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THE MOUNTAINEER



CASCADE NUMBER
V O L U M E III.



NOVEMBER, 1910

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NOVEMBER, 1910

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Prof. Edmund S. Meany
Seattle

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THE MOUNTAINEERS

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GLACIER PEAK

Photo by Lindsley

Greetings:

Henry Van Dyke



H. U. D.
Avalon.
Princeton, N. J.

"My heart's in the
Highlands", and my dreams are
with the mountaineers still, there
my days go unto above ten
thousand feet or past. I got
that high summer before last; but
tried that the little old red
pump tries to change and con-
plain. But there is still plenty
of fun on the moderate levels;
and sometimes it seems as if
the best news were from the little
mountains standing off and
looking up.

My best wishes go with those
who climb the hills and scale
the peaks of our own unpeopled
land. The heart of all mountain-
eering is the making of trails
that others can follow to the height.

Faithfully Yours

Henry van Dyke

October 20. 1910.



I will send the Club greeting in the words
of Iben's Little Eyolf in final speech of
Allmer in the play

“Upwards—Towards the
Peaks, towards the Stars,
and towards the Great
Silence”

. Hours,

. Richard Burton

THE MOUNTAINEER

VOL. III

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER, 1910

OBJECTS OF OUR CLUB.

By EDMOND S. MEANY.

President of The Mountaineers Club.

The Mountaineers Club was organized to climb mountains. That fact is implied in its name. Every summer the big annual outing is conducted as carefully planned during the preceding winter. The four annual outings have been successes on an increasing and encouraging scale—the Olympic Mountains Outing of 1907; Mount Baker, 1908; Mount Rainier, 1909; and Glacier Peak, 1910. The men and women who participated in one or more of these outings and who ascended these great peaks under the banner of our club exceed two hundred in number.

The above brief and truthful statement would probably suffice for the ordinary person's conception of The Mountaineers Club and its objects. But that statement falls far short of conveying an adequate idea of the objects of our club.

In the first place, The Mountaineers Club comprises four hundred men and women who love the mountains. They also love the forests and valleys, the rivers, lakes and the boundless sea, they love the trees and flowers, the birds and animals, they love the beauties and wonders of nature, among which the mountains seem but one sublime manifestation. By seeking the joy of seeing and knowing these beauties they gladly turn and point the way for thousands of their fellows to see and know in pure and endless joy.

This is a new country. It abounds in a fabulous wealth of scenic beauty. It is possible to so conserve parts of that wealth that it may be enjoyed by countless generations through the centuries to come as well as by countless individuals of the present generation who have not learned the way to the hills. This club is vigilant for a wise conservation and it is also anxious to blaze ways into the hills that anyone may follow.

A year ago the officers of the club heard that majestic cedar trees were being illegally destroyed along the wonderfully beautiful road in the Mount Rainier National Park. It was being done under the screen of a perfectly sensible contract permitting the use of dead and down cedar timber. Instantly agents of the club were sent to the ground who with cameras obtained evidence that caused the authorities at Washington City to stop the vandalism. Every reader of these words should applaud that work for the National Park belongs to all the people.

For a similar measure of protection this club persuaded President Roosevelt to proclaim the Olympic Mountains as a National Monument. There is another immense and beautiful park that belongs to all the people for all time.

On every outing the club expends much money and labor in constructing new trails or improving old ones that those who follow may find and enjoy the same beauties. By example, precept and law, where needed, the club seeks to prevent forest fires, the destruction of trees, plants, birds and animals, the pollution of streams, or any other harmful thing to the wonderful inheritance God has so lavishly bequeathed to the children of this favored Pacific Northwest.

The Club has a committee at work preparing a card catalogue of all the trails in Washington. All helpful information is to be recorded on the cards so that they will serve any party planning a trip into forests or hills. It is, of course, an enormous undertaking but every card completed is that much gain and years of patient effort ought to bring the catalogue near completion. It is proposed to keep this catalogue on file in the Seattle Chamber of Commerce for the use of the public.

We wish to save old names and to bestow new ones of an appropriate kind where no names are known. With this in view we now have a committee at work in cooperation with the national authorities.

There has also been appointed an Edelweiss Committee charged with the duty of securing seeds and plants of the Edelweiss from the Alps to further beautify the grand peaks of Washington. This committee will then expand its functions by establishing in Paradise Valley a garden of mountain flowers and shrubs such as are maintained by five of the nations of Europe. Correspondence to this end has already

begun. The work is manifold. There are plants in Alaska of surpassing beauty that may be brought to our mountains. One suggestion has been made that this committee may help cities get squirrels for their parks as has been done in Madison, Wisconsin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Richmond, Virginia, and elsewhere.

By no means the least of the Club's activities has been reserved for the last. The summers are devoted to the annual outings. The other seasons are occupied with local walks. Twice each month parties from twenty to one hundred follow a designated leader on a tramp through the woods and over the hills. They are not people of any bizarre creed. They are just nature lovers from all walks of life who seek a wholesome recreation along paths in the forest or on the shores of Puget Sound.

* * *

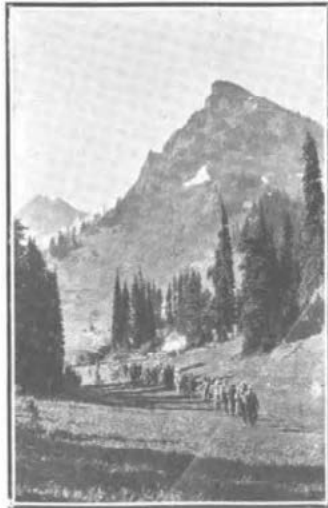


Photo by A. H. Cruse
THE PARTY LEAVING CAMP FOR A TRYOUT TRIP

DOORS OF DARING.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

*The mountains that enfold the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.*

*The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry
"Push out, set sail, explore!"*

*And all the bars at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.*

*Say not, "Too poor," but freely give.
Sigh not, "Too weak," but boldly try.
You never can begin to live
Until you dare to die.*

—From "The White Bees and Other Poems."

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ICE COLUMNS, TOBY GLACIER Photo E. W. Harnden

A NEW MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.

EDWARD W. HARNDEN.

The editor of the "Mountaineer" asks me for an account of the doings of the Appalachians this past season. I assume, modestly, that she refers to the doings of Mr. Gleason and myself—in which, until the last moment, Mr. Emerson hoped to join. We had *talked* of climbs in old Mexico or southwestern Colorado, revisiting the Grand Canyon, etc., and at the last moment, like Dooley's "Happy and riochous flea," we jumped without preparation or ceremony to the headwaters of the Columbia, in western Canada. Gleason had a little prior knowledge of the region, but I had listened cynically to his enthusiastic boasting. I return, however, ready to bore the Mountaineers and others, myself. So listen to the siren song of a new, beautiful, unexplored mountain country, almost at your doors, with the finest peaks in western Canada, most of them still unclimbed. "Dost like the picture?"

Leaving the main line of the Canadian Pacific at Golden, we boarded a flat, light-draft stern-wheel Columbia River boat for Athelmer, about ninety miles south and at the head of navigation. Much is truly said and written about the beauty of the Columbia and its superiority to the Hudson and Rhine by people who simply know the river up to The Dalles in Oregon. Its real, transcendent beauty is near its headwaters. From Golden to Athelmer majestic mountains line the banks—to the west the Selkirks, to the east the Rockies; and the sinuous course of the stream—while it sometimes causes the stranding of the steamer on a bar or projecting point from which it has to be laboriously poled—offers marvelous shifting vistas into the unexplored and more highly mountainous and glaciated region a little back from the river. You can travel by auto or team on the road that threads together the few small, scattered hamlets at which the boat occasionally stops to unload a plug of tobacco or something equally important; and within a few years, if present plans are carried out, the

locomotive whistle of what may eventually be a part of the main line of the Canadian Pacific will awaken the mountain echoes. It is a marvelously beautiful valley, holding out alluring prospects for the rancher and tourist.

A six-mile trip from Athelmer landed us at our Windermere village headquarters, on the east shore of Lake Windermere, the lower of the two Columbia lakes. The village is beautifully situated on one of the benches. These rise to successive levels and terrace back into the hills, showing the breadth of the river in past ages and the way it has carved these giant steps with its continually narrowing channel. The even, broad surfaces, only interrupted by occasional deep-gashed ravines made by the side streams from the mountains, are sparsely sprinkled at curiously regular intervals with fine specimens of the Douglas fir. These are the only trees on the benches, although the ravines are more or less choked with alders and other small growth.

Our explorations were to lead us along the side creeks or tributaries of the Columbia, which form natural gateways for men and pack animals into the high, backlying Alpine country. But the thick smoke from the forest fires of Montana, just to the south—which later prevented a proposed visit to the new Glacier National Park—enforced two weeks of idleness. We planned the ascent of an unscaled 10,500 or 11,000 foot peak of the Rockies, which seemed to offer a splendid viewpoint, but the blanket of smoke would not lift. A partial clearing enabled a young rancher and myself to visit the upper Columbia lake, getting a tantalizing suggestion of some magnificent, precipitous scenery; and near the foot of the lake, on the steep rock walls of a narrow pass where Indian tradition says the local Kootenays in the remote past ambushed and overwhelmed an invading force of the previously dominant Blackfeet, we found and photographed some ancient Indian pictographs which evidently recorded the battle. We were also interested in two Indian praying places near by, where the present-day braves who pass still deposit small fir branches broken from neighboring trees as they ride along, keeping up, in spite of the efforts of the priests, the primitive votive offerings to their old gods.

Gleason had raved about Toby Creek, a western tributary of the river which offered an approach to the high, back-lying

Selkirks; and finally, heavy rains laying the smoke, we started with a pack outfit up the stream. A day on the trail brought us to the Paradise mine, well up in the hills, 8000 to 8500 feet above sea level. We were here at about the timber line, with nothing but Lyell's larches and white bark pines. From the mine we planned a reconnaissance of Mount Hammond, a hitherto unclimbed peak, which has been attempted by Professor Parker and others. From a ridge above the mine we obtained one of the finest distant mountain panoramas I have ever seen. The view of the distant Rockies through the clear atmosphere, the combination of the snow, ice and delicate blues of the peaks—old Assiniboine rearing its bulk in the middle distance—was indescribably grand.

Our party consisted of Mr. C. D. Ellis, a young local rancher, Mr. H. W. Gleason and myself.

The morning of September 2 promising well, Ellis and I started, Gleason staying behind to do certain panoramic work for which the day was favorable. Our starting elevation was 8000 feet and our route lay due west for some distance to the head of Paradise Basin. The divide at the head of the Basin forms a barrier between Spring and Clearwater Creeks. The elevation of this divide was 9,605 feet, and from here we slowly traversed the precipitous sides of a high ridge which we had been told would bring us well up on Hammond.

It soon became clear that we had been badly advised. The ridge, instead of connecting with Hammond, was separated from it by an enormous, deep-cut gulf, and it was evident that we were really on the wrong side of the mountain. To get to the other side we must vary our course to slightly south of west and drop from the ridge upon which we had already risen, nearly 700 feet, to a small lake at the head of Clearwater Basin. From that point we must attack an almost vertical rotten-rock wall which we afterwards found rose sheer 1,225 feet above the little lake, before we could even determine whether Hammond was feasible from the farther side. In surmounting a small ridge near the lake we met face to face, within fifteen feet, two of the finest mountain goats I have seen. Before I could unlimber my camera they were climbing the mountain wall in front of us, now and then stopping to kick rocks down in our direction.

The actual hard climbing began at the lake. The wall rose

almost vertically and erosion had left few accessible faces. The rock was extremely rotten, great care was required, and we had a stiff, muscle-testing climb of several hours. At the top we paused to look around. Below the little lake shone like an emerald, while all about lay a panorama of magnificent, unnamed peaks, to the east the expanse of the Rockies and all about us the Selkirks. The mountains in the neighborhood are largely of limestone, with a reddish tinge, suggesting, except that the snow and ice effects are more striking and that the erosion is more rugged, the mountains of Colorado and Montana.

The steep ridge which we had surmounted continued rising to the south, terminating in the magnificent crown of Hammond. We followed its knife-edge until an elevation of 11,000 feet was reached, and we now stood on a narrow arete, with a chasm on either side into which the rotten rock was continually avalanching. It was now entirely clear that we had been climbing from the wrong side, a comparatively easy route from the north fork of Toby Creek, attacking the summit from the west, becoming evident. But clouds on the horizon indicated approaching bad weather, apt to last for days—as afterward proved to be the case. Gleason had told us to climb the mountain without him, if in our judgment it appeared best. It seemed now or never. The worst part of the climb was over. But, alas! it was my first climb after a hard, office-confined year. We had already had an exhausting experience, I had not got my mountain wind or legs, and a rapid dash, requiring the balance and endurance of perfect condition, was necessary if we hoped to make the summit and return to our camp that night. So I reluctantly consented that Ellis, who was in perfect condition, should make the dash alone, I watching and trying to render help if necessary.

Taking a course a little west of north, Ellis continued until he found himself overlooking Boulder Creek and immediately under the crown of the summit. Here a bastion of hard limestone that had withstood the ravages of time blocked the way. The elevation at this point was found to be 12,000 feet. Following the bastion south and east about fifty feet, the first fissure suggested a possible opening, but was found to be closed by a large rock that had fallen into the crevice. Ice and water made an attempt here impracticable. A little farther on, a



Photo E. W. Harnden
MOUNTAINS SOUTHEAST OF EARL GREY PASS



Photo E. W. Harnden
CAMP AT EARL GREY PASS, WITH MOUNTAINS TO THE SOUTH AND
SOUTHWEST

smooth, dry crevice was passed. A third crevice seemed to offer a chance, although the crumbling rock offered no secure foot and handholds, and once loosened and precipitated down the steep mountain wall by the quick ascent would render a return by the same gap very doubtful if not impossible. Mr. Ellis, however, ascended this third crevice, taking a chance of finding a different way to return, which he fortunately subsequently discovered—hanging by his hands and dropping about six feet to a precarious landing.

The summit, reached about the middle of the afternoon, was found to rise to an altitude of 12,125 feet. It is covered with fragments of green lime shale tinged with red iron stain. The whole top would long since have disintegrated and fallen away but for the bastion of limestone just below. The crown is split in almost equal parts, the south summit being only a few feet higher than the north. Mr. Ellis made his records, placed them in a bottle and deposited them in a cairn which he hastily built. Hammond is the loftiest peak yet conquered in the Selkirks; but she must look to her laurels, as many not distant peaks are evidently higher.

We returned to the mine rather late in the evening. The climb was certainly strenuous. Ellis found, on subsequently returning to his ranch, that he had lost fifteen pounds, and the strain was so great that even several weeks later he had not entirely recovered.

A later trip of a week to the head of Toby Creek, culminating at Earl Grey's Pass, and up the North Fork of the Creek, was full of striking features. Our trail, constructed last year for Earl Grey's party, so that they might see some of the grandest scenery of British Columbia, led us up through the floor of the valley, the grade of which rises so slightly that it is being seriously considered as a grade-eliminating line of the railroad. But, while the valley bed rises but slightly, the mountains loom higher and higher, beautiful waterfalls leap down the precipices, snow-topped and glaciated mountains greet the eye, and you presently find yourself in the heart of an Alpine world.

Spending the night in the fine cabin built for the Grey party, overlooked by two towering "Egyptic"-looking rock figures which the Earl christened "the Pharaohs," we got a good start on a fine morning for the head of the pass. The

cabin lies well up on the sloping side of the valley, which, narrow below and narrowing again above, here widens into a broad basin affording an extensive and wild mountain view. We soon left this basin and plunged into splendid woods, with occasional openings and vistas. Emerging in several hours from the forest a magnificent scene met our view. To our left, sweeping up to its source among towering peaks, lay the huge Toby Glacier, the source of the creek. Well up in the glacier, to the southeast, rose a group of some of the most striking column-like seracs I have seen, which we subsequently visited and which I dubbed "The Temple of Karnak."

Our trail, which had been going south, here swung slightly to the southwest, traversing a steep slope overlooking the Toby Glacier and culminating at 7,500 feet, after a stiff climb, in Earl Grey's Pass, which suggests botanically and in general appearance some of the higher Rainier meadows. On the farther side of the pass is Hamill Creek, leading down to Argenta, twenty-five miles away. The evident presence of bears was too much for our horses, which stampeded during the night, one of them not stopping until he reached the Earl Grey Camp.

The next morning, from the summit of the pass, from east to southwest, we saw a sweep of unnamed and unclimbed summits hardly to be surpassed in Switzerland, suggesting features of the Monte Rosa-Lyskamm-Breithorn view from the Gorner Grat and of the Jungfrau group from the Scheidegg. To the east was the broad expanse of the Toby Glacier, to the southeast the towering peaks we had already seen from which the Glacier sweeps, and to the south one of the noblest mountains, bearing some of the most beautiful and pure glaciers, that I have ever seen. We were spellbound, watching for hours that seemed but minutes the changing morning lights and shadows, the majestic repose broken by occasional avalanches over thousand-foot high ice walls and cliffs. Here are mountains worthy the steel of any climber, and here we hope to return, our trip this year having been in the nature of a reconnaissance.

Retracing our steps down Toby Creek, a day's journey took us to the head of the North Fork, into which we had got a glimpse from Hammond. Here, also, high up on a precipitous 9,000-foot ridge, we found ourselves surrounded by magnificent,

Plate V.



Photo E. W. Harnden
MOUNTAIN SOUTH OF EARL GREY PASS

Plate VI.



Photo E. W. Harnden
ICE COLUMNS, TOBY GLACIER

rugged Alpine summits, attaining a height of perhaps 12,500 or even 13,000 feet, with seven tremendous glaciers in sight within a small radius. One of these, to the northwest, a splendid, mountain-wide hanging glacier with a sheer 1,000-foot ice-wall, continually avalanched huge blocks over a terrific precipice across the valley from us.

Our expedition up Horse Thief Creek, a tributary of the Columbia a little north of Toby and also on the western or Selkirk side of the river, offered even more dramatic scenery in some respects. Exploration and climbing on this creek is simplified by the fact that one can get outfitted at Starbird's Mountain Valley Ranch, about thirteen miles up. Beyond the ranch the scenery becomes indescribably grand. In places sheer, precipitous 6,000 or 7,000-foot cliffs rise on either side of the narrow valley, cliffs which I have never seen equaled, even in the famous Tuolumne Canyon of California. At other points the walls recede, showing glimpses of even higher snow-capped summits beyond. It is a two days' trip from Starbird's to the head of the creek, and at a point a few miles from the head is one of the grandest viewpoints that Gleason or I have ever seen. The sides of the valley recede so as to form a deep bowl. There are in sight at one time four magnificent waterfalls and cascades plunging down from the steep, canyon-like walls, while to the west, at the head of the valley, a magnificent mountain rears its bulk. It bears a tremendous double glacier, two huge ice streams having united and left a fine medial moraine on which an exploring party could advance high up on the glacier and perhaps get a good start to climb the mountain.

The whole region, besides its attractions for the mountaineer, is also a hunter's paradise, abounding in goats, mountain sheep and grizzlies, of which we saw evidences on every hand.

Our trips on the eastern or Rocky Mountain side of the river were less extensive, although interesting, our tramp up to the curious, volcanic appearing Fish Lakes leading us through a short canyon having the U-shaped Yosemite characteristics.

We were now in first-class tramping and climbing condition, had our mountain legs and were ready for anything: but, alas! our holiday was over. We had, however, accomplished

our main purpose, which was to size up the country and form ideas as to what we would like to do another year.

I returned with these facts firmly in mind. Never, on this continent or in Europe, have I seen such a magnificent, flawless combination of mountain, river, lake and glacial scenery; never have I passed between more dramatic mountain walls or seen more striking cataracts and falls than along Horse Thief Creek; and never, with the possible exception of the view from the Gorner Grat, have I witnessed a more glorious mountain and glacier panorama than greeted us from Earl Grey's Pass or at the head of the North Fork of Toby Creek.

Gleason and I can simply hope that another season will bring to us the opportunity to become more closely acquainted with those alluring summits,

*"To take again the faint and wind-swept trail,
To see the naked mountains, shale and snow,
To feel again the hill-wind and to know
The spell that shall not fail."*

A CASCADE BIRD DAY.

ADELAIDE LOWRY POLLOCK.

The lakes which repose in the bosoms of the hidden nooks of the Cascade Mountains are most delightful places to drop the cares and worries of everyday life and to seek communion with the things of the spirit. There, miles away from the clang of traffic and the insistent call of the telephone a "Mountaineer" with vision can appreciate the beauties with which Mother Nature clothes herself in the secret places of her rugged mountains. One finds, in time, that the shady side of a red fir, isolated from its fellows, can be followed all day with but little wear on body or boots. If such a "Mountaineer" has ears that hear and eyes that see there will come to him many glimpses into the higher life through messages from sky, twig, flower, or bird.

Lake Kachees, three miles from Easton, on the eastern slope of the Cascades, was, at the time the writer visited it, one of these places. It lies in a deep narrow valley 2235 feet above sea level, surrounded by great mountains, which, except at the source of the Yakima River, slope down abruptly to the very edge of the water. The lake is a double one connected by "the narrows." The fauna and flora appeared to be a mixture of the eastern and western slopes of the range. On the mountain sides the cedar, the red fir and the hemlock grew side by side with the yew, the white fir, and the white pine. On the lower levels were alders, vine maples, balm and cottonwoods, and the shrubs were represented by the red and the blue elderberry, the red and the blue huckleberry, the hazel, the spirea, the service berry, and a few willows. In the little valley where the Yakima left the lake, fireweed, live-for-ever, and Oregon grape were abundant. It was an ideal spot in which to live and many birds had made it their abode.

