

# THE MOUNTAINEER

VOLUME XV

Number One

December 15, 1922

Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens  
and the Goat Rocks



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VOLUME FIFTEEN

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Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens  
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Incorporated 1913  
Organized 1906

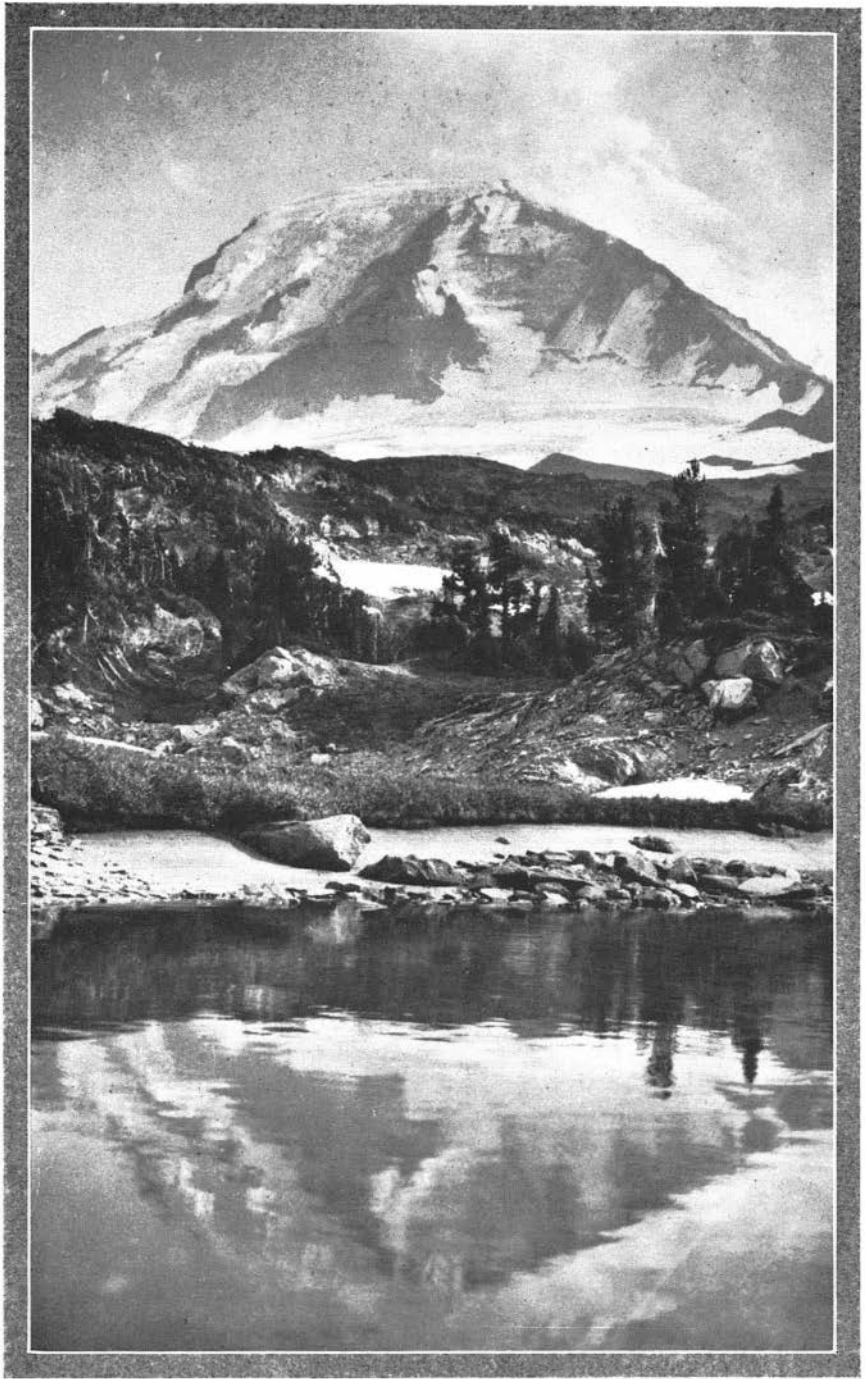
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MOUNT ADAMS  
AND REFLECTION POOL

*Mabel Furry*

# Greetings

from

**Aristides E. Phoutrides**

Author of "With the Gods  
on Mount Olympus"

Blessed are they who hear the voice of the mountains  
and seek their solitude. For the mountains  
are God's towers replete with all the glory of  
the earth and all the radiance of heaven. And  
they reward their worshippers with strength  
and light and beauty: May you long receive  
true devotes in their most lovely mysteries; and  
may your eyes be turned from all the mire  
of the lowlands. "For it is a day of trouble  
and of treading down and of perplexity...  
in the valley of vision, breaking down  
the walls, and of crying to the mountains."

Aristides L. Phontides

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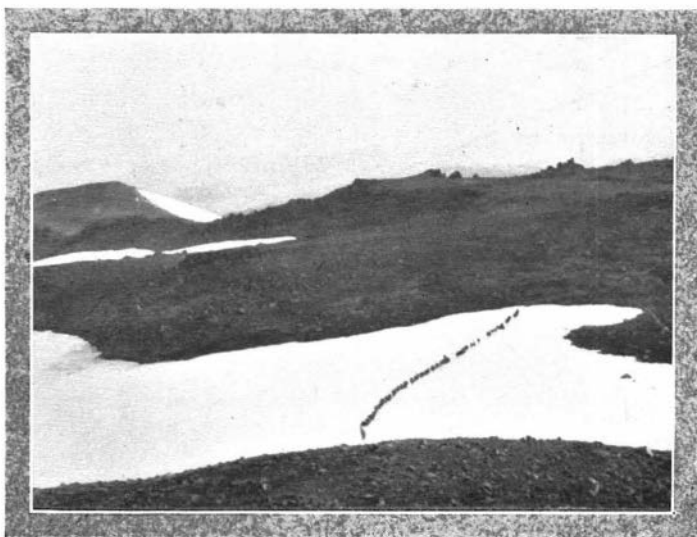


# The Mountaineer

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Seattle, Washington

December, 1922



*Fairman B. Lee*

ASCENT OF MOUNT ADAMS

The line crossing the snow  
just below the cleaver.

## THE MOUNT ADAMS, MOUNT ST. HELENS AND THE GOAT ROCKS OUTING

EDITH PAGE BENNETT

**I**N SATURDAY, July 29, at 8 a.m., fifty-three seekers of the high places, those of the strong backs and weak minds, sometimes known as Mountaineers, embarked via two busses from Seattle on their sixteenth annual Summer Outing. The weather was ideal, the crowd of a companionable size, and the spirits high. People were with us from New York, Ohio, California, Indiana, Portland, and Milwaukee—a fact which always adds to the festivity of such an occasion. At Tacoma eleven more joined our party. We followed the old familiar mountain road to Rainier as far as Elbe, ate our last city lunch for three weeks by a dashing stream, and then took the road, a winding one, toward Lewis.

The road was attractive, at least over our heads, where majestic forest trees waved. For many miles we pursued the even tenor of our way. Soon, however, the road—at least the traversable part of it—seemed to narrow and roughen. Large rocks and occasional unexpected “thank-you-ma’ams” appeared. Unfortunately our busses apparently widened, at least

they were non-adjustable, so after suffering severe wounds in parts of their anatomy which protruded unduly, our faithful carriers drew a last breath and refused to carry us farther. Seven or eight miles from our destined camp-site, Johnson's Creek, we left the stages and resorted, a little earlier than we had anticipated, to our more customary method of locomotion, a method to which we were soon to become deeply attached. A small truck came and got our extra burdens so our march was unencumbered. No need of flashes or guide to follow a wagon-road sandy and at times hard on the dispositions of those still wearing low shoes. The moon came up and the last stragglers were picked up by the truck so at ten o'clock all had reached camp. A belated dinner was hastily consumed and we learned how easy it was to choose one's night's resting-place by flashlight and pale moonlight instead of daylight. In the morning some of the veterans of the trail were deeply chagrined to learn that they had performed their nightly ablutions just above commissary. The slender crescent moon had beguiled them into misjudging the direction of the stream.

The next morning we started blithely on our way through a woody path toward our next night's resting-place. 'Twas just as well our "get-away" was blithe for our arrival could not have been so designated by even the most optimistic of outers. For thirteen and a half mountaineer-miles we climbed upward, surely but slowly, over trails, well defined but dusty, through air that was warm, and on feet not yet accustomed to the trail. The path lead through lovely woods of fir and hemlock which we appreciated, except for the last few miles. We camped at the Berry-Patch Camp near a ranger station, beside a rather diminutive creek. Our campfire activities, even on Sunday night, were limited to the good-night song so you may know even Professor Meany was weary.

Next morning, quite restored to normalcy, so marvelous are the recuperative powers of a Mountaineer, we set out for the famous Goat Rocks, our objective being Snow-Grass Flats. After crossing a stream our trail soon merged into a meadow, and here we had our first glimpse of our mountain meadow flowers. Never was there such vivid Indian paint-brush, never such deliciously blue lupine. However, after we left the lovely, bubbling Glacier Creek, those same meadow trails, supposedly well defined, proved a snare and a delusion to some of our well seasoned Mountaineers. Two especially congenial friends followed the ever-alluring and elusive sheep trail, got far away from the main party, most of whom were in camp by one o'clock, wandered all afternoon, had dinner—so they said—at a sheep-herder's camp, and were finally escorted into camp after the shades of night were falling. One of the novices to mountain climbing also went astray but she, fortunately, was soon joined by one of our oft-lost members, so those two lost souls together found our camp well along toward night.



MOUNT ADAMS FROM  
SNOW-GRASS MEADOWS

*A. H. Denman*  
Here The Mountaineers had their first glimpse of the mountain meadow flowers. Never was there such vivid Indian paint-brush, never such deep blue lupine.

The next three days were spent in Snow-Grass Flats surrounded by the lovely Goat Rocks, along the banks of a dashing mountain stream across which the women had their quarters. At first we crossed this stream timidly, on slippery stones and rolling logs, but by the end of three days we were crossing it fearlessly in the dark and even while carrying our dunnage bags. Here for the first time we encountered, right in our door-yard, the lovely Mariposa lily or cat's ear and found amid the lupine and paint brush the blue gentian just opening to the sun. Here, early in the morning, above the mist and haze, we got our first glimpse of Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams. From the top of Old Snowy—alas, snowless at this time of the year—we had a fleeting view of Mount Rainier. Here we had our first real camp-fire and here we listened and were beguiled by the exquisite violin music of Elwyn Bugge, who night after night enchanted and rested us with his violin. How many of us will ever hear such things as "Meditation" from "Thais," "Hymn to the Sun," and Rubenstein's "Melody in F," without thinking of the tunes we heard played around the campfire, enshrouded in darkness and the solitude of the forest amid congenial companionship. How fittingly Professor Meany expressed all our thoughts in the following tribute.

#### ELWYN AND HIS VIOLIN

Around us a circle of mountains  
And canyons—the glacier's deep scars—  
When blithely there stands by the campfire  
A lad with his soul in the stars.

He calls on the world's greatest masters  
To give each his heart's sweetest songs,  
And merges the songs with wild nature,  
Each echo sweet cadence prolongs.

No more may the forest tunes whisper  
Alone in the swaying of trees;  
I'll hear there the song of a master  
In lilt of some bough in the breeze.

