, and since there was no safe place to remain, we moved on down the face. Loosened by the storm above, rock fell at regular intervals. We had been climbing without our mitts. Now we put them on, as the climbing was less difficult. If our fingers had not been so stiff with cold, I am sure the mittens would have felt wonderful.

It was 9:30 when we reached the base of the mountain, totally exhausted, to be greeted by pouring rain. Somewhere in the shuffle we had lost our flashlight, which would not have been of too much use anyway. Erling's knowledge of the area brought us safely down the snow fingers, ledges and chimneys. The last chimney found us so tired, that we just jumped in and slid through it. In the darkness we glissaded the final snow and scree slopes, occasionally tumbling and ripping our apparel. We were down at last! The tension was gone—as was the seat of my pants. It was pitch dark and heaven poured everything she had down on us.

With the pressure off, the situation now became very comical. Fountains of water squirted out of my wonderful Austrian boots with every step I took. For some thirty minutes we stumbled around the meadows, but finally found the trail which we could see only because it was filled with water from six to twelve inches deep. We staggered on towards the lodge, falling over the slightest obstacle. Once Erling fell, with me following suit, right on top of him! But drowning was not in our destiny this night either. Just as we began happily to anticipate the sight of our families, the warmth of the lodge and the taste of some decent food, we saw a light moving towards us. It was Ruth, my wife, and Siri, Erling's daughter. They seemed extraordinarily glad to see us. Once back at the lodge, we noted the hour—11:30 P.M.—nineteen hours since we had started.

Next morning the meadows around camp were covered with fresh snow, and Mount Assiniboine was inaccessible again!

ADDITIONS TO THE MOUNTAINEER LIBRARY
January to October, 1951

Abraham—_Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad
Abraham—_On Alpine Heights and British Crags
Alpine Club—_Alpine Accidents, 1951
American Alpine Club—_American Alpine Accidents, 1951
American Ski Annual and Skiing Journal, 1951
Boell—_High Heaven
Coolidge—_Alpine Studies
Fitzgerald—_Climbs in the New Zealand Alps
Haig-Brown—_Measure of the Year
Longstaff—_This My Voyage
Peck—_High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia
Ruttledge—_Everest, 1933
Sinigaglia—_Climbing in the Dolomites
Smythe—_An Alpine Journey
Smythe—_Climbs in the Canadian Rockies
Smythe—_Mountaineering Holiday
Starr—_Guide to the John Muir Trail and the High Sierra Region
Tuckett—_A Pioneer in the High Alps
Wymper—_Ascent of the Matterhorn
Young—_On High Hills

PROTECTION FROM FALLING ROCK

A few thoughtful climbers, after watching loose rocks fly past them on various peaks, have purchased protective headgear of the type worn by polo players and wear them on climbs where rock-fall danger is expected. Last summer several climbers were saved head injuries because they were wearing "hard hats." These hats are well ventilated and not uncomfortable, look rather sporty, and—most important—provide real protection for an indispensable part of the body. "Hard hats" may be purchased from the Mine Safety Appliances Company in Seattle.

Safety glasses are another sensible guard against the hazards of falling rock. If you are not of the many whose vision needs artificial correction, why not have your optometrist make your lenses of safety glass rather than the dangerous window-like glass ordinarily prescribed? The additional cost is small, especially when the value of a climber's eyes is considered.

—Vic Jordental.

SAFETY TIP...Forestall a costly search organization in your behalf. Telephone your people in town, or members of the Mountain Rescue & Safety Council IMMEDIATELY when first reaching a telephone after a delay in returning to civilization—Wolf Bauer.
A WINTER AT MEANY

Autumn is in the air as the work parties get under-way at Meany late in September. Numerous tasks confront us which must be done before the snow flies, but the most important is to transport the coal from rail to flat car and thence to the hut with the faithful aid of the “Beast” (our beloved Fordson Tractor), which draws our antiquated trailer. From the forest comes the clear ring of falling axes and busy saws as the fellows build up a winter’s supply of wood for the furnace.

When the loggers quit at dusk, the cabin lights blink on and the smell of coffee and dinner preparation greets the tired workers. A completely satisfying dinner calls for a period of relaxation and gossip before heavy boots and sweaters are shed for lighter gear and the evening of folk dancing begins. Eleven o’clock comes all too soon, even though muscles welcome a soft bunk and a good night’s rest.

Each week-end the autumn colors become more vivid—the aspen, cottonwood, moun­tain ash, vine maple and even the huckleberries add their splendor to the scene. As work is completed at the top of the Lane, we notice a definite edge to the wind; and before the final touches are made on the lodge there is a sprinkling of snow. Time to get our ski equipment out, patch it up a bit, and give the boards a silky-smooth base coat.

The snow falls heavier now, and suddenly the long-awaited Christmas vacation is upon us and skiers of every size and description descend upon the hut. The Lane is covered with new powder snow, no stumps or rocks mar its perfection, and the skiers glide down the hill in happy abandon. Some look like pros, and some sitzmark a bit. At dusk the dorms are in a bedlam as a result of everyone trying to clean up for the big evening ahead. The chow hounds line up well before the siren announces dinner. They want to be sure not to miss a huge helping of Nashie’s wonderful cooking! And of course the season would not be complete without Nashie, resplendent in her gay hand-painted apron, as cook, confidant, hostess, and train companion during the many weeks of ski season. New Year’s Eve culminates a week of fun and gaiety with a big party. Schottische, schnaps, polkas, waltzes and fox trots resound through the cabin, and as midnight draws near a snow battle royal throws everything into laughing confusion.

The holiday is over but the season is just beginning. Friday night finds the hardier skiers winding their way across a vast white carpet of glittering snow crystals, the moonlight casting shadows of majestic trees across their path. More skiers plod in from the highway Saturday, but the majority come tumbling off the train Saturday morning, having taken over a car with their singing and story-telling during their trip from Seattle or from Kanasket. Many find the 36-mile drive from Seattle to Kanasket on a surfaced, snow-free road a truly “safe and sane approach to winter driving in the mountains”—and a money-saver too!

At the first hint of Spring in the air the more ambitious people take to climbers and explore the varied terrain of the Meany Woods and Stampede Pass-Weather Station areas. The warm, sunny week-ends make for lazy, relaxed ski days, and as April winds eat the snow away, it is just one last run down the Lane. One practically hops from snow patch to snow patch, and it is quite definite to even the most avid skier that another season is over at Meany.

—COLEMAN S. LEUTHY.

Snoqualmie Lodge

Last fall, men worked around the clock to complete the snow sheds on the highway at Airplane Curve, and at Snoqualmie Lodge, work parties were beginning to swing into high gear. There was much to be done before the snow came. The large numbers who turned out made the gigantic goals set a successfully completed reality. The first, and perhaps the biggest job, was the ski hill—the hill to be cleared, poles set in place, and the ski tow hut and the tow itself to be assembled and erected. But we took this in stride. For while one crew worked on the tow in Seattle, another cut and set up the poles and built the tow shack on the hill. The clearing itself—well, that was perhaps a surprise. It was the women who did the best job of piling and burning the brush.

The last task to be completed before snow time was the tunnel entrance to the Lodge. This later proved its value, especially to those who, the year before, spent long hours digging their way in. Thanksgiving was the first party of the season, and those who attended won’t readily forget the turkey with all its trimmings.

Next came the Bachelor Party (you know the one) where those who attend are supposed to be still in the stage of fancy-free. Judging from what we’ve heard, the next Bachelor Party is going to be minus a couple or two, because, well, they decided they were bachelors and bachelorettes long enough.

Christmas vacation time was when skiing really started to be good, and the new electric tow worked like a charm. The New Year’s Party was a hilarious success. Horns and boisterous greetings broke the midnight calm of the mountain stillness.

Attendance at the annual Dance Party in January proved what a popular place the Lodge really was. The Valentine’s Party, more fondly called the Sweetheart Party, brought more (and the best) line-up of memories, and the next day’s snow was fun.

On March 10 the New Year’s noise was dwarfed by the bustle and confusion of the gold rush. It was the Klondike Party. After dinner “gambling” began—roulette, poker, and the ice pool. This had been going on for perhaps half an hour when, suddenly and
without warning, the lights went out! We would have thought the power line was down if it hadn't been for the long-drawn-out howl of a wolf. This was followed by the weird sight of a woman in the dressing-room, who, when asked her identity, replied, “I could be Diamond Lil, Klondike Kate, or just the Spirit of the Yukon.” In her strange way, she called out, “Who do I see coming up the Trail?” It was two modern Mountainaires, a man and his angry woman companion. She was scolding him for dragging her over the long trail to the Yukon and getting them hopelessly lost. Scarcely had they made camp when the lights came on again, and so did the gambling, with an added noise of accordion, saxophone and clarinet near the bar. “The grand march, lead by the newly-crowned King and Queen of the Klondike, broke up the gambling. The tables were put away and dancing began. Other happy times enjoyed during the past year were the traditional Spring Square Dance Party, the April Fool Dance and the newly-inaugurated wiener roast.

The last, but by no means the least, was the Old Timers’ Reunion Party. To them we owe much, their courage, determination, and love for the outdoors gave us what we have today: a club of which we can well be proud. From far and near they came. For once the record player was silent. They had something far more interesting than the blast of music—tales of days gone by, of climbs when you really had to be rugged to reach the mountain, let alone make the actual climb after you reached it. They told of Outings—Outings when they took their meat supply along on the hoof! Yes, to all you Old Timers, we give a proud salute. And may you come back again and again.