Many people would have missed the bird life, but even in the hottest part of the day it was there. From the shade of the red fir the writer once caught the calls and then the forms of a flock of Chestnut-backed Chickadees, Western Golden-crowned Kinglets, and a pair of Red-breasted Nuthatches. As usual, the Chickadees were curious and as they flew closer and closer they were joined by a pair of Oregon Juncoes and four young. When the Juncoes caught sight of the human intruder they began scolding as they do at a cat with a peculiar kissing sound. It was too much of an inducement and as they proceeded the writer followed into the apparently silent, deserted forest. The reward soon came in the "pink-pink-pink" hail, friend, well met call of the Western Winter Wren, that atomic bit of bird life which never seems so tiny as when seen poking its inquisitive head around a huge tree-trunk to greet you. Then came in quick succession the Pine Siskin, the Louisiana Tanager, the Slender-billed Nuthatch, the Western Nighthawk, the Harris Woodpecker and the Red-shafted Flicker. A crag, which had evidently lost itself in the forest, invited the mountaineer spirit to its topmost pinnacle. Here, perched on a level with the treetops, the impulse to try one's luck at flying was strong, but generations of failure in the realm of aviation had left instincts of caution. Opposite, from the slender spire of a red fir a tiny

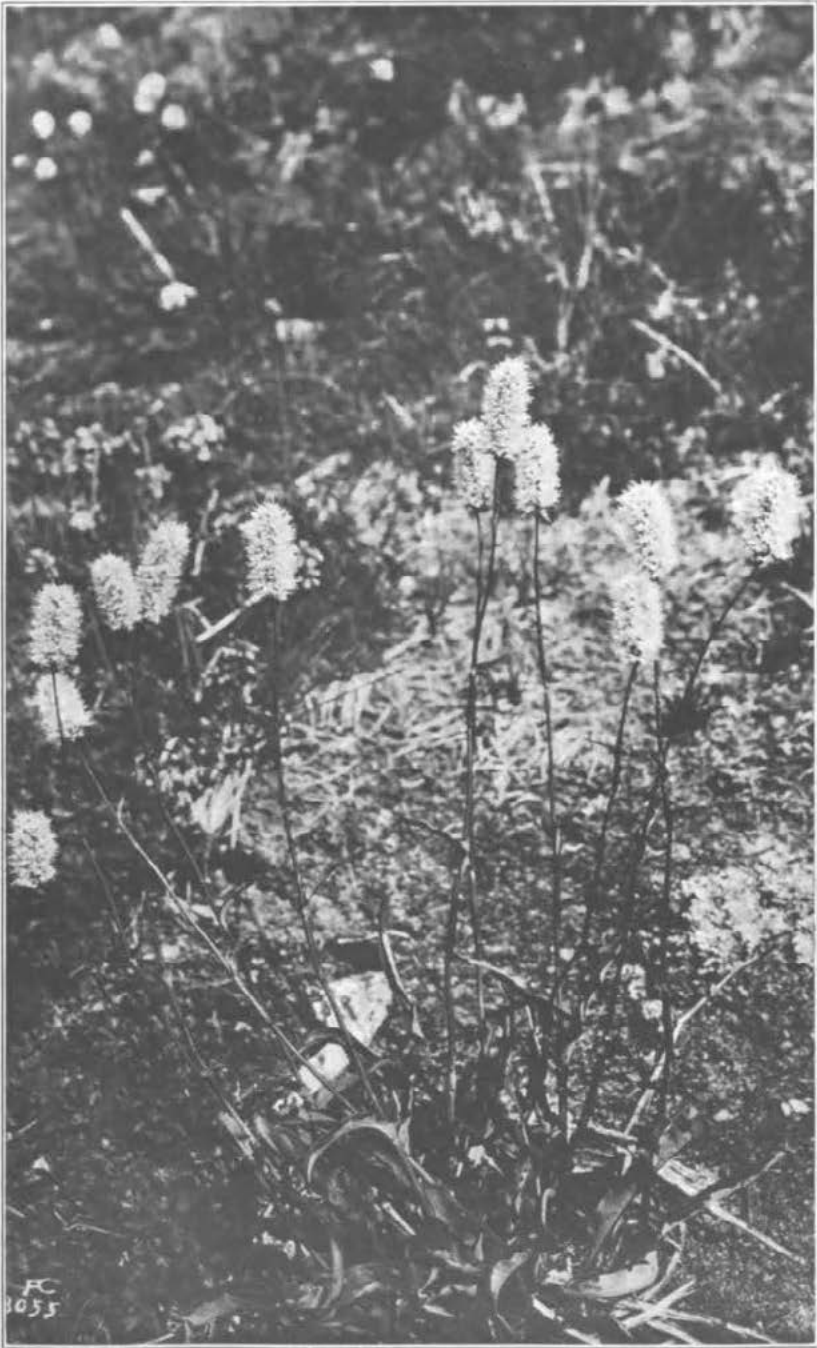
brown mite flashed out and with spread wings sailed to the base of another tree, about the trunk of which he began to circle. The opera-glass said it was the Sierra Creeper at his endless task of filling an empty stomach, and with what interest he stayed at his work until the frightened call of a pine squirrel caused him to "freeze" to the side of the tree where he was lost to sight from his resemblance to the rough excretions of the bark.

Far above came the cry "Just three years," and again the opera-glass displayed, balanced on the very tip-top of a dead tree, an Olive-sided Flycatcher repeating his phrase over and over. Suddenly he boldly launched out into the open air and turned a somersault two hundred and fifty feet above the ground. He caught his prey midway in the turn and returned to his solitary perch where, hunching up his shoulders and shifting his head from side to side, he resumed his disconsolate wail. The dismal solo soon became a duet, but the second singer's tune was the melancholy "Dear me," of the Western Wood Pewee, awakened from his afternoon nap making his customary unfavorable comments upon life. It was but a moment before he darted into sight but not aimlessly, as the damsel fly he was after possibly had time to consider before it was swallowed. The day's good fortune was not yet ended, because on the way back to camp was seen a Yellow Warbler, a Belted Kingfisher and a MacGillivray Warbler. Then at the evening meal a Steller Jay and a Gray Jay joined the circle with insistent demands for a share of that which had been provided. In thankfulness for the uplift of the mountain day they were not grudging their portion.

REPORT OF THE BOTANISTS.

DR. CORA SMITH EATON AND WINONA BAILEY.

Next to the grandeur of mountain peaks themselves, with their vast snow fields and rivers of ice, their rocky steeps and pathless forests, nothing more frequently claims the attention of the Mountaineer, and calls forth his expressions of delight than the flowers that carpet the hillside, or hide



Copyright Asahel Curtiss

MOUNTAIN SMARTWEED (*Polygonum bistortoides*)

modestly under cliff or brush. Quotations about nature are never called for at Sunday evening camp fire without someone revealing where his thoughts have been by Gray's lines—

*"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

Another calls up the deeper mystery Tennyson gave utterance to in the lines—

*"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."*

The botany bunch was reinforced this year by a goodly company of helpers. Chief among these was Dr. H. B. Hinman, of Everett, who made practically all the valuable collections of the trip. He would find the choicest specimens in an apparently barren spot where most of the party would declare nothing grew. He would climb perpendicular cliffs and clinging to a ledge in mid-air, gather the treasures hidden from others' eyes, and all so fast that the old guard couldn't get specimens in press as fast as he brought them in.

Miss Angelica Martin, teacher of botany in the Everett High School, was unflagging in her interest and made a number of photographs illustrating the flora of mountain meadows. Miss June Oakley, who had been inspired by work under Dr. Frye, assisted, particularly in the collection of mosses. And by no means the least helpful were those who were always on hand to help change the blotters and screw up the clamps of the big press, and those whose faithful care saved the whole collection, while the botanists were on the big climb. Even Mr. Belt carried the press all one day, and the record of that service will go down in history with the picture of Mr. Belt's form on top of a rock, outlined against the sky, with the paste-boards dangling from his back.

Some fifty kinds of mosses were collected and sent to Dr. Frye of the University of Washington at his request. A letter was written to Mr. C. V. Piper of the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., author of the Flora of the State

of Washington, published by the government among the contributions to the National herbarium, the man who has done more work than any one else on the flowers of the state, asking him what kind of report should be made to him on the flora of this hitherto botanically unexplored region. A short time after Mr. Piper, while on a visit to Seattle, called in person to see the collection made by the Mountaineers; later about thirty specimens were sent to him for determination.

On no previous trip have such extensive beds been seen of one kind of flower growing to the exclusion of all others, except perhaps, the great slopes of the avalanche lily, (*Erythronium montanum*) on Mt. Rainier, which, strange to say, was not once found in the Glacier Peak region. The yellow lily, or dog-tooth violet, (*Erythronium parviflorum*) took its place. Mr. Nelson reported acres of it covering the lower slopes of Sunset Mountain when he made a preliminary trip earlier in July. When the main party reached camp, only the seed vessels were to be seen on this slope, but just beyond the men's quarters, on the trail back from Liberty Cap was a little hollow filled with nodding yellow blossoms belated by the slow melting of snow on a north slope. On Sunset Mountain the slopes had put off their golden hue and turned to white, the fluffy white of myriads of spikes of a mountain smart-weed (*Polygonum bistortoides*).

All the way up Buck Creek and down all the branches of the Suiattle the banks of the streams were lined with the great gorgeous crimson monkey flower (*Mimulus lewisii*), named by Meriweather Lewis after his famous trip of exploration early in the nineteenth century. On all sides of camp were clump after clump of the white rhododendron (*Rhododendron albiflorum*), its creamy white blossoms no less beautiful than the more showy state flower, the pink rhododendron. The packers said this bush was always called by them "Snow-brush."

All Mountaineers are familiar with the painter's brush, or painted cup, or Indian pink as it is variously called, but here on the hillsides near Buck Creek pass were great masses of a greenish white variety not distinguished from the red in name (*Castilleja oreopola*). Down by the Suiattle near "camp Rain-in-the-Face" where the largest plants and the most extensive beds of the yellow willow herb (*Epilobium*

luteum) that the botany bunch had seen. The chickahamie, or little mountain badger, appreciated these, for in the hay that he had spread out to dry all around the foot of a tree were many little swaths of yellow *epilobiums*.

Nowhere in the Cascades does the heather bloom more profusely than in this section. The artists were forced to use the purplish tints of the red heather (*Phyllodoce empetri-formis*) in the foreground of all their pictures, while up higher on the hills on either side of the pass, lunch was invariably eaten with the party seated in the midst of white heather (*Cassiope mertensiana*) never so pure and full of bloom as here.

No one who took the first try-out trip to Green hill expects ever to see a more gorgeous, a more variegated, a more splendid display of flowers than on the top and sides of that hill. At once some called it Flower hill and others National hill, because the effect was that of the colors of the flag. The masses of red were those of the red painter's brush, the white the *polygonum* already mentioned, and the blue, a lupine (*Lupinus subalpinus*) and a gentian (*Gentiana calycosa*). But besides these predominating colors were many others, the yellow of buttercups (*Ranunculus suksdorfii* and *Ranunculus verecundus*), potentillas (*Potentilla flabellifolia*) often mistaken for buttercups, stone crop (*Sedum stenopetalum*), slender hawkweeds (*Hieracium gracile*), and a cousin to the dandelion (*Agoseris glauca*); there was the burnt orange of the *Agoseris aurantiaca*, the white or pinkish white of the so-called mountain heliotrope (*Valeriana sitchensis*) the lavender of an aster-like flower (*Erigeron salsuginosus*), the dull cream of a wild pink (*Silene douglasii*), the pale blue of Jacob's ladder (*Polcmonium coeruleum*), and the greenish silky akenes of the western mountain anemone (*Pulsatilla occidentalis*). Down on the slopes, the big sturdy stalks of green hellebore (*Veratrum viride*), which Mr. Blake thought resembled a corn field, helped the grass and alpine firs to give this hill its permanent name, Green hill.

Numberless little waxy white mountain spring beauties (*Claytonia asarifolia*) grew in the grass that carpeted the park chosen for the camping site. Yellow arnicas and senecios were abundant, (*Arnica latifolia*, *Arnica mollis* and *Senecio ochraceus*).

Just over the pass beside the trail out, grew many currant bushes (*Ribes laxiflorum*), low spreading elders (*Sambucus melanocarpa*) and mountain willows (*Salix commutata*), while down a little farther by the many rills that crossed the trail were many choice flowers, the beautiful fringed white grass of parnassus (*Parnassia fimbriata*); the tiny purplish pink willow-herb (*Epilobium alpinum*); the wonderful bog violet (*Pinguicula vulgaris*), a little cannibal among plants, that secretes a sticky fluid on its pale green greasy-looking leaves to catch and hold insects until it can appropriate their flesh and blood; the short matted mountain salal (*Gautheria ovatifolia*), sister of our well-known lowland salal, with occasionally a species more diminutive still with very small pink bells or green berries (*Gautheria humifusa*); besides saxifrages (*Saxifraga odontophylla*) and shooting stars (*Dodecatheon jeffreyi*).

High up on the rocks near the top of Liberty Cap and Sunset mountain grew one of the smallest shrubs in the world, an interesting little willow, not over an inch or two in height, with prostrate stems, and bearing big saucy pussies. The three small kinds recorded by Mr. Piper, (*Salix tenera*, *Salix saximontana*, and *Salix nivalis*) all grew on these mountains.

The "flower of the crannied wall" of this trip was the mountain sorrel (*Oxyria digyna*) conspicuous in many a crevice on account of its racemes of bright red seed-like flowers and shining green leaves. Word often came back down the marching line to the botany bunch from some sympathizer. "Be sure to notice that beautiful red-green flower. What is it?"

The day on Sunset Mountain yielded a rich harvest to the collector. Half way up the steep slopes our youngest member, George Hinman, found many a modest little blue hare-bell (*Campanula scabrella*) while among the rock piles of the summit grew delicate blue and white anemones (*Anemone hudsoniana*) a dwarf mustard (*Draba glacialis*), a brilliant purple rock cress (*Arabis lyallii*) small plants with leaves shaped like those of the strawberry (*Sibbaldia procumbens*) and the hardy everlasting, the edelweiss of our mountains, (*Antennaria media*).

On the way back in amongst the white heather grew many little sprigs of exquisite Alaska heather (*Harrimanella stel-*

Plate VIII.



Copyright Asabel Curtis
WESTERN MOUNTAIN ANEMONE
(*Pulsatilla occidentalis*)

Plate IX.



Copyright Barnes
WHITE RHODODENDRON OR SNOW BRUSH
(*Rhododendron albiflorum*)

leriana). Dr. Hinman found in the crevices of a big cliff beside the trail, two rare plants, one a kind of a lily, with a tiny white blossom (*Lloydia serotina*), the other white also, belonging to the waterleaf family (*Romanzoffia sitchensis*). Another day, from the next mountain beyond Sunset he brought back an interesting member of the saxifrage family which Mr. Piper declares has formerly been called *heuchera* but hereafter is to be known as *Elmera racemosa* after the botanist Elmer who has made notable collections in Washington.

On the pumice slopes of Glacier peak there were few plants and those noticed were small of their kind. There were, however, most of the kinds usually found in this soil, among them Lyall's lupine (*Lupinus lyallii*), the golden fleabane (*Erigeron aureus*), the silvery leaved *Dasiphora fruticosa*, and the sturdy *Eriogonum coryphaeum*. But there was nothing to compare in size or brilliancy with the purple aster (*Oreastrum alpigenum*), that was a constant delight on the pumice slopes above Carbon glacier on Mt. Rainier. The plant growing highest on Glacier Peak was known as *Smelowskia calycina*, which is one of the two highest plants on Mt. Rainier. This was seen on Glacier Peak at over 9000 feet elevation, at the base of the last cliffs the party rounded before reaching the summit.

The forests of yellow or bull pine (*Pinus ponderosa*) between Lake Wenatchee and the upper Chewawa and down along Railroad Creek to Lake Chelan were new to dwellers west of the Cascades. The tall trunks with mottled orange brown bark and not a branch for twenty or thirty feet gave a color to the landscape that harmonized with the bright skies of Eastern Washington, and with the sparse undergrowth made a strong contrast to our cool, dimly lighted, vine-entangled Western Washington forests. Nearer Buck Creek pass, and along all the branches of the Suiattle were giant cedars (*Thuja plicata*), hemlocks, the western hemlock (*Tsuga heterophylla*), and the black hemlock (*Tsuga mertensiana*), firs, the alpine fir (*Abies lasiocarpa*) and the noble fir (*Abies nobilis*) with occasionally our own western white pine (*Pinus monticola*), the mountain dweller, that gave our club its emblem, while up in the more sterile soil at camp Nelson grew the jack pine (*Pinus contorta*).

GLACIER PEAK.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

*Thou somber king on throne of granite,
 A pilgrim knocks at rock-strewn gate,
 Thy hingeless gate at guarded palace,
 Behold! I climb, I watch, I wait.*

*Was't weak to fear thy storm-swept kingdom,
 To fear and flee thy ice-chilled roar,
 In awe to wave a feeble gesture
 Tow'rd heights where boldest eagles soar?*

*I do not boast a heart of valor;
 No upward march of conquest mine;
 I slowly creep up storm-carved canyon;—
 Uncovered stand, a child of thine.*

*Then up thy walls I climb and clamber,
 O'er thy glistening snowfields plod;
 I come in humble love and yearning
 More truth from thee, new thoughts of God.*

*I see thee clutch the sea-born vapors,
 Then swirl and hurl through canyons steep.
 Ah, whip and lash them, cloud-land fury,
 No respite give but frozen sleep!*

*All captive here, thy conquered victims
 Await release in years to be.
 How cleanly gleam thy ice-locked rivers!
 How slowly wind they tow'rd the sea!*

*Sheer lifts the ridge that parts the pathways
 From swinging clouds to lands below,
 Aye parts the ways through plains or forests,
 The ways thy garnered streams must flow.*

*Thy garnered streams, man's wheels and spindles,
A thousand mills in lowlands hold.
Athrob, they turn to solve the riddle:
From cloud to ice and then to gold.*

*Thy garnered streams through sagebrush valleys,
Transform coyote's vagrant home
To countless miles of fruit trees laden
With luscious pearls from thy cold dome.*

*Forever sway thy magic scepter;
Lo, grateful men thy praises sing!
Command thy winds in battle royal
And rule thy realm, O, snow-crowned king!*

Written for The Mountaineers' Campfire, Glacier Peak Outing, August 6, 1910.

RECORD OF ASCENTS OF GLACIER PEAK.

L. A. NELSON.

There are only seven ascents of Glacier Peak of which there is any record and probably owing to climatic conditions every ascent has been made in August.

The first on record was made in August, 1898, by T. G. Gerdine, of the United States Geological Survey, and four of his party. The object was to place a target, a tower with a flag on it, on the summit, to be used in determining the height of the peak from various points, and in mapping.

Their main camp was on the headwaters of the Sauk River due south of Glacier Peak. The ascent was made over the Whitechuck Glacier and along the divide between the Whitechuck and Suiattle Rivers. The climb was long and hard, not on account of the slope, but members of the party were packing poles and other material with which to construct the target. They reached the base of what was thought to be the summit, but alas, it was not, for on reaching the top they saw the real summit a mile beyond.

Mr. Gerdine said it took a long time to persuade the rest to go on, but at last they started and reaching the summit, did the work they had come to do, and returned to camp.

The next ascent was made by the late Prof. I. C. Russel in the same year as the United States Geological Survey party. This ascent was made from their camp and the same route followed.

The first ascent from the east side was made by C. E. Rusk and A. L. Cool, on August 26, 1906. Their main camp was at Buck Creek Pass and timberline camp was on the ridge north of the Cool Glacier. The ascent was made by following this ridge, then over the Chocolate Glacier to the saddle south of the peak, from which point the route of the former ascents was followed. The ascent was made in five and one-half hours and the descent in three hours.

The fourth ascent was accomplished by three "Mountaineers," M. A. Krows, P. M. McGregor, and the writer, on August 1, 1910. There was no trail from Buck Creek Pass to timberline on Glacier Peak.

The object of this ascent was to cruise out the best route for the club to follow on the official climb. Leaving camp (elevation 5,796 ft.), at 5:45 a. m. on July 31, 1910, each with a thirty-five pound pack, we proceeded down Meadow Creek about a mile, then southwesterly to Rock Creek, three miles from camp, across this stream and over a point to the Suiattle River, one-half mile (elevation 3,800 ft.) We followed up this stream a mile and crossed on a fallen tree. Here we left the river and took a westerly course up a ridge and gradually sloping bench to Chocolate River one and one-half miles. Crossing the river on a convenient log we climbed to the bench above and went west along the edge of the canyon one half mile then turning south to the point of a hill, we continued westerly up this side hill one and three-fourth miles. At this point we came out to the edge of the cliff where we could look down on the Chocolate Glacier 500 feet below us.

The glacier made a bend here and our course was changed to southwest as we followed a goat trail along the cliff overlooking the glacier. After following this trail about a mile to the place we judged right, we turned and went south along a side hill three quarters of a mile, coming out into the park we had picked from Buck Creek Pass as a possible temporary

Plate X.



Photo by A. H. Cruse
L. A. NELSON, THE LEADER

Plate XI.



Photo Chas. Albertson
A CREVASSE BELOW THE SUMMIT OF GLACIER PEAK

camp. Our judgment proved good for it was a very delightful camp.

We arrived at 3 p. m., having come ten and one-half miles, our elevation being 6,150 ft. The country between the Chocolate River and temporary camp is cut by a great many ravines and canyons so a direct route can not be followed.

After choosing a camp we left our packs and climbed to the top of a pumice ridge to the south and about 1,000 ft. above camp. Here we could easily choose the route of ascent. Two presented themselves—one the route of the Rusk and Cool ascent, and another along the ridge due east of the summit. We chose the latter as the most direct although the steeper of the two.

We saw three goats coming down the pumice ridge and watched them a long time.

We coasted most of the distance back to camp and soon had dinner ready. While eating we heard a noise in the valley below us and looking through the trees saw a goat calmly making his way towards camp evidently to call upon us. It came to within forty feet of camp and on seeing us, suddenly remembered an engagement it had down the valley. We saw three more goats across the valley from camp.

As a signal to the main party in camp at Buck Creek Pass, that all was well, a fire was built and green boughs piled on to make a big smoke. Just as the fire was about out we heard a call from the summit of the pumice ridge and thought it was a goat, but upon looking, saw a man. With a "Get something to eat ready." I started to meet him. After climbing 800 feet above camp I found J. A. Blosser, of Snohomish, who had come in by way of Darrington, and had left the head of the Whitechuck River that morning. I took his pack and soon we were in camp, where he was given a square meal of soup, etc. (mostly soup).

Next morning, August 1st, we three left camp at 4:45 a. m. for the summit, with clouds all about us. On reaching the pumice ridge, however, the upper clouds drifted away and we could see all the higher peaks. We followed this ridge to near where it terminated in a cleaver dividing two ice fields, then we swung north, up and across the Cool Glacier to the ridge running east from the summit. The slope was a bit steeper than one cares to go straight up, but a few

switchbacks brought us to the crest of the ridge where the grade was easier, but the wind blew a gale and we kept our feet with difficulty. We found some rock to ascend and in one place it was rather interesting work. Here we stopped twenty minutes for lunch and reached the summit at 8:45 a. m., four hours from camp. This was the first ascent by this route, a wholly eastern one.

We wrote our record, deposited it in the cairn and took photographs. Leaving the summit at 9 a. m. we arrived at timberline camp at 10:15 and found Mr. Blosser rested and ready to move with us. We ate lunch, packed up and started for main camp, following the route of the day before as far as Chocolate River. From here we cruised out another route to the Suiattle River, which did not prove as satisfactory as our original one. We arrived in camp at 7:00 p. m. and received a royal welcome.

The fifth ascent was made by Dr. Hall and Dr. Delm. of the University of Washington, August 4, 1910, following the same route as the first and second ascents recorded in this article. Upon reaching the peak that disappointed the U. S. G. S. party the clouds were so thick that nothing could be seen and they thought they had reached the summit. However, the atmosphere cleared, the mistake was discovered and the ascent completed. This peak which has deceived so many, has been named Disappointment Peak. The descent was made by way of the Cool Glacier and valley to the Suiattle and down this river to where they encountered the trail we had built from main camp.

The sixth ascent was by the Mountaineers, fifty-seven in line, who made the ascent from the temporary camp selected on the scouting expedition previously mentioned. The party left timberline camp at 4:30 a. m., August 5, 1910, arrived at the summit at 11:10 a. m., making the ascent in six hours thirty-six minutes. The return trip was made to temporary camp in two hours.

The seventh ascent was made by another party of Mountaineers consisting of Miss Lovering, Mr. C. E. Forsyth, and Earl Rice, on August 8, 1910, who followed exactly the same route as the third ascent.

MOUNTAINEERS' OUTING ON GLACIER PEAK.

LULIE NETTLETON.

Glacier Peak was the object of the Mountaineers' Outing of 1910. This peak, 10,436 feet in altitude, is in one of the most unfrequented regions in Washington, and as there were but two recorded ascents, it remained for the Mountaineers to delve into the unexplored fastnesses of the Cascade Mountains, view some of the most surpassingly beautiful scenery in the world, and above all open a way to the great mountain that others might follow in other years.