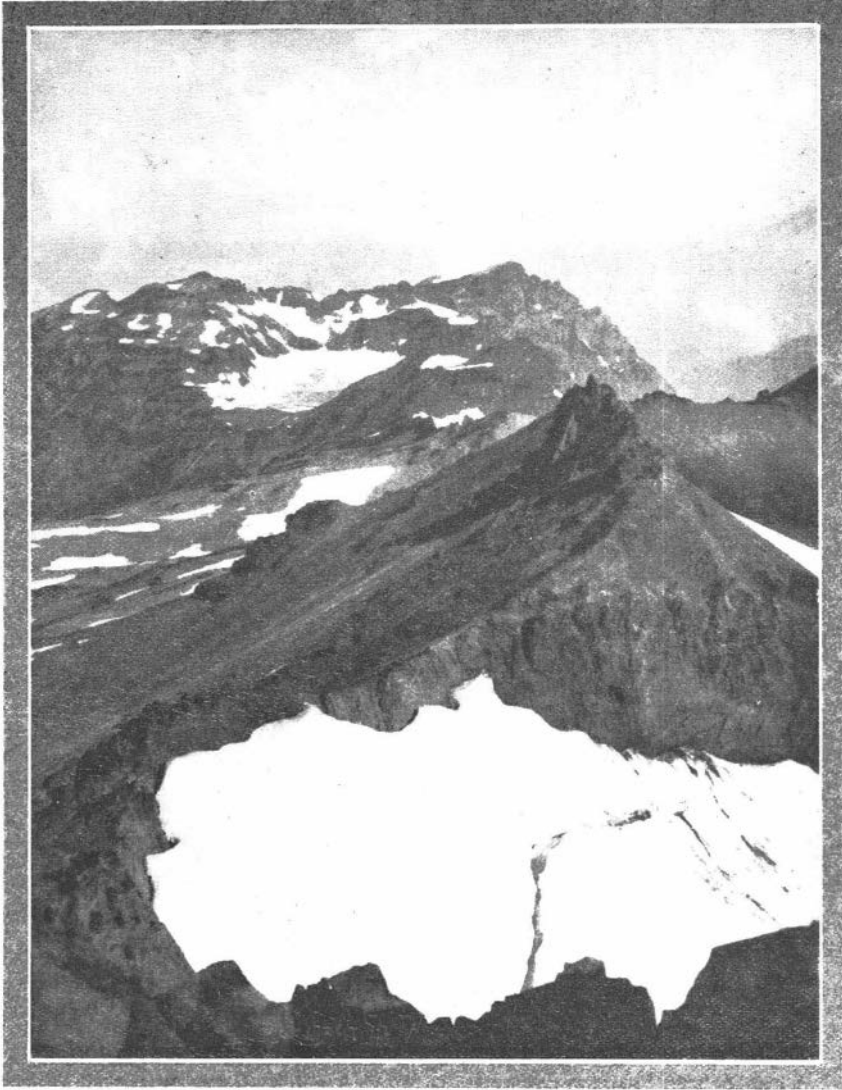
Ives Peak made a second easy tryout and the next day we regretfully left our Goat Rocks Camp, retraced our steps to the Ranger's Cabin and then turned into a sloping woods trail soon, yes, too soon, merging into a dusty, hot burn. The sound of the rushing waters of

the Cispus was as music in our ears, and here most of us enjoyed a foot bath in the cool, rock-bottomed stream, eating our proverbial lunch while at the task. Again we entered a burn, hot and dusty, but still scenic in its effect with its ghost trees "like rain-blanching bones," intermingled with an occasional black, charred stump and everywhere interspersed with it all, the cheerful and omnipresent fireweed.

Our camp that night, called 17-Mile-Tree Camp, was in a burn without a living tree anywhere, although a stream flowed through it. This was a new kind of a camp to all of us, interesting and comfortable, and, as we soon discovered, abounding in wild strawberries and huckleberries. The next morning, Friday, August fourth, we were on our way again through burns rich in huckleberries and in timbers bleached to a snowy whiteness. Many of the dead branches were curled and feathery and countless trees were still cone-covered. We crossed Killen Creek by the alpenstock rail method. Finally we came to the most wonderful campsite imaginable, outrivalling in charm the famous Buck Creek Pass of Glacier Peak. There was nothing one could wish for that this camp did not have. Fortunate indeed were we to have our first several-days' home with such surroundings. The meadows abounded in flowers. Our commissary faced the lovely Killen Creek Falls. Mount Adams loomed up alluringly in our front yard. At the top of the falls, Killen Creek flowed in serpentine fashion through a luscious meadow, and below it wound through the women's quarters, furnishing us with the finest of laundry places. Enticingly near our quarters was a lovely warm lake, appealingly calling to all swimmers and bathers. Far above the smoke, haze, and mist of the valley, we seemed in a new world. Here we met for the first time in abundance the rugged and venerable *pinus albicaulis*, or white-bark pine, always a favorite with the Mountaineers. Each grove of lovely firs seemed to have a white-bark pine in its center. One of the groves had been killed many years ago and the ghost trees still stood. Here the many branched form of the dead white-bark pine stood in the midst of the straight and stark skeletons of the firs.

Saturday, we had our first tryout on the Adams Glacier where some of the novices had their initial glimpse of a real life-sized crevasse. The next day Mr. Farrer led a group up on the slope of Adams to try their hands, or rather their feet, at sliding. The snow was a bit soft and we had to climb high to find an abrupt enough place for real sliding, but we found one, and played around joyously, renewing our youth.

Sunday at 4.30 a.m. came a rather subdued rising call, and fifty dawn enthusiasts stole stealthily from their sleeping-bags, and collected on a large rock for a sunrise service. From our outdoor cathedral could be seen, far above the faintly azure mists, Rainier, flanked on one side by the Cascades, and on the other by Goat Rocks. Professor Meany led the responsive reading. Mr. Denman gave us a talk on Faith, we sang



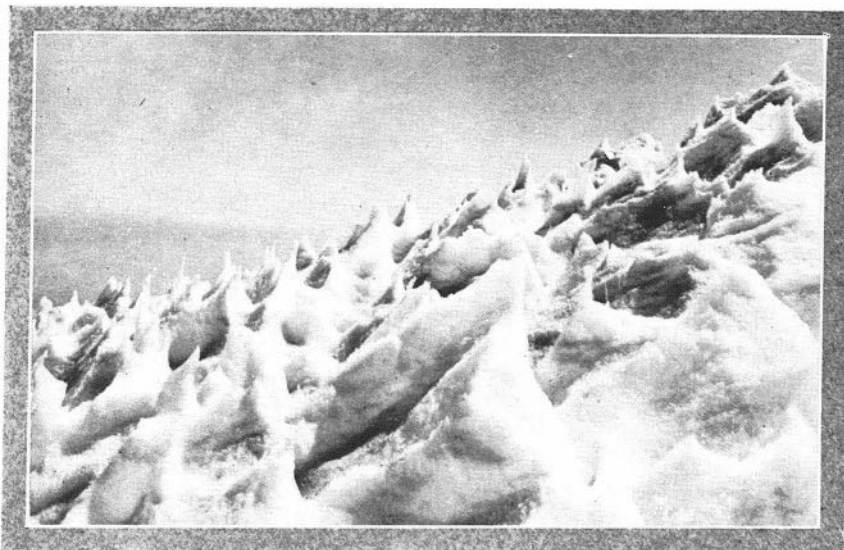
*Ralph Dyer*

OLD SNOWY FROM THE  
THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ST. IVES

Called Old Snowy but snowless  
at this time of year.

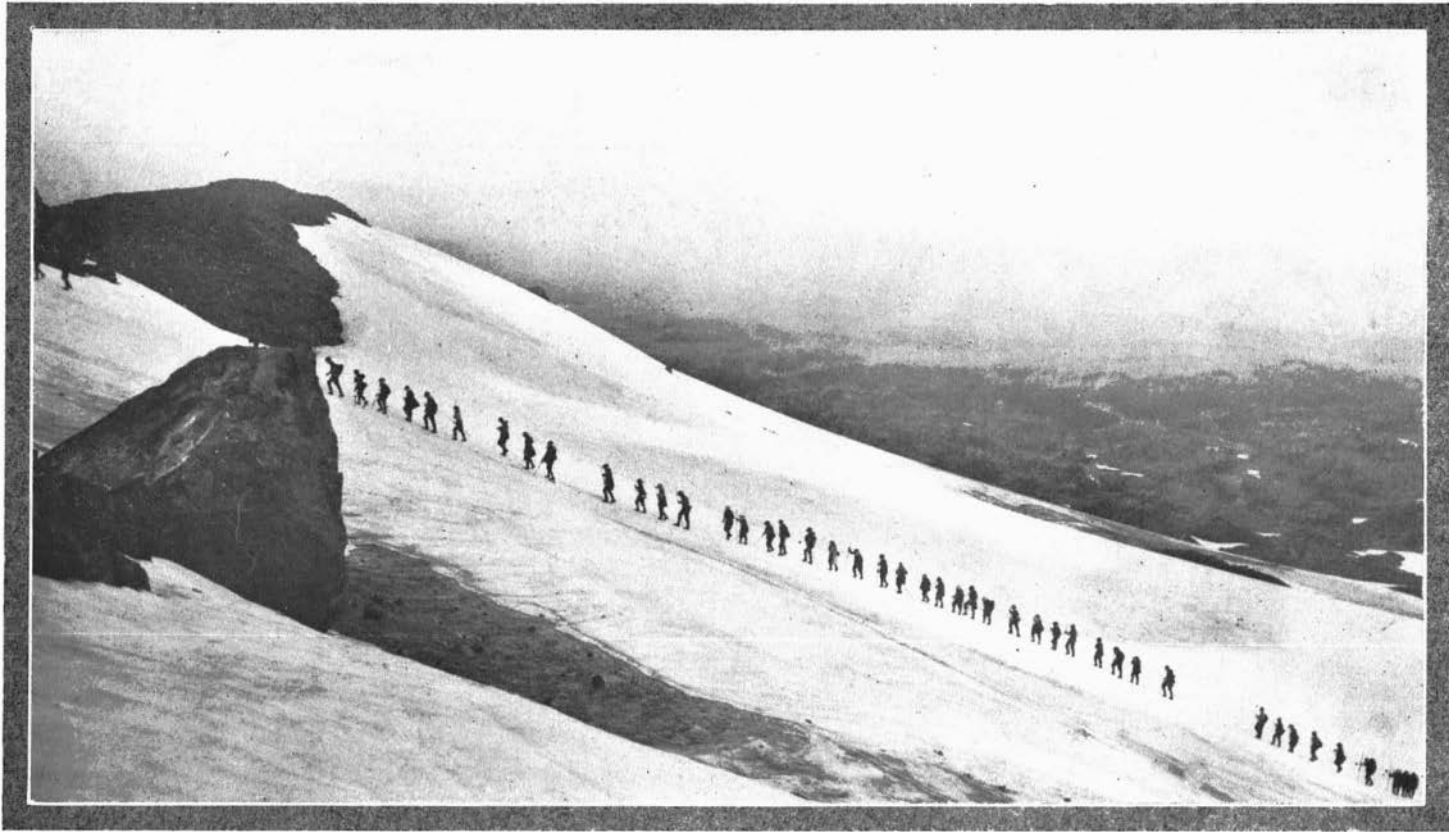
two hymns rather throatily, and dispersed, some returning to their sleeping-bags, others going on short trips, while some sat around a revived campfire, all meeting gladly at 7 a.m. breakfast.

We had our customary Sunday evening quotations around the campfire bathed in a brilliant moonlight. We had another tryout trip Monday when Mr. Gorton led twenty-five up Red Mountain Butte. It was, for the most part, a monotonous traversing of miles of lava rock ere we reached the top where we viewed a fairly interesting reddish-brown

*R. L. Glisan*

## WIND-CAPPED SURFACE OF SUMMIT OF MOUNT ADAMS

formation with a large crater close by. That afternoon the two-week party, twenty-two strong, joined us. After a sixteen-mile hike our lovely camp-site was especially attractive to them. Tuesday was a day marked for rest in anticipation of our ascent of Mount Adams. Footwear was put in order so the shoemakers had a busy day. In the evening around the campfire, Mr. Glisan gave us an interesting account of his ascent, the previous fall, of Popocatepetl. We retired early and rose at the 'witching hour of two. It was a real 'witching hour for the moonlight was unusually brilliant and the air mild. Breakfast was at 2.30 and at 3.20 seventy-eight people arranged in companies of eight or nine, each with a captain leading and a trusty lieutenant in the rear, were starting on the climb of Mt. Adams. L. A. Nelson led the line, ably assisted by most of the Outing Committee as scouts. It was a morning that will long have a place in all our memories. On the right the vivid moonlight shone upon the mountain and on our left the sky was reddening, showing where the sun was soon to burst through. We toiled slowly upward, not at all an arduous task, so wonderful was the panorama of earth and sky. For a short distance we went through a woody, rocky trail but soon emerged upon the snow and for nearly two hours, while the dawn was coming, kept an even steady pace finally reaching the cleaver on whose rocky ridge we trudged for several hours. It was a safe but boot-racking journey. By this time a cold wind had arisen belying the fair promise of the morning. We quickly donned all our superfluous wraps and safely anchored our hats with bandanas or neckties. The sand blew into our faces from the lava rocks and oc-

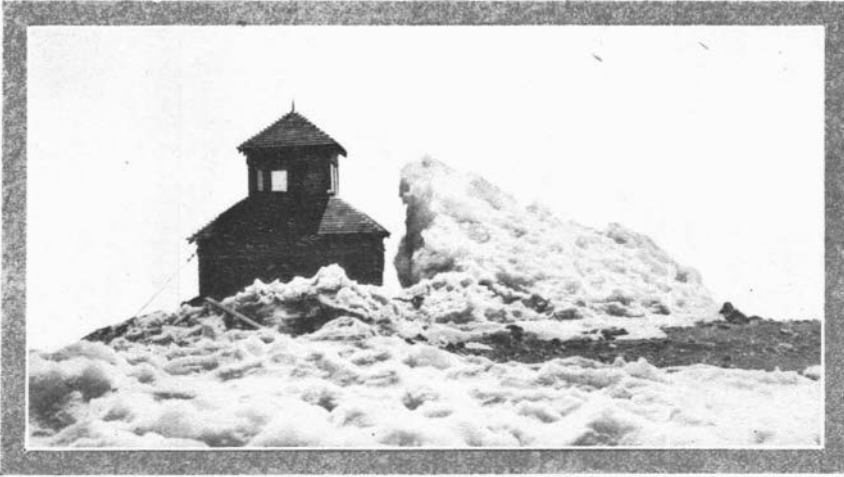


TOILING UP MOUNT ADAMS

*R. L. Glean*





*R. L. Glisan*

## CABIN ON MOUNT ADAMS

Fire lookout on the summit where hot coffee was served to seventy-eight weary pilgrims.

asionally a light-weight member of our party, and sometimes even a heavy one, was blown off his feet by the violence of the frequent gusts. Once the whole party, at the command of the leader, lay flat to avoid a blast and frequently we clung to friendly rocks. About noon we reached the upper snow-fields which were so wind-cupped that we often were waist-deep in the depressions. After nearly ten hours' climbing, we reached the summit, an altitude of 12,307 feet, and entered the Look-out Cabin in sections, as their miniature little station, so hospitably opened to us, could only house part of us at a time. The lookout, Arthur Jones, and a companion, received us cordially, serving hot coffee to the weary pilgrims. We signed the two records and then went out to snatch what little of the view the wind would permit. St. Helen's, Rainier and even Hood, faint in the distance, met our eyes. We caught a distant glimpse of the golden wheat fields of Oregon. A little after one, escorted by the two boys, we retraced our steps over the snow hummocks to the rocks and began our downward journey. It was an arduous but undeniably safe, downhill, endurance test over the cleaver, which seemed to have lengthened since the morning. There was practically no sliding on the snow-slopes. We were much buffeted by the wind, which had become intensified by the snow and sleet, with which it was intermingled, fortunately, however, not of long duration. From five-thirty on, we straggled in, and were soon refreshed by Billie's soup and tea.