A more serious side to the Lodge was the fire safeguards and the organization of the Ski Patrol. Credit for this goes to the local members of the National Ski Patrol. Classes were held at the Seattle Post-Intelligencer Auditorium; equipment was provided by the Lodge.

Ski tours began when spring weather arrived with firm snow and longer days. This was the start of the climbs of the Lodge Peaks; the first two on skis, Denny and Lundin, with the rest on everything from sangles to nailed boots. In succession they were Silver, Tinkham, Guye, Kaleetan, Red, Kendall, Snoqualmie, and Thompson. —ANDY BOWMAN.

REDISCOVERING KITSAP

Each Mountaineer activity and cabin, lodge, or hut fills its own place in the organization to make up a whole which is satisfying to the all-around outdoor-loving Mountaineer. This is true of Kitsap Cabin, located on our property of over one hundred acres near Bremerton.

At least three things are of outstanding importance here, not only to the Mountaineers but to the Pacific Northwest as well: forest-monarch trees of a size and grandeur no longer to be found so close to a city in this part of the country; lovely rhododendron-covered acres in full bloom each spring; situated near the bottom of a beautiful valley, approached by a winding, “rhody”-lined trail is one of the most outstandingly-situated outdoor theaters in the United States and possibly the best anywhere acoustically. So say the Forest Theater friends and patrons from all over the country. “Hidden Ranch” at the head of this valley adjoins, and shares timber problems with, Kitsap. It has the unique distinction of having no road built into it, yet it is modern. The Mountaineer property was once a part of it before Mr. Paschall interested his fellow Mountainaires in this tract in the early part of the century. In fact, could the complete tale of it be written, as is hoped it will some day, the story could very well go down in the centuries on the classics shelf.

This past year has presented problems and new developments at Kitsap. A major threat to the beauty and usefulness of the Forest Theater was raised by the neighboring property owner wanting to log. It was startling when suddenly a line was cut through the timber slicing off the first bend in the trail to the theater and bisecting the theater dressing-room area, but happily, when the Mountaineers finally determined by a reliable surveyor, the property line was fifty feet away from that one. Even this fifty feet is not enough to save the beautiful forest view from the theater seats so the Mountaineers are negotiating to obtain at least a strip of land and trees adjoining the theater, but at this writing nothing has been consummated. Much more had to be looked into than appeared on the surface. A timber cruise to determine value, etc., was one of the main things. A full story will be available in the Mountaineers’ records for the benefit of coming chairmen. It is hoped that similar knotty problems can thus be avoided in the future.

Our friends have been generous, but apparently that is not yet sufficient to meet what is needed.

It was noted in the book kept by the 1947 chairman that the Kitsap buildings were sad-ly run down, but this year has brought some wonderful changes. The floor of the main cabin has new underpinning and was raised several inches up to level so we can dance on it to our new record player. The kitchen is having a cook’s sink and some new equipment. Sanding and painting is in progress. The place will look shining again soon.

Best of all is what has happened to the former caretaker’s cottage which has been unoccupied since the war. Bea Buzzelli, a loyal Mountaineer who teaches in Bremerton, realized a dream she had mentioned three years ago. At her own expense and for the privilege of living there a number of years, she has made the place not just livable, but a beautiful, modern, well-insulated little home. It was not easy, because unexpected obstacles had to be overcome. Giant ants which are not easily eradicated had infested the
walls, ceiling and floors. Accumulated junk was disposed of, and a hundred and one other details attended to.

However, the happy results are there for all Mountaineers to see and enjoy. Bea extends true Mountaineer hospitality. She has built an outdoor fireplace and living room that is an invitation in itself.

To go on, Mack Thomson and Dorothy Kinsey, who met in The Play last year, were married and spent their honeymoon in one of the many little outlying cabins built years ago by enthusiastic Mountaineers. They have fixed up sagging doors and a leaky roof and made a cozy nest. There are many other cabins, too, which could have interested occupants.

Included in this progressive year of re-discovering Kitsap were the usual successful Halloween, annual Christmas-Greens for the Orthopedic, and a number of work parties. Participating Mountaineers have worked hard, enjoyed the good meals, and had their share of pleasure and fun.

So, let this thought stay. kitsap is worth it, for the Mountaineers and for this great Pacific Northwest of ours which we are privileged to share with each other and to conserve the natural beauties, as the Mountaineers' Constitution avers.

—MARION CASTOR.

STEVENS SKI HUT

This will be the fourth year for the Mountaineer Hut at Stevens Pass and by all indications, the biggest. In the fall of 1948, after seventeen work parties under the guidance of Walt Little and his committee, the hut was completed.

During the height of the season, an average of 35 skiers lived the hut. On a typical Saturday night, there is a “discussion” (to put it mildly) of French versus Arlberg technique. Some Frenchman will be demonstrating the “high rouse” and the “rotation,” while the Arlbergers counter with their “abstemen.” The racers rehearse Sunday’s Stevens Standard downhill race, by telling how they will take the second gate high and schuss the next two. Stevens is host to the Pacific Northwest Ski Association sanctioned downhill and slalom races on the average of every third week-end.

Even the gals on dinner preparation are concerned with their sitzmarks and stems, as well as tossed salad and pineapple upside-down cake. About this time the dinner whistle sounds! No one has time to talk for awhile, but the record player gives out with “South Pacific” and symphony. When everyone has had enough (this may mean three plates full for the young schussboomers), each washes his own dishes and a pot handed him by the watchful cleanup committee.

The tables are then taken down, so that the dancers can work off excess energy to the tune of schottisches, waltzes, and the Cotton-eyed Joe. The post in the center of the “lodge” does get in the way, but it also keeps the dancers in a circle around it. Downstairs, the experts are waxing their boards and discussing the prospects for powder snow and sunshine on the morrow. At 11:00 p.m., lights go out, and everyone hits the sack.

Sunday morning breakfast is announced by the blaring of “Caldonia,” so that everyone will be sure to be awake. Some lazy sleeper hid that record last spring, but his plot has been foiled so far this year. After a scrumptious breakfast, every true skier hastens to clean up, pack, and take the one-fourth mile run down to the Thar. The post in the center of the “lodge” does get in the way, but it also keeps the dancers in a circle around it. Downstairs, the experts are waxing their boards and discussing the prospects for powder snow and sunshine on the morrow. At 11:00 p.m., lights go out, and everyone hits the sack.

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Irish Cabin

1951 has been a very busy year at Irish Cabin. Several well-attended work parties installed the foundation and new sub-floor for the remaining half of the dining room. The entire dining room will have a new floor of finished maple by fall. The trees that fell last winter have been cut into wood, so that the supply is ample for another year. Other miscellaneous repairs and improvements have made the cabin more enjoyable. Our new record player and loud speaker system can be run by our electric plant which will provide better music for dancing.

The Campcrafters were our guests one week-end, and still another group from Seattle came for an old time dance. The cabin was also used one week-end by about thirty boys from the Tacoma Playgrounds Boys’ Club. We are happy to have these groups with us, and we cordially invite groups as well as individuals from Seattle and Everett to share our hospitality.

Alice Bond has ably led the activities committee which has provided interesting hikes and climbs of the cabin peaks. At least a dozen of the 24-peak pins will be awarded to those who are eligible.

Your chairman wishes to thank all who have worked to make this a successful year.

—FLOYD M. RAYPER.
THE YEAR IN TACOMA

Climbing

Elementary and intermediate climbing courses were again conducted by the Tacoma Climbing Group this year and were well attended by local members and new members from Olympia who might be considered as the nucleus of an Olympia Branch of the Mountaineers, Inc. Lectures, demonstrations, and pictures showing various phases of climbing were presented by competent instructors for the purpose of fostering the interest of the young climbers as well as of those members who had been in the club in earlier years. Field trips and experience climbs were held through the spring and summer in order to give the student an opportunity to practice under experienced leaders.

Although the weather was most suitable for climbing through most of the season, the first two trips were made in bad weather. Sixteen people climbed First Mother in a late April snow storm. Thirty attended the climb of Old Baldy in late spring under cloudy skies. A principal feature of the Baldy trip was that the climb was made from the O'Farrell Lookout road to the northwest, a new and previously-unused route which in the opinion of most of the climbers was somewhat more feasible than the steeper, conventional route from the Carbon River side.

Perfect climbing conditions prevailed in June during the ascent of Mount St. Helens, attended by over two dozen people, and much experience was gained by the many who attended the rock practice at Little Si, the snow practice at Panorama, and the ice practice on the Niqualmie in April and June respectively. Sixteen ascended Mount Rainier via Steamboat Prow in mid-July, including six of the ten students who graduated from the elementary climbing course. It is hoped that these six as well as others who aspire to set their feet on Columbia Crest do not retire from climbing once they have done so; but that they will instead keep the trails worn to the other five majors and 65 lesser peaks in the Irish Cabin, Snoqualmie and Everett groups which are classified as pin peaks by the Mountaineers.

Attendance on the Tacoma climbs dwindled as the summer progressed; however, there was an average of ten on the trips to Unicorn, Eagle, Chutla, Snoqualmie and Guye. Those who climbed Snoqualmie Mountain in early August found ripe blueberries and huckleberries on its upper slopes. As is their practice each year, Tacoma climbers registered their names on nearly all 24 Irish Cabin peaks; and six received their 24-peak pins.

Other climbs during the summer, mostly by small groups, included Adams, Baker, second ascent of Rainier, Pinnacle, Gilbert and Old Snowy in the Goat Rocks Wild Area, Pyramid, Lundin, and others.