Thus it was that at 9 a. m., July 23rd, seventy members of the club gathered at the Great Northern station prepared to spend three delightful weeks in the open.

It was an odd company as to costume, but most amiable as to disposition, judging from the smiling faces and cordial greetings exchanged between tried comrades of many climbs and the welcomes extended to new-comers. Our distinguished president, Prof. Edmond S. Meany of the University of Washington, was there, towering above us all, bringing to the initiated visions of charming camp fire programs; L. A. Nelson, considered by many a veritable Napoleon in his ability to lead his followers to victory on summit collecting expeditions; Dr. E. F. Stevens and Dr. Eaton, the two tried physicians, were there; and last but not least, good Robert Carr, the chef par excellence, had for the fourth year cast his fortunes with us to continue his culinary miracles in the wilderness, for our benefit.

So the old-timer could settle back comfortably, fully assured of delightful camp fires to satisfy his spiritual needs, good meals to appease the never failing mountain appetite, and with Nelson to guide his footsteps through the unknown lands before him—the old-timer, I say, could settle back and forget everything but that he was going back to the trails again.

The Outing Committee had selected Buck Creek Pass as a permanent camp. This was approached by a series of four temporary camps and a walk of forty-four miles.

The Mountaineers left the train near Nason and walked six miles to Lake Wenatchee which proved a charming camping site, but our acquaintance was all too brief, for next morning we were on our way at 5:30 a. m. We followed the Wenatchee River for a short distance, then the general course of the Chewawa River, the winding road showing occasional



Photo Chas. Albertson

LAKE WENATCHEE

glimpses of beautiful river scenery; but alas, the sun beat down upon us relentlessly, the dust was very deep and the Chewawa mosquito is of a particularly vicious brand. However, when camp at Chickerman Creek was reached and bags and belongings disposed of and dinner eaten, weariness and dust were entirely forgotten.

The third camp was at Willow Creek and the fourth at Buck Creek, the latter just two and a half miles from the permanent camp.

The last two days were spent in a great forest of giant cedar and hemlock. Curtains of moss hung from trunks and branches and occasionally the dim religious light of this great forest cathedral was brightened by a little rift of sunshine filtering down through the branches.

The last two and one-half miles were steep but interesting, for leaving the large timber we found ourselves in mountain parks of alpine flowers interspersed with acres of helibore, and shrubbery placed as only Nature, the master landscape gardener, can place it.

At last, after climbing and then more climbing, we emerged into Buck Creek Pass, a high alpine park of extraordinary beauty (5,796 feet). The trees, the alpine firs and noble firs

were not so dwarfed as the trees at greater heights, but the foliage had a compactness and the twisted branches a rugged strength, which made them quite as fascinating in their way as their taller and more stately brethren of lower levels. Tiny groves of these trees were set here and there in the wide green lawns among beds of white and pink heather. Slopes about the camp covered with masses of paintbrush, phlox, lupine, anemone and potentilla gave a pleasing variety in the landscape. Great crags and headlands reared their heads all about us, guarding our cozy valley right bravely. Directly north of camp was a high rock-covered hill (7,200 feet) from whose steep sides we watched the sunset glow illuminating Glacier Peak.

South of camp was a mass of rock 6,800 feet in height, whose overhanging summit won it the cognomen of Liberty



Photo Chas. Gleason

THE LINE ON A SNOWSLOPE ON THE TRYOUT TRIP TO SUNSET HILL

Cap. While we could not see Glacier Peak from the camp proper, a very short stroll gave us a good view of it.

Our camp was one of the most convenient we have ever had. The commissary occupied the center of the area beside the head waters of Buck Creek. The men's quarters were on the opposite side and further down. The women were located at the junction of this stream and another small brook.

For one whole day, it seemed the object of the Mountaineers to build camp. Cook tents were raised. For those who desired, small sleeping tents were put up; but best of all were the wonderful boudoirs constructed in the tiny groves by cutting out underbrush. In fact, in a moment certain groves were transformed into apartments fit for the most fastidious of sylvan princesses. On a tiny peninsula, a combination of tripod, bucket and fire provided hot water at any time.

Over in the western section of camp was a cozy hollow protected from the cold evening winds, where the camp fires were held. One of the most delightful features of the club outings are these camp fires. Here we used to gather each evening like fire worshippers of old, with President Meany to lead in the ceremonial. He would tell weird tales of the Indians, or stories of the early explorers who made history in our great Westland, or perhaps he would read verses from his own pen, inspired by the scenery or by some dainty mountain flower. Other gifted members spun yarns of their adventures in mountains of foreign lands and in our own great highlands; of nights on erupting volcanoes; of hair-breadth escapes amidst snow and ice and storm. Then a spice of Kipling added its flavor. Certain evenings were devoted to real frolics. Particularly memorable was the night when Miss Gotlotsofgreenbacks was joined in mock matrimony to my Lord Montague de Montmorency by the Rev. Rockandrye. The ring bearer, flower girls, bridesmaid, best man, bride's mother and bride and bridegroom were all of the masculine gender, most gloriously arrayed; and as the bride came in, to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, with eyelashes dropped demurely upon bearded cheek, the whole company were very much affected. The members of the company had attired themselves as became guests at such a wedding and it passed off with great eclat.

We had music, grave and gay, and in such a company of Nature lovers is always found a great store of quotations, so the Sunday evening programs were devoted to Nature poetry and were classics in their way.

Then, a certain morning, while the dew was still on the grass we were wakened by strains of music so exquisite as to seem a part of a lovely dream. It was Largo, played by our violiniste Miss Margaret Coenen. Standing as she did

in the soft morning light, she will remain to all of us one of the sweetest memories of our journey.

Try-out trips were necessary to give members practice with the alpenstock and to gain confidence for the final climb. The topography was such as to afford ample opportunity for experience on slopes, those of grass and heather prov-



Photo P. M. McGregor

A PTARMAGIN

ing as troublesome at first as snow. One fine trip was to the crest of Sunset Hill from whose summit a magnificent panorama greeted our eyes, and our old friend Mount Baker glistened to the north of us. Another took us to the summit of Liberty Cap (6,800 feet) and two others were to the rocky ridge beyond; on two other trips we visited a rocky ridge southeast of camp where we explored unnamed peaks varying in altitude from 6,000 feet to 7,800 feet. The long tramp in hardened the muscles and the try-out trips had given confidence; thus, when, on August 3rd, the party left camp for the great ascent not one of the fifty-seven but was physically fit for a very strenuous trip.

A committee, consisting of L. A. Nelson, P. M. McGregor and Melvin Krows, had left camp July 31st to plan the route for the ascent. They returned August 1st, bringing with them J. A. Blosser, of Snohomish, Washington, whom they had found on the mountain looking for our camp. They reported a strenuous trip to timber line, but an easy ascent of the

mountain. It would be necessary to blaze a trail through very rough country, and as one of the objects of the club is to open new country by means of trails, this was one of the greatest things accomplished this summer.

The men, doctors, lawyers, professors, and men of the most sedentary occupations in town, made splendid woodsmen, and forming in a long line looked quite formidable with alpenstocks bristling, hand axes gleaming and heavy packs on their backs. The horses followed, loaded with commissary supplies, and the line of women, twenty-five in number, wearing packs containing their sleeping bags, brought up the rear.

The trail branches from the Government trail beyond Buck Creek Pass and extends southwest to the Suiattle River, crossing that and the Chocolate River, and leading on to timber line. Some of the country traversed is the most unfrequented and little known in the state. Our trail should be valuable for general use. Trail-making was slow, and when we left the Government trail there was a discouraging drop of 2,000 feet; but the forest was beautiful, the air like wine, and were we not on our way to the much-anticipated summit? So in spite of hard work, the day was a memorable one. At the Suiattle



Photo by A. H. Cruse

MOUNTAINEERS CROSSING THE SUIATTLE

River a fallen tree made a foot bridge and the party crossed, but found it necessary to leave the pack animals. We went into camp just across the river (3,800 feet altitude), the men completing their strenuous day by dividing the commissary and adding it to their already heavy packs.

The feature of this camp was the electrical storm and down-pour of rain. It was a weird experience to lie on the ground some half hundred miles from civilization, with no shelter but your sleeping bag, and listen to the roll of the great thunder; to see the whole sky suddenly illuminated by the flash of lightning and the great tree tops silhouetted against its brightness. Occupants of really waterproof sleeping bags considered the electrical display most spectacular and wonderful; however, certain members whose bags failed to turn water were not so enthusiastic, and dubbed it "Camp Rain-in-the-Face."

The storm cleared in the morning, and after a brief drying-out process, we were again on our way. We followed the river a short distance, then climbed a ridge and descended to the Chocolate River. We crossed this and again climbed another ridge, and after sundry twistings and turnings we found ourselves following an old goat trail, skirting a cliff, from which we could look upon the dirty and discolored wastes of the Chocolate Glacier. Leaving this trail we went south to the camping site selected by our scouts, having blazed a trail from the Suiattle to timberline.

Here we found a splendid camping site, wonderful in scenic beauty—a rolling grassy lawn with groups of our old friend of Rainier (*pinus contorta*) dwarfed and stunted by the cold breath of the great glaciers from the slopes of our mountain which loomed white, cold and majestic before us. Lesser peaks rose in every direction. Particularly noticeable was a cluster of ten sharp pinnacles off to the south, whose needle points seemed literally to pierce the sky. As we stood watching the lights at sunset it seemed that we who were privileged to stand in this higher world were indeed blessed above all others. But the glow died and leaving the gray peaks we returned to draw lunches and prepare for the night, and as the call was to sound at 3:30 a. m., retired early.

We had found comfortable sleeping places, and had not hideous dreams of seeing the line of people starting off while you could not get your boots on intruded themselves, the night would have been pleasant. But when the morning whistle sounded we crawled out of our bags and made hasty preparations for the day. Shivering with cold and excitement, our fingers fumbled as they tried to manipulate shoe strings which, in the dark, seemed possessed of evil spirits. An urgent call

for breakfast, and we joined a weird line of people who, cup in hand, circled around the kettles where breakfast was being served.

At 4:30 the party fell into line in their assigned places and were off just as the gray light of dawn touched the peaks around us. The weather conditions seemed auspicious, the party in fine spirits and prospects favorable for the successful culmination of the outing.

The first of the ascent followed a ridge above camp first on grassy slopes, then pumice, and from there to the snow. As we reached the latter we paused to look about us and found ourselves in a transformed universe: great white clouds lay below us, projecting peaks made islands against which the ethereal surf washed softly, and between them billows of delicately tinted clouds rolled ceaselessly. As we looked up at the great peak glistening against the perfect azure "Jocund day stood tiptoe on the mountain top."

The ascent followed on snow slopes for 2,500 feet, crossing the Cool Glacier to an arete between the Chocolate and Cool Glaciers, the steepest slope being 45° ; however, the route was so carefully chosen that dangerous crevasses were avoided and the only great difficulty was a rock ridge just below the summit, where the rocks proved treacherous and great care had to be exercised not to dislodge them and endanger the people below. To avoid this, ice steps were cut beside the ridge and the life line brought into service and all ascended safely. The summit was reached at 11:10 a. m., with the party in perfect condition, having thoroughly enjoyed the climb, the ascent having taken six hours and thirty-six minutes, including a stop for lunch, with a rise in altitude of 4,280 feet. Thus was accomplished the first club ascent of Glacier Peak, and for the first time women stood upon its summit.

The rocks on the summit showed signs of volcanic action, but the old crater, some quarter of a mile in diameter, is filled with snow and the rim is broken and worn, leaving irregular pinnacles of rock standing. The cairn was found on the southwestern part of the rim near the highest point. The only records found were of C. E. Rusk and A. L. Cool, of Lucerne, Washington, who made the ascent in 1906; the Mountaineers' Outing Committee, August 1, 1910, and Dr. Hall and Dr. Dehn of the University of Washington, August 4, 1910.



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HEAD OF THE SUIATLE RIVER

Our party signed the record and, to avoid the dangerous rocks, descended over the southwest side, making a detour over a pumice ridge, and then following the route of the morning to camp. Coasting shortened the distance and in two hours the party were again in camp.

Carr made the ascent with the party, then hastened down, and when we reached camp we found a good meal awaiting us. Prof. Meany and R. J. Hagman built a cairn just above where the commissary had been located. President Meany called a meeting of the Mountaineers who were present, and it was unanimously voted to call the place "Camp Nelson," and a record was put in the cairn to that effect.

"Record: Aug. 5, 1910. The Mountaineers on August 5, 1910, after completing the ascent of Glacier Peak from their temporary camp, unanimously voted to name this camp after the leader of the party, L. A. Nelson, Camp Nelson.

"There were 57 members in the party making the ascent, leaving this camp at 4:30 a. m. and reaching the summit at 11:30, and returned to this camp at 2 p. m., having spent one half hour on the summit.

"EDMOND S. MEANY,

"President

"R. J. HAGMAN,

"Secretary Pro. Tem."

We hastily gathered our packs and made a rapid trip back to the Suiattle River where we camped for the night. Early in the morning we were again on the way back to Buck Creek Pass. At the river we found a packer with horses, and gladly yielded packs to them.

It was a line of conquering heroes who, with exultation in their hearts, now blithely trod the trail towards home. How complacently we viewed the great trail we ourselves had built, for, though all had not handled axes, every foot that had pressed the earth in place had done its share, so we walked merrily into camp to receive a glorious welcome. We found a fatted calf (commonly known as spring lamb) had been killed in our honor and appropriately decorated.

The next day after our return was Sunday and a welcome day of rest; our great purpose was accomplished and peace and content were ours. It was on this day that Robert Carr

outdistanced all of his previous culinary triumphs. He cooked such a dinner as will go down in history. First came clam chowder, then followed a ham and potato salad that would have turned Delmonico green with envy; lobster a la Newburg, maccaroni and cheese, spring lamb and mint sauce and dressing almost overwhelmed us, but the climax was reached when he brought out huckleberry cobbler, jelly patties with lemonade as a grand finale.

August 8th a party of twenty made a trip to Chiwawa Ridge (7,300 feet).

August 9th we bade farewell to our beautiful Buck Creek camp and followed a sheep trail six miles to the Big Meadows on the East Fork of the Suiattle. Here we were joined by three of our party, Miss Lovering, C. E. Forsyth and Earl Rice, who had made a separate ascent of Glacier Peak.

August 10th, at 7 a. m., we left for camp at Lyman Lake, passing through Agnes Pass, then on through a fine Government trail to Cloudy Pass where we found a record left by Dr. W. D. Lyman, a member of our party, a decade before:

“LYMAN Aug. 12, 1900.
 LEMMAN Cloudy Pass.
 CROWE.”

We passed through North Star Park (5,000 acres), almost as beautiful as Spray Park on Mt. Rainier. We reached Lyman Lake early in the afternoon and organized a trip to Lyman Glacier which feeds Lyman Lake.

August 11th, we left Lyman Lake at 6 a. m. and walked ten miles to the junction of Railroad Creek and Ten Mile Creek. Here we lost the fishermen for many hours, but when they returned with bulging creels of cut-throat trout we forgave their absence and feasted.

The evening of August 12th the dust-browned ranks of the Mountaineers had arrived at Lake Chelan, after following the Holden Mine trail for ten miles. The dusty path was not as pleasant as the cool meadows, but it was a very happy company who feasted their eyes on the grandeur of Lake Chelan and its encircling mountains.

August 13th, the party boarded the steamer “Lady of the Lake” and cruised the entire length of the lake, the crates of fruit generously bestowed by the Chelan Commercial Club

adding greatly to our pleasure. The cruise was a pleasant change from the many days of walking, and as we rested luxuriously on the steamer's decks and feasted our eyes on the rugged grandeur of the crags and cliffs beside us, it seemed that the treasures of Nature's great picture gallery were inexhaustible.

The last camp was at Lakeside, and here the report of the committee on resolutions was read, thanking individually and collectively the members who had made the outing an unqualified success: Mr. L. A. Nelson, Mr. Melvin Krows, Dr. E. F. Stevens and Mr. P. M. McGregor, "all of whom had challenged our admiration at every turn"; Prof. Edmond S. Meany, "for conducting our campfire programs in his delightfully felicitous and gracious manner, and for his own fund of contributions, poetic, legendary and historic." In conclusion they voiced the sentiment of all: "It seems appropriate in our last camp beneath the stars to give thanks also to Mother Nature for her gentle hospitality in tempering the winds and the storms to our comfort, and in placing at our disposal her green meadows, her flowering slopes, her sparkling waters, her towering crags, and in giving us for a playground mountain parks guarded by her sacred snow peaks." Then following the precedent of former years, we formed in a great circle around the glorious fire and sang *Auld Lang Syne* to the echo.

The morning call sounded at 4 a. m. of our last day, and by 7:30 a. m. all had walked four and one-half miles to Chelan Falls where we took the boat to Wenatchee, where representatives of the Commercial Club hospitably entertained us at Hotel Elman with a fruit luncheon, followed by a reception in the club rooms. Automobiles were waiting and two hours were spent in driving out to see the great orchards.

At 3:02 p. m. we boarded the Great Northern for home, arriving at 10:55 p. m.

The line of the Mountaineers making the climb of Glacier Peak was as follows:

Staff—L. A. Nelson, Melvin A. Krows, Dr. E. F. Stevens, Miss Lulie Nettleton.

A Company—P. M. McGregor, captain; Prof. E. S. Meany, Dr. Cora Smith Eaton, C. E. Forsyth, Nancy Emerson Jones,

Sumner E. Paine, Winona Bailey, Frank S. Southard, H. May Baptie, Lulu Smith.

B Company—Prof. W. D. Lyman, captain; Jessie Nettleton, Dr. W. F. Hoffman, Metta McDaniels, Dr. Margaret Baldwin, A. H. Cruse, Josephine Scholes, Earle G. Spafford, Angelica Martin, Stella Scholes, J. Fred Blake.

C Company—H. C. Belt, captain; Mrs. H. C. Belt, Charles Gleason, Gladys M. Tuttle, W. H. Gorham, Kathleen Gorham, H. H. Hastings Jr., H. K. Stream, I. M. Clark, Minnie Hutchinson, Earle C. Rice.

D Company—Dr. H. B. Hinman, captain; George M. Hinman, Mrs. H. B. Hinman, J. A. Blosser, O. L. Avey, Britannia Torrey, Bertha Reed, Grace Carr, Emil Krahn, Everett R. Clark, Robert Carr.

E Company—Charles Albertson, captain; Mary Paschall, H. A. Fuller, Susanna Kellet, R. J. Hagman, June Oakley, A. H. Albertson, Mollie Leckenby, A. H. Denman, Harry B. Lear, rear guard.

*LEGENDS OF THE CASCADES.

PROF. W. D. LYMAN.

“The legend, which unites both the physical conformation of the Cascades and the three great snow mountains of Hood, Adams, and St. Helens, with the origin of fire, is to this effect: According to the Klickitans, there was once a father and two sons who came from the east down the Columbia to the region in which Dalles City is now located, and there the two sons quarrelled as to who should possess the land. The father, to settle the dispute, shot two arrows, one to the north and one to the west. He told one son to find the arrow to the north and the other the one to the west, and there to settle and bring up their families. The first son, going northward, over what was then a beautiful plain, became the progenitor of the Klickitat tribe, while the other son was the founder of the great Multnomah nation of the Willamette Valley. To separate the two tribes more effectively, Sahale, the Great Spirit, reared the chain of the Cascades, though without any

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great peaks, and for a long time all things went in harmony. But for convenience sake, Sahale had created the great tomanowas bridge under which the waters of the Columbia flowed, and on this bridge he had stationed a witch woman called Loowit, who was to take charge of the fire. This was the only fire in the world. As time passed on Loowit observed the deplorable condition of the Indians, destitute of fire and the conveniences which it might bring. She therefore besought Sahale to allow her to bestow fire upon the Indians. Sahale, greatly pleased by the faithfulness and benevolence of Loowit, finally granted her request. The lot of the Indians was wonderfully improved by the acquisition of fire. They began to make better lodges and clothes and had a variety of food and implements, and, in short, were marvellously benefited by the bounteous gift.

“But Sahale, in order to show his appreciation of the care with which Loowit had guarded the sacred fire, now determined to offer her any gift she might desire as a reward. Accordingly, in response to his offer, Loowit asked that she be transformed into a young and beautiful girl. This was accordingly effected, and now, as might have been expected, all the Indian chiefs fell deeply in love with the guardian of the tomanowas bridge. Loowit paid little heed to any of them, until finally there came two chiefs, one from the north called Klickitat and one from the south called Wiyeast. Loowit was uncertain which of these two she most desired, and as a result a bitter strife arose between the two. This waxed hotter and hotter, until, with their respective warriors, they entered upon a desperate war. The land was ravaged, all their new comforts were marred, and misery and wretchedness ensued. Sahale repented that he had allowed Loowit to bestow fire upon the Indians, and determined to undo all his work in so far as he could. Accordingly he broke down the tomanowas bridge, which dammed up the river with an impassable reef, and put to death Loowit, Klickitat, and Wiyeast. But, inasmuch as they had been noble and beautiful in life, he determined to give them a fitting commemoration after death. Therefore he reared over them as monuments, the great snow peaks; over Loowit, what we now call Monnt St. Helens; over Wiyeast, the modern Mount Hood; and, above Klickitat, the great dome which we now call Monnt Adams.”

Legends of Speow.

Speow was commonly considered the owl god, although he was the grandson of Kiki, the bluejay. He had ears like a fox. His eyes were on the end of horny knobs that stuck out like those of a lobster. His mouth was furnished with tusks like those of a cougar. He wore a coat made out of the skins of mountain goats, the buttons of which were live bluejays. Take him all in all Speow was about the most of a triumph of Indian imagination of any of the various deities. He possessed wonderful magic powers. He could cut himself to pieces and then put himself together again. He could assume at will the form of any animal. Even if the animal were killed, as often happened, the life of Speow was in no manner affected, for he could come to life at will at any time.

Speow went once in company with Kiki, the bluejay, to a place where a streak of light seemed to come from a hole in the sky. For it must be noted that the world at that time was in darkness. All the magical animals were therefore looking for light. In quest of light, therefore, Speow and the bluejay climbed through the hole in the sky and reached another country, which seemed far more beautiful than the dark world from which they had come. Uncertain what kind of a reception he might meet in this new land, Speow turned himself into a beaver, and while wandering about in the swamp got caught in a trap, which had been set by the moon god, Snoqualm. Finding the beaver in the trap, Snoqualm killed it, skinned and hung it up in his tent.

But this use of Speow's assumed beaver body had no effect upon his life and he simply waited for developments. He soon saw Snoqualm coming back with the sun and the stars and with a box which contained the daylight. Speow now waited until Snoqualm had again gone out. Then, transforming himself again to his original shape, he seized the sun and the stars and the box of daylight from the place where Snoqualm had left them and in company with Kiki, who had remained with him in all his adventures, he made a rush for the hole in the sky. He passed through it so hastily that he dropped the stars, which in consequence became scattered in all directions, but with the sun and the box he reached the earth in safety. Speow's next step was to throw the sun high up in

the sky and open the box of daylight, by means of which the first day on the earth was started. Then he set out trees in all directions upon the earth.

