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Frosty splendor on a winter day at Artists' Point, Mount Baker.
Photograph by Bob and Ira Spring
Route Of The First Party To Ascend Mount Rainier From The North Side

1. Carbon River crossing
2. Bark Town
3. Mountain Meadows
4. Fay Peak
5. Eagle Cliff
6. Spray Falls
7. Camp in Spray Park, Aug. 15-17
8. Attempted ascent by Ptarmigan Ridge
9. Camp between Moraine Park and Mystic Lake
10. Where Forbes fell
11. Summit of Mount Rainier, reached Aug. 20, 1884
On August 20, 1884, three young men from Snohomish climbed to the summit of Mount Rainier via the Winthrop and Emmons Glaciers. That ascent by George James, J. Warner Fobes and Richard O. Wells was the first from the northeast side of the mountain, and probably the fourth conquest of our great peak. Two accounts of the climb were subsequently written and published, but only one is available now. However, the other has survived and can here, after seventy years, become securely a part of the lore of mountaineering in the Pacific northwest.

The story of the survival and reappearance of the account written by George James is quite interesting. It was published on the back page of the September 6, 1884, issue of The Eye, a weekly which was printed at Snohomish from 1882 to 1897. That five-column, four-page newspaper never had a large circulation, and a complete file of the issues is not available. The only known copy of the one which contained the James account is a fragile, badly damaged sheet in the Snohomish Public Library. It came to light as the result of a search which was the culmination of a series of unusual events.

In the 1920 Mountaineer Harry M. Myers presented an article entitled “On The Ascents Of Mount Rainier”, and in it he made the following remark concerning the Emmons route: “There is a legend that, in 1885, three men from Snohomish climbed this way. A diligent search of records and inquiry among people living in Snohomish at the time failed to corroborate the statement.” That had not been long in print before Dr. H. B. Hinman, of Everett, confirmed the legend. He had asked a patient if he knew of such a climb and the answer was, “Why yes. I was one of the climbers.” Dr. Hinman obtained from him a copy of the article which had appeared in The Eye and sent it to Mr. Myers, who...
published a brief note in the 1935 *Mountaineer* to correct his earlier article.

Although Mr. Myers did not republish the James account, he did send a typed copy to the late Francois E. Matthes, who, as a cartographer of the United States Geological Survey, directed the topographical mapping of Mount Rainier, and later wrote extensively about the Park. After Matthes' death his widow donated many of his personal papers to the National Park Service, and they were sent to Mount Rainier in 1950 to become a part of the archives of the Park.

While inspecting the Matthes papers last winter, my interest was aroused by the copy of the James account; I was not familiar with it and decided to look for the original article which was published in *The Eye*. The ensuing search was tedious but successful, largely because of the kind help of Librarian Mildred Dean, who patiently sorted through the deteriorating issues of *The Eye* which were found stored in the Snohomish Public Library.

In the course of the search for the original article, some information was obtained about the men who made that memorable climb. They were an uncommon group, novices at mountain climbing, but adventurous and capable of learning; equally important, they were hardy enough to stand up under the schooling. Little is known of George James. His name appears on the Snohomish County Census Roll for 1885, where he is listed as 25 years old, single, white, a surveyor and from Ohio. He is not listed in either the 1883 or the 1887 census, but he must have been living in the vicinity of Everett as late as 1920, since circumstantial evidence indicates he was the patient from whom Dr. Hinman obtained the copy.

The Reverend J. Warner Fobes was pastor of the Union Presbyterian Church at Snohomish, a ministry he undertook upon his arrival from Syracuse, New York, in September of 1883. Whitfield's *History of Snohomish County*, page 225, says that he was a young man, fond of athletics, and a believer in temperance, though not fanatical about it. That attitude probably contributed to the success of his pastorate as the little town of 700 inhabitants had six saloons, but only one church. There was also a good school building, but no school, and the community-minded Reverend Fobes managed to get a reading room opened there in 1884. His efforts are commemorated in the name of the Fobes School between Snohomish and Everett. He left Snohomish in 1887 and his congregation missed him enough to later invite him to return from Rhode Island where he had settled, but he remained in the east.

As for Richard O. Wells, the third member of the party, we must take the word of Fobes that he was a lawyer, for his name does not appear in any of the available records. From the same source we know also that Wells was a man of considerable courage. It was his stubborn determination to try for the summit alone, after the party had been twice defeated, that led them to make the final and successful climb.

The following is the account of the climb as written by George James, with a few comments inserted to help orient the reader. It is necessary to read the Fobes account also to fully appreciate this most naive undertaking, for the two narratives are complimentary. James, the surveyor, is briefer but more exact; while Fobes, the minister, provides better descriptions and background. Let us now go back to the events of seventy years ago.

"In company with the Rev. J. W. Fobes and Richard O. Wells, I left Snohomish City on the 11th. of August (1884), taking passage on the steamer for Tacoma, arriving there at 6 p.m. on the same day; nothing of importance occurring on the route.

"Aug. 12th, 6:15 a.m. we boarded the train for Wilkeson, a small town situated on a branch of the N. P. RR. about 30 miles east of Tacoma, arriving there about 8:45 a.m."
"After procuring provisions and other necessaries we leave Wilkeson by a good trail for our destination. This trail was made for the purpose of geological and railroad surveys, under the direction of Prof. Bailey Willis. At 5 p.m. we crossed Carbon River (below Evans Creek), a very rapid stream coming from the southeast, and begin the ascent of a very long hill with an altitude of 1000 ft. above the river, at the top of this hill we find a good camp and soon retire for the night.

"Aug. 13th. The weather being (un)favorable we leave camp at 9 a.m. After traveling about 4 miles we go into camp for the day, as it still continues to rain.

"Aug. 14th. Rising early, we resume our way, passing many places of interest. At 11:30 we arrive at Bark Town (later known as Grindstone Camp) where the cabins are made of bark. After refreshments were served we pass on and at 3 p.m. come to a small meadow of 6 or 8 acres (Mountain Meadows), covered with grass and decorated with flowers of the brightest colors. We cross this grassy steppe and other similar ones, but of less area. At 4:30 p.m. we arrive at Crater Lake with an altitude of 5,000 above the sea (Mowich Lake, elevation 4929). Pitching our tent for the night our forms were soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

"Aug. 15th. Before breakfast we ascend a mountain peak east of the lake (Fay Peak) for a view of the surrounding country and were one hour in gaining an ascent of 1,000 feet. As we sat on the top of this peak, resting and chatting, the clouds parted to the south and Mt. Ranier looked down on us in all its grandeur. This is the first time we have seen the mountain since leaving Tacoma, on account of the clouds and it presented a much different appearance. After viewing the surrounding country we return to camp and after breakfast started again on the trail, passing one place (Eagle Cliff) where we had a fine view of the glaciers on the north side of the mountain. About 4 miles from Crater Lake the trail makes a sharp turn to the left and we ascend rapidly. To our right is a water fall (Spray Falls) with a height of about 400 ft. and presenting a most beautiful appearance. About a mile further up a gradual ascent interspersed with fir shrubs and grassy plots covered with wild flowers of all varieties. Arriving at the timber line we pitched our tent and made preparations for an early start next morning.

"Aug. 16th. At 7:30 a.m. we started for the summit of Ranier (via Ptarmigan Ridge). After reaching an elevation of 11,000 ft. by our barometer, we found the remainder of the mountain from this side insurmountable, as there is a perpendicular ascent nearly 2,000 ft. We returned to camp, decided to move further to the east, and if possible scale the snowline leading from the White River glaciers.

"Aug. 17th. Sunday. Remained in camp all day.*

"Aug. 18th. At 7 a.m. we were traveling in search of a new camping ground. Keeping to our left, around the base of the mountain, we had gone but a short distance when we discovered a large white mountain goat feeding on the grass above a large snow bank. The beautiful animal started on the run the moment it saw us, but it did not get out of the way in time to escape the well aimed bullet from the rifle of our friend J. W. Fobes. The animal fell on the brink of a very steep snow bank and in dying struggled over the brink and rolled at a high rate of speed for a distance of about 1,000 ft. Our Alpine staffs were called into use and away we went in hot pursuit. After securing the hide and hams and some steak we proceeded on our way, crossing the Carbon River glaciers. After traveling a short distance through a small valley, fragrant with the most lovely flowers the eye ever beheld we soon found a suitable camping ground above this valley on a ridge between the Carbon and White River glaciers, and at an altitude of 6,100 ft. above the sea level (on the di-

*See the Fobes account. In the afternoon they all went adventuring. Fobes struck northward across Carbon Glacier near Goat Island Rock, while Wells explored in the great cirque, where he nearly lost his life in a crevasse.
IT'S OUR MOUNTAIN AND WE LOVE IT

By FLORENCE S. WINSHIP

Grandeur, beauty, majesty. You think of these when you think of Mount Rainier, for its magnificence and enormous size impress you deeply. If you have been here before you say, almost reverently, "It looks grander and bigger every time I see it."

This year's Outing was DIFFERENT, UNUSUAL. Never before was a Summer Outing so like a Winter Outing. Snow filled the meadows, snow hid the trails, snow obliterated the lakes. You walked on snow to and from commissary, and oftentimes over great fields of snow on the way to campfire. Melting snow made some campsites oozy with marsh and mud. And the newspaper, naturally, had to be called "THE ICE SHEET—It Covers Everything."

But late snow has its compensations. It gives a fresh, nose-tingling tang to the air such as only snow can give. Trilliums were still blooming and never did we have such abundant avalanche lilies, so thick that we trampled them unavoidably, some with five or six large blossoms on a stem. We treasured the flowers we saw, for we did not find them in the familiar open meadows, but rather we came upon them in unexpected places, on top of a ridge or in a clearing down in the forest.

The Outing had its familiar aspects too, the usual things to enjoy, laugh at, admire, and remember. We had the usual capable committee who arranged for our comfort and pleasure all along the way. We had Clarence's ringing yodel for a rising call, and we learned the wisdom of waiting for it before arising. On one rest day many of us got up an hour and a half too early when we heard a banging-on-panis. It was only John, the cook's helper, frightening away a bear.

We had Paul's cooking to threaten our waist-lines, and the abundant menus which have become the fashion on Summer Outings: steaks, cakes, pies; fried chicken one Sunday, baked turkey the next; fresh salads, cantaloupe, peaches, ice cream. Why is it that the ice cream always arrives after dark on the coldest nights of the trip?

Days in camp seemed to be concerned mainly with boot-greasing, due to the snow. The fire was eternally ringed about with a row of yawning boots, drying, warming, ready to be plastered carefully with Sno-seal. There was much dish towel washing and bleaching. Joe Pullen superintended this job with a corps of willing helpers so faithful that two songs were composed on this subject: "Joe's Been Workin' on the Dish-towels," using the familiar Railroad tune, and a real classic a la Pinafore, called "The HMS Towel-Before." Most people performed these domestic tasks bare-handed, but some of the women sort of wished they had thought of Bob Bunn's idea. He wore bright orange
rubber gloves—even for dish-washing!

Some of our evening campfires were a bit cramped or hilly because the snow limited the space. Some were small because the snow covered up much of the wood, and we had to struggle close to the fire in order to feel its warmth. Campfire Chairman Gus Morrison and Margarete Chalfant furnished us with the usual delightful entertainment. We all learned “The Happy Wanderer” taught us by Aura Morrison. Clarence’s salty solos were popular, also Duane Norgren’s “Sweet Violets” and others. We had Patience to sing and teach us her lovely, original ballads which so express the flavor of the mountains.

One of our visitors from Massachusetts, Lilian Birrell, “wowed” us with hilarious tales of Appalachian Club trips. It seems that the decision between summer and winter underwear is quite a problem with them. Hilarious too were many stunts, including “The Tale of the Lazy Little Mountaineer” wherein the Abominable Snowman carried off our precious Patience when she emerged from her sleeping bag, prettily attired all in pale pink apparel.

The pack train was efficiently managed by Bob Nicholson and his three assistants, and always arrived in good season in spite of snow conditions. We had great sympathy for the horses and mules for they had to be tied up many nights and fed only packed-in hay and grain. Of course this meant we didn’t have them roaming through women’s quarters as on other trips. It really seemed good when at Glacier Basin and Summerland they were free to tramp about in the night and munch grass out from under our beds.

We followed the well-known Wonderland Trail around the Mountain. On Saturday, July 24, we gathered at Christine Falls, ate lunch, donned boots, and started up the trail to Van Trump Park. There were 64 hikers, and six riders who followed with packers and pack-train. At Longmire, Leo, our Chairman, had told us that we might have to clear snow from the trails, that some camps might be so lacking in dry ground that we would have to sleep “bumper-to-bumper,” that this was going to be “an interesting Outing, but different.” So we were watching for the snow. After a mile or two with practically no snow, we became less apprehensive. Oh, there was some in the gully below lovely Comet Falls, but “that doesn’t look so bad,” we said to ourselves. And then we climbed above the falls and My Goodness! the whole basin was full of snow, the shelter cabin buried in it, the campsite a sea of snow. But here and there small islands in the sea furnished us dry spots to pitch our tents or lay our sleeping bags. Probably it was wishful thinking that immediately gave these islands such names as “Bali High” and “The Isle of Capri.”

We were to move next day so we were up early. Not snow, nor cold, nor fog, nor gloom of night ever stays these Mountaineers from getting up at the appointed time. If they say “Five o’-
clock" you get up at five o'clock. We had a choice of two routes from here to Indian Henry's: the High-line being a long hot trip over the Kautz and Pyramid Glaciers, the Low-line a long trek 'way down and 'way up through the forest, crossing the great devastation of the flood of the Kautz Creek where the creek-bed had been lowered many feet, disclosing the levels of other such avalanches.

It was difficult to feel at home in Indian Henry's. Where was the lake? And the commissary was so cramped on a small steep mound of ground that the food line snaked around here and there, up and down on the surrounding snow. The usual climbs were made here, easy Ararat, strenuous Pyramid, and medium Iron and Crystal. The latter two were climbed one day by three tender little "Flower Girls" who wandered up both of them in their meanderings looking for flowers, thus disconcerting the regular climb party which had given up after making only Iron.

Tuesday's trip to Klappatche was called low-line only, but we had high-line experience. Up over Emerald Ridge, up over and down over those terrifically steep slopes of St. Andrew's Ridge, we were kept constantly stepping in snow steps kicked out by those first in line. Klappatche was very unfamiliar, for there were no lakes to mirror the Mountain. Here we all had to sleep on the hilly spots up among the trees, wet because of melting snowbanks around us. Most people climbed Aurora Peak and enjoyed its superb view.

A trip up Tokaloo Rock was highlighted by a hazardous climb of the vertical rock thumb by Ernie Richter and Hunter Morrison, one and one half hours up and three hours down. To safeguard the rope for their rappel they used their headgear, so the thumb is now known unofficially as Lost Hat Peak.

On Thursday the high-liners travelled up over the Puyallup Glacier, the low-liners down across the Puyallup river and up a warm, sunny trail through the old burn where they encountered many flowers. It was a good year for bear grass, the silver forest being thickly dotted with the big blooms. Our camp at Golden Lakes was really hot and it began to seem more like summer.

The hike next day, Friday, was a long low-line to Mowich Lake. Here again all was changed by the snow. The only open ground for camping was on or near the road. The two public "facilities" buildings might have been confusing, but someone had been thoughtful enough to dig deep into the snow near one and unearth—or unsnow—a large sign which said "Women."

On to beloved Spray Park on Saturday, the strenuous ones taking in Eunice Lake, Faye Peak, Mount Pleasant or Hessong Rock on the way. The others had a leisurely stroll, passing scenic Eagle Cliff and the handsomest waterfall in the Park, Spray Falls. No chance for the usual private bathing in men's and women's lakes at Spray—no lakes. Two climbs were made of Echo and Observation Rocks, and on Sunday we had the pleasure of a great many Mountaineer visitors who hiked in from the Mowich Road.

Monday was our first cloudy day. Tuesday we hiked in cold fog all the way to the Carbon River. This trail was one of the spots where we had "Trail Crew" experience. The steep snow had to be chopped and shoveled out, trampled and stomped into shape so the pack train could cross. At this and at other places "we chopped and we labored but we never got down to the soil." We were proud of our work and would stand back admiringly when the pack train appeared. Then Bob and the mules would come swinging along, smile,—and cross the snow thirty feet away from our handsome trail!

From the Carbon the way is long and steep, up, up over part of Old Desolate to Mystic Lake—more mystic than ever because we could scarcely see it. This was a marshy camp and we lined up in squishy mud for all our meals.
Thursday, August 5, the high-liners crossed the Winthrop Glacier and arrived early in camp at Glacier Basin. Low-liners took three routes—a long one by those who followed the pack train, a longer one by the regular route, and a very long one by some who took the wrong trail, hiked to Yakima Park and were late in arriving in camp.

Glacier Basin was surprisingly attractive. The dust of former years has grown into a lovely level green meadow, carpeted with blue violets. Weather was warm and clear and we had no regret at all because of waiting here four days so the climbers could climb the Mountain.

We rested, washed, made leisurely trips to Yakima Park for ice cream, relaxed and just enjoyed camp life. That is—all but Charlie Kilmer. He sawed and hammered and measured and experimented and nailed together boards salvaged from the old Starbo Mine and built the most beautiful table imaginable for the Six Peakers’ banquet, which was held on Saturday night.

Two graduates, Mimi and Ray Brandes, came in for the occasion and were duly questioned and admitted to the fold. The dinner was late as we waited for the return of the climbers. For several hours we stared eagerly up at Interglacier, waiting to see those tiny dots appear one by one, and come striding or sliding toward us. Seventeen were successful in ascending Rainier, the climax of all the climbs of the Outing. They reported a fine trip but slow, due to many crevasses. Sunday again brought us many visitors.

Monday, August 9, was all low-line, but as usual it seemed more like high-line when we crossed steep snowbanks just before reaching the wintery-looking meadows of Summerland. This was another leisurely camp, three nights here. By this time the party was only half-size, as the first- and second-weekers had left and no third-weekers came in. Leo and his sturdy trail workers spent Tuesday building the trail over the snow cornice to Panhandle Gap, but they also found time to climb Banshee and the Cowlitz Chimneys and to count 53 goats. This flock added considerably to our “Goat Census” which the park naturalists asked us to make. Our total was 102.

Clarence led a group of lovely ladies up Goat Island Mountain, gallantly laying down two alpies to bolster a weakish snowbridge over the creek. Then Marion Simpson, hurrying to overtake them, came bounding innocently across the snowbridge without any alpies. So it goes at times. On Wednesday, many stayed in camp, resting, washing, making fudge. A small party decided to climb Meany Crest, a trip that ended with the unhappy accident for Clare Combat, which saddened all of us.

Thursday’s trail to Indian Bar was the snowiest of the entire Outing. So was the camp, and probably no one regretted an early start for the long long trail around through Stevens Canyon to

Continued on page 76
The Old, Old Trail

Words and air by
Patience Paschall.

Arranged by
Abigail Brooks.

Shouting wind, water falling,
Nature's wild voices calling,
Then what sweet slumber falling
When we camp at the end of the trail.

*CHORUS

They are camped in the meadows,
The far, flowery meadows,
They are camped in the meadows,
And they wait at the end of the trail.

*(End each chorus with the last line of the preceding stanza)

*First sung on this summer's outing, "The Old, Old Trail" was composed by Patience, favorite musical member of countless Mountaineer jaunts.
A GOAT ROCKS WEEKEND

By JEAN D. RIPLEY

Are you looking for a good place to spend the three day weekend, just you and your own special group? Do you like high country, meadows carpeted with flowers of every color, a striking view of Mount Adams, and some nice, medium-sized mountains offering both glacier and rock climbing? Then you must try the Goat Rocks Primitive Area.

Where is it? It's about five hours drive from Seattle by way of Eatonville and Randle. Better yet, try the short cut through Enumclaw, Cayuse Pass, Ohanepecosh, and Packwood. Two miles beyond Packwood, take the new Johnson Creek road, just opened this year. With average good luck in traffic, you'll find yourself parked above Chambers Lake in just three hours.

The Goat Rocks trail is in excellent shape, about a four and a half mile pack in. You gain altitude for nearly a mile, walking between clumps of bear grass and occasionally glimpsing Mount Adams off to the right, so huge as to dispel any feeling of unreality it may have given you when you saw it from a distance. Soon you reach a point where the trees open out, and way ahead, rising above a green plateau, is a ridge of bare rocky mountains dotted with patches of snow.

Then you say to yourself, "This is why I came!" It was nice that you had that encouraging glimpse, because at that point the trail starts losing altitude and keeps right on down until it hits the bottom. But it's a very nice trail. It isn't too long before you are up again in steep meadows which open out into Snow Grass Flats, with the Goat Rocks rising above them.

There's a well built shelter in Snow Grass Flats. Fire wood abounds and so do the little streams of pure drinking water. As to the view, you can take pictures as you lie in your sleeping bag in the morning, and if you can get someone in your group to be cooking your breakfast, it makes an ideal foreground.

There are three named peaks in the Goat Rocks group: Old Snowy, Ives, and Gilbert. Old Snowy, off to the left, overlooks Packwood Glacier and the wild valley below. It's an easy scramble over the rock slide and up, with some nice snow patches to make the return trip the more enjoyable. From the top, close enough to touch, you can see Adams,
Rainier, and a little farther, the symmetrical cone of St. Helens.

Mount Ives is a pyramid directly over camp. It’s a little higher and farther than Old Snowy, but poses no climbing problems.

Pick a saddle on either side of the rocky tower and follow the beaten track up natural stone stairways. In less than half an hour you’ll find yourself on top with more magnificent views on every side. Probably meet some eager Boy Scouts from Portland, having their first try at mountain climbing.

But don’t under-estimate Mount Gilbert. Although only 8201 feet high, it is the highest of the group and the farthest from camp. From the back of Old Snowy it looks but a skip and a jump. So you skip over the Conrad Glacier, jump over some rock slides, and find yourself staring down into a glacial bowl five hundred feet below. There is no avoiding it. There is no choice but to leave the faint in heart to find their own way home, get a firm grip on the ice axe, and start dropping. On the way back up the other side it will be nice if you can find a good, solid snow bridge over the huge crevasse. Having won the top of the glacier, you find you are a long way from the summit. However, it’s all rock and not difficult.

On your contour map there is no “Mount Gilbert.” That is because it was called “Goat Rocks Bench Mark” until the summer of 1949. At that time it was dedicated to a Mr. Gilbert of Yakima who was noted for his work with boys, especially in giving them the opportunity to “try out their legs and lungs” on the slopes of this same mountain. All this you will learn when you open the massive brass register case containing a map of the area, a dedicatory statement written by no less a person than Justice William O. Douglas, and parchment paper register of names, headed by that of Mr. Douglas.

But now it is late and time for the descent. Surely there is an easier, more direct route down the other side to Cispus Pass. Perhaps there is. We didn’t find it. But we tried, anyway. It involved some more up climbing and some rather “interesting” down climbing and lots of rolling rock. Once over Cispus Pass there is a good trail leading the long way back to Snow Grass Flats. I am told it is quite easy to find by daylight.

So you see, here is a weekend to suit your taste. You may sleep in the sun, or dash up little prominences, camera in hand, or stretch your muscles on the rocks and glaciers. Whichever way you use your time, you will arrive home with the satisfied feeling that this was the ideal way to spend your precious three day weekend.

Mountaineer Goodnight Song

Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Still in my dreams I’ll be,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee; nearer to Thee.

Goodnight, we must part;
God keep watch o’er us all where we go;
Till we meet once again;
Good Night!
LET'S USE THE CASCADE CREST TRAIL

By JOSEPH T. HAZARD

The Mount Baker Club and The Mountaineers were the first to propose, promote, and organize the Cascade Crest Trail. Its earlier history must not be forgotten.

Early in 1926 Miss Catherine Montgomery of the then Bellingham Normal showed me photographs of the Appalachian Trail, with its mile markers and its shelter huts. That evening I met the Mount Baker Club and urged a "Cascade Trail." Action was immediate and the Mount Baker Club brought other Northwest clubs into an organized body. For two years, 1926 to 1928, Happy Fisher promoted the new super trail idea for the Mount Baker Club and the other clubs. Then, as a practical move, U. S. Forest Service was invited to take over.

Fred Cleator, in charge of recreation planning for Forest Service in Washington and Oregon, never let the project lag. Under the Forest Service name, "Cascade Crest Trail," it began to assume an engineered and constructed reality. The Oregon Skyline Trail was already complete for men and horses, from the Columbia to California, for Fred Cleator had planned it as early as 1920. In 1935 an extensive survey was made and construction of the Cascade Crest Trail began. It has been delayed but never abandoned.

The trail route was mapped in two folders, one for Washington, the other for Oregon. In 1952 Forest Service reissued these map folders, revised to date. Yearly work is done on the 531 mile main and alternate trail system, with this wonderful added assurance, "The Forest Service is constructing rustic log and rock shelters at key points along the trail."

The time has come for The Mountaineers to make a wider use of the Cascade Crest Trail. As "Hazzie" and I led a party of six down main and alternate trails from Camp Shuksan at the north foot of Mount Baker, most of the way to Mount Rainier, in 1935, the year when surveys and plans matured, I have been asked to outline what the Cascade Crest Trail System has to offer. But, first, there should be stern advice as to what family or friend or Mountaineer parties should provide for themselves and their horses, for Forest Service now invites mules or horses to go along. These are essentials for each unit of the Cascade Crest Trail:

1—A leader with a copy of the Mountaineer Handbook, lore learned in these marvelous climbing courses, and the sound sense to follow what he knows;
2—In addition to the equipment advised by the wise and wary leader, provide each party member with a copy of the latest Cascade Crest Trail folder, which may be built into a waterproofed booklet of cut panels, for it is vital with trail information, maps on one side, information on the other;
3—"Additional State, Forest Service, and U. S. Geological Survey topographical maps" covering the unit involved;
4—Legal sized axe, shovel, and bucket for horse travellers; and itinerary of the trip filed with the Forest Supervisor of each forest to be crossed. (Campfire permits are no longer required.)
UNIT ONE—

Monument 78 on Canadian Boundary to High Bridge near Lake Chelan—an almost prohibitive unit, with about 75 miles of trail proper, and double that for the approach to and exit from the actual trail route.

The north end of the trail is beside Frosty Mountain, "nowhere" as to access on the line of Canada. There are two practicable approaches, both requiring some doubling back to get home. They are the Harts Pass wagon road to Barron, and the Ruby Creek trail via Ross Dam. There are longer ways out if you do not want to back-track from the Forks of the Pasayton and have the time. There are these advantages: it is almost virgin country with passes galore, and scores of neglected mountains, the broadened and almost unknown North Cascades.

The revised Cleator map is splendid
for detail, for he stole time while fire fighting to cover the whole virgin terrain. A new map is in the making from aerial photographs. A minimum of two weeks.

UNIT TWO—

An alternate unit of approach followed by the six of us in 1935. Camp Shuksan to Stehekin River, where the Crest Trail is joined at High Bridge, with exit down Lake Chelan, one of the most rewarding two week outings in the Northwest. Not that our route of 1935 may be followed, for the lower former run of the Little Beaver is drowned out from the lake created by Ross Dam for City Light. But there is an alternate route used now that is literally stupendous. These are the main marker points:

Camp Shuksan and a fine trail to Hannegan Pass—down trail to the Boundary Ranger Station—the Brush Creek trail that reverses southerly and takes off a mile north of the ranger station, then climbs to the panoramic Whatcom Pass, altitude 5280 feet—the golly-awful trail down a cliff, losing some 1500 feet with 53 switchbacks in a single mile to the Little Beaver headwaters basin—down the Little Beaver and another switchback system to the Big Beaver—down the Big Beaver to Diablo Dam—the 22 mile Thunder Creek Trail lifting wonder panoramas to Park Creek Pass with the Pass tucked between Logan, 9,080, and Buckner, 9,080—camp a half mile south from Park Creek Pass with 13 peaks over 8000 within a five mile radius—down Park Creek and Stehekin River to the town of Stehekin—down mystic Lake Chelan and out. Minimum two weeks!

UNIT THREE—

High Bridge to Stevens Pass. Most of this unit was forecast with real word artistry under the title South of Cascade Pass, by Erick Karlsson, beginning on page 39 of THE MOUNTAINEER, 1953. To this account may be added the continu-
UNIT FIVE—

Snoqualmie Pass to Chinook Pass, where the Cascade Range has become a single rugged divide with many passes. There are eleven passes mapped in this unit, the four best known being, Snoqualmie, Stampede, Naches, and Chinook. Some day this some sixty miles of convenient divide and pass country will be an open road for “ski mountaineering”—when trail markers are elevated high enough to clear winter snows, and when there are plenty of shelters for the worn and weary. Minimum time three days.

UNIT SIX—

Chinook Pass to White Pass—twenty and some miles east and passing Mount Rainier. This less-than-thirty-mile unit of the Crest Trail is the least known of any part of it south from Stehekin River and Lake Chelan. Why? Because it winds down the Cascade Divide, south by a little east, as far away from the summit of Mount Rainier as fourteen difficult miles. And nearly everyone hits for The Mountain and forgets the isolated Crest Trail. It heads a “hundred and one” mountain rills to rivers, and many a lovely mountain lake is hung high against the cliffs on precarious bench gouges and blockages. The Cowlitz Pass complex, with its lakes on impossible benches and its young streams darting away at will, has rated alternate routes on the judgment of Forest Service. Try the unit some week-end. Minimum time three days.

UNIT SEVEN—

White Pass to the Columbia River. A final 75 to 90 miles, according to the way you cut or expand it.

Have you driven the recently opened White Pass Highway? It is the last of them and the best of them from the viewpoint of auto, truck, and trailer. It is gentler than the other highways that dare the Cascade Range passes—broad sweeps of dark green forest and wide sweeps of just rightly banked pavement.

Then, when you park the car at the top of White Pass, comes the urge to cast off south on the Cascade Crest Trail. For its invitation is smartly inscribed on attractive signs, which promise good camp spots and ample feed for the single packhorse or the packtrain.

South are the trail wonders of the Goat Rocks Wild Area, the Mount Adams Wild Area, and unbroken wilderness. At the end of your trek down Unit Seven is the new and waiting Crest Trail Inn, overlooking Columbia River, with a nearby bench mark of 107 feet altitude. Trail time one to three weeks.

The mountainwise Mountaineer of today can be trusted upon the seven Cascade Crest Trail units, and Dame Nature will be rewarding. But, in addition to our peak and trail education we will do well to heed the first two admonitions in Forest Service’s Cascade Crest Trail folder, urged under the sub-head of “Safety and Comfort:”

1—“One should not try to chase a she-bear with cubs.”

2—“One should not tease skunks or porcupines.”
Mount Adams dominates the skyline from the southern section of Cascade Crest Trail.

The final two sentences of these Forest Service admonitions are blunt but convincing:

"Seasoned mountain travellers and good sports are invited. Game and fish hogs, and careless campers are not welcome."

It seems that some folks are not as well brought up as to manners in the wilderness as are the Mountaineers.

In the original draft of this tabloid review, which was sent to Mr. C. J. Conover of Forest Service for his ultra-helpful corrections and interesting additions, I appended this note: "Possibly Forest Service might have added: '3—one should not eat skunk cabbage—at least raw.'" The Conover comment on the returned manuscript, written in longhand, was:

"Joe—the bears love it! C.J.C."

(The End)

Over the WHI

By Lois Crisler

Cris was down alone on the north side of the Brooks range in April, 1953, cooking pancakes over a firepot in the snow. A firepot—for heating an airplane motor—is something like a blowtorch and Cris was swinging the frying pan across the flame. Suddenly he had an impulse to glance over his shoulder. There stood a string of caribou watching his endeavors with mute curiosity! "White man crazy," could have been their conclusion.

This was Cris's first plunge into the arctic for wild animal pictures for Walt Disney's True Life Adventure series. He had camera-hunted fascinating animals down in the temperate zone—elk in the Olympics, bighorns in the Rockies, brownies in Katmai national monument, grizzlies in Mount McKinley national park, moose on the Kenai peninsula. Now he was starting his hunt for an animal that was to lead us the wildest chase and reward us with the most astounding spectacles we had ever encountered—the caribou of the Brooks range in arctic Alaska.

Cris had tackled this first plunge into the arctic mountains with innocent confidence. Impulsively Cris had had Andy Anderson, the arctic bush pilot from Bettles field, set him down on this white shoulder, ahead of migrating caribou spotted from the air. He had only the pilot's emergency tent—and no way to set it up—two gallons of gas and the firepot, which burns a gallon an hour.

"In two days bring Lois to Tulalek lake," he told Andy; "then get me. We'll spend breakup there."

So two days later I made my own
first plunge into the Brooks range, flying in wild desolate beauty between white peaks, over white valleys, where no living thing moved except white birds—ptarmigan—rising and falling in the sunlight below us. No tracks marked the snow. Tulalek lake below us looked like white grained leather and we hit it with a crashing landing that broke the tail ski fastenings. The corrugations of snow on the ice were knee high and frozen like rocks.

Andy hitched on the ski with wire and pliers. "I'll be back with Cris in two hours," he said. Then I stood alone in the arctic wilderness with a month's supplies and knew a pang of pure loneliness.

Of course he was not back in two hours. Had the ski broken in landing for Cris? Or in taking off with him? Were the men lying hurt in the snow? Had I been included in Andy's filed flight plan?

It was two hours more before the faint unbelievable roar came steady from among the mountainsides. The plane shot over me, Cris's dark bearded face showed at the window, a message fell: "Going back to Bettles, pick you up tomorrow." If it was two months from tomorrow I did not care, the men were safe. So I made my first arctic camp alone, on a patch of thawed ground by the lake.

I met my first arctic camping problem at once. The top inch of tundra was sappy; below it spread an armor of dark ice, the permafrost. Luckily I recalled the solution: anchor the tent-ropes with rocks.

The next morning unaware, I was the center of a second problem—a typical arctic problem at breakup. It happened to be the last day a ski-plane could take off from Bettles field, only a ski-plane could pick me up, and I awoke to a world enveloped in soft white fog. With ignorant equanimity I heard once the far-off roar of a plane. I learned later that Andy flew up here in sunshine, found me buried in fog and flew back. He tried it again that afternoon, took me out and as I stepped down from the plane at Bettles field, I heard him say to the two mechanics, "Okay, boys, change over to wheels."

Westward the caribou were going and west we flew in a wild race to get ahead of them. Cris had to gamble on two factors: he had to guess a hundred miles ahead or more where the animals would pass, and it had to be where a plane could both land now and land on pontoons after breakup.

Months of experience later, Cris said, "Getting an Alaska picture is like the gold rush. It's there. You become ruthless and gambling. You spend your spirits, your life and your fortune. Maybe you get it and maybe you don't. It's there, all right."

From Kobuk we pierced north into the range again. The caribou had got ahead of us. There was a breathless take-off from a mountain pass, when the pilot, leisurely helping us break camp, spotted a tongue of fog from the fog-flood north over the arctic slope, flicking evil and gray over the mountain beside us.

"We'll go now and go light or be here for days," he said. Abandoning supplies and the two-burner Coleman stove, we scampered in the gale for the plane, he lifted it and turned barely before it
could rush into the wall of fog and turbulence.