Trail Trips

The year 1950 and 1951 showed that the trail trips continue to be popular in Tacoma. In November thirty members and friends walked across the new Narrows Bridge. In December the traditional greens walk was held near Irish Cabin where we found elk horn moss which is so desirable for decorations. The next two months produced rain, snow squalls and temperatures down to twenty degrees, but a total of 71 of us ventured out for trips to the prairie near Frederickson, Johnson Point near Olympia, Lake Patterson, and the Vaughn Sandspit. One of the interesting trips of the year was made in April to the territory below Carbonado along the Carbon River. The weather was warm and sunny, the scenery new, and we discovered an un-named waterfall.

Later in April we visited the upper Carbon River between the bridge and Fairfax. The annual Violet Walk in May attracted many, but was rained out by one o'clock. Later in May the trip to National Lookout provided a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside southwest of Mount Rainier. Fifty people hiked to the Stevens ice-caves in July, took pictures and explored. The next month, in a joint trip with Seattle, we hiked to Windy Gap where some climbed Tyee and Crescent while others visited the Natural Bridge.

For the Indian Henry trip in September, an extra leader was provided for those who wished to climb Crystal and Iron Mountains. This was also a joint trip with Seattle trail trippers. The annual October Salmon Roast was a memorable event of the year for the Tacoma Mountaineers.

Social Affairs

Under the guidance of its Social Committee, Tacoma members fared well. Neta Budil flew from Guatemala just in time for the Annual Banquet at the New Yorker to charm us with her trophies, pictures, and amusing anecdotes from Mexico and Guatemala. The Carbon River Park Ranger fascinated us, too, with his stories and colored slides. Games, stunts, ice cream and decorated cake, and carols sung around the Christmas Tree in the Epworth Methodist Church contributed to our Holiday spirit, and provided money to buy playground equipment for the children of Remann Hall.

After the New Year, a Tacoma Poggie Club member gave us the details of fish and dams; the weatherman took us into his confidence in explaining how weather is predicted. In March, Dr. Peter Misch, Seattle Mountaineer and University of Washington Associate Professor of Geology, told of his interesting explorations and climbs in Tibet, the Himalayas and Northwest Yunnan. At another meeting, Professor Lyle S. Shelmidine described his horseback trip across the inaccessible mountains of northwestern Turkey.
In May, “Fur Seals and Other Wildlife on the Pribilof Islands of Alaska” were described and illustrated by colored slides by Karl Kenyon of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service.

Meetings were not held during the summer; but four beach fires and two boat trips were scheduled. Some of the beach fires were enjoyed in Point Defiance Park, at our President’s home in Larchmont, and at Jack Gallagher’s home on Dash Point.

Boat trips on the Gallant Lady II, in July and August, each brought together over forty members and their friends. July 11, we cruised down the Narrows, under the Bridge, and around Fox Island on a lovely, balmy evening. August 3, we saw a gorgeous sunset while the skipper ran close to the shore and beach homes in Gig Harbor and Wollochet Bay.

September again brought the Tacoma Mountaineer Fair at Budili’s, with its interesting exhibits. Appetites were satisfied with corn on the cob dripping with butter, hamburgers piled high, cake or pie topped with ice cream, and hot coffee. Slides and movies, and visiting with our gracious hosts, climaxed the evening.

Photography

The Photographic Group with Chairman Florence Elizabeth Richardson held seven instructive and well-attended meetings. The climax of the year was Maynard Miller’s illustrated lecture “High Ice,” showing activities on the Juneau Ice Field. Other highlights were: Luella Kuethe’s slides of her year in Japan; Floyd Raver’s scenic views on the Two Sisters; scenes of Italy and Guatemala by Mrs. Percy Roeder; the Olympic Mountains by Clarence Garner and Floyd Raver; and Wally and Dorothy M. Miner’s beautiful pictures of Bryce and Zion National Parks.

Musicales

Chairman Irene Slade and a group of twenty music lovers held regular monthly meetings in the homes of members. In addition to Symphonies of the Masters, the program included contemporary composers, as well as a variety of vocal music.

Ski

The Ski activities show an upward trend each year. Week-end trips of the one-day variety continued through the season. Rumors are being heard of extensive plans for skiing at Mount Rainier.

Conservation

Conservation Committee members are keenly aware of the unique forest area in Point Defiance Park being in need of care and reforestation. The Park Board has no plans for such a program. Wishing to be of public service and feeling that there is no better place to center our interest, we would like to get permission from the Park Board to adopt a small area for reforestation under our sole care. This might show the eventual way to a larger program for the entire area which is now steadily deteriorating.

Monthly Dances

A new feature this year was the Folk and Square Dance Party held the second Tuesday of each month at St. Luke’s Recreation Hall. We were well supported in getting started and in the continuation of these dances by members from Seattle who gave us strong support in adding life and activity to the group.

Berry Garland served as Caller for the square dances and also as instructor for some of the newer folk dances. These dances added some very much-needed activity to the Tacoma Mountaineers and were so successful that the Committee was able to purchase records, record player, and a portable public address system from the profits.

THE YEAR IN EVERETT

By LEE HIRMAN and VIVIAN WIDMER

October brings Everett’s Annual Salmon Roast on the banks of the Stillaguamish River with Chef Herman Felder in charge. Most unusual weather conditions prevailed this year, however, and the outdoor fete was moved to the banks of the Bank’s house where our chief cook presided at the electric range. Rain could not dampen the spirits of the thirty-five members and friends who turned out for the affair.

A good turnout proved that Mount Lichtenberg was one trip not to be skipped, especially with a treat promised by the “Spudnut King,” Le Krogh. After spudnuts and coffee to keep us warm on the summit, we all trudged heavily back down the mountain to reach the cars before the rain.

Because of adverse weather conditions in November, trips were confined to short local walks and a work party at Snoqualmie Lodge.

Lolita Jones and her committee arranged an excellent banquet, again held at Weyerhaeuser Mill dining room in December. A Scandinavian theme was carried out with Ruth Matson of Bremerton providing a humorous description of her flying trip to Norway and Ole Olson of Oslo (Ralph Leyde) kept the crowd in stitches with his songs and stories. A mock wedding skit with Casey Jones as the blushing bride, with nosegay of celery, and
trembling knees, was met at the altar by a scared bridegroom, C. O. Davis, which added much to the hilarity of the evening.

Our greens walk a week before Christmas took us to Lake Fontel where everyone enjoyed tramping through the woods gathering greens for a gay and festive holiday season. With arms laden with greens and a glow in our cheeks, we eagerly anticipated the holiday.

While local walks were planned during the winter months, skiing occupied the weekends of many of our group during the winter and spring. Bill Doph, Ski Chairman, arranged transportation and week-ends at the lodges for a large group of enthusiasts from Everett. Stevens Pass continued as our favorite area.

In April we entered a new area in the Sultan Basin, and repeated the popular hike to Lake 22. The lake was unusually beautiful this year in the snow, so that everyone was eager to climb the ridge above where we found opportunity for good snow practice. Little Devil Mountain, in the Cascade Pass area, was climbed in May when Seattle members joined us for our first camping trip of the season. Another trip enjoyed by both Everett and Seattle members was the climb of Granite Mountain in the Snoqualme area. The blizzard only slowed us up a bit but did not destroy our enthusiasm. “To rest is not to conquer!”

The weather was in our favor for the climb of Silver Peak in the Snoqualme area in June, where we got wonderful views of the surrounding peaks and lakes. The trail trip up Boulder Creek was enjoyed by twenty members with a wiener roast at French Creek Campground.

We played hosts to Seattle on a two-day camping trip in the Salmon La Sac area near Cle Elum during July. After a horseback ride on Saturday morning, the early arrivals agreed that walking was more comfortable. For those arriving on Saturday afternoon, there was a trail trip to Cooper Lake, climaxed by a watermelon feed around the evening campfire. The trip to Jolly Mountain Lookout on Sunday provided us with spectacular views of Mount Rainier and the Stuart Range from Sasse Ridge all the way up to the summit.

On a hot July 21st seven ambitious climbers followed George Freed up Sloan Peak (7790'), an Everett Pin Peak in the Monte Cristo area. Starting at 4:00 A.M., the party took the Bedal Creek trail, then branched off up the slope and into the meadows below Bedal Peak and the connecting ridge to Sloan. Much time was saved by the foresight of the leader who had previously blazed a trail through the woods. From the small ridge lake the party headed up the snow to the glacier where they roped up on account of the crevasses. From the end of the glacier the route was up the rocks, a scramble to the top. Perfect weather helped to make the trip a memorable one.

In August we hiked into Glacier Basin and climbed the snow fields to the saddle where we got views of Lake Blanca and the surrounding peaks in the Monte Cristo area. Road conditions for the past two years have prevented trips in this area, so nine eager members joined Jim Hain, the leader, for a day of interesting hiking.

Labor Day week-end this year found fifteen members up in the Cascade Pass area where climbs and hikes were made under the leadership of George Freed and Lee Krogh. This unusually beautiful area was new to most of our members.

Our monthly business meetings held in the Everett Public Library attracted a large number of regular and junior members. Noelle Corbin, program chairman, arranged varied entertainment. Helen Felder presented a review of the popular book, Kontiki, and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Holland showed slides of their summer tour in Europe. Burge Bickford’s pictures of climbing technique and Earl St. Aubin’s Sun Valley slides were two programs in the spring. Refreshments followed each meeting and were planned by Lee Hirman and her committee. The May meeting was given over to Sherwin Avann and his summer outing committee who presented a preview of the Olympic Mountain area.