When Snoqualm, the moon god, discovered that the sun had been stolen, he started in great fury for the hole in the sky. But losing control of himself in his passage, he dropped to the earth and was transformed by Speow into a huge pile of rocks, near the Cascade Mountains. After this Speow had entire control of the operation of the heavenly bodies. He would regularly throw the sun up into the air every morning, while at night it would always drop into the great water at the west. When this occurred Speow would shut up the box of daylight, so that no one could see his operations, and then he would go out into the water and secure the sun. Then with the sun under his arm he would journey back again to his tent and open the box which made the earth all light again and he would fling the sun up into the sky as before. This is the cause of the regular alternation of day and night. The reason that the days are so much longer in the summer than in the winter is that on account of the rain and snow of winter it takes Speow a long time to get back from the ocean with the sun, whereas during the dry and pleasant weather of the summer he can make the journey in a very short time. We may remark, paranthetically, that this seems to be philosophy back side before, but it is not much worse than the ancient systems of astronomy.

Speow was never seen by an Indian but once. This happened upon the steep bluff at the south end of Camano Island. A party of Indians going down the Sound had landed at that point to camp and to their astonishment and terror discovered standing upon the bluff a being whom they were satisfied was Speow. He was of stupendous size, being three times as tall as a fir tree and covered all over with light such as can be seen in phosphorent wood. When he found that the Indians had seen him he was very angry and kicked over a portion of the bluff so that it fell upon the Indian camp and killed all of them except the one from whom we have the account. On account of that startling catastrophe the Indians were accustomed until quite recent times to wail for the dead whenever they passed that point.

MOUNT ADAMS.

PROF. W. D. LYMAN.

Each great peak has its special features. Mount Adams is peculiar in its elevation, being second only to Rainier, yet comparatively easy of ascent.

Though 12,307 feet high, it presents no special difficulties or dangers. To ascend it one has to just keep "plugging away."

It is a long, long climb, for the high-line camp cannot be made higher than about 7,500 or 7,800 feet. That leaves nearly 5,000 feet to ascend on the great day.

A second feature of Adams is the very great extent of the parks and apine woods. These meadows and glades are marvellous also for beauty, though unfortunately the great number of sheep that have grazed there have somewhat marred the turf and the margins of the lakes.

A third feature is the completeness and variety of the view from the summit.

Of course all the great peaks have extensive views, but Adams occupies such a central position that it commands a view, if the day be clear, of more regions than does any other peak. The Puget Sound Basin, with all the great peaks of Washington, is stretched out to the north, while on the south the Columbia River, both central and lower part, and the long line of Oregon peaks, Hood, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Thielson, Scott, Diamond, and McLoughlin, are revealed. Also the vast Blue Mountain region eastward.

The usual approach to Adams by the Columbia River, either steamboat or rail, and then from White Salmon up the valley of that stream to Trout Lake and the foot of the mountain, is of great beauty and interest.

If the party should go, as has been suggested, by way of Mount St. Helens with a view to ascending that peak also, the route would be wilder and newer, more of a genuine exploration, and might lead through the famous Indian burying and hunting ground, known as Sequash. The author is not familiar with the trails by that route, but they can doubtless



MT. ADAMS

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be followed. The great Klickitat trail from the Yakima and Klickitat valleys into the lower Columbia by way of Lewis River followed that course and it is said that the trail is centuries old. There are places over the southern flanks of Adams where that trail is worn several feet in depth through the soft volcanic soil. If the aboriginal generations that have trodden that deep-worn trail could only rise and speak, what a resurrection it would be.

Another unique feature of Adams is the great river of lava on the south side, five hundred yards or more in width, a tinted, contorted stream of stiffened fire.

The glacial system of Adams is vast and interesting, though not equal to that of Rainier, with one exception, and that exception is the Klickitat Glacier on the east side, the crowning glory of Adams.

Imagine a well of purple, red, and saffron cliffs, the old volcanic vents, rising almost perpendicularly nearly a mile, and across its mighty turrets the glistening points of ice and on its crown the cornices of snow.

It is one of the experiences of a lifetime to gaze upward at that stupendous wall, and then, having climbed to the summit to crawl to the verge of that frightful precipice and peer over down that mile of nearly vertical descent. There is perhaps no scene of the kind so impressive, even overwhelming, in all our mountains, as the great Klickitat Glacier of Mount Adams.

At the foot of Adams is a region of caves, some filled with ice, stalactites and stalagmites, strange and beautiful.

All in all, Nature was in an exuberant mood when she wrought the wonders of this mighty pile, and when the Mountaineers make this their outing for next summer they cannot fail to find an abundance of the same rich and indescribable charm which we always find in following the foot prints of the Mighty Mother.

* * *

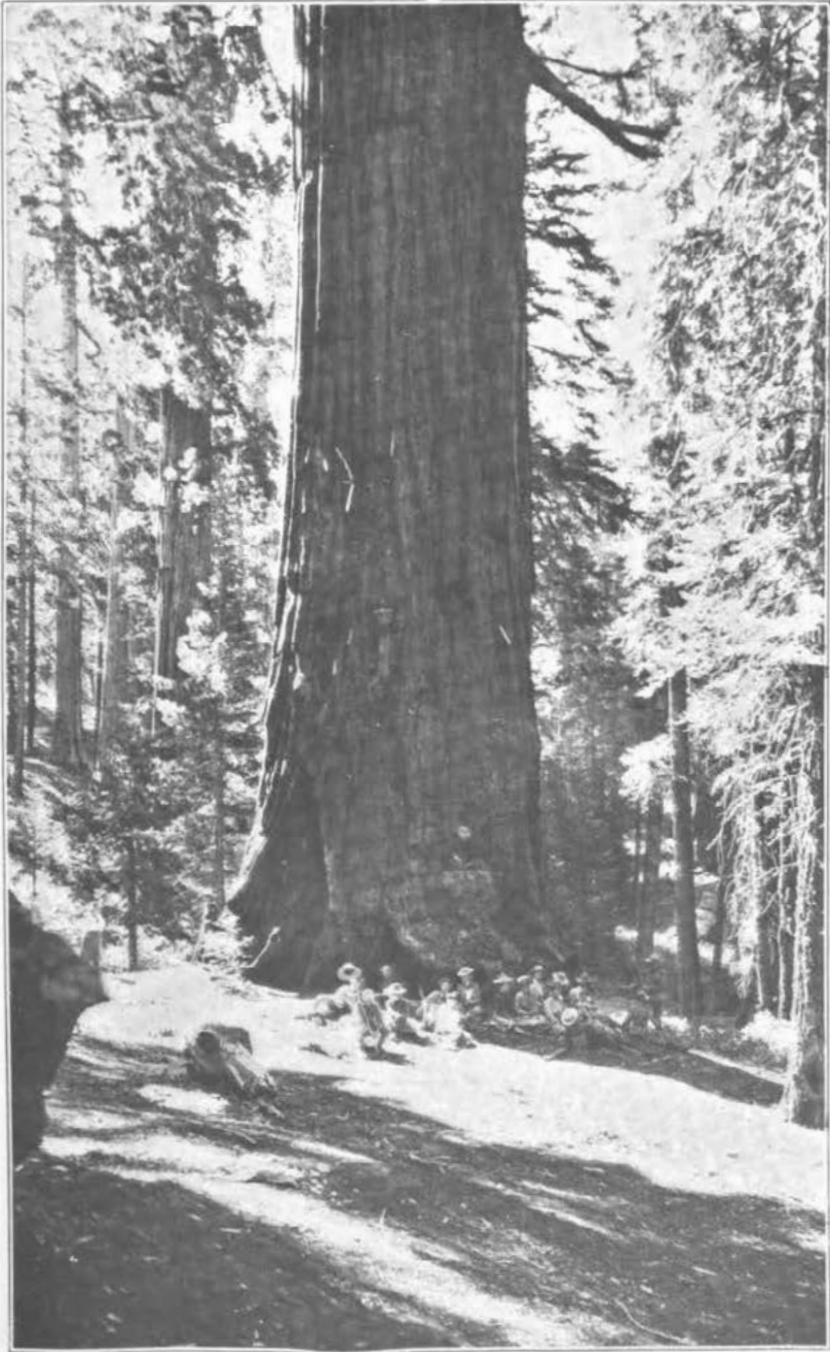
THE SIERRA CLUB OUTING TO THE KINGS RIVER CANYON.

By MARION RANDALL PARSONS.

At half past two on the morning of July first our special train drew up at Lemon Cove, a fruit growing community on the eastern border of the San Joaquin Valley. Out of the Pullmans we tumbled, but half awake and only hastily shaken into the unfamiliar camp garb, some of us still fumbling with neckties and belt fastenings as we ran. We stumbled through the darkness to store our suitcases in the baggage room, found places in the waiting stages, and then we were off and the outing had fairly begun.

The drive through the valley by moonlight was delightful. Dawn found us climbing among parched brown hills where oaks and sycamores were sparsely scattered and where the few streams ran sluggish and warm. Higher and higher we climbed, among hot, chaparral-clad hills till towards noon the pines began to appear. We stopped for lunch at Juanita Ranch, a well-kept farmstead lying in broad meadows where some superb oaks grew; and then it was forward again, still climbing. Now we were in the true pine belt of the Sierra. Giant yellow and sugar pines were mingled with silver firs and libocedrus, and underneath grew a thick carpet of bear clover whose pungent odor, mingled with the aromatic breath of the sun-heated pines, brought many a former forest day vividly to mind. Here a few belated flowers were blooming—pink gillias, godetia, prettily called "Farewell to Spring," and long-stemmed, delicate Mariposa tulips growing in wonderful profusion in the grassy open spaces.

Then as the afternoon waned we entered the sequoia forest. Walking ahead of the toiling stages and their accompanying cloud of dust, one could sense the wonderful silence and peace and serene calm of these ancient trees, oldest of living things on our globe, that were standing here in the full glory of their prime when Pan was still worshipped on earth. The afternoon winds that stir the grasses and flowers to sudden merry



A GIANT SEQUOIA

Photo Edward T. Parsons

confusion pass unnoticed by their majestic crowns; fires that exterminate the lesser forests leave the sequoias unharmed. The marks of many a conflict with this dread destroyer scar their massive boles, it is true; but so seldom does forest fire or lightning fell one of these noble trees, that we, whose lives are of such brief span, thinking of the cycles that have passed them by may almost class them among the immortals.

Just beyond the sequoia forest, at an altitude of about 7,000 feet, lay Quail Flat, the camp for the night. There was little at first glance to recommend it beyond the solemn welcome of Charley Tuck, the incomparable Chinaman who has been our chef on every outing, and the ingratiating grins of his five heathen assistants, tenderfeet all, for Charley Tuck brooks no rivals and never engages a popular assistant the second time. Dunnage bags were quickly unpacked, dinner was despatched, and soon we were ready for the first night under the stars.

Tramping began the next day. A rise of a few hundred feet took us out of the zone of the pines into a red fir forest, then through a long stretch of tamarack-pines where a stream ran brightly between grassy banks, till the trail plunged down hill into the canyon of Boulder Creek. Here many of us lunched and then it was upward again, among meadows where larkspur and daisies were blooming, to Horse Corral Meadow where a beautiful camp was made among the Jeffrey pines.

A short hour's walk in the morning brought us to the brink of the Kings River Canyon, one of the huge, glacier-carved canyons of the Sierra, of structure similar to that of the Yosemite Valley, Hetch Hetchy, or the Kern. Some of us climbed the few hundred feet to Lookout Point, gaining thereby a splendid view of the great mountains to the north and east that we were later to climb. The rest of us hastened down the 3,000-foot drop to the canyon floor. Every now and then, between the spreading arms of the sugar pines, we glimpsed the distant ranges of snowy mountains. Later, when the growing canyon walls shut out the far horizon, we looked down on the valley floor where the pigmy trees dotted the meadows in tiny splotches of dark green and the river wound among them a narrow ribbon of silver. Down to the river at last—how our knees did ache! A long descent is worse than a climb when muscles are soft with the winter's idling. The

swift, strong river looked mild mannered enough to those of us who remembered it in surging flood four years ago. The water was indeed uncommonly low and the season very far advanced. But the fishermen smiled an anticipatory smile and were happy.

Five miles above the point where the trail enters the canyon permanent camp was established under the Grand Sentinel in a grove of libocedrus and yellow and sugar pines. Here four days passed uneventfully but happily. Fishing parties rambled up stream to Mist Falls or down stream to Roaring River where, in the shadow of cliffs half a mile high, they lunched most luxuriously on rainbow trout.

But to most of the one hundred and seventy people there assembled permanent camp meant little more than a headquarters, where, between side trips, clean clothing might occasionally be procured, or boots be cobbled—a place of fabulous luxury where bread and meat were consumed daily and where the construction of one's personal camp was a serious matter involving the collection of pine needles or fir boughs instead of that hasty ceremony of casting down one's sleeping bag on the least precipitous, least bouldery spot in sight so characteristic of the more nomadic life of the side trips.

So, only waiting for the Los Angeles division to reach camp, nearly seven-eighths of the entire party set forth for a week's sojourn in the high country in the vicinity of Bullfrog Lake.

About two miles above the Grand Sentinel the Kings River branches. To the north lies Paradise Valley and the upper waters of the Kings, while eastward lies Bubbs Creek Canyon and the main traveled trail to Bullfrog and Kearsarge Pass, one of the oldest trails in the region. Half way up Bubbs Canyon, at the base of the massive pile of sculptured granite known as the West Vidette, the stream again forks. The right branch, East Creek, leads to the base of Mount Brewer; our trail still followed Bubbs Creek eastward. Passing the northern flank of the West Vidette and that playground for the water ouzel, Bubbs Falls, we came to Vidette Meadows where we left the main trail to establish camp half a mile up stream in an open forest between the Kearsarge Pinnacles and the pyramid-like East Vidette.



Photo Marlon Randall Parsons
EAST VIDETTE FROM BULLFROG LAKE



Photo Marlon Randall Parsons
MT. STANFORD AND JUNCTION PEAK, SHOWING THE PASS

Timberline in the southern Sierra reaches an altitude of 11,000 feet and at 10,000 feet camping is comfortable enough though the nights are apt to be frosty. As no tents need be carried the problem of shifting camp is much more easily solved than in the rainier northern mountains, and an hour's work suffices to make camp habitable. The transportation question, long a source of infinite annoyance and discomfort, has at last been settled for us by the good services of a most competent head packer who has brought his train of sixty animals and his corps of men to the highest degree of efficiency. This prompt service of the packtrain, while adding much to the comfort of us Sierrans, takes something from that picturesque element of uncertainty that lent so much charm to the after recollections of our early outings.

However, this first night at the Vidette camp held an amusing flavor of those early times, pleasant to remember now. The packtrain had had a hard journey—heavily laden with provisions for a week and with twenty pounds per head of personal dunnage for a party of one hundred and fifty, it had traveled that day sixteen uphill miles over a very rough trail gaining more than 5,000 feet in altitude. One division, that including in its packs the commissary kettles, was somewhat behind the rest. The stoves were set up, fires lighted in them, provisions set forth ready for cooking, but still no kettles were forthcoming. The imperturbable "Fryer" Tuck went calmly about his preparations, directed the broiling of the plentiful supply of trout that had been brought in, and displayed no anxiety about the ultimate outcome. Not so the hungry Sierrans, notably the tenderfeet, who had no data concerning the infallibility of the packtrain and who were visibly perturbed. One by one, with specious offers of assistance, they came behind the dead line dividing kitchen from dining room only to be ignominiously expelled. Longingly they lingered near the bread slicers and the butterers thereof; greedily they watched the sizzling trout. At last they secured plate and cup and sat down in the immediate vicinity of the kitchen to await developments. Meanwhile the delayed division had unostentatiously come in. The kettles were filled and set on the stoves and before the hungriest tenderfoot had dreamed of expecting it, hot soup, rice and tomatoes were ready to be served. Then indeed, not with their wonted dignity, not like real gentle-

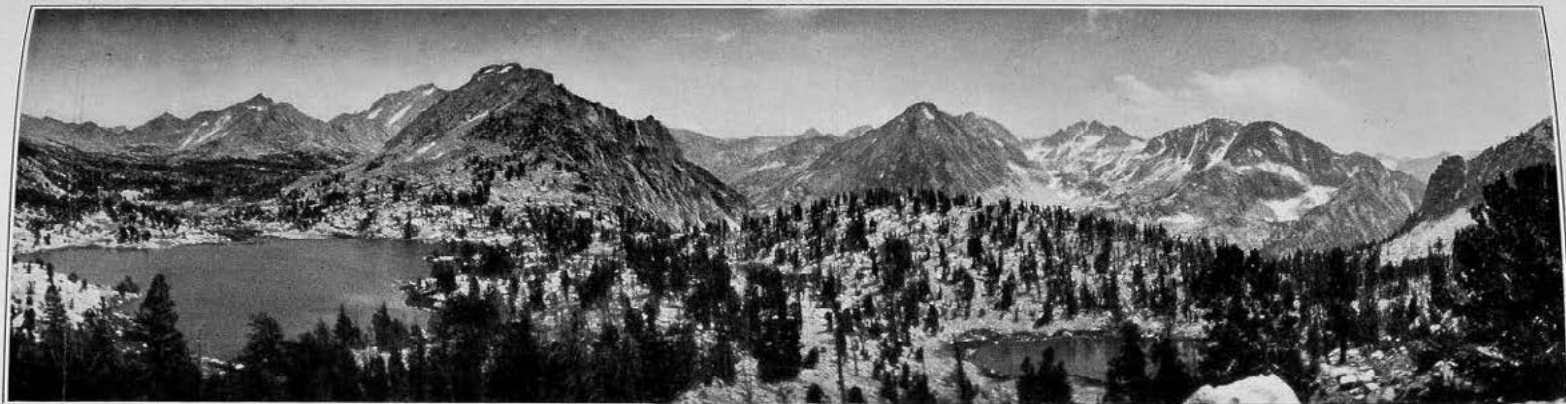
folk did they await the serving. Scrambling to their feet and emitting loud cries of joy, they ran for places in line and gloated visibly over their filled plates.

The most notable event of our stay at Vidette Camp was the attempt to get pack animals and fish cans over the Kings-Kern Divide by means of a pass between Junction Peak and Mount Stanford. A group of knapsackers planned to cross this pass afoot, climb Mount Whitney (14,501 ft.) and return by way of Harrison Pass and Mount Brewer. The plan was to take along a couple of pack animals and try to transplant some of the famous golden trout from Whitney Creek to the Kings watershed. Unfortunately the attempt had to be abandoned as the southern side of the pass was found to be too difficult. So the animals were sent back and the knapsackers pursued their way alone.

The rest of us found plenty to occupy our attention for a week. Ascents of University Peak (13,588 ft.), Rixford (12,856), Gould (13,001), Keith (13,990) and Stanford (13,983), trips to the Kearsarge Pass, to Charlotte and Bullfrog Lakes, to Center Basin and the beautiful group of lakes lying between the West and East Videttes were made by many parties, and the latter peak was conquered by two young men, who, finding no records on its summit, could claim the honor of a first ascent.

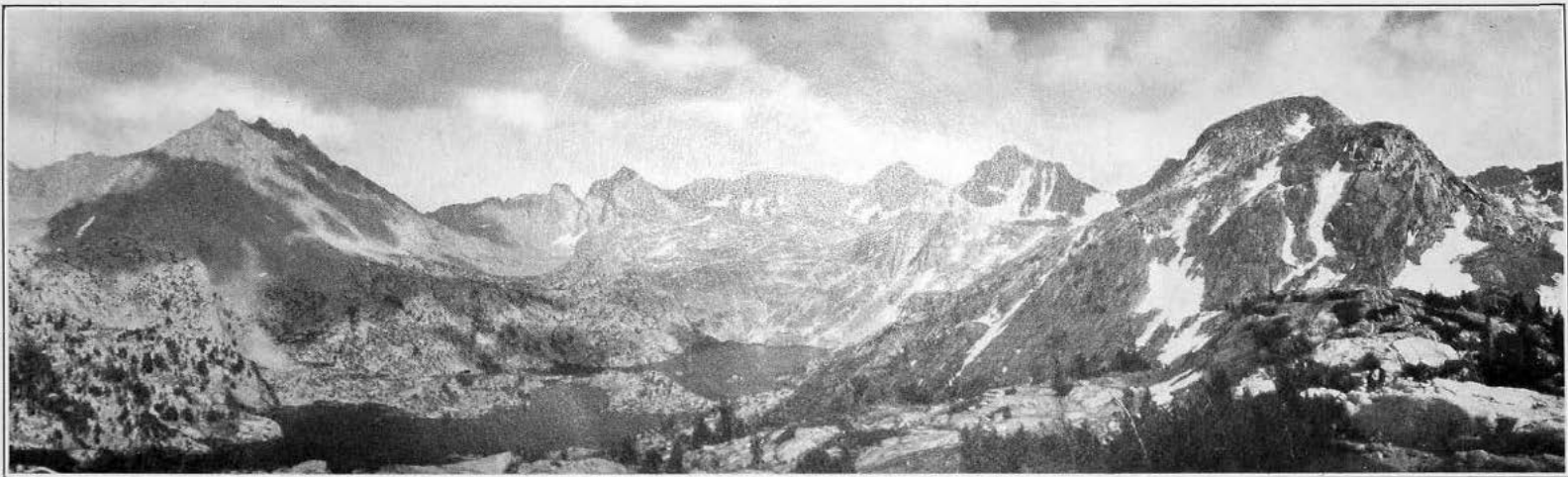
On breaking camp at Vidette Meadows a party of about fifty journeyed up East Creek and made the ascent of Mount Brewer (13,577 ft.), a mountain commanding one of the finest views in the Sierra as it stands somewhat away from the main summit crest. Several other parties, about twenty people in all, knapsacked across country, over Glenn Pass, to Rae Lake, making camp there for several days before joining their companions in Paradise Valley.

The main party returned to the Sentinel camp, remained but a day, and then started out again, up the Kings to its junction with Woods Creek in Paradise Valley. Here a camp was established for another week. Goat Mountain was climbed (12,203 ft.) and Arrow Peak (12,927) and then calamity overtook us, for it rained, not the brief afternoon thunder shower that one expects to encounter once at least during the outing, but an outrageous, unheard of downpour that lasted from eleven in the morning until nine at night. Motley, indeed was



BULLFROG LAKE FROM THE CHARLOTTE TRAIL, KEARSARGE PASS (extreme left), UNIVERSITY PEAK, KEARSARGE PINNACLES, EAST VIDETTE, AND WEST VIDETTE

Photo Edward T. Parsons



FROM BASE OF FINN DOME EASTWARD OVER RAE LAKE, BLACK MOUNTAIN (left), GOULD, GLENN PASS (extreme right)

Photo Edward T. Parson

the wear that day for with a twenty pound limit on baggage ingenuity was hard pressed to find the wherewithal to keep dry. Some improvised hooded capes out of their duunage bags; some folded newspaper shawls about their shoulders; others made umbrellas of rather restricted area but unlimited water-shedding capacity (down the back of the neck) out of tin basins and baking pans; and one fair lady who was not altogether enamoured of camp life made an anomalous picture of misery wrapped in an oilsilk bed-cover of vivid and giddy yellow. But the star, perhaps, was the staid Englishman who wore his collapsible bucket on his head and shrouded his shoulders in a capacious bath towel.

It was uncomfortable of course, but not too much so for us to make merry over it nor to enjoy its picturesqueness—the dozen campfires glowing among the trees, each one of which was the center of a lighthearted, laughing group of mountaineers, improvising verses and songs fitted for the occasion. There was a supper party even, where barbecued ham was consumed between song and story. And then the stars shone out and we could go to rest.