Westward again, and our most reckless gamble, though we did not know it. At Kotzebue, Cris, glued to maps by the hour, said to a bush pilot, "Can you land here?" He pointed to a speck of blue on the north front of the range. "Yes."

The arctic had not showed its teeth at us yet. It was May day, 1953, and we thought it was spring. The evening after I joined Cris at the new camp, with fresh supplies for over breakup, it snowed.

For twenty days we were prisoners of the arctic, as the east wind drove a ground blizzard past. The ice skittered away on the lake as we hacked it to melt for water. We had no saw, no shovel and no experience. We had to have a lee for the tent, but in the lee of the lake bank, snow began to engulf the tent. Cris with the toy saw on his pocketknife and a tin can for edging, contrived a shovel. Working hours a day he saved camp.

Now we learned about zippers in the arctic. You don’t use them. We had a souped-up umbrella tent with a band of webbing around the waist for extra guy-rope attachments, a zipper mosquito netting door and a zipper to hold the canvas door-flap. The zipper froze. Often we crawled under the door for fear of "losing" the zipper. Snow drove in mounds under the tent floor, drove in the worthless door and drifted over our supplies, camera equipment and sleeping bags. Ice coated the inside of the tent, frost-tassels hung three inches long in the morning above our faces. We had no gas to spare for heating.

But in the storm we forced our snow-stung eyes to look east and we saw caribou. The fabulous beasts, dark in the whirling snow, plowed westward by the hundred past our tent. For us the great caribou show was just beginning, a show of which each new act was to be more spectacular than the one before.

The caribou show and our arctic camping technique unfolded together.

In June we tried our first arctic backpacking. We established a string of bivouac camps south into the range. We found one problem new to us—fuel. There were willows along streams, but where we moved, at three to five thousand feet, we had to pack gas. We already had the handicap of a full load of camera equipment. So we had to relay when we moved camp. The footing was—wobble, fumble—the tundra, except along ridges. There were fierce winds. Once we returned to Camp Two to find the tarp over our beat-up army-surplus mountain tent lashed to ribbons. Down at base camp we often expected at any minute to be out on the tundra shelterless.

But also in June, twelve thousand caribou—mostly bulls with great black V’s of antlers in the velvet—passed on a sixteen-mile front between two of our camps. That gamble had paid off.

Meanwhile Cris pondered our basic problem of prolonged arctic camping. The first week of July, working through the sunny nights, he built his first "crackerbox," the last of August, his second. That was his answer to the problem—a plywood and flexoglas shelter, 6 by 8 by 10, for base camp, and out from it a string of bivouac camps stocked by backpacking. He built each not by the lake where supplies were set off, but on a high point a mile or two away, a lookout point from which to watch for animals.

At noon of October 1, in Crackerbox Two, we heard a noise from the tundra below that caused us to spring to the door. The steady chuh-chuh-chuh of the feet of the first of 18,000 caribou that passed camp for three days and nights—a purposeful column heading southeast across the range for winter. Endlessly from the north they came, over the tan tundra, below fresh-snowed mountains.

The following April, back in the range after wintering near Barrow, we saw the next big act in the caribou show, Continued on page 78
Following the trail with the Sunday Trail Trippers, whether in brilliant sunshine, under cloudy skies, in drizzle or in rain, brought experiences rich in good fellowship and a sense of peace and quiet away from the noise of a mechanical world. Whether it was a trip to a beach, along a rushing stream, to a crystal mountain lake, through the beauty of a forest, or to a mountain meadow, it brought pleasure to an estimated 800 persons, some of whom came many times and others only occasionally. The companionship of Tacoma and Everett Mountaineers in joint trips added to the pleasure.

An average of two trips was scheduled for each month. In January a snowshoe trip had to be cancelled because snow conditions at Snoqualmie Pass left no available parking space. On January 10, a beautiful sunny day, 16 enjoyed a leisurely walk to a lookout on Mt. Pete near Enumclaw from where they got good views of the surrounding area as well as of Mt. Rainier. Another treat in brilliant sunshine was a trip early in February to Ohop Lookout near Eatonville. From the top the view was magnificent. Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, Baker, the tip of Glacier, and the Olympics, all could be seen. A snowshoe trip late in February proved pleasant and successful.

March brought a trip to Beall’s greenhouse on Vashon Island. It is always a treat to see the beautiful orchids, carnations, and the tulips. A warm fire on the beach somewhat dispelled the chill of the weather during lunch time, and a short walk to an observation point gave a view of the Sound. Another treat during March was a day at Spring Lake at the invitation of Lang and Morda Slauson. A bonfire and plenty of hot water made lunch time a festive occasion. Temporary loss of direction by the leader made the hike amusing. It finally ended in a reward of good views from an old fire lookout hill.

April 11 was the date of the annual trip to Deception Pass. Fifty one persons went and enjoyed a pleasant day of hiking on the cliffs above the water and
along the beach, getting good views of the Olympics and of the Pass. On the second trip in April the “Hares” of Kitsap Cabin led the “Hounds” on a chase of 30 miles by automobile and along beach roads in the vicinity of Kitsap.

May offered rich fare to trail trippers. On May 1 and 2 a combined plane trip and cruise to Fulford Harbor, Vancouver Island, and a clambake proved to be a pleasant week end for a large group. A small group from Seattle joined the Tacoma group May 2 in their annual Violet Walk. On May 16 the trip was scheduled for Dingford Trail near North Bend but snow conditions were such that the lakes could not be reached. However, as always, the group had a nice trip. The historic spots around LaConner were visited May 23 after which the Hope Island Smorgasbord provided ample food for all. On the Memorial Day week end the Boundary Butte Area near Leavenworth was a leisurely, pleasant outing for some 17 people.

June is the month of the Mountaineer play, so the 6, 12, and 13 were reserved for trail trippers to see one or more of the performances of Shaw’s charming comedy, “Androcles and the Lion.” A large group started out in chill and fog June 20 to go to Sun Top Mountain Lookout near Greenwater. They were rewarded early in the afternoon with sunshine and a close view of Mt. Rainier. On June 27, in a pouring rain which lasted all day, and along a wet, wet trail a few Seattleites joined with Tacoma in a trip to Bertha May Lakes in the southeast corner of Rainier National Park. The group also went east of Chinook Pass, explored an old mine road along Morse Creek, and climbed a ridge thought to be Gold Hill for views of Adams and Rainier.

One of the most delightful trips of the year was on August 1, a heavenly warm day, when 48 Mountaineers joined the Summer Outing group at Spray Park, and spent the day exchanging news and experiences with each other. Probably the youngest trail tripper to make any trip was on this one, Junior Adcock, eight weeks old.

On August 22, 31 Seattle members joined Tacoma on a fairly easy trip to Crystal Lake in Rainier National Park. Twenty-four hundred feet of elevation was made before this lovely mountain lake was reached. The day was fair, fishing was fair, and the temptation for many to explore surrounding ridges was too great to resist. The Pratt Lake trip on August 29 was a pleasant surprise. The weather was splendid in contrast to other years when this trip was taken; the lake was clear and blue, and the trail good.

September is the month when trail trippers carry pails and buckets hoping to fill them with blueberries. This year all the berries seen were little hard green knobs, and generally they were conspicuous by their absence. Indian Henry’s, one of the most scenic spots in Rainier National Park, was visited on September 19 by 76 Seattle and Tacoma Mountaineers. Though clouds and fog obscured the mountain itself as well as the lesser peaks, the walk through colorful mountain flowers, the green of the spirelike firs, and the reflections in Mirror Lake, and the friendliness of the group was enough to make the day a happy one.

The sun shone in all its glory for the President’s trip on September 26. More than 60 persons followed Bill Degenhardt up the switchbacks and along a trail bordered by flowers in some places and the autumn red of huckleberry foliage in others to the top of Dickerman to behold a glorious panorama of mountain ranges and snow-capped peaks. It was a most satisfying day.

For the last three months of the year the program included plans for trips to Merritt Lake and Twin Lakes in October, a trip to the beach and a work party at the Coleman Memorial in November, and the always enjoyable Christmas Greens party at Kitsap Cabin in December.
MOUNTAINEER STARS SHINE
AT KITSAP

By EVAN K. SANDERS

Assembled for the grand finale of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," Mountaineer Players bring a splash of color and pageantry to Forest Theater. Despite cold, rainy weather almost 1,500 persons attended the three performances.

A spectacle of much interest to Mountaineers and their friends was produced last June at Forest Theatre when a number of "Stars" lined up to produce Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." "Stars," in this case, does not mean necessarily just the members of the cast. It includes all who had a hand in the production—director, costumer, play chairman, set designer—each a star in his own right.

An unbeatable combination that: Earl Kelly, Dotty Lahr, Ray Puddicombe, and Bill Lahr. Add to that a cast of some sixty tried (and untried) but true Mountaineer Players and the concoction is bound to produce a glow.

"Androcles and the Lion" was unique in many ways. Somewhat of a departure from all previous successes at Forest Theatre, being primarily a subtle conflict of ideas rather than of gags and guffaws, "Andy" presented some tough problems in direction, character interpretation, and staging. If the reception the three performances received is any criterion, it would seem that these problems were dealt with successfully.

It has been said that G. B. Shaw was aided and distinctly abetted by one Earl Kelly, who naturally understands Forest Theater possibilities and limitations better than G.B.S. could have—even in his youth. Indeed, it became habitual with cast members to refer to the play's author as a hyphenated person—Shaw-Kelly.

One unique feature of the production was the increased number of human
males in the tryouts. This has been attributed to a rumor—started Jupiter only knows how—that service in Caesar’s Praetorian Guard could be substituted for service in the National Guard. This was later proved to be baseless.

The tryouts themselves were unique, bringing added interest in Mountaineer clubroom activities by the Pike Street Boulevardiers. For those were the nights when Mr. Kelly could have been heard saying, “Now, you, will you Roar a little for me, please? Hm, not bad. Maybe with a little more practice... Next!”

And before the Pike Place Uplift Society had figured that out, it was to be puzzled—twice a week—by the Grand Spectacle known as The Perils of Puddicombe, starring Bob Adams as Androcles, Marg Landweer as The Lion, Ray Puddicombe as Caesar, and Ray’s coat-tails as Caesar’s toga. The paying audience of loyal Mountaineers and general public witnessed Caesar’s “taming” of the Lion but once; the Pike Street bums were treated to it dozens of times.

When the time came to move production over to dear old Kitsap, another unique note was struck. This was the induction into the cast of a statuesque newcomer, destined to become the toast of the Mountaineer Players. The newcomer, indubitably a female, was a gorgeous Etruscan beauty, some seven feet tall and built like an Etruscan bric-a-brac. Although her voice was quite inaudible, as she stood in the pool pouring water from her urn, even Director Kelly never denied that her projection left little to be desired, and that her charm “just seemed to leap out at you,” as one cast member put it. “Mamie”—for thus was she baptized on the spot by the entire company of players—was the artistic work of Dotty Lahr and the saw-and-hammer work of Bill Lahr.

A distinct shock was registered on all seismographs in the region when the Players’ first work party at Forest Theatre saw the havoc wrought by winter’s ravages—in short, saw the hades raised by a big blow. It was suspected that the place had been used by some movie mogul filming “Battleground” or “Hurricane.” One tall tree clung to life only by leaning tiredly against the Players’ spacious clubhouse and lounge backstage—known to the impious as “the dressing shack.” A board of strategy, some thirty in number, was still debating Ways and Means, Tree Removal Of, when Rick Didion brought it down with his rusty saw.

Under Chairman Puddicombe’s watchful eye and bullwhip, the stage was brought back to its natural beauty, by sweating, straining players who kept one eye on the ferns they were transplanting, one on the dark clouds overhead, and one on Puddicombe’s whip.

When sun peeked through on opening day, just long enough to reveal a fair sized crowd trickling down into the seats, it was generally agreed by the Entire Company that it had all been worth while—this Work that’s known as Play.

The 1954 production finally took its place in the annals of Forest Theatre—a high place, we like to believe. Our audiences seemed to enjoy the show almost as much as did the cast, which is saying a lot, for the cast loved every minute of it. The 1954 crew left behind many traditions it had created on the spot, with the hope they will be perpetuated. One thing it created, made great use of, and hands on to the 1955 crew, is The Work Song, which probably sums up best the spirit that engenders—and is engendered by—the annual Mountaineer Play:

“Off we go, into the valley yonder,  
Out of sight—out of the sun;  
Here we come, loaded with Props and Plunder,  
Then pound away, knocking the bark asunder,  
Till the Play’s ready to go—
We live in pain, and fear of rain, but  
Nothing can stop the Mountaineer Show—NO!  
Nothing can stop the Mountaineer Show!”
WANDER EASTWARD TO MONTANA

By MAXINE HAGEN

The “Happy Wanderer” was truly a fitting theme song for the Campcrafters’ Outing this summer. With camp sites spread from here to Montana and back, we covered much territory in the sixteen days we were gone from Seattle. Nine out of the fifteen nights we pitched our tents (except those who took refuge in an occasional motel) in a different locality. The sites ranged from the minute, side-hill variety of Lewis and Clark Caverns State Park, to the refreshing spaciousness of the Pine Grove Forest Camp in the Beartooth Range of the Rocky Mountains. There were 64 “Happy Wanderers” in all, 25 of whom were children of various ages from toddlers to high school youths.

Friday afternoon or evening, July 30th, was the day most of the campcrafters started their “happy wanderings.” The first night was spent at the familiar Tumwater Recreation Area east of the Cascades. Then Saturday morning an early start was made for the 417 mile drive to Turah State Park, ten miles east of Missoula, Montana. The lack of good camping facilities or scenery, plus the fact that we were right beside U.S. Highway No. 10 was not conducive for a return visit to this site.

We steered eastward eagerly, still looking for the quiet relaxation of a beautiful forested campsite. In the afternoon we reached the Lewis and Clark Caverns where we toured the exceptionally well-developed caverns. Electric lights, strategically placed, silhouetted the weird forms to best advantage and made this underground phenomenon interesting and attractive. Our campsite that night had some improvement over the night before, but it was microscopic and of the side-hill variety.

Up in the morning at break of day with the hope that our fourth campsite would satisfy the wanderer’s dream of pitching their tents by a mountain stream. We drove through the typical western towns of Bozeman, Livingston and finally Columbus. Here we left U.S. No. 10 and headed for the valley of the West Rosebud River via Absarokee and the one-gas-station-store town of Fish Tail. The road was rougher, but our wandering hearts were singing, because we could already smell the pine and breathe the fresh mountain air while our eyes dwelt on the lofty plateaus and peaks up the valley of the West Rosebud. We got out of the car, stretched and murmured, “This is it.” For five days and nights Pine Grove Forest Camp was our home.

This site was base camp for those who were to climb Granite Peak. Unfortu-
nately there were fewer rugged climbers than had been anticipated. A party of three made the ascent led by Dick Patterson. Because of a physical mishap to one of the party (Jim Wassan’s shoulder slipped out of joint not far from the top of the peak on the descent) many more men than expected experienced a trip up into the high country where they went to assist him in returning. Mid rain and blizzard and with the generous help of the Forest Service in men and packhorses, Jim was helped out.

The non-climbers, which consisted of the majority of the campers, took several trips. One of the most enjoyable led to Mystic Lake, nestled at the foot of high mountains, site of a Montana Power Company dam.

A group of hardy teen-agers plus two adults took an overnight backpack trip from Mystic Lake to the East Rosebud where the rest of the campers drove around to meet them next day. A trip was also taken up the Stillwater River where those who went far enough saw moose.

Early Sunday morning, August 8th, tents began to come down and cars to roll again. The “Happy Wanderers” headed for the famous Beartooth Pass, 10,943 feet high. At 9,500 feet a remarkable view of that high plateau country spread before us. Far below wound the river and the road while all around were the high peaks and timbered slopes.

On the rolling plains near the northeast entrance to Yellowstone National Park we caught our first sight of buffalo. The animals roaming wild, whether bear, elk, moose, deer, or buffalo, were especially fascinating to the younger generation who imagined wild Indians swooping down from every rise.

The tremendous colorful Grand Canyon, the falls, geysers, paint pots were all equally interesting as well as the museums and evening talks. As some of the Campcrafters were allergic to hordes of people, some made only one night, some two and a few three night stands at Old Faithful campgrounds. However, all stayed long enough to use the laundromats!

All, however, walked down the board walks of Virginia City, restored mining town of the gold rush era. Antiques had been bought throughout Montana to furnish the old ghost town. To make the shops seem more realistic, dummy figures patterned after those of long ago were set up to ply the trade of the former owners, whether barbers, seamstresses or clerks.

Typical merchandise of the shop was on display. Especially irresistible were the old nickelodeons of all descriptions which were still in working condition. We were sorry to miss the melodrama, performed every night to capacity crowds in the old opera house. With reluctance the kids climbed down from the old stagecoach to get into the car and speed to Miners Lake Forest Camp.

Most of the Campcrafters settled here for two nights. A long trip into the high country was made from this site. If the weather had been better, magnificent views would have been had. However, there were many beautiful flowers to be seen. At the last campfire a hilarious contest of moustached men and bearded ladies was held. What a motley array!

The “Happy Wanderers” left the lush Grasshopper Valley between the Bitterroot mountains and Pioneer mountains with regret that we could not have stayed longer. Many stopped at the Big Hole Monument where the Nez Perce Indians and white men had quite a battle. Very little has changed since that time. Even the shallow trenches can be seen. The trees, however, have been killed by the pine beetle and a new growth sprung up. The old trees are cut off ten or fifteen feet above the ground so the bullet holes in them are plainly visible.

As we rolled along past harvested wheat fields, sage brush, orchards, Tumwater canyon, Stevens Pass finally to the Puget Sound country, we realized we had been “Happy Wanderers” for the last time this year.
THROUGH INLAND PASSAGES
IN "THE WARBLER"

By JOSEPH T. HAZARD

At last it had come—a Mountaineer Outing with a lot to see and nothing to do! A leisurely “Inland Passages” voyage to Alaska.

What an awakening! When we cast off from Fisherman’s Dock, Seattle, 7:40 p.m., June 18, 1954, 26 passengers and three crew, including “Mike” Church, pleasant, patient with grown-ups, and pre-teen, “Our Commodore,” Dudley Davidson, outing leader, put us to work. We were, actually, to navigate the ship, with, it is true, some assistance from Art Church, skipper and owner.

There were four watches for this navigation, Starboard Watch, Port Watch, Mid Watch, and Ingersol Watch, with an amateur bo’sun in command. Hazzie, of the Ingersol, dropped the hook off Sandy Point, above Langley, 39 miles in front of the whirlpools of Deception Pass. There were only two mishaps to amateur navigation on the whole voyage: when some heedless passenger left a metal light meter near the compass, and deflected us, leaving Friday Harbor, from Rosario Strait to the rough open waters facing Victoria; and when I, on watch, talking too much, didn’t watch for floating logs. It was both fun and education.

The Warbler was a dream ship for the cruise. She was a converted sub-chaser, the fastest in Alaskan waters, potential speed 28 knots, or 32 m.p.h. With many cute compartments for the married, the boy, the girl, the crew—and a salon that overflowed at each mealtime. Shallow enough to jeer at the deep water whirls of Deception Pass and Seymour Narrows, seaworthy, maneuverable, stable. Never once did The Warbler fail us!

Thanks to “Sally”—and even to “Dud”—the cuisine was marvellous. With one exception! Dud bought some fifty pounds of salmon for a “bake.” Then Margaret Powell spent a few minutes in a pumpkin-seed dory and came in, nonchalantly with a highly honored and 27 pound King Salmon. This aroused the boys, so Gaye Lenker, early the next morning, hauled in another beauty, a lot heavier, 27 and ONE-HALF pounds. But—not too much salmon. On successive dinners we feasted on chicken, turkey, Indian-baked King salmon. Then, marvel of marvels, Sally and Dud concocted a mysterious mix called stew which topped the chicken, turkey, and salmon.

Before entering a much abridged log of the voyage one thing must be made crystal clear to those unfortunates who never have voyaged past British Columbia and up Alaskan fronts, via the
complex inland passages to be consistently overwhelmed by forested cliffs backed by more distant snowfield, glacier, and mountain peak scenery. That clarification can be done effectively by mathematical formula alone. The thing is the magnitude of what will be experienced. This is the formula:

1—Imagine the most astonishing labyrinth of sea and land you can;
2—Multiply by two;
3—Square the product!

While I loafed, listened, talked, and looked, Hazzie kept the log of the voyage. Here it is:

June 18 —
Dropped to sea level through Government Locks at Ballard at 8:00 p.m. Mingled with and tried to fix identities of 29 passengers and crew. Dropped hook off Sandy Point, between Whidbey Island and south end of Camano. Sought bunks in the proper one of many compartments. Bunks quite conducive to slumber.

June 19—
Aweigh at 6:30—Deception Pass on the ebb tide at 9:03—two hours in “Port of Entry” at Sidney, B.C.—secured (nautical word for roped to the wharf) at Pender Harbor at 8:43 p.m.—store closed for Saturday but opened for our trade—met Captain McDonald of Louise Inlet, a noted pioneer, and visited his tiny houseboat.

June 20—
Aweigh at 6:25 a.m.—secured at Alert Bay for an hour to visit Indian cemetery—wonderful totem poles but neglected, pictures good—secured at Port Hardy, no longer a port of entry but a small logging town on Vancouver Island, at 8:45 p.m.—store closed for Sunday but entered from rear.

June 21—
Gala day for outing in many ways! Bus 8 miles across Vancouver Island to the Pacific Ocean to visit the only whaling station left on it (the North Pacific)—olfactory insult obvious from a mile away—whalers had caught three whales and an embryo for our education the day before, a Right, a Sperm, and a Bottlenose—whale-workers waded ankle deep in blood and blubber taking them apart while we watched—awake from Port Hardy at 11:25—secured at Bella Bella at oil company wharf at 7:12 p.m. Visited Bella Bella Indian village that evening—dense vegetation required elevated wooden sidewalk from wharf and elevated board-paved streets—dense salmonberry, thimbleberry, skunk cabbage—elevated board paths—missionary tomb between old and new church—grave stones in front yards—crochet door panels, each different, like family crests—old time Indians in burial houses across water—water pipe down middle of street, under boards. Plastic hose running water through walls into houses added modernization.

June 22 —
Aweigh from Bella Bella at 5:00 a.m.—secured at Butedale for water near lovely waterfall—secured Kitimat at 3:20 p.m. Kitimat, 1950, three huts and an abandoned church—June, 1954, 6000—when $550 million is invested will be 52,000, with largest hydroelectric and aluminum plant in world, Aluminum Company of Canada with mostly United States capital behind it.
Mr. S. T. Win-Jones, harbor master, engineer, and witty Irishman, conducted a complete tour of Kitimat and environs—company bus with seat room for all—hundreds of men building pavements, sidewalks, grading lots, laying water and sewer systems—for future aluminum and allied industry concentration all company-dominated—unlimited power from the world’s greatest hydroelectric venture with its “within-a-mountain-plant” and great tunnel through the Coast Range—Kitimat annual downpour 200 inches—4 tons of bauxite from British Guiana processed to 2 tons of alumina then shipped half around the world to Kitimat to be electrically reduced to 1 ton of aluminum. A late dinner on board ship ended the Kitimat day—with Mr. Win-Jones, an inimitable raconteur, our welcome guest.

June 23—
Aweigh from Kitimat at 4:50 a.m.—weather clearing because our Alaska was approaching—anchored beside Pennock Island in front of Ketchikan because we must wait for official and clearance back into the United States—hook dropped at 7:40 p.m.—longest day’s water-trek of the voyage.

June 24—
Secured to the Ketchikan Wharf at 7:58 a.m. Hot sun and customs official arrived at 9:00 a.m. Then I, lazier than ever that day, landed at a barber shop and paid $1.53 for a shave—barber just couldn’t or wouldn’t talk, but his charge was typical of highest priced Ketchikan—the other passengers wended upward into the higher town, through streets building furiously to transmute a “fish and tourist” burgh of some 8,000 into a “pulp” metropolis of more than 25,000.

Visited the office of Emery F. Tobin, editor and publisher of The Alaska Sportsman, one of the unique outdoor magazines of the nation, and subscribed—while others were visiting a loud and enticing auction—salmon luncheon another $1.53 with big ones swimming past Ketchikan unmolested—2 p.m. united party by bus to Mud Bight for park of restored Indian totem poles—on the way out we passed the spick-and-span new sustained-yield pulp plant which is backed by 24 logging camps—left the big, Indian style Community House with its singing and stinging convention of mosquitoes and returned to ship. Clarence Carlson made a contribution of red snapper, rock cod, grey cod, tarbot.

June 25—
Aweigh 6:30 a.m.—through Stikine Strait, Chichagof Narrows, secured Wrangell Wharf 1:35 p.m.—gang overran historic town gaping at totem poles and soldier graves—cast off and dropped hook near log boom and salmon-bake-beach—Margaret Powell then caught her 27 pounder while we waited for boughten ones—dories to and from beach for “full-of-fish” and slab-cooked dinner. Evening on beach like mountain campfire.

June 26—
Gaye Lenker brought caste back to men with his much bigger 27 AND A HALF pounder before orders for “anchors aweigh” at 8:31—passed Petersburg at noon into Frederick Sound to visit Le Conte Glacier, named for Professor Le Conte, a Sierra great—ice too heavy to reach glacier front, but Warbler maneuvered around “floe’s” until we were satisfied. Secured, Petersburg Wharf, about North Latitude 57°, almost same as Sitka, and the north top of our voyage.

To a Mountaineer Outing the feature of Petersburg was Mr. Earl Ohmer, a fish-baron by profession, a wildlife protector by preference. To him, more than to any other man, we owe thanks that the wild life of Alaska is not hunted to destruction. His work for wildlife conservation has been continuous, personally, and on official committees, which have responded to his power and ideals for the long-time weal of all of us.

The return voyage was a continuation of Inland Passage thrills, for there is too much and too many alternate water

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America is a nation of vigorous, freedom-loving people who have created a standard of living seldom equalled. Our success in achieving our wealth is due in part to our fresh, uninhibited approach to our problems, and in great measure to the store of natural resources which we originally inherited. Unfortunately, in our haste to create our wealth, we have not always used our resources wisely.

Notorious examples of ruthless exploitation of our mineral, water, soil, and forest resources became so common in the latter nineteenth century, the era of “frivolous exploitation,” that the concept of conservation began taking root in the minds of a few far-sighted individuals. It was their belief that unless we used our natural heritage more wisely, it would soon be impossible, by mere human effort, to maintain our rapid pace and high living standard.

At the turn of this century, we began a policy of wise use and preservation of our natural resources, and subsequently entered a phase of great development of these resources and recreational areas. Since the beginning of the war, however, we have been passing through the era of “solid economy,” during which time we have lost sight of many of the goals of earlier years. While today you seldom meet a person who does not at least pay lip service to the theory of conservation, in too many instances theory and practice are widely divergent. Evidence of this fact is shown by the return of the “dust bowl” in the Middle West, and by the numerous examples of ruthless logging, brought about mainly by the high prices which have prevailed. In addition, a great conflict has arisen over the end use of the product of our saving. The preservation of some of our most scenic areas for inspiration and recreation is a part of conservation which has caused many arguments in recent years, particularly when such preservation is soundly based upon our future requirements for such areas.

The idea of preserving some of our most scenic areas for their spiritual and esthetic values was born before the desire for more intelligent economic utilization. In 1870, when we were still taking wasteful advantage of our resources, a group of western explorers decided that the area they had discovered was so excitingly outstanding that the area should forever be preserved for public inspiration. Thus, the first National Park was established with the creation of Yellowstone. Still, in 1954, there were many persons in private and public life who were unable to accept the preservation of our outstanding scenic lands, and are devoting their efforts toward bringing about the destruction of such areas through commercial utilization. This is illustrated by the grim fact that in the past twelve months it has been necessary to defend

*Photographs by Richard J. Brooks*

Left—Glacier Peak—will it be one of the finest wilderness areas in the nation or a shambles?
Olympic National Park, Dinosaur National Monument, and Rainier National Park against commercial exploitation.

Attendance at the National Parks has risen from 21 million in 1940 to 45 million in 1953, while 160 million visitors also used the nation's State Parks in this same year.

During this period, when National Park attendance has increased so measurably, the Park Service budget has dropped from 87 to 37 million dollars annually. Considering the decrease in buying power of the dollar, the Park Service can only give about one-eighth the service to each visitor as in pre-war days.

Our National Forest recreation areas are in the same predicament as the National Parks. Receiving only a small percentage of the money required to maintain existing facilities, new developments must be completely sidelined. In short, the financial consideration we have given to our National Parks and National Forests comes close to becoming a national disgrace.

As the old growth forests have receded into the mountains, and wilderness areas have systematically shrunk into near extinction, the Forest Service has begun to set aside as Wilderness Areas some of the finest remaining examples of scenic grandeur. Unfortunately, these areas are not protected by law, and are subject to possible changes as economic pressure is placed against them. It is difficult for men to preserve for recreational use forests worth millions of dollars when they are not specifically charged by law with the responsibility to do so. Yet, how much depends upon these decisions! The problem stems from the urgent need for more old-growth timber, largely because new forests on lands exploited in earlier years are not yet ready for cutting. At the same time, the maximum demand for recreational areas has not been attained. The decisions to set aside these lands must be made now, while the forest and wilderness areas are still intact.

Perhaps the finest example in the nation of an area which should be preserved as a wilderness lies in the northern Cascades of Washington. Now under study for preservation by the Forest Service, as the Glacier Peak Wilderness, is an area so beautiful, so unique, as to rival many of our National Parks. With 10,500 foot Glacier Peak, an extinct volcano, as the backbone, this area is most primitive, with certain sections of its interior being relatively unexplored.

The lands proposed for inclusion are generous in area, but most of the forests so vital to a true wilderness may be excluded from its boundaries. The basic reasoning probably stems from a desire to eliminate future economic pressure against the wilderness. It is claimed that the forests can adequately serve the multiple purposes of recreation and commercial utilization. One has only to study the many examples of these so called “multiple purpose” areas to see that once logging operations invade an area, it is lost as a wilderness.

Antiquated mining laws make it possible for unscrupulous operators to control vast areas of the National Forests by means of fraudulent mining claims. Hundreds of such claims exist in the Snoqualmie National Forest alone. An example lies along the White Pass Highway, where the Forest Service is prevented from developing the site of a towering waterfall, because a mining claim has been filed on the falls. Incidentally, pop, hotdogs, and other necessities of human existence are also available at the “mine” site. Legislation, repeatedly introduced to increase recreational funds, and to give the Forest Service greater control over its lands, has gone unheeded, primarily due to lack of public support.

In the great original shuffle the northwest was dealt far more than its share of the scenery. Enough, perhaps, to make it the most beautiful part of America. These scenic attractions of Washington state have produced a stream of annual visitors that outnum-

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ber state residents by fifty percent. Nearly four million people use our State Parks each year, and a million and a half see the two National Parks. The upward spiraling volume of dollars which they spend while in the state makes the tourist business our third ranking industry.

These facts suggest our responsibility to the rest of the nation as well as to ourselves, for preserving enough of our scenic heritage to share with present and future generations. Unfortunately, constant living near the grandeur of this state seems to render our people immune to its natural wonders, and inert toward helping to preserve sufficient of this heritage for present and future recreational requirements. While we are prone to brag about our local wonders, the only credit which we as individuals can take for our scenery, and not much credit at that, is for the portion we have taken a hand in preserving.

In recent months, the interest of the state toward Mount Rainier National Park has been directed toward “modernizing the Mountain.” Hearings have been held in an attempt to gain a relaxation of National Park standards to allow construction of facilities, including a tramway, not appropriate to the natural surroundings. The announced intention of this campaign is to bring more tourist money into the state, since it is claimed that only “bird watchers and mountaineers” are presently able to use the Park. The fact remains that the various areas of the Park are enjoyed by over a million visitors of every type each year. Ignored, is the concept that the Park is one of a very few of such outstanding beauty that it was preserved for all time as a living museum. It is well recognized that more funds are necessary for use by the National Park Service, but to say that the success of the Park is dependent upon mechanical contrivances, is to vastly underestimate the power of the Mountain.

Aside from our attitudes toward lands of national importance, one of the more alarming aspects of our “progress” in the northwest is the rapid disappearance of public access sites. This is particularly true of our inland waters. Public facilities at the numerous lowland lakes are virtually non-existent, and access can be gained to Puget Sound at only a very few places between Tacoma and Everett. We are familiar with the necessity of “putting something in the pot” to gain the climbing slopes of Mt. Si. This situation has been repeated over and over again in other parts of the country as they have developed and expanded.

The discouraging part of the story is that we are reluctant to profit from their experience. For example, it never was officially suggested that a public park be created from a section of virgin forest land near Puget Sound just north of Seattle. Instead, it has been logged in recent years, and its lake and stream

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The Summer Outing at Lake O'Hara convinced us that it would be a fine area for a ski vacation. Together with Ira Spring we arranged to stay in one of the cabins of the Alpine Club of Canada during the first part of April, 1954.

Leaving the car near the Ranger Station, we put on our skis and started off across Wapta Lake. The sun was bright in a cloudless sky but it was cold and plumes of snow were blowing off the nearest mountains. The miles lengthened as they do when you have a heavy pack and it was late afternoon before we completed the eight miles of snow-covered road and turned into the trail to the cabins.

The snow depth in the area varies from three to five feet and the meadow where the Mountaineer Summer Outing erected its tents in 1953 was well covered. The cabins wore four-foot caps of snow which seemed to press them down into surrounding white banks.

In place of the two streams trickling through the meadow there was a single pool of open water several hundred feet below the cabins. A water ouzel bathed here; this and two camp robbers were the only birds we saw. There were tracks on the slopes but the one animal which made an appearance was a small, very fat mouse who occasionally waddled around the cabin. He looked as though he were wearing a bulky coat over his own fur.

When the sun shone the views were magnificent. From the plateau we admired the two summits of Mt. Odaray and the line of peaks across the valley standing sharply white against the sky. The sun shone, however, for only one-half day of our stay. For the rest of the seven-and-a-half days the peaks were vague shapes vanishing into swirling clouds.

The larch trees, whose bright green needles add so much to the scene later in the year, were forlorn objects stretching bare knobby branches against grey skies.

On skis it was easy to reach Odaray Plateau and Opabin Meadows, but we were turned back from trips to Lake McArthur and Lake Oesa by slopes which looked as if they might avalanche.

We found the larger of the A.C.C. cabins (officially Elizabeth Parker Cabins) very comfortable. Though a steady stream of visitors has signed the Guest Book each summer since 1931, attendance during the winter has fallen off in recent years. Most entries are made from June through October and there are especially enthusiastic comments on the scenery dated September and Oc-

Photograph by Stella Degenhardt
April snow whitens the larch trees below Ringrose and Hungabee at O'Hara.
October when the needles of the larch apparently turn from green to gold. Visitors come from as far afield as New Zealand, Italy, and Holland. The Pacific northwest is well represented and we recognized the names of many Mountaineers.

Schaffer was the only peak which looked climbable at this season and the weather didn’t encourage us to try it. Since persons familiar with snow conditions in the area had warned of avalanche danger on the open slopes, we did most of our skiing in the lower woods.