Our social chairman arranged several delightful supper parties in the homes of members during the year. As we look back upon the year’s activities we feel that we have had a season full of variety and fun. The summer has been outstanding for its excellent weather. We were especially pleased to have so many of our Seattle friends join us on many of our walks and climbs during the past year and are looking forward to seeing more of them next year.

In Memoriam

WILLARD TAYLOR
MRS. WILLARD E. (BELLE) TAYLOR
CRISSIE CAMERON
O. D. EWING
Left
STICK SNAG
by C. Allyn

Lower left
SPECTATOR SPIRE
By Bob and Ira Spring

Lower right
JOHANNESBURG
by Jack Schwabland
JOHANNESBERG AGAIN

By DAVID HARRAH

"He may travel far who will,
But lead me to a nearby hill . . ."

The north face of Mt. Johannesberg, offering 5,000 feet of sustained climbing, is less than a mile from the road. Its length, its unrelenting exposure, its route-finding problems, and the variety and extent of its climbing difficulties make it a superlative training climb. Last July 28, Tom Miller and I, hell-bent on making Johannesberg "an easy day for that hypothetical lady," set out to establish a "direct route" up the northeast rib.

At 5:00 A.M. we left the car, crossed Cascade Creek above Gilbert's Cabin, and traversed the brushy hillside over to the base of the Cascade-Jo couloir. This glacier-filled couloir, because it has been ascended twice and descended once, is the "regular route" on Johannesberg. We ascended its terminal snow fan three hundred feet to the northeast base of our rib and took to the rocks. For the next six hours we struggled up a gardener's idea of Hell. Dirty chimneys, slimy gullies, countless pull-ups in the brush, constant exposure—these were relieved by an occasional meadow (most only moderately steep), patch of shade, and the roar of avalanches on Cascade.

Early in the afternoon we were above the last heather and astride a narrow rock ridge. We roped up and began trading leads on enjoyable pitches. Tom doing the difficult ones. First he led out to the left on a very steep and exposed face, then up and along the ridge again; then over several hundred feet of slabby rock we worked to the right again. On these pitches we used seven pitons for safety. Then Tom accomplished the finest lead of the day. He started up a rotten chimney, retreated, moved to the left into another chimney. First he had an awkward moment in which he traded places with a neurotic chock, then, leaving his pack, he wormed up this difficult, overhanging chimney past the chockstone at the top. His joyful yell announced that we were on the main crest of the northeast rib, just at the lower end of the great snow cap. I sent the packs up, knocked out his three pitons, and joined him in the sunshine.

We followed the easy rock side of the snow highway for several hundred feet to an impasse. It was now 7:00 P.M. and we did not dare venture out onto the snow with only two hours of light left. We found a rocky platform protected on three sides and began melting snow. Some threatening clouds soon cleared away, and just as dark we exchanged flashlight signals with the climbers at Cascade Pass—morale soared. Our night was the two-in-a-sleeping-bag-cover kind, warm enough, but requiring mutual consent on such trivia as straightening out a cramped leg.

Next morning the sun's benediction had us on the snow at 8:00 A.M. This snow ridge falls off sharply, with drops of two thousand feet on both sides; but its spine is flat, footwide "Rue de Bicyclettes" (just try it!) leading up at a gentle angle. Up above it broadens out into the upper hanging glacier. We skirted to the right around several crevasses, worked left again and straight up, Tom's instep crampons proving useful on one icy stretch. We had belayed almost continuously on the snow for three hours. We left the snow at the foot of the final rock summit. Some easy scrambling, a two-piton pitch, and more scrambling led us to the top. Here we basked for an hour.

Our ascent route would be exceedingly dangerous as a route of descent. The Cascade-Jo couloir, descended by the 1938 party, is too difficult. To descend by the route Gene Schoder and I used in 1949 is far too long. In any case, Tom and I followed the route of the 1950 climbers, by pre-arrangement with our support party.

We traversed the be-pinnacled summit ridge to the shoulder at its east end, then descended steep but easy couloirs on the south side of the east ridge, where care must be used in route picking. At 6:00 P.M. we reached the Cascade-Jo couloir and unroped. Now began the tedious traverse, following faint trails and odd cairns, almost on a contour line, along the south side of Cascade, Triplets, and Mixup. Just before dark a shout from Tom raised an answering shout from Bob Grant and Don Smith. They took our packs and guided us from the Mixup ridge over the snow and heather to Cascade Pass. Here at midnight we semi-bivouacked alongside some of the Magic Mountain climbers. Next morning the easy hike to the car completed a 35-hour trip.

A FOLDBOAT HOLIDAY IN CANADA

By MURIEL W. THURBER

This summer seven Mountaineers and members of the Washington Foldboat Club went into Canada to try their tiny boats on the great rivers of the Rockies. Initiating in the glaciers that still remain from the ice age and the era when Snow Dome and the Columbia Ice Fields were the cap of the continent, these rivers have a long journey through the mountains and valleys to the ocean. This condition produces bigger rivers than do our local watersheds where the distance from both mountain ranges to the Sound

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is much shorter. These broad, swift Canadian rivers have been traditionally the route of explorers, traders, and prospectors who used them as means of transportation in this rough country.

To foldboat the broad Bow River was a repetition of the previous summer’s experience for five of our number and turned out to be a “shake-down cruise” for us all. Below the Ghost River Dam we set-up our boats, wedged into them our sleeping bags and air mattresses, clothes, food, cameras, and repair kits in waterproof bags all tied to the frame in case of an upset. Here, practicing camping techniques, we discovered that an “A” frame with a long arm out over the fire is the only way to hang up the stew pots of seven simultaneous cooks, and that three paddles lashed together make an excellent frame for a carbide lamp for late camps.

On the river to Calgary we tried our boats to test their balance and maneuverability under the load. For ease in paddling and for safety in heavy water we had packed our boats as we would pack for climbing, using dehydrated food and simplifying all community equipment. On one fearful river we left the air mattresses in the car and after picking boughs and improvising the entire trip we gratefully inclosed the extra five pounds on the following trip.

The Athabaska River which we had come to run, proved to be too flat in the section available to us, and hearing of our disappointment, someone suggested we look up Mr. Simpson at his lodge at Bow Lake. Mr. Simpson is one of the pioneer explorers and knows the country intimately from over sixty-five years of most aggressive experience. He told us of the Saskatchewan—a mighty river of great force, of whirlpools and canyons, and stated that as far as he knew, no one had been down the river in recent times. What a challenge!

The Saskatchewan with the Athabaska and the Columbia are the three rivers each flowing a different direction across the continent to a different ocean that all initiate in the same source—the Columbia Ice Fields. At Brewster’s Crossing, on the Banff-Jasper Highway, we put our small craft into the water and found that Mr. Simpson had not underestimated the river’s power. Our craft are really built to take a pounding but a few hours on the Saskatchewan made us wonder how the early pioneers had been able to survive in the boats of their day. In two and one-half days with some eighteen hours of travel, we’d gone one hundred and fifty spectacular miles to Rocky Mountain House, through unmapped mountain ranges and without seeing anyone—no people, no houses, nothing but wild horses.

The two and one-half days down river required a one and one-half days trip back to our cars during which time we used every means of conveyance available. At Rocky Mountain House we were fortunate in getting a train at 5:00 a.m. and bought the first tickets the railway agent had sold in four months. The train was no streamliner and our “Vista Dome” was the cupola on the caboose. We cooked our breakfast on the pot-bellied stove in the single, venerable chair car.

Our visit to lovely Lake Louise occasioned another of our many swims. Perhaps the reason we could always be found in the pool for rendezvous between trips was because swimming was “bathing” to us and we’ve splashed and played in pools across our route, at Banff, Jasper, Radium Hot Springs and even water skiing at Lake Windemere.

The Kootenay River was an unexpected pleasure. After the mighty Saskatchewan, the Kootenay River sparkling in the sunshine below Vermillion Crossing looked like an afternoon’s jaunt. But the river proved as challenging. There were stretches where we had to look sharply to choose a navigable channel, then places where the river abruptly disappeared into a great wall, cutting out caves on the surface. There were sharp bends and great rapids, sparkling and roaring in the sunshine, high eroded voodoo walls, and even a beautiful cascading waterfall.

These are some of our experiences, new to us all, of exploring rivers in Canada. And we are convinced that foldboating is a challenging and beautiful way for a fresh approach in examining our surroundings. Try it and you’ll see.

SAFETY TIP... If, before each ski tour or climb, you can honestly and in the affirmative answer the question put to yourself: “Can I survive a storm bivouac, injury, or loss of route on this trip?” then you will not be under-equipped.—WOLFGANG BAUER.
BONANZA PEAK
By LARRY PENBERTHY

Of the many great mountains in the Northern Cascades, Bonanza has several claims to distinction. It is, at 9511 feet, the highest peak in the state, and its large granite mass supports three glaciers and some of the noblest precipices in the range. Were it not for the distance and confusion surrounding it, many more people would make its ascent than do. A local party, last year, made the seventeenth recorded ascent, and the first since 1943. The neglect is partly due to a tradition that the peak isn’t worth the trip, a tradition dating to the map-maker’s switching the names of North Star and Bonanza. The original “Bonanza” (now North Star) is lower and quite easy; the present “Bonanza” (originally North Star) is a highly enjoyable climb.

The ascent requires three full days, another reason for the neglect. The first day one drives 150 miles from Seattle to Twenty-Five Mile Dock on Lake Chelan, catching the morning boat up the lake to Holden Dock, where a company bus travels the ten miles of private road to the mining camp of Holden, reached early in the afternoon. The rest of the day is used in an easy trip to base camp, a short five miles to Holden Lake if one is climbing the Mary Green route. The second day one climbs, and the whole of the third day is needed to return by trail, bus, boat and car to Seattle. Actually the boat ride and the interesting features of the Holden Mine alone make the trip worthwhile.