After a day's delay, during which the weather fulfilled all expectations and obligingly cleared, the majority of the party started up Woods Creek for Rae Lake.

No spot in all the Sierra can surpass Rae Lake. It lies close under a circle of high, beautifully sculptured, wonderfully colored mountains, a long, narrow lake, divided midway by a promontory where twisted, storm-beaten pines grow among the rocks. Northward the mountain walls stand apart revealing the canyon of Woods Creek and the distant peaks beyond, all watched over by that rugged guardian of the lake, Fin Dome. Between the tiny islands that dot the iridescent surface of the water sparkling ripples play, shivering the images of the painted mountains and chasing the shadows of the passing clouds, those glorious troops of luminous cumuli that daily journey across the paths of the sky.

Another charm, too, Rae Lake boasts—its trout are of phenomenal size and abundance, and nowhere else is there such a paradise for fishermen. Two beautiful days and two moonlight nights quickly passed, days spent in fishing along the deeply indented lake shore and in exploring the nearby Sixty Lake Basin. Three men climbed Fin Dome, presumably a first

ascent as no records exist of a previous attempt. Then we started back again, down past the domes and spires of the Woods Creek Canyon, past its meadows, shoulder high with columbine, monkshood and tiger lilies, through Paradise Valley and past Mist Falls to the Sentinel camp again.

So much more could be told of those eventful four weeks—how some of us made a sixty-mile detour from the Paradise camp across Pinchot Pass and the headwaters of the South Fork of the Kings River, over Ruskin Pass and down Cartridge Creek to the Middle Fork of the Kings and back by way of Granite Pass; how some climbed Split Mountain, southernmost peak of the Palisade group; how others visited Tehipite Valley and returned by Happy Gap; how others still explored Roaring River Basin and Deadman Canyon. What wonderful campfire entertainments we had too, the prizefight and the circus, the most ingenious shows that were ever conceived in the mind of Sierran or costumed from his inexhaustible dnuage bag. All too soon it was over and we were leaving the alpine meadows and valleys behind us and returning to the forest country, on the homeward trail.

Taken as a whole this tenth outing was perhaps the most successful the Sierra Club has ever held. The details of management were less exacting than on last summer's outing where only once during our four week's circuit of the Yosemite National Park did we spend more than five nights in the same spot, the main camp being shifted fourteen times. Never before, certainly, have we traversed so great an area of country—from Quail Flat to Kearsarge Pass, from the Palisades to Mount Whitney—and this is the more noteworthy in that this region is the most rugged in all California, much of it as yet untraversed by trails, while many of those trails marked on the government maps are old sheep routes for years fallen into disuse and now hardly to be traced. But to many of us untrodden paths are the most alluring and the days spent in the wild, lonely regions in the very heart of the Sierra are the golden ones that we best love to recall.

* * *

MAPPING MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK.

F. E. MATTHES.

[The mapping is being conducted by F. E. Matthes, who has made a specialty of high-mountain surveying in various parts of the West for the last twelve years. He finds Mount Rainier by all odds the most interesting and also the most difficult problem he has attempted.

A committee appointed by the Mountaineers is now in consultation with Mr. Matthes as to the naming of the various peaks, glaciers, parks and other points of interest on the mountain. This committee will spend three years threshing out the name question, seeking out the source of the original names and preparing a complete report as to each name.

Recommendations will then be made to the national geographical board. The committee has been chosen from among members of the Mountaineers and outsiders whose knowledge of the mountain and position enables them to act as competent judges.

The members of the committee are: Prof. E. S. Meany, University of Washington; J. B. Flett, Asahel Curtis, E. S. Ingraham and L. A. Nelson. Others assisting are John H. Williams, P. B. Van Trump and Eugene Ricksecker.]

The party of surveyors which the United States geological survey sent out last summer to map the Mount Rainier National Park, has just concluded its labors for the season, and has returned from the mountain. Continued fog and rain rendered further stay unprofitable. The map is to be something more than a superficial reconnaissance. It is intended to become the basis for all future engineering projects in the park, and is consequently elaborate and refined in character. It will rank with the new detail maps which the geological survey has recently published of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, Crater Lake and several other national parks.

Such a map requires a very large number of locations and elevations. Many thousands of points were determined this season, although only a small portion of the park on the south side of the mountain was covered.

The work was executed almost wholly by means of the "plane table" method. That is to say, the map was made on the ground, being carried on a drafting board mounted on a

tripod. A system of triangulation executed with theodolites constitutes the basis of the entire survey, while lines of precise levels connecting with sea level furnish the basis for the elevations.

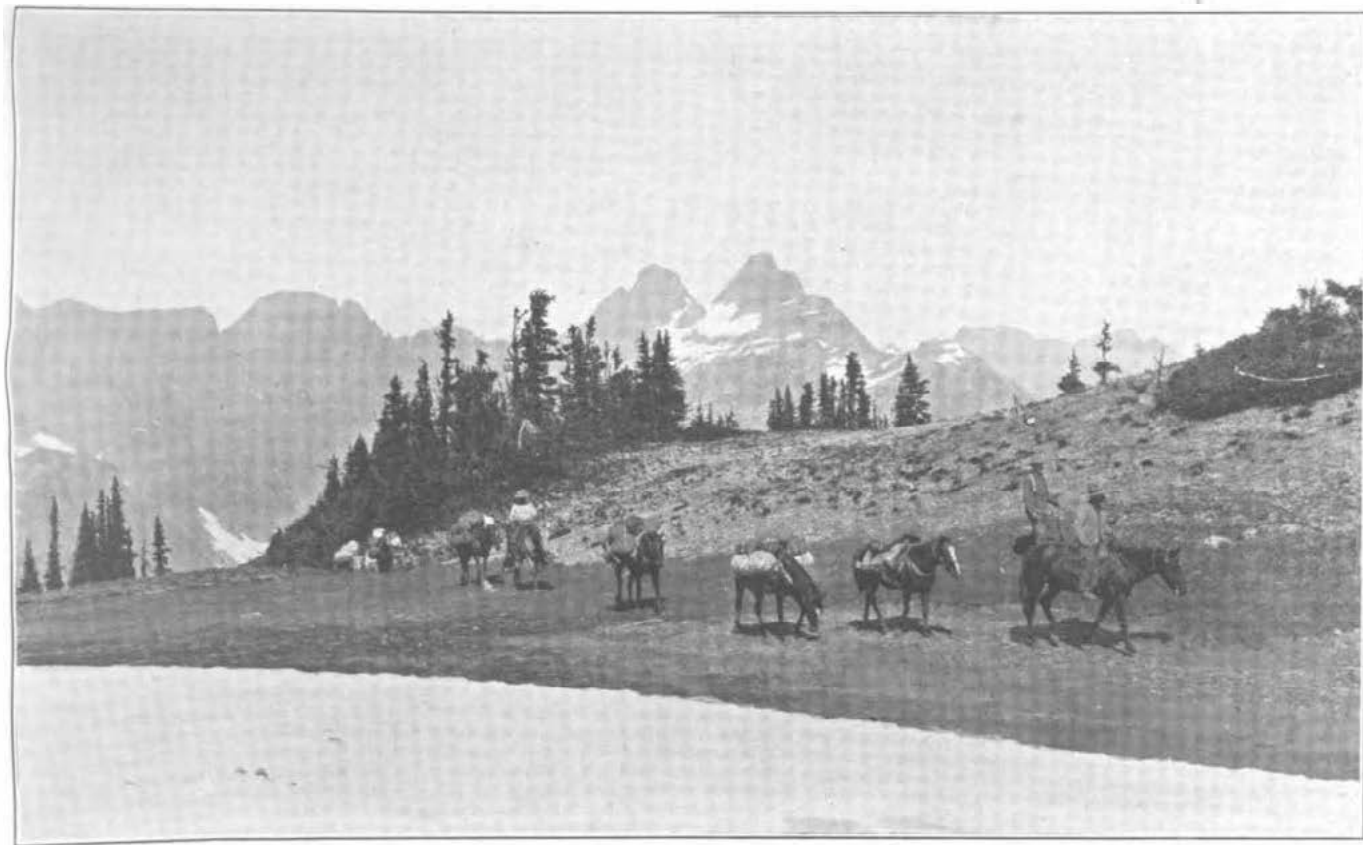
Last summer a line of levels was run into the park over the new government road via Ashford and carried up to McClure rock, which is one of the important points of the triangulation system. From it vertical angles were taken with great care to the peaks of the Tatoosh range and many other important eminences and their elevations computed trigonometrically. The exact altitude of Mount Rainier itself is ultimately to be determined in a similar manner, only, in view of its importance, the measurements are to be taken with high-power instruments and the most approved triangulation methods. It is desired to make the determination of the altitude of the mountain beyond question as regards accuracy, and considerable extra work has been undertaken merely for the sake of accomplishing this end.

Unfortunately a heavy snow fall early in October covered up the tall stone cairn which was built on the rim of the south crater for a triangulation signal, and thus this work had to be abandoned for the season without the height of the mountain being definitely worked out. It is hoped, however, that the final figure will be announced early next summer when the work will have been resumed.

The detailed mapping of a huge glacier-covered peak like Rainier calls for no little mountain climbing. The surveyors made daily climbs with their instruments on their backs, that is to say, with a fragile load, that a single misstep might ruin.

The peaks of the Tatoosh range were climbed repeatedly and treated as so many hills. Eagle peak was climbed three days in succession and Pinnacle peak four times, the work on those points being so extensive as to require several long days for its completion.

Mount Rainier itself was ascended twice, the first time in order to build the cairn referred to, and the second time in order to take the necessary measurements. In both cases the party encountered violent gales on the summit; on the second occasion the wind literally swept them off their feet at times, and the work had to be executed from the lee of the cairn.



PACK TRAIN CROSSING CLOUDY PASS

Photo by A. H. Cruse

THE GREAT WHITE HILLS OF GOD.

REV. FRANCIS J. VAN HORN.

*From flaming depths of chaos old
They came at His command;
Their fiery hearts stood still and cold,
To own His royal hand;
In stately ranks they wait His word
In bowed worship of their Lord
Behold the great white hills of God.*

*And through the mystic ages dim
They don their robes of snow,
In awful reverence of Him
Whose sov'reign breath doth blow,
Who shakes with earthquake, smites with storm,
And chastens fierce each silent form
About the great white hills of God.*

*Comes man—a tiny, creeping thing—
A bit of God's own self —
Beneath their shade to sport and sing
Awhile forgetting self,
With them to worship and be still
And his best self with Heaven fulfill
Amid the great white hills of God.*

*But they—they calmly watch and wait
While man puts forth his power;
Full well they know his certain fate,
How short his little hour:
So, when he sings, they whisper "Soft!"
And when he faints, cry "Look aloft
Unto the great white hills of God!"*

*The sunrise studs them thick with pearls,
 With crimson links each fold;
 The sunset every banner furls
 Yet leaves their crowns of gold;
 Then ghostly gray, they vigil keep
 While tired man dares fall asleep
 Among the great white hills of God.*

*But yet, ye hills, I'd speak to thee,
 Across the years I'd call;
 My dust with thine may seek the sea,
 My days be few and small,
 My name be lost as ages roll
 But I—a man—I have a soul,
 O listen, great white hills of God.*

NOTE.—Written on Annual Outing of The Mountaineers at the base of Mount Rainier and read at Main Camp Fire July 24, 1909, by Rev. Francis J. Van Horn.

MOUNT ST. HELENS.

C. E. FORSYTH.

St. Helens, the youngest of the volcanic peaks of the Cascade Range, is thirty miles west and out of line with the older peaks, thus being more susceptible to climatic change. It stands out clear, clean, alone, not dwarfed by other mountains or hills nearly its height in close proximity—an oval dome in shape.

When its winter coat of snow is on, filling its crevasse system, covering its buttes and even the rock chimneys around its crater top, then and not till then is it a perfect white with no mark or foul blot upon its shield. Then with its 10,000 feet, it is a wonder to look upon and should be seen to be appreciated. Some scenes in the hill system at times are not made for words, are beyond description. One is simply lost in wonder.

Routes and Trails Leading to It.

From Castle Rock, Washington, there is a direct wagon and automobile road forty-eight miles distant to the now used camping grounds on the south side of Spirit Lake, and north side of the mountain. Three and one-half miles south to the base of the mountain, where the climbers' troubles begin, trails are cut to the open land near the base.

From Woodland, Washington, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, going forty-five miles north by wagon road and pack trail, one may reach the south side of the mountain.

It may also be reached from Vancouver, going northwest thirty miles by railroad and then by wagon and packs to the mountain.

One knowing the location of the country can go through to the mountain, not following the known trails, but at the expense of hardships and privation.

Climbing Routes Used.

If climbing from the north side one will notice a long ridge, called the lizzard from its twisting course, from which two-thirds of the way up over a small snow field is a bunch of rock shaped like an immense boot with the toe pointing west and the top of the boot straight up the mountain. Beware of this rock boot; it is labeled dangerous. Here is located a just comfortable, modern, right up-to-date, orthodox-warm place, with steam heat if desired. Most climbers take a look at it going up. Ice will be found from 600 feet to the top on the north side. It is a steep, sharp climb but the shortest route to the summit.

On the northeast corner one may make his way over Black Butte, thence by winding around among the crevasses of the East Side Glacier, going north around the longest crevasse on the mountain, nearly three-fourths of a mile in length and, in 1908, six feet wide at the top, thence to the summit. (This route was impossible this year on account of the crevasse system.)

The east side climb may be made by going south to the skyline ridge east from the top, thence up Eastside Glacier, at all times avoiding the moving rock slide on the southeast corner north of Lewis River Glacier, as it is dangerous. Also, if it is thawing or a heavy wind is blowing, avoid all concave chan-

nels as the rocks from the top are disintegrating and roll down rather carelessly at times.

The south side is a long, gradual slope and the kindergarten side for a climb.

From the west or northwest no known one has climbed as yet.

Attractions.

A trip to St. Helens furnishes a pleasing outing because of the good roads leading to it and because the mountain itself is easily accessible from permanent camp. Spirit Lake, a body of crystal water covering 1,800 acres, has been sounded to a depth of 1,300 feet and no bottom found. There is any amount of trout in the lake from one to three feet in length. One in a boat can see them by the hundreds, but they are contrary and bite only when the spirit moves them. It is a trolling proposition except when the wind ruffles the water just right, then the expert fly fisher makes a killing.

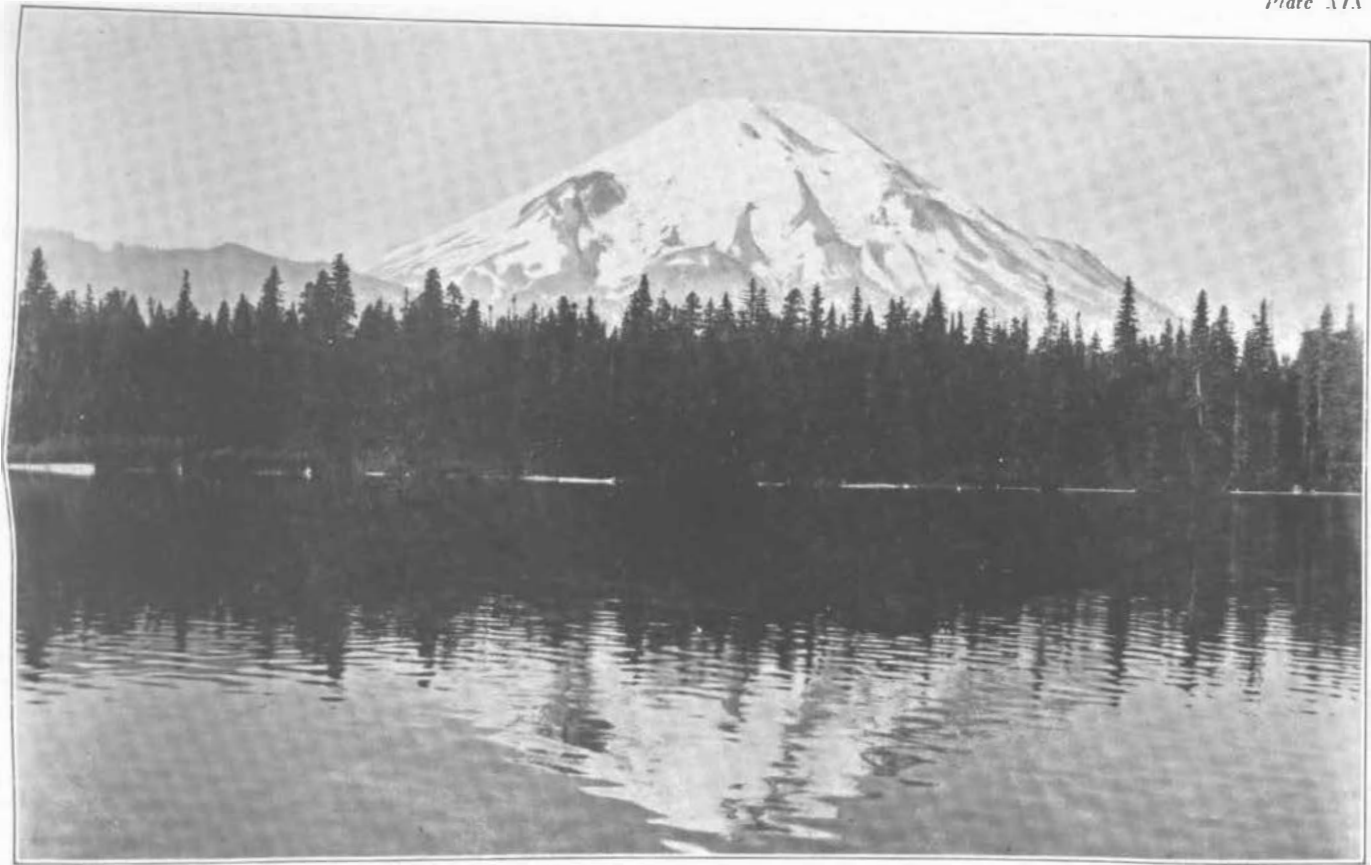
There is the best of drinking water and plenty of fuel.

Around the base of the mountain is a dim trail. The forest rangers are cutting a trail to Mount Adams which is distant thirty-three miles air line, but will be fifty miles by trail.

Lava Caves.

Lying some six miles from the mountain base on the southeast corner are the lava caves in the volcanic rock. Lava, being a bad conductor of heat, hardened on the outside while the inside being still molten, flowed on and out thus forming underground channels. These have been explored for one and a half miles without reaching the upper end. It winds downward in easy curves, river like and in a line direct from the mountain, thus showing whence it came. The lower end is filled with lava. At places along its course are openings where the rock roof has fallen in. A current of air circulates down this flume. The roof is nearly fifteen feet below the surface.

The bed of this volcanic stream is twenty feet wide, nearly level, and littered with the debris of the last flow. The banks of the channel are well defined, about six feet high, straight up with parallel lines showing the different flows. The slope is about a three per cent grade, with a roof twenty feet high, semi-circular in shape with a brown glazed appearance like



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MT. ST. HELENS AND SPIRIT LAKE

dark stoneware, covered with little stalactites. In places the roof has fallen in and the danger of falling rock from the roof is the only one in exploring the tunnel.

This cave was first discovered by Ole Peterson while hunting in 1895.

Wells.

On the south are round caves, some in a slanting direction gradually tapering to a point which, like the well holes, were formed by the molten lava flowing around fallen or standing trees that were destroyed by heat or decay. The perfect form of the bark in many of the well holes fixes the manner of their formation beyond doubt. Evidently, St. Helens had bad spells long after its first formation.

Age.

Its age is shown by the botanical and geological evidences in sight. Its flora is scant, in fact, mere nothing; yet as time goes on it will be different. The soil is yet to be formed, being now only coarse decomposed pumice and rock formation, not yet dense enough to hold moisture. Trees growing near the 4,000 foot elevation are mere shrubs, fifty years' time being necessary for one to reach a three and a half inch diameter at the base.

Away from the base of the mountain at an elevation of 3,000 to 5,000 feet, the yellow cedar is found in common with the tree formation of Western Washington, with the exception of the white bark pine.

This year the huckleberry crop was prodigious, some of them equal in size to small cherries and the woods blue and black with them.

Return Routes.

One could cross or go around Spirit Lake going north, thence on a trail now open over Mary's Peak divide; thence down Green River to the Soda Springs; thence to mouth of said river where the trail connects with the road to Castle Rock. Or one could go out via South Toutle River, due west from the mountain, connecting with the ingoing road forty miles from the mountain or via Vancouver to Portland and thence home.

*St. Helens as Seen from the Top and Otherwise,
September 24, 1910.*

Through the invitation of W. A. Williams of Tower, Wash., who has teams, wagons, etc., galore, and with two of the "Kelly Clan" of Tacoma, we left Castle Rock for the mountain September 22 at 8 a. m. and were in camp at Spirit Lake at 1 p. m. on the 23rd.

Mr. Geo. Williams, a forest ranger, young, strong and knowing the mountain like an open book, volunteered to make the climb with me just to show the way. Say! I was glad he did, for I doubt my having made it alone. In fact both of us met with the surprise of our lives in mountain work ere the day was over.

I had not seen the mountain at close range for two years and I had not known the location and general contour would have needed an introduction. The erosive wear and tear of the glaciers is appalling. It looks like a fleeting, changing world, abiding not. Evidently, there is a new shuffle of the cards for St. Helens. More hot places are now known than ever reported before. The two steam jets were still playing like the exhaust of a small engine. You find the hot places in the yellow-colored rock. We found two new ones on the leg of the boot.

The ice on the north side was three-fourths of a mile higher up than commonly, with the Eastside Glacier like unto an immense coarse spider web, broken, torn and awry, each separate thread representing a crevasse in depth from a point to eighty feet, and any width one wants. Last spring an avalanche of snow starting near the top cut off and down ten acres of timber one mile from the base of the mountain, passing over the old snow at a height of eight to twelve feet and cutting off trees eighteen inches in diameter like pipe stems. A mass of ice and debris now blocks one of the trails for a short distance.

The Climb.

We left camp at Spirit Lake at 7:30 a. m. for the north side. There was a dense fog at the lake and at the base of the mountain. Going northwest over a route new to me, being higher up the mountain, we hit the lizzard at two-thirds of its length up. Then we were above the clouds, they being

just a fleecy mass below us, lying so quiet that it seemed that the wind above held them down. Only the higher peaks were visible.

The rocks began rolling and we thought a goat-herd was above and that we might see them. The wind, biting cold and blowing a gale, made climbing over the pumice and loose rock slow and tedious. Before this, had found snow, but on this trip, both up and down, took not a step except on ice or rock.

We tried going up the ice along the boot leg but the wind blew the rocks loose to such an extent that we were forced west to the top of the ridge on the leg of the boot. We staid with the ridge till it met the glare ice six hundred feet from the top. Now our troubles were on. I was wearing the calks and alpinestock, both dull, and the same clothing as on the Chelan trip and had about twenty-five pounds of junk in the coat pockets (always enough to set up camp for one night), so much that it was balloon shaped and so could not button it. The wind now would discount a Kansas cyclone. While cutting steps for the first 300 feet, it would pick up the coat from the back and flop it over my head, easily. (Have forgotten the list of adjectives used).