While this type of terrain provided enjoyable touring, it does not compare with many of the ski areas in our own Northwest. In spite of this, and the weather, we thoroughly enjoyed our trip and hope to repeat it. We would, however, warn Mountaineers planning a trip into the area in winter that the chief attraction is the scenery—if you can see it!—rather than the skiing.

RESEARCH ASKED ON MOUNTAIN GOATS

By Philip H. Zalesky

The following resolution passed by the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs’ convention in September 1954, has been adopted as Mountaineer policy by the board of trustees. All the background research was done by The Mazamas of Portland, Oregon. The goat has great symbolic meaning to their organization and they, as well as The Mountaineers, have found the mountain goat an increasing rarity. From now on, the responsibility of seeing that this resolution becomes a reality will be left up to The Mountaineers and their friends.

Being among those who travel the Washington wilderness, The Mountaineers respect seeing goats in their native habitat. Seeing the goat is one of the greatest thrills of mountaineering.

Under present policies, this is being taken away.

Those goats which are not killed may possibly be driven farther into relatively inaccessible wilderness. We can be reasonably sure that the reported kill is not the actual kill. We doubt that the goat is starving to death and thus should be hunted as a humanitarian measure.

We question the advisability of a hunt for trophy only. At present, no distinction is made as to age or sex in hunting regulations so that nannies, billies, and even kids are fair game. These are only a few problems which make the following resolution imperative:

Recreationists have noted the absence of mountain goats from their natural habitat and seeing these animals as a part of the natural scene is being lost.

IT IS THEREFORE RESOLVED that the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs request the Washington State Game Commission, in conference with other Washington State and Federal officials, and wildlife organizations, to seek means of preserving this natural attraction. It is further requested that the hunting of mountain goats be discontinued pending the result of this study.
Public interest in Mountaineering is at an all time high in the Pacific Northwest. Last year it was the second most popularly requested subject in the Seattle public libraries. Mountain accidents have become frequent and nearly all involve young people under 30 years of age who in most cases are not members of recognized climbing clubs.

To meet this ever increasing problem the Mountain Rescue Council was organized in 1948. Wolf G. Bauer was its founder. On April 30, 1953, the Council was incorporated with the following stated objectives: "In furtherance of the welfare of mankind, the objects and purposes of this corporation shall be as described herein after.

A. To promote safe practices among those who get into the mountains. To maintain a well organized, cooperative mountain search and rescue system for coping with summer and winter alpine emergencies including civil and military aircraft emergencies."

In March 1954 the following members were elected to the board of trustees: Peter K. Schoening, Roger E. Dunham, Clifford E. Plouff, Dorrell E. Looff, Robert B. Sperlin, E. Arnold Campbell, Wolf G. Bauer, Dr. Otto T. Trott, vice-chairman and Ome Daiber, chairman. Elections are bi-annual. In addition to the elected members there is an appointed voting member on the board from the Mountaineers, Washington Alpine Club, and the Sectional Organization of the National Ski Patrol System. Ralph W. Johnson is executive secretary, Alan G. Grant chairman of finance, and Lucius H. Heusser, treasurer.

The receiving of a call to rescue takes precedence over anything else at hand. Members are organized by the call committee. Every attention is given for properly qualified personnel, needed equipment, speedy and safe arrival on the scene to aid the injured party. Because Mountain Rescue cannot possibly save a life that already has been taken in an accident, our deep concern is for safety. The only practical way of reaching the age group, which is so vulnerable to accidents, is through our schools. The medium judged most effective is the motion picture, in other words, visual education. Such movies must, of course, be made by professionals to ensure not only theater quality from the technical standpoint but a plot that will compel attention, maintain interest and drive home the message of safety.

In addition to showing the "how" of safe mountain travel, camping, etc., it is obvious that we must show what CAN happen to the inexperienced if they undertake to do things which we know demand a background of organized training in climbing.

As can naturally be expected, there is considerable difference of opinion over how best to get our subject matter across. The thinking of one group is that in order to impress indelibly upon the mind and consciousness of the young viewer the basic tenets of mountain safety, he must be shown via the motion pictures, faithful reenactments of actual tragedies that have taken lives; that for his own protection and safety he must be given an honest presentation of facts.

Others hold that such an approach is too ruggedly realistic, that it would, literally, tend to frighten people away.
from the mountains. Furthermore, this group feels that the necessary safety principles and knowledge can be gotten across by emphasizing such things as proper equipment for mountain travel. For example, the right types of footgear could be contrasted with those the average uninformed person might wear.

It is the desire of the writer that the most effective way of getting the essential points of safety over to youthful audiences should be determined by a committee consisting of competent mountaineers, skiers, educators and writers.

The basic concepts of the safety program of the Mountain Rescue Council are:

1—To discourage climbing by the untrained unless they are in the company of competent and qualified leaders. Any kind of cross country, or mountain scrambling is likely to involve many hazards unrecognized by the inexperienced—any any one of which may take his life.

2—To recommend that those interested in learning, join a recognized club or travel with competent companions who can offer sound instruction.

3—For those actively interested in making trips into the mountains we offer counsel, such as the folly of going alone, the minimum size of party for safety, the importance of choosing one’s companions with due regard for experience and party strength; the need for making careful plans, using a map, consulting the Forest Service, etc; the basic importance of having a Standard Red Cross first aid card, essential items of equipment one should have in his pockets and pack.

4—The great value of “filing a flight plan”—letting your family and the Forest or Park Service know the details of your trip and when you expect to be back. The importance of good weather, and the necessity for people who have diabetes, heart conditions or other physical handicaps or weaknesses to consult their physician before venturing into the mountains.

5—We also advise them on the many things they should know when they are in the mountains, such as:

Keeping the party together . . . the importance of pace, fatigue and food . . .
timing of a trip so as to avoid being caught

Photographs by Bob and Ira Sprung

Left—PERFORMANCE—four Mountain Rescue Council men bring Bill Degenhardt out after avalanche strikes on Snoqualmie. Right—PRACTICE—members of the Mountain Rescue Council practice crevasse rescue on Nisqually Glacier, Mount Rainier.

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out after dark . . . what to do if lost. The knowledge and practice of the various phases of survival . . . avoiding steep snow slopes, particularly those that end in rocks or over cliffs. We tell them that they well may lose their life if they go out on glaciers without proper equipment and qualified leadership.

6—We inform them on the hazards of avalanches, both summer and winter, and impress upon them never to underestimate the mountains.

7—Lastly, we tell them never to mistake skill, natural ability, or their own good physical condition for experience. A safe person in the mountains is one who has learned, from years of experience with competent leaders, to exercise good judgment.

In order that the safety program of the Mountain Rescue Council, comprehensive as it is, be integrated into the curriculum of our schools, it is necessary to obtain the support of the public at large. Professionally produced motion pictures, one each for summer and winter, will cost from $15,000 to $25,000 each. A safety handbook and other printed aids are also required in order to make our program as far-reaching and effective as possible. Because contributions now total only $3,493.66, the Council is set to continue activities toward our goal of $50,000. Those interested in helping in any of the phases of our rescue and safety work are most welcome, for surely there is much to do.

If you are interested in public speaking and are available for occasional engagements before such groups as high schools and service clubs, you can be of great help in furthering the cause of mountain safety. Outdoor organizations, the Forest and Park Services, newspapers, ski schools, and the Seattle Council of Parents and Teachers are cooperating fully in the safety program of the Mountain Rescue Council.

IT WAS A VAST SOLITUDE

What was it like to make a first ascent of a mountain long ago when the country was new and unexplored? Perhaps every Mountaineer who has gained the summit of a peak in the Pacific northwest has asked himself this question.

It was answered many years ago by Hazard Stevens who with Philomen B. Van Trump made the first ascent of Mt. Rainier in August 1870. In the December 1915 Mountaineer Annual a letter was printed which is of interest again today since the Mountaineers have once more “gone round the mountain.”

“On a recent visit to Mount Takoma,” Stevens wrote, “I was astonished to find such a magnificent road clear up to Camp of the Clouds and to learn that over 30,000 persons had visited that sublime monarch of mountains this season.

“When I made the ascent in 1870, it was a vast solitude. The sensations of exploring new fields were most exhilarating and when Van Trump and myself reached the summit and waved our flags and gave three cheers, we felt that we had accomplished a great and satisfying success and so we named the southernmost peak, Peak Success.

“I made the ascent again in 1905 and then, as likewise on my recent trip, I observed that the snow and glaciers had receded to a considerable degree since I first visited them. At that time Stevens Glacier came close up to Sluiskin Falls. Now it is several hundred feet farther from them. The small crater on the summit in which we slept in 1870 was then filled with solid ice but in 1905 it had nearly all melted out. It may be that a succession of wet seasons will restore these glaciers to their former limits.”

Did You Know That:—

Trail Trips originally were called “Local Walks,” announced to the membership via postal card, until the publishing of the first Bulletin in April 1911.

The Sunday hikes were numbered. At #783, the name became Trail Trips. At #901, in May 1947, the numbering was discontinued.
GLACIERS REFLECT OUR CHANGING CLIMATE

By KERMIT B. BENGTSON and A. E. HARRISON

Speculation by many of us that 1954 must have been a good year for growth of the glaciers in the Northwest, as we waited in vain for good climbing weather during the summer, has been confirmed by the results of the season's observations. A series of photographs taken of the Nisqually Canyon on Mt. Rainier at two week intervals, compared with those of previous years, showed that snow remained at the 4000 elevation one to two weeks longer than in 1953 and at least a full month longer than in 1952. The delay in melting was even longer at Paradise Park, where an unusually heavy snowfall occurred. Curiously enough, the snowfall at elevations above 7000 feet appeared to be considerably less than that expected in view of the heavy fall at lower altitudes. The main factor responsible for accumulation at the higher altitudes was an abundance of abnormally cool weather during the summer which brought with it considerable new snow as well as greatly reducing ablation.

The weather pattern responsible for the ill tempers of Pacific northwest mountaineers and the growth of Pacific northwest glaciers did not extend very far into California. The Oregon volcanic peaks carried more snow than usual at the end of the season, as did Mt. Shasta, but Mt. Lassen had considerably less than normal snow remaining. The remainder of California southward had an unusually dry winter.

The effect of several years of more or less good conditions for snow accumulation on the Nisqually Glacier has been to increase the activity of this glacier considerably. A wave of thickened ice is moving down the Nisqually Canyon and has now reached the 5200 foot elevation. A huge mass of crevassed ice is pushing past, and is beginning to recover a rock shoulder in the middle of the Nisqually Canyon which was first exposed by the melting ice about 1925. Nisqually Vista, a point on the rim of the canyon about one half mile from Paradise Lodge, offers an excellent view of this renewed ice activity.

The results of a rod-and-transit sur-
vey made this summer by Fred Johnson of the United States Geological Survey at Tacoma are not yet available, but the ice at the 7000 foot elevation does not appear to be as thick now as it was in 1950, when the crest of the wave of thickened ice was at this elevation.

The annual measurements of the Coleman Glacier on the north side of Mt. Baker, made this year the last week in September, show that this glacier is continuing to increase in size and extend its tongue down valley. The terminus has advanced some 70 to 80 feet since last year, with the advance continuing this year throughout the summer. More significant, the average thickness of the glacier at the 4900 foot elevation is about 5 feet greater than last year and the thickness of the ice at the 6000 foot elevation is about the same as in 1950, or about 15 feet greater than last year. The glacier has remained covered with snow this year down to the 5000 foot elevation, lower than ever before during the six years observations have been made. The Coleman Glacier has advanced continuously since 1949, and the fact that ice thickness upstream from the terminus has been maintained or increased despite the terminal advance, together with the extremely large amount of snow remaining on the glacier, suggests the rate of advance will increase markedly in the near future.

Photogrammetric surveying methods, first used on the Coleman Glacier by Dr. Ing. Walther Hofmann in 1952*, were greatly extended this year because the changes in the Coleman Glacier have made a more detailed study advisable. Survey photo points connected by a measured base line were established at the 5800 foot elevation on Bastille Ridge, on the east side of the Coleman and Roosevelt Glaciers. Pictures taken from these points with the photo-theodolite obtained by the University of Washington from the Photogrammetric Institute at Munich, Germany will be used to construct an accurate topographic map of the Coleman Glacier from the saddle, at the 9000 foot elevation on Mt. Baker, to the terminus at the 4400 foot elevation. Repetition of the photographs from the same points in future years and construction of topographic maps will allow computation of actual changes in volume of the glacier from year to year at different elevations throughout its entire length. This information will be of interest to those concerned with the study of climate.


IF YOU COULD ONLY PAINT IT

By Harriet K. Walker

Every mountain climber with a spark of beauty in his soul has gazed upon the lovely scenes to which his efforts have lifted him and has longed to snatch some bit and make it permanently his own. No doubt color photography can do it better, but there is something so personal about one’s own efforts with pencil or brush—no matter how inadequate—that makes the scene truly belong. It becomes a lasting personal possession, and somehow it satisfies that universal longing to be a creator.

A number of us have struggled along alone. Some have taken advantage of the opportunities for instruction in art that are available in our area and have been surprised and gratified to discover within themselves real talents that they had only wistfully dreamed of, never expected to find.

As the years have stolen up on many of us so that the slopes are far too steep and the trails far too long, we can find compensation for the thrills no longer ours in snatching bits of beauty from the spots we still can reach, for these are many and varied. Lovely vistas along the shores and beaches—the bend of the river—the mountain lake that mirrors the unattainable crags—trails winding among giant trunks—the quiet rural scene.
For those Seattleites who seek adventure through mountain climbing, Alaska provides a proximal wealth of material. Many have appreciated this, as evidenced by the number of recent expeditions into the north, but for several of us this fact was fully realized only this summer.

The idea originated, following the appearance of a news item in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, May 1953, which stated that Dr. Terris Moore had honored the University of Alaska by giving the name "University Peak" to the highest unclimbed peak in North America. This initiated the University Peak expedition.

During guiding activities at Mt. Rainier in the summer of 1953, I showed the article to the assistant manager of the lodge and an enthusiastic climber, Larry Wold. Immediately it appeared that each of us had a common desire for adventure in Alaska, although neither had had experience in that country. From that time on the idea snowballed with ideas contributed by Pete Schoening and photographs of University Peak presented by Al Baxter.

Beginning with the new year, correspondence flourished and preparations progressed at a feverish pace. By May first the party consisted of Dr. Paul Gerstmann, Larry Wold, Worth Hedrick, Dr. Robert Cromer, Elwyn Eldering, Sheldon Brooks, and Gibson Reynolds.

On June 22 six of us set out in our red one ton panel truck with one and one half tons of food and equipment. After twenty four hours of driving we felt that no obstacle could be greater than that of transporting our load over the Canadian highways. Actually we experienced no delay on the five day, 2400 mile journey north other than at Canadian customs, but on arriving at the end of the road, Chitina, Alaska, we met with our next obstacle.

Cordova Airlines had not only contracted for our flying, but had also contracted to fly the University of Alaska physicists to the top of Mt. Wrangell for cosmic ray study. It was our misfortune that, arriving late on the scene, their operations cut deeply into our time schedule and after two weeks to the day the last of our entire party was landed at the snout of the Hawkins Glacier for the climb to University Peak. The sixty five air miles from Chitina to the snout of Hawkins Glacier represented about sixty five minutes of flying time. However, a stop midway at
May Creek was only thirty five minutes from the snout of the Hawkins Glacier and served as base of aerial operations. The slow trip up the highway and the two week delay in aerial transport were obstacles grown insignificant by the problems that now confronted us. Supply of the expedition depended entirely on the well established technique of free aerial drop into snow, but aerial reconnaissance of our proposed drop site at the head of the Hawkins Glacier revealed this area in the interior St. Elias Range at 5800 feet elevation to be entirely free of snow. Except for a few small patches of snow only the glare of hard blue ice greeted our searching eyes. This is in contrast to Mt. Rainier where in June we are accustomed to fifteen feet of winter snow at this elevation. At the last moment some dozen parachutes were made from burlap and nylon tarps, but these were far from sufficient. The bulk of our supplies therefore had to be dropped in an inaccessible, snow-filled cirque 1500 feet above the proposed base camp and in an area entirely apart from the route leading to the summit of University Peak.

The trip up the Hawkins Glacier was initiated by five men on July 8 with Elerding and myself remaining behind to make the air drops which were completed on July 10. On the following day Elerding and I started our boulder hopping trip eighteen miles up the Hawkins Glacier, meeting the first five men three days later at the head of the Hawkins Glacier. Sufficient food had been dropped by parachute at base camp for several days survival. However, on our arrival this food was running low.

Two attempts to scale the 1500 feet ice fall to the lower cirque where the bulk of food had been dropped had failed. A third attempt that night was successful. By working in midnight shifts for the next couple of nights one half the food was recovered. This task was accomplished by each man making one trip down through the ice fall with two twenty five pound cans of food, but no one cared to make a second trip. A one thousand foot fixed rope was placed in a rock couloir to the side of the ice fall to aid the climbers in bringing down the remaining food by an equally harassing route, but at least by a different one. It was in this operation that a falling rock, dislodged by the fixed rope, broke Reynolds' right arm. Again after one experience for each man in this couloir no one wanted to return. Fortunately, all the food had been salvaged by this time.

With morale at its lowest ebb the time had arrived for the assault on our objective, University Peak. The first obstacle was an ice fall starting at base camp, and rising approximately 5000 feet to 10,800 feet elevation. The ice fall could be divided into three portions: the lower ice fall, the upper ice fall, and the crest or top. Food was first transported 1500 feet above base camp to a flat area on the top of the lower portion. Subsequently Wold, Hedrick, Elerding and Brooks attempted with full pack to climb the ice fall, starting from base camp. This group climbed the lower fall during the day and after a rest of several hours attempted the second ice fall, beginning at six thirty in the evening. By ten thirty the group had reached the crest of the ice fall where difficulties became mountainous. In addition the temperature rose from below freezing to 42 degrees with seracs falling all about.

On returning to base camp the next morning at six o'clock, the route was reported impractical. With a few rainy days and growing impatience, enthusiasm again fired high and all seven members including Reynolds with his plaster arm started up the ice fall under full pack. Weather forced us to make camp at about 7500 feet on the top of the first ice fall. For two nights the entire group waited at this camp for the snow to stop falling. On the second day three of us returned to base camp for fear of the avalanches, but on the third night it cleared and the remaining three
men, Wold, Hedrick, and Reynolds attempted the second ice fall again. The temperature remained below freezing.

Once again on arriving at the crest of the ice fall all attempts to push a route failed both because of unnegotiable crevasses and unsurmountable walls of ice. No camp could be located that would be free from falling ice. The three retreated down the ice fall at sunrise, arriving back at base camp at midday.

Two attempts on University Peak met with failure with the highest altitude attained standing at 10,300 feet. Several days later with a deep feeling of frustration we turned our backs on University Peak and hiked out the Hawkins Glacier to the airstrip where we were picked up by Cordova Airlines July 30.

With the two unsuccessful attempts to climb this ice fall which separated us from the summit ridge of University Peak much speculation has, of course, resulted. Dick McGowan, who contributed so much of his time and experience to help organize the expedition, states that the upper Hawkins and northeast ridge is still his choice of route.

PARADISE GLACIER VANISHES

By WALTER RUE

The following article, written by Walter Rue, appeared in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer for September 11, 1954.

One of Mount Rainier's glaciers, the Paradise lobe of the Paradise-Stevens ice mass, has disappeared. It no longer exists as a glacial entity.

Yet Nisqually Glacier on the same mountain has grown at higher elevations and is being closely watched by glaciologists.

Those startling and highly interesting developments have been reported by Merlin Potts, Mount Rainier National Park naturalist who is getting ready for one of the most important glacial surveys ever made on Rainier.

Paradise Glacier, on the mountain's southeast flank (above Paradise Valley), didn't vanish overnight, but the end came rather swiftly at that. The glacier's demise began long ago when streams of water pouring down a steep rock wall started cutting tunnels under the ice mass. Ice caves developed and grew, largely as a result of the tunneling, and melting began along the cavern walls.
The melting from within and below, as well as on top, hastened the end of Paradise Glacier, Potts explained, and today only remnants remain of a once-large ice field that extended over a ridge and tied in directly with Stevens Glacier.

The well-known Paradise ice caves, a big tourist attraction, are actually in the Stevens ice now, although they’ll probably be popularly known as the Paradise Caves for years to come.

The wearing away of Paradise Glacier ties in with the general picture of glacial recession on mighty Rainier, whose glacial system exceeds that of any other single peak in the United States.

Rainier’s glaciers are replenished every year by new snows, but in general they lose more substance by summer melting than they gain from the snow pack.

Is Nisqually Glacier an exception?

Time and the weather will produce an answer. Meanwhile scientists are focusing attention on a surge in Nisqually’s ice. Their findings show that Nisqually has grown in size at higher elevations since 1944 and is now 13 feet thicker on the average in the vicinity of 6,000 feet. At one point the glacier has a 71-foot bulge.

The increase is attributed to heavier snows of the past decade, along with a “probable assist” from the strong earthquake which hit the Pacific Northwest on April 13, 1949.

The principal increase in Nisqually’s hump was noticed when the glacial survey of 1948-49 was made. This led many to believe that the violent earth shock loosened thousands of tons of ice and snow and piled it up lower on the glacier.

Dr. Ing Walther Hofmann of the Technical University of Munich, Bavaria, made a photogrammetric survey of Nisqually Glacier in 1952 and reported:

“Though not showing such impressive characteristics of an advance as Coleman Glacier (on Mount Baker), the Nisqually Glacier at its higher elevations exhibits the same picture of a very active, growing glacier.”

Dr. Hofmann noted that measurements by American glacial experts showed “considerable thickening.” He described the lower part of Nisqually Glacier (the present terminus and the ice behind it) as dead ice, and added:

“Time will show whether the thickening of the higher parts will survive long enough to affect the territory of the tongue. We can only wait and hope.”

Surveys show that Nisqually Glacier has grown in volume between 8,000 and 12,000 feet, but in a 40-year period the ice field in its lower parts has shown an annual decrease of about 3,733,500 cubic yards. It would require 268 Liberty Ships to haul away that amount of ice each year.

In 1912 Rainier’s entire glacial system covered about 45 square miles. Today the figure is around 40 square miles, or an annual loss of approximately 77 acres of ice.

Here are some statistics on glacial recession:

**Nisqually Glacier**—Receded 50 feet from September 21, 1952, to September 16, 1953, as compared to 76 feet from September 14, 1951, to September 21, 1952. Average decrease, 59.5 feet annually in 40-year period.

**Paradise-Stevens Ice Mass**—Receded 82 feet from September 22, 1952, to September 21, 1953, as compared to only 48 feet in the two-year period from September, 1950, to September, 1952.

**Emmons Glacier**—Receded 160 feet from September, 1951, to September, 1953, as compared to 88 feet from October, 1949, to September, 1951.

**Carbon Glacier**—Receded 84 feet, September, 1951, to September, 1953. This compares to a 75-foot melt between October, 1949 and September, 1951.

Time will tell whether the attrition of summer warmth will be balanced by sufficiently long cycles of heavy snows to keep the “rivers” of ice perpetually.

One thing is certain. They’ll glisten in the summer sun for a lot of future generations of the earth’s people.
CENTURY OF CLIMBING STATE'S HIGHEST PEAKS

By STELLA DEGENHARDT

One hundred years ago the peaks which dominate the Cascade and Olympic ranges of Washington beckoned explorers and climbers even as they do today. In the logs of sea captains and diaries of early travelers, appears again and again a notation similar to this: "saw white peak on horizon" — "beautiful snow crowned peak to northeast"—"tall mountain which I named for my friend."

Thomas J. Dryer, founder and owner of the early weekly Oregonian, was not content with viewing his mountains from a distance. He led a party from Portland into the trackless forests about the base of Mt. St. Helens and in August 1853 became the first known white man to lead an expedition to the top of one of the peaks which Mountaineers know as the "Six Majors."

The term "Six Majors" has been used by the Mountaineers since 1919, at which time Professor Edmond S. Meany, then president of the Mountaineers, suggested these peaks be designated as the "Six Majors." The suggestion was approved by the Board of Trustees, and a pin was originated, to be awarded to each Mountaineer achieving the six summits. For many years there was a qualification that at least two of the climbs must be made on Mountaineer Summer Outings. This provision has been eliminated, but the close tie with the Summer Outings remains, and the "Six Peakers' Banquet" is one of the events of each Outing. Six peaks pins are awarded at this banquet and, customarily, at only two other functions, the Summer Outing reunion and the annual banquet. The first record of six peak graduation ceremonies can be found in the 1921 Annual, in the article on the Summer Outing. Names of five graduates are listed and reference is made to an unspecified number of "alumni."

The 1926 Annual is the first one which lists the names of "Six Peakers" in boldface type. At that time, seven years after the origin of the idea, 45 members had been awarded pins for completion of these six climbs. Thirty-three were Seattle members, nine were from Tacoma, and three from Everett. In the 1953 Annual 198 names were printed in boldfaced type: 165 from Seattle, 24 from Tacoma, and nine from Everett. Records show that an additional 68 pins have been awarded persons who are no longer members.

The present requirements for award of the pin are that all climbs be made while the climber is a member of the Mountaineers, and in accordance with the principles of safe mountaineering. Originally all the peaks required a long hike from the nearest road, but it is be-
coming progressively easier to reach them. The summits themselves, however, remain a challenge, and it is seldom that a climber completes the six climbs in a single season.

Information on climbing routes on all these mountains is easily available. Their range in height is from 8,200 feet to 14,408 feet. All have extensive glacier systems. Persons interested in making these climbs are encouraged to call a member of the climbing committee for advice and information. Regulations require that parties wishing to climb Mount Rainier without official Park Service guides must have previous experience and certain specified equipment. Climbers planning trips to any of these six peaks are urged to clear with the appropriate Park or Forest Service personnel before the climb, and to report to them on their return.

The six peaks which rise higher than any other mountains in the state of Washington, in order of elevation are: Mount Rainier, Mount Adams, Mount Baker, Glacier Peak, Mount Saint Helens, and Mount Olympus.

MOUNT RAINIER: Elevation 14,408 feet. The Yakima and Klickitat Indians called this mountain “Tahoma,” interpreted by scholars as meaning “noise of thunder near the skies.” The Puyallup Indians called it “Chepollup,” for which word no satisfactory interpretation has yet been made. This mountain was first sighted by Captain Vancouver May 7, 1792, at which time he named it for his friend, Admiral Peter Rainier. There have been many attempts to change the name of the mountain, including a serious effort at one time to name it Lincoln, honoring former president Abraham Lincoln.

The first recorded climb was August 17, 1870, via Gibraltar, by P. B. Van Trump and Hazard Stevens. They gave the names Peak Success, Crater Peak, and Liberty Cap to the trident shaped summit. The first organized climb of this mountain by the Mountaineers was July 30, 1909, during the third annual Outing, at which time 62 climbers made the summit, by way of Emmons (or White) Glacier.

The 1920 Mountaineer Annual mentions eight routes up the mountain, and probably at least that many more have been pioneered since. The Mountaineer climbing committee schedules two climbs of the mountain each year, but currently uses only the route up the Emmons Glacier, starting from White River Campground. Experience has shown that the two formerly popular routes, Gibraltar and the Kautz Ice Fall, both starting from Paradise, are exposed to rock or ice fall to such an extent that they are not considered suitable for large group climbs.

Thousands annually visit the lower slopes and surrounding valleys of the state's highest mountain. In summer magnificent views are obtained of its mighty glaciers and rock walls.

MOUNT ADAMS: Elevation 12,307 feet. The Klickitat Indians called this mountain “Pah-to” or “Pah-too,” meaning “standing up” or “high sloping mountain.” Lewis and Clark made note of the mountain April 3, 1806, but it was given no name until 1853, when the Pacific Railroad Expedition complied with the attempts of Hall Kelley to name mountains for United States presidents, and this mountain was named in honor of former president John Adams.

The first recorded ascent of Adams was in August 1854 by Edward J. Allen,
Andrew J. Burge, and A. G. Aiken. The first group climb of this mountain by the Mountaineers was on the fifth annual Outing, when, on July 31, 1911, 52 people reached the summit.

Adams is the most southerly of the Six Majors, and has a sulfur mine on its upper slopes. The Forest Service formerly maintained a lookout on the summit with a shelter hut. Climbers on the mountain have looked longingly at this hut, but it is presently quite filled with cold, hard snow.

MOUNT BAKER: Elevation 10,750. The Clallam Indians called this mountain “P-Kowitz” or “Puk-h” or “H-Kowitz” meaning “always white mountain.” The Lummi and Skagit Indians called it “Kulshan,” interpreted as “the scar,” “the point of a wound,” “the gap of a bleeding wound,” “a foot that has been frozen,” or a more pleasant, but less authentic interpretation, “the great white watcher.” In 1774 Spanish explorers named the mountain, “La Gran Montana del Carmelo.” In 1792 Captain Vancouver named it in honor of Third Lieutenant Joseph Baker, the first man on his ship to sight it.

In August, 1869, Edward T. Coleman led the first recorded ascent of Baker, from Victoria, by way of Bellingham, the Nooksack River, and the Deming-Baker route. Camp Coleman, at the edge of Deming Glacier, was the first camp on Mt. Baker, made by a party of white men, which also included two Lummi Indians, taken that far as guides. It is also said that Coleman was the first mountain climber in the northwest to use an ice axe. He was an Englishman who had climbed in Europe, and had designed an axe, using as a pattern the old English boarding axe of sailing ship days.

The Mountaineers made their first climb of Baker July 29, 1908 during the second annual Outing, at which time a party of 39 reached the summit, thus becoming the first large party to make the ascent.

Mt. Baker is the most northerly of the Six Majors. When the first Six Peak pins were being won, climbers going via Heliotrope Ridge started walking from Glacier. A logging road now enables a car to be driven within two miles of Kulshan Cabin, where camp is usually made the night before the climb.

GLACIER PEAK: Elevation 10,436 feet. The Skagit Indians called this mountain, “Da Kobed” meaning “the parent.” In the period of 1890, when the Monte Cristo area was the scene of a rush for gold, many prospectors were searching for it in the vicinity of this mountain, and they named it “Glacier Peak.” Later this name was established by government surveyors.

The mountain was first climbed in August 1898 by T. G. Gerdine of the United States Geological Survey, and four of his party. The Mountaineers first climbed Glacier Peak on August 5, 1910, during the fourth annual Outing, with a party of 57. This was believed to have been the sixth ascent ever made of this mountain.

This mountain is generally regarded as the most difficult of access, although the climb from White Pass involves but 13 miles of back-packing. The Milk Creek approach provides an even shorter, if “brushier” approach. Perhaps its reputation lingers from the days when

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TRAIL TRIPPERS' CLAM BAKE

A new trail was explored by the Trail Trippers on the first weekend in May! Higher and higher we rose until all twenty-six of us, looking down to earth below, marvelled at the ease with which we had reached the heights. Yes sir, the airplanes of TCA are the best way to climb, the air trails the most scenic!

We left Mt. Rainier behind in air so clear that the big mountain seemed to be only a mile or two away instead of nearly a hundred. Quickl y Seattle passed below with a wonderful view, not only of the harbor and city but also the smaller towns nearby while on our left, Vashon and Bainbridge flashed by.

Our route of flight took us almost directly over the farm made famous by "The Egg and I" while beyond, the Olympic range guarded the sound. Just before turning northward over Dungeness Spit we had our best view of Mt. Olympus and for once, it was entirely free of fog and clouds. Then Mt. Baker came into sight. Some in the plane pointed out to others the route they'd taken on a recent climb from Kulshan cabin.

Quickly we were over the Straits and the southern tip of Vancouver Island with a moment later, Victoria, Elk Lake, the observatory on Little Saanich mountain, one of the world's largest. We had brief glimpses of Brentwood, Butchard's Sunken Gardens, the Malahat with its picturesque drive, John Deen Park, and a tantalizing glimpse of white peaks, far up on Vancouver Island.

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MOUNTaineER TAKES TO AIR

There's fold boating, bicycling, and car touring so why not flying along with our Mountaineering? There never will be anything to equal the pleasure of actually walking through a high alpine meadow or sitting on a rocky peak with feet hanging over a couple of thousand feet of drop off. But flying has its compensations. The greatest is the ability to be at least over or among the peaks, enjoy the scenery, and return home, all within a few hours.

I'm an enthusiast about this hobby. It's thrilling. It's as safe as I make it. Ships are simpler than cars. It does take a little more training to learn to drive them safely. I obey the wisely written but uncomplicated regulations. I use the C.A.A. radio and weather facilities and always file flight plans for my own protection.

One of the big advantages is that after the plane is in the air I don't have to keep my eyes glued to a narrow ribbon of concrete. Just put her on a heading, sit back, and look around. Flying is inexpensive, too, figured, mile for mile.

Never shall I tire of seeing Seattle from half a mile above it. All that blue water and mountain ranges east and west in one vast panorama. I have heard commercial pilots say it is the most beautiful city at night on this continent, a great latticework of blue jewels and yellow lights, with gay patchwork of color from the neon signs.

Early one August morning my eight

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TRAIL TRIPPERS' CLAM BAKE
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Landing, we quickly cleared immigration and customs and were soon seated in our special bus and off for Sidney. It was still early afternoon when we met the two chartered launches and Salt Spring was only a few miles away.

We started island hopping, landing first at Kerr island, formerly called Shell because of the abundance of powdered white shells around the little coves. In addition, we found shooting stars, paint brush, dog tooth violets and many other varieties of wild flowers.

Going through Canoe Pass we passed many beautiful small islands. One we labelled the island of pink shells. Here, while the eager beavers scratched in the sand, looking for perfect specimens, the rest went on a hike.

From here we were supposed to go to Fulford but with a calm sea and mild blue skies, it seemed a shame to cut the boat trip short. So we chugged on north to Ganges. We'd hardly gotten our baggage to the apple orchard camp next to the hotel when three mad taxi drivers arrived back from Fulford.

"Some one," roared the owner of the taxi line, "is going to have to pay. We sat two hours over at Fulford."

Later he calmed down and accepted both our explanation that he had been instructed to wait for a phone call before sending his cabs and an offer of $9.00 for his trouble.

The Smorgasbord clam bake left everyone groggy—baked oysters in the shell, clam chowder, buckets of steamed clams, baked potatoes, salad, cream puffs, oyster cocktails, coffee, rolls, and apple pie.

By the time we finished our island hopping next day everyone had become experienced beach combers. The homeward flight by night was even more beautiful than in daylight. Trail trippers agreed that the aerial clam bake had proved to be a new and most interesting form of mountaineering.

Andy Bowman

MOUNTAINEER TAKES
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year old nephew and I took off for Yellowstone. We just beat the morning fog, flying over a cottony carpet of clouds to Stampede, then through clear skies to Spokane.

Green hills after that, Lake Coeur d'Alene, the long pass through the Bitter Root Mountains, Kellogg with its large mines. Stoked up with gas and food at Missoula, filed our flight plan and off to Butte. The number of holes in the hills around that city indicated the vastness of the mines beneath.

We crossed a low pass near evening and, following the highway past Ennis Lake, we decided to stop at Ennis for the night. Next morning a fifty minute flight took us past Hegben Lake to West Yellowstone where we met the Campcrafters two days later.

Another time I flew with one other plane for company to Port Hardy at the northern tip of Vancouver Island. There is the Puget Sound country as it was one hundred and fifty years ago. Lakes, mountains, rivers, the blue Sound, hundreds of islands, and always the deep, green, uncut forests.