Our climb had just come in time, for that night the wind blew and the rain came so that many an insecurely anchored fly slipped its moorings, and some of the sourdoughs even arose in the night and sat around

*A. H. Denman*ANATOMY OF  
ALBICAULISWhite Bark Pines killed  
by parasitic growth.

an impromptu campfire, choosing it to a watery bed. Our last day at Killen Creek was a misty, rainy one but no inclement weather could efface from our memory the beauties of that camp. 'Twas worth the whole trip. Friday we left camp in what the overly optimistic called a heavy mist which soon turned into a real rain. However we soon became accustomed to that wet feeling, forgot there was such a thing as the Volstead Act. Our way lay through lovely woods trails. At noon we lunched, built a roaring campfire and dried out, at least externally, for a couple of cheerful hours, near an old ranger station. Then we went upward for a mile and a half to Summit Prairie Camp. The rain lessened but did not entirely stop. Our camp abounded in lovely huckleberries here but our commissary stream was small.

Saturday again found us traveling and this time forward to Badger Peak and the famous Nigger Head Country. That trip from Summit Prairie Camp to Badger Peak—who will ever forget it? Hitherto in the annals of *The Mountaineers* "Three Prune Camp" in the Olympics has stood out as the most memorable. Now its fame has been supplanted by that of this very unusual experience of "Twelfth Night." Here is one time when it might have been to our advantage to have allowed the pack train to precede us. To quote from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," it was distinctly one of "The rain, it raineth every day" sort of a



A. H. Denman

CAMP FIRE ARCHITECTURE

Showing architect and his chief of construction. The Club presented to the Deans of Women is nicely balanced on top.

morning. When we left camp, what moisture we failed to absorb from the dripping skies, we annexed from the damp bushes. It may be possible that said dampness may have accounted in some degree for the lessening of the keenness of trail scent. Be that as it may, a few miles after leaving our camp we encountered a swampy, rain-soaked meadow, just the kind of a place where the preceding day's rain would obliterate the trail. Following our erstwhile trusty leader, we plunged across this marshy place with as much good nature as the drizzling rain would permit, quite oblivious of the fact that the marsh was skirted by another trail turning in quite a different direction. We felt we were going in the general direction of the Nigger Heads so on we went, albeit wondering just a bit how the pack-train would make it over such a log-bestrewn trail, and yet our misgivings weren't strong enough to question our leader. We ate a hasty lunch under the still dripping skies and went on into a lovely bit of country. We were certainly following a well defined trail, as Mountaineer trails go, so how were we, of the proletariat, to sense that it was only a sheep trail we were going over? At least, the sheep had excellent taste, for we traveled along at the base of lovely overhanging, fern-bestrewn rocks, saw again our Mariposa lily friends, a bit

dwarfed in size, passed through a marvelous bed of harebells and further on through fields of wonderful fireweed. By this time, however, the suspicions of our leader were being verified and about three p.m. the news was gently, but firmly, spread about that we had evidently missed our trail several hours ago and would have to retrace our steps and get on the right one. We had plainly all made a tryout trip for which we had not signed. However the last few miles had been wonderfully scenic and the rain had ceased so we would really have missed some marvelous country had we not "like sheep gone astray." The pack-train had read the signs aright but the foot-passengers had been careless. Wearily, but with our sportsmanlike qualities well to the fore, we retraced our steps to that treacherous meadow, arriving there about six o'clock, a bit the worse for wear and without our usual enthusiasm at the prospect of a ten- or twelve-mile hike. A zig-zag mountain trail through the forest on a bright day is pleasant enough, but well-nigh impossible on a darksome evening after a long day of trail work, and in clothing more than moist from hours of rain. However, we traveled hopefully on well defined trails as long as we had light to see them, but darkness came upon us. A few who had candles or flashes forged ahead, making a real night of it, while others in groups ranging from a "foursome" to a "fourteen-some" bivouacked in the canyon and forests along the trail, built fires, and sat out the night. It was a knapsack trip all right only there were no knapsacks and the commissary was lacking. The twenty-five or so who reached home that night did so only by a continuous trudging.

"Keeping on"—with apologies to Kipling—"when there is nothing in you, except the will which says to you, 'keep on'."

It was suggested that those who reached Badger Lake that night were deserving of having another peak added to their list. At dawn the "night-outers" again took up the trail work and trudged onward a bit silent and hungry, but cheerful. The last eight miles were down a long slope with a lovely ravine at its base, up rather abruptly two thousand feet, and a couple of miles nearly level to camp. It was a lovely trail by morning light even to sleepless eyes and flagging spirits. The real hero of that night was Leo Gallagher who got into Camp about three o'clock weary to the *nth* power. In less than an hour, stopping only for a consultation, he was again on the trail, retracing his steps in order to bring material cheer to the weary and belated pilgrims of the night. It was nectar and ambrosia to the wayside parties whom he aided as he hastened on his mission. His day was a real twenty-four-hour one. Never was there such highly appreciated tea, never more delectable hard-tack. Never was any figure so welcome. Party after party was cheered on by Leo's refreshments and smile, and finally the last wanderer was en-route for camp. By the time the last straggler was in, the sun was breaking through the clouds, a welcome breakfast was eaten, and good



*R. L. Glisan*

● ONE ● OF THE NIGGERHEADS

Along the base of this the party followed a well defined but wrong trail.

cheer restored. The memorable Twelfth Night of August was ended but the recalling of it will ever be a source of gratification and—yes, of amusement, to those who shared its excitement. We may forget some of the scenic beauties of the outing but never the easy informality of our night out. The rest of our Sunday in a camp, a lovely one, for those whose eyes weren't too sleepy to observe it, was a quiet, "nappy" one. The Nigger Heads towered high above us. By evening, however, the skies were again overcast and soon, too soon, the dripping rain enveloped us. We dispensed with our Sunday quotations, had our good-night song and sought our highly appreciated sleeping-bags.

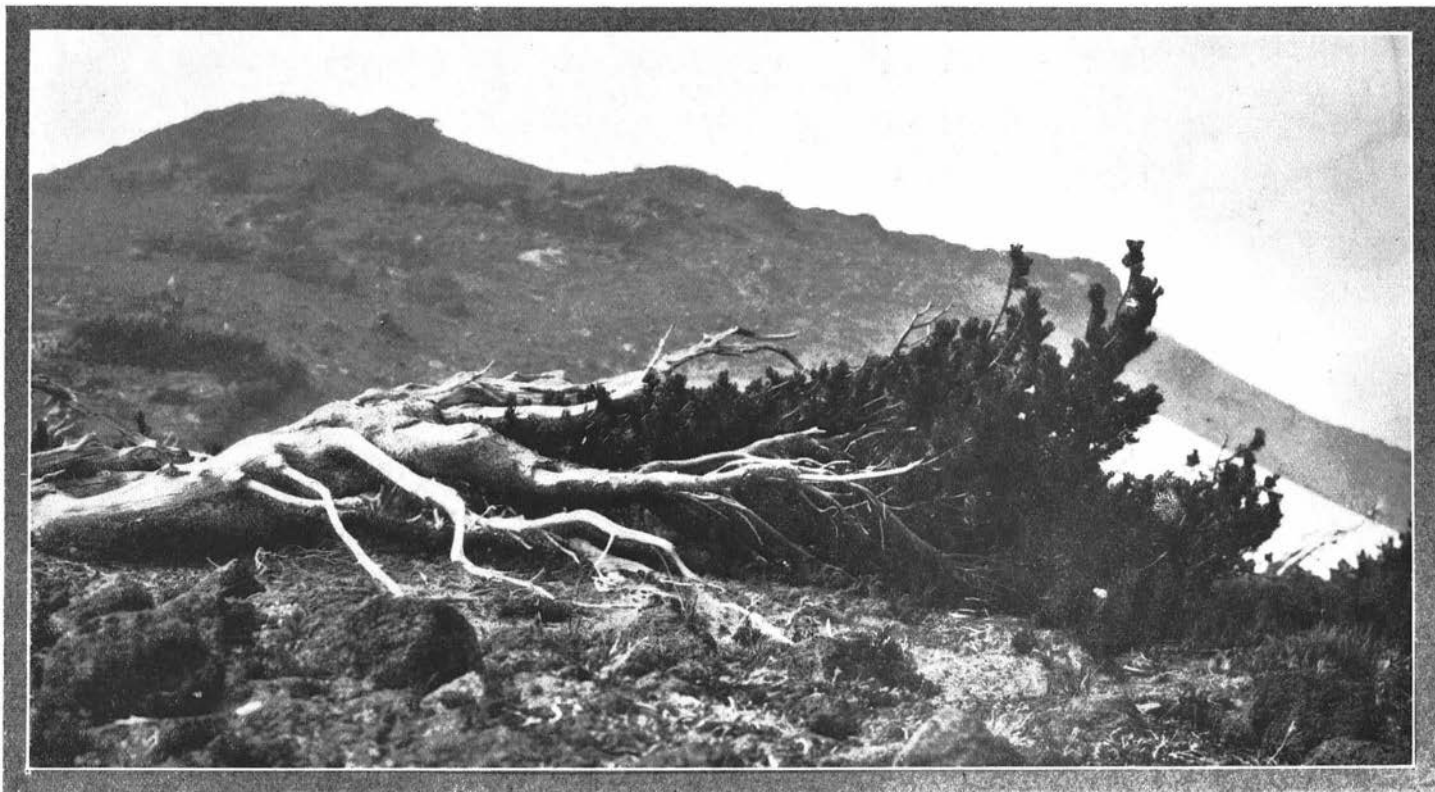
Monday, the beginning of our last week, was an inspiring one. A few climbed Badger Peak before we started, an easy climb, and were rewarded with a marvelous view worth several times the effort entailed.

We followed an easy, woody trail to our next stop, Bear Meadow. As we left, Mounts Adams, St. Helens and Rainier were visible every now and then through the trees and, being of a hopeful disposition, we felt our wet spell was a thing of the past. We arrived at our camp early, so counted on an afternoon of leisure to be spent in fixing our abodes. By two o'clock we were hopelessly trying to pitch our tents and flies in a down-pour, a difficult task at best, but made infinitely more profanity-provoking by the fact that a heavy hailstorm accompanied the rain. By this time however our clothes had reached the saturation point but not so our spirits. We at least could have all the individual campfires we could start and really by this time several of us were quite adept at building waterproof fires. It rained, unceasingly, all afternoon, especially favoring us at dinner-time. Billie and Louie were continuous marvels to us at the good meals they served us under the dampest conditions. Breakfast the next morning was enlivened by a wonderful serving of mushrooms, polyporous sulfurius by name (often called beef-steak mushrooms), whose edibility was vouched for by Doctor Rogers. They were enjoyed by all the daring epicures of the party.