A party of Mazamas led by Joe Leuthold did the pioneer investigation of the peak in 1937, an account of which is in the Mazama for that year. One of their attempts reached the West Peak, otherwise called Number Two, but they did not consider the ridge leading to Number One, the true summit, a feasible climb. After further scouting they made the first ascent by the Mary Green route, which has been followed in most subsequent ascents.

Their route, the easiest on the peak, leads from Holden Lake to the Mary Green Glacier (named for the wife of an early prospector) on the east face of the mountain. Near the head of the glacier the bergschrund usually forces a swing right before climbing to the top of the snow thumb which rises at an increasingly steep angle high on the face. The upper portions of this snow are not trustworthy due to the slabby nature of the underlying rock—once when I was on this route I saw the entire upper field peel off and go down. Since the first ascent party was actually caught in an avalanche here, climbers are advised to be watchful of snow conditions, especially early in the year. From the top of the thumb the best way leads straight up a rock chimney to the crest, though some parties traverse left from the top to another series of slabs and chimneys to gain the ridge.

The remaining few hundred yards along the ridge to the summit is safe but thrilling, much of it being over the Northwest Wall, dropping 2000 feet to the Company Creek Glacier.

From 1938 through 1943 the Mary Green was climbed about thirteen times by parties from Holden, ascents made as early as April 22 and as late as September 28. Early season parties run into dangerous snow, late season parties are often benighted; high summer is the best time for an ascent. The speed record is eleven hours round trip from the town of Holden, set by a young miner who had previously been a long distance runner. Climbers are advised not to attempt to lower this time. Many of these ascents were made by people with lots of nerve but little experience, and one boy was killed in a fall on the Mary Green.

During the several years I lived in Holden the many fine peaks of the area occupied much of my spare time, and above all was Bonanza. After half a dozen climbs of the Mary Green, I became interested in the possibilities of other routes, and in 1940, with various companions, I managed to get up by two new ways, also descending by one other.

The Isella Glacier on the south side, named for the prospector’s daughter, provides a good approach. From the upper end of Hart Lake on Railroad Creek the way leads through cliffs to a base camp at the foot of the moraine. Passage from the glacier to the high west ridge is by way of a thousand-foot snow chute, hidden until one gets close to its outlet. This chute is of a steepness to make a climber seriously consider taking up golf for his outdoor activity, and has never been descended. The upper end of the chute is nearly at Number Two, less than one-half mile from Number One as the crow flies, but unfortunately, few climbers are crows. Halfway on the traverse all ledges pinch out and for forty feet it is necessary to straddle the ridge, which here is one rock wide. The sixty degree slopes on each side go down, respectively, 900 feet to the Isella Glacier and 1700 feet to the Company Creek Glacier. A new ledge on the Northwest Wall permits passage around a gendarme, and then pinches out at an eight-foot wall, a scant eighty feet from the goal. Pitons are useful here. In general, I would not recommend this route when there is much snow on the high ridges.

Actually, on the day we climbed from the Isella we had not placed a high camp, and were therefore not forced to go down the long chute. Returning from the summit to Number Two, we thought the matter over and preferred to find a better way down. This route might be called the Company Creek Glacier route. From Number Two an easy ridge leads northwest down to the glacier, where the bergschrund is often a nuisance. This is probably the line of ascent used by the Mazamas on their first ascent of Number Two in 1937, an account of which is in the Mazama for that year. To those intending to climb the West Peak early in the year it might be pointed out that when the Mazamas finally were successful in reaching Number One they observed that their steps kicked on the previous attempt had been obliterated by an avalanche. From Company Creek Glacier a three-quarter
climb and conditions with which they can knowingly agree or disagree. Smythe's subject matter for what is called his 'Last Great Adventure' was gathered in 1947 and among climbs covered are those on Assiniboin, Alberta, Brussels, and first ascents of Bridgland and Colin. Although not well-documented, this work has a useful index and the photographs are excellent. Ave atque vale, Frank Smythe!
CAMP CRAFTERS—1951

To be appreciated, the fun that ensues when a dozen Mountaineer Campcrafter camps are nestled together in some beautiful forest camp needs to be experienced, not merely read about. Since only a comparative few Mountaineers have had the experience, we set down here some of the highlights of this summer's activities.

First camp was made early in the spring, at Irish Camp, to give campers a chance to organize their camping gear and try it out "easy" for the first time. Rain did not dampen the fun of camping, exploring the nearby woods, the sand bars in the Carbon River and Green Lake.

Second camp was to be at DeRoux Camp on the Teanaway River. Even washed-out roads and camps did not hold up the fun. A truly primitive camp was established in an open meadow along the road. From this camp the climbers in the group made the ascent of "One Heck of a Trip," an unknown peak above camp. A trip to the Newaukum River offered a pleasant camp and numerous carnelian agate specimens. Mount David was climbed from White River camp in June.

The highlight of the summer activities is the gypsy tour taken each year by the Campcrafters. Each car arranges its own commissary and establishes its own camp in a common camp-ground. Trips and climbs, camp fun and campfires are arranged by the committee. This season Central Oregon and Northern California were the objectives. First camp was made at Wapinitia Camp near Mount Hood on Saturday, July 21. The following day a party of eleven climbers left camp early for the summit of Mount Hood. Other trips out of camp went to Zig Zag Canyon and way-points. Monday was a day of travel from camp over beautiful woods country on Oregon's excellent roads to Maupin and Redmond where a short side trip was made to Peterson's rock garden. This is a thrilling spot for rock hounds, for the rock garden is truly a garden to show off rocks and not, as the name might imply to some, a rocky garden for the display of plants. The trip of three miles off the main road is well worth anyone's time for the grounds are beautiful and the collection of rocks quite amazing.

Bend was the next stop for supplies. From here we took the Century Drive to The Devil's Garden Forest Camp near Devil's Lake. This camp was voted by many as the loveliest of all the camps made this summer. A tremendous lava flow from the South Sister ends on the edge of camp, thereby giving it its name. The meadows were inhabited by hundreds of lively frogs, the trees and shrubs with many varieties of birds. Frog catching and rock climbing on the jagged end of the lava flow gave the youngsters endless hours of fun. Climbers made the ascent of South Sister via the Green Lakes Trail. Pictographs on rocks in the little pass between camp and Devil's Lake mark one of the ancient Indian trails through the mountains. These are exceptionally well preserved. After three days the party reluctantly moved on; visited Crater Lake en route to the next camp at Panther Meadows high on the shoulder of Mount Shasta. The climb was made from this high camp, thereby saving 2000 feet of elevation.

The route leads over scree, around the base of Red Butte and drops over the ridge to the snow finger regularly used by climbers. The snow finger leads into collonaded red cliffs at the 13,000-foot level. The route here leads to the left on a broad summit ridge and to the summit rocks. Climbers told interesting stories at campfire of sastragli fins three feet deep and half an inch wide, of the red cliffs which sound like a giant pipe organ in the wind and of boiling sulphur springs at the summit.

We traveled from Panther Meadows via Shasta Dam, Redding and Weaverville to Kinney Camp, eight miles north of Weaverville. This lovely, isolated camp offered a remarkable variety of trees for the nature lovers, horseback riding and swimming at Trinity Alps Resort (two miles by trail and fourteen by road) and visits to historic Weaverville with its Chinese Joss House, winding circular stairs, and other historic buildings.

Climbers made a high camp by returning to Weaverville and taking the road to Junction City and up Canyon Creek. From here an eight-mile pack brought them to Canyon Lake which offers a good camp-site and the best approach to the mountains of this region. That California brush cannot be outclassed anywhere was discovered on the two ascents made in this area. Snow still lay in good quantity at the higher elevations but ice axes were little used. The mountains are granite diorite. Sawtooth yielded to the climbers after offering some difficult rock climbing in the traverse of the summits. The second day an arduous trip through brush was compensated by an interesting climb up the great rolling granite flanks of Thompson Peak. The summit view from Thompson reveals many beautiful lakes and several unnamed peaks as high or higher than Thompson which is estimated to be 9000 feet. The interesting geology of the area combined with the lovely flowered meadows made this trip the highlight of high camp. At present a new geological survey is underway in this region so that more accurate maps will soon be available.

Last camp was made at Patricks Point State Park on the ocean just north of Trinidad Bay. The fine agate beach and the shower house, with hot water faucets which really worked, vied with each other for our attention, but combined to make a fine farewell site for the 1951 Gypsy Tour.
CLIMBING NOTES

Climber’s Outing In the Selkirks

For their sixth annual Outing the Climbers this year spent a week in the Selkirks in British Columbia. Burge Bickford as the leader. The area is not unfamiliar to Mountaineers, two Summer Outings and one Campcrafters’ Gypsy Tour having been held there in the past. Several private parties from Seattle have also climbed in the Sir Donald and adjacent groups.

Arriving in Glacier on August 11, the first rainy day since early July, twenty-four climbers set up base camp in the newly-constructed picnic shelters and proceeded with various enterprises. Climbing was one of these, though not the most important. Poor weather early in the week induced an epidemic of that dread malady known variously as mountain lassitude or sack-fever. The sickness continued after the weather improved, and though it interfered not in the least with poker, philosophy, and eating, the aggressiveness of the party remained wilted.