Vincent Millspaugh

THOSE SUMMIT REGISTERS

"Those visiting this point are invited to register their name, address, and date of ascent . . . it is particularly requested that nothing be written in this register except the date and names and addresses of those making the ascent . . . any communication regarding this box or its contents, particularly if the register is completely filled, will be appreciated . . . " So says the title page of each Mountaineer summit register.

A register book was installed on Mt. Washington on Memorial Day, 1931, and it remained there until replaced by a new one 23 years later. Conforming in varying degrees to the instructions, people left their names, other people's
names, addresses, dates, club affiliations, weather and visibility reports, route used, how long it took, where they had been, where they were going, whether the climb was easy or difficult, and, in the case of male climbers, something to indicate they had girls on their minds.

"I dedicate this climb to love," wrote one before he joined the Mountaineers. Said another: "Dedicated to any good looking mountaineer (this doesn't include any of our party)." Many dedications were less inclusive. "I dedicate this climb to I. K. whom all the boys at B. H. S. adore." A guilty conscience produced, "Dedicated to mother who said we should have gone to church on Mother's Day."

Another entry reads "I. S., B. S., B. C., Shelton. Gosh! I'm darn glad I didn't bring my girl!!!!" Didn't say why, but later one of them did bring her and eventually she acquired a spouse membership in the Mountaineers.

During 1931-1935 there were only eight recorded ascents, but activity increased rapidly thereafter. At first most climbers were from nearby Shelton, but Bremerton's Olympic College climbing course brought large parties to the peak in recent years. With the war, climbing ground nearly to a halt and 1943's only story read "Visibility 50 feet . . . P-38 crashed on north slope, found yesterday . . ." Came 1947 and the register was full, but this stirred no one to action. After all, there is a back side to every page.

The Mountaineers had successful scheduled climbs in September 1945, in July 1949, and again in May 1954. Most frequent name in the register was that of a gentleman from Olympic College, but the number of his ascents is confused because some joker took to forging his signature throughout the book. Altogether there were over 350 ascents. No one signed the book in January or March, but February and December had one ascent each.

Opinions on the degree of difficulty varied from "A baby could climb this" to "I'll wring anybody's neck who thinks it is easy climbing up here." "Wow, what a climb, George Washington's nose is sharp and running," wrote a member of a party attired in bathing suits (but some wore crampons).

Many climbers recorded their mailing addresses, but only one thoughtfully added that "All letters will be answered."

In August 1951 was recorded, "1 p.m. We're two old men who should know better but it's been lots of fun . . . we haven't had anything to drink but snow water for three days. 5 p.m. Still here, too weak to go on from lack of water. Should rain tonight! 5:30 p.m. We're going to leave to hunt for cactus."

Perhaps the kindest comment on the mountain was, "Closest to heaven I will ever be."

Paul Wiseman

Photograph by Paul Wiseman

Summit of Mount Washington, southerly end of Olympic range.
IRISH CABIN HAS A PAST

By KEITH D. GOODMAN

Irish Cabin, mountain retreat of the Tacoma branch, is the oldest of Mountaineer habitations. Its first unit, the present dining hall and women's dormitory, was built some time between the years 1888 and 1903 by a Mr. Irish who was working a near-by copper mine at a falls and creek which still bear his name.

For about two decades the miner's cabin stood deserted, approachable only by a trail up the north side of Carbon river. In 1923 a doubtful road was constructed to Cataract creek up the south side of the stream. It passed within seventy-five yards of the foregoing structure but a tangle of brush hid it from travelers who dared drive their Model T Fords up the rutted, muddy way.

A group of Tacoma Mountaineers camped one night near where Irish creek crossed the new road about half a mile below what is now the Carbon river entrance to Rainier National Park. They were on their way to Summit lake. On the return trip, which was April 4, 1926, Leo Gallagher, then the Tacoma's president, probably mindful of the $233 listed as “Cabin Fund” on the club books since 1925, decided to look over the shack he had seen back in the woods. Harriet Taylor and W. W. Kilmer accompanied him. They found a fairly large building, constructed almost entirely of the best split cedar including the floors. The trio decided that a little repair work would transform the cabin into a “Mountaineer home.”

Permission was obtained from Mr. Moore of the Manley-Moore Lumber Co., owner of the Irish Cabin site, to use the building, rent free. Work parties soon made the place habitable and Eva Simmonds began her fourteen years as cook. Apparently Amos Hand was the first Irish Cabin chairman for it was he who submitted its first financial report in the 1927 Annual. Receipts were from an advance by the treasurer, Julia Raymond; proceeds from a “white elephant” sale and a Valentine party, a small cash donation, meals and cabin fees which totaled more than $334. Disbursements for commissary, drayage, supplies and a photo album equalled the “take.” The last item was a request by Eva Simmons who started a collection of Irish Cabin photographs donated by members. When she completed her terms as chairman, her successors forgot about the pictures and the location of the album is now unknown.

Work parties continued under the chairmanship of Leo Gallagher. The second floor, with its limited head-room was converted by a partition to two dormitories. The women occupied the half nearest the road and directly over the kitchen. The men roosted over the end above the heating stove, a distinct advantage on cold mornings. For more than two decades food was bought, prepared and served by a committee. The system was changed in 1949 to pot-luck meals or more often, members were their own cooks.

A list of the Irish Cabin chairmen prepared by Amos Hand from past Annuals shows Robert Brewer completed in 1928 the unexpired term of Leo Gallagher who moved to Oregon. With the exception of one year Eva Simmons served for the next nine, probably a record for any Mountaineer chairmanship. Irene Slade relieved Eva for one year in 1933.
While Eva was chairman in 1931, a kitchen, constructed from the remains of a horse feed storage shack, was added to the cabin. To celebrate its completion the first annual Thanksgiving dinner was served to sixty-five members and friends, fifteen of them being from an Oregon outdoor club, the guests of Leo Gallagher.

The next project, the recreation room and men’s dormitory, was added in the mid-’30s, Martin Marker officiating as construction boss. “Pop” Rice, Charlie Kilmer, W. W. Kilmer, Clarence Garner and Amos Hand were among the workers. By 1937 the roof of the original section was raised and renewed.

Some of the materials used in the new wing of the building were form boards from a Tacoma skating rink, an ex-mortuary door and cedar shakes from nearby logs. The bunks became private affairs, bought and paid for by individual members, and the names of the owners were stenciled upon them.

During depression years the owners of the property, along with many other such corporations, ran into financial troubles. The sheriff tacked his ugly notice on the premises and a receiver took possession. The Tacomans were told they might have their mountain home, minus the timber, for $500. W. W. Kilmer, in a letter to the receiver’s lawyer, Aug. 18, 1937, stated the club was unable to pay the price asked and that the figure was too high anyway. He offered to buy for $300 and sent a check for $50 earnest money. The offer was accepted and the deal closed. The area amounted to about eighteen acres extending from near the river to the falls.

Loggers cut off the remaining timber during the three-year chairmanship of Kenneth Pryor which ended in 1940. Except for trees near the cabin, most of which were later cut as a menace, the area was one of cluttered desolation. With a new growth of trees, the ugly scars of logging have been erased.

During Pryor’s administration, the cabin was rented one summer to the loggers who occupied it during the week and except for the cook, vacated weekends when the Mountaineers were privileged to move in. The cook prepared meals for Saturday and Sunday visitors. The $300 rental received paid for the property and when the woodsmen left for good, they made a gift of dishes and other equipment to the club. Gas, tires, and food rationing made cabin trips few and difficult during war years. Clarence Garner and Dorothy Newcomer served as chairmen during this time.

In 1945 Al Kelly as chairman wired the cabin for electric lights and installed a motor generator, the first of several which proved difficult to operate in damp mountain air. Kerosene lamps were relegated to stand-by status.

When the war ended some two hundred double deck bunks and mattresses were purchased at a surplus sale through the efforts of Ferd Bondy. Those not needed were sold and the amount received more than paid for those placed in Irish Cabin. Privately owned cots went to the rubbish pile.

A rehabilitation program was begun in the late 1940’s. Under the direction of Floyd Raver a new foundation was placed under the building, a fireplace constructed and the kitchen demolished and rebuilt. When Earl Gjuka followed Al Kelly, a new water system and stainless steel kitchen sinks were installed.

A new fireplace was constructed by Floyd Raver and Fred Corbit, assisted by many willing helpers. Two bronze plaques, built into the chimney, were the work of Ruth Corbit and make the chimney a real work of art.

By the time new foundation, floor joists, and hardwood floors had been added under the leadership of Keith Melendy, nothing was left of the original building except the main floor walls. They remain as the miners built them more than half a century ago. Installing fir plywood and Alaska cedar in the recreation room completed the major building projects in 1952.
Irish Cabin tales include those anxious hours spent waiting for Florence Peak climbers, long overdue after dark; three grim weekends looking for lost Army flyers who had bailed out north of Fairfax; and for comic relief the legend of the “cougar and the mine.”

Uninitiated visitors were led into the dark tunnel to see the rich vein of ore. Conversation drifted to cougars and bears. Amos Hand, previously posted far down the bore, emitted terrifying howls. Invariably the victim fled to daylight. The prank was ended when one appeared later with a rifle. Amos immediately resigned as Mr. Cougar.

During the past decade campers, hikers, and fishermen have appeared in increasing numbers in the northwest. At times it is almost impossible to find even a parking space in a recreation area. For Tacoma Mountaineers Irish Cabin will increasingly be an answer to the question, “Where shall we go this weekend?”

**Did You Know That:**

The Mountaineers own more than 200 acres of property, distributed as follows — Kitsap Cabin, 108 plus acres; Meany Ski Hut, 77 acres; Snoqualmie Lodge, 54 acres. Stevens Ski Hut and Mount Baker Cabin are on ground leased from the Forest Service.

**IRISH CABIN PIN PEAK PARADE**

The Irish Cabin peaks are a group of twenty-four, 5000-8000 foot peaks in the northwest corner of Rainier National Park and vicinity. They are to be recommended for the beginner climber, the viewfinder, and as a practice and training ground for the more advanced. When the snow has nearly disappeared, these climbs require little equipment and experience, are accessible from Tacoma-Seattle area. A special pin is awarded for climbing all twenty-four.

Most of these climbs can be done without an ice axe in August or September. Earlier in the season, one is recommended, especially for Observation, Crescent, or the Sluiskins. A rope may be desirable on Sluiskin Chief or Redstone, or for crossing Flett Glacier.

The Sluiskins, Redstone, Hessong, and 2nd Mother are the best rock climbs, while Observation, Crescent, Fay and the Sluiskins are noted for their glissades. The rock-climbing fiend may find stimulating work in some of the unlisted peaks, such as the Northern Crags and “1 1/2 Mother.” Other peaks are “Sluiskin Papoose,” “Little Castle,” Needle Rock on the Mowich Glacier, Spukwush, Howard, and Poch (seldom ever found).

The average climber takes two to five years to complete the twenty-four though one-season boomers have been known. Often, two or three peaks may be climbed in one day. Some, in search of glory, push five or six, while two fellows in some sort of fiendish endurance contest even did nine! Several parties have attempted a complete traverse of the Mother Range — not in search of glory, but just in search of 2nd Mother! The notch between 1 1/2 and 1 1/4 Mother is a killer.

About 10% of the Tacoma members have climbed all twenty-four, while many more have climbed at least three. On reading the registers, one finds many Seattle, and occasionally Everett, names. Summer Outing members have their fling at these peaks when the outing passes through this area going around the mountain — and no hike in!

Irish Cabin, near the Park Entrance, is available for an overnight base, as is the Ipsut Creek Campgrounds.

Remember: Take ten essentials. Two or more persons, with an experienced leader is best for safety. Leave climbing plans with a reliable person, or posted on your car windshield. . . . Follow the Climbing Code.

Good climbing! Edith Goodman
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Peak</th>
<th>Elevation</th>
<th>Hike</th>
<th>Type of Climb</th>
<th>Further Comments</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tolmie</td>
<td>5939</td>
<td>10 mi.</td>
<td>1*</td>
<td>A good beginning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castle</td>
<td>6116</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Looks terrific.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fay</td>
<td>6500</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Good early season climb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florence</td>
<td>5501</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Good early or late climb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur</td>
<td>5471</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Same.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gove</td>
<td>5321</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>No comment.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Mother</td>
<td>6540</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hard to find in a fog.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Mother</td>
<td>6389</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Just hard to find!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Mother</td>
<td>5816</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>All up-hill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasant</td>
<td>6453</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>1-3</td>
<td>Seldom pleasant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hessong</td>
<td>6149</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>1-3</td>
<td>Overlooks Spray Park.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Observation</td>
<td>8364</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Close-up view of the Ptarmigan Ridge route.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echo</td>
<td>7862</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Don’t shout for too many echoes—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>it may all fall down!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mineral</td>
<td>6400</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Best view of Willis Wall and its</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>avalanches.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crescent</td>
<td>6703</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Goat country.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyee</td>
<td>6000</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Not so tyee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Desolate</td>
<td>7130</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>1-3</td>
<td>It’s desolate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sluiskin Chief</td>
<td>7015</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>2-3</td>
<td>Spectacular, and best rock climb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sluiskin Squaw</td>
<td>6990</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>A west route can be interesting.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redstone</td>
<td>5700</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>2-3</td>
<td>S.W. route usually preferred.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baldy</td>
<td>5790</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Climbed from the west once!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitcher</td>
<td>5930</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Approached by a secret trail.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Bearhead</td>
<td>6042</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>1-3</td>
<td>Long trail hike.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Bearhead</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Long—not much trail.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*1—Good to start with. 2—Bit of rock work. 3—A long drag.
(Mileage is estimated from Mowich or Carbon River Road starting points.)

Many Climbs Possible From Snoqualmie Lodge

By STELLA DEGENHARDT

Twenty mountains, designated more than thirty years ago as the "Snoqualmie Lodge Peaks", provide some of the most enjoyable "short climbs" in the Pacific northwest. Accessible from the Sunset Highway, many of them can be seen from Snoqualmie Pass. In summer brilliant sunlight reflects from rocky peaks; in the winter months sharp peaks are outlined in white and silver against a blue sky.

The climbing season lasts from early spring through late fall and several of the peaks make enjoyable ski trips. Many which are good snow climbs early in the season become medium to difficult rock climbs by midsummer, or "brush fights", ending in rock scrambles at the summits.

The "First Ten" peaks were chosen in the early 1920's to stimulate interest in climbing from "old" Snoqualmie Lodge which had been dedicated June 21, 1914. A decorated board was set up and when a Mountaineer completed three of the designated peaks, his name was listed, followed by a star for each summit, red if the trip had started from and returned to the Lodge, green if not.

In 1929 under the Lodge chairman-
ship of Larry Byington and with the help of an artist member, Ted Parsons, a pin was designed, to be presented to members completing this group of peaks. Walter Best, a former chairman, helped promote this idea.

So much interest was shown in winning these “Ten Peaks” pins that the following year a second group of peaks was established. The Lodge chairman, Harry A. Morgan, together with Art Winder and Herb Strandberg, was active in the selection of this second group of peaks, making several first ascents in the process. Bill Degenhardt designed the “Second Ten” pin and another score board was set up in the Lodge.

During the ten years, 1927 to 1937, Snoqualmie Lodge was the center of Mountaineer activity. Climbs were scheduled each weekend through spring, summer, and fall and were practically the only Mountaineer climbs with the exception of those done on Summer Outings and an occasional Special Outing.

Since the Lodge was then a mile from the nearest road and seven hundred and fifty feet above it, climbers were encouraged to try for a red star. They were given an extra incentive in the form of hot meals and showers on the return from climbs. The graduation party in October, at which the pins were awarded, was the social event of the climbing season.

With the loss of “Old Lodge” by fire and the construction of a new Snoqualmie Lodge on a site east of the summit and close to the highway, the character of the lodge has changed in the past half dozen years. With better transportation and more access roads, many other climbing areas have been opened up and interest in the Snoqualmie peaks has declined proportionately, although they are still among the “most climbed.”

The climbing committee consented to take over the scheduling of “Snoqualmie Lodge Peak” climbs. These are usually one day trips, starting from Seattle. Mountaineer groups, wishing to climb any of the peaks under proper leadership, find the Lodge a convenient spot in which to stay the night preceding the climb.

Ten Peak pins are still awarded although now this presentation is combined with the climbers’ graduation party. This party was held at the new lodge for some years after its opening but last year it was moved to the Seattle club room.

It is to be hoped that new members who have not become acquainted with the green beauty of the trail to Melakwa Lakes; the fun of eating one’s way up Red in huckleberry season; or the wide-spread view from the top of Chair will include the Snoqualmie Lodge peaks in their list of “things to do” next year. It is particularly for them that the following information is being included in this year’s Annual.

The most commonly climbed routes have been given. Information on alternate routes may be secured from the “Climber’s Guide to the Cascade and Olympic Mountains.” An interesting account of the naming of the peaks and the meaning of the Indian names is contained in the 1941 Annual under the title “Reminiscences of a Mountaineer.”

**Variation In Logan Bread Recipe**

Logan Bread will last longer if made with plain molasses in place of blackstrap molasses. Also it helps to form the pieces of bread individually before baking. For the benefit of readers who do not have this recipe, printed in the 1953 Annual, it is being repeated here:

To one quart of water, add:

- 3½ to 4 lbs. whole wheat flour
- 1½ cups melted shortening
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 lb. honey
- 1 lb. molasses
- ½ cup powdered milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsps. baking powder

Mix ingredients; form into pieces ½ inch thick. Bake around 300 F. for 1 hour. (Bake longer than one hour to dry out more.)

Victor Josendal
# SNOQUALMIE LODGE PEAKS

## FIRST TEN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Peak</th>
<th>Elev. (feet)</th>
<th>Classifi-</th>
<th>Dist. from Road to Summit</th>
<th>Trail, if any</th>
<th>Comments</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chair</td>
<td>6,200</td>
<td>Class 3</td>
<td>5-6 miles</td>
<td>Snow Lake</td>
<td>Excellent chimney climbing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denny</td>
<td>5,400</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>2-3 miles</td>
<td></td>
<td>Closest to highway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guye</td>
<td>5,100</td>
<td>Cl. 2, 3, 4 depending on rt.</td>
<td>2-3 miles</td>
<td></td>
<td>No register? Try the next summit over.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaleetan</td>
<td>6,100</td>
<td>Class 2</td>
<td>6 miles</td>
<td>Melakwa</td>
<td>Spectacular peak with &quot;easy&quot; route up.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kendall</td>
<td>5,700</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>2 miles</td>
<td>Commonwealth Basin</td>
<td>Regarded as about the easiest of this group.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>5,800</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>2½ miles</td>
<td>Commonwealth Basin</td>
<td>Grows very tasty huckleberries.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver</td>
<td>5,500</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>5 miles</td>
<td>Mirror Lake</td>
<td>Alternate: Lake Annette and up through the brush.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie</td>
<td>6,270</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>3 miles</td>
<td>Snow Lake</td>
<td>Dangerous only to Degnehardt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson</td>
<td>6,500</td>
<td>Class 3</td>
<td>8 miles</td>
<td>Commonwealth Creek Trail</td>
<td>Seems much further.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tooth</td>
<td>5,700</td>
<td>Cl. 2, 3, 4, or 5, depending on route</td>
<td>3-4 miles</td>
<td>Melakwa Trail</td>
<td>Don't forget your rope on this one.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SECOND TEN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Peak</th>
<th>Elev.</th>
<th>Classifi-</th>
<th>Dist. from Road to Summit</th>
<th>Trail, if any</th>
<th>Comments</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alta</td>
<td>6,245</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>8 miles</td>
<td>Mt. Margaret Trail</td>
<td>There's always a higher summit ahead on this Mountain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryant</td>
<td>5,900</td>
<td>Class 2</td>
<td>4-5 miles</td>
<td>Melakwa Trail</td>
<td>To rest is not to conquer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chikamin</td>
<td>7,000</td>
<td>Class 3</td>
<td>8 miles</td>
<td>Gold Creek</td>
<td>Nice view from the highway.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Granite</td>
<td>5,800</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>4 miles</td>
<td>Granite Mt.</td>
<td>Trail to top.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hibox</td>
<td>6,500</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>7-8 miles</td>
<td>Box Canyon</td>
<td>Rubber soles required here.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huckleberry</td>
<td>6,300</td>
<td>Class 3</td>
<td>7 miles</td>
<td>Gold Creek</td>
<td>This is a ridge running from Snoqualmie Mountain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lundin</td>
<td>6,000</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>3-5 miles with cl. 3 summit</td>
<td>Commonwealth Basin</td>
<td>Overlooks Archipelago Lakes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rampart</td>
<td>5,843</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>6 miles</td>
<td>Mt. Margaret</td>
<td>This register has been known to wander.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roosevelt</td>
<td>5,800</td>
<td>Class 2</td>
<td>6-7 miles</td>
<td>Melakwa Lakes</td>
<td>Can be combined with a climb of Silver Peak.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tinkham</td>
<td>5,356</td>
<td>Class 1</td>
<td>5 miles</td>
<td>Mirror Lake</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO
IN THE YUKON

By CHARLES FARRER

When an old mountaineer is called upon to write of his experiences in crossing the 8000 foot Chilkoot Pass in the early spring of '97, readers rather expect a thrilling account of hardships and dangers, such as were described at the time in magazines and newspapers by men "who had been there" and described what they saw and experienced, such as: "anyone attempting the journey does so at the risk of his life"—"passes are strewn with the skeletons of unfortunate miners"—"there will be more blood on Chilkoot Pass than the gold will wipe out"—"the hazards are so extreme, no insurance is available"—"much of the gold coming out represents the finding from bodies of dead miners"—"the graves result mostly from starvation."

Anyway, starving was quite unnecessary in the Yukon then. Moose, mountain sheep, rabbits, ptarmigan, and at times caribou were plentiful. The Arctic trout—grayling—were caught easily in all the creeks. In season, there were millions of square miles of huckleberries, cranberries, and many other berries and edible roots.

Most of the above accounts were written by men who went in after the "gold ship" arrived in Seattle and most of them in '98. Those who went in when we did were accustomed to frontier life and unlike the heterogeneous mob which went in over the lower White Pass from Skagway in '98, scores of whom had hardly been off a city sidewalk or out of sight of a lunch counter.

And as to hardships there and elsewhere in North America, I think it is for the most part more a matter of mental attitude in the complainant. If an able bodied man believes he suffers hardships in what he is doing, he can usually find an opportunity to better his position or location elsewhere.

I had longed for years to test the reports of rich placers near Circle City, Alaska, and when my friend, Rob, wrote from Seattle in January 1897 and urged me to come and help him into the Yukon with two big scowloads of trading goods and four horses, I jumped at the chance. Leaving my family in Los Angeles, I, together with friend, Zeb, boarded a train for Seattle.

The ship we'd planned to take was wrecked so after a long delay, we arrived in Dyea to find the snow gone on the flats and instead of using sleds for transport, most of our freight had to be packed over bare ground and sloppy trails. A good deal of it was carried by squaws who packed about 50 pounds at the rate of 25 to 30 cents per pound.

When finally we reached Lake Lindeman, it was early summer. We made a camp at the mouth of the Lindeman river, cut and rafted logs from the upper reaches, and whipsawed them into lumber for two long scows and a poling boat. By this time many parties of men, also dance hall girls, were passing us on their way down and others were coming out for fresh supplies, bringing the first definite news we had had of rich finds on the Klondyke creeks.

This made us very anxious to hurry on but we had promised to stay with Rob and help build those scows. This job finally accomplished, we set sail with our load of canned goods, flour, sugar, ham, and bacon and ran down the lakes
in good shape. I had installed a side board on the scows which we could let down and, acting as a keel, enabled us to sail in a cross wind. Most of the winds, however, blew straight and strong down the lakes.

We ran White Horse Rapids with not too much trouble, reaching Dawson in July. We tied up to the bank, customers flocked in and we were soon sold out. I sent my wages back to my family in California and stepped ashore with 75 cents in my pocket.

Grub was selling at $1.00 a pound so I kept busy in order to eat. I helped Rob build a cabin and a stable for his horses and sink a shaft in his mining claim. Later I went up the Yukon with some friends, cut house logs and rafted them down to Dawson where I built a good two room cabin for myself. Naturally for me, it was built on rising ground which offered a fine view of the town and river.

One day, packing supplies onto Rob's claim, I dropped down from the ridge just above and overlooking Eldorado Creek. I stopped for a moment and glanced over the ground. I had had experience with bench mining in Idaho, something few of the Yukon old timers seemed to have experienced, and thought this looked like a good place to stake a claim. We were hot and tired and Zeb and the pack horses were crowding me forward so after a short pause, I passed on.

If I had gotten off my horse and kicked away some of the moss, I would have found buckets of nuggets lying almost exposed in the gravel. It was the head of the gold bearing gravel on Eldorado Creek and it wasn't staked. Oh, what a headache I acquired later when others went to work there!

Winter was coming on and the price of feed and drivers' wages, $15.00 per day in gold dust, were causing Rob to lose money on his horses. He finally offered to sell them to me for $1600 in gold dust, all on the cuff. I took him up on that one, found some cord wood at pre-boom price of $4.00 a cord, hauled it into Dawson where it brought an ounce of gold for one third of a cord.

I can still remember the pains of thawing out my half frozen hands inside moose hide mittens after digging that wood out of the snow. I often had to remark to men I'd meet on the trail back to town, "Your nose—or perhaps cheeks—are frozen!"

The last steamboat up the river had brought only whiskey, lump sugar, and "electrocuted eggs," supposedly a new preserving method. However, the yolks were stuck to the shells, a great many were musty, and they were left piled up on the beach to freeze. Good eggs sold for $1 each but I bought these for $1 a case, gold dust of course. I also found some flour and lump sugar at pre-boom prices.

I broke the eggs, shells and all, into a big pan, holding out the occasional good ones to eat, then mixed in flour, Continued on page 97
The West Face of Mount Index, seen so distinctly as one first glimpses the mountain on the approach to Stevens Pass, has long been considered by climbers to be a wall whose ascent would offer interesting climbing problems. Rising as it does so abruptly from the depths of Anderson Creek, it presents one of the longest rock walls in the state, soaring fully 3,200 feet above its base. The face climaxes itself in the North and Middle Peaks, the west face of the North being plainly visible from the highway.

The North had been done previously by two routes—the usual route on the north face and the extremely difficult climb of the east face, accomplished in 1951. The Middle has been reached only once by a traverse from the North Peak; its direct ascent offers a formidable climb.

On June 19 Pete Schoening, veteran of previous Index face climbing, and I decided to accept the challenge of the western walls of the North Peak. We reached the base by hiking to the end of an old road from Swan­son's Cabins along Anderson Creek and from here, barreling through several hundred feet of dense brush to the snow fringed basin.

Climbing up for several hundred feet amid broken rock outcroppings and trees, we made excellent use of the rope on occasional near vertical pitches of brush, where considerable "chins" were required. We found a good camp site high up in the trees but soon returned after making a cache since the weather was intolerable for further climbing. Our support party at the cabins found us in a drenched and disreputable state.

On the afternoon of July 4 we returned in beautiful weather and reached our camp site by dark. The final push began early next morning. From camp several hundred feet of extremely steep brush were followed to a narrow arete, angling to the right above a long steep cliff. From here the brush petered away and the sense of exposure became more distinct.

The walls steepened and the climbing consisted of extremely interesting fourth class leads, requiring both balance and exertion. At one spot the route entered a narrow chasm between two walls which we crossed by stemming and forming. More stemming and chimney climbing over great exposure led us to the summit of the great gendarme which can be seen at certain points from the highway. Here the walls dropped away with horrifying abruptness into the abyss below.

Brush patches growing out of steep walls were used quite frequently for belaying and were often the only safety measure. This saved the use of much hardware and fortunately none was necessary on the ascent.

We descended to the col, via some easy but spectacular balance pitches and gazed at the continuation of the huge rib we were on. This narrowed into a terrifically steep and sharp arete. Any doubts concerning further progress were dispelled by traveling along bare, splintered rock to the right side of the arete where the angle diminished considerably though still steep. Several hundred feet of exposed and often strenuous rock climbing brought us to the peak's crest, reached after 13 hours.

Though the climb was by no means a severe one as far as high technical standards are concerned, it never became easy. In fact, it proved to be much more difficult than the usual route on the North Peak. It was long, strenuous, quite intricate and in some places sensationaly exposed though we never found it necessary to use artificial safety devices. In my opinion the ascent stands as a fine example of an excellent fourth class rock climb.
White dotted line shows route followed by two climbers up the previously unclimbed west face of Index.

FIRST ASCENT OF WINDOW TOWER

On April 24 John Parrott and Fred Beckey made the ascent of Window Tower, a striking granite needle in the “Knitting Needle” group of peaks in the Cashmere Crags. This summit is reached by the Ingalls Creek trail and a long, gullied hillside. The final 150 foot ascent is from the west face and involves the use of a shoulder stand and five pitons for direct aid. A bolt was placed on the summit to facilitate the rappel.

COAST RANGE NOW MORE ACCESSIBLE

By VICTOR JOSENDAL

A huge area of seldom climbed mountains can now be reached by automobile with the opening this fall of a new road from Anahim Lake to Stuie in British Columbia. The Provincial Government appropriated $83,000 for the construction of this road through the mountains. Now the cattle ranching and railroad city of Williams Lake is connected with the coastal fishing city of Bella Coola 260 miles to the west.

From Seattle the mileage is 450 miles to Williams Lake. Although the highway through the Frazer river canyon is still narrow in places, the new highway north from Spences Bridge is excellent. The dirt road running west from Williams Lake is rough, narrow, and chains are required on hills in wet weather.

The first mountains are approached at Tatlayoko or Kleena Kleene, 600 miles from Seattle. Mt. Waddington, the highest mountain in Canada except for the Yukon territory, is 40 miles away with many lesser summits much closer.

The road turns north from Kleena Kleene for 50 miles, then crosses the mountains on the newly bulldozed road and descends into the Bella Coola River Valley. Some of the great mountains of the Bella Coola range, such as Stupendous Mountain, Mt. Nutsatum, and Mt. Saugstad are within 10 miles of the road. Beyond these lie many unclimbed peaks. Bella Coola is 710 miles by road from Seattle and is also served by regular steamship schedules from Vancouver. It was here that Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific in 1793, the first white man to cross the continent. Now automobiles may follow him 161 years later.

CLIMBING IN THE HIGH CASCADES

By BETTY and DICK McGOWAN

A shorter and more interesting approach to the Liberty Bell peaks was discovered by Tim Kelley, Dick and Betty McGowan on the Fourth of July weekend. Driving via Wenatchee, Chelan, and Twisp, the party followed the Twisp River road for 26 miles to Road’s End forest camp. From Gilbert (3527 feet) an easy five mile trail led to Copper Pass.

Dropping over the pass several hundred feet, then crossing snow covered meadows in a 75 degree, west of north direction, brought the climbers to the base of the highest peak on the ridge, extending northwest from Copper Pass. Gentle slopes led to a snow col on the east edge of the peak (7400 feet).

A fast glissade down the north slopes of the col brought them to camp at the base of
the South Peak of the Early Winter Spires. (See 1953 Supplement to Beckey's Guide for renaming of the Liberty Bell peaks.) About one and a half hours were required from Copper Pass to camp.

On the first day in camp Tim and Dick made a second ascent of the south arete of the South Peak, Early Winter Spire. The following day a second ascent of the North Peak, Early Winter Spire, was accomplished, via a new route on the west face. Six pitons and three bolts were used for safety, the ascent involving delicate fifth class climbing.

The same day the first ascent of Lexington Tower was made, via the two hundred foot north face. Twelve pitons and two bolts were used for safety. Concord Tower, the lower of the two middle towers, remains unclimbed. The route on this tower will lie also on the north face and will involve quite an amount of technical climbing.

Kangaroo Ridge

A party of six Mountaineers, the first climbing party in the area since 1942, paid a visit to Kangaroo Ridge over Memorial Day weekend. Camp was made at Early Winters Pass but poor weather prevented much extensive climbing. Dick Crain, Tom Miller, Don Claunch, and Dick McGowan made a second ascent of The Temple, 7000 feet. Winslow Trueblood and Stewart Perry made a second ascent of Peak 8100. This is another interesting climbing area at the end of the Twisp river road, known to only a few Mountaineers.

Mt. Maude on the Chiwawa

Ralph Pratt and Dick McGowan climbed the North Tower of Mt. Maude (8200 feet) on Labor Day. This peak was formerly thought to be 9000 feet. This is a class 3 or 4 rock climb. To reach Maude the would-be climber goes to Lake Wenatchee, follows the Chiwawa river road 30 miles to Phelps Creek (if the car lasts that long). Early snow and some ice was found on the peak this year.

Peaks in Cascade Pass Area

The Cascade Pass area (drive to Marblemount and follow the new road east to the mountains) is attracting many climbers. In late July Tom Miller and Dick McGowan tried a new route on Mt. Torment (8400 feet). From the end of the new Cascade Pass high-way they took the Boston mine trail one and a half miles to Boston Basin.

From the Basin the glacier was traversed to beneath the east col of Mt. Torment. Five hours were then spent, climbing the 500 feet of ice to the col. Several 'schrunds and 60 degree ice pitches took considerable effort and delicate climbing. From the col the direct northeast face was ascended to the lower east summit; then the narrow ridge traversed to the main peak.

This was the second ascent of the peak. The descent was via the slabbly southeast face. This is quite steep but climbable for descending.

A sixth ascent by individual Mountaineers of Johannesberg in the Cascade Pass area was made this summer by Vic Josendal, Dick and Betty McGowan. After climbing, via the so called regular route, up the ice couloir and east ridge, the party descended to the east col; then traversed the south slopes of the mountain to the west ridge, dropping down the ridge to Mineral Park.

This took an extra day and is an alternative to descending the ice couloir which may often be in poor snow condition. A shorter alternative would be to traverse to the south slopes of Cascade Peak to Cache Col, then down to Cascade Pass.

New Route Up Overcoat

A new route on the south arete of Overcoat peak in the Dutch Miller Gap area was climbed late in July by Franz Mohling, Tim Kelley, and Dick McGowan. The usual approach route from Dutch Miller Gap was used to the base of the ridge. The "schund" between the glacier and the base of the ridge proved quite easy. Once on the ridge two 100 foot leads in a chimney were navigated to a small belay spot near the top of the first step.

From this belay spot the route dropped out onto the west face to a steep slab and rock pitch. This was climbed, using small finger tip holds and no little amount of balance. From the top of the first step, class three climbing led directly up the ridge to the crumbled summit. Descent was made by way of the east face, using one rappel on the lower 60 feet.