We left for Spirit Lake over a trail hard to improve, as a footpath, and especially scenic and lovely. The moss-hung firs and mountain hemlocks reminded us of the forests along the Elwha. The clouds were low-hanging and there was some mist but no rain, so we had a lovely view of Spirit Lake, ideally situated in a bower of trees. Some of our party rowed across the Lake to the Ranger station but most walked via the trail. Our camp was to be four miles from here en route to St. Helens, an easy, slightly up-grade, woods trail.

The St. Helen's Camp was in a grove of low pines interspersed with huckleberries abundantly supplied with fruit. Next morning dawned gloriously. If you really want to appreciate old Sol just do without him for a few days. His appearance brought out a marvelous display of dampened clothes. Every tree was an informal clothes-horse. Unfortunately our combination commissary and laundry stream was a small one for the accommodation of eighty, so dry-cleaning and sun baths were in vogue. St. Helens rose majestically clear, just ahead of us, flanked by rolling pumice slopes occasionally relieved by bunches of the dwarf lupine. Thursday was the day set for our ascent. The rising call at three a.m. was quickly responded to. A waning moon gave us sufficient light to dress by and the air was balmy. The sun came up palely in comparison with the one we saw on Mount Adams but the air was clear. Mr. Gorton lead us and by four-forty the line, sixty-eight in number, was in motion. Rainier was at our backs with Spirit Lake faintly visible and Adams getting more visible each minute.

We soon got on the pumice ridge known as "The Lizard" and followed it gradually upward. To the right of us were huge rampart-like



THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

*Mabel Furry*



blocks of bluish white snow and ice, but all of our early climb was over the pumice, not at all hard, but occasionally annoying, as rocks were loosened and rolled down. The snow ridges, as always, were a welcome change. Nearing our goal we had a short, steep dash of rock work, then another snow ridge, and then the welcome news that we were nearing the top.

Soon we were where, across a soft expanse of snow, we could see the cabin of the lookout, a two-story frame building well anchored. We leisurely,—“oh-ing” and “ah-ing” as we went, made our way across perhaps a third of a mile of snowfield to the real summit of St. Helens, 9,750 feet high, arriving there about twelve-thirty. If all summits could be as comfortable, and had such a wonderful view as St. Helens, I’m sure there would be more “peak grabbers.” Our summit visit was an ideal one. Everything was visible that should have been, especially were we interested in the Goat Rocks view. The top seemed to be bordered on most of the sides by lofty rocks and the blue mist of the valleys only enhanced the whiteness of the snow-capped summits. The lookout, J. G. Schnitzler, welcomed us to his habitation with hot tea, and marvel of marvels—hot doughnuts, delicious and crusty. Just imagine carrying on your back up a 9,671-foot peak, materials for making one hundred and sixty doughnuts! No wonder we were overwhelmed by such a treat and such a welcome. We stayed in the upper regions about an hour and made an easy but monotonous descent in about four hours. Around the campfire that night, four graduates were added to our list, as St. Helen’s finished their six peaks.

Friday morning was misty and lowering. Leisurely and regretfully we broke camp and descended to Spirit Lake where we were to spend our last night in God’s great out-of-doors. A good many took advantage of the opportunity to have a final plunge in the waters of the lake. We camped near a public camp-ground, along the banks of the lake, in the tall timber, so close to civilization that we felt the nearness of our journey’s end, and accordingly felt regretful. Our campfire that night was in a veritable druid temple, the trees towering high into the heavens above our heads lit up only by the glow of our campfire. The newspaper was read, a talk on Indian legends given by Professor Meany, all the songs made popular on the trip re-sung, and our favorite violin selections given.

The rising call on our last morning was an early one, three-thirty, for we had a bus ride of about fifty miles awaiting us, over roads not bearing the best of reputations. We passed through picturesque and scenic trees, through fern-lined roads, and along attractive streams. However the roads were maligned, for long before train-time every bus load was in Castle Rock. Only the truck carrying the dunnage bags was

*A. H. Denman*

## MOUNT ST. HELENS IN THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT

delayed by a slight accident which did not mar our joy for no one had expected to spend that night in his sleeping-bag.

At Castle Rock we boarded the train for home with a feeling of gratitude for the four members of our outing committee who had helped to make our trip such a joyous one. The 1922 St. Helen's, Adams outing passes into history, an outing ever to be remembered with pleasure by all its participants.

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**SELECTED REFERENCES FROM PRECEDING MOUNT ADAMS AND MOUNT. ST. HELENS OUTINGS.**

To cover this entire region we suggest that you read the following articles that have been printed in previous Mountaineer Annuals.

**VOLUME I.—1907-1908**

Page 5. The Mountains of Washington. W. D. Lyman.

**VOLUME III.—1910**

Page 44. Mount Adams. W. D. Lyman.

Page 56. Mount St. Helens. C. E. Forsyth.

**VOLUME IV.—1911**

Page 5. Notes on Mount Adams and St. Helens. Henry Landes.

Page 15. Mount Adams Outing of 1911. Winona Bailey.

**VOLUME X.—1917**

Page 9. The St. Helens-Adams Outing. Alma D. Wagen.

Page 24. History of the Adams-St. Helens Region. Edmond S. Meany.

Page 30. Mount St. Helens, the Youngest of the Volcanoes of the Cascades. Alida J. Bigelow.

Page 34. Notes on Topography and Trails. St. Helens-Mount Adams District. H. B. Bennett.

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1. Old Snowy.      2. St. Ives.      3. Red Butte.      4. Mount Adams.  
5. Badger Peak.      6. Mount St. Helens.

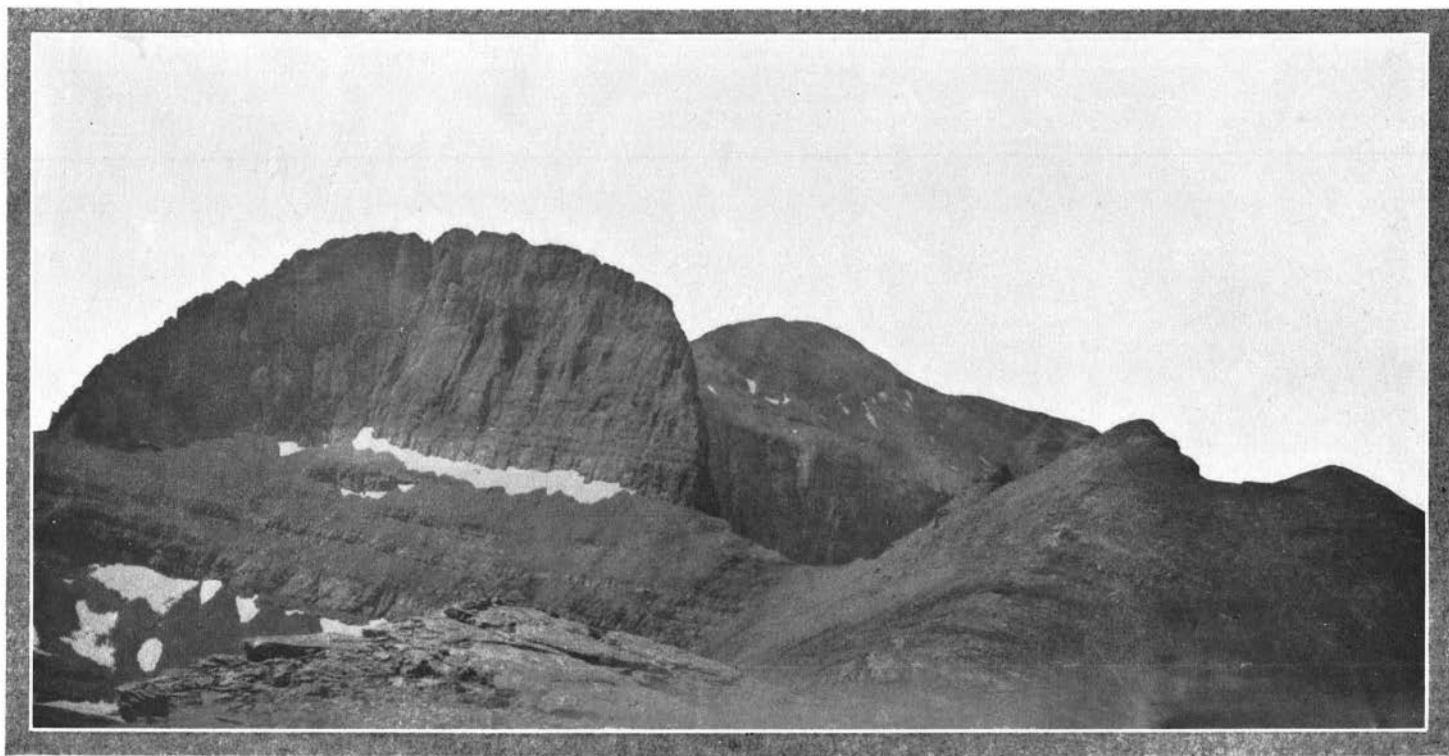
## EIGHT DAYS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS IN THESSALY

WINONA BAILEY

**W**ELL, the climb of Mount Olympus presents some difficulties," replied Mr. Morris, "and yet there are certain things that can be done." And he proceeded to tell us of a monastery, a favorite resort locally, situated somewhere on the ancient mountain. Mr. Morris is the American Consul at Salonica and Mrs. L. R. Frazier and I had called on him, both to report our presence in that part of the world and to ask for information about Mount Olympus. When we insisted that being mountain climbers we could be satisfied with nothing short of the summit he told us that some young men in the employ of the American Standard Oil Company in Salonica had climbed the mountain in the summer of 1921. With them at that time, and now working at the same place, was a native Greek, but an American citizen, Marsiotis, by name, a thoroughly reliable fellow whose home was at Litochoron, a Greek village at the foot of the mountain. If he could be secured to go with us everything would be simple and safe. Mr. Morris declared that tales of brigands on Mount Olympus were all tommy-rot, but said that after twelve years of war the Greek army was weary and desertions not uncommon. If any deserters happened to be lurking in the mountains he could not be certain how they might treat foreigners. On that account he would request that gendarmes be sent with us.

The next day we called at the office of the Standard Oil Company where Mr. Rawles, one of those who had climbed Mount Olympus the previous year, gladly told us what he knew and outlined what assistance we would need. Marsiotis, who proved to have been a resident of Seattle for many years, with a service record as sergeant of Company L, 161st Division, wanted very much to go with us but could not be spared just at that time, greatly to his disappointment and our own. To him, however, and to Mr. Rawles we owe the delightful hospitality and faithful service enjoyed during eight days on Mount Olympus. Through them we found a host, an interpreter, and a guide, three men whose superiors we have not seen among mountain folk anywhere.

A telegram to Mr. Calacanis, a merchant in Litochoron, and a letter to Mr. Zourzouris, cousin of Marsiotis, and for some years employed in the mills in Seattle and Hoquiam, brought these two men to the station to meet us when the train pulled in at 11 o'clock the morning of July 29. Presently, mounted on mules and accompanied by these new friends and a young gendarme, we took the road toward Litochoron and Mount Olympus. The railroad from Salonica south follows near the shore of the Gluf of Salonica, and Litochoron like many other Greek towns lies four or five miles back. After riding half an hour or so we



TWO SUMMITS OF MOUNT OLYMPUS

*Winona Bailey*

View looking southwest from the foot of Ilias. At the left is seen the east face of Stephan, while through the saddle appears Scholion separated from Stephan by a chasm probably 2,000 feet deep forming the head of a valley leading off to the northwest.

began to distinguish the village on a little bench at the very base of the mountain near the opening of a deep canyon. This canyon, back of its narrow entrance, broadened somewhat into a valley and led alluringly on and up to great crags, the loftiest part of Olympus. We were all excitement over the novelty of the situation, the beauty of the mountain, and speculation as to which of several points visible was the highest and how we could get there.

In two hours Litochoron was reached, a village without streets. A few moments clicking along narrow, winding, cobble-stoned passages, a final halt before a gateway in a stone wall and we were ushered into the home of Mr. Calacanis. After introduction to various members of the family, mother, wife, sister, children, the welcome was completed with the customary, charming little native ceremony of serving guests mastic, confection, and Turkish coffee.

It was too late to start for the mountain that afternoon but we got Zourzouris to agree to go with us as interpreter and to furnish mules, and he in turn engaged as guide the only man, probably, in all that region who was thoroughly acquainted with the mountain. Commissary was made ready, black bread, native cheese, boiled eggs, rice, watermelons and staples like salt, sugar, butter and canned milk.

We got up at three the next morning and at four rode out of town. With us was Zourzouris on foot, a lad of sixteen or thereabouts to help with the mules, and an extra pack mule. A half-mile or so outside we dismounted and awaited a rendezvous. Soon through the twilight of early morning appeared several figures, a guide, two gendarmes, and several people bound for the monastery. Gradually, as the sun came up over the gulf, the troop wound its way up the hills lying to the north of the canyon. The trail was often steep, always rocky, but the mules placed their dainty feet carefully and with the encouragement of frequent shoves and blows and constant shoutings, kept steadily upward.