At the end of the first 300 feet, we ducked behind a small cliff and tried to warm up. 'Twas no use; the wind found us, so we started on and up, now and then cutting a step. At 1:20 p. m. we dropped over the chimney rock into the crater, chilled through and through, with the four fingers of my right hand frozen through heavy gloves. We warmed up some and then went over to the box, Williams fishing it out from under the rocks. We went down under the knoll. He wrote legibly, I didn't.

Climbing this time was like getting into trouble, easy going in but hard to get out. Some one had said that no person could climb from Black Butte this year so, kid like, we looked it up, going down the east side. It was true. Nothing but a flying machine could pass the crevasses surrounding it on three sides. 'Twas the worst system ever caught in. On the east side, the ice was concave in places which helped some from just common glare ice. Farther down, for a time it looked as though we were stuck and would fail to get down, but by crossing sundry narrow crevasses at favorable places, we were clear of them and far below Black Butte.

We reached camp at 6:15 p. m. and personally, I was nearly all in. We had been without water till late in the afternoon when we broke ice in the crevasses to get it. Even Lewis River was cut off from the mountain flow which was frozen solid.

Supper was awaiting us. Good commissary with huckleberry sauce goes far towards making one forget the toil of the day.

LOCAL OUTINGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

H. A. FULLER.

The surroundings of Seattle are such as to make a variety of trips easily arranged. Beautiful woods are in every direction and it is a delight to follow the trails through them. Puget Sound and the nearby lakes are a source of much variety in planning these outings as they give various routes to any point selected as the destination of a trip. From September to June local walks are given on Sunday every two weeks. Starting from 8:00 to 10:00 a. m., the return is ordinarily made by 8:00 p. m.

By car or boat we leave the city and after some walking arrive at the place selected in advance for having lunch. The parties are always in charge of a leader who will have one or more assistants as may be required. The leader arranges to serve coffee or erbswurst soup to all and each one takes a lunch, cup and spoon. Some gather flowers, others use their cameras and the more strenuous generally have a soft base ball along for amusement. Depending on the length of the afternoon walk, the start after lunch is immediate or delayed.

Some of the walks have other attractions, as those for rhododendrons, violets, or strawberries or to the beach at the camp of one of our members. The past year a series of bi-weekly Saturday afternoon walks to alternate with the Sunday walks was quite successful, as it gave opportunity to many to take short walks and also accommodated those who could not go on Sunday.

The year 1910 was peculiar as regards several holidays coming on Mondays so that it was very convenient to arrange

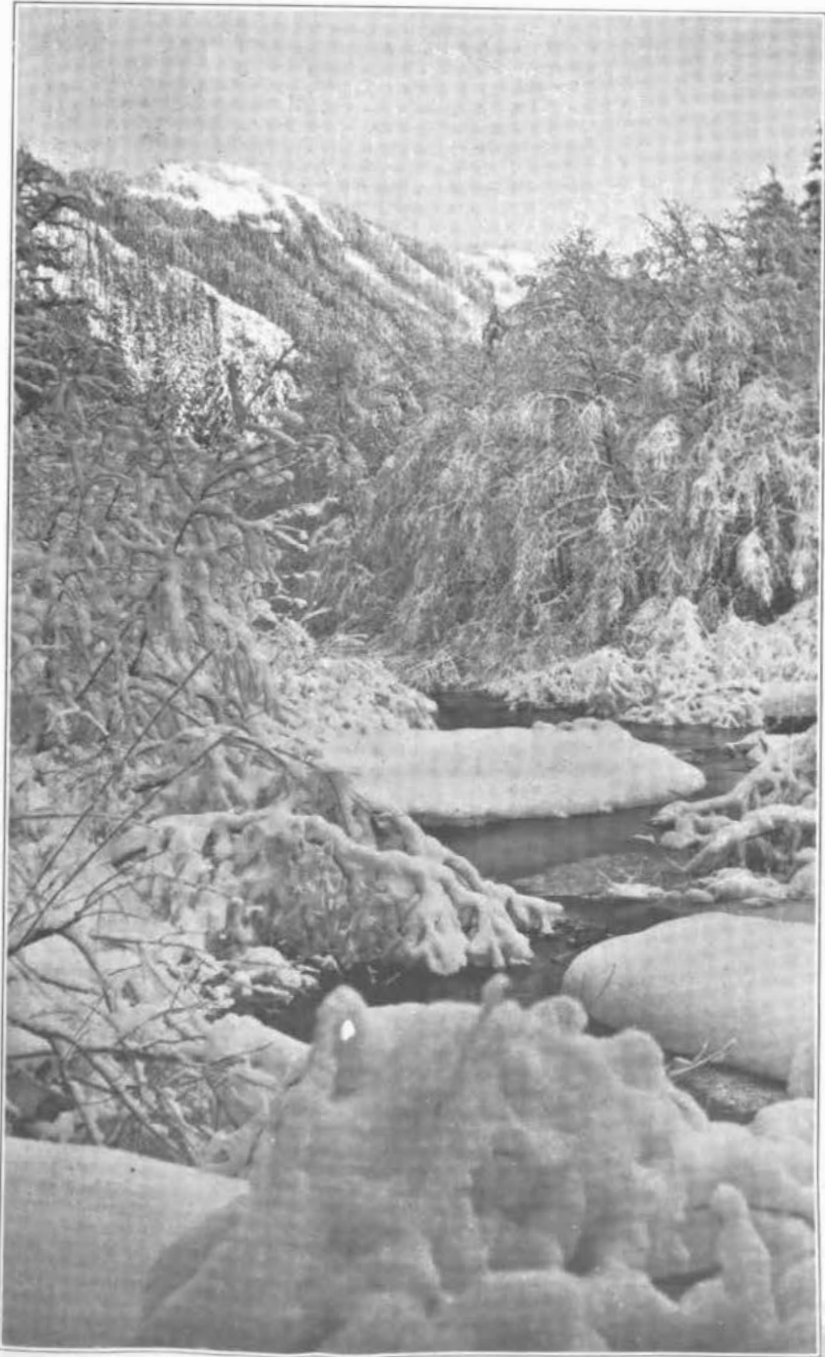


Photo J. W. Wilson
VIEW NEAR SCENIC HOT SPRINGS. WINTER OUTING JANUARY, 1910

for special outings covering three days. Leaving on either Saturday morning or afternoon the return need not be made until Monday evening. Owing to the fact that there is little snowfall in the city, a popular trip during the winter months is to the Cascade Mountains. A party of fifty-four members under the direction of the Local Walk Committee left Seattle, December 31, on the 5:15 Great Northern train.

This affair was in the nature of a week-end house party but perhaps it should more properly be called a "Year End" function. To be sure the country house visited was the Scenic Hot Springs Hotel, but mine host Mr. P. V. Prosser contributed as much to our enjoyment as though he were entertaining invited guests.

On Saturday morning the majority of the company donned mountain costume and were off for a tramp in the woods—and such woods—truly, the home of the Frost King himself! Clean, powdery snow lay on the ground; delicate lacey frost showed upon the ferns and grasses; the great boughs of cedar and fir were heavy with snow.

Our route led east from the hotel following in a general way the bed of the stream. We ascended about a thousand feet to where, from a vantage point, we looked at the great hills around us and, through the pass, to the higher hills beyond.

Back at the hotel, hot baths, dry clothing and a brief siesta prepared us to enjoy dinner and the dancing afterwards. Sunday at 9:30, a start was made and we were off for the famous Cascade Tunnel. At the town of Wellington we paused for lunch, then a short walk brought us to the tunnel. Our stop was necessarily brief, so we retraced our steps to where we had begun our walk on the track.

We did not descend by our morning's trail but followed the track for another hour, then rounding a sudden curve we saw spread out before us a wonderful panorama of white hills near and purple ones in the distance.

By five o'clock we were again at the hotel; all too soon, clothes were changed, bags packed, dinner eaten, and a Great Northern train was bearing us home from one of the most delightful outings the Mountaineers have ever enjoyed.

The trip taken May 28, 29 and 30 (Memorial Day), was to Mount Si and Snoqualmie Falls. Some of the party left Leschi Park early Saturday afternoon going by steamer to Newport on the east shore of Lake Washington and walking

from there to Issaquah, about nine miles. Later in the afternoon the balance of the party left by Northern Pacific train and at Issaquah were joined by the first party who boarded the train to continue on to Snoqualmie.

A hard rain had started about the middle of the afternoon and upon our arrival at Snoqualmie at 9:00 p. m. we were very glad to learn that the advance detail had secured vacant houses so that we were assured of dry places in which to sleep that night. Sunday morning the drifting clouds, not only around the mountain but in every direction, caused us to hesitate about starting to make the ascent, but breakfast over, the order was given to be ready to start at 7:00 a. m.

It turned out to be a most desirable day for the climb as the clouds modified the sunshine for much of the ascent which added to our comfort. Following the Snoqualmie River for three miles we are soon close to the base of Mount Si. On the side of our approach the vertical rock face rises from a large expanse of talus. A few rock slides indicate the steepness which we must surmount. Owing to the absence of trees on the mountain we find it hard to judge the height and to realize that the summit of 4,500 feet elevation is about 4,000 feet above us. A cold clear brook is crossed and we halt to



Photo by H. A. Fuller
VIEW FROM THE SLOPE OF MT. SI.
SNOQUALMIE RIVER

take a drink and fill canteens as there is no water farther up except at an abandoned prospect hole that we shall soon pass.

The brown and red rocks and the green moss and other plants make the rock wall before and above us appear as if painted. We look along the cliff and the opening is noted through which we shall follow a rock-slide in our climb to the summit. Leaving extra wraps near a large tree we pass through a belt of timber and up a rocky slope and finally emerge from the woods where we can look back above the trees at the valley we have recently left. For some distance we scramble over huge boulders and fallen trees, and at last reach the portal of the canyon from which issues the rock-slide. Looking backward now, we have a fine view of the plain of the valley and note the silver threads that are the South, Middle and North Forks of the Snoqualmie River. The town of North Bend is nearby while Snoqualmie is farther away, almost hidden by trees. Slowly we make our way up along the edge of, or over the loose rocks of the rock-slide.

Each one must be careful not to start rocks, not alone for their own safety but so as not to endanger those behind them in the line. We proceed slowly with frequent brief rests until the noon hour, when a stop is made for lunch at a place where we are able to seat ourselves on the sloping floor of the canyon; on either side the smooth rock walls rise for a hundred feet or more. Lunch over, the signal is soon given and we resume the climb, up, up, up! Coming to where the canyon divides we keep to the left making slow progress as the grade is steep. After a time the going is easier as the slope is not so steep and the stones quite firmly in position. Ahead of us the canyon appears to reach the crest of a ridge and as we emerge from it we have a view of the wooded sloping side of the mountain opposite to the side we have ascended. But we are not at the top and must turn to the right until almost about face and follow the ridge that helps to make the right wall of the canyon through which we have come to this point.

The slope is quite steep and our progress is hindered by much fallen timber, as well as by bushes and underbrush and to add to our discomfort the sun shines hotly and we no longer feel the breeze that helped to cool us while in the canyon. Rests are very frequent and several find it hard to respon-

promptly when two blasts of the whistle orders the line forward.

But soon we are where we can see the white flag which floats from the top. We all rest here while those who care to go the few steps necessary to be at the very top. It is now the middle of the afternoon and we must not stay long or we will not be out of the woods before dark which is quite essential.

The return trip is made down a broad canyon and there are many rocks and much fallen timber in some places for us to scramble over. Three years ago this canyon was used both for the ascent and descent on one of the first trips made by the Mountaineers. We skirt one side of the canyon to get the easiest grade to the lower end, which is quite broad, and reaching this, we have some of the largest rocks of the trip to surmount in crossing the canyon to intersect our route of the morning at the portal of the narrow canyon.

From this point we have only to retrace our trail of the morning across the large rocks to the woods and then follow the fresh blazes, made that morning, through the woods. Our dunnage has been moved during the day and that night we camp on the North Fork of the Snoqualmie with Mount Si near and in full view. Not all who started made the climb and, of those who did, there were only a few who were not foot-sore and weary when camp was reached shortly after 6 o'clock.

The erbswurst soup and other good things revived each one, but many sought their sleeping bags early that evening. On Monday, trips were made to Snoqualmie Falls and to the Lower Falls on the Cedar River. Depending on the trip selected, the walk for this day was 12 or 16 miles, which included the walk to Moucton on the Milwaukee railroad where train was taken for Seattle where we arrived early in the evening.

July 2d, 3d and 4th, a launch trip was arranged to Hoods Canal, an arm of Puget Sound. The main party left in the morning on the launch and reached the camp site at Holly the latter part of the afternoon. A second party went by regular boat across the Sound to Silverdale in the afternoon and after walking overland to Seabeck were picked up by the launch and conveyed to camp, arriving just about bed time. The following morning the entire party went by launch across the canal and visited the lower and upper Lilliwap Falls, having lunch at the latter. After lunch there was time for a

Plate XXII.



Photo Abel, 1910
ROAD ALONG THE SNOQUALMIE RIVER. MOUNT SI OUTING

Plate XXIII.



Photo Chas. Albertson
ALONG THE TRAIL OF A LOCAL WALK -



swim before we proceeded up almost to the head of the canal. At Union City we went ashore and had a chicken dinner at the hotel, after which we returned to our camp of the night before. The next morning we realized that it was July 4th, when our peaceful slumbers were rudely disturbed by more than a score of giant fire crackers at 4:00 a. m.

After breakfast we were once more on the launch and under way to the west shore of the canal. Touching first near the

Photo Chas. Albertson
IDLEWILD FALLS ON HOODS CANAL

mouth of the Duckabush River some went ashore to walk along by Pleasant Harbor to Brinnon, while the others remained aboard the launch which went on to Brinnon. Here they went ashore and walked up the Dosewallips River to Idlewild Falls where lunch was eaten. That afternoon the party was reunited on the beach at Pleasant Harbor and many took advantage of another opportunity for an enjoyable swim. Steamed clams, clam chowder and other good things were enjoyed at a 3 o'clock dinner and shortly after 4 o'clock the launch was under way headed for Seattle which was reached about six hours later.

September 3d, 4th and 5th, another trip was made and this time the boat was headed for the San Juan Islands. Leaving Seattle at 8:00 a. m. we soon pass West Point Light and head for Whidby Island. Owing to the fog we only have occasional glimpses of the shore of the mainland. Leaving Puget Sound we enter Possession Sound and skirting the shores of Whidby Island soon enter Saratoga Passage and passing between Whidby and Camano Islands enter Skagit Bay. Skirting the northeast shore of Whidby Island, Fidalgo Island is soon at our right and we are about to enter Deception Pass between the two islands. Everyone is ordered below and inside so that the launch may be more easily steered through the rushing waters of this narrow pass. We next cross Rosario Strait and go through Lopez Pass to Lopez Sound and continue north into East Sound. We arrived at Newhall on Orcas Island at about 5:00 p. m. and at once proceeded to make camp in a grove offered for our use by the owner, Mr. Moran.

Sunday the party divided, one section going by trail through the woods and along the shores of a lake and then by wagon road to the summit of Mt. Constitution, elevation about 2,500 feet. About a mile from the summit a stop was made at a spring and lunch eaten. From the top only a glimpse of some nearby islands was obtainable as all else was obliterated by the dense smoke and haze. The return trip was by the same route and was accomplished in time to allow those that cared to, to indulge in a plunge in the waters of the harbor. A plunge was enough—the water was ice cold.

The second party had a very enjoyable trip to Friday Harbor and returned with some salmon for the commissary and the deck of the launch covered with watermelon seeds. That



Photo by McCormick

Robert Moran has offered to donate eighty acres of his land near the summit of Mt. Constitution, the highest in the San Juan Islands, provided the state will acquire the actual summit.

evening at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Moran, the entire party had the pleasure of listening to beautiful music rendered on the fine organ at their summer residence nearby. That night some of the Mountaineers had no desire to desert the camp fire and it was only by special request that they retired about midnight.

Monday an early start was made and going by East and Lopez Sounds and Lopez Pass, we reach Rosario Strait. Instead of crossing to Deception Pass we continue south so as to cross the eastern end of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. It was not very long before we were in sight of the swells and rollers that came from the Pacific Ocean. Soon they begin to toss our launch and the captain orders everyone down from the upper deck and inside from the bow. An occasional wave splashes over the side but the wetting is not minded. Everyone is wondering how soon some one will be seasick and who will be the first. We are tossed quite roughly for a time but finally we are going with the waves and the worst of the ordeal is over and all are happy. Whidby Island is at our left and soon we are in Admiralty Inlet where the water is quite smooth. It is lunch time but no lunch is ready so we proceed to devour all the available sardines, crackers, chocolate and fruit that we can find.

Going toward the pier at Point No Point, where we expected to land for our regular lunch, we find the water too low and must go on farther. In about an hour we reach a pier near Applecove Point where we can land and go ashore and soon a substantial lunch is ready for us. That over it is only a short ride on to Seattle where we arrive about 7 o'clock.

On these two launch trips we were accompanied by our cook, Mr. Carr, which added much to the pleasure of the trips. Much of the enjoyment of the launch trips is from just the fact that the launch ride is to be enjoyed by resting and not by doing any strenuous walking. So we like all the trips because each is different from the other and the latest, best of all and the next one will surely be better so may the last one be far in the future.

* * *

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES.

 A. H. ALBERTSON.

The Mountaineers have a destiny. They should search high to find it. We have been mostly getting. The greater growth comes with giving. We take strength and inspiration from the hills; they should show forth in works—permanent and of human benefit. As an organization the Mountaineers have sufficient resource and talent to make lasting local history.

Compared with other parts of the United States this sunset country is new and undiscovered, particularly in the fields of natural science. Its beauty and variety of forms, its monuments of profound strength are unexcelled on this continent. There are lines of action leading to such works—to the writing of such history, and to the finding of such destiny. They are as follows:

I. Geology and Extinct Life.

As Dr. Lyman stated in *The Mountaineer* of 1907 this section will richly reward the study of geologic forms. "At the present stage of investigation, the geological history of our mountains cannot be wholly affirmed. It constitutes one of the most interesting problems for the scientific students of our state."

II. Geography and Exploration.

A surprising number of the natural features of the country round about are nameless—many are inappropriately named. Facts could be collected, names selected and recommendations made to Washington for their adoption. The naming of nameless mountains is already under way. Topography and map making are given considerable attention by the Appalachians. In Boston they have upheld the Park Board, the Civic Plans Commission and the School Board in their playground work.

The Mountaineers may also well look forward to the time when serious explorations may be undertaken.

III. Vegetable Life.

The Edelweiss Committee is already looking toward importations of new species. Along with the Edelweiss the arbutus, the girlhood flower of the secluded eastern woods, is worthy a playground on our Western slopes. *The Mountaineer* already records scientific effort in the domain of vegetable life extant.

IV. Animal Life.

The protection and extension of game life is one of the Mountaineers' most obvious duties. It was reported recently that a small party of hunters in a few days shot thirty-one deer from one camp in this

vicinity. The Local Walk to the salmon run at Chico showed the unfortunate sacrifice of helpless spawning salmon. The Lake Washington Bird Preserve deserves the watchful eye of every friend. The stocking of lakes and streams now barren of fish would make delightful objectives for excursions. The Sierras are now undertaking this. The importation of new birds and possibly animals and fish would be constructive work and the identification of forms already here would be of scientific interest.

V. *History and Bibliography.*

Old documents and records, original statements of pioneers and Indians as to legend and fact will be valuable in future years. The compiling of a bibliography of the Northwest would be a creditable undertaking. It would be desirable if works published by individual members and bearing on the objects of the Club, could become a part of the Club's publications.

VI. *Roads and Trails.*

The Mountaineers are preparing a card catalogue of trails in the mountains of Washington, for the use of the general public, but a record of new trails cut by the Mountaineers should be forwarded to Washington and desirable new ones requested. Advancing the interest of good roads about Rainier and in the Olympics is lasting work. A shelter hut at Camp Muir on Mt. Rainier could be projected. It might easily lead to the establishment of a Government observatory.

VII. *Forests and Parks.*

This work could comprise primarily the conservation of natural beauties and secondarily the conservation of natural resources. The more extended use of the Regular Army to guard Natural Parks and forests would greatly protect the parks as well as incidentally to give to the army further *raison d'etre*. The work of the Department of Agriculture and of the Interior where it agrees with the objects of the Mountaineers could be upheld and strengthened.

VIII. *Law and Legislation.*

The upholding of laws relating to all the above subjects and the development of advance laws relating to game, forests and roads would add prestige to the Mountaineers.

IX. *Club Relations.*

In reading the constitutions of the five mountain climbing clubs of the United States and Canada, a complete oneness of purpose is shown. In so far as this purpose calls for action in conserving natural beauty and resource and in the extentions of animal and vegetable life, it should be united on work other than local. To facilitate this the clubs must become acquainted. Ways of bringing this about are suggested on another page by the exchange of magazines, lecturers and guests to annual Outings. It will be desirable soon to consider ways and means of developing the Mountaineers activities in other cities of the state as has been done in Everett and Tacoma.

The question immediately arises as to how all this work can be done. The work might be carried on by committees of about three. In looking through the membership list the names of many members of note immediately present themselves in connection with each of the following suggested committees:

Committee on Geology and Extinct Life.
Committee on Geography and Exploration.
Committee on Vegetable Life.
Committee on Animal Life.
Committee on History and Bibliography.
Committee on Roads and Trails.
Committee on Forests and Parks.
Committee on Law and Legislation.
Committee on Club Relations.

Permanent Fund.

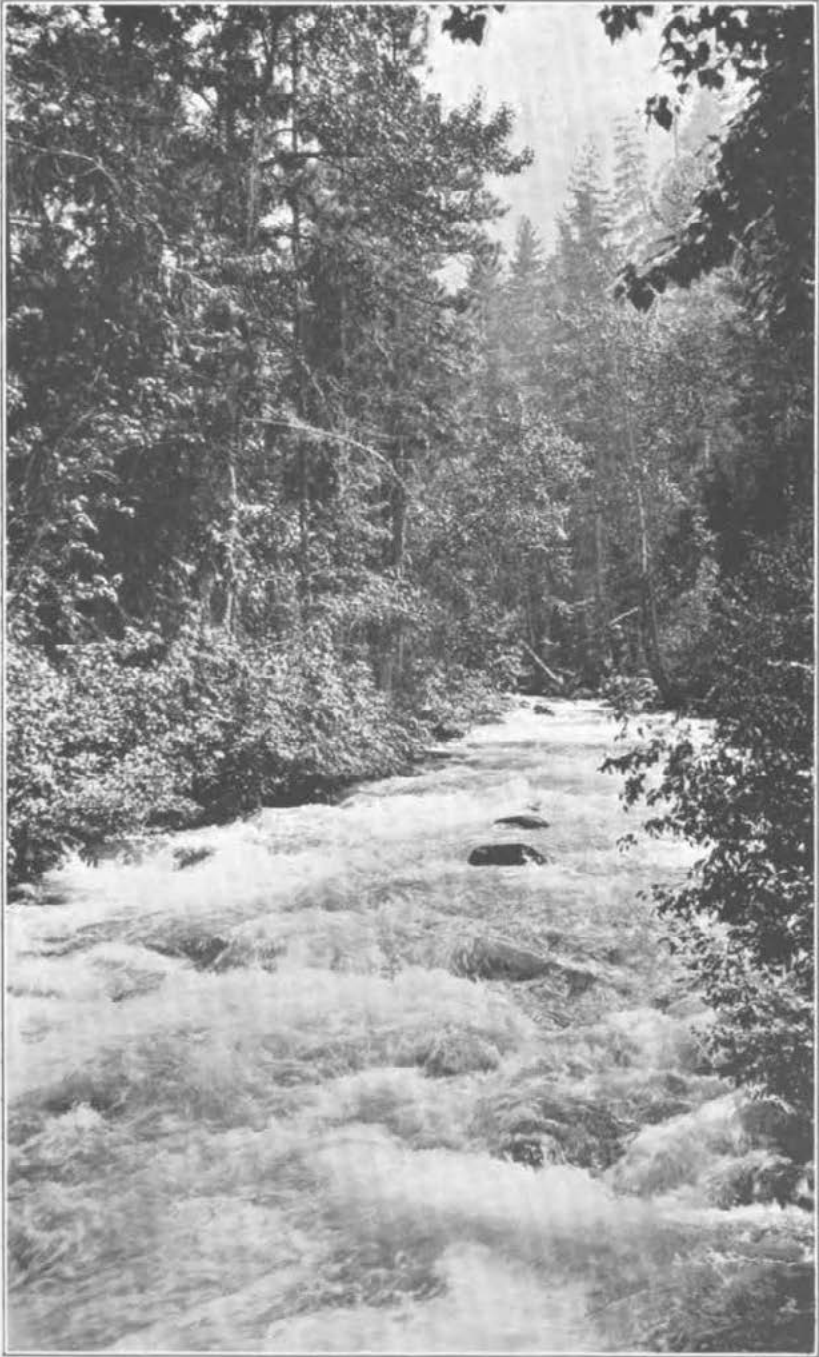
In order to achieve the above results, the common place and eternal question of finance must first be faced. In this connection the establishment of a Permanent Fund is urged, the interest only being usable for advance work. To feed this fund life memberships of say \$30 could be authorized. Initiation fees of say \$2 could be required and assigned to this purpose. When the Treasurer's yearly balance is considerable a small fraction could be voted to the Permanent Fund. The permanency of such a fund and the seriousness of its purpose would tend to invite occasional bequests. The Appalachian Club now has a similar irreducible fund of \$11,000.