The regular route up Bear's Breast was climbed the previous day. After making the ascent of Overcoat, the north peak of Chimney Rocks was climbed.
PEAKS IN EVERETT AREA

Monte Cristo Group

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Peak</th>
<th>Elevation</th>
<th>Hike</th>
<th>Type of Climb</th>
<th>Further Comments</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vesper</td>
<td>6190</td>
<td>5-6 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>April to Sept. on Sunrise Trail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Del Campo</td>
<td>6500</td>
<td>6 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>June to Sept., Weedin Creek Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Silvertip</td>
<td>6100</td>
<td>2 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>April to Sept. from Silver Lake</td>
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<tr>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>7134</td>
<td>4 hrs.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>July to Sept. from Poodle Dog Pass</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cadet</td>
<td>7100</td>
<td>5 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>April to Sept. from trail to Glacier Basin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sloan</td>
<td>7790</td>
<td>8 hrs.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>July to Sept., Bedal Creek Trail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Four</td>
<td>6120</td>
<td>6-12 hrs.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Aug.-Sept. by Dry Creek Trail</td>
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Index Group

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<th>Further Comments</th>
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<tr>
<td>Stickney</td>
<td>5312</td>
<td>4-6 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>April to Sept. by Lake Wallace Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Persis</td>
<td>5467</td>
<td>6 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>May-June near Seanson's Resort</td>
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<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>5900</td>
<td>6-8 hrs.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>May-June by Anderson Creek Road</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baring</td>
<td>6125</td>
<td>6 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>June to Sept. by Baring Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Merchant</td>
<td>6100</td>
<td>7 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>June to Sept. by Barclay Lake Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gunn</td>
<td>6245</td>
<td>7-8 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>June to Sept. by Barclay Lake Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spire</td>
<td>6100</td>
<td>6-8 hrs.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>June to Sept. by Howard Creek Trail</td>
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Darrington Group

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<th>Elevation</th>
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<th>Further Comments</th>
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<tr>
<td>Whitehorse</td>
<td>6820</td>
<td>8-10 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>May-June by Niederprum Way Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Round</td>
<td>5346</td>
<td>6-8 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>April to Sept.; turn left at Whitehorse school</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jumbo</td>
<td>5806</td>
<td>8 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>April to June</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty</td>
<td>5678</td>
<td>5-6 hrs.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>April to August, Martin Creek Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pugh</td>
<td>7150</td>
<td>5-6 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>May to Sept.; trail starts Bedal Road</td>
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<tr>
<td>Three Fingers</td>
<td>6845</td>
<td>3-4 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>July to Sept. by Boulder Creek Trail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whitechuck</td>
<td>6935</td>
<td>8 hrs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>May to Sept. by Bedal Rd. Whitechuck river</td>
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MOUNT GOODE CLIMBED

By JOHN PARROTT

Variety of conditions stimulates excitement and interest in climbing trips. This phrase seems to describe a trip which Fred Beckey and I took one weekend last summer to Mt. Goode at the head of Lake Chelan. We decided to solve the problem of reaching the end of the lake in an unusual way by taking with us a Gay Cat Catamaran.

The drive to Chelan State Park was uneventful except for occasional drivers, swerving off the road while they tried to catch a glimpse of the red and white Catamaran trailing our car. Next morning we were up before the birds for a relaxing and uneventful journey up the lake.

Our arrival at Stehekin was very colorful as the red and white sails of our yacht drew a small crowd of onlookers. After being treated to home made apple pie by Golden West Lodge, we borrowed a car to cover the 17 miles of dirt road to the start of Bridge Creek trail.

Packs on our backs, we started up the trail. Out of the sage brush popped a jolly, bearded chap with fish pole who greeted us with much enthusiasm and treated us to a dinner of mountain trout. Some time later with the sun well behind the hills we started our long trudge up the seven and a half miles.

The first problem soon presented itself. A small stream, roughly resembling the Mississippi during flood season, had to be crossed! What a night—bobbing across a swollen river by flash light! A delightful evening was spent in wet clothes with no sleeping bags.

Next morning we stuffed our feet into stiff boots, breakfasted on candy bars and cold cocoa and set off to find the trail, lost in our wanderings of the night before. After an hour of stumbling through the brush, we finally located it.

Climbing up steep cliffs off the trail which passed directly under the east face, we found the going easy, except for route finding. A steep snow slope which led to the rock wall was negotiated by the use of ropes in several spots. Crampons were needed.

Our route followed a sharp rock spur up the direct middle of the face. On several occasions we had to swing low on the ridge because of extremely difficult rock climbing conditions. This scenic ridge and the warm sunshine blazing down made the entire
climb very enjoyable. The rock was solid granite with long slab construction. After four hours of climbing we reached the summit. Only one piton was needed for safety with belaying necessary in several spots.

After a rest on the summit and an opportunity to photograph the entire range of northern Cascade mountains, we enjoyed a delightful glissade down the mountain. The trail out was hidden somewhere under a tangle of logs and by the time we reached the Golden West Lodge, we were ready for a sleep on real beds.

With whitecaps washing over our small craft, we started off next morning. The fantastic time we made down the lake truly proves the sea worthiness of the ancient design of the Tahitian Catamarans.

**New Route on Northeast Peak of Ingalls**

In mid-August a new route was conquered on the impressive northeast peak of Ingalls in the Mt. Stuart area. The route followed the southwest ridge direct from the col. Nancy Bickford, Jane Noble, George Gerrring, and Tom Miller made the ascent. The climb is class five on serpentine rock. Approach is most easily made via the north fork Teanaway river road, thence by trail to Stuart Pass and Ingalls Lake.

**EVEREST CLIMBERS ENTERTAIN**

By VICTOR JOSENDA

The Mount Everest lecture sponsored last March by The Mountaineers in Seattle had a larger single attendance than anywhere else in the United States or Canada. This was as it should be in the climbing center of the United States. Seattle is the only large American city with glaciated mountains in view on both sides. As a result, many expert and experienced mountain lovers climb in the Olympic and Cascade mountains and there is a higher per capita interest in mountaineering here than in any other section of the country.

The Mountaineers performed a worth while public service in bringing Sir Edmund Hillary, Dr. Charles Evans, and George Lowe to Seattle and at the same time added to the prestige of the club by linking the name of Mountaineers with that of Sir Edmund Hillary and the successful British Mount Everest expedition. Such prestige helps make the safety and conservation programs of The Mountaineers more effective.

The more than 4400 persons in attendance at the Civic Auditorium on March 12, 1954, greatly enjoyed the lecture and colored slides and with a profit of more than $1800, the lecture was also a financial success.
ROCKFALL ON THE GIBRALTAR ROUTE

By TOM MILLER

As is well known, the Gibraltar route is the most direct and convenient route on Mt. Rainier and the only one which has a high camp shelter. For many years this route was the standard for guided, private, and club-sponsored climbs. Between 1936 and 1937 a large ledge on the face of Gibraltar Rock fell away, and since this was considered the key to the route and for other reasons, the Park Service closed Gibraltar as a summit approach. In 1950, however, it proved practical to cross Gibraltar once again, and the route was reopened and has been used by many parties since then.

After the 1950 reopening, some climbers reported an unreasonable amount of rock falling from great height onto the climbing route as it crossed Gibraltar. They were also quite impressed with the appalling potential of huge icicles which fell from time to time. Other climbers reported they experienced little or no danger from falling debris. It is interesting to note that this concern with rockfall is not a modern innovation. Joseph T. Hazard in describing a narrow escape from rockfall in the 1923 Mountaineer said, “Gibraltar seems to misbehave more each year.” Again in the 1931 Mountaineer he comments, “This route is not recommended. At its best it presents danger that cannot be avoided by foresight or skill.” So in the interest of assessing just what the risk is on the Gibraltar Route, the Safety Committee undertook to obtain precise information on the subject by means of a questionnaire circulated among climbers in the northwest.

Most of the 200 climbers who received questionnaires were members of organized clubs since no list of independent climbers was available. Fifty-one climbers returned these questionnaires indicating that they had been by Gibraltar. After eliminating any duplication, the following results were reported:

RESULTS
260 personal crossings of Gibraltar were reported by 51 individual climbers.

IN THE MORNING
172 personal crossings.
80%—138—experienced rockfall.
20%—34—did not experience any rockfall.
The 80% experienced 222 rockfall occurrences, 12 near misses, and 3 personal direct hits. This is about:
1.6 rockfall occurrences per crossing.
1 near miss per 11 crossings.
1 hit per 46 crossings.

IN THE AFTERNOON
88 personal crossings.
97%—85—experienced rockfall.
3%—3—did not experience any rockfall.
The 97% experienced 386 rockfall occurrences, 21 near misses, and 2 personal direct hits. This is about:
4.5 rockfall occurrences per crossing.
1 near miss per 4 crossings.
1 hit per 44 crossings.

Eighteen different people, 45% of the 40 climbers reporting afternoon crossings, claimed that rocks or icicles fell continuously or at least ten times during the period they were passing Gibraltar.

CONCLUSIONS
From the data presented above several reasonable conclusions might be made.
1. From time to time a tremendous amount of debris falls from the face of Gibraltar onto the climbing route.
2. A good deal more rock falls in the afternoon than in the morning.
3. Even in the morning there is about a four to one chance that a party will experience rockfall.
4. The incidence of actually being hit by rock has been small to date, but the possibility of a serious accident is very great.

Many of the people returning the questionnaire were disposed to write in opinions
and comments. All of these comments are by experienced mountaineers, and it is of interest to include some of them in this report.

"... we wore special head coverings ... (rock fall) continually ..."

"I don't like the 'Gib' route. It is going to kill someone someday. One rock the size of a baseball gave me a real scare."

"... rockfall ... too many times to remember. B. H. was hit on the head by rock the size of a building brick—a glancing blow, just above the roping down place on 'Gib.' About three truck loads of large size rocks fell about three seconds later but we had gotten under the overhang just in time. ... no more 'Gib' route for me."

"... the impressive and frightening thing was they (the rocks) came without sound or warning—due to steep and overhanging nature of cliffs much stuff falls free, without any bounces."

"... We had been assured by the rangers that the route was in good condition, and we would have no difficulty. Without warning the rocks started shedding extremely large pieces, most of which fell between two rope teams. The rope teams in the rear returned to Muir. If one of the larger pieces had hit a rope team, it is possible that it would have swept the whole team off."

"... I conversed with at least a half dozen parties (private) who used the route during the summer of 1953 and every one ran into difficulty on the west side ledge of Gibraltar Rock. ... One of the parties, an experienced group of climbers from the Sierra Club, misunderstood directions about following the ledge and dropped to a lower ledge than the one they should have used. They were hung up along the side of the cliffs from four in the morning until about nine. During that time they were in constant terror of rock falling from above. ... At a vantage point halfway across the ledge (descending two P.M.) we held up our trip for an hour counting the rocks. For the first half hour a rock that could have been fatal fell on the average of one every five minutes. Then the sun went behind a cloud and for the next half hour nothing fell and we made a hasty crossing. By the time the last of our party reached safety the sun reappeared and before we left Camp Misery a tremendous rock fall occurred. A continuous avalanche of rock that lasted over five minutes. Had we been caught under this fall, we could have done nothing to save ourselves."

"... I would avoid this route in the future—too nerve racking."

"... I have no desire to climb this route again!"

"The Gibraltar route hasn't produced any casualties in the past, so not having any other convenient route, it probably serves as the route for guided parties ...

"... our accident report file which indicates only an occasional minor injury from small falling rocks. ... injuries average 2 to 3 per season, none serious. ... Myself, in three trips over, have yet to see a rock come down."

"The danger in Gibraltar depends on whether the weather is hot or cold the day of the climb. Last year a party turned back on account of rock the day before our climb. It was very cold our day and we experienced no rock fall either A.M. or P.M."

"If an effort is put forth to pass Gibraltar shortly after sunrise and to descend about noon very little danger is encountered. I see no need to discourage the use of Gib by competent parties."

"As a guide using this route for two years and having totally inexperienced clients I've found it to be the most rapid route to the summit and as safe as the leader wishes to make it."

It has never been the intention of the Safety Committee to dictate to the climber. The question of routes and risk is a very personal one, one which every climber must answer for himself. The purpose of this report is to acquaint climbers with the facts about Gibraltar. This study shows that, morning or afternoon, hot or cold, there is definitely some risk present on Gibraltar.

Members of our club receive this information in the bulletin and annual articles. Many others climb the mountain, however. It is recommended that the Park Service, at least, add a statement to their signout paper for summit climbers, informing them about the rockfall danger on the Gibraltar route, and point out that there are, after all, other routes on the mountain where there is not the slightest possibility of getting in the way of falling rock.
TACOMA SPECIAL OUTINGS

Although this was the year with fine three day weekends, the weather and previous engagements narrowed the trips to two in number. Eighteen persons—seven of them from Seattle—arrived at Long Beach for the New Year's outing. Activities included a drive into Beard’s Hollow to explore the rocks and sand covered beach. After fighting strong, swift winds which attempted to sweep all intruders off their feet, the visitors found themselves inside Northhead lighthouse and the radar hut at Cape Disappointment light station. Evenings were spent in the cabins, playing games, singing, and telling of varied experiences.

After weeks of cloudy weather twelve members enjoyed the Fourth of July, bathing in eastern Washington sunshine in the heart of the Salmon La Sac country. Above the confluence of the Waptus and Cle Elum rivers, the group camped high on a steep cliff, overlooking the latter river near the start of the Mt. Davis lookout trail.

On the middle day of the outing, the group split into three parties. One made an unsuccessful assault on Mt. Davis; another group hiked on the trail to Cooper Lake. The third party, made up of only two members, was afflicted with the strange malady “fishing pox.” This affected temporarily the eyesight of one victim so that a floating log appeared stable. Result: a new member added to the roll of the “Water Ousel Club.”

James S. Holt

THE COOK IS KING

By FRED A. CORBIT

You’ve been hiking and climbing since the break of day;
You’re tired and hungry and your feet don’t track;
You watch the sun a setting, the camp’s not far away—
Your shoulder is mighty sore from the tugging of the pack;
You’re snapping up your cadence—dinner time is nigh.
You can almost taste the chow, as down the trail you swing—
You see the camp below, beneath the open sky
And now you see the chow line, paying homage to the King.
The cook rules his crew in splendor,
Beneath the well-worn canvas fly.
His crown is white: the sceptor, a fork with which to render
Service to his subjects which includes a twinkle in his eye.
From the maze of boxes, pots and pans,
Comes food that makes the gourmet sing.
Around the palace crowd admiring fans,
To greet their cook, who now is King.
At six in the morning you stand in line,
If His Majesty so ordains.
It’s nuts for lunch, but at six you dine
Or get what remains.
But, we are always there; we wouldn’t miss.
In tribute — let us rise and sing,
And throw our cook a great big kiss—
Long live our gracious King.
MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS

This year members of our club were involved in three major accidents which resulted in two deaths and three serious injuries. The first was a springtime snow avalanche, the next a fall on steep summer snow, while the last accident occurred in a glacial schrund. We can all profit by reviewing these accidents.

They illustrate that we who venture into the mountains must be fortified with knowledge and experience in order to avoid the dangers which can occur. And we must be able to handle the emergencies which do occur by preparing ourselves with practical knowledge of self protection and rescue techniques, and by carrying the proper equipment. All of our physical stamina, courage, proficiency, and ingenuity may be required.

Mt. Snoqualmie Avalanche

On April 18, 1954 William A. Degenhardt and two women Mountaineers were climbing Mt. Snoqualmie, 6300 feet, on skis. The party members were experienced ski mountaineers and in good physical condition.

Snow and weather conditions were favorable for avalanche development. Total depth of snow was much greater than average, and the season was late with more than average snowfall in April. Previous weather conditions were such that the bond between snow layers was weak. It is known that a hard crust of snow in the mountains formed during the fourth week of March and that on March 26 and 27 dry powder snow fell. This fact is well established since a 15 inch layer of new dry snow avalanched from this crust near the Stevens Pass chair lift on March 27 and buried four skiers (all were rescued within 15 minutes). In later weeks heavier snow fell. Possibly snow in the Snoqualmie avalanche separated at this particular underlayer. The sky was clear on the morning of April 18 and the temperature on the mountain was described as “fairly warm.”

Degenhardt climbed ahead of the other two on skis. As he was two-thirds of the way up a steep slope on the east side of the main ridge running south from the summit, an avalanche started under his skis and carried him 150 feet down the snow and over some rocks. He suffered bruises and a fractured pelvis. First aid was administered, one of the women went for help, and Degenhardt was evacuated by a Mountain Rescue Council party, reaching the highway 16 hours after his accident.

Ski mountaineers must be aware of avalanche conditions in the mountains, so that extra precautions such as safer routes may be taken.

Meany Crest Fall on Snow

Eight members of the Summer Outing departed from the Mountaineer’s camp at Summerland, Mt. Rainier National Park, on August 11, 1954, for a climb of Meany Crest which is within sight of Summerland and only two hours away. The short trip had been discussed the night before, a leader designated, and the climbing route selected. The climb was made along a rock ridge and Meany Crest was easily attained.

The group decided to return by a route which involved crossing a steep snow field below and to the northwest of Meany Crest. The leader kicked steps down this snow first, following a route which avoided the danger of large boulders below. Twice he stopped and pointed to the east, to signal that the party should cut over in that direction to eliminate danger of boulders below.

Meanwhile one party member had traversed west across the snowfield where there was a clear run-off. The other climbers followed a route part way between this route and the leader’s route, except for one who followed the leader. This group of five kicked individual steps in soft surfaced snow.

Clare Combat mentioned her trepidation, then lost her footing in the snow and began to slide down—unable to stop.
herself. Albert Carlson, who was sitting
on a rock below her, leaped out and in-
tercepted her. His shoulder was dislo-
cated in the collision and he was knocked
20 or 30 feet down the slope where he
was able to make a self arrest.

Combat lost her ice axe and slid down
the fast snow in a sitting position, arms
outspread, toward the rocks several hun-
dred feet below. She struck the rocks,
bounced several times and landed eight
feet down in the schrund between rock
and snow on the far side of the rock out-
cropping.

Clare Combat was given first aid,
carried out on a stretcher, and died that
night in the Enumclaw hospital. Albert
Carlson was also hospitalized.

These climbers could have avoided the
dangers of a rock outcropping below
steep and slippery snow by following
their leader who chose a safe route down
the snow which was free of rocks. Or if
the weakness in snow climbing of this
climber had been known, the party could
have climbed down the rock route the
way they climbed up.

When the emergency of a fall on steep
snow occurred, Clare Combat was not
prepared to protect herself. She had
practiced the self arrest only a very few
times and had not demonstrated satis-
factory ability in stopping herself. (Any-
one who climbs on steep snow slopes,
carrying an ice axe, must be able to use
the ice axe properly in a self arrest in
case of a fall.)

Mt. Olympus Glacial Schrund
Fall and Rescue Attempt

A six man climbing party from Se-
ttle camped at Elk Lake for a climb of
Mt. Olympus. The two most experienced
in the party, both Mountaineers, decided
to stay at Elk Lake and fish while the
others climbed. Of the four who made
the climb, only two had previously
climbed on glaciers and their experience
was very limited. The climber with the
most glacier experience, a Mountaineer
member, was mentioned as the leader,
but he had climbed on only seven moun-
tains, reaching the summit on only three
of these. He attended part of the basic
climbing course but not the Nisqually
Glacier practice. No one in the party
had ever practiced crevasse rescue tech-
niques. Richard K. Neal, Jr., had never
before climbed on a mountain.

The fourth climber, Anthony L. Levy,
M.D., who joined the party in Seattle
during the last hour, was on a five-day
trip from California. No one knew him
previously, but he was believed to be a
strong rock climber with experience in
England and California. This was his
first glacier climb. Equipment carried
was below the standards of The Moun-
taineers.

Climbing by way of the Hoh - Blue
Pass, the party reached the summit of
the Middle Pk. at 2:30 p.m. Personality
conflicts existed between Levy and the
others. Levy was described as strong
willed and independent. Going down
part of the glacier Levy was ahead,
followed by the other three on one rope.

To save time the party took what
appeared to be a shorter route down, on
the Blue Glacier north of the East Pk.
This led to a rock descent with belays
used on the more difficult areas. The
party unrope two-thirds of the way
down the rock face because the last rock
did not appear very difficult.

Neal went first by himself and near
the edge of the snow he slipped on some
wet rock and fell 75 feet into the moat
between the glacier and the rock, frac-
turing his heel. The others climbed
down to the glacier and located Neal.
The time was 7 p.m. Ice fall danger
existed from the hanging glacier above
the rock.

Two unsuccessful attempts were made
to drop a rope to Neal, but it became
stuck on a ledge five feet from him. Then Tony Levy without hesitation and
before the other two had thought about
the matter insisted that he be lowered.
At the bottom of the schrund Levy tied
two ropes around Dick Neal and Neal
was pulled up by direct pulling. The
party was not familiar with Prussik
anchors and none were used. There was
difficulty in getting him over the edge,
but he helped himself some and reached
the top after one half hour of exhaust­
ing work.

Meanwhile Levy had been at the bot­
tom of the schrund in a constant spray
of ice water. The party was working in
the dark since the two flashlights which
they carried had both been lost. A rope,
weighted with an ice axe, was dropped
to Levy and the two uninjured men
above pulled him to within 15 feet from
the top. With all their strength they
were unable to pull him any higher. Levy
complained about the bitter cold.

Then he was lowered to the bottom
and another rope dropped for a rescue
attempt by the Bilgeri method. Only
the Mountaineer member knew about
this method and he had never practiced
it. Directions were yelled to Levy and
he was raised upward without much
difficulty until two thirds of the way up
he turned upside down. More tries were
made and he again turned upside down.

Then direct pulling on the ropes was
tried and Levy was hoisted to within
four feet of the top. The rescuers pulled
on the ropes with their maximum effort
without success. Levy moaned that he
was freezing. Many more tries were
made until about midnight the cold, hun­
gry, and completely exhausted party
gave up and Levy was left hanging in
waist loops 12 feet below the surface.

Anthony Levy’s dead body was quick­
ly removed the next morning by a six
man search party, all Mountaineers.
Dick Neal was given first aid.

With the two most experienced mem­
bers left behind, this party was not
competent for a climb of Mt. Olympus.
It is true that they could physically
climb to the summit on the regular
route, but party strength in the moun­
tains must be judged by the ability,
based on experience, to avoid those dan­
gers for which the party is not prepared,
and to handle the emergencies which
might occur. (Parties which climb on
crevassed glaciers obviously must be
able to effect a crevasse rescue.) This
party was not following part five of the
Climbing Code which states: (“Never
climb beyond one’s ability and knowl­
edge”).

Using all their energy and making
their best effort was not enough. (These
party members needed a practical knowl­
edge of crevasse rescue.) For example
it would have helped if they had known
that in the Bilgeri method the leg loops
must go through the waist loop. Levy
probably turned upside down because
his leg loops did not go through his
waist loop.

An imminent accident situation had
been established for some time by a
buildup of contributory causes such as
late start, inexperienced party members,
taking short cut, and personality con­
licts which undermined effective lead­
ership. After the accident happened this
party was not able to cope with the
emergency situation.

Victor Josendal

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Did You Know That:—

In 1935, Gertrude Inez Streator, Club Historian, collected and locked in two
trunks, many interesting treasures from our past:—

1. Professor Meany’s complete correspondence concerning the Club. These
were retrieved from his files at the University.

2. A list of German Alpine Flower Seeds sent by Emil Krahnen from Ger­
many to Professor Meany. These were planted with due ceremony during
the Summer Outing of 1915 on Mt. Rainier.

3. An Herbarium consisting of 517 specimens of mountain flora of this re­
gion. These were mounted, named and classified by Winona Bailey.
SEATTLE CLIMBING IN 1954

The 1954 climbing season began with great enthusiasm, encouraged probably by the illustrated lectures on the K-2 and Everest expeditions. On opening night of the basic climbing course upwards of 300 persons crowded the Chamber of Commerce auditorium and over 240 registered for the course. Interest still ran strong at the start of the intermediate classes with 115 registered for these. After two damp and muddy weekends at Monitor Rock, the weather favored the field trips and attendance figures were high.

Then began the experience climbs and the flood! Of all climbs scheduled one in three was weathered out. Even the high enthusiasm of the start of the season could not stand such odds. Attendance at climbs went down and down as more and more climbers took up chess. The Rainier climbs and the Snoqualmie Lodge climbs also suffered with a number of the latter cancelled for lack of interest.

Even the activities of the climbing committee were hampered by the rain. Repeated attempts were made to begin the filming of a snow climbing educational movie but no success. As the season ends, the climbing committee looks ahead to the next and predicts that, if the one uncontrollable factor is favorable, it will be the best yet.

Statistics on the 1954 climbing courses show that 246 registered for the basic course with 65 graduating from it. Intermediate course registration totalled 115. Of these 41 were graduates of the basic course in a former year and so were eligible. Ten graduated from the intermediate. This is a very good figure for the course.

Roy Wessel

WORK OF SAFETY GROUP GROWS

The enthusiastic group that was to become the 1954 Safety Committee functioned early this year as "The Mt. Everest Lecture Committee." After the March 12 lecture the Safety Committee settled down to its tasks as outlined in the new operations manual. Perhaps these jobs were not as glamorous (nor as time-consuming) as playing host to the climbers of Everest, yet they will ever be vital to a club whose mountain activities have expanded as far and fast as have the Mountaineers in the past few years.

The broad purpose of the Safety Committee is to promote the cause of safe mountaineering by research into the existing problems and education of the club members. Education and publicity ranks as one of its key areas of endeavor. Informative articles on equipment and climbing dangers as well as a card outlining rescue procedures appeared in the monthly bulletin at appropriate times.

Another principal activity is the investigation of mountaineering accidents and dangerous practices. A separate report appears in this publication, summarizing the accidents occurring this year along with an analysis of each. Of course it would be the supreme accomplishment if safety education could eliminate accidents.

Among one of the completed "special investigations" by the Safety Committee this year is the report on the rockfall hazards on the Gibraltar route which appears in its complete form in this publication. It is the purpose of this group to place the facts about Gibraltar before the National Park Service as well as mountaineers in an effort to discourage the use of the route and make all who do climb it aware of its dangers.

A major effort of the Safety Committee this season has been to re-establish effective liaison with the Mountain Rescue Council with the hope of eliminating various misunderstandings and problems that have arisen between members of the Mountaineers and the Council. A special liaison committee has been working with the Council since August and already many actions have been taken by which will improve relations between the two organizations as well as increase the effectiveness of rescue work. As an example, the liaison committee has offered, through the climbing committee, to furnish Mountain Rescue a list of Mountaineer members considered technically qualified for rescue work. This one item alone is a substantial achievement in reactivating close cooperation between the two groups.

Certainly everything wasn't accomplished that could have been. It never is. The Safety Committee foresees a multitude of projects for the coming season. If next year again sees a tremendous increase in the number of climbers, and if the number of accidents can be held to no increase, then perhaps the safety tips, the accident analyses, and the constant preaching have not been in vain.

R. G. Merritt
A SEASON OF SKI TOURING

Despite the generally unfavorable weather that prevailed this year, it was possible to hold most of the ski tours as scheduled. On February 7 the official ski touring season started off with a "bang" on Denny Mountain. The reason for this auspicious beginning was that the beautiful sunny but brisk weather produced "boiler plate ice." No one returned from that trip without having his skis go out from him several times.

The next trip to Silver Basin provided beautiful snow but rather rugged weather. The ski tour down Nisqually Glacier on March 14 was, in the opinion of many, one of the best of the year. Most of the skiers were amazed at the nice slopes and terrain.

The trip to Dirty Face Mountain March 28 was one which had not been scheduled previously. This mountain offers grand possibilities but since it has a southerly exposure for the most part, a crust is apt to form as soon as the sun leaves the snow. It is possible that better snow conditions could be found earlier in the year.

As usual, Pinnacle Basin on April 11 proved to be the most popular trip of the year. It was also blessed by exceptionally nice weather. A circuit tour of Chinook Pass on May 9 introduced us to several new areas which are not usually skied.

Mount St. Helens on May 22, although not scheduled to be the last trip of the year, proved to be just that. Ideal snow conditions, consistent from top to bottom; perfect weather; and an exceptionally capable group of skiers made this a standout trip. Mazamas met on the mountain expressed the opinion that our group appeared to be the most perfect group of skiers ever observed. It was possible to ski all the way to the cars at Spirit Lake.

With the exception of the Pinnacle Basin trip, the ski tour parties were not very large. This may have been the result of the unpredictable weather. It appears, however, that it might be advisable to resume the ski mountaineering classes formerly held so that others may learn to enjoy skiing in primeval areas away from the crowded tow slopes.

John Klos

CLIMBING YEAR IN TACOMA

The Tacoma Public Library aided this year in securing large turnouts for the elementary and intermediate climbing courses. A very suitable auditorium in the library was made available to us without cost. A mountaineering display, including even a tent, was aptly arranged by Stan Engle in a large window beside the main entrance. This was exhibited for a month.

Experienced Tacoma and Seattle climbers aptly explained and demonstrated fundamental climbing technique. Average attendance at the elementary class was around sixty. Nearly twenty have completed basic course requirements and it is hoped more of the group may finish requirements next season. Although more than thirty persons regularly attended the intermediate lectures, very few will complete all requirements this year. Field trips were very well attended.

Summits of Florence Peak, Denny Peak, Mount Washington, and Mount Hood were reached by almost everyone making these climbs. Amid driving snow and low visibility, forty-four of a party of fifty-nine achieved the summit of Mount Baker on June 13.

A month later strong winds forced ten climbers to forego the summit of Mount Rainier with only seventy feet in elevation to go. Mount Adams was climbed by two parties, totalling nineteen persons; one group climbing from the north and the other from the south.

Foul weather caused cancellation of a number of climbs and there was a tapering off in interest during August. A total of 341 persons participated in Tacoma field trips and climbs.

Sheldon Brooks and Charles Doan
Aug. 19th. Rising early and after disposing of the luxuries of life, we started for the summit, armed with Alpine staffs, a small axe and a rope. After reaching an altitude of 9,000 ft. we descended to the White River glacier. In making the descent our friend Mr. Fobes came near meeting with what might have been a fatal accident. In crossing an icy incline, at an angle of about 45 degrees, he missed his footing, fell on his back and slid some distance before being able to turn over. Realizing the danger he was in, he took a firm hold of his Alpine staff and held it perpendicularly, the sharp steel point digging into the ice stopped its manipulator within a few feet of a precipice about 200 ft. high. After commending the boy for the coolness displayed, when imminent death was staring him in the face, we passed on, sometimes being compelled to walk on the verge of a deep chasm; at other times cutting holes in the ice and snow to gain the summit of some precipice. At 11:30 a.m. we reached an altitude of 12,000 ft. going a few feet further we found that our barometer failed to operate. The atmosphere became light and very cold. We kept on climbing until 1:30 p.m. reaching an altitude of more than 13,000 ft. judging from our previous rate of travel. We found breathing very difficult and on account of myself becoming affected with dizziness we were compelled to return to camp, feeling much fatigued after the day's adventures (and discouraged).

Aug. 20th. At 7 a.m. we started, more determined than ever, to reach the summit, if possible. When leaving camp the weather was quite warm, but after ascending to an altitude of 12,000 ft. the atmosphere became light and very cold. We kept on climbing until 1:30 p.m. reaching an altitude of more than 13,000 ft. judging from our previous rate of travel. We found breathing very difficult and on account of myself becoming affected with dizziness we were compelled to return to camp, feeling much fatigued after the day's adventures (and discouraged).

The cheering was done before they saw the stick. The sight of it dampened their spirits considerably, for they were unaware, until then, that others had preceded them to the summit.

The date given by George Bailey for this ascent is August 17, 1884 (see the Overland Monthly, September, 1886, pp/ 266-78); this account adds the name of W. C. Ewing as a member of the party, though he turned back below Gibraltar Rock.
autographs on the back of the tablet and placed it in the position we found it. After getting well warmed by the crater, we again went forth for a view of the surrounding country. About 500 ft. below us to the north we saw steam arising from a place similar to the one we had just visited, but our time being limited we did not go to visit it. Looking to the north we could see Mt. Baker, Mt. Stuart, Mt. Shuksan, Mt. Aiks, Mt. Hayomen, Index Mountain, Glacier Peak and other mountains on the British Columbia side. To the northwest and west we had a fine view of the Sound country. We could plainly distinguish the water from the land, but could discover no objects except a steamer passing down the Sound, our attention being called to it by the black smoke arising from the smokestack. We could locate Seattle and Tacoma, could see Steilacoom prairie and the Olympic range and had a good view of the Puyallup valley. To the south Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Abernathy and Mt. Hood loomed up in the distance. We also had a good view of the prairie of Eastern Washington. At the foot of Ranier, on the east, we saw large clouds of steam arising, but could not see from whence it came, but supposed it to be from hot springs. At 3:30 p.m. we left the summit, having remained one hour. Now commenced the most exciting time we had yet experienced. Taking our Alpine staffs firmly in our grasp and letting the sharp ends drag behind us in the snow and ice, serving as brakes, we slid rapidly down the mountain, where but a short time before we had struggled so hard to ascend. In some places we would have a smooth surface of several hundred feet to slide, at angles from 45 degrees to 60 degrees, and again having to stop short to cross some deep crevice or to descend some precipice. The chasms became more numerous as we neared the base of the mountain, many of them being from one to four hundred feet deep, with wall of solid ice of the clearest blue. We reached camp at 6 p.m. having made the descent in 2 1/2 hours. We were highly elated over the success of this day's adventures, as we accomplished our ends and were prepared to wander back from whence we came. Our eyes pained us a great deal during the night, the result of snow-blindness. The only relief we could find was by wetting our handkerchiefs in snow water and holding them to our eyes, this would remove the pain almost instantly, but it would commence again when the cloth became warm. Our faces were badly sunburned caused by reflection of the sun on the snow, we having been exposed to its rays for nearly four days.

“Aug. 21st. Rising in good season and disposing of a very tempting bill of fare, we turned our faces homeward. Meeting with nothing to impede our passage. We arrived in our small but promising city on the 25th instant being satisfied with mountain climbing for the season. Our trip though most interesting to all, was one which required a great deal of physical endurance, and I must add in conclusion that my companions stood up manfully under every trial of strength and courage.”

“George James

“Snohomish City, Aug. 20, 1884.”

**OUR MOUNTAIN**

*Continued from page 12*

Reflection Lakes. Only a small party went high-line over the Cowlitz. Mist gathered again this day and really settled down in earnest. We had had no rain so far, never had heard that dreaded dripping sound on our tents. But on this, our last night, the rains came just as the traditional Auld Lang Syne was being completed. Everyone gave a quick handclasp and dashed for his tent!