After about two hours the first rest was called at a strange hill-top village. Here in little huts made of boughs was the summer home of a nomadic tribe known as Sarakatsianos. Their government is tribal, with a chief. In the winter they stay down on the plain, in summer they bring their flocks up to this hill, and do their spinning.

From the village the trail led through very pretty open pine forest around several hills. About ten o'clock a stop was made for lunch, the first food we had had that morning. The next order of business was a nap. After that, four or five hours' riding, often over trail so rocky and steep that we had to dismount, brought us by mid-afternoon to a wood-cutters' camp at an elevation of probably 5,000 feet. A rude shelter had been formed by leaning slabs against a high rock. Some feet below was a tiny spring. Our own camp for the night was a small space

under another overhanging cliff. From this lofty ledge one looked down on the red roof and white walls of the monastery of St. Dionysius, 2,000 feet or more below, in the valley. Farther in the distance at the mouth of the valley lay Litchoron. We later found that from every high point the eye was invariably attracted first to the monastery, then to the town and after that to the graceful curve of the shore line.

Near this camp the trail ended; the summit of Olympus was not visible. How were we going to proceed? Next morning, July 31, leaving camp on foot, accompanied by Zourzouris, the guide and two gendarmes we skirted the hill back of camp and got on to the main ridge forming the north side of the valley. In two hours we were above the trees in open park country covered with grass and flowers and had our first vista of the heights with clouds playing about them as in ancient days. To the right was a bare cone with a monastery on top, the objective for the day, according to our guide. This point has long been called Hagios Ilias. It was the climb made by the young men from Salonica in 1921 and is apparently the point ordinarily reached by those who say they have climbed the mountain. There remained a somewhat tedious climb along one side of a sharp ridge before reaching the base of the cone of Ilias. Here a spirited discussion took place. On another ridge evidently higher than Ilias was a cairn. Asking if that was the highest part of Olympus and receiving an affirmative answer we declared that was where we wanted to go, we did not care anything about Ilias. But our guide said it was impossible to get to that place without a rope and we had no rope. He would take us next day where we could see the top. "We do not want to *see* the top, we want to *stand* on the top," said Mrs. Frazeur. "That is what we came for. Why make this long trip from camp again, why not climb today?" But it seemed to make no impression on the Greeks. The climb of Ilias proceeded.

The monastery proved to be a hut built centuries ago with thick stone walls and stone roof so low that one could not stand upright in the dark interior. It was empty except that a lighted match revealed a picture of the prophet Elias. From this top by careful sighting it was judged that the rock ridge where the cairn was must be three or four hundred feet higher than Ilias. This ridge the guide called Stephan (accent on the last syllable) which seems to be a contraction of the Greek word *stephanos*, ridge or crown.

We lunched that day in the saddle between Ilias and Stephan, looking across a tremendous chasm, the precipitous head of a valley coming in from the northwest. Facing us, one side a sheer perpendicular cliff, was Scholion. This was the peak climbed by Messrs. Farquhar and Phoutrides in 1914\* from the west. It is very nearly the same height as Stephan and another point out of view from the saddle. (This height is given by certain

\* See *The Mountaineer*, Vol. XIV., 1921, page 46.

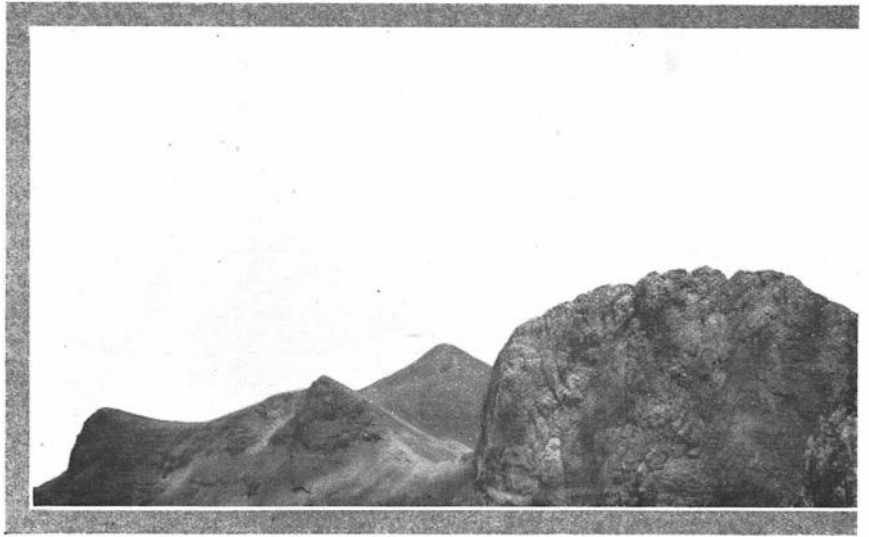
Austrian government maps as 2,985 meters, or almost 9,800 feet). The usual nap followed lunch until about one o'clock when we wakened and, to our utter surprise, were told we were going to climb Stephan, that our guide had been there before and knew the way. The others would wait.

It is now time to say something of this guide with whom we got acquainted in the next few hours. Christos Kakalos, by name, a little fellow, light, nimble, sure-footed, keen-eyed, he had grown up on that mountain, knew every ridge, every trail, every watering place,—few enough of the latter there are in summer. He is now employed as a sort of ranger, keeps an eye on the wood-cutters and a lookout for fires. Full of fun and good humor we found him to be, witty we were told he was. He knew only one word of English, "Winchester," the rifle he carried, the accuracy of which he loved to display. By the end of the trip we had grown very fond of him and learned to trust fully to his mountaineer judgment.

Crossing a coarse talus slope at the foot of a wide snow bank we soon found ourselves at the bottom of a chimney. Christos looked up and said "Kako, kako," (bad). We answered, "Yes, kako," but up he darted. With his little *papoutsi*, moccasins, he would go from stone to stone like the goat he was and then turn and watch us struggle to keep a footing, sometimes suggesting which way we should go, but always darting forward again before we could catch up. Finally we swung around on the firmer rocks of the east side of Stephan and using hands as well as feet came out at last on the very ridge a few feet from the cairn. Christos turned, cried "Bravo!" and shook us both by the hand. His face beamed. We had won, won not simply that summit but our guide. From that time his attitude was changed. He would take us anywhere. "Tomorrow, Mitka," he said. Mitka, now visible, was a sharp point (the word means peak or point) that rose from the other side of the chimney we had come up, but could not be climbed from the chimney.

We now saw why Christos had said he could not take us to the cairn. There it was close by and not more than ten to twenty feet higher but separated from us by a V-shaped chasm, too wide, too deep, too precipitous to be crossed without the skillful use of ropes. We made no further plea to be taken there but suggested building a cairn on our point. Christos gleefully set to work doing the masonry while we did our best to supply the material. When it was completed high and strong we scratched our names on a flat stone, set it up in front and photographed the completed structure. Now from whatever point Stephan, the most conspicuous feature of Mount Olympus, is seen two cairns appear, one on either side of the little notch. The higher one was built





VIEW FROM SCHOLION

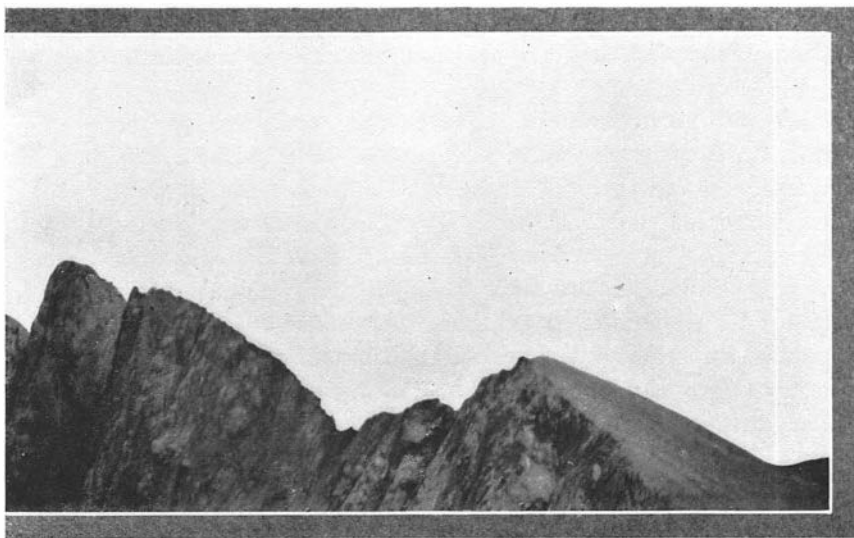
Looking northeast. In the distance the symmetrical cone of Ilias shows through the saddle, in the center the west side of the notched ridge of Stephan, at the extreme right the towering crag called Mitka or Peak Venizelos.

in 1921 by Christos when he and Marcel Kurz, a Swiss in the topographic service of the Greek government succeeded in reaching this point.

Camp was reached that night at seven-thirty and we understood that the next day we would cross the valley and climb Scholion and Mitka. But when morning came with it came a man saying that "four bad mans" had been seen down the trail. Zourzouris and Christos claimed they were afraid to go on, and insisted the only thing to do was to go back to the village. There was to be a festival in the village the next day and all the wood-cutters were going down. If we went with them there would be fifteen men in all and these were deemed sufficient for our protection. Protest was useless so, skeptical but puzzled, we consented to go down, stipulating that we must come back again later.

The village was reached early in the evening. Again we were warmly welcomed by the Calacanis family. There followed a call from the chief of police, a very long-faced individual, who took the responsibilities of his position most seriously, a type perhaps of Greek officialdom. He had sent the man up, he admitted, to warn us. He made various promises of sending to the next village for soldiers to come and hunt the "bad mans"; he would go out himself with a party and find them; if he found everything safe we could perhaps go back after two days. It was exasperating but there was nothing to do but submit and wait.

The next day was the festival. By seven o'clock in the morning the entire village was out in a pretty little grove surrounding the Church of the Apostles at the entrance of a ravine just outside the town. A



*Winona Bailey*

VIEW FROM SCHOLION

Mitka or Peak Venizelos at left. To reach Mitka it was necessary to follow the ridge in the right front of the picture, then climb over the other crags, including the high one next to Mitka.

village picnic it was. The eating began at once and continued throughout the morning, breakfast and lunch indistinguishable. One might write of the hospitality and friendliness of the people, of the folk dancing, the singing and playing, but to us the great cause of rejoicing was the information gleaned after a call at our picnic table by the chief of police that we were to be allowed to return to the mountain the following day. He claimed to have received a telegram from the next town saying ten men were coming to accompany us. That evening came Marsiotis from Salonica saying his father was sick and he had come hurriedly to see him. He told us that the tale of men having been seen on the mountain was all a lie, that there were certain community jealousies and the chief of police had sent the man to get us down from the mountain charging that our interpreter and guide were trying to get money out of us. It was impossible to fathom Greek guile or Greek official ways, so we were content to let mystery remain mystery and to go back to the mountain.

Again there was a morning twilight start and for a while rejoicing, because there was only our own little party, Christos, Zourzouris and the boy. But, alas for hopes! As daylight broke over the gulf we saw half a dozen guns bristling beside the trail and there, awaiting our approach, were six men, variously called gendarmes, police, soldiers. We did not want them, we had not asked for them, but they were under orders and probably did not want to go any more than we wanted to have them. Five were young fellows wearing the uniform of their country, ragged to be sure, while the sixth was an old man in native

garb. The boys we could be friendly with and they got what sport they could from the outing, but the old man remained inscrutable to the end.

Slowly again our cavalcade toiled up the rocky trail through the nomad village, but later instead of turning up the hills to the north, kept straight ahead, passing near the monastery, and farther on following the bed of the valley well up to its head. By three o'clock we came to a camp consisting of a low rude shelter hut belonging to Christos. On this beautiful grassy hillside dotted with clumps of pine we prepared to sleep under the stars on beds of fern. But the "throne of Zeus" was directly above and the "king of gods and men" must have resented the intrusion for just as we had dropped off into the first sweet sleep down came his thunderbolt in the form of a very wet rain out of what had been clear sky a few moments before. As soon as he had compelled us to take refuge in the little hut his wrath subsided but we were too wet to go out again.

On the morning of August 4, with Christos and the six soldiers we started for the final climb. Mules helped for a few minutes but soon all signs of trail ceased and on foot we scrambled up the steep south side of the valley. Once up this we came into grassy pasture land, grazing ground for numerous flocks of sheep and goats. One flock was resting on a snow field under the very shadow of Scholion. The entire mountain south and southeast of Scholion is a high plateau rising here and there into peaks all lower than Scholion, which itself rises from the same plateau by an even but steep slope. Before noon we were on top. On this summit has been built a sort of tower, used apparently for triangulation purposes a year or two ago by a surveying party mapping the region. The report of their work we made an effort to get in Athens, but it has not yet been published.