Uto was traversed from south to north by a large party, the 1300-foot rock-climb of the south ridge being complicated by damp lichen. The same day a party climbed the West Face of Uto, descending by the north ridge. The grand heather precipices of Abbot were conquered by several parties during the week, and a small group climbed Tupper, traditionally the pleasantest rock peak of the area. Thursday, after an earlier defeat by weather, the Vaux route on Sir Donald was climbed by three rope teams, who marked the way for the convenience of four climbers who went up the 2600-foot Northwest Ridge and descended the easier route. Other excursions included spelunking in the Nakimu Caves, a perilous and scenic truck ride to Rogers Pass, and hikes to Glacier Crest and the store in the town of Glacier.

When the Outing was officially over several members stayed on, being joined by new recruits from Seattle and Alaska, and four of our brothers returning from an unsuccessful attempt on Robson. With better weather all of the afore-mentioned climbs were repeated the next week.

Southern Selkirks

This July a party of Seattle climbers led by Bob Sipe made the Grand Loop of the Southern Selkirks, crossing Asulkan and Donkin Passes, returning to Glacier via the Bishops Glacier, Deville Neve, Glacier Circle, and the Illecillewaet Neve. Dawson (11,123 feet), second-highest summit in the Selkirks, was climbed, as were Donkin and Fox. An attempt on Wheeler, in the Purity Range, was turned back by soft avalanching snow. Poor weather prevented further climbing.

After the Climber’s Outing four of our members back-packed over the Illecillewaet Neve to Glacier Circle, a very full day in August due to huge suncups on the five-mile ice plateau. No climbing was attempted but there was general agreement this region of great ice-fields and high peaks will more than repay anyone with the time and energy to investigate them.

Most of the peaks are ice climbs, the rock being inferior to that of the Sir Donald area. Early July is the best time to visit the Southern Selkirks; later in the season crevasses are wider, suncups taller, and moraines more exposed.

Out Of the Valleys

The peaks accessible from Park Creek Pass are generally avoided by climbers who despair at the twenty miles of uninteresting valley slog necessary to reach the Pass from either side. A high-level route across the Boston Glacier is far from uninteresting and also is much shorter. Starting from the end of the North Fork Cascade River road, the Glacier is reached by climbing Sahale Peak via the usual route and then running the ridge to a notch just south of the final tower of Boston Peak. From here the Glacier rolls off to the northeast, and it is possible to drop down and traverse its length, roughly paralleling Ripsaw Ridge, to a low spot in the east retaining wall. Here two choices are presented: the first and most positive is to descend straight down over ice, slabs, and bushy cliffs to Thunder Creek and then climb one-half mile on trail to Park Creek Pass. The other alternative is to directly traverse cliff, ice-fall, and scree east to the Pass.

R. Grant, E. Karlsson, P. Brikoff and I (all quite tired after climbing Goode and Logan the preceding days) back-packed across the glacier from Park Creek in late September. Although we found difficulty in the bushy cliffs above Thunder Creek and on the ice below Boston Peak (step-cutting or crampons), it took us less than thirteen hours. The practicability of this route is apparent.

—TOM MILLER.

The Wide Angle Piton

Necessity is the mother of invention; a fact duly proven by the wide angle piton. This type of piton was the inevitable outcome of having too wide a crack and too narrow a piton. Cracks of this kind are often encountered at a crucial part of the climb as climbers well know.

It was through a process of trial and error that a suitable piton was found; one which filled a good sized crack and yet was practical to make and pack along. The angle design
was chosen since it combined the features of light weight, maximum strength, and the angle piton could be used in either vertical or horizontal cracks.

It was found that the piton should not be too tapered since the idea was to have as much contact area between the rock and piton as possible. But the taper could not be so slight that the piton could be used only in cracks of one width. These were the determining factors in the choice of the proper taper of the piton.

The butt end of the piton was welded to prevent deformation due to driving. A one-quarter-inch ring in the end of the piton provided means for attaching carabiners or slings. The body of the piton was made of fourteen-gauge (approximately .077-inch) sheet metal. Length of the piton was five to seven inches, tapering from maximum width of one and one-half inches to approximately three-fourth inch at the tip.

—JOE HIEH.

Just Off the Press

HIGH ADVENTURE. Mountain photography by Bob and Ira Spring; text by Norma and Patricia Spring. 115 p., 143 (by reviewer's count) photos. Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, c1951. $8.50

If you've never been on an outing with the Springs and watched them take pictures, you've really missed something. For most of us the effort involved in putting one foot in front of the other to reach that elusive top is more than sufficient, but not for the Springs. They'll probably cover three or four times the terrain we do, carry a punishing pack, look like they love it all the time, and end up fresh as a daisy. Truly, their energy is ethereal! It's unbelievable the amount of hard work that goes into their fine photographs, the result of no tricks, but of painstaking effort and lots of know-how.

Nor are their models always spared, as Norma and Pat, those "expendable" wives, make abundantly clear. Certain Mountaineers may remember a very warm afternoon in the Olympics when an outdoor, flapjack-cooking scene was being "shot" over a good, hot fire. The cook was tastefully dressed in a red, wool shirt and green, wool trousers, while the onlookers sweltered in bathing suits! Or the time a photogenic redhead raised the goose pimples while dashing in and out of an icy lake to the tune of a spanking breeze.

HIGH ADVENTURE is the Springs—a delightful collaboration of easy and gently humorous prose with beautiful photographs, some of them really magnificent, preponderantly of high climbing in the Olympic, Rainier, Cascade, and Canadian Rockies areas. Those who have been there will enjoy reliving through these pictures memorable trips and will, like as not, recognize themselves or exclaim, "Why, I remember when they took that one . . . !"; while others will get a vicarious thrill out of roaming the mountains via the old armchair and learning all about pitons and glaciers and outdoor cooking on the way.

One of the very nice features of HIGH ADVENTURE is the excellent captions under each photo and the very helpful "About our photographs" and "Technical data to the pictures" which Bob and Ira have appended. For these, all snappers should be grateful. The sad, old adage, "Business before pleasure," has forced the human majority to attend to business in order to provide the pleasure, but the Springs have found the key to the happy combination, and it is a pleasure to share the results in HIGH ADVENTURE.

MARGARETE CHALFANT.

MT. BAKER CABIN

By MARCO JOHNSON, 1950-51 Chairman

Gates Cabin at Mt. Baker is located close to many wonderful skiing areas. Such a variety of slopes exist that everyone from the novice to the expert can find hills to his liking. There are five ski tows in the vicinity of the Lodge. The Peanut Tow, close to the Lodge, is ideal for those who are first trying their skis. Further up Heather Meadows toward Austen Pass the Seven Hills Tow takes care of the enthusiast who likes a mild run with plenty of room for turning and a long outrun. Up at Austen Pass there is a ski tow for intermediate skiers who enjoy a variety of runs during the day. Good skiing exists on this tow into the month of July as a general rule.

This year a new ski tow has been added from the top of Austen Pass Tow toward the top of Panorama Dome. This tow opens many wonderful runs to the skiing public which were formerly enjoyed by those more interested in touring. This new area is quite extensive and makes the tour up Shuksan Arm much shorter and more accessible. From the back side of Panorama Dome a mile and a half run down Razorhine Creek is available.

Touring Areas at Mt. Baker are unsurpassed. Many Europeans have compared the open slopes and mountain scenery to the Alps. It has been advertised for years as the "Little Alps." A weekend of touring and picture taking combined with the conviviality and comfort of the Lodge is something to be remembered for a long time.

One of the favorite tours starts from Gates Cabin and takes one up Bagley Creek, along Bagley Lake to Herman Pass, about a mile and a half. As one goes up to the Saddle, Herman Peak is on the right with many fine side tours available. The Bowl near
the summit of Herman Peak has furnished many fine afternoons of skiing for those who
like to ski in unbroken powder snow. On the left of Herman Pass, Table Mountain rises
another 100 feet with a flat rolling top which is excellent for mild runs and an afternoon
or morning of picture taking. Mt. Baker looms to the south and Mt. Shuksan rises in her
pristine glory to the northeast.

Another enjoyable tour takes us up the Austen Pass Tow along Austen Pass, up the
Schuss to Artists Point and Table Mountain. Many fine runs can be made from this
vantage point before the run back to the cabin is taken. The run back to the cabin
from Artists Point offers several interesting possibilities. The run down the Schuss to
Austen Pass offers a brief but exhilarating run for those interested, or if you are less
inclined to speed, the run down the road is gradual and enjoyable. For those who prefer
a steep slope with unusual opportunities for a high speed descent “The Chute” offers a
worthwhile challenge. Equipment and snow conditions should both be checked carefully
before attempting this run. If conditions are right there is no other similarly accessible
slope in the northwest which is as steep for so long a distance. The ultimate in ski tours
in the Baker area is the one up Shuksan Arm from Austen Pass. From the highest point
on Shuksan Arm one looks south into the Monte Cristo area where El Dorado, Monte
Cristo, and the extent of the Cascade Range to the south can be viewed. Over to the east
beyond the Skagit country, Glacier Peak can be seen. Guna, Jack, Whatcom and many
other peaks are visible. Mt. Shuksan is most beautiful. The Happy Fisher route up Mt.
Shuksan can be traced from Lake Anne up the chimneys to the glacier, around Hell’s
Highway or thru the Hourglass up to the Summit. To the north, one looks into the
Fraser River Country in Canada. Red Peak, King George, Hozemeen, Sloan, Columbia,
Tomahoy and Canadian Tomahoy are visible. Many enjoyable summer outings and
sportime climbs are recalled as one views this panorama. Photo enlargements of spec-
tacular peaks from this area adorn the walls of many a mountaineer home.