All in all, it was a good Outing, interesting, different, refreshing. Our weather was excellent, many days without a cloud in the sky. The occasional fog only added a mysterious charm. For after a few hours of thick, dripping mist, when suddenly the fog dissolved and you saw the Mountain, high, dominating, serene, resplendent, it was like a joyous meeting with a beloved friend. Call it Rainier or Tacoma, it's Our Mountain, and we love it.
1954 Outing Committee
Leo Gallagher, Chairman, c Paul Hebert, Cook
Charlie Klimer, Commissary, c Bob Craig, Helper, c
Mary Fries, Secretary, b John Matutzeck,
Amos Hand, Packing Helper
Bob Nicholson, Packer

Seattle Mountaineers
Balinski, Julie, 1-2-a-b
Bogdan, Al, 1-2-a-b
Bucey, Helen, 1-2
Bunn, Robert, 1-2-3-a-c
Chalfant, Margarete, 2-3
Combat, Clare, 1-2-3-a
Connelly, Myrtle, 1-2-a
Cosgrove, M. Louise, 1
Fernald, Honor, 1-2-3-a-b
Fernald, Ruth, 1-2-3
Fitzgerald, Georgina, 1-2-a-c
Gould, Thelma, 1-2-3-a-b
Grimlund, Doug, 1-2-3-a-c
Harmonson, Mildred, 2-3
Hollenbeck, M. Edwin, 1
Hollenbeck, Rosa, 1-2-3-a-c
Howard, Grace, 1-2
Hudson, A. H., 1-2-a
Hudson, Helen, 1-2-a
Judge, Evelyn, 1-2-3-a-b

Tacoma Mountaineers
Allen, Winona, 1-2-3-a-c
Bond, Alice, 1-2-b
Gallagher, Katherine, 1-2-3-a-c
Gallagher, Theresa, 1-2-3-a-b-c
Garner, Clarence, 1-2-3-a-c
Goodman, Edith, 1-2-3-a-b

American Forestry Association
Norgren, Duane, 1-2-3-a-b
Appalachian Mountain Club
Birrell, Lilian, 1-2 Blackmur, Betty, 1-2
Ramsden, Ethel, 1
Chicago Mountaineering Club
Richter, Ernest, 1-2
Rimrock Mountaineers
Carson, Albert, 1-2-3-a-b

Sierra Club
Cox, M. Janet, 1-2-3-a-c
Gamero, Antonio, 1-2-3-b-c
Graust, Bent, 2-3-a-b-c
Morrison, Hunter, 1-2-a-b

Prairie Club
Angus, Helena, 1-2-3-a-b

Legend
1—First Week
2—Second Week
3—Third Week

Did You Know That:

The Forest Theater productions at Kitsap today originated with campfire stunts. Later on Robin Hood was given on the morning of a rhododendron walk with actors and audiences moving from point to point along the trail as the scenes changed.

STATE'S HIGHEST PEAKS
Continued from page 49

climbers started hiking at Darrington. Even 25 years ago climbers hiked in 28 miles for the privilege of starting their climb.

Glacier Peak and the surrounding area is within the boundaries of Mt. Baker National Forest. A proposal to set aside this section as a Wilderness Area is now being considered. There is disagreement among conservationists, lumbermen, and mining interests as to the exact boundaries to be set. Members of the Mountaineers visited the area in September, 1954 with representatives of the United States Forest Service, to view the disputed areas and formulate recommendations. It is hoped that enough of the area around the peak can be preserved in its natural state to provide a suitable setting for this superb peak.

MOUNT SAINT HELENS: Elevation 9,671 feet. Klickitat Indians called this mountain "Low-we-not-thlat" — "throwing up smoke," or "Low-we-lat-klah" — "smokey mountain," or "Laxwel-led-lah" — "smoker." There are various legends connected with the story of the Indian witch woman, "Loo-wit," who kept the sacred fire and for her faithfulness was granted her wish of being transformed into a beautiful young girl. The mountain was named by Captain Vancouver October 20, 1792, in honor of His Britannic Majesty's ambassador at the Court of Madrid.

The first known ascent was in August 1853 by Thomas J. Dryer, a Portland, Oregon newspaper man, and his party. The first Mountaineer climb was August 8, 1917 when 46 members of the eleventh annual Outing made the ascent.

Mt. St. Helens is the state's youngest volcano, the last activity having been in 1842. It is situated 30 miles west of the line of Cascade peaks and is more susceptible to climatic change. A perfect cone rising above and reflected in Spirit Lake, St. Helens is one of the
most beautiful of our mountains. It is
a popular climb and provides very fine
skiing. For many years the mountain
had the reputation of being an “easy”
climb, but recent fatal accidents on its
slopes emphasize the need for safe
mountaineering practices at all times,
and particularly in all glacier travel.

MOUNT OLYMPUS: Elevation
(West Peak) 8,200 feet. The Indians
of the peninsula lived on the beaches
and secured their food from the salt
water. There is little evidence of their
attempting to penetrate the dense for­
tests and research has failed to find any
Indian names for the individual peaks,
or for the entire range of mountains.

In 1774 the Spanish explorer, Juan
Perez gave this mountain the name of
Cerro de la Santa Rosalia. However
maps and exploration notes were not
published at that time, so on July 4,
1788, John Meares, a British captain,
sighted and named Mt. Olympus, from
the Greek mythology, being the home
of the gods.

There was no record of a completed
climb of Mt. Olympus at the time of the
Mountaineers first outing, so on August
13, 1907 a party of ten men and one
woman made a first ascent of the west,
and highest, peak.

Mt. Olympus is the western-most and
the only mountain of the Six Peaks
which is not of volcanic origin. It has
three peaks of nearly equal height, the
West 8,200 feet, the Middle 8,150 feet,
and the East 8,050 feet.

The 18 mile trail from the Jackson
Guard Station on the Hoh River leads
through some of the most magnificent
sections of the rain forest. Climbers
camp either at Elk Lake or Glacier
Meadows, travel over a morain, and then
up the Blue Glacier to the point where
it cascades down the mountain in falls
of blue ice. There are six other major
glaciers on the mountain.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS
Continued from page 22

their spring return. Not through the
passes. Over the white mountains they
came, like strings of pearl and fawn
beads casting long blue shadows.

But the climax was still to come. One
sunny day in July, dim in the heat
waves, far off on the tan mountainsides,
we saw caribou covering the land, ap­
proaching. In the next eight hours
30,000 caribou passed us on a two-mile
front—not in the strings of spring nor
the column of fall, but in grazing for­
motion—not mass but a multitude. Each
animal, each mother and crying supple
fawn, each bull, his forward-arched
antlers floating above the throng like a
Roman chair, had its own adventure, its
own life to guard. And each was one of
the fabulous multitude.

This Brooks range wilderness spec­
tacle is unique. In Alaska, it is only in
the Brooks range that caribou herds
survive in pre-white-man numbers.
South of the range, man-caused fires
have burned out much of the winter
caribou range. North and west of the
range, reindeer were introduced. Their
numbers skyrocketed, they ate out the
lichens and forage, then their numbers
collapsed. But the range was gone. For
a century, maybe more.

The Brooks range in the naked arctic
is richer now in wild animals than our
once far-richer temperate zone. We have
seen living here in primeval adjustment
with the caribou, wolves, grizzlies,
foxes, wolverines, moose, Dall sheep,
even lynx. Also ravens, eagles and the
tide of migrant shore-birds in spring.

Arctic wilderness is fragile. We feel
that a large section of this wilderness
should be set aside as a national monu­
ment and soon. With the coming of the
airplane, this living wilderness in the
Brooks range will soon be dead wilder­
ness.
MOUNT BAKER CABIN

The Mount Baker National Forest has within its boundaries one of the most beautiful places for all-year enjoyment in the Pacific Northwest—the Heather Meadows Recreational Area. Its scenic beauty and mountain majesty stand forth as a tribute to nature's handicraft. The Mountaineers' Cabin is located in the heart of this area. This cabin, which is known to many as the Gates Cabin, is one of the landmarks of this area and is situated on a prominent and narrow ridge only several hundred yards from the main lodge parking area.

There are many well kept trails leading through the numerous alpine meadows to the many lakes and viewpoints nearby. The trails are generally free from snow from August on into October. Mount Shuksan is probably the most spectacular point of interest and is a beautiful picture when framed by the window of the lobby of the Mountaineers Cabin. Mount Baker, while it is not in direct view from the meadows, may be observed from atop Kulshan Ridge and Artists Point, about a 45 minute walk from the cabin. The elevation of this area is 4,200 feet above sea level. This feature combined with numerous skiable north facing slopes, and an average snow depth of 20 feet, results in snow covering all of the area about nine months of the year, and some parts for 12 months of the year.

Those who have skied in this area appreciate that even the best of winter resorts cannot boast of such a long season. The marked absence of trees provides open slopes of all degrees which afford the venturesome untold miles of unsurpassed touring areas. The Shuksan Arm route down to the highway and the Table Mountain Glacier are two of the well known runs.

The 1953-54 season was without a doubt the most successful in the history of the Baker Cabin. This was made possible by the continued and combined efforts of a wonderful committee. To serve on a committee is a goal towards which each of you who use these facilities should strive. It will make your Mountaineering experience complete to know

 Friendly flood of light welcomes skiers to Mount Baker Cabin.
that you are a contributing member.

The cabin was open every weekend except for several in January when blizzard conditions made highway 99 quite dangerous. There were capacity crowds on all the long weekends and vacation periods. Christmas vacation, college and high school spring vacations gave ample opportunities for Mountaineers who wished to take part of their vacation skiing this area.

During the summer months the cabin was available for Mountaineers who wanted to vacation in a restful manner, with good shelter, and at minimum expense. Attendance this past year along with net income (note treasurer’s report) further indicates the ability of the Mountaineers to establish their own cabin. The chair lift and rope tow facilities offer the finest in skiing on slopes that are not crowded. Many people think it’s well worth the drive, especially if it’s possible to go up on Friday night. This way you can arise Saturday morning, relaxed and ready to spend a full day on the slopes.

The committee wishes to join together in inviting each and every one of you to spend at least one weekend this season at the Baker Cabin. We know you’ll enjoy the fellowship of kindred minds and the scenic beauty of the Shuksan wonderland.

Hartcel Hobbs

STEVENS SKI HUT

It was a big year at Stevens. Spring turned out a crop of sunshine and powder snow—happy skiers, while summer saw the long awaited addition go up. Now the hut will accommodate up to 70 skiers. Needless to say there was plenty of work to do, but there was plenty of fun too.

The first work party began by shoveling six feet of snow off the foundations which had been poured in 1953, and wound up with a snow fight that was particularly hard on those who had been working without shirts. On later work parties stumps were pulled out and framing of the addition started in earnest.

After it was under way the work went fast, and John Hansen, Hut Chairman, found himself overseeing any number of jobs—setting up the front porch, unloading lumber from the truck, mixing cement for the fireplace, flooring the fourth floor, putting on batten and siding, wrapping a cut finger or two, cooking a dish for dinner, or deciding what to do when the grocer sent boxes of Kleenex instead of Kraft Dinner.

It was a busy place all over Stevens this summer, with trees cleared on the ski slopes, the chair lift extension going in, and the Forelaufers bulldozing cabin space down the road. Sounds of hammering came from the Penguins, Bremerton, and Friars Club, and from the Mountaineers came the buzz of Skilsaws and the crash of many hammers from six in the morning until way after dark.

The building plans call for enlarging the kitchen space and adding working counters, cabinets, and new sinks. The remainder of the old dining area is taken up with a stairwell and a corner fireplace that Bob Power and Bill Cook put in. Lined with Arizona sandstone and equipped with a raised hearth, it will be a favorite spot for toasting toes and drying ski pants this winter.

Evenings on the work parties were short but fun, with movies and slides for entertainment. There was an especially good series of slides on water skiing at Baker on the Fourth of July, and slides of Mountaineers skiing chest deep in powder at Stevens. However the best entertainment was the time John kept getting the movie film upside down or backward. Every time the lights were snapped out and the projector was turned on, the film was wrong. That evening everyone stayed up late, determined to see the skiing movies, and the new rafters shook with laughter until after midnight.
Late in the fall the partition between the old and new dining and sleeping areas was taken out, and the furnace which had been removed from the old basement was replaced by another one in the new section. The dam had already been made watertight, and a water heater installed. Wood was stacked under the new addition, and coal was loaded in the basement bin. Food supplies that could be ordered in advance were brought in. The last siding was nailed up and the last shingles were put on the roof with snow already lacing the top of the barrier.

It’s going to be an easier life at Stevens, with the chair lift extended to the highway, and a new power line bringing electricity to the Hut. A few will miss the small problems that were peculiar to Stevens like the scramble of getting packs up the ladders and through the trap doors to the sleeping quarters, but the important things will be the same.

Weekends at Stevens will always be special. If you pack up to the cabin late, when there is a moon and a silvery mist of powder snow on the wind, or come downstairs in the morning to find snow falling outside, the phonograph playing songs from “South Pacific,” and breakfast on the stove, you’ll see that it hasn’t changed. There will be the good friends, good food, and those ski slopes waiting! It’s the same old Stevens Hut, only better!

Donna Balch

IRISH CABIN

Approximately four hundred visitors enjoyed the hospitality of Irish Cabin during the past year. Among these were the Kitsap Cabin players and twenty-three members of the California Alpine Club of the San Francisco bay area. The latter left after a “Gallagher” baked ham dinner and three days of fun, wishing that their stay could have been twice as long. Other welcome visitors were Mr. and Mrs. George Peters and daughter, Mr. Peters being the new and friendly Forest Service ranger in the district.

Main social event of the year was the highly successful Thanksgiving dinner, prepared under the expert direction of the Elwood Budil family. Able assistance was given by practically everyone of the one hundred and nineteen Mountaineers and guests present.

After a slow start, due to too much snow and fog, about half the Irish Cabin peaks were climbed this year. Other interesting trips were made to the old mine, up the Tolmie creek trail, to Lake James, Green Lakes, and several jaunts to the glacier.

With the Earl S. Brickells and Warren L. Moorheads as co-chairmen of the cabin, many repairs and changes were made. These included a new garbage pit, rerouted drainage ditch, additions to the famous board walk, new gravel on the parking lot, installation of a sink in women’s dorm, and the usual cleaning and wood cutting. Main committee headache during the year was concerned with keeping the cabin closed against intruders. China, silver, and wood disappeared at numerous times.

The committee wishes to thank all those who have helped with Irish cabin work parties and with the Thanksgiving dinner and invite all Mountaineers to enjoy the cabin at least once during the next year.

George L. Munday

MEANY SKI HUT

Lower Slobbovia is situated 100 yards south of Meany Lane and runs roughly parallel to it. The inhabitants are seasonal. During good snow years they may be heard to utter, “Ha! Gung skiink,” and during lesser snow years, “Gung skiink? Ha!” Bonneville still considers the area primarily as a power line and is apparently oblivious to the more important resources, the superb
ski slopes and an unusual stand of hemlock.

The hemlock comprises the last remaining bit of Slobboviana wilderness and this too might have been lost to future generations but for the vigilance of the Lower Slobbovian Bird Watching Society. They were in a position to observe the immediate dangers to the timber from irresponsible dogs and skiers. But pressure from outside interests finally induced the Society to take drastic action to protect the area.

Thus, all interested parties were invited to a meeting at Meany Ski Hut this past winter to determine the best course of action. Fantastic projects were disclosed by lumber and power representatives, by Bureau of Reclamation and Army Engineers. They ranged from selective logging proposals to plans to completely inundate the area. Bird watching forces rallied to the cause, however, and sentiment for creating a wilderness area ran high among Lower Slobbovians. Senator Jack S. Phogbound pledged his support in helping to create Lower Slobbovia National Park.

The following day, the entire population turned out in a drenching rain to witness the stirring dedication ceremony of the Park. The strains of the Lower Slobbovian National Anthem, “I think that I shall never see a tree,” as played by the Snarvish-board Band, were particularly appropriate. And so another bit of original America has been preserved for posterity.

It is hoped that this account may be of some help to the new Skier at Meany who, speeding through Slobbovian snows, comes upon one miserable, misplaced hemlock tree at the brink of a gully and clearly labeled “Lower Slobbovian National Park” and “Leave them flowers be.” After such an introduction, Friend Skier will either beat a hasty retreat to Snoqualmie or proclaim enthusiastically, “Gunk skiink hat Meany? Hew bat!”

Joan Merritt

KITSAP CABIN

To most Mountaineers the outstanding memories of Kitsap are of the plays and rhododendrons. However, those who venture over in the fall of the year are just as richly rewarded with the fall colors, the salmon run in the creek, and ripe huckleberries.

The fall of 1953, following a moist spring and summer, brought the most bountiful crop of huckleberries in many years. The grounds were continually visited by local Indians and other native
pickers, but the crop never seemed to diminish. Interest in berry picking appears to be on the increase and doubtless there will be other calls for fall parties.

The first affair at Kitsap Cabin after going to press last year was a fall work party which accomplished many needed jobs. Those who did the work enjoyed Frances Griffin's huckleberry muffins. A capacity crowd was on hand for the Hallowe'en party. It was an outstanding affair topped with the "Pent Up Players" presentation of "Blithe Spirit."

The annual Christmas party, at which time greens are gathered to decorate the Children's Orthopedic Hospital, also brought forth more greens pickers than usual. Part of the group came from Seattle on the Twanoh to Chico and hiked over the old trail to the cabin. The weather was perfect both for greens gathering and boating.

Those who attend players' parties learn that anything can happen and the St. Patrick's party was no exception. The brave souls who ventured out in the woods on a dark night to kiss the blarney stone and returned with green paint on their faces just should have known better.

The Trail Trippers hare and hound hunt in April ended with both hares and hounds hunting beachwood at Hood Canal. Bill Marzolf's Campcrafters enjoyed an evening of movies and a Sunday of trail hunting in May.

The June play was favored with a profuse rhododendron display but not much sunshine. Jennie McQuarrie's hot dog and coffee department had a sell out.

The bicycle group came again this year in July. Saturday night found them an evenly divided group (guys and gals), all folk dance enthusiasts, getting in real condition for the Sunday trip to Hood Canal. It was a delightful discovery to find a new state park established where the 1953 bicycle tour had picnicked on the canal.

Probably the noisiest group of Mountaineers, next to a bunch of Meany juniors, is the old timer clan at Kitsap Cabin, trying to reminisce over twenty five years or more of Mountaineering experiences in one annual meeting. A tape recording of this year's meeting in August would be entertaining, both hysterically and historically.

The beauty of Kitsap forest areas and the hospitable atmosphere of the cabin has been appreciated, not only by members but has been shared with many other groups. Among guests this year were the Camp Fire Girls, the Bremerton Christian Youth Conference, the Shuhabu camera group, the Seattle Sails and Trails, and State Garden Club members.

Before ending this annual entry in the diary of Kitsap Cabin the chairman wishes to acknowledge the indispensable assistance of those who gave so freely of their time and talents to keep the water running, do the carpentry work, cook the meals, and many other chores so vital to the successful operation of the cabin.

Ken Hitchings

SNOQUALMIE LODGE

As you leave the floating bridge and approach the mountains on pleasant Sunset Highway, you get your first glimpse of the Cascade range. You feel your pulse begin to quicken in anticipation of the wonderful weekend at Snoqualmie Lodge. It is a trip in which your cares have been casually laid aside and in their place you find reverence and appreciation for the mountains and the Mountaineers who originally persuaded you to go. The trip to the summit is one which is forever growing more enjoyable. Each time you find your favorite peak under a new mantle portraying a different mood.

As in all Mountaineer functions this appreciation never ceases. How can light hands accomplish so many heavy tasks?
It makes you smile to see a young member digging in the pipe line with a spoon filched from the kitchen, but it pleases you to have a steady supply of water. It seems ridiculous to see eager hands throwing small stones in the gutted road, but it is satisfying to drive over a smooth surface when it is completed.

An empty woodshed soon bulges, a mountain of pots and pans soon disappears into neat rows in the cupboards, an ice crusted hill turns into a smooth ski slope. These are labors of love, love of Mountaineers for the great out-of-doors.

During the past year there was plenty of labor for those who had a love for it. During the work season the road was repaired to near perfection, the water system was installed, the ski tow received much needed attention and the lodge was repaired and made ready for the winter season.

When pausing to chat you could hear the calls from the hill, the drone of the chain saws, or the ring of the axes as people worked on the constant improvement of the ski hill. This activity whets insatiable appetites. You would shudder to think of feeding scores of hungry people at home, yet the food is always ready with a minimum of effort at meal time.

It seems the day's activities have only flexed the muscles for dancing after the evening meal. Those who have been most active through the day are most eager to "pick up the tables and push back the benches." With the laughter and singing and the many different schottisches, waltzes and polkas one feels that he is in a world apart from that which he left only a short time before. When you arrive once again in the city you find it difficult to recognize the cares that you had momentarily laid aside.

The activity of the work parties is only a prelude to the longed for skiing season. The powder snow, sunny skies and enchanting scenic beauty of the Pass area entice even the "lodge skiers" and "shutterbugs" to the slopes.

Leave the cares of the city behind. Enjoy the contentment of the out-of-doors, the companionships of good friends and the satisfaction of pleasant labor; this is the pattern of life at Snoqualmie Lodge.

Dwayne H. Payne

Mountaineer Picnics

With Bill Marzolf as the moving spirit behind the plans, Mountaineers and their families have enjoyed three evening picnics this summer at Woodland Park. From forty to fifty persons were in attendance each time. The older ones enjoyed talking over past climbs and hikes and Mountaineer experiences while the younger picnickers found plenty of amusement about the park. It is planned to continue these get-togethers next summer.

THROUGH INLAND PASSAGES

Continued from page 31

ways for monotony. Nor was the last day, July 1, down from Friday Harbor, minus its thrills. There was the horror of the owner of that compass-deflecting light meter and the internal disruption of Commodore "Dud" who had done so nobly for us. And other degrees of discomfort amongst passengers and crew due to the only hours that semi-savage seas had washed the decks of the staunch ship Warbler.

Members of the Alaska trip: Marvin Adams, Mrs. Margaret Burton, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Carlson, Gale Crummett, Dudley Davidson, Lorraine and Mrs. Katherine Elsbree, Rosemary E. Everett, L. R. Greenaway, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard, Sally Hegland, Pearl Hoffman, Frances J. Kwapil, Gaye Lenker, Betty McLeod, Mrs. Viola Michael, Clara Opsahl, Margaret Powell, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schomaker, Christine Thwaites, Alice and Helen Wegener, Brunhilde Wislicenus, Capt. Arthur B. Church and Mike, Chuck Cordiner, engineer. Clarence Olson joined on return from Ketchikan.
Follow A Trail Through Kitsap Forest

A well worn trail winds through untouched forest in Hidden Valley below Kitsap Cabin. It follows the meandering flow of Lost Creek through heavy shadows cast by trees which were ancient before white men came to Puget Sound. In springtime dogwood gleams white against the forest shade. Immense pink rhododendron blossoms cluster together high above the heads of those who wander there. Fall brings brilliant vine maple leaves sailing slowly down to become tiny bright boats on the clear creek water.

Follow on around a curve and up a slight rise and there it is—a grandfather Douglas fir—discovered by Patience Paschall many years ago.

This tree is typical of the primeval forest area which Mountaineers have united to save for future nature lovers. Originally 7 4 acres was purchased in 1916 for a rhododendron preserve. Two years later another 30 acres was bought. Now the acceptance of 40 acres immediately west of the original purchase, generously offered to the club last spring by Mary Paschall Remey, makes complete this unique wilderness area with its unspoiled virgin timber, superb rhododendrons, and wild animal refuge.

Photograph by Frank O. Shaw

IT'S TIME TO HIT THE TRAIL

By FRED A. CORBIT

I get a funny feeling when I hear that call at four; My sleeping bag is so cozy, I really feel quite sore. But sleepy-eyed I crawl out, and blindly work in braille Pack my bag and gulp my food and at six I hit the trail. The packers want your bags stacked up before the break of day. I've never found the reason why—hours later there they lay. And if you rise before daylight, you never see it fail, Not a packer or a horse shows up before we hit the trail. It's up and down for endless miles, with progress sometimes slow; But still we beat the pack-train; it's hours before they show. We sit, and wait, and wonder—time drags like a snail. We never can be certain, what hour the pack-train hit the trail.
On August 20, 1805, Lewis and Clark, following the general direction of the Salmon River to its mouth, discovered the Snake River Canyon. One hundred forty-nine years later, in July and in August, 1954, two groups of Mountaineers discovered the Snake River Canyon. The 149 years telescoped into one day. There was the same warm sun, the very blue sky with the white puff clouds, the same rock bluffs with their browns and oranges and greens and grays, the same hardened lava flows in circles and curves and arrowed lines, the sparse vegetation, the same rock river bed filled with mad water. Lewis and Clark were hiking to the Pacific Ocean. The Mountaineers were on the M. S. Wenaha, 50 feet overall, 12 foot beam, two Diesel engines. Cross weight 21 tons, net 14. The years rolled out again.

For the length of the navigable river bed, 96 miles from Lewiston to Alum Bed Rapids, where there was not enough water under the keel, just around Hat Point from Johnson Bar, and through the 99 rapids that started a boat’s length from Wenaha’s home dock (the Slaughter House Rapids), there was not a moment of sameness. As the miles lengthened up river the grassy rolling hills grew steeper and were soon rocky, then sheer rock cliffs 2000 feet above the river bed. The wide river with riffle rapids narrowed with the miles, as the rapids increased in number, size, and force. For minutes the Wenaha would balance in midstream, engines roaring, barely holding her place, while all aboard tensed in a mental effort to help the propeller catch and start forward movement again, away from the white foam and tearing water.

As the mouths of the three branch rivers were passed, the Grande Ronde, the Imnaha, and the Salmon, thoughts went back in history again to the John Jacob Astor party and their tragic effort to reach the Pacific coast via the rivers, their fight for life against the rapids in poorly built rafts, and the impoverished Indians of the Snake Tribe, after whom the river was named. A few years later the prairie-raised pioneers, frightened of the Blue Mountains, sought the terror of the canyoned rivers in their efforts to get to their new homes.

Most of the rapids were just numbers, but many had names, and fancy was free as to how these names were chosen — Wild Goose Rapids, Salmon River Falls, White Horse, Sheep Head, Nez Perce, Camel, and Pleasant Valley Rapids. The longest of the 99 rapids was the Imnaha, and the fastest was Temperance Creek with a fall of 10.1 feet. The average current was six miles an hour. It was an 18 hour fight up river, and a pitching race downstream, of six hours.

In 1860 gold lust came to Idaho and then to the Snake River. There was a stop at the site of the Chinese massacre by the creek and the plaque, where 16 Chinese had been ambushed in their little stone shelter because white men were filled with greed for their gold dust.

Occasionally at a mail stop, a wider spot in the river away from the center rapids, there was a glimpse of a house,
mostly vacant during the summers while the sheep were on high ground, to be returned to the warm river valley for the winter. The mail stops started at Grand Ronde and were so descriptive, Madden Landing, Cache Creek, Salmon Bar, Warm Springs, Dug Bar, Dry Creek, Christmas Creek, Rolland Bar, Pittsburg Landing, Kirtwood, and Temperance Creek.

The two camp sites were sand beaches under the rock cliffs, Cottonwood Bar, and Camp Creek Bar. There were hot climbs up steep rock walls to view the miles of twisting, writhing river, dark in the early shadows, then a swim in the warm river water, good food, and singing around a campfire, talk of other rivers, other years, prowess of rattle snake hunters, how far can a snake strike, fanciful pictures in the rock lines, a full moon, more songs, and then the dying fire.

CAVE EXPLORATION IS FUN

By Warren Gibson

"Why do you climb mountains?"
"Because they are there," was the simple answer of a famous Everest pioneer.

That is exactly the reason for donning a pair of coveralls, a hard hat with a carbide lamp attached and slithering through the mud and darkness of natural caves.

The thrill of penetrating the unknown, the knowledge that you are where no other man has been, the sense of accomplishment that follows conquest—these are all reasons enough for the cave explorers, known as Spelunkers.

Exploring a cave is just the reverse of climbing a mountain. Instead of the bottom, you start at the top. When you've gone as far as you can go, you are as confined as you can be.

Like mountain climbing, there are certain techniques to be learned. Perhaps the first is learning not to get burned by your carbide lamp. Typical mountain climbing procedures are sometimes required such as roping together and rappeling. Even knowledge of glissading can come in very handy in an ice cave.

A technique peculiar to caving is worming your way through passages so confining that you must forge ahead, belly down, arms extended, with only the motion of your wrists and ankles to affect progress.

As in mountain climbing certain rules of safety are advisable. Each member of the party should have three independent sources of light other than matches. The recommended minimum party is four. No one should be or should travel alone in a cave. If an accident should befall one member of a party, there should be one person to stay with the injured man and two members to go for help. No matter what the size of the party, someone on the surface should know where the party is and when they intend to return.

Caving in Washington has one advantage to Mountaineers. Nearly all of the caves thus far discovered are in or near mountain areas so that the pleasures of Spelunking can be enjoyed as a diversion from the usual pursuits of mountain climbing.

In addition, the exploring of caves has great appeal for the amateur biologist, zoologist, historian, anthropologist, geologist, physicist, and photographer. During an attempt to find the Granite Falls cave, a long abandoned limestone quarry was discovered. The rank vegetation that has filled the quarry is almost tropical in density and appears to be an isolated evolutionary island.

Droppings similar to but larger than those of a deer were found in a small room at the end of a long wormway in the Issaquah cave. It is hard to conceive how an animal the size and build of a deer could possibly reach that den. An experienced woodsman who accompanied the party knew of no smaller animal which left droppings like those found.
Many of the known caves are associated with early Washington history. One very old lime kiln has been found and traces of a cabin of undetermined age. In addition, while tracking down rumors of caves, the explorers often depend on the stories of old timers, yarns which would delight any historian.

Persons versed in anthropology should be the first to enter new caves before any evidence of early human use or habitation has been destroyed by others more interested in exploring. A physicist can have a lot of fun explaining the formation of Guy caves. Canny geological sleuthing is needed to relocate Donlan's cave on Denny Creek. As for a photographer, cave exploring offers unlimited opportunity for pictorial records and artistic expression.

So far Washington's caves are small but the state has just about every known type of cave. The steam caves formed in Mt. Rainier's snow filled crater by escaping steam are the world's highest known caves. Other types include rubble, limestone, lava tubes, sea caves, glacier, and a cave near American river on the Chinook Pass highway whose formation needs much explanation.

Even persons who have no desire to enter a cave will find a cave exploration party great fun with plenty of opportunity to pursue a favorite hobby. Trips are being planned for 1955 and will be announced in the Bulletin.

On August 28, 1954, representatives of the Mountain Rescue Council, Mountaineers, United States Forest Service, State Patrol, Longview rescue group, and other friends gathered at timber line on Mount St. Helens to dedicate a memorial plaque in memory of Arthur Jessett who lost his life while descending the mountain May 18, 1952. This plaque, given by his parents, the Rev. Thomas Jessett and Mrs. Jessett, and friends, was placed at timber line directly in the path used by practically all parties in ascending the mountain. The purpose was to prevent other similar accidents resulting from inexperience, lack of judgment, and improper equipment.
JUNIORS BUILD MEMORIAL SHELTER

This past year Junior Mountaineers planned and constructed a memorial shelter at Dutchmiller Gap in memory of their members who lost their lives climbing in 1952. The Juniors decided they wanted a permanent memorial in the mountains for these three — Richard Burge, Paul Brikoff, and Arthur Jessett who were their friends and companions.

The Juniors worked energetically, selling raffle tickets last spring and raised their own money for the shelter. The location chosen was at Summit Lake, 16 miles west of Salmon La Sac in the lovely Dutchmiller Gap area.

A group of Juniors went into the area in August. With the able aid of two Merry Packers, loaned by The Merry Manufacturing Company in Edmonds, they hauled in all the materials, tools and food needed for the shelter's construction. In September after all the supplies arrived, six men stayed at the Gap for nine days, building the cabin. Despite the fact that they lived and worked for those nine days in a continuous downpour, the shelter was finished easily.

Summit Lake Shelter is now one of chain, maintained by the Mountain Cabin Memorial Association, and is being given to the United States Forest Service for free public use. Dedication of the cabin will be held in the spring of 1955.

Sharon Fairlie

TACOMA TRAIL TRIPS

Three hundred and thirty-seven persons attended Tacoma trail trips this year. The first expedition was led by Vivian and Warren Moorhead to Granite Mountain, where we found vivid October coloring despite fog and a snowstorm on top. In November Ohop Lookout provided views of all the majors except Olympus, and in December the traditional greens walk took us to Elhi Hill, where Bruce Kizer showed us not only many varieties of greens and cones, but also daffodils in bud where bulbs had been dumped beside the road.

Amos Hand and Fred Gorton picked a sunny January day for a trip to Vashon Island combining beach and trail. The Fox Island bridge construction was inspected under the guidance of Stella Kellogg the first Sunday in February, and later in the month Frances Goodman led us out to the prairie where we found grouse flower beginning to bloom. In early March the beach beckoned again, and Ruth Cox led a trip along the east shore of Case Inlet on Key Peninsula west of Longbranch. The first trilliums of the year were found here. Then we went to see Victor Falls and the "Big Rock" above McMillin, again led by Bruce Kizer.

Margaret Stapleton led us to Fudge Point on Harstine Island, where we had lunch during an April shower. The highlight of this trip was the marine life exposed at low tide, starfish, crabs, and a rare sight, a colony of live sand dollars. There was some lovely pink manzanita beside the road, also.

Later in the month Marjorie Goodman took us to Lake Tapps where we found an excellent vantage point for viewing brilliantly colored red-winged blackbirds and other birds feeding in a swamp. Betty Fauré suggested a new spot for the flower walk, down at Deschutes Falls; and here we found a great variety of spring woods and meadow flowers, including sessile trillium, sea blush, and collinsia not ordinarily found on other Mountaineer trips. The other May trip was led by Keith Goodman to Hood Canal, where everyone spent a lazy afternoon basking in the sunshine on the beach. Sparkling blue water and dazzling white Olympics made this one of the brighter memories of the year.

In June we accompanied the Seattle group in a trip to Sun Top Lookout. It was raining below, but the mountain lived up to its name and the sun came out as we neared our destination. Con-
stantly moving clouds brought kaleidoscopic views of the surrounding scenery, first in one direction, then in another. On the trip to Bertha May Lakes we were not so fortunate; we stopped at the lower lake, built a fire to dry out a bit, and then got thoroughly soaked on the way down the trail.

The Moorheads led a trip to the Cowlitz Box Canyon in July which, in contrast to a hot, dry trip several years ago, furnished excellent views of the mountain amid flowers and snowbanks. The next trip, led by Seattle, was scheduled for Dewey Lake, but because of the large quantities of snow remaining, was changed to Morse Creek. In August we found a meadow free of snow when Norman Scott took us to Crystal Basin.

To finish the year there are trips planned for Indian Henry's in September, led by Norma and Floyd Raver; the Salmon Bake on October 3, under the chairmanship of Ted Ohlson; and a hike to Bench Lake at the base of the Tatoosh Range. The committee who helped in planning this year's trips included Marjorie Goodman, Bruce Kizer, Keith Goodman and Bill Kilmer.

Mary A. Fries

NO ONE TO LOOK TO
Continued from page 35

converted into a water supply for a housing development which covers its slopes. To afford public access to Lake Sammamish, a State Park was created on its southern shore. We have shown our appreciation for this park by rezoning land adjacent to its boundaries to allow the construction of a heavy industrial plant. This action is the result of localized pressure, and in spite of widespread statewide opposition. The pattern is the same, differing only in magnitude from our attitude toward our National Parks.

Despite our discouraging start toward preserving and developing more of our scenic resources for recreational and inspirational use, there are encouraging signs in view. A good job has been done in setting up our State Park system. While these Parks are not very extensive in area, and do not include trails and wilderness, they do afford public access and camping conveniences in many outstanding local areas. A regular source of funds has been set aside for the operation of the parks, and the acquisition and development of new sites. The demand of visitors, which have increased from 800,000 to nearly 4 million in just four years, necessitates the continued acquisition of new parks, and the State Parks Commission welcomes suggestions from individuals and groups for additional park sites.