The view from the top of Scholion is startling. The peak itself drops off to the northwest in a tremendous rock wall forming the head of a deep valley, already mentioned. Diagonally across this mighty chasm are seen the forbidding rocks of Stephan and Mitka, flanked by another peak almost as high, all these presenting sheer rock faces 1,000 to 2,000 feet high. Far to the north and east stretches a wide coastal plain bounded by the Gulf of Salonica across which on the dim horizon Mount Athos is outlined. To the south the plain of Thessaly is cut by the river Salambria. Hills in diminuendo lead off west and northwest while southward the view is limited by the great massif of Olympus, which bears the same name as far south as the Vale of Tempe.

The soldiers had dropped behind two at a time until there were only two on top of Scholion. These started with us down the knife ridge that leads east but at the rocky point forming the end of the ridge they, too, stopped and we went on with Christos alone. Turning almost a

right angle toward the north we found the rest of the way all rock work.

A ticklish descent, a ticklish crossing and climb brought us on top of the peak next Mitka. Here we faltered just a little, we had had enough and the rest looked worse. "Can we do it?" we asked Christos. Smiling, he shook his head and answered "Nai, nai" (yes), immediately indicating that when a Greek shook his head he meant yes. If Christos said go, we always went, albeit with trembling hearts. But this time it wasn't as bad as it looked and before long we stood on top of Mitka, our fourth, last, highest and hardest peak. Again Christos cried "Bravo!" and shook our hands. We indicated it was all due to him and he was happy.

The base of the well built cairn had Christos' name printed on it in big red letters and that of Fritz Kuhn, 1921, on another side. Fritz Kuhn is an engineer in the employ of the Greek government and it is his report of the topography of Mount Olympus that we hope to have some day. On a flat rock surface were the words Pic Venizelos. This name seems to have been given by Boissonnas, a Swiss photographer, who first climbed it in 1913\*. Christos guided him on that occasion but the cairn they built has disappeared. Christos thought Boissonnas had been up again without him and built this new cairn.

Satisfied now that we had been on more peaks than any previous climber and assured by Christos over and over that we were the only women who had ever climbed the mountain, we started on our descent by the most direct route, the exceedingly steep head of the eastern valley. Part way down we overtook the six soldiers, one of them carrying on his back the skinned carcass of a sheep. This they had bought and killed during the day. Camp was reached about six-thirty and that evening there was a big camp-fire and the sheep was roasted whole. Nothing we tasted in Greece was more delicious.

The trip back to Litchoron on mules was broken next day by a stop of several hours at the monastery of St. Dionysius, whose red roof we had so often looked down upon. Beautifully situated on a little bench above the stream and quite enclosed by trees, a lovely, peaceful spot it is. No wonder the people of the region love it. We were welcomed hospitably by the monks and a room placed at our disposal, where we reclined on beautiful hand-woven rugs.

That night we spent at the home of our genial host, Mr. Calacanis, and the next day waved goodbye to him and his family and to Christos, and accompanied to the station by Zourzouris and our handsomest gendarme took a lingering, regretful farewell of Litchoron and Mount Olympus.

\* See *The Mountaineer*, Vol. XIV., 1921, page 47.

*R. L. Glisan*

## MOUNT POPOCATEPETL

The elevation of this mountain is 17,794 feet. Smoke and flames can be seen in the valley below.

## THE ASCENT OF POPOCATEPETL

RODNEY L. GLISAN

**I** HAD the good fortune, last winter, of taking an extensive trip through Mexico and Central America; one of my companions being a fellow Mazama, the other a member of the Sierra Club of California, of which I am also a member, and am also a Mountaineer.

We were used to roughing it, and we loved the mountains; as proof, I might cite, that we spent New Year's Eve on the Volcano of Agua in Guatemala over 13,000 feet in elevation, having made the ascent in the hope of seeing the Atlantic and Pacific from the summit. We spent the night in the trail, for the very steep slope prevented any other resting place. Darkness and increasing wind prevented our reaching the crater, which proved to be only a few hundred yards above us.

The crater once held a lake, which an earthquake released several centuries ago, and the water swept a city off the slope below.

Toward midnight the wind died down, and the stars came out, as we lay cuddled together for warmth, for the trail was several inches deep with hoar-frost and icicles hung from the bank overhead. As I lay looking out over the black expanse, watching the lights of the town of Guatemala beyond, and listening to the guns and Cathedral bells faintly rising from the ancient town of Antigua far below, for they were cele-

brating the New Year, I thought of The Mountaineers, at that moment, greeting the New Year at Paradise Inn on Mount Rainier, where I had spent five consecutive New Year's Eves.

For the benefit of those who were not at Mount Adams, I am requested to repeat my campfire talk of the ascent of Popocatepetl.

When we reached Mexico City, which boasts of a million inhabitants, we made use of letters of introduction from another Sierra acquaintance and thus met an American who had climbed Popo, as they call it for short, and following his advice, we sent word to Padro Velarde at Amecamecca, that we were coming. It seemed a fitting occasion to make the ascent, as it was the 400th anniversary of the ascent of the same mountain by Cortes, when he led his victorious army into Mexico. Cortes made the ascent by commanding some of his followers to do it for him. The crater held a vast supply of sulphur, valuable for making gunpowder.

During its quiescent period, large quantities of sulphur have been taken out of the crater.

Popo erupted six times in the 16th, three times in the 18th and once in the 19th century.

We left Mexico City by train December 8, 1921. Leaving the plains we rose gradually into more luxuriant vegetation, arriving at Amecamecca, thirty-six miles distant, about 10 a.m. The town called Meca was destroyed by earthquake and the rebuilt town was given the longer name.

A humble follower met us at the station and guided us to Velarde's house. He had everything ready but the provisions, courteously explaining that he did not know our requirements. We were taken to several small stores to select the necessary commissary, a task greatly simplified by the lack of nearly everything we asked for.

After an excellent lunch of chicken soup, rice, eggs, rolls and beer, we selected our riding animals, small but sturdy mules and ponies. Each had a native guide and a boy was added to take care of the animals. One pack animal took our equipment, Velarde wished us good speed. Dressed like a Spanish Cavalier he was the most impressive character we met on our journey.

From the village square, when we arrived, we looked up at Popocatepetl towering high above as if contemptuous of the feeble efforts of mere man to make its close acquaintance. As we left the village clouds rolled up and hid our distant goal from view.

Our guides were equipped with pajama suits, wide, straw hats, toe-held sandals with a blanket across the shoulder for night use.

Our trail led us up old water courses between heavily foliaged banks, dotted with dandelion, paint brush, fox glove, heliotrope, lupine and

*R. L. Glisan*

## THE GUIDES AND BOY

Landscape just out of Amecamecca with Popocatepetl in clouds in the distance.

many strange flowers; we crossed clear streams and passed small corn-fields.

The grade increased from five to twenty per cent; willows, wild crab apple, madronas, gave way to scattering pine, cedar and fir. Bird life was not much in evidence; juncos, chickadees and woodpeckers, an occasional vulture overhead. Butterflies, however, were plentiful, all sizes and colors. Burros passed us hidden in a mass of corn stalks, or dragging hewn timbers, taken from the forest above. About two o'clock, we left the last cornfield and entered fairly heavy timber, and half an hour later, passed into a dense forest of fir and pine close to rocky ramparts, offshoots from the base of Popo; at three, we crossed our first high mountain stream, no danger of contamination here; its grassy banks fragrant with musk, snapdragon and yellow anemones. Several more streams crossed our path, and purple lupine, head high, brushed against us. We left the forest and crossed undulating slopes of tall, dry, tufted, yellow grass, with pines in scattered groups. About five o'clock we came out on, what we called, the Ridge of Wonders. In front, across a small valley, towered the upper portion of Popocatepetl, partly cloud-covered. Just back of us, the setting sun cast an almost bloody crimson on the snow banks of Iztaccihuatl, a rival peak, with more snow though slightly lower elevation. It was too late for effective photography, but not for the eye to record a permanent impression on the memory. I photographed both peaks with time exposures. Clouds the next day prevented



*R. L. Glisan*

SHELTER AT TLAMACAS  
ON MOUNT POPocatepetl

Note size of pines at elevation  
of 12,788 feet.

other photographs and I am compelled to submit this my only near view.

You all know how any mountain is woefully foreshortened by a close view with a kodak.

I regret I did not secure consent to reproduce a photograph, taken by a talented professional Mexican artist, of a wonderful view taken at close range from an aeroplane, showing the crater and the cone shape of the volcano. Dropping off the ridge, we camped in a cluster of fair-sized pine close to a board cabin, housing two Mexican volcanic experts sent by the Government to study the volcano's activity. Popo had belched smoke the previous summer. A spring near by gave us water and we soon had a roaring fire, much needed for the air grew colder as darkness came on. We were at the usual stopping place called Tlamacas at an elevation of 12,788 feet. The guides removed their sandals, and toasted their bare feet and some unleavened tortillas before the fire, taking occasional sips of pure, cane alcohol. We put on all we possessed and sighed for more clothing. Anticipating this very climb, I brought with me all my Rainier winter apparel. My parka proved a lifesaver. We crept into a tent-shaped, grass-thatched shelter. Each had a small cotton blanket. I rested but did not perspire. My companions alternated between the fire and shelter, using me as a door mat, a keen wind offsetting the heat of the pine flames. The guides curled up close together in the back of the shelter. It was moonlight when we turned in, starlight when we arose at 2 a.m. The fire had dwindled to a few coals, the water frozen solid in the water cans. A meager breakfast was



enjoyed by the guides, and participated in by myself, with my companions as spectators, too cold to eat.

The guides led the way on foot and we followed on mules. We could not see the ground and let our mules follow the twinkling of the pajamas emerging from under the serapes of our leaders.

Leaving the pines, we made our way up slopes of loose material among more solid rock. I dismounted frequently to accustom my lungs to the elevation, to keep from stiffening with the cold and perhaps lastly, out of sympathy for my protesting mule. At 5.30 we stopped at a cluster of rock at the base of the permanent snow, or ice field, the spot called LaCruz from small crosses stuck in the rock, the elevation, 14,104 feet. Suddenly, an intensely terrific blast overhead followed by a long, sustained roar, caused us to look up. In the semi-darkness just preceding dawn, we could see the outline of the volcano almost overhanging, and from its mighty throat rose a huge, curling mass of smoke, shooting skywards. The impression received from any sound is measured largely by realization of its source. The explosion seemed louder than the combined sound of many cannon. It seemed to permeate every fibre of one's being. The roar lasted perhaps half a minute, it seemed half an hour. Tense silence followed and then the noise of some down-coming objects. The guides uttered a cry of alarm and threw themselves in the shelter of the rock and we followed. The rock was well named. In the shelter of the cross we listened to rock whizzing by.

My friend interpreted muttered ejaculations of the guides to the effect that never had they seen or heard such doings before. My companions, affected by the elevation, weakened by the cold and lack of food, decided to go back. I tested the icy slopes and found my hobs would not hold. We had been advised that hobs were not necessary, as one could get secure footing in the snow going up, and could slide most of the way going down. Our adviser had made the ascent in September. The previous winter's snow had since disappeared. Seeing my embarrassment, and consequent hesitation, my guide persuaded one of the other guides to lend me his ice creepers, a most ingenious set of thin, steel straps hinged together and held by thongs passed through steel rings on the side, and criss-crossing the shoe. From the steel plates underneath, projected solid, sharply pointed, steel spurs. My guide started upward, the others reluctantly turned back. It was one unending slope like St. Helens, an unbroken surface of ice, or snow melted and then frozen so hard, it required repeated thrusts of a heavy, steel-pointed alpenstock, before I dared trust the alpenstock to stand alone while taking photographs. There was not much to photograph, as we seemed to be between two cloud strata.

As the sun rose, we looked out over a limitless sea of clouds, the



R. L. Glisan

GUIDE ON THE CRATER RIM

On the right is sulphur smoke coming from the crater, an angry hole, hissing, muttering, moaning.

top of one or two distant peaks appearing like small islands in an angry, cream-colored, wave-tossed ocean. It gave me a queer feeling to realize I was much higher than Rainier and practically alone, for my guide did not know one word of English. To make the realization more acute the volcano let out another sullen blast when I was half-way up. I could see nothing but could hear rock hitting the slope not far away. We noticed fresh scoops in the icy slope, soup plate size, made by falling rock. My creepers, made for sandals, had an uncomfortable habit of working loose and the guide had to adjust them while I stood, as there was no place to rest on the slope. We kept a slow, steady gait and about 10 a.m. reached the rim, 17,794 feet above sea level, and peered down into a seething, angry hole, hissing, muttering, moaning. Sulphur smoke poured out of vents on the sides, and the smoke was so dense below, I could see nothing but violent agitation of what may have been smoke, but looked like some boiling material. The bottom of the crater was not the only thing that was agitated, consequently my impression may not be altogether accurate, but it looked about 300 feet to the bottom, and about three times that across. I shot my last films at my guide standing on the rim, and then sat down on the outer slope, the heat having melted away all snow and ice. Just as I removed the exposed roll and was inserting the new and only roll I had with me, a blast from the crater behind me made me jump so suddenly I nearly lost both rolls. The guide was yelling and gesticulating, pointing into the crater. I simply could not lose the roll so I thrust it into place,

rolled it faster than film was ever rolled before and joined the guide. A huge, boiling, twisting column of sulphurous smoke was shooting upward from below. I waited for it to cut the opposite rim so I could take it as it rose in front, but alas, the clouds which had blanked my view repeatedly, swept in from behind and mingled with the smoke. Perhaps it was for the best, as the stiff breeze kept the sulphur fumes away.