For many of those who have driven through the high banks of snow to the parking lot
and packed through the crisp air of a typical night at Baker to the cabin mostly covered
with snow to enjoy a weekend of skiing or a New Year’s Holiday the peace and enjoy-
ment of a summer outing in the same area is unknown. This past summer many families
found that Gates Cabin is an ideal spot for spending a week on vacation with the entir-
ely family. Trails to the upper slopes are well marked and the summer heating of the area
offers fine opportunities for the smallest toddler to see much of the mountain country
which is often inaccessible for them. Don’t miss this opportunity for a mountain vacation.

For those skiers who hang on long after most of the other skiing is gone the
Heather Cup Races on the Fourth of July off Table Mountain down to Bagley Lake
offers a fine chance to race in or observe the latest Ski Race in America.

For those interested in the comfort of the cabin, several improvements have been
made. A new oil stove was installed last year which has adequate capacity to heat the
main rooms.

SAFETY TIP ... Don’t depend on the other fellow. Habitually
carry map and compass, repair and first aid kit, flashlight, spare
food and clothing on your climbs and ski trips. They are light-
weight insurance.—WOLF BAUE R.
## THE MOUNTAINEERS, Inc.

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**Totals**

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- SNOQUALMIE, Second Ten Peaks—**
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- TACOMA, Twenty-four Peaks—
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Olsen, Mrs. Axel, Rt. 3, Box E-109, Auburn
Olsen, Clarence A., 8102 Latona (5) KE 6229
Olsen, Don L., 2711 E. 107th (55) SH 6485+$
Olsen, Hazel B., 746 N. 97th (3) KE 2669
Olsen, Jean, 8009 Wallingford (3) VE 0521
Olsen, Sigurd J., 2711 E. 107th (55) JU 6485
Olsen, Mrs. Sigurd J., 2711 E. 107th (55) JU 6485
O'Meara, Henry, 1129 S.W. 139th (66) CH 5167
Onsum, Thomas A., 17522 33rd N.E. (55) EM 6384
Opheim, Clifford E., 416 Summit N., Apt. 202 (2) PR 8987
Orlob, Margaret C., 6716 37th S.W. (6)
Orf, Peter, 6714 1st N.W. (7) SU 5088
Ostrom, Margaret, 1716 27th (22) PR 3268
Orratho, Geo. P., 1726 16th S.W. (6) WE 8749
Orratho, Mrs. George Paul (Jean) 1726 16th S.W. (6) WE 8749
Ott, Hans W., Rr. 3, Box 393-F, Bellevue
Ott, John F., 1715 Broadway, Everett BA 9488
Overby, Shirley, 2514 Magnolia Blvd. (99)
Owen, Mrs. Henry B., 1109 39th N. (2) EA 8618

FOLDBOATS
Jack Fuller
Representing
Klepper and Whalecraft
Boats and Equipment
CA 5281 VE 5874

Page, Don, 4703 18th N.E. (5) KE 9729, Bus. VE 0061
Page, Nancy, 1112 Columbia (4) MA 1616
Palmaso, Dr. Edward, 10045 Valmy SU 3262, Bus. SU 7580
Palmaso, Mrs. Edward, 10045 Valmy SU 3262
Palmer, Elbert C., 7316 21st N.E. (5) KE 7154
Palmer, Mrs. Elbert C., 7316 21st N.E. (5) KE 7154
Pappas, Ted, 430 Whitworth, Renton 5-5549
Parades, Marion, 1012 N. 41st (3) ME 3964
Parkhurst, Robert D., 14311 23rd S.W. (66) LO 2339
Parrish, La Verne, 9512 Pithney (3) DE 4982
Parrott, John, 203 Lake Washington Blvd. (2) EA 7025
Parsons, Harriet T., 2901 Broderick St., San Francisco, California
Parsons, Harry V., 3817 42nd N.E. (5) VE 3197
Parsons, Reginald H., 2300-2305 Northern Life Tower (1) EL 2874
Partee, Duane W., 3227 45th S.W. (6)
Page, Don, 1605 E. Olive, Apt. 209 (22) FR 9125
Page, Jeanette C., 1605 E. Olive, Apt. 209 (22) FR 9125
Paschall, Patience, Rt. 1, Box 1395, Bremerton, Bremerton 8035-J-1
Patchin, Audrey M., 203 W. Republican, Apt. 304, GA 1726
Patelli, Giuseppe G., 2301 E. Galer (2) EA 6619
Patelli, Jo Vanna, 2301 E. Galer (2) EA 6619
Patterson, John, 2009 Nipsic, Bremerton 3653-M
Patterson, Mrs. John, 2009 Nipsic, Bremerton, Bremerton 3653-M
Patterson, Jon Robin, 705 2nd W. (99) KE 4290
Patterson, Mrs. Richard G. (Kay) 9818 5th N.E. (5) KE 4290
Patterson, Shirley, 620 8th, Apt. 110 (4) KE 1832
Patrick, Lawrence L., 23403 55th W., Edmonds
Patrick, Mrs. Lawrence L. (Grace W.)
23403 55th W., Edmonds
Patten, William T., Jr., 3856 41st S. (8)
Patten, Mrs. William T., Jr. (Elizabeth B.) 3856 41st S. (8)
Paul, C. Parker, 3415 Perkins Lane (99) AL 5052
Paulcener, Henry M., Jr. 910 4th N. (9) AL 2164
UNSINKABLE FOLDING BOAT

 Fits Into Your Car Trunk!

The AERIUS "Flagship" packs in two bags for car, train or air travel. Assembles easily in ten minutes to a boat 17' 2" long, 35" beam, 4' 1½" draft. Air tubes built within the hull at the gunwales make it UNSINKABLE! Designed for Sail, Paddle, Motor, in fresh and salt water.

Write for Illustrated Folder to

KLEPPER COMPANY 1472 Broadway • New York 18

SEATTLE REPRESENTATIVE
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P. J. PERRY & CO.

INSURANCE

AUTOMOBILE, ACCIDENT, All Other Branches

Seneo 2050 — Res. MAin 1132

349 Henry Building — SEATTLE 1

SHEEHAN, Mrs. Jack E. (Dorothy) 421 W. Roy (99) AL 2221

SHELTON, Celia L., 6836 34th N.W. (5)

SHELTON, Mary E., 6836 34th N.W. (5)

SHERMAN, Mary Ann, 1000 6th (4) KL 7650

SHERMAN, Robert, 2459 Monta Vista Pl. (39) AL 2372

SHERMAN, Roland F., 19½ Harrison Ave., Helena, Montana

SHERMAN, Mrs. Roland F. (Kathryn) 19½ Harrison Ave., Helena, Montana

SHERWOOD, Mrs. Fannie Jo, 303 Ley (9)

SHERWOOD, Mildred K., 6401 Dayton (3)

HE 3788

SHINN, Thomas S., 6224 High Point Dr. (6)

SHINN, Mrs. Thomas S. (Hilda) 6224 High Point Dr. (6)

86
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address 1</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Postal Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>HANSON, Mrs Roselynn T.</td>
<td>621 1st W., Seattle (99) GA 4851</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HIRMAN, Leona J.</td>
<td>2413 Everett, BA 3642</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>HOPKINS, William A.</td>
<td>Rt. 3, Box 315, Vancouver</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUDSON, Mabel C.</td>
<td>2632 Rucker, #34, CE 1887</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>JOHNSON, Violet</td>
<td>2413 Everett, BA 3642</td>
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<tr>
<td>JONES, C. S.</td>
<td>520 Pilchuck Path, BA 0826</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>JONES, Mrs. C. S. (Lolita)</td>
<td>520 Pilchuck Path, BA 0826</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>KROH, Russell A.</td>
<td>3202 Laurel Dr.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>KROH, Mrs. Russell A.</td>
<td>3202 Laurel Dr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>LEMMANN, Christian H.</td>
<td>3830 Federal, BA 7752, Bus. BA 3725111</td>
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<tr>
<td>LEMMANN, John F.</td>
<td>3527 Hoyt, BA 9870111</td>
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<tr>
<td>LINDH. Nels O.</td>
<td>Box 346, Edmonds, Phone 814</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>LOWTHIAN, W. E.</td>
<td>1102 35th, BA 2095</td>
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<tr>
<td>McHAIN, Mabel E.</td>
<td>Bell's Court, BA 3567</td>
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<tr>
<td>MCKENZIE, William D.</td>
<td>Box 384, Edmonds, 3224</td>
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<tr>
<td>MITCHELL, A. K.</td>
<td>2420 Rucker</td>
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<tr>
<td>PATTerson, Jacob L.</td>
<td>4803 Colby, CE 1502</td>
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<tr>
<td>PETERSEN, William C.</td>
<td>Rt. 1, Lake Stevens, 2134</td>
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<tr>
<td>ROSS, Ralph H.</td>
<td>4828 Delaware</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>RUTHERFORD, Carol</td>
<td>721 Laurel Dr., BA 4305</td>
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<tr>
<td>SCOTT, Celia Mae</td>
<td>3607 Federal</td>
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<td>SHAHAN, Dennis E.</td>
<td>5619 Lombard, HI 4458</td>
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<td>SHELDON, C. G.</td>
<td>3711 E. Pima, Tucson, Arizona</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHORKOCK, Paul</td>
<td>P. O. Box 126, 529 Ave. &quot;H,&quot; Snohomish</td>
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<tr>
<td>SIEVERS, Harold</td>
<td>1732 Colby, CE 1858</td>
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<tr>
<td>SPURLING, A. Gilbert</td>
<td>Rt. 4, Box 30, CE 1039</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>TAYLOR, Jane E.</td>
<td>The Clermont, #308, CE 1225</td>
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<tr>
<td>THIE, Lawrence H.</td>
<td>Coupeville, BA 8161</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>THIE, Mrs. Lawrence H. (Mary Louise)</td>
<td>Coupeville, BA 8161</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>THOMPSON, Nan</td>
<td>Madrona Apt., #34, 2632 Rucker, CE 1887</td>
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<td>TRAPTON, Dick</td>
<td>Box 14, Lowell, BA 3880</td>
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<td>URAN, Gordon C.</td>
<td>Rt. 3, Snohomish, 11351118</td>
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<td>URAN, Mrs. Gordon C. (Johanna)</td>
<td>Rt. 3, Snohomish, 11351118</td>
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<tr>
<td>VAN BROCKLIN, Dr. H. L.</td>
<td>110 Lewis St., Monroe, 3786</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>VAN DERHYDE, Ann</td>
<td>P. O. Box 189, Snohomish, 3274</td>
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<tr>
<td>VAN DERHYDE, Ken</td>
<td>Box 189, Snohomish, 3274</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>WIDMER, Vivian</td>
<td>1411 18th, CE 1780</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>WRIGHT, Mathew</td>
<td>Bev. Pk. Sta., Everett</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**HAL’S Sport Shop**