The most gratifying sign during the past year has been the response of individuals all over the country to the threats against the National Park system. The overwhelming response in opposition to the proposed reduction of Olympic National Park has forced local officials to suspend actions against the Park. The same is true of the Dinosaur National Monument. Public opposition has also blocked, for the time being, the pending legislation which would allow the construction of dams within its boundaries.

The efforts of spirited citizens all over the nation, in writing to their Congressmen, has met pressure with counter pressure, hindering the efforts of a relatively few individuals to spoil a beautiful part of the public domain. While these results can be considered as "progress" in a negative form, they suggest the pattern for success in a more positive way.

If we want more local, state, and National Parks; if we desire more forest camps and primitive areas within the National Forests; if our parks need more funds for their operation and maintenance, and, if the laws governing our public domain are antiquated, we have no one to look to for help but ourselves. All of these good things can be ours, if enough of us will take the time to ask for them.
THE YEAR IN EVERETT

A good crop of green grass may have been the result of the last year’s great amount of rain. Certainly none of it has been growing under the feet of the Everett Mountaineers, if we judge by the number and variety of their activities, ranging from the climbing of St. Helens to the preparation of a Mountain Rescue Council display window. Proof that our group has really successfully attracted newcomers lies in the fact that our membership increased from sixty-four last September to ninety-six at the present time.

What have all these members been doing? First, the outdoor activities. Of the twenty-five trips planned during the year by Vi Johnson, hiking chairman, the memo on most of the fall 1953 trips such as Lake Blanco, Pinnacle Lake, and Wallace Lake reads, “very wet, rain, fog, mist, and cold.” Lake Serene was one exception . . . we had a good workout on a steep trail. We must give the weatherman credit for cooperation on THE big day of the fall, the salmon bake. About ninety people from Everett and Seattle gathered in sunshine along the Stillaguamish to eat the yummy salmon and potatoes, cooked as only the experts led by Herman Felder know how!

With the advent of winter we planned trips for three types of mountaineers: those who schuss down the hill on skis, those who make tracks across the snow on bearpaws or long snowshoes, and those who stick to conventional boots. Under the leadership of Bill Doph, skiing chairman, groups from Everett and Snohomish traveled to Stevens Pass almost every week-end from January through March to revel in the exhilaration of speed combined with sunshine, color, music, and good companionship.

The trip to Big Four Inn site was the beginning of enthusiasm for snowshoeing, an interest which resulted in a number of private trips, such as that to Stevens Pass. Among the hiking trips an outstanding winter one was that to Stickney Ridge on a clear, beautiful day with opportunities for glissading at a number of spots on the loop trip. We remember the trip to Devil Mountain Lookout for the first snow of the year which made the trees a fairyland. The sun shone beautifully on both large groups who went to Deception Pass and later to Lake 22.

Several times during the winter these groups came together, as on the annual greens walk to Lake Roesiger in December and on after-trip “feeds.” At Easter-time we spent a weekend at the Mt. Baker Mountaineer cabin where there was ample opportunity for both snowshoers and skiers to enjoy themselves. Mt. Shuksan posed perfectly for the picture takers and we all enjoyed the fun of working together on meals and clean-up details (with some reservations in Phil’s mind regarding garbage duty!).

Spring changed the complexion of our outdoor activities. For the first time in at least five years Everett sponsored a climbing course, with Ken Carpenter as chairman. An average of twenty-five to thirty attended the lectures presented in Everett with cooperation from the Seattle group. We joined the Seattle would-be climbers “sweating-out” the stations on Monitor Rock, toiling up Mt. Si, battling the elements while learning the rudiments of handling rope and ice axe on snow at Commonwealth Basin.

Probably the two outstanding climbs planned by the Everett group, in relation to numbers attending, were Mt. Pilchuck and Whitehorse. Because Pilchuck is so clearly visible to Everett residents, we have a special spot in our hearts for it. Here we had a chance to try some of the glissading we had learned on practices. But for thrilling glissades probably none of us will forget that first long swoosh down from the top of Whitehorse.
Other Everett sponsored climbs included Cadet and St. Helens. Various members also completed climbs with the Seattle group of some of the major peaks such as Glacier and Rainier, and some Everett pin peaks.

The dogged persistence of Everett climbers is clearly shown in the fact that though on St. Helens they were stopped by driving rain at the 7000 foot level on the first attempt, halted by a blizzard at 9000 feet on the second try (going higher than any of the other one hundred ten climbers on the mountain), they finally attained the summit the third time (with special commendation to Bill McKenzie).

Though certificates have not been awarded at present writing, at least one-third of the number originally registering for the climbing course will receive them.

Even though a number of the summer and early fall climbs such as Bedal and Baker were doomed because of bad weather, we did have good luck with our weekend camping trips. On the Memorial Day weekend we camped at Lake Wenatchee and had an interesting climb of Dirtyface (brrr—that was quite a gale at the top). The Fourth of July gypsy tour of Harts Pass and Twisp was a paradise for the photographers, providing views of Silver Star and Jack Mountain, plus many others. Deer were so abundant that sleepers could hear them trampling through the camp at night.

The one time during the summer when we had an excuse for donning bathing suits was on the Salmon LaSac camping trip. We hiked in a leisurely fashion to Cooper Lake, a perfect spot for basking in the sunshine. On Sunday we hiked up Jolly Mountain, and were rewarded with striking views of Mt. Rainier, Mt. Stuart, and the many other peaks visible in the area. Not the least of the memories for us will be the moonlight on the Salmon LaSac river as we made camp at midnight.

Lady Luck deserted us on our three day back packing trip on Labor Day to the high divide country in the Olympics for we hiked in fog both ways and camped in rain. However, quite early Sunday morning, we reveled in the sight of Mt. Olympus and Mt. Tom jutting above a low bank of clouds and watched the fog pouring into the valleys. On Monday we drove to the top of Blue Mountain to enjoy the views of the straits, the Cascades from Glacier to Baker, Victoria, and the Greywolf Ridge.

One of the things which made our camping trips particularly memorable was the campfire music with harmonica parts provided by Dean Parkins, the guitar by Hilda Keefer, and singing by the entire group. Some of our fondest memories are of those song-filled evenings, practicing songs from sheets lighted by the fire and flashlights.

Indoor activities in Everett were as varied and numerous as those in the out-of-doors, beginning with the first big event of the year, the annual banquet in December. Many Seattle and Everett mountaineers renewed old acquaintances over a turkey dinner. Humor spiced the evening when Rosemary, the goat, almost stole the show from Harvey Manning and Erick Karlsson with their burlesque on climbing cookery. Later we travelled over much of Africa with Clifford Sheldon, via colored pictures.

Committees worked long hours during January to plan another major activity, the showing in Everett of the K-2 pictures for the financial benefit of the expedition. Members busied themselves with publicity, ticket selling, and all the other details that accompany the production of a public program. Though the night was one of the iciest of the year, we were well pleased both with the turnout and the complimentary remarks of the audience, concerning the pictures and Pete Schoening’s talk.

In the late spring more committees burned the midnight oil as they planned a campaign to raise money for the
Mountain Rescue Council educational fund. Some members planned eye catching displays in business windows, some marched in a parade, some wrote newspaper articles, while another group prepared hundreds of letters for mailing to businessmen.

Programs at regular business meetings during the year in the main featured slides and movies, a natural situation since most of our members are either avid photographers or enthusiastic viewers. Some slides were shown by members, including local scenes and a trip to Europe, while others ranged from South America to Dinosaur Monument. Several potlucks and purely social occasions were also planned. A renewed interest in conservation, sparked by our president, Phil Zalesky, continued to the extent that pertinent items were discussed at almost every meeting.

Indoors or out, Everett Mountaineers have been busy through all the seasons, often eagerly participating in private trips, in addition to the regularly scheduled ones. We worked hard, had a lot of fun, stored up wonderful memories, and collected some breath taking colored slides. AND ... we are looking forward to another active year. Only a congenial and cooperative group could have made all this possible—officers, committee chairmen, and members working together.

Gertrude E. Schock

CAMPRAFTERS—EVERETT

With the quickening smell of spring and the dripping sound of melting snow, the Campcrafters poked their heads out of their snug homes, scanned the changing skies and said "'Tis time." Out came the big tents, the sleeping bags, the air mattresses, the camp stoves. All must be put in readiness for the coming camping season. As this is the group of the Mountaineers in which the whole family participates, there is quite a bit of gear to get ready.

Besides the summer outing eight week-ends were enjoyed. A day at Seola Beach started the season in April, followed by week-ends at Kitsap Cabin and San Juan Forest Camp on the north fork of the Skykomish.

Memorial Day week-end, however, the beckoning of the out-of-doors and the desire for fellowship of kindred spirits could not be ignored any longer. Ninety-one flocked to Pacific Beach near Elephant Rock. There was much activity at this remote spot for three days. Some went clamming or wandered down the beach looking at sea life; others explored the caves at low tide at the feet of Elephant Rock and even took plane rides from the beach in Vincent Mills-paugh's plane.

Quite in contrast was the Taylor River Forest Camp trip in June which turned out to be one of those drenching week-ends.

Memories of Marble Creek Forest Camp near Cascade Pass over the 4th of July were very pleasant. Hikes were taken to the Pass where everyone was astonished at the amount of snow in the high country. On this week-end the Campcrafters enjoyed a vesper service. As it was well received, similar programs were presented on later trips.

In late July the visit to Ross Dam was so popular that a call for another next year was made. Camp was made at Goodell Creek and boat trips were made to the dam both Saturday and Sunday.

Last outing of the season was to Silver Falls Forest Camp on the Entiat River over Labor Day. This was new territory to most of the group. Some searched for the top of Garland Peak while most of the children and a scattering of mothers and fathers went on the nine mile round trip to Myrtle Lake where many pollywogs were bottled. A few drove to Junior Point lookout where an expansive view of the mountains around Lake Chelan was seen. This was truly a fine finish for another season of camping by Campcrafters and their families.
PHOTOGRAPHY—SEATTLE

Interest in photography has again developed as a group activity among the Seattle Mountaineers. Under the general guidance of Bill Marzolf persons interested in photography are now attending regular meetings in the clubroom. The principal interest is directed toward 35-mm color slides.

Sustaining interest has been achieved by the rapid moving, diversified program offered. Meetings, usually in three parts, offer an interesting and informative talk by a person chosen for his knowledge of a certain aspect of color photography. Following the talk a competition is held based upon a subject of general interest. Most participants have shown a respected interest in the third phase of the program; the general evaluation period held after the competition. Here each person may submit one slide to be shown for criticism. Whenever a speaker is present who possesses a wide background of experience in photography he will evaluate the slides pointing out the good and bad features of each.

Notable among the recent guest speakers are Chao-Chen Yang, Larry McKinnis, and Wally Rasmussen. Wally Rasmussen spoke on “How to take better mountain pictures.” He provided many fine comparative examples of both black and white and color photos.

The program offered by Larry McKinnis was a new experience for many photographers. Following an interesting rapid-fire talk on “The use of filters and exposure meters” the audience was provided with a McKinnis special feature of a “Trip to Hawaii” slide show. The entire sequence was set to music on a tape recorder with Larry acting as narrator.

The most recent talk, prior to this writing in September, was given by Chao-Chen Yang on “Pictorial aspects of color photography.” Mr. Yang’s talk was so interesting that the entire evening was turned over to him. A number of the 80 people present were found to be taking notes on the many valuable points given. Both color slides and full color lithographs were shown as examples of techniques so successfully used by Mr. Yang.

Special field trips have been offered but to date have not taken hold as strongly as the monthly meetings. It is expected that this activity will mature after the meetings have developed sufficient interest in certain phases of photography best handled in a conducted field trip.

Peter McLellan

PHOTOGRAPHY—TACOMA

Photographic activities were devoted to viewing four sets of color slides and movies taken by members who traveled extensively, two contests, a special session of flower and wildlife shots, and two field trips. Highlighting the year was the visit of Ira Spring, who discussed and illustrated the field of mountain photography, the special and superb Spring art.

The travelers, with the interesting and often excellent color slides and movie collections, were Frances Benjamin who spent the preceding summer touring eleven countries of Europe; Ann Jackson, who with Marge Goodman, visited England, Scotland, France and Switzerland; Dorothy Newcomer and Nancy Fitzwilliars, who saw a bit of England and then rambled on north above the Arctic Circle in Norway; and the Ravers who covered southwestern national parks in the United States.

Contests featured the favorite subject, mountain scenery, and amusing human interest slides.

Cameraists in search of early season snow scenes for Christmas card possibilities, last year, initiated the ski season in November by touring in Paradise Valley to the Stevens Ice Caves. Another field trip was planned for October along the Golden Lakes trail for fall color shots.

Edith Goodman
SEATTLE ANNUAL DINNER

The Norselander in Seattle was the scene of the annual banquet. One hundred and seventy six Mountaineers heard the encouraging words of Irving Clark, Jr. that, with proper planning, the northwest can have both industrial expansion and preservation of our wilderness areas. He gave an excellent presentation of northwest conservation problems and their background. He stated that we still have a chance to avoid the mistakes made in other areas and emphasized the importance of the individual as well as groups such as the Mountaineers in achieving this end.

Dwayne Payne, master of ceremonies, did an outstanding job of making the evening run smoothly. The Clarion Quartet from Seattle Pacific College set the mood for the after-dinner entertainment.

President Bill Degenhardt presented the climbing plaque to Pete Schoening as an outstanding climber, particularly for his roles in the King Peak-Yukon and K-2 expeditions. Past president, T. Davis Castor, received the service award for the many years of superior service he has contributed to the club.

The evening was completed by dancing to the music of Lee Settle and his orchestra.

Neva Karrick

MOUNTAINEER PLAYERS

Presentation of the annual play in the Mountaineers' own Forest Theatre near Bremerton is the chief purpose of the Mountaineer Players, but the fellowship that comes from the close association required to produce the play makes friends so rapidly, that the Players extend their activities throughout the year.

Hiking trips in 1953-54 included Carbon Glacier, Lake Blanco and Gold Mountain. A ski party was held at Meany, and memorable weekends were held at Irish Cabin and of course at Kitsap Cabin. The Halloween Party with its blood ritual and St. Patrick's party's lost blarney stone will go down in Players' memories along with the many original plays presented by the "Pent Up Players." Two theater parties were held at the Bellevue playbarn and the annual picnic on Lake Washington proved to be a goose pimple paradise.

New members were initiated into the mystic order of the Wild Rhododendron—an honorable order exclusive to Players—at an hilarious ceremony in the Forest Theatre.

A variety show at the Kitsap spring work party proved that Players soon lose all false modesty and provoked a hot discussion over the definition of "variety." A Players song book was published, plagiarizing many old familiar tunes.

Two couples took the step into matrimony to spite Kitsap Cabin's separate bunkhouses.

A lot of enthusiasm and energy pushed the big objective—"Androcles and the Lion"—along to its successful conclusion in June, but the Players made it all seem like fun.

Ray Puddicombe

TACOMA SOCIAL SEASON

Tacoma social activities for 1953-54 began with the election of officers, followed by the annual banquet which featured a talk by the Rev. Chester Fisk, the Mountaineer Fair at Budil's, and the annual Christmas party. Gifts brought to the party were presented to the children of Remann Hall.

An endeavor to plan meetings which should emphasize Mountaineering aims and objectives led to a number of sessions devoted to climbing. Leo Gallagher reported on the climb of Mount Victoria during the 1953 summer outing. Marie Langham introduced us to the way it is done on Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn.

Warren Moorhead, Jack Gallagher, Sheldon Brooks, and Wally Miner gave

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us "Reviews and Previews from Valleys to Peaks." It was an orientation meeting for old members as well as new ones. Chuck Doan took us "climbing high." Other programs included the Dinosaur National Monument film; a lecture, illustrated with colored slides, by two Rainier Park naturalists; and a preview of the 1954 Rainier outing.

Summer activities began with a most enjoyable boat trip on "Gallant Lady." Campfires were enjoyed at Point Defiance Park, the Keith Goodmans, and the John Gallaghers.

The committee wishes to thank the many members who helped to serve refreshments and to clean up at the monthly meetings.

Dorothy Newcomer

FOLK DANCING

On the first Friday of each month, an average of about 160 members descended on Polish Hall to dance to "live" music the spirited old time and folk dances they have learned to enjoy. These dances are now traditional with the Mountaineers, as is shown by the anticipation with which they are awaited each month, and the gay and festive spirit always prevailing among the members there.

General acceptance and popularity of the dances programmed rated high in the committee's planning each dance. Attention was also given to alternating fast with slow dances so as to conserve the dancers' energy, inclusion of sufficient mixer dances to encourage sociability, and the addition of a very few new dances and reviews of old ones to add some variety. The outstanding newly introduced dance of the year proved to be a gay and lively little Hungarian folk dance called "A Beka." "Merry Widow Waltz" and "Spanish Circle" were also reviewed by Chet and Dorothy Little.

The committee continued last year's practice of having two assistant chairmen assisting the dance committee chairman. The work of Bob Turner, first Friday chairman, and of Bob Parkhurst, third Friday chairman, was invaluable to the success of this year's dance program.

The third Friday international folk dance, to recorded music, was continued with varying degrees of success. Its attendance fluctuated from a low of 29 to a high of 108.

The continuation of the third Friday dance was felt justified by the fact that more and more Mountaineers are learning to enjoy a more highly varied and skilled program of dancing than is offered solely by the first Friday dance. In one of the board meetings it was voted to continue this dance indefinitely in order to fill this need.

The dance chairman volunteered to either re-schedule or cancel the third Friday dance whenever it conflicted with the Mountaineer monthly meeting. Continuation of the dance through the summer was left up to the discretion of the dance chairman. Summer dancing was vindicated by the increased summer attendance. Inclusion of more "old familiar" dances on the third Friday program, transferring the dance from downtown to the University district, and inclusion of an hour's review period just before the dance seemed to contribute to the increased attendance later in the year.

Glen F. Thompson

Did You Know That:—

The original Snoqualmie Lodge was reached via the Chicago, Milwaukee railroad. From Rockdale station at the tunnel it was a mile and a half hike up the mountain and through the forest. In winter snowshoes were a must. When hardy travelers arrived, they often had to dig in from the chimney top to reach the first window.
CLIMBERS’ OUTING HITS BAD WEATHER

Twelve climbers drove to Salmon La Sac on August 21 for the start of the 1954 Climbers’ Outing. After staying at the forest camp overnight, food and heavy equipment was turned over to a packer for transportation to Summit Lake for this was to be a deluxe trip. The hike to Summit Lake was easy, 17 miles with light rucksack on a good trail. However, it started to rain as the group approached the lake and everybody was quite wet by the time tents were pitched. The following morning was well occupied with drying clothes and equipment with a scouting trip in the afternoon.

Part of the group started next morning for Little Big Chief. The weather was quite foggy and the party arrived at the summit ridge well to the east of the regular route. The ridge was followed for a short distance and then a long, very exposed ledge was followed along the north face of the mountain to just below the summit; thence a short scramble to the top.

It was decided to tackle Bear’s Breast the second day and about half the party started out. This is a very interesting climb up the bare, rock face of the mountain, followed by a spectacular slab and chimney climb at the summit tower. Old Man Weather sent a snow and hail storm as the first rope teams reached the summit, so the party turned back without everyone being able to complete the final 100 feet.

Thursday morning it rained hard and the proposed climb of Overcoat had to be cancelled. Since there was only one more climbing day left, half the party decided to leave early and went out that afternoon. The camp at the site of the new Junior Memorial Cabin, was quite comfortable and enjoyable.

The lake and surrounding country is very beautiful; climbing opportunities are excellent; the packer’s fee, reasonable. With good weather, this spot is a natural. Climbers will tackle this again.

M. F. Muzzy

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

Continued from page 61

sugar, and water and baked cakes. Their tempting aroma drifted down through the frosty air, causing miners to stop and ask if I had cakes for sale. But the cakes were for the horses and they ate them eagerly.

I also made a trip up the Yukon for hay which a man had put up the previous year. I camped on the way in the coldest weather of that winter—65 degrees below.

I came back to Seattle and joined The Mountaineers in the fall of 1907, just too late to be a charter member and to go on the first Olympic outing. I attended the first meeting, following the outing, and was at once honored by being handed the job of secretary, which I held until I returned to Alaska for two more seasons of prospecting.

With only a few big nuggets in my pockets, I came out from this last trip on an Indian pole raft, tied together with willow withes and pegs, and just able to support my weight. A long pole served to guide the contraption and also keep me from smashing into the rocks. I arrived safely at the mouth of the river where I boarded a steamboat for White Horse.

I might add that during the greater part of ten years I spent in the Yukon, I suffered less so-called hardship and hazard from nature’s acts and man’s cussedness than I had for years been accustomed to meet in the old southwest of the 80’s and 90’s. In fact, it was to me a new and mostly profitable adventure in what we call life and during which fortune favored my frequently clumsy steps to such an extent as should cause me to feel very humble.

Did You Know That:

The Tacoma branch of the Mountaineers were hosts each winter at Paradise Inn for “The New Year’s Outing.” The party snowshoed or hiked in from Longmire. At last in the middle twenties a few brave souls appeared with skis. The New Year was greeted at midnight with fireworks on Pinnacle Peak.
MOUNTAINEERS OWN LARGE AND INTERESTING LIBRARY

By SOPHIE M. LADDY, Librarian

In the Seattle club room of the Mountaineers is one of the largest collections of mountaineering information in the country. Books, periodicals, pamphlets, and maps from many parts of the world have been collected for the benefit of interested members. From time to time posters, maps, and large photographs of various mountain areas are on exhibit, together with safety hints and samples of new equipment.

Books on mountaineering and skiing make up the greater portion of the library but travel, photography, nature study, geology and other allied subjects are well represented. Bound copies of all the Mountaineer annuals make interesting reading for new members who wish to learn something of the past history and experiences of club members.

The photograph albums, depicting past outings, cover more than forty years of mountaineering achievement in the Pacific northwest. The map collection forms a valuable source of information for planning trips and climbs and also for studying problems in other areas.

Following is a list of some of the newer books on the club room shelves.

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST, by Sir John Hunt; with a chapter on the final assault by Sir Edmund Hillary. Published by Dutton. 1954.

This is the only authorized story of the successful Everest Expedition. Starting with the organization of the team, Sir Hunt proceeds to tell of the painstaking preparations and the climb up to where the final assault is made. Sir Hillary then gives his personal account of the final thrust to the top of Everest. It is a simply written but dramatic epic of a group of men struggling against an unattainable summit, and finally conquering it.


This is an account of a camping trip into the Olympics.

DOWNHILL SKIING (French technique) by A. Jacques. Published in London by Nickolas Kaye. 1953.

An excellent book on the French method of skiing. Both beginner and expert will find it useful.

EUROPEAN FOLK DANCE, ITS NATIONAL AND MUSICAL CHARACTERISTICS, by Joan Lawson. Published by Pitman in London.

Here is the book for the folkdance enthusiasts. It is a study of European dances from the earliest to comparatively modern times. The material is divided into two sections: development of European folkdance, and National characteristics.


The Swiss expedition of 1952 was very close to conquering Everest. They had done a great amount of research and exploration but due to bad weather and faulty oxygen apparatus, were forced to turn back. Sir Hunt in his preface acknowledges the Swiss attempt as part of the effort required by the British to scale the Mountain.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, by Ella E. Clark. Published by the University of California Press. 1953.

Here is a collection of over 100 tribal tales of the Washington and Oregon Indians. Myths about the Olympics, Mount Rainier, Cascade Range, Lake Chelan and other local regions are included in this volume.

AN INNOCENT ON EVEREST, by Ralph Izzard. Published by Dutton. 1954.

An account of a reporter sent to cover the Everest expedition who ends up making a record trip from Katmandu to Namche Bay in 14 days.

MODERN SKIING, by Robert S. Bourdon. Published by Lippincott. 1953.

A good book on basic maneuvers for the novice skier.
LIVING DANGEROUSLY, by F. Spencer Chapman. Published by Harpers. 1953.

The author writes of his adventures in Greenland, Lapland, Tibet and Malaya. A large portion of the book is devoted to climbing in the Himalayas.

MOUNTAIN WORLD 1953, compiled by the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research. Published by Harpers. 1953.

This is the first volume of a series which the Swiss Foundation hope to publish annually. The purpose of the series is to have a written account of mountaineering events of the year. In this volume is found an account of the Swiss Mount Everest Expedition of 1952, a journey to the Gosainkund (Nepal Himalayas), climbs in Bolivia and in the south Peruvian Andes, with a good section on mountain exploration in Northeast Greenland.

MOUNTAINS IN THE DESERT, by Louis Carl and Joseph Petit. Published by Doubleday. 1954.

This is the story of an expedition to the Tefedest Massif ranges of the Hoggar region of the Sahara. The object of this group of French archeologists was to find, record and reproduce paintings on rock done by mysterious prehistoric artists of the Tefedest. The desert is an empty, barren but mysterious place. These Frenchmen had a difficult time trying to lead camels up into the mountains and fighting the peculiar desert weather, but they tell an excellent tale of exploring in mountains rarely reached by Europeans.


This is a companion volume to the "Conquest of Everest." Over one hundred and fifty pictures, most of which have not been published before are included. Excerpts of the text from the "Conquest of Everest" accompany the photographs.

THE OUTDOOR PICTURE COOKBOOK, by Bob Jones. Published by Hawthorne Books Inc. 1954.

This will interest campers who like to eat well. Included with standard camp cookery are fascinating things such as dingle fan roasting, frogs legs, turtle meat and wild salads. Foil, charcoal, roasting and reflecting oven cookery are discussed with valuable information on packing and keeping food included.

REGARDS VERS L'ANNAPURNA, by Maurice Herzog and Marcel Ichac. Photographs by Marcel Ichac, Gaston Rebuffat and others. Published in Paris by B. Arthaud. 1951.

A companion volume of photographs to "Annapurna."

THE STARS, A NEW WAY TO SEE THEM, by H. A. Rey. Published by Houghton Mifflin. 1953.

An excellent guide for beginner star gazers. Diagrams simplifying the star patterns, the constellations and star movements are to be found here.

SUCCESSFUL PHOTOGRAPHY, by Andreas Feninger. Published by Prentice-Hall. 1954.

This is an excellent reference for techniques of black and white photography. The first half of the book deals with the photographing techniques whereas the other section discusses the developing of the film. Many actual examples and formulas are included to make this a useful book for both the beginner and the expert.

THE STORY OF WEATHER, WIND, STORM AND RAIN, by Denning Miller. Published by Coward-McCann Inc. 1952.

An account of the unseen forces which shape the weather.

SUNSET SPORTSMAN'S ATLAS, PUGET SOUND AND NORTHWEST WATERS—BOATING, FISHING, HUNTING. Published by Lane Publishing Co. 1953.

This handy atlas covers the coastline from Olympia up the Puget Sound through the Strait of Juan de Fuca to Neah Bay and up the Strait of Georgia to Campbell River. Included with navigation aids is information on accommodations, accessibility of the roads and recreation facilities to be found in the region.

A FIELD GUIDE TO ROCKS AND MINERALS, by Frederick H. Pough. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A useful book for identifying those interesting pieces of rock picked up on this summer's climbs. Many color plates and diagrams are included.

Did You Know That:

The first Local Walk occurred February 17, 1907. They met at First Avenue and Pike, boarded the Fort Lawton car, and from the end of the line hiked to the West Point Light House.

The 462nd Local Walk was a repetition of the first one, on February 17, 1924, and as before the members were requested "to wear walking costume."

In the July 1920 Bulletin you may find, "Women are reminded that in public places they are expected to wear skirts."
Recent Decisions on Geographic Names

A summary of recent decisions made by the U.S. Board of Geographic Names pertaining to the mountainous areas or lakes likely to be visited by Mountainiers in the state of Washington is provided below.

An asterisk (*) precedes each name that represents a change in an earlier decision; a dagger (†) precedes each entry the text of which was different in the former decision in some respect, such as description or location.

†BOUNDARY RIDGE
Ridge about 5 miles long with a maximum elevation of about 5,200 feet, extending in a northeast-southwest direction across the international boundary about 5 miles east of the Pend Oreille River; the ridge is partly in Kaniksu National Forest; Pend Oreille County, Washington and Province of British Columbia, Canada; 49°00' N., 117°14'39" W.

*CHILLIWACK RIVER
Stream about 50 miles long, heading on the north slope of Ruth Mountain in Mount Baker National Forest, flowing across the international boundary, through Chilliwack Lake, and then generally westward to the Fraser River; Whatcom County, Washington and Province of British Columbia, Canada; 49°08' N., 122°06' W. Not: Chilliwack Creek (former decision, applied to upper course of the stream only), Chilliwack Creek, Chilliwhack, Chillukweyuk, Chiloweyuck, Dolly Varden Creek, Klabneh Creek.

DANCING LADY LAKE
Lake about 420 yards long and 200 yards wide, the central one of three larger lakes at the northern base of Spiral Butte in Snoqualmie National Forest; Yakima County; unsurveyed sec. 20, T. 14 N., R. 12 E., Willamette meridian; 46°41'00" N., 121°21'15" W.

*GLACIER LAKE
Lake about 0.6 mile long and 0.3 mile wide, at the foot of a glacial cirque on the upper course of Surprise Creek, about 11 miles east-southeast of Skykomish, in Snoqualmie National Forest; King County; secs. 16 and 21, T. 28 N., R. 13 E., Willamette meridian; 47°39'15" N., 121°08'20" W. Not: South Glacier Lake, Upper Glacier Lake, Upper Scenic Lake (former decision).

LARRABEE, MOUNT
Mountain with an elevation of about 7,600 feet, in Mount Baker National Forest about 15 miles northeast of Mount Baker; named for Charles Francis Larrabee, a former prominent citizen of Bellingham who was active in the development of the Mount Baker recreational area; Whatcom County; unsurveyed sec. 4, T. 40 N., R. 9 E., Willamette meridian; 48°59' N., 121°39' W. Not: American Red Mountain, Boundary Red Mountain, Red Mountain.

*MARJORIE LAKE
Lake about 0.2 mile long, southeast of Oliver Lake on the east side of Independence Ridge in Mount Rainier National Park; named for Marjorie Macdougall Taylor, wife of Oliver G. Taylor, an official of the National Park Service; Pierce County; unsurveyed sec., T. 17 N., R. 8 E., Willamette meridian; 46°58'45" N., 121°44'30" W. Not: Marjorie Lakes (one of).

*OLIVER LAKE
Lake about 0.3 mile long, northwest of Marjorie Lake on the east side of Independence Ridge in Mount Rainier National Park; named for Oliver G. Taylor who surveyed the area and later was an official of the National Park Service; Pierce County; unsurveyed sec., T. 17 N., R. 8 E., Willamette meridian; 46°58'47" N., 121°44'45" W. Not: Marjorie Lakes (one of).

RAINBOW LAKE
Lake about 3 or 4 acres in extent, about 4 miles south-southeast of North Bend; King County; SW¼SW¼ sec. 26, T. 23 N., R 8 E., Willamette meridian; 47°26'35" N., 121°45'25" W. Not: Little Rattlesnake Lake.

RUTH MOUNTAIN
Mountain with an elevation of over 7,000 feet, about 4 miles northeast of Mount Shuksan, in Mount Baker National Forest; Whatcom County; unsurveyed secs. 17 and 20, T. 39 N., R. 10 E., Willamette meridian; 48°51'30" N., 121°32'00" W.

SEFRIT, MOUNT
Mountain with an elevation of about 6,800 feet, about 4 miles north of Mount Shuksan and south of Ruth Creek, in Mount Baker National Forest; named for Frank I. Sefrit of Bellingham who actively aided in the development of the recreational features of the Mount Baker area; Whatcom County; unsurveyed sec. 2, T. 39 N., R. 9 E., Willamette meridian; 48°53'30" N., 121°35'40" W. Not: Ruth Mountain (q.v.), Ruth Peak.
†SELKIRK MOUNTAINS
Mountains extending southward about 300 miles from the bend of the Columbia River in British Columbia across the international boundary between the Columbia River and the Purcell Trench in the area north of the Spokane River and Coeur d’Alene Lake; Idaho, Washington, and Canada; 50° N., 117° W.

SPIRAL BUTTE:
Peak with an elevation of about 5,900 feet, in the Cascade Range about 24 miles south-east of Mount Rainier between Cramer Mountain and Round Mountain, in Snoqualmie National Forest; Yakima County; unsurveyed sec., T. 14 N., Rs. 11 and 12 E., Willamette meridian; 46°40’ N., 121°21’ W. Not: Big Peak.

SURPRISE LAKE
Lake about 0.5 mile long and 0.2 mile wide, on the upper course of Surprise Creek about 0.5 mile downstream from Glacier Lake, in Snoqualmie National Forest; King County; sec. 16, T. 25 N., R. 13 E., Willamette meridian; 47°40’00” N., 121°08’10” W. Not: Lower Glacier Lake, Lower Scenic Lake (former decision), North Glacier Lake.

*TOMYHOI CREEK (United States);
TAMIHI CREEK (Canada)
Stream about 12 miles long, heading about 1 mile south of Mount Larrabee in Whatcom County, Washington, and flowing north-westward across the international boundary to the Chilliwack River about 8.7 miles south-east of the town of Chilliwack in British Columbia, Canada; its upper course is in Mount Baker National Forest; 49°04’ N., 121°51’ W. Not: Tamihy, Taminy, Tomyhoy Creek, Tummeahai, Tummeahia.

WILKES HILLS
Hills between the towns of Castle Rock and Toledo with highest elevations reaching from 600 feet to over 900 feet, bordered on the north and west by the Cowlitz River, on the south by the Toutle River, and on the east by Cedar Creek; named for Lt. Charles Wilkes, early explorer of the area; Cowlitz and Lewis Counties; 46°23’ N., 122°50’ W.

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MOUNTAINEER CLIMBING CODE

A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate support is available who have knowledge that the climb is in progress. On crevassed glaciers, two rope teams are recommended.

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

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

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

Never climb beyond one’s ability and knowledge.

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

Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.

Follow the precepts of sound mountaineering as set forth in the MOUNTAINEER’S HANDBOOK and the MANUAL OF SKI MOUNTAINEERING.

Deport ourselves at all times in a manner that will not reflect unfavorably upon our club or upon mountaineering.

To teach and explain the above climbing code is one of the objectives of the climbing courses.

With this in mind the code has been placed on large placards which are displayed in the lecture halls.
MESSAGE FROM RETIRING PRESIDENT

The depth of feeling mountains brought us stays true—whatever lies before.
The rule of life that climbing taught us stays good—though men should climb no more.
Let us rejoice that in our time
Men found the hills! Man learned to climb.

By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

Two great wars and the awful threat of the H-Bomb have given our 20th century a rather unsavory reputation. With the clank and rattle of our mechanized civilization, this encourages nostalgia for a pastoral paradise when men communed with nature rather than with neurologists.

There is, however, one flaw in this peaceful picture of the past. Nobody climbed any mountains. Cities flourished in the shadow of mighty ranges. Gods dwelt on peaks and devils barricaded the high passes. Poets admired the splendour of high places from afar; but nobody spent his weekends peak-bagging.

One reason, of course, is that very few people had any weekends. Along with the machines and the atoms, the 20th century brought us leisure and a standard of living which permits us to spend some part of each week in recreation. These things did not come with the mere passage of time, of course. The rest of the world exists in the same 20th century yet in how few other countries do the people have time, energy, and resources for climbing mountains?