On the rim were fresh, clean rock resting on a dust covered surface, convincing to my mind that they had been tossed there recently from the crater. I picked up a small specimen.

I dreaded the descent on that icy slope and was greatly relieved when the guide went over to one side and started down long, narrow tongues of scoria, small, loose rock and sand, more or less saturated by moisture, frozen when we ascended but softened by the sun to give fair footing going down. We had no opportunity of sliding, but worked down one scoria tongue until it died out, then crossed to another avoiding the ice field until near its lower slope, when we crossed over and picked up the trail near La Cruz and made Tlamacas at one o'clock. I was regaling the others with an account of the ascent, while enjoying a cup of chocolate when the scientists appeared requesting permission to see the rock the guide reported I had picked up on the rim. At first they scoffed the idea it could have been ejected from the crater, but after I repeated my story while they fingered the rock, they decided, as far as I could judge through my friend's interpretation, that the fiery blast of the explosion had broken fragments from the overhang down in the crater's throat.

We made Amecamecca that night and Mexico City the next morning.

The volcano continued its activity, belching out smoke to such extent that the following day President Obregon sent an aviator there who returned with a report of the volcano being violent. The natives had fled from near by; the Mexican papers quoted the scientists as authority for the volcano ejecting rock. An Australian volcanic scientist named Hyde, made the ascent the second day after our ascent, and reported seething flames in the crater pit. I can only add in conclusion it was one of the real thrills of my life.

## A MOUNTAINEER IN COLORADO

EDWARD W. HARNDEN

*"Fur away, fur away,  
For to climb the Rocky Mountains, oh, so fur, fur away."*

**T**HUS runs the Colorado Mountain Club song, and I joined in the chorus on the club's Snowmass Lake outing of August 5-20, 1922. A fine club, a great country, a glorious time! I have had somewhat sketchy experiences with Colorado, but I now consider myself acquainted, having shaken hands—and feet—with some wonderful mountains, in a wonderful state, and feel that I can call friends some of the elect of the Colorado out-of-doors, than whom even The Mountaineers of the coast are not finer. Can I say more? Just try them, and see. Incidentally, I lost no opportunity to boost The Mountaineers and their haunts! Let's get together, and have some "exchange professorships,"—it will do us all good.

Snowmass Lake is in western central Colorado, in the Elk Mountains of Holy Cross National Park (named after the world-famous Holy Cross Mountain), approached from Aspen. That town, lying not very far west of Denver, as the crow flies, was reached by our party of fifty by a long "U" route, south from Denver along the prairie plateau east of the Rockies, then west into the mountains and north, the train squirming through some wonderful, brilliantly-colored canyons—followed by twelve miles of strenuous automobiling in machines furnished by the public-spirited citizens of Aspen (who also spent hundreds of dollars in clearing the trail), to Kate Lindvig's intervale ranch (oh! blessed memories of trout, chicken and cream!), and an eight-mile "excelsior!" hike, through Engelmann spruce woods, up the steep and winding trail following the creek that flows from Snowmass Lake.

Our camp, at something over 10,500 feet, had been prepared in advance, at the foot of the lake and astride the creek. The lake is perhaps over a mile long running from west to east, and is "girt 'round with rugged mountains." It may well be called "a whale of a lake," because of its shape, the west or farther end representing the head and the east or foot, where we camped, the tail of leviathan. The view fans out with the mountain lake perspective, typical of such famous lakes as Louise and O'Hara in the Canadian Rockies, with precipitous and highly eroded mountain ridges to left and right and a dominant central peak, at Louise, Mount Victoria and at Snowmass, Mount Hagerman. The glaciers of the Canadian mountain lakes are absent, but the striking



*Wm. H. Crisp*

HAGERMAN (left) 13,596 feet, and SNOWMASS (right) 13,970 feet  
FROM RIDGE ABOVE CAMP

evidences of their work remain. The highly-crowned glacier basin sweeping down from Hagerman and Snowmass peaks strongly suggesting the Canadian and Swiss ice falls, notably the Starbird and the Rhone, while the gorgeous, red, white, and maroon effects of the rugged ridges and rock masses add a brilliant color note that is absent from most Alpine scenery.

Looking down on the south side of the lake (at left, facing up lake) is an immense, long, strikingly eroded, red, porphyritic ridge, the surmounting and "circumnavigation,, of which, with fine chances for rock scrambles and snow glissades, afforded us one fine day's sport. At the head, or west end (centre) is an extensive flower-decked meadow, from which a pass rises diagonally to a saddle at the left of Hagerman (a peak well over 13,000 feet), offering the best point of attack on the upper ridge of that mountain; northwest of the lake the old glacier bed (right), coming down from the slopes between Hagerman and Snowmass, which peaks have a connecting saddle or comb; and north of the lake, not far from camp and close to the shore (farther right), a sheer, vertical, gray cliff, perhaps the result of a primeval upthrust. At the

base of this cliff, we soon discovered a secluded and delightful bathing pool, set off from the main body of the lake.

The first "major operation" was the climb of Snowmass Mountain (13,970, with recent rumors of 14,000), on August 11. Most of those in camp started and reached the top. Our route lay around the south side and west end of the lake, thence northwesterly up an open, green slope, over the rocky bed of the ancient ice-fall toward a gap in the south (left hand) ridge of the peak. A snow gully leading up to the gap had to be carefully negotiated in zig-zags because of danger from falling rocks. This gully ended at the arete leading (north) to the top, an interesting rock scramble along the west side of which brought us to the summit at about two p.m.

From the top a superb mountain panorama was presented. To the southeast, at our feet, Snowmass Lake; to the north, Capitol Peak (13,997), a beautiful, outstanding, somewhat isolated mountain, and no mean climb, as several of the party can testify, who attempted it and failed because they selected the wrong route; to the south-southeast, Maroon Bells, climbed later; northeast, Pyramid and Castle mountains; and some forty miles away, the three conspicuous humps of the famous Mountain of the Holy Cross; east, and at about the same distance, Mounts Elbert and Massive (the former, the highest peak in the state and second highest in the United States, 14,420 feet, being later climbed by the writer and a companion); and to the right, other high peaks of the Sawatch Range,—La Plata, Grizzly, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc. We lunched and spent about an hour on top, then dividing the party and descending by diverse routes to minimize the danger from falling rocks.

The Maroon Bells climb, August 16, was the main event of the outing. The strenuousness of the hike and climb necessitated a somewhat smaller party than on Snowmass. We left camp at 6.50 a.m., going southeast and circling to the left, the Red Ridge already referred to, and hiking through the open, trough-like basin north of the Maroons, at about timber line. We kept high, circling to the right to hold the contour, and, crossing numerous grassy ridges, reached a steep, rocky gully to the north (right) of the south (higher) peak. In ascending the steep and narrow gully, we hugged the cliffs at our left for protection from falling stones and when well up enjoyed a rock scramble to the saddle, where we followed the narrow, highly eroded and splintered comb leading north to the summit—not a hard climb, but one necessitating care. We reached the top shortly before one p.m., eating lunch and enjoying the wonderful view. The rugged, red, shattered peak of Pyramid (14,000 feet), to the east, and Castle (14,259 feet) southeast by east, seemed to offer unusually fine opportunities for interesting climbs. We returned to camp late, because of a long hike in addition to the climb,

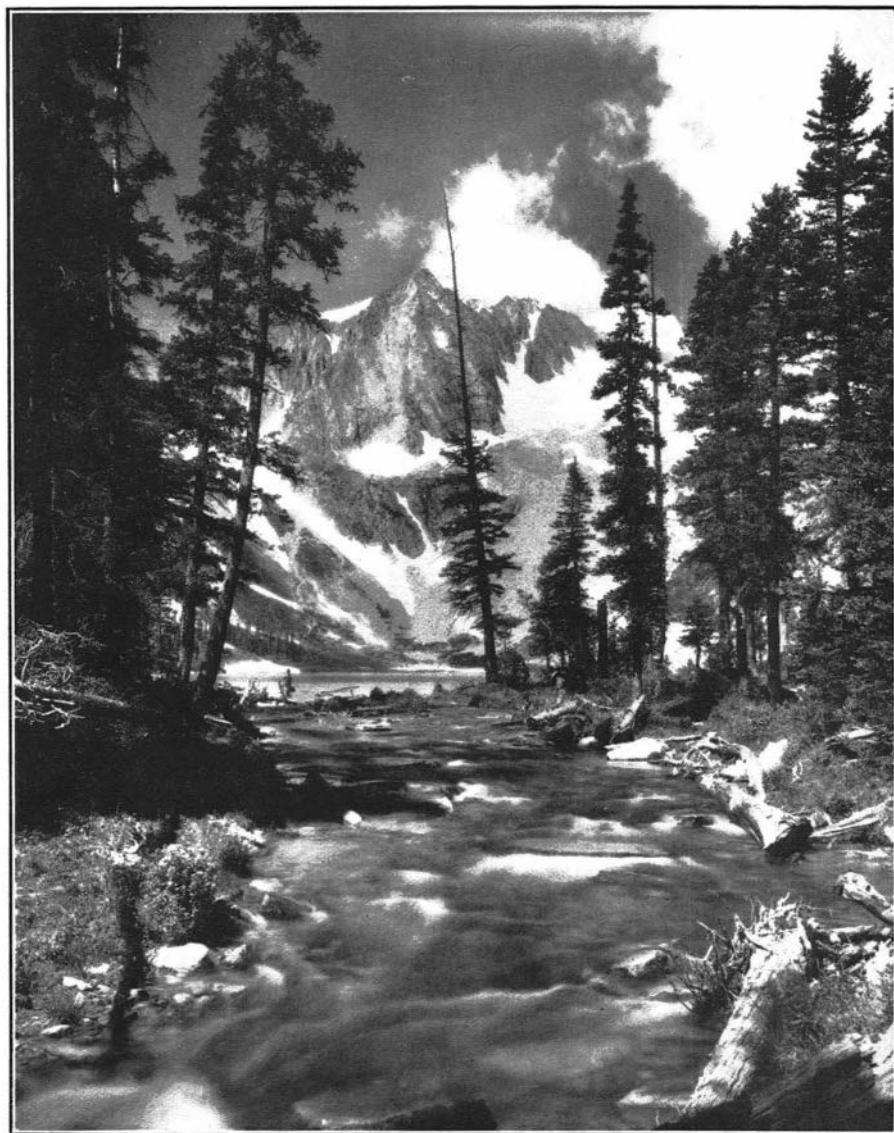
and excitement was caused by one of the young ladies losing her way, going to the left instead of the right side of Red Ridge. Search parties and bonfires were without avail, but fortunately she was well entertained by a sheep herder and his wife, and reached camp early in the morning.

As for the flowery meadows, particularly those south and southeast of the lake, any attempt at description would fall flat. The columbines are supreme—and what regal columbines, and in what glorious masses! Miss Katharine Bruderlin, the club botanist, has furnished me with a "partial list," comprising 110 varieties of flowers—a wealth of Alpine and Mariposa lilies, erythroneums, spring beauty, marsh marigold, larkspur, monkshood, red orpime, four saxifrages, lupines, grass of Parnassus, cranesbills, violets, mountain laurel, primroses, shooting star, seven gentians, mimulus, anemones, paint-brushes galore, cinquefoils, azaleas, harebells, and numberless others, including the usual Alpine and arctic varieties found in high places the country over.

Of birds, there were in constant evidence our old friend the Canada Jay, "camp robber" (name "whiskey-jack" apparently unknown in Colorado), the "magpie" (not "Clark crow"), water ouzel, junco, chickadee, ptarmigans on the snow, and a little bird, apparently a brown finch, on the heights.