Your HEADQUARTERS for

- FISHING TACKLE
- HUNTING SUPPLIES
- CAMPING and SKI EQUIPMENT

**Quality for Less**

Complete Rental Service—Including Clothing

Mountaineers Preferred on Our Charge Accounts

Twenty-third Avenue at Union
OPEN 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.
**SEATTLE UNIT**

Income and Expense Statement for Year Ending October 31, 1951

### INCOME

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$7,238.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dues</td>
<td>$7,491.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Less allocation to Tacoma</td>
<td>-246.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Less allocation to Everett</td>
<td>-39.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Less allocations to publications</td>
<td>-3,051.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>INITIATION FEES</td>
<td>$1,056.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less allocation to branches</td>
<td>-81.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>PUBLICATIONS</td>
<td>$3,135.40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Allocation of dues</td>
<td>$3,051.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sale of publications</td>
<td>83.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of annual, 1950</td>
<td>1,490.04</td>
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<tr>
<td>Less advertising income</td>
<td>221.18</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total cost of publications</td>
<td>$1,268.86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deficit allotted dues over cost</td>
<td>-3,318.22</td>
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</tbody>
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**COMMITTEE OPERATIONS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Excess of income over expenses</td>
<td>$29.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campcrafters</td>
<td>225.43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Climbers</td>
<td>352.10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dance</td>
<td>223.57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>731.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Players</td>
<td>54.92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ski</td>
<td>1,100.85</td>
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<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>538.51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing</td>
<td>88.66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Viewfinders</td>
<td>10.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Excess of expense over income</td>
<td>$254.63</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin</td>
<td>274.32</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mt. Baker Cabin</td>
<td>222.85</td>
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<tr>
<td>Annual banquet</td>
<td>551.80</td>
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<tr>
<td>Net income-Committee Operations</td>
<td>$3,376.18</td>
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**OTHER INCOME**

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>$289.08</td>
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<td>Royalties on Climbers' Notebooks</td>
<td>359.28</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL INCOME</td>
<td>$9,386.59</td>
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### EXPENSES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>$81.59</td>
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<tr>
<td>Salaries</td>
<td>1,570.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rent</td>
<td>1,200.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>236.21</td>
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<td>Clubroom maintenance</td>
<td>374.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Emblems</td>
<td>165.93</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stamped envelopes</td>
<td>82.36</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dues</td>
<td>60.00</td>
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<td>Office supplies</td>
<td>185.46</td>
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<td>Taxes</td>
<td>98.27</td>
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<td>Election expense</td>
<td>111.29</td>
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<td>Photographic</td>
<td>62.36</td>
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<td>Players—1950</td>
<td>170.26</td>
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<td>Peak registers, maps and binding</td>
<td>170.26</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>98.27</td>
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<td>DEPRECIATION</td>
<td>666.03</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL EXPENSES</td>
<td>$6,134.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES</td>
<td>$3,241.09</td>
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</tbody>
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# BALANCE SHEET AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1951

## ASSETS

### CURRENT ASSETS

- Cash in checking accounts
  - General: $3,359.33
  - Meany Ski Hut: $337.64
  - Snoqualmie Lodge: $150.07
  - Stevens Hut: $714.63
  - Summer Outing: $689.84
  - Snoqualmie Ski Hill fund: $954.55

- Savings accounts
  - Building fund: $194.21
  - Reserve: $486.44
  - Seymour Saddle Horse fund: $245.32
  - Permanent fund: $2,000.00

### INVESTMENTS

- Permanent Fund, U. S. Bonds: $3,000.00
- General Fund, U. S. Bonds: $3,000.00
- Seymour Fund, U. S. Bonds: $1,000.00

### BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Building</th>
<th>Recorded Value</th>
<th>Allowance for Depreciation</th>
<th>Net Value</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin</td>
<td>$3,194.68</td>
<td>$2,815.28</td>
<td>$379.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>$5,371.36</td>
<td>$3,578.90</td>
<td>$1,792.46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>$10,356.01</td>
<td>$2,503.63</td>
<td>$7,852.38</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stevens Ski Hut</td>
<td>$2,483.47</td>
<td>$694.02</td>
<td>$1,789.45</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clubroom furniture and fixtures</td>
<td>$1,635.48</td>
<td>$879.03</td>
<td>$756.45</td>
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<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>$2,005.63</td>
<td>$935.49</td>
<td>$1,070.14</td>
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<tr>
<td>Motion picture equipment</td>
<td>$1,405.17</td>
<td>$744.83</td>
<td>$660.34</td>
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<tr>
<td>General equipment</td>
<td>$1,332.17</td>
<td>$473.71</td>
<td>$858.46</td>
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Total buildings and equipment: $27,783.97

### OTHER ASSETS

- Snoqualmie Pass Land: $1,100.00
- Climbers' Notebooks: $222.02
- Prepaid Expenses: $2,387.98

Total other assets: $3,601.11

## LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS

### LIABILITIES

- Tacoma and Everett share of dues: $366.50

### SURPLUS

- Capital Surplus: $16,163.48
- Permanent Fund Surplus: $5,000.00
- Seymour Fund: $1,245.32
- Building Fund: $194.21
- Rescue Fund: $50.00
- Snoqualmie Ski Hill Fund: $954.55
- Free Surplus: $11,627.05

Total liabilities and surplus: $35,601.11

---

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 10, 1951

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
THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., TACOMA BRANCH

Financial Report from October 1, 1950, to September 21, 1951

RECEIPTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Membership Refund from Seattle</td>
<td>$307.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interest on United States Savings Bonds</td>
<td>25.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maynard Miller Lecture</td>
<td>440.66</td>
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<tr>
<td>Climbing Committee</td>
<td>26.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Committee</td>
<td>128.22</td>
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<td>Local Walks Committee</td>
<td>64.70</td>
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<td>Membership Committee</td>
<td>.60</td>
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<td>Social Committee</td>
<td>44.50</td>
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<td>Special Outing Committee</td>
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$1,043.18

DISBURSEMENTS

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<tr>
<th>Item</th>
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<tr>
<td>Bonding of Secretary-Treasurer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Peak Pins</td>
<td>33.21</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flowers and Gifts</td>
<td>38.16</td>
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<tr>
<td>Postage and Supplies</td>
<td>2.46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Binding of Bulletins and Binders for Minutes</td>
<td>7.46</td>
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<td>Maynard Miller Lecture</td>
<td>298.45</td>
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<td>Kitsap Play Publicity</td>
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<td>Irish Cabin Insurance</td>
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<td>Irish Cabin Taxes</td>
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<td>Climbing Committee</td>
<td>26.00</td>
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<td>Dance Committee</td>
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<td>Irish Cabin Committee</td>
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<td>Membership Committee</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nominating Committee</td>
<td>6.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social Committee</td>
<td>55.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two United States Savings Bonds, Series “G”</td>
<td>600.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

$1,358.73

ASSETS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash in Bank of California</td>
<td>$416.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash in United Mutual Savings Bank</td>
<td>1,148.04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Funds Retained by Photographic Committee</td>
<td>3.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Funds Retained by Dance Committee</td>
<td>27.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four United States Savings Bonds, Series “G”</td>
<td>1,600.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Property:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin, Estimated</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Furniture and Fixtures, Estimated</td>
<td>400.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin Land, Estimated</td>
<td>200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom and Local Walks Property, Estimates</td>
<td>108.19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

$4,904.18

LIABILITIES: None

Net Worth, Estimated

$4,904.18

MARY A. FRIES, Treasurer

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., EVERETT UNIT

Financial Report from October 1, 1950, to October 1, 1951

CHECKING ACCOUNT

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Balance October 1, 1950</td>
<td>$182.54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Receipts:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trail Fees</td>
<td>$46.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allocation of Dues</td>
<td>47.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash Available</td>
<td>$275.84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disbursements</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rentals</td>
<td>$26.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>63.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trustee Expense</td>
<td>22.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing Committee</td>
<td>6.33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance October 1, 1951</td>
<td>$157.27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Investments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Government Bonds (cost)</td>
<td>370.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Resources</td>
<td>$527.27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

C. O. DAVIS, Treasurer