The hills give us more than exercise, however, and perhaps it is not out of order for us to occasionally stand up to be counted among those who know that there is more in life than a struggle to the grave. Let us be grateful that we live in a time and a place that enables us to know the high places; to learn the lessons the wilderness teaches; and to enrich our lives with the inspiration of mountaineering.

—WILLIAM A. DEGENHARDT.
The Mountaineers

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES, SEATTLE

Chester Powell, President
Jack Hazle, Vice-President
Lee Snider, Secretary
William Brauer, Treasurer
Madeline L. Ferguson, Recording Secretary

Chester Powell—1953
Victor Josendal—1955
Dr. W. B. Spickard—1956
Al Bogdan—1955
Wm. D. McKenzie—Everett
Alice Wegener—1955
Joseph Buswell—1956
Floyd Raver—Tacoma
Arthur Winder—1956
Louise Ingalls—1955
Toni Sobiersalski—1955
Paul W. Wiseman—1956
William Degenhardt—ex-officio

Mrs. Irene Hinkle,
Clubroom Secretary
P.O. Box 122, MAin 9712

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

ACHIEVEMENT RECORDS
Arthur J. Bratsberg
Neva L. Karrick
AUDITOR
Frank Sincock
BRIDGE GROUP
Margaret Hazard (Mrs. Joseph T.)
BUILDING POLICY
H. L. Slauson
CAMPACRAFTERS
W. A. Marzolf
CLIMBING
Maurice Muzzy
CLUB ROOM
Mrs. Irving Gavett
CUSTODIAN
Mrs. Irving Gavett
CONSERVATION
Polly Dyer (Mrs. John A.)
DANCE
John Van Patten
EDITOR of ANNUAL
Morda Slauson (Mrs. H. L.)
EDITOR of BULLETIN
Mary Lowry (Mrs. Edmund G.)
FEDERATION OF WESTERN OUTDOOR CLUBS
Delegates
Philip H. Zalesky
JUNIOR
REPRESENTATIVE
Sharon Fairlie

KITSAP CABIN
Kenneth Hitchings
LIBRARIAN
Sophie Laddy
MEANY SKI HUT
Howard Raymond
MEMBERSHIP
Betty Blacker (Mrs. Jack A.)
MONTHLY MEETING PROGRAMS
Neva L. Karrick
MOUNT BAKER CABIN
Donald M. Winslow
OPERATION MANUAL
Paul W. Wiseman
PHOTOGRAPHIC
W. A. Marzolf

PLAYERS
Ray L. Puddicombe
SAFETY
Harvey H. Manning
SKIING
John Klos
SNOQUALMIE LODGE
Robert D. Risvold
STEVE'SKI HUT
Albert Allemann
SPECIAL OUTINGS
Andrew S. Bowman
SUMMER OUTING
John Klos
TRAIL TRIPS
Frances Owen
TYPING AND DUPLICATING
Pamela Olmsted

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES, TACOMA

Jack Gallagher, President
Eugene Faure, Vice-President
Mary Fries
Stella Kellogg
Floyd Raver—ex-officio

WALLACE MINER
Richard Scott

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

CAMPACRAFTERS
Fern Frederick (Mrs. W. V.)
CLIMBING
Theodore Ohlson
CLUB ROOM
Richard Scott
CLUB ROOM FINANCE
Ruth Corbit (Mrs. Fred A.)
CONSERVATION
Carl Heaton
DANCE
Gene Scott (Mrs. Richard)
IRISH CABIN
Marjorie M. Goodman
MEMBERSHIP
Jessie Johnson
MUSIC
James Holt
PHOTOGRAPHIC
Winona Allen
PUBLICITY
Brunhilde Wislicenus

SKI
Wallace Miner
SOCIAL
Dorothy M. Newcomer
SPECIAL OUTINGS
Norma Raver (Mrs. Floyd)
TRAIL TRIPS
Mary Fries

OFFICERS, EVERETT

Dean Parkins, President
Joan Astell, Secretary
Russell Kohne, Treasurer
Wm. D. McKenzie, Seattle Trustee

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

ANNUAL BANQUET
Maurice Jones
CLIMBING
Ken Carpenter
CLIMBING RECORDS
Nan Thompson
HIKING
Hilda Keefew
MEMBERSHIP
Violet Johnson
PUBLICITY
Gail Crummett
SOCIAL
Virginia Eder
TELEPHONE
Jo Carpenter

PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

Henry Landes, 1907-08
Harry L. Jensen, 1938-40
Lloyd Anderson, 1946-48
Edmund S. Meany, 1908-35
George MacGowan, 1940-42
Joseph Buswell, 1948-50
Elvin P. Carney, 1935-37
Arthur R. Winder, 1942-44
T. Davis Castor, 1950-52
Hollis R. Farwell, 1937-38
Burge B. Bickford, 1944-46
William Degenhardt, 1952-54

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THE MOUNTAINEERS — TREASURER’S REPORT
For fiscal year ended August 31, 1954

INCOME AND EXPENSE STATEMENT

| DUES:     |                |                |               |               |               |
|-----------|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|
| Seattle   | 11,159.45      | 987.00         | 354.00        | 12,500.45     |
| Tacoma    | 2,132.00       | 14,632.45      |               |               |

INITIATION FEES

Less allocations to branches:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Branch</th>
<th>Dues</th>
<th>Initiation Fees</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma</td>
<td>258.00</td>
<td>106.00</td>
<td>364.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett</td>
<td>48.00</td>
<td>100.00</td>
<td>148.00</td>
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COMMITTEE OPERATIONS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Committee</th>
<th>Expenses</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Annual Banquet</td>
<td>11.26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campcrafters</td>
<td>25.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Climbers</td>
<td>426.04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conservation</td>
<td>576.64*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dance</td>
<td>139.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitsap Cabin</td>
<td>173.91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>922.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Baker Cabin</td>
<td>207.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photographic</td>
<td>151.50*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Players</td>
<td>413.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Safety Committee</td>
<td>67.51*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>584.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special Outings</td>
<td>435.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens Ski Hut</td>
<td>675.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Outing</td>
<td>105.70*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trail Trips</td>
<td>2,545.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(* Denotes deficit)

OTHER INCOME:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Special events—Everest and K-2 lectures</td>
<td>1,800.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>358.98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sales—Mountaineer Handbooks</td>
<td>322.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sales of publications</td>
<td>245.26</td>
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TOTAL INCOME $19,392.97

EXPENSES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Publication</th>
<th>Expenses</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cost of monthly bulletin</td>
<td>2,623.79</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cost of Annual</td>
<td>4,928.34</td>
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</table>

GENERAL EXPENSES:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Expense</th>
<th>Expenses</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Salaries</td>
<td>3,028.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rent</td>
<td>1,520.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stationary and postage</td>
<td>924.14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom expense</td>
<td>470.99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurance and taxes</td>
<td>359.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donation—Mountain Rescue Council</td>
<td>200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other dues and donations</td>
<td>255.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office supplies</td>
<td>233.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>220.95</td>
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<tr>
<td>Emblems</td>
<td>167.17</td>
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<tr>
<td>Climbing rope—Everett</td>
<td>150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>283.33</td>
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</table>

DEPRECIATION 1,592.25

TOTAL EXPENSES 14,333.65

EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES $ 5,059.32
## BALANCE SHEET AS OF AUGUST 31, 1954

### ASSETS

#### CURRENT ASSETS:
- Cash in checking accounts ........................................... $11,873.01
- Savings accounts:
  - Building fund .................................................. $7,416.01
  - Reserve fund ................................................... 2,599.98
  - Seymour fund .................................................. 212.27
  - Linda Coleman Memorial fund ................................. 746.76

#### BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Recorded Value</th>
<th>Allowance for Depreciation</th>
<th>Net</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kitsap</td>
<td>4,040.88</td>
<td>3,015.87</td>
<td>$1,025.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meany Ski Hut</td>
<td>6,102.79</td>
<td>4,137.80</td>
<td>1,964.99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoqualmie Lodge</td>
<td>11,534.43</td>
<td>4,774.26</td>
<td>6,760.17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens Ski Hut</td>
<td>4,452.61</td>
<td>1,223.28</td>
<td>3,229.33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom furniture and fixtures</td>
<td>2,457.28</td>
<td>1,208.41</td>
<td>1,223.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>2,242.43</td>
<td>1,270.19</td>
<td>972.24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion picture equipment</td>
<td>1,405.17</td>
<td>923.78</td>
<td>481.39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General equipment</td>
<td>1,602.91</td>
<td>736.53</td>
<td>866.38</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### OTHER ASSETS:
- Snoqualmie Pass land .................. 1,100.00
- Prepaid insurance ..................... 691.67
- Other ........................................ 104.90

#### TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS $29,848.03

#### LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS

#### LIABILITIES:
- Tacoma and Everett share of dues ........ $578.50
- Other accounts payable ................... 993.32

#### SURPLUS:
- Capital surplus ................................ $16,160.38
- Permanent fund ................................ 5,000.00
- Building fund ................................ 7,416.01
- Seymour fund ................................ 1,212.27
- Rescue fund ................................ 50.00
- Snoqualmie Hill fund ..................... 214.55
- Linda Coleman Memorial fund ............. 746.76
- Kitsap land acquisition fund .......... 116.73
- Junior Memorial Cabin fund ............. 43.16

#### TOTAL SURPLUS $47,904.98

### MOUNTAINEERS

Financial Report from September 18, 1953, to September 15, 1954

### RECEIPTS:

- Social committee ........................................... $98.82
- Trail trips—local walks ................................. 137.68

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THE MOUNTAINEERS, TACOMA BRANCH

CHESTER L. POWELL, Treasurer

WILLIAM H. BRAUER, Auditor
**Disbursements:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rent</td>
<td>81.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Showing of pictures exp.</td>
<td>316.96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary expense (miscellaneous)</td>
<td>29.26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folk-Dance dues</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trail Trips chairman</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foot notes publication</td>
<td>1.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photographic expense</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special outings advance</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin—insurance</td>
<td>94.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delegate Seattle “Outstanding Men”</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin taxes</td>
<td>1.93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donation—Mountain Rescue Council</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. A. Chenowith—fee Mt. Si climb</td>
<td>8.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubroom stationery</td>
<td>14.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irish Cabin “Pins”</td>
<td>50.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Membership cards</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trail walks expense</td>
<td>9.43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bond safekeeping fee</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deficit photo expense</td>
<td>4.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$693.99</td>
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</table>

Net gain for the year: $806.77

Plus cash from 1953: $857.61

Total: $1,664.38

**Liabilities:** None

**Net Worth—Cash and Estimated:** $6,970.87

**Financial Report from September 15, 1953, to September 15, 1954**

**The Mountaineers, Everett Branch**

MRS. JENNIE McQUARRIE, Treasurer

RUSSELL A. KOHNE, Treasurer
The Mountaineers

Membership—November, 1954

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Seattle</th>
<th>Tacoma</th>
<th>Everett</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10-7-54</td>
<td>2991</td>
<td>2637</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1981</td>
<td>1733</td>
<td>175</td>
<td>73</td>
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<tr>
<td>492</td>
<td>442</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>477</td>
<td>425</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
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<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL 11-4-54</td>
<td>3051</td>
<td>2690</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

List of Members—November, 1954

Edited by Loretta Slater

HONORARY MEMBERS

Major O. A. Tomlinson

LIFE MEMBERS

Isabella S. Morrison

Duane E. Fullmer

Edmond S. Meany, Jr.

Hunter Morrison

Robert C. Bunn

COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERS

Joe Appa

Mrs. Joe Appa

Mrs. W. W. Seymour

Roster Legend Symbols

By Arthur J. Bratsberg

SIX MAJOR PEAKS—Black Letters

SNOQUALMIE, First Ten Peaks—*

SNOQUALMIE, Second Ten Peaks—**

TACOMA, First Twelve Peaks—†

TACOMA, Twenty-four Peaks—††

EVERETT, Bronze Pin—§

EVERETT, Silver Pin—‡‡

EVERETT, Gold Pin—‡‡‡

GRADUATE, INTERMEDIATE CLIMBING COURSE—$
He had it built with his patronage dividends from the Co-Op!!

RECREATIONAL EQUIPMENT COOPERATIVE
523 PIKE STREET • ROOM 203
SEATTLE 1, WASHINGTON

BERGMAN, Carl G., 1951, 7908 California Ave. (6)
BERGMAN, Mrs. Carl G., 1951, 7908 California Ave. (6)
BERGSAGEL, Clare, 1953, 4150 E. Mercer Way, Mercer Island, AD 1949
BERGY, Dr. Gordon G., 1954, 1800 Taylor Ave., Apt. 309 (9)
BERNARD, Virginia Lee, 1947, 1729 41st Ave. S.W. (6), AV 7609
BERNING, Wally, 1951, 9100 Fortuna Drive, Mercer Island, AD 0885
BERNTSEN, Bernice, 1954, 531 Bellevue N., Apt. 308 (2), EA 2747
BERRY, Paye M., 1953, 1348 14th S. (44), MI 6831
BEST, Florence M., 1954, 1704 E. 150th (55), EM 6700
BEST, Joan, 1951, Rt. 1, Box 7, Silverdale
BEVAN, Patricia, 1938, Rt. 2, Box 2472, Bellevue, GI 8381**
BEVAN, Donald E., 1951, Rt. 2, Box 2472, Bellevue, GI 8328
BEYER, James E., 1953, Rt. 3, Box 517, Enumclaw, 765-W-1
BEYMER, Lorraine, 1953, 6827 Ravenna Ave. (5), KE 8179
BICKFORD, Burge B., 1936, 5055 Pullman Ave. (5), VE 4159, EL 61358**
BICKFORD, Mrs. Burge B. (Frieda), 1938, 5055 Pullman Ave. (5), VE 4159
BICKFORD, Nancy Anne, 1948, Box 2782, Stanford, Calif.
BIGFORD, Jack Norman, 1949, 3922 Thistle St. (8), RA 3942
BIGGS, Albert W., 1953, 1334 Terry (1), MA 6323
BILLINGTON, C. H., 1951, address unknown
BIRD, Gerald, 1948, 1243 S. 136th (88)
BISHOP, Charlene A., 1951, 4009 15th N.E., Apt. 224 (5), ME 3688
BLACKLER, Jack A., 1949, 126 W. Bowdoin Pl. (7), EV 0966
BLADES, William, 1952, 167 E. 82nd St., New York (28), N. Y.
BLAINE, James H., 1953, 1005 Spring (4), MA 5773
BLAINE, John, 1944, 5246 16th N.E. (5), VE 1600
BLAINE, Mrs. John (Elisabeth), 1948, 5264 16th N.E. (5), VE 1600
BLAKE, Bruce, 1950, 1425 10th W. (99), GA 7352
BLASER, Jacquelyn A., 1953, 5933 34th S.W. (6), AV 2837
BLAYN, Gilbert E., 1952, 1215 E. 130th (55), GL 4232
BLAYN, Harold E., 1954, 1215 E. 130th (55), GL 4232
BLAYN, Mrs. Harold E., 1954, 1215 E. 130th (55), GL 4232
BLOOMER, Arnold, 1952, Rt. 3, Box 353, Bremerton
BLUECHEL, Allen Joseph, 1949, 12216 Palatine Ave. (33), EM 3454
BLUGARD, Paul R., 1954, 311 Roy (9), AL 0754
BOAWN, Mrs. L. C., 1940, 730 Ford St., Prosser
BOCCIA, Victor C., 1954, 14633 200th S.E., Renton
BOCCIA, Mrs. Victor C. (Gertrude), 1954, 14633 200th S.E., Renton
BODELL, Pauline, 1954, 4543 Purdue (5), PL 1968
BODINCHE, Elov, 1938, 7741 2nd Ave. N.E. (5), KE 0712
BODY, Ralph L., 1948, 294 Galer (9)
BODZER, Pauline A., 1953, 427 Bellevue, Apt. 103 (22), FR 0690
BOEHM, Julius R., 1948, 2333 N. 58th (3), KE 2947
BOGDAN, Albert L., 1941, 2132 Porter St., Enumclaw, 3417 W. 59th (7), SU 2317
BOGDAN, John B., 1942, 3417 W. 59th (7), SU 2317
BOGDAN, John L., 1941, 3417 W. 59th (7), SU 2317
BOGDAN, Ot, Comdr. Joseph G., 1945, 3417 W. 59th St. (7)
BOLLERUD, Howard J., 1951, 1334 Terry (1), MA 6323
BOLLMAN, Dean S., 1942, 760 Belmont Place (2), MI 5159**

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GERRY, WARD, COLORADO

CHAMPENESS, Mrs. Harold A., 1953, 8521 31st N.W. (5), HE 8681

CHANDLER, Ted, 1951, 4335 E. 44th (5), KE 4970

CHAPMAN, E. L., 1910, Rt. 2, Box 2336, Edmonds

CHAPMAN, John H., 1951, 14228 18th S.W. (66), CH 6396

CHAPMAN, Mrs. John H., 1951, 14228 18th S.W. (66), CH 6396

CHELTAIN, Joanne, 1945, 4123 Lake Washington Blvd. S. (20), RA 4129

CHEW, Andrea, 1953, 1640 72nd S.E., Mercer Island, AD 1244

CHEW, Dr. Eric M., 1953, 1640 72nd S.E., Mercer Island, AD 1244

CHILD, Elsie T., 1926, 2828 Broadway N., CA 4700, EL 5359

CHOATE, Sharon, 1953, 6827 Ravena Ave. (5), KE 8179

CHOUINARD, William R., 1953, Natl. Bank Com- mercial, 2nd and Spring (1), EL 1505

CHRISTIE, Maude A., 1953, 118 15th N. (2), MI 4082

CHRISTOFFERSEN, Jean B., 1951, 3621 45th W. (99)

CICHURCH, Arthur B., 1952, 701 S. Shoreland Dr., Bellevue, GI 3636

CICHURCH, Mrs. Arthur B. (Martha), 1952, 701 S. Shoreland Dr., Bellevue, GI 3636

CHUTE, Lionel H., 1951, 10230 5th S.W. (66), WE 2755

CLARK, Byron J., 1938, 1099 W. 167th (77), Rich- mond Beach 5294

CLARK, Mrs. Byron J. (Joan), 1947, 1099 W. 167th (77), Richmond Beach 5294

CLARK, Charles R., 1954, 1027 Bellevue Ct. (2), CA 1666

CLARK, Cortlandt T., 1950, Park Manor, 535 13th N. (2)

CLARK, Mrs. Cortlandt T. (Muriel), 1948, Park Manor, 535 13th N. (2)

CLARK, Edward M., 1951, 4319 Ferdinand (8), RA 7821

CLARK, Edward M., 1948, 6228 29th S.W. (5), KE 3718

CLARK, Irving M., 1910, 138Madrona Pl. N. (2), EA 4769

CLARK, Kathleen, 1952, 9040 37th S.W. (6), AV 6190

BUTTON, Mrs. Robert A. (Myrtle), 1947, 1928 N. Rainier Ave., Bremerton

CADDEN, Jewel, 1947, 7919 Beacon Ave. (8), LA 1778

CADDENS, Colin S., 1954, 6808 31st N.E. (5)

CADDENS, Donald, 1947, 5155 Latimer Pl. (5), KE 2696

CADDEN, Janet, 1948, 518 Prospect (9), GA 1976

CAMERON, Mrs. H. D. (Phyllis), 1936, 3803 55th S.W. (6), WE 6171

CAMPBEll, Joan, 1954, 6031 34th Ave. N.E. (5), VE 2436

CAMPBELL, Joan Louise, 1951, 427½ Melrose N. (2), MA 1924

CARLSON, Gladys, 1953, 1119 Boren, Apt. 308, (1), EL 0990

CARLSON, Mrs. William B. (Jean), 1950, 1307 Park Ave., Bremerton, T-2223

CARLSON, Albert, 1927, Star Route, Coulee Dam, 1134-R3

CARLSON, Clarence G., 1949, 2123 W. 97th (7), DE 4078

CARLSON, Mrs. C. G. (Leona), 1949, 2123 W. 97th (7), DE 4078

CARLSON, Evelyn, 1953, 1223 39th Ave. N. (2), EA 6842

CARLSON, Ted W., 1948, 5401 Ravena Ave. (5)

CARLSON, Mrs. Ted W., 1951, 5401 Ravena Ave. (5)


CARNINE, Almeda J., 1952, 1829 S. 116th (88), LO 1194

CARR, William P., 1950, 4202 Brooklyn, Apt. 305 (2), SU 4507

CARR, Mrs. William P., 1953, 4522 Brooklyn, Apt. 305 (5), SU 4507

CARR, Edward H., 1953, 5704 61st N.E. (5), KE 1272

CARR, Lloyd, 1952, 1956-1957 Doce Terrace (44), MI 3216


CARTER, Joseph M., 1953, 531 Bellevue N. (2), MI 2246

CASH, Donald G., 1950, 4902 E. 68th (5), KE 1434

CASSAR, Marianne, 1950, 8099 Gravelly Lake Dr., Clover Park, Tacoma

CASTERLIN, Mrs. Anne, 1945, 546 Ravena Blvd. (5), VE 1808

CASTILLO, Freda B., 1953, 3041 W. Viewmont Way (99), GA 7611, SE 7377

CASTOR, Robert L., 1948, 6536 53rd N.E. (5), VE 8264

CASTOR, T. Davis, 1929, 6536 53rd Ave. N.E. (5), VE 8264

CASTOR, T. Davis (Marion P.), 1936, 6536 53rd Ave. N.E. (5), VE 8264

CEAVENGER, Phyllis, 1938, 1206 E. 50th (5), KE 8012, EL 6710

CEDERQUIST, Anne, 1940, 6910 15th N.E. (5), VE 7139

CEBULSKY, C. H., 1942, 3035 Buckingham Way, Fresno, Calif.

CHALLENGER, Margarete E., 1941, 5514 31st Ave. N.E. (5), VE 7821

CHALUPNY, William J., 1950, 4319 Ferdinand (8), RA 2963

CAMBERS, Phyllis M., 1952, 410 N. 48th (3), MI 4509

CHAMBERLIN, Marilyn, 1954, 112 W. 78th (7), DE 4637
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Seneca 6955

DE SPAIN, Marianna, 1954, 3716 Meridian (3), ME 6798

DEVOE, D. Robert Jr., 1949, 1117 N. Broadway (2)

DE VORE, Beulah, 1947, 4710 36th N.E. (5), V.E. 2566

DIAMOND, Anna, 1954, 2016 14th W. (99), GA 0401

DICKERSON, Elizabeth, 1915, Woodinville

DICKERT, Deanna, 1951, 568 Lynn (9), GA 6509

DICKERT, Jean Marie, 1949, 586 Lynn (9), GA 6509

DICKERT, O. Phillip, 1931, 10041 S.E. 25th, Bellevue***

DICKERT, Mrs. O. Phillip (Agnes), 1938, 568 Lynn (9), GA 6509***

DICKMAN, Lawrence F., 1951, 4635 Forest S.E., Mercer Island

DIDEON, Rick, 1953, 4102 Renton (8), LA 2584

DIFFENDERFER, Peter, 1951, 3926 Surber Dr. (5), VE 1824

DIKE, Charles A., 1954, 2225 92nd N.E., Bellevue, GI 7612

DILLON, Harold N., 1952, 3215 Alki (6), WE 5177

DILLON, Mrs. Harold N. (Dorothea), 1952, 3215 Alki (6), WE 5177

DILLON, Mary A., 1952, 3215 Alki (6), WE 5177

DINWOODIE, Margaret, 1954, 1943 Clise Pl. (99), AL 7811

DIXON, Mary Ethel, 1938, 101 Olympic Pl. (99), AL 9484

DONAHUE, Dr. Dennis M., 1954, 3304 E. Republican (2), EA 3445

DOOLEY, Don R., 1938, 14056 30th N.E. (55)

DORN, John L., 1951, 2430 S. 132nd (88)

DORN, Mrs. John L. (Natalie), 1951, 2430 S. 132nd (88)

DORR, Edward D., 1952, 9513 Pinney (3), DE 4928

DOST, Harry Jr., 1947, 13218 37th N.E. (55)

DOTY, Keith L., 1954, 102 Edgar (4)

DOWNING, Arthur J., 1953, Rt. 1, Box 208, Alderwood Manor, 3431

DOWNING, Robert A., 1951, Rt. 1, Box 208, Alderwood Manor, 3431


DRAGSETH, George, 1950, 2313 E. Ward (2)

DRAGSETH, Mrs. George (Margaret), 1950, 2315 E. Ward (2), MI 2134

DRAKE, Mrs. Guy, 1946, 1803 E. 53rd (5), KE 4413

DREXLER, Dr. Dennis M., 1954, 3304 E. Republican (2), EA 3445

DUBOVOY, Lillian, 1951, 915 E. Harrison (2), FR 0515

DUBUAR, James D., 1950, 903 31st (22)

DUBUAR, Mrs. Paul S. (Meda), 1946, 903 31st (22), CA 8043

DUNBAR, Bessie, 1954, 19057 Ballinger Way (55), EM 7413

DUNCAN, Maurice, 1949, 16210 38th N.E. (55), SH 3491

DUNHAM, Roger E., 1954, Vance Bldg. (1), EL 5411

DUNNING, Dr. Marcelle F., 1954, 417 Harvard N. (2), EA 5167

DUQUET, Emery, 1948, Anchorage Ind., School Dist., Anchorage, Alaska**

DURGIN, Mrs. John A. (Marilyn), 1950, 365 Halladay (9), GA 0188

Dwyer, Francis, 1953, 222 Hamlin St., Apt. 7 (2)
HARVEY, Betty, 1951, 5609 17th N.E. (5), KE 2277
HASSELBERG, Sonya, 1953, 7388 17th N.W. (7), SU 7278
HATLEN, Ole John, 1951, 5711 20th N.E. (5), KE 3431
HAUFF, Ann, 1954, 4108 W. Brandon (6), AV 3833
HAUG, Andrea, 1950, 7715 20th N.E. (5), KE 3431
HAWKENESS, Sylvia, 1954, 4005 15th N.E. (5), EV 2588
HAUSMAN, John W., 1951, 1220 39th N. (2), EA 8427
HAVENS, James M., 1948, 3213 3rd S. (44), RA 0049
HAWEY, Jim W., 1950, 418 E. 92nd (5), KE 4345
HAYES, R. B., 1916, 828 E. 69th (5), VE 7508
HAYES, Irene, 1954, Box 132, 14463 58th S., Tukwila, CH 7051
HAYES, Roland D., 1954, 3551 W. Ida (6), AV 9445
HAZARD, Joseph T., 1911, 4050 1st N.E. (5), EV 0822
HAZARD, Mrs. Joseph T. (Margaret), 1912, 4050 1st N.E. (5), EV 0822
HAZLE, John R., 1949, 7313 17th N.E. (5), KE 7578
HAZLE, Mrs. John R. (Nell), 1949, 7313 17th N.E. (5), KE 7578
HAZLEHURST, Charles, 1911, 122 Webster, Wyn- cota, Pa., Og 0935-R
HAZLE, Mary Louise, 1949, Gen. Del., Anchorage, AK
HEALY, Nadine R., 1950, 209 Seneca (1)
HEERHARTZ, Helen, 1954, 6314 49th S.W. (6), WE 2248
HEG, Robert T., 1953, 4651 5th S.W. (6), KE 8222
HEID, Albert E., 1953, 4050 1st N.E. (5), KE 4295
HEILMARK, Champlin, 1953, 4554 45th N.E. (5), FI 0127
HEILPERN, Dr. Rudolph, 1951, 11237 Rainier, RA 4318
HEGLAND, Sally, 1950, 518 E. 59th (5), KE 6059
HEID, David W., 1954, 4703 15th N.E. (5), KE 4295
HEILMAN, Frank P., 1908, 1112 White Bldg. (1), MA 8230
HEILMAN, William, 1950, 2226 92nd N.E., Bellevue
HEILMAN, Mrs. William (Christine), 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HEILMAN, Mrs. William (Christine), 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HENDERSON, Eugene N., 1953, 551 E. 59th (5), KE 6059
HENDON, Robert E., 1954, 1921 Taylor, Apt. 6 (9), AL 3713
HENDERSON, Walter F., 1950, 4215 E. 33rd (5), FI 2373
HENDON, Ann B., 1954, 1121 Lake Wash. Blvd. (22), MJ 6296
HILDEGARDT, James L., 1951, 1334 Terry (1), MA 6323
HIBB, Joseph, 1944, 2637 Rainier (8), RA 1898
HIGGIN, Mrs. Leland H. (Lucile), 1951, 17014 33rd N.E. (55), EM 4766
HIGGINS, Mrs. Leland H., 1951, 17014 33rd N.E. (55), EM 4766
HIGGINS, Mrs. Albert E., 1952, 7002 Seward Park (9), GI 7208
HIGMAN, Chester J., 1947, 1455 20th N.E., Bellevue
HIGMAN, Chester J., 1947, 1455 20th N.E., Bellevue
HIGMAN, Charles, 1953, 303 E. 158th (55), EM 7354
HILBERT, Mrs. Leighton, 1953, 303 E. 158th (55), EM 7354
HILL, Mrs. W. Ryland, 1951, 20345 8th N.W. (77), LI 4997
HILBIE, Joan, 1954, 7321 S. 114th (88), LO 4274
HILL, Mary, 1949, 8240 16th N.E. (5), VE 0039
HILL, W. Ryland, 1951, 20345 8th N.W. (77), LI 4997
HILL, Mrs. Ted, 1954, 3120 Fuhrman (2), EA 2222
HILL, William, 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HILL, William, 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HILL, William, 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HILL, William, 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HILL, William, 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HILDEGARDT, James L., 1951, 1334 Terry (1), MA 6323
HICKS, Marion Monter, 1950, Star Rt., Naches
HICKS, James L., 1947, 1455 20th N.E., Bellevue
HICKEY, Elizabeth, 1953, 2015 E. Newton (2)
HISEY, Eleanor, 1954, 109 John, Apt. 411 (22)
HISTED, Mrs. Walter F., 1945, 2125 E. 43rd (5), BE 2573
HINES, Mrs. Walter F., 1945, 2125 E. 43rd (5), BE 2573
HINDMAN, Ronald R., 1951, 336 15th (22)
HINCHMAN, Ann B., 1954, 1121 Lake Wash. Blvd. (22), MJ 6296
HITNER, Ted, 1954, Woodinville
HITNER, Mrs. Ted (Joan), 1954, Woodinville
HITNER, Walter F., 1949, 4215 E. 33rd (5), FI 2373
HITNER, Mrs. Walter F., 1950, 4215 E. 33rd (5), FI 2373
HIGGINS, Mrs. William (Christine), 1942, 8041 Brooklyn (5), FI 1597
HICKEY, Elizabeth, 1953, 2015 E. Newton (2)
HICKEY, Elizabeth, 1953, 2015 E. Newton (2)
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MECKLENBURG, Paul, 1949, 2111 Snyder, Bremerton, 2202-J

MEER, Hilde E., 1953, 325 Harvard N., Apt. 503 (2), MI 2903

MEHLER, Leo, 1953, Rt. 1, Box 3720, Issaquah

MEHLER, Mrs. Leo, 1953, Rt. 1, Box 3720, Issaquah

MEINERS, Geraldine, 1953, 4733 16th N.E. (5), KE 3151

MELBERG, Fred J., 1942, 5503 16th N.E. (5), VE 5458

MELICHENKO, Mrs. Alexis J., 1952, 1640 18th, (5), ME 5458

MELBERG, Fred J., 1942, 5503 16th N.E. (5), VE 5458

MELSOM, Joan, 1954, 3213 Conkling Pl. (99), GA 3792

MELSOM, Mae, 1950, 3213 Conkling Pl. (99), GA 3792

MELZER, Fred G., 1952, 1743 Boyfston (22), CA 9712

MERCER, Josephine, 1954, 235 E. Prospect (2)

MERCER, Helen, 1939, 1218 Terry Ave., Apt. 111 (1), MA 5835

MERCY, Mary, 1953, 903 16th N. (2), MI 1691

MERRICK, James L., 1954, 1808 E. Harrison (2), FR 3649

MEREDITH, Mrs. James L. (Susan), 1950, 1808 E. Harrison (2), FR 3649

MEREDITH, Mrs. James L., 1954, 1808 E. Harrison (2), FR 3649

MERRITT, Mrs. Richard G., 1944, 714 E. Olive (22), MI 9624

METHENY, Mrs. Louis (Sally), 1952, 1743 E. 130th (55), EM 5337

MALLARD, Helen, 1954, 6051 33rd N.E. (5), VE 3201

MESSER, Louis, 1945, 1743 E. 130th (55), EM 5337

MILNER, Robert C., 1949, 1559 Lakeview Blvd., Apt. B (2), MI 4961

MILLS, Harry E., 1915, 3049 E. 96th (5), VE 0398

MILLS, Alan, 1952, 4551 46th N.E. (5), KE 5855

MILES, Mrs. Harold H., 1951, 19530 Wallingford (33)

MILNER, Mrs. Hinton F., 1954, 2308 Spokane (44), LA 3350

MILES, Harry R., 1926, 5754 24th N.E. (5), KE 6453

MOE, Betty, 1942, 411 W. Blaine (99), GA 1312

MOEN, Marilyn, 1953, 3037 Market, Apt. 218 (7), SU 0126

MOEN, Morris, 1952, 6530 32nd N.W. (7), SU 9296

MOORE, Rhoda Mae, 1954, 3027 38th W. (99), GA 0170

MOORE, Jeannette, 1954, 13728 3rd N.W. (77), EM 5230

MOORE, Mrs. Hinton F., 1954, 2308 Spokane (44), LA 3350

MOORE, Mrs. Hinton F., 1954, 2308 Spokane (44), LA 3350

MOORE, Mrs. Hinton F., 1954, 2308 Spokane (44), LA 3350

MOORE, Mrs. Hinton F., 1954, 2308 Spokane (44), LA 3350

MOORE, Ronald B., 1954, 1952 Porter, Enumclaw

MOORE, Dr. Marjorie, 1953, 1208 24th N. (2), KE 6453

MOODY, A. W., 1954, c/o General Electric Co., 710 2nd (4), SE 8300

MOODY, Mrs. A. W. (Catherine), 1954, 530 E. 13th Pl. (5), EM 0350

MOORE, Ben C., 1910, P.O. Box 432, Poulsbo, WA 0350

MOORE, Mrs. Ben C. (Alice), 1936, P.O. Box 432, Poulsbo 6314 W

MOORAN, Ada M., 1947, 415 Lloyd Blvd. (1), EL 1280

MOORE, Mrs. Harvey E. (Anne), 1946, 7415 Meridian (5), VE 6453

MOORE, Mrs. Harry E. (Anne), 1946, 7415 Meridian (5), VE 6453

MOORE, Mrs. Harry E. (Anne), 1946, 7415 Meridian (5), VE 6453

MOORE, Mrs. Harry E. (Anne), 1946, 7415 Meridian (5), VE 6453

MOORE, Mrs. Harry E. (Anne), 1946, 7415 Meridian (5), VE 6453

Moore, Thyra, 1946, 5237 38th W. (99), GA 0170

MOORE, Mrs. Tom, 1949, 13728 3rd N.W. (77), EM 5230

MOORE, Mrs. Tom, 1949, 13728 3rd N.W. (77), EM 5230

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