Property Fund.

The time is coming, as it has already with other mountaineering clubs, when the Mountaineers will want to build shelter huts on some of our peaks, or possibly a log bungalow for winter excursions. A future need is likely to be a club bungalow as conveniently located in the city as possible. The immediate requirement is a club room. In order to look forward to something of this sort the starting of a Property Fund is suggested by setting aside each year 25 per cent. of the net yearly cash balance.

In conclusion, there can be no more auspicious or convenient season than this for the Mountaineers to look forward to broader pleasures through more complete development and more serious work. This is the proper fruit of the strength and the inspiration bestowed upon us by the clean fresh breezes from the sea, the pines, the snows; and by the power and the grandeur of our "Great White Hills." Prof. Meany's poem on Mt. Rainier could well be adopted as a personification of Destiny's call to the Mountaineers:

"Thou King, in ermine robes of crystal snow,
 Lift high thy royal head, serene and proud,"
 "A lure for some in each swift hurrying crowd,
 Whose hopes are raised and hearts anew are vowed
 To catch like thee, God's lift and onward throw."



RAILROAD CREEK

Photo by A. H. Cruse

Plate XXV.



Photo L. A. Nelson
TEN PEAK MOUNTAIN SEEN FROM CAMP NELSON

Plate XXVI.

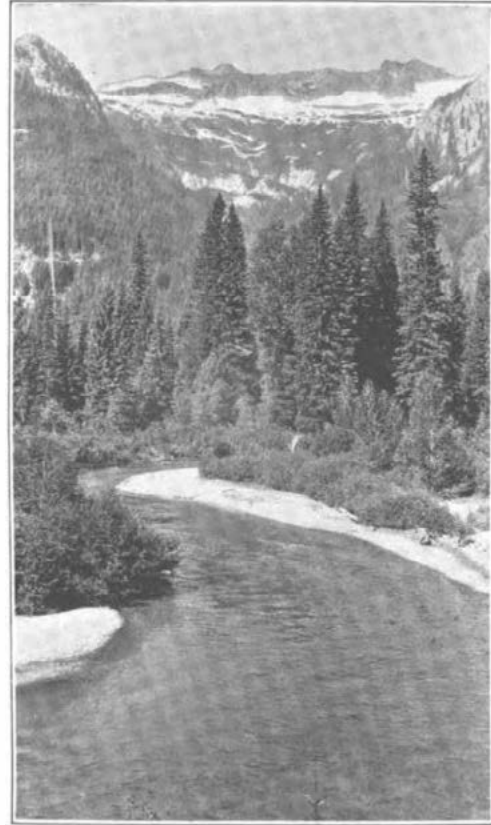


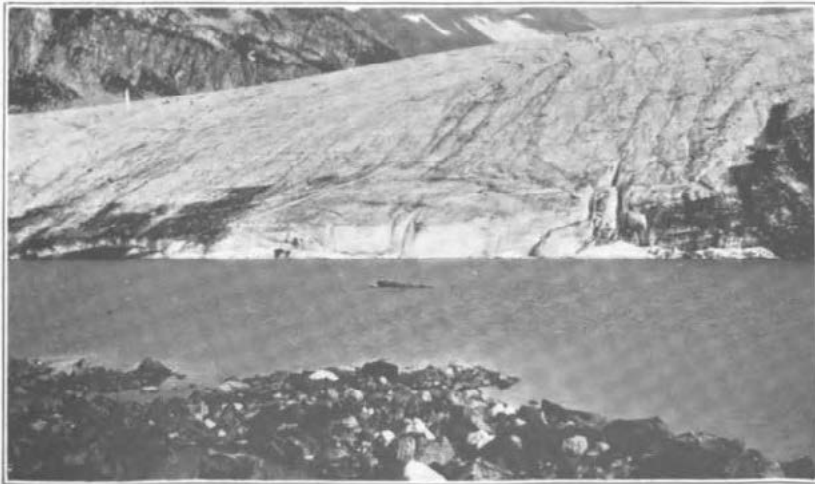
Photo by A. H. Cruse
CHIWAHA RIVER

Plate XXVII.



Photo by A. H. Cruse
RETURNING FROM THE SUMMIT

Plate XXVIII.



LYMAN GLACIER

Photo by P. M. McGregor



Photo J. W. Wilson
CEDAR AND FIR IN A WASHINGTON FOREST



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LAKE CHELAN

Photo Lindsley

THE MOUNTAINEER

Volume III

OUTING OF 1911, NOTES
OF OTHER CLUBS, OTHER
NOTES, REPORTS, ETC.

November
Nineteen Hundred and Ten



Photo by A. H. Cruise
GLACIER PEAK FROM FLOWER HILL.

* * *

*Speak, speak, ye peak; proclaim the goal;
Reveal thyself; lay bare thy soul!
I hear thy voice roll down thy throne—
"Thou too, art god-like—stand alone!"*

A. H. ALBERTSON.

* * *

*Listen: don't you hear the fir trees singing
Sweet and low at dead of night;
Singing, singing, softly bringing
Music from the realms of light.*

*Listen: don't you hear the waters falling,
Falling down thru melody;
Falling, calling, gently calling
Other days of reverie.*

*Listen: don't you hear new voices speaking,
Speaking truth and mystery;
Softly, clearly, greatly teaching,
Life grows toward all harmony.*

A. H. ALBERTSON.

* * *

MOUNT ADAMS OUTING OF 1911.

L. A. NELSON.

The annual summer outing of the Mountaineers for 1911, will be to Mount Adams and the Goat Rocks. A general outline of the route can only be given at this time.

The party will travel from Seattle to White Salmon by train, the last sixty-five miles being along the Columbia River. Leaving the railroad here the route is up the White Salmon valley to Trout Lake then over the Morrison Creek trail to a camp at timberline on the south side of Mount Adams.

After a few try-outs in visiting the surrounding country the climb of the mountain will be made. Leaving this camp the trail around the western side of the mountain will be followed to the north side, then the party will go north along the summit of the Cascade range to the Goat Rocks. A short detour will be made around this rugged mass. We will then go north to Cowlitz Pass, down the Cowlitz River to Skate Creek and up this stream through Skate Pass to Longmire Springs, Mount Rainier National Park. The last part of the journey will be over the government road to Ashford and to Seattle by train.

The scenery is some of the grandest to be found in the West. The ever-changing scenes along the Columbia with Mount Hood always in view, brings to mind the lines of the Bugle Song:

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story."

The falls of the White Salmon, with the river above and below, rushing and leaping between canyon walls, the forests of pine, the road along the rim of the canyon, all are interesting. Even more wonderful are the mountain parks, the alpine flowers and trees, the ragged peaks, glaciers with their crevasses, ice falls, and seracs, and majestic Mount Adams towering above.

From Mount Adams to the Goat Rocks the country is dotted with many beautiful lakes, from Lakeview Mountain over fifty can be seen. The Goat Rocks form one of the most rugged peaks in the Cascades and over their precipitous walls numerous waterfalls plunge.

Cowlitz Pass is a great mountain park studded with jewel-like lakes. Beyond is the Cowlitz valley with its deep canyons, Skate Pass, the Nisqually River with Mount Rainier in full view, only a few miles away.

 NOTES OF OTHER CLUBS.

There are in this country four well established mountain clubs, and one in Canada: The Appalachian of Boston, the Sierras of San Francisco, the Mazamas of Portland, the Mountaineers of Seattle and the Canadian Alpine Club of Banff. The time is appropriate for these clubs to be informed of each others plans and accomplishments. It is suggested for the following issues of *The Mountaineer* that each of these clubs be asked to contribute a short, broad article on their last year's record and the coming year's purposes. Such articles would stimulate new ideas, incite new activities, disseminate information and enliven our community of interests. There is every reason why all of these clubs should be in sufficient accord to act with the force of one body on subjects of common interest. If these clubs were organized for joint team work the results of such focal action would be clearly more telling. Such subjects as the destruction of the Hetch Hetchy valley, the construction of road-ways around Mt. Rainier, the Appalachian Forest Reserve, the regulation of forest fires and other legislation vital to the conservation of natural beauties as well as to the conservation of natural resources could be more certainly aided. To advance the relations between these clubs the yearly publication of each club could be forwarded to the principal officers of each other club. It is certain that an exchange of yearly stereopticon lectures would enliven mutual interest. Possibly the best acquaintance would be gotten by each club sending a delegate to the yearly outing of the other clubs. Last year twenty well known guests made the trip from six countries of Europe to the Rockies as invited guests to the yearly outing of the Canadian Alpine Club. The Appalachian Club also sent an accredited guest to the Canadian Alpine Club in the person of Mr. B. F. Seavers.

In order to initiate this excellent custom with the Mountaineers it is suggested that invitations be sent at least to each of the Pacific Coast clubs urging them to send an official guest to the next year's Outing to Mount Adams.

A. H. A.

The Sierra Club *Bulletin* of January, 1910, contains much of permanent interest and worth. An illustrated article on "The Observatory on Mt. Whitney," by Alexander McAdie, after recording the trip up

**The Sierra
Club**

and the results of observation of Mars ends with this strong paragraph: "In the second of these memory pictures there moves a solitary figure, strolling leisurely near the summit as the summer night falls. Neither night nor fear daunt him. Self-reliant and indifferent to what may befall so far from human help, he wanders where his fancy leads, free as the air around him. Unlike the rest of us, he courts not the comforting sup-

port of comradeship and takes the unbroken way through pass and over crag. * * * A roamer in many lands, his wistful eyes have searched the hidden places of glade and crevasse in regions unexplored. He has wandered farther and seen more than the men of his generation; but his heart turns ever homeward to the 'Mountains of the Light.' There, fittingly, the picture leaves him. In the sombre gloom of the depths around him in the deepening shadows, in the sweep of the wind, he finds friendship; communing with old friends, while night with a thousand eyes of splendor watches over all.

The closing paragraph of a contribution entitled "A High Sierra Circuit on King's River, by W. A. Morgan, appeals to all mountain climbers. "And although the embers of the last camp fire are dead, the glow in the heart kindles anew as the twilight hour creeps over us with its subtle spell calling forth the spirit of reminiscence. Again we feel the bracing air of the mountain-side laden with the fragrance of balsam and fir. Once more the song of birds mingles with the whispering of the pines and the murmur of the brook. We start afresh on the dewy trail; we climb the heights; we seek the noon-day shade; and then, as purple shadows gather on the western slopes, return to camp and friends and—fall asleep."

The Outing of 1910 is reported by Marion Randal Parsons in this issue of *The Mountaineer*.

The 1909 Outing is considered thus far the most successful in the history of the club. The objective was the Grand Circuit of the Yosemite National Park. "The circuit beginning with Yosemite, included the Little Yosemite, Upper Merced Canon and lakes, the attractive high mountain camp ground at Tuolumne Meadows, the Grand Canon of the Tuolumne, Matterhorn Canon, Rogers Lake, Pleasant Valley, and the famous Hetch Hetchy Valley. Climbs of Mountains Clark, Ritter, Dana, Lyell and Conness were made by members of the party."

About 200 people composed the party. The President, John Muir, accompanied the outing. Dr. Jepson lectured on trees. Music was given by Signor and Madam de Grassi.

The Appalachian Mountain Club, with headquarters at Boston, was founded in 1876. In addition to its yearly magazine it publishes frequent pamphlets of about a dozen pages. The August *Bulletin*, as it is named, refers to the origin of the club. Prof. Edward C. Pickering, now president, with two others, were standing on the summit of Osceola in the Northeastern Appalachian Mountains in 1873 and conceived the idea of a mountain club. The first meeting was held in 1876. It was chartered in 1878. The membership is now in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred.

The Fourth of July trip of this year is given under the name of "Forty-fifth Field Meeting," lasting eight days. From the report is this sentence: "Wednesday the 6th was very hot, 113° in the sun at 7 a. m." Compare this to the sea breezes tempered to our pleasure the same day on Hoods Canal. "Sunday morning services were held and a sermon preached by one of our party," the report states. This might

**A Glimpse at the
Appalachian Club**

Edward C. Pickering, now president, with two others, were standing on the summit of Osceola

be an extract from the minutes of the Mountaineers' Main Camp this summer.

The *Bulletin* records the club's "Memorial Day Excursion" of five days. Thirty-nine Bostonians made the party. "After lunch we started for the top," quoting the *Bulletin*, "and past another spring where we found a few arbutus blossoms beneath the logs." Surely our own Edelweiss Committee will soon bring to this, the sunset side of the Cascades, this most modest flower, known to romance and story as the queen of the kingdom of flowers, so that we too may be led to the top and past refreshing springs in quest of this delicate and retiring fragrance of the open woods.

The Appalachian "August Camp" evidently corresponding to the Mountaineers' Annual Outing, lasted fifteen days, was pitched in the Maine woods and was attended by forty-two members. "The weather was unfortunate—heavy showers with much thunder at night. The brooks and the river were well filled with water, new cataracts developed on the sides of Jefferson and the trails and paths became very muddy." By contrast this again shows nature's bounty to the climbers of the most Western mountains.

An "Autumn Excursion" lasting ten days and to be composed of about ten members and friends is announced. In the "Labor Day Excursion" to have lasted five days, reference is made to visiting two of the club's properties.

Their "Natural History Walks" correspond to our Local Walks, except they are scheduled for every Saturday afternoon. The Appalachians with their large membership consider a party of a dozen sufficient for maintaining local walks.

From the *Evening Bulletin* of Honolulu of April 8, 1910, we learn of an organization in the Hawaiian Islands similar in purpose to our own. This is the Trail and Travel Club which is "trying to better conditions of living in the islands, by conserving and making usable the magnificent natural scenery of trail, valley and mountain, and additionally so by intelligent co-operation with the great organizations of the nation, and getting their aid when necessary for the furtherance of the more immediate and particular purposes of the club."

**Trail and
Travel**

The Alpine Club of Canada's *Journal* for 1910 is about one and one-quarter inches thick and contains two hundred and thirty pages with a number of small photographs. One-half of the volume is descriptive of various mountain climbs by small and large parties. The club adds to its record four first ascents,—North Tower of Mount Goodsir, Mount Victoria, Mount Kilpatrick and Augustine Peak. The Scientific section contains careful flow records of Yoho Glacier, showing travel of different parts of the glacier varying from 25 to 150 feet a year. One of the guests from England to the Outing says in leaving, "So ended a glorious week, and we separated. We know that we are

**The Alpine Club
of Canada**

richer by the memory of a week where all went right and nothing went wrong. East knows West and West knows East a little better than before and we trust that the friendship begun among the mountains may be a link in the chain that binds together one great Empire."

The Mazamas
of Portland

Our neighboring mountain climbers, The Mazamas, made The Three Sisters the objective of their yearly Outing of 1910. The Three Sisters are located in the Cascade Divide in the middle of Oregon.

NOTES.

In July the Duke of Abruzzi reached an altitude of 24,500 in the Himalya Mountains. This is believed to be the highest point yet gained above sea level.

* * *

The Sierras are planning to plant Golden Trout in the South Fork Basin of the King's River. Over 40,000 trout were received and planted in various parts of the Yosemite Park in 1909 by the Park Superintendent.

* * *

The following on the "Neglect of Beauty" is quoted from an editorial in the *Century*, February, 1910: "Although the declaration of the first White House Conference of Governors included a record of their agreement 'that the beauty, healthfulness, and habitability of our country should be preserved and increased,' it is much to be regretted that the official leaders of the conservation movement—than which nothing is more important to the country—have never shown a cordial, much less an aggressive, interest in safeguarding our great scenery, or in promoting, in general, this part of their admirable program. . . . The first thing that a man does after he obtains a competence is to invest his money in some form of beauty, and it is in the interest of good citizenship that he should have a plot of ground to be proud of. He settles in some town, suburb, or other region mainly because it is beautiful, and he is all the happier if his home can command an attractive natural view. As he grows richer, this desire for beautiful things, and particularly for a beautiful country place, becomes more dominant, and it is to such a feeling that we owe the development of our sea coast and hilltops into regions of resort for health and recreation. The American still apostrophizes his country with the lines:

*"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills."*

But it is not merely the colossal beauty of the Sierra, Niagara, and the Hudson that should be preserved and enhanced, but the beauty of city, town, and hamlet. What is needed is the inculcation, by every agency, of beauty as a principle, that life may be made happier and more elevating for all the generations who shall follow us, and who will love their country more devotedly the more lovable it is made.

* * *

Governor Hughes in speaking at the dedications of the Pallsades Interstate Park said, "Of what avail would be the material benefits of gainful occupation, what would be the promise of prosperous communities, with wealth of products and freedom of exchange, were it not for the opportunities to cultivate the love of the beautiful?"

* * *

The United States Geologic Survey has finished its preliminary work for the final mapping of Mount Rainier Natural Park. Accurate surveys to determine the exact altitude of Mount Rainier were run last summer. The true height will be announced next year it is expected. In this connection the following letter from the United States Geological Survey relating to the height of Mount Rainier and others is of considerable interest. "The elevation of only one of the three mountain peaks named by you has been determined by spirit leveling, namely, Mount Whitney, California, 14,501 feet, plus or minus one foot correction, above mean sea level.

* * *

The Sierra Club *Bulletin* very pleasingly reviews President Meany's work, "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound." "The State of Washington," the review continues, "is fortunate in numbering among its citizens a man whose careful and earnest research is rescuing from oblivion many interesting facts of its early history."

* * *

The review of Dr. Lyman's book, "The Columbia River," has a flow like the river itself. "Running water, with its unending, resistless striving towards unknown goals, has for many of us a certain mysterious allure, rivaled perhaps, among all the forces of nature, only by the tides of the sea. The child who sets his fragile play-craft adrift in the way-side gutter, the fisherman in whose ears the song of the river rings all through the city-bound months of the year, the poet who finds his inspiration in the onward rush of mighty waters—are but a few of those who confess themselves subject to its charm. And so to many readers of William Denison Lyman's recent book, "The Columbia River," will make instant appeal."

* * *

The current number, November, 1910. of the National Geographic Magazine is a particularly creditable number. The illustrations include forty color plates of unusual beauty illustrating scenes in Korea and China.

Mount Rainier National Park.

The growing appreciation of Mount Rainier National Park is indicated by the increasing yearly attendance. During the summer season of 1908 about 3,800 people visited the Park; in 1909 there were over 6,000 and up to date this year about 8,000. In conversation with Mr. Ricksecker, engineer in active charge of the park for the United States Government, it developed that game life is rapidly disappearing from Mount Rainier. In the winter due to the snow, deer migrate to the lower feeding grounds bordering the Park. Here many hunters congregate to shoot them like pigeons from the traps. Either the limits of the Park should be extended to include the low lying feeding grounds now in the National Forest Reserve; or the game laws of the Park prohibiting all shooting should be extended to cover a belt of the National Reserve, say ten miles wide entirely around Mount Rainier Park. This would be similar in principle to the Lake Washington Bird Preserve now established around Lake Washington.

The government road was opened in September to the Camp of the Clouds. Last year Senators Humphrey and Piles offered a bill before Congress asking for an appropriation for surveys and towards the construction of the hoped for road entirely around Mount Rainier. The bill failed of passage as first presentations frequently do. This proposed government road, circling Rainier just below the glacier line, would form one of the most spectacular, beautiful and instructive drives in the United States. More glaciers of note break down from Mount Rainier than from any other peak in the country. Accordingly, our Senators should be requested to represent the bill of last year and add thereto proper methods of protecting the game by the extension of Mount Rainier Park. The establishment of Mount Rainier Park itself is a precedent for these requests. A. H. A.

* * *

The Mountaineers are indebted to A. H. Sylvester, Supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest, for his courtesy to them during the recent outing at Glacier Peak.

* * *

The Club appreciates the efforts of W. A. Ross of the Great Northern Railroad to secure minimum transportation rates for our outing.

* * *

The Commercial Clubs of Chelan and Wenatchee contributed to the pleasure of our visit to their vicinity, the former by their kind attentions, by crates of fruits, the latter by their hospitality.

* * *

The delicious coffee used on local walks and the excellent supplies used in the many outings are from Augustine & Kyer.

* * *

The Mountaineers are urged to patronize the advertisers in the Club Annual.

No.	Date.	Route.	Distance.	Leader.	Attendance	Net.
67	Nov. 14, 1909	Bothel to Hall's Lake	12	C. G. Clark	65	
68	Nov. 29, 1909	Mercer Island	5	W. M. Price	37	2.30
69	Dec. 12, 1909	Green Lake, Country Club and Phinney Ave.	10	Annie C. Brayton	28	1.90
70	Dec. 19, 1909	Kirkland to Bothel	10	Arthur Carkeek	18	1.15
71	Jan. 9, 1910	Fauntleroy to South Park	9	L. A. Nelson	41	3.35
72	Jan. 23, 1910	Vashon Island, Portage to Rocco and return.	8	Lydia E. Lovering	53	6.35
73	Feb. 6, 1910	Bothel to Green Lake	11	Roberta Lee Terry	60	2.40
74	Feb. 20, 1910	Newport to Kenndale	11	H. V. Abel	92	5.40
75	Feb. 26, 1910	Balley Peninsula	5	Chas Albertson	37	
76	Mar. 6, 1910	Hall's Lake to Edmonds	10	Thos. J. Church	77	6.05
77	Mar. 12, 1910	Fort Lawton	5	Winona Bailey	76	
78	Mar. 20, 1910	Kirkland to Bellevue	12	Gertrude Smith	46	2.50
79	Mar. 26, 1910	Golden Gardens to Schrlmers	5	Emma R. Simonds	40	
80	April 3, 1910	Bainbridge Island, Selbold to Pleasant Beach.	14	J. J. Arms	76	2.90
81	April 9, 1910	Schnitz Park	4	Fred Q. Gorton	17	
82	April 17, 1910	Port Orchard to Long Lake and return.	12	Elizabeth Gordon	64	1.00
83	April 23, 1910	Earlington to Duwamish	5	H. May Baptle	16	
84	May 1, 1910	Hall's Lake to Everett	16	Frank S. Southard	65	
85	May 7, 1910	Mercer Island	4½	A. Roger Merrill	14	
86	May 15, 1910	Chico to Wildcat Lake and return.	10	J. Best, Jr.	95	10.55
87	May 22, 1910	Tacoma, American Lake	9	Cristine Cameron	42	1.55
88	June 4, 1910	Aiki to Fauntleroy	5	J. W. Wilson	20	
89	June 12, 1910	Newport to Phantom Lake and Bellevue.	8	Grace Howard	32	3.70
90	Oct. 2, 1910	South Park, Burlen Lake and Foster.	13	Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Clarke	51	2.40
91	Oct. 16, 1910	Martha Lake, Silver Lake and Beverley.	12	Dr. H. B. Hinman	103	0.30
92	Oct. 30, 1910	Bothel to Juanita	9	Arthur Carkeek	90	6.40
93	Nov. 13, 1910	Chico to Hidden Ranch and return	6	Mary Paschall	132	4.55
	June 4, 1910	Campfire at Fauntleroy			108	\$74.60
7	Dec. 31 to	Special Outings—				
	Jan. 2, 1910	Scenic Hot Springs		L. A. Nelson & M. A. Krows..	55	11.00
8	May 28-30, 1910	Snoqualmie and Mount Si.		H. O. Fuller & Chas. Albertson	48	11.20
9	July 2-4, 1910	Hood's Canal		Roy Hurd	89	56.01
10	Sept. 3-5, 1910	East Sound and Orcas Island		Mr. & Mrs. Roy Hurd.	62	23.45
						\$101.66

EXPENDITURES.		
Jan. 23, 1910	Coffee and buckets	\$ 3.25
Feb. 1, 1910	Repair knapsack and stamps	.15
Mar. 11, 1910	Large coffee bucket	1.85
Mar. 18, 1910	Knapsack	.50
May 1, 1910	Shortage on Everett walk	1.60
May 16, 1910	Stamps	.30
June 4, 1910	Campfire	.95
July 22, 1910	Check to treasurer	60.00
Sept. 16, 1910	Check to treasurer	80.00
Sept. 28, 1910	Stamps	.16
Nov. 12, 1910	Hand axe	1.00
Nov. 14, 1910	Balance cash on hand	26.50
Total		\$176.26

RECEIPTS.		
	Local walks	\$ 74.60
	Local outings	101.66
Total		\$176.26
Net profit		\$166.50

During the year there were seven Saturday afternoon walks with an average attendance of over 31; the one led by Miss Balley being largest, 76. Nineteen Sunday walks, average attendance 63; the largest being Miss Paschall's, 132. Four local outings, average attendance 63; the largest being to Hood's Canal led by Mr. Roy Hurd, 89. Largest average attendance on Sunday walks during 1909 being 41.

Respectfully submitted,
P. M. McGregor, Chairman.

To the Mountaineers:

Your Auditing Committee has compared the financial accounts of your Local Walks Committee, Mr. P. M. McGregor, Chairman, with the vouchers and find the comparison to be correct.

The accounts show receipts from Local Walks and Special Outings of \$1,417.55. The expenses were \$1,251.05 and the balance \$166.50 is in the hands of your Treasurer.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. ALBERTSON,
C. G. CLARK,
HARRY B. LEAR,
Auditing Committee.

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

DIRECTORS FOR THE YEAR 1910.

Prof. Edmond S. Meany, President, 4025 10th Avenue Northeast.
Dr. E. F. Stevens, Vice-President, 1505 East Madison Street.
Charles M. Farrer, Secretary, 522 Pioneer Building.
Frank S. Southard, Treasurer, 55 Haller Building.
Miss Lullie Nettleton, Historian, 1806 Eighth Avenue West.
Asahel Curtis, 627 Colman Building.
L. A. Nelson, 627 Colman Building.
Prof. J. B. Flett, 107 North Tacoma Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.
Miss Allda J. Bigelow, 1139 Eighteenth Avenue North.
Miss Lydia E. Lovering, 23 West Boston Street.
Melvin A. Krows, 924 Third Avenue West.
Grant Humes, Elwha, Wash.

COMMITTEES.

Outing Committee—L. A. Nelson, M. A. Krows, Grant Humes, Charles M. Farrer.

Local Walks Committee—P. M. McGregor, M. A. Krows, Miss Winona Bailey.

Publication Committee—Miss Lullie Nettleton, A. H. Albertson, Lydia E. Lovering.

Program Committee—H. C. Belt, Allda J. Bigelow, W. M. Price.
Miss Anna Howard, Financial Secretary, 1709 Thirty-ninth Avenue.
Phone East 2259.

DIRECTORS FOR THE YEAR 1911.

Prof. Edmond S. Meany, President, 4025 Tenth Avenue Northeast.
Dr. E. F. Stevens, Vice-President, 1505 East Madison Street.
Charles M. Farrer, Secretary, 508 Pioneer Building.
Frank S. Southard, Treasurer, 55 Haller Building.
Chas. Albertson, Financial Secretary, "The Chelsea."
Miss Winona Bailey, Historian, 1732 Fifteenth Avenue.
L. A. Nelson.
H. C. Belt.
P. M. McGregor.
Miss Lullie Nettleton.
Roy Hurd.
Dr. H. B. Hinman, Everett.

COMMITTEES.

Outing Committee—L. A. Nelson, H. C. Belt, Dr. E. F. Stevens, C. M. Farrer.

Local Walks Committee—L. A. Nelson, Roy Hurd, Chas. Albertson, Dr. H. B. Hinman, Everett.

Publication Committee—Miss Lullie Nettleton, A. H. Albertson, Helen Gracie.

Program Committee—Wm. H. Gorham, Dr. Cora Smith Eaton, Earl G. Rice.

THE EVERETT MOUNTAINEERS.

 DR. H. B. HINMAN.

"The Everett Mountaineers" had their inception in a chance meeting between Mr. Asahel Curtis and the writer at Reese's Camp, Mount Rainier, in August, 1909. At that time there were no members of "The Mountaineers" in Everett.



Immediately upon my return, however, I made application for membership, and after being elected the idea occurred to me to secure enough local members, so that we might have walks the same as were held in Seattle.

How well the plan has been carried out can be judged from the following facts:

There have been elected from Everett forty members, besides five from outlying towns tributary to us.

He have held up to date, thirteen local walks, the first one being the middle of last April. The average attendance at these walks has been fifteen, but of late it has been about twenty.

We have also held two joint walks with the Seattle Club, which have been well attended from both places, and very pleasant and successful affairs.

Also one special outing May 29th and 30th, Decoration Day, with sixteen attending. We took the Great Northern to Halford—five miles above Index—walking back past the Grey Eagle Canyon and Sunset Falls, and spending the night at Index. The following morning we went to Reiter and made the climb to Lake Isabel, 2,500 feet above the railroad. It is generally conceded to be one of the most beautiful mountain lakes in the state, and on the return every one voted it to have been one of the "red letter days" in their lives.

We have also held a number of social evenings at the homes of our members, including three stereopticon lectures by Mr. L. A.

Nelson, in which he showed us the views of the Olympic, Baker, and Rainier Outings.

Eleven of our members were on the Glacier Peak Outing, nine (9) of them reaching the summit.

The Board of Directors has granted us a tentative organization with a Local Committee of Managers consisting of three members.

We think that we have made good, and will do even better in the future. We trust that some permanent provision may be made in the charter of the club for local organizations, and that the work we have started will result in local branches in Tacoma, Bellingham, Spokane and other points throughout our state.

H. B. HINMAN,
Chairman Local Committee
Everett, Wash.

REPORT OF THE PROGRAM COMMITTEE.

Programs for the Meetings of the Past Year.

December 17, 1909.—Mr. Jas. F. Illingworth of the Broadway High School, on the "Color of Birds" illustrated by many stuffed specimens, showing the wonderful adaptation in color of various birds to their particular needs.

January 21, 1910.—Mr. W. Francis Newell on "Central America, the Country and its People," illustrated by stereopticon views taken by the speaker while he was a consul in that country.

February 18, 1910.—Mr. Eugene Ricksecker on "Roadmaking in the Mt. Rainier National Park," with views and much valuable information of the work past, present and intended in that line.

March 18, 1910.—Prof. E. S. Meany on "The Mountains of Washington," telling of the surprising number of high mountains in the state, how they received their names, and the legends connected with them.

April 15, 1910.—Mr. Corwin S. Shank on "Hawaii and Japan," showing many pictures of natural scenery in those countries taken far away from the usually traveled routes.

May 20, 1910.—Hon. J. T. Ronald on "The Glacier Peak Country," interspersed with many beautiful descriptions and amusing incidents connected with that country.

October 21, 1910.—Mr. L. A. Nelson, on the "Glacier Peak Outing," illustrated with the many pictures taken by Messrs. Denman, Cruse, Lindsley, Albertson, Gorham, Gleason, McGregor, Hinman and Nelson on the last summer's outing.

November 18, 1910.—Prof. Trevor Kincaid on "Animal Aviators," showing the various provisions for flight in the different species of birds.

Respectfully submitted,

H. C. BELT.
Chairman.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The past year has been a most prosperous and interesting one for The Mountaineers. The number of members in good standing has increased over 50 per cent. The walks and outings have been particularly pleasant and well attended and the outside work of the club quite comprehensive and for the most part, productive of results.

By the help of a very enthusiastic Everett member, an auxiliary club was organized in Everett, thereby adding 48 members to our rolls. Their program of walks, printed on the general notices has resulted in a very pleasant and profitable intercourse.

In addition to other work we carried on a campaign for more and better roads and trails in the Mt. Rainier National Park and for appropriations to maintain the present roads, a matter that had been entirely overlooked by Congress. Along this line, our efforts have been directed towards obtaining an appropriation for the survey of a road around the mountain, skirting the glaciers at as high an altitude as possible and with a maximum grade of 8%. Such a grade would make it possible to reach many points of great interest, not otherwise attainable. We urge that a trail be constructed along the line of such a survey, with the first money available, so that all sides of the mountain would be accessible at a comparatively early date. Later and as more money became available, this trail could be gradually widened to a road.

We are indebted to many of our friends and to kindred and commercial organizations for their prompt offers of aid and also suggestions for obtaining the necessary legislation to carry out this plan. Also to Senator Piles and Congressman Humphrey for their prompt assistance. We hope that this friendly help will be continued in the future until the results obtained will be in some measure commensurate with the merits of the most splendid mountain in the United States.

A short but strenuous and successful campaign was carried on in the spring to curtail the activities of a shingle bolt company who, having in some manner obtained a permit to cut dead and down cedar in a portion of the Rainier National Park, were cutting and slashing everything in sight, without a protest from anyone.

Our active interest in the naming of points of natural beauty in the state and particularly in the neighborhood of Mt. Rainier, was recognized by an invitation from Mr. Francois E. Mathes of the U. S. Geological Survey, on behalf of the government, for representatives of the club to meet him and discuss this subject.

Being greatly interested in the preservation of the wild animals and birds of the state, The Mountaineers will maintain an active interest during the coming session of the legislature, in obtaining the enactment of a law absolutely prohibiting any further killing of mountain goats.

We were highly pleased by the generosity of Mr. Robt. Moran, who notified the club that he was prepared to donate to the state eighty acres of land near the summit of Mt. Constitution, providing

the state purchased the actual summit adjoining, for the use of the public as a park.

An active campaign will be carried on with this object in view and all other organizations interested in preserving such beauty spots to the public, are urged to cooperate.

CHARLES M. FARRER,
Secretary.

Your Auditing Committee has compared the financial accounts of the Secretary with his vouchers and find the comparison to be correct.

The accounts show \$181.66 received and \$65.70 expended. The balance of \$115.96 is in the hands of the Treasurer.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. ALBERTSON,
C. G. CLARK,
HARRY B. LEAR.

Auditing Committee.

To the Board of Directors of The Mountaineers:—

I submit the following report of the finances of the Glacier Peak, Lake Chelan Outing:

Receipts from the outing.....	\$2,641.25
Bills receivable	3.75
	<hr/>
Total	\$2,645.00
Disbursements:—	
Transportation	\$ 736.30
Provisions	618.53
Packing	464.02
Cooks	213.00
Preliminary trips	72.15
Prospectus	38.20
Commissary	63.25
Trail	25.00
General Expense	87.99
	<hr/>
Total	\$2,318.44
Net Gain	\$ 326.56

L. A. NELSON,
Chairman Outing Committee.

Your Auditing Committee has compared the financial account of your Outing Committee, Mr. L. A. Nelson, Chairman, with the vouchers and find the comparison to be correct.

The accounts show receipts from the Glacier Peak Outing of \$2,674.36 and expenditures of \$2,502.18. The balance of \$172.18 is in the hands of your Treasurer.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. ALBERTSON,
C. G. CLARK,
HARRY B. LEAR.

Auditing Committee.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1909-1910.

Receipts:—

Dr. E. F. Stevens, Treasurer	\$ 110.81
C. M. Farrer, Secretary	8.00
Rainier Lecture	23.65
Advertising and sale of Magazines.....	49.77
1908-9 Local Walks and East Sound Outing	84.55
1908-9 Outing Committee	242.82
Financial Secretary, dues	799.00
1909-10 Local Walks	140.00
Glacier Peak Prospectus and Preliminary Trip.....	78.20
C. M. Farrer, Secretary, dues.....	87.99
Total Receipts	\$1,624.79

Disbursements:—

Goods stolen from A.-Y.-P. Exhibit	\$ 7.71
Rent, furniture and supplies	42.20
Addressing and mailing Notices, etc.....	19.59
Glacier Peak Prospectus and preliminary trip	78.20
Printing and Stationery	66.70
Wiring for lantern service	16.00
Stereopticon slides and supplies	62.15
Final payment on Annual for 1909.....	125.30
Timber cutting trips (two), Mt. Rainier.....	34.10
Aneroid	18.25
Binding Vol. I	28.25
Financial Secretary	40.00
Total Disbursements	538.45

Balance in Seattle National Bank, Nov. 14, 1910.....	\$1,086.34
Outing Fund balance, Bank of California, Nov. 14, 1910	\$ 172.18
Balance from P. M. McGregor, 1909-10 Local Walks.....	26.50
Balance from Charles M. Farrer, Secretary, dues, etc.....	27.97
Total cash on hand, Nov. 18, 1910.....	\$1,312.99

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK S. SOUTHARD,

Treasurer.

Your Auditing Committee has compared the accounts of your Treasurer, Mr. Frank S. Southard, with the vouchers and find the comparison correct.

The accounts show receipts of \$1,851.44 and expenditures of \$538.45. This leaves a cash balance of \$1,312.99.

Of this balance \$1,140.81 is deposited in the Seattle National Bank in the name of The Mountaineers. The Outing Fund balance is in the Bank of California in the name of The Mountaineers Outing Committee and amounts to \$172.18.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. ALBERTSON,

C. G. CLARK,

HARRY B. LEAR.

Auditing Committee.

MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

* Indicates the members who participated in the Glacier Peak Outing.

** Indicates Honorary Members.

Abel, H. V.....	422 Colman Bldg.....	Seattle, Wash.
Adams, H. W.....	Room 222, City Hall.....	" "
*Albertson, A. H.....	727 Henry Bldg.....	" "
*Albertson, Chas.	727 Henry Bldg.....	" "
Allen, Edward W.....	402 Burke Bldg.....	" "
Archer, A. W.	203 Collins Bldg.....	" "
Arms, Jas. J.....		Anacortes, Wash.
Athen, Virginia F.....	1419 Boylston Ave.....	Seattle, Wash.
Atkinson, Will	Box 746	" "
*Avey, O. L.....		Lake Ballinger, Wn.
Badgley, Chas. G.....	White Bldg.	Seattle, Wash.
Bailey, Arthur A.....	1610 Hewitt Ave.....	Everett, Wash.
Bailey, Bernice E.....	2725 Cedar St.....	" "
Bailey, F. L.....		La Conner, Wash.
*Bailey, Winona	1732 Fifteenth Ave.....	Seattle, Wash.
Baird, Sadie E.	3016 Colby Ave.....	Everett, Wash.
Baker, W. G.	2812 Colby Ave.....	" "
*Baldwin, Dr. Margaret.....	23 W. Boston St.....	Seattle, Wash.
*Baptie, H. May.....	1921 Third Ave. W.....	" "
Barnes, Dr. S. D.	306 Arcade Bldg.....	" "
Bathurst, Katharine	1704 25th Ave.....	" "
Bayne, M. W.....		Kirkland, Wash.
Beaton, Jessie	604 N. 44th St.....	Seattle, Wash.
*Belt, Mrs. F. S.	414 16th Ave. N.....	" "
*Belt, H. C.	414 16th Ave. N.....	" "
Best, John A. Jr.....	St. Anne Apts.....	" "
Bigelow, Allda	1139 18th Ave. N.....	Seattle, Wash.
Bird, Mrs. Ida M.....		Monroe, Wash.
Bird, John D.		" "
Blanchard, J. A.	315 1st Ave. N.....	Seattle, Wash.
Blanchard, Irene	315 21st Ave. N.	" "
*Blake, Fred J.....	1510 1st Ave.....	" "
*Blosser, J. A.		Snohomish, Wash.
Blough, Allie	1722 W. 59th St....	Seattle, Wash.
Bolton, Carrie		Chico, Wash.
Brayton, Annie	212 E. 80th St.....	Seattle, Wash.
Brayton, Fannie E.	402 Sylvan St.....	Bellingham, Wash.
Broesamle, Anna	1612 Boylston Ave.....	Seattle, Wash.
Brown, Sidney	Waldorf Apts.	" "
Browning, Lena M.....	1219 Cloverdale	" "
Burke, Hon. Thomas	1004 Boylston Ave. N....	" "

Burkhart, Mary	2711 Hoyt Ave.	Everett, Wash.
Burt, Will	Box 206, University Sta.	Seattle, Wash.
Burtis, Bennet H	5249 University Blvd.	" "
Calkins, Eunice A.	524 1/2 Broadway	Seattle, Wash.
*Cameron, Christine	201 C St.	Tacoma, Wash.
Carkeek, Arthur	427 E. Denny Way	Seattle, Wash.
Carter, Gertrude	621 Jackson St.	Portland, Ore.
Challacomb, N B.	2601 Hoyt St.	Everett, Wash.
Chalmers, D. Duncan	Hotel Kennedy	Seattle, Wash.
Chapman, E. L.	1811 8th Ave. W.	" "
Chatterton, H. I.	Y. M. C. A.	Everett, Wash.
Chesterman, Ethel		Sioux City, Iowa.
Church, Thos. J.	P.-I. Bldg.	Seattle, Wash.
City Editor	Post-Intelligencer	" "
City Editor	The Star	" "
City Editor	The Times	" "
City Editor	The Week-End	" "
Clark, Anabel	4731 15th Ave. N. E.	" "
Clark, C. G.	508 Melrose Ave.	" "
Clark, Mrs. C. G.	508 Melrose Ave.	" "
Clarke, Dorcas L.	2129 Rucker Ave.	Everett, Wash.
*Clark, Everett	2129 Rucker Ave.	" "
*Clark, Irving M.	402 Burke Bldg.	Seattle, Wash.
Clark, Dr. L. W.	304 Nor. B. & Tr. Co.	" "
*Coenen, A. Margaret	3200 N. Union Ave	Tacoma, Wash.
Cole, Lucy K.	The Knickerbocker	Seattle, Wash.
Cole, Vinnie M.	2412 Baker Ave	Everett, Wash.
Collins, Emma L.	702 Minor Ave.	Seattle, Wash.
Collins, J. F.	916 Third Ave	" "
Comer, Wm. D.	Title Trust Co.	" "
Corbet, Darrah	618 Mutual Life Bldg.	" "
Corey, C. R.	4750 21st Ave. N. E.	" "
Cottrell, Bessie	324 18th Ave.	" "
Cox, Mary Virginia	1657 Bellevue Ave.	" "
Craven, A. J.	120 Garden St.	Bellingham, Wash.
Cresap, Trella Jane	The Chelsea	Seattle, Wash.
Crickmore, Mrs. Minnie M.	1133 33rd Ave. S.	" "
*Cruse, A. H.	606 Y. M. C. A.	" "
Culmer, Myrtle G.	1415 Boren Ave.	" "
Curtis, Asahel	627 Colman Bldg.	" "
Curtis, Mrs. Florence	1115 36th Ave.	" "
Dabney, Frank	618 1st Ave. W.	Seattle, Wash.
Daugherty, Rose	1460 20th Ave.	" "
Davidson, Dr. C. F.	755 Empire Bldg.	" "
Davis, Fldelia G.	City Engineer's Office	" "
Dayton, Clara A.	1317 Howell St.	" "
Dean, M. Ethel	Box 405	" "
De Graff, Lois	1505 E. Jefferson St.	" "
*Denman, A. H.	500 Nat. Bnk. of Com.	Tacoma, Wash.

Devereux, Mildred	2216 Hoyt Ave.	Everett, Wash.
Donoghue, Lucy	1122 13th Ave.	Seattle, Wash.
Dowling, Evaline	8 Bells Court	Everett, Wash.
Dummett, J. A.	309 Boylston Av. N.	Seattle, Wash.
Dunlap, Winnifred E.	422 Colman Bldg.	" "
*Eaton, Dr. Cora Smith	1629 14th Ave.	Seattle, Wash.
Ebersold, R. R.	3112 Rockefeller Ave.	Everett, Wash.
Eckert, Elmer H.	110 Blaine St.	Seattle, Wash.
Ederer, Arthur F.	812 Lowman Bldg.	" "
Egan, Blanche L.	1207 E. Howell St.	" "
Elmer, Maude V.	1712 Summit Ave.	" "
Emerson, G. D.	15 Beacon St.	Boston, Mass.
Epler, Frank	1233 7th Ave. W.	Seattle, Wash.
Epler, Mrs. Frank	1233 7th Ave. W.	" "
Epler, W. F.	333 1st Ave. W.	" "
Epler, Mrs. W. F.	333 1st Ave. W.	" "
Fahnestock, John N.	City Engineer's Office	Seattle, Wash.
Fairbrook, Lloyd F.	1521 Grand Ave.	Everett, Wash.
*Fargo, Lucile F.	1014 Madison St.	Seattle, Wash.
Farrer, Chas. M.	1624 8th Ave. W.	" "
Farrer, Peyton M.	508 Pioneer Bldg.	" "
Ferree, Nita J.	1415 Boren Ave.	" "
Field, Frederick C.	406 Yesler Way	" "
Flett, Prof. J. B.	107 N. Tacoma Ave.	Tacoma, Wash.
Fontron, Mabel	496 Arcade Bldg.	Seattle, Wash.
*Forsyth, C. E.	Box 105	Castle Rock, Wash.
Fox, Clare D.	The Chelsea	Seattle, Wash.
Franklin, Phil. A.	4042 Brooklyn Ave.	" "
Franklin, Will H.	4042 Brooklyn Ave.	" "
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Compiled by HELEN GRACIE.

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