Can those who participated ever forget those rousing camp-fire doings, with their well-balanced blending of sense and nonsense, solid thought-inspiring talks and fool stunts; the interesting evening when the rangers called and told us things that threw a new light on their work; that wonderful moonlight stroll in awed silence, along the shore of the lake, viewing the unearthly, ethereal beauty of the reflections of cliffs and peaks, the bare white rock of the old glacial bed sweeping down from Hagerman and Snowmass taking on under the moonbeams the semblance of a real and wonderful ice-fall? Can enough praise be given to that ideal, camp leader, executive and regular fellow, President George H. Harvey, jr., and his able and enthusiastic lieutenants; or sufficient thanks to our Aspen host and club member, Harold W. Clark, old-timer, trout wizard, and all-around helpful comrade, who did so much to make camp life pleasant and interesting?

"And so up and away from camp," as old Pepys might say, "and on to Leadville," where with my tent-mate, Marcus F. Stoddard, I climbed, from the Half Moon Gulch ravine, Mount Elbert (14,120 feet), highest summit in Colorado and second loftiest in the country, a good climb and a noble peak, from which all Colorado seemed spread around us—from our Elk Mountain peaks in the west to the San Juan range in the southwest, the Saguache range in the south, Pike's Peak in the east, and the great peaks to the northeast, in the neighborhood of Denver and Estes

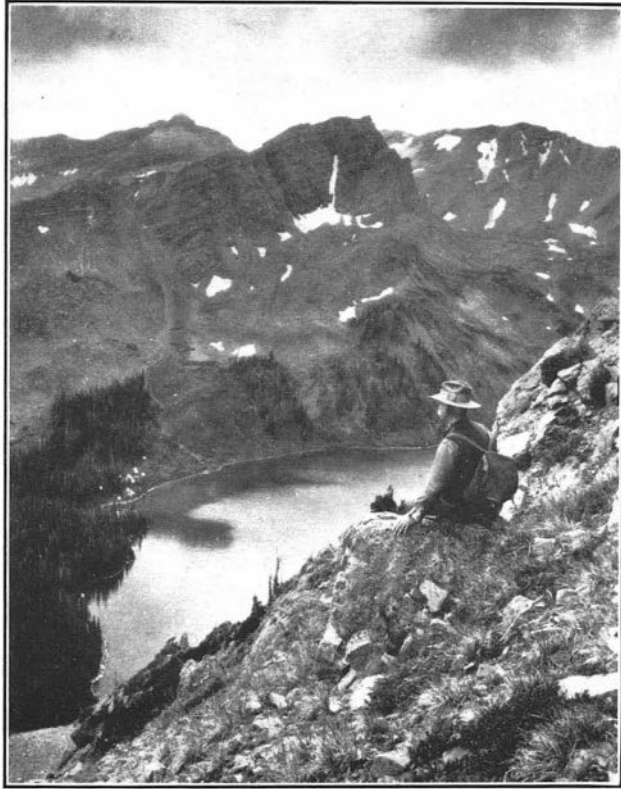


*H. L. Staudley*

HAGERMAN PEAK FROM C. AMP

Park; and thence, with Professor A. R. Ellingwood of the club, down into the southwest,—in the Cochetopa Forest, among the comparatively little-eroded Saguache mountains, south of Cunnison, traveling across country, stopping at ranch and ranger station. In one day we did about twenty miles, which included ascents of Mounts San Luis (14,146 feet) and Stewart (14,032 feet), both affording marvelous views of the San Juan range to the south (what a fine climb that wonderful, massive, red Uncompahgre Peak—14,286 feet—must be!) and the Sangre de



*Wm. H. Crisp*

LOOKING DOWN UPON CAMP  
(Note Tents by the Lake)

Cristo range to the east (a grand, jagged, snowy range which seems to offer the best opportunities in the state for rugged and picturesque mountaineering), winding up with a crossing of the divide and a never-to-be-forgotten trip down East Willow Creek—hopping in the twilight and dark (and not always landing successfully) from rock to rock in frequent crossing of the turbulent stream in search of an elusive road,—and finally getting belated accommodations at a cabin in the outskirts of Creede, the old “Jimtown” of a dead, picturesque frontier past.

Thence I fared alone up north to Long’s Peak Inn, Estes Park, spending a delightfully intimate and never-to-be-forgotten evening with our old friend, Enos A. Mills, destined so soon afterwards to leave us forever, and making a lonely climb of Long’s Peak (14,255 feet) the next day, August 25, wiping out a defeat of 1913, when I was caught in a storm near the summit. It was a glorious day and I enjoyed a fine climb and the superb view from Long’s Peak, unrivaled in some respects with its sheer drop to Chasm Lake, its sweeping view along

the eastern mountain wall facing the prairie, and its command to west and southwest of some of the grandest mountains of the state.

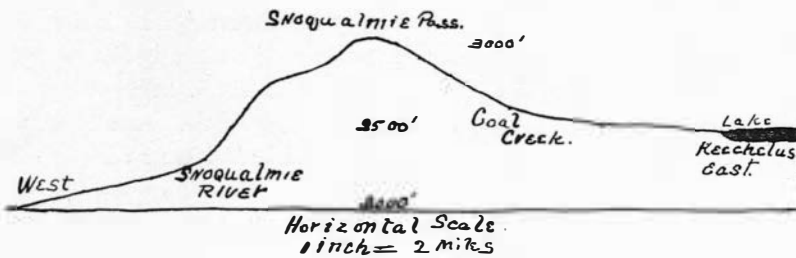
A delightful club reunion, on August 26, at the Harvey bungalow on Lookout Mountain, back of Denver, favored with one of those wonderful sunsets you never forget and winding up with a real, rousing mountain campfire song and gabfest, brought to a close three delightful weeks of climbing and outdoor companionship in The Friendly Mountains, under skies, as Stoddard says, "of an indescribable purity of wonderful blue."

Long may the Colorado Mountain Club flourish, a bright star in the galaxy of American out-of-door fraternities; and may it always be the good fortune of the writer to travel in as good company and in as charming a region.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Mountaineers are indebted to the Colorado Mountain Club for the cuts illustrating Mr. Harnden's article.)

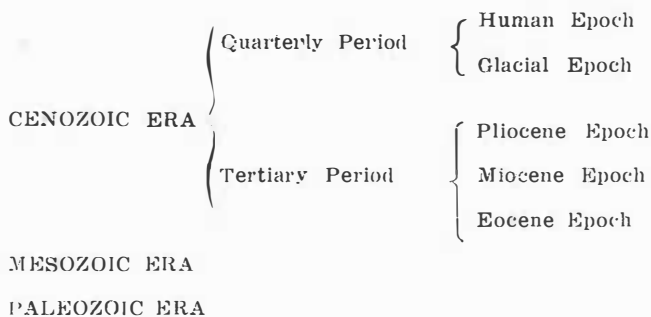
SNOQUALMIE PASS

EDWIN J. SAUNDERS



**I**T would be difficult to imagine a more suitable location than that of Snoqualmie Lodge for the home of the Mountaineers' Club, one of the objects of which is to study and develop a love for nature and out-door life. Situated in the heart of the Cascade Mountains of Central Washington, at an elevation of 3200 feet above sea-level, and about 200 feet above Snoqualmie Pass, it is the center not only of a country of surpassing grandeur in mountain and forest scenery, and one offering many fine trips and winter sports, but also of a section where the interesting geological story of the building and sculpturing of the Cascade Mountains may be easily seen in the rocks and topography of the neighboring hills.

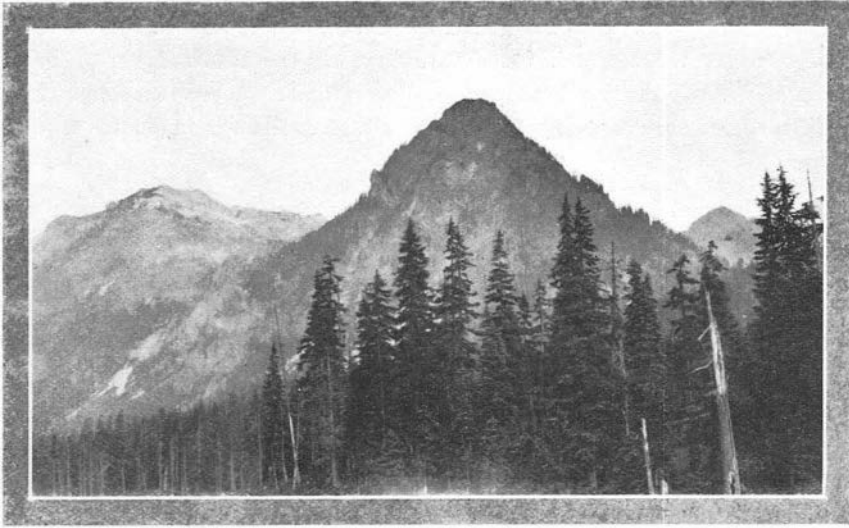
The description of Snoqualmie Pass with its surrounding mountains, lakes and valleys, cannot be fully understood unless we look back into the geological conditions which gave rise to the present Cascade Mountains. This involves the use of the names that geologists have given to the later geological eras and periods as shown in the following table, the younger or later era at the top.



The story begins with an old series of rocks (Easton Schist), the exact age of which is not known, but they are believed to have existed as a mountain mass during the Mesozoic Era, before the Rocky Mountains were formed as a continuous system. None of these older rocks are to be seen in the immediate vicinity of Snoqualmie Pass, but they make up the ridge east of Little Kachess and Spectacle Lakes, a fine day's trip from the Lodge. When the Rocky Mountains were elevated at the close of the Mesozoic Era, the coastal section was depressed so that the Pacific Ocean encroached on the present site of the Cascade Mountains in large embayments from the west, and numerous lake basins were formed on the east side of the then low divide. In these bodies of water thick layers of gravel, sand and clay collected to form, later on by consolidation, strata of conglomerate, sandstone and shale. Small quantities of limestone from shells of animals and coal beds from swamp growth are found with the other sedimentary rocks.

From time to time, great masses of lava and volcanic ash were extruded through fissures in the underlying older rocks, and these are now found interbedded with and separating different series of the sedimentary rocks. One of these earlier (Eocene) flows, called the Teanaway Basalt, makes up the east side of the ridge separating Lake Keechelus and Kachess. Gale Creek and Box Canyon are cut in this basalt formation, and Box Ridge is the result of the peculiar erosion of the basalt ledges. A later (Miocene) series of lava flows and ash beds, known as the Keechelus Andesite, is seen in the cliffs on either side of Lake Keechelus and caps the summit ridge of the Cascades from Mirror Lake southward to Naches Pass. Alta Mountain (6,265 feet), Mount Thompson (6,000 feet), and Huckleberry Mountain (6,400 feet) are higher peaks composed of Keechelus Andesite.

The Lodge is located on a series of sedimentary rocks formed in the interval between these two periods of volcanic activity. It is known as the Guye formation from the fact that Guye Peak (5,100 feet) is made up of this same set of sediments. The strata have been intensely folded and compressed by mountain building forces, and they are seen on edge in many of the old Milwaukee railroad cuts between Rockdale and the



H. Wilford Playter

GUYE PEAK

Snoqualmie Peak to the left,  
from Snoqualmie Pass.

Pass. The broad basin surrounding the Pass is eroded in this series. The nature of the rock in many localities has been decidedly changed by pressure, and by heat from later intrusions of lava, so that instead of shale, we find a black slaty rock, instead of sandstone a hard quartzite. The hard compact conglomerate over which the water from the Pass falls into the South Fork near the old railroad trestle at the western entrance to the Pass was originally a loose gravel bed in this series. Various types of this formation may be seen along the trail from Rockdale to the Lodge and also along the ridge of the Cascades south of the Lodge to Silver Peak (5,500 feet). Kendall Peak (5,500 feet) is composed of the same rocks, and the upper part of Guye Creek Basin shows examples of all the various kinds of material in the series.

Granite Mountain (5,800 feet) illustrates a later interesting page in the history of this section. A large mass of lava was intruded from below into the rocks just described, but was not able to get through to the surface. It therefore, cooled slowly, giving rise to a granite-like rock known as Snoqualmie Granodiorite. The covering rocks have since been eroded exposing the older rock in many prominent peaks. Red Mountain (5,900 feet), the summit and east side of Snoqualmie Mountain (6,270 feet), the summit and the west side of Chair Peak (6,300 feet) are made up of this same rock. Where this heated mass came in contact with the older rocks, it caused decided changes in them, producing new minerals, such as garnet, tourmaline and hornblende in distinct crystals. The line of contact between the Guye formation and the granite is quite well marked at Rockdale just west of the western portal of the Mil-

waukee tunnel, and also along Denny Creek, where it flows from the granite ledges through the Guye formation to the South Fork of Snoqualmie River. A small tongue of the granite projects through the Guye formation in the 4,000 foot knob about one-half mile south of the Lodge.

Immediately following, or possibly accompanying the intrusion of these large batholithic masses of granite the Cascade mountain range was again elevated. Erosion at once began to tear down these new mountains and, wearing away thousands of feet of the Keechelus Andesite and Guye formations, not only exposed the granite masses but eroded about them, leaving them as prominent peaks or remnants above the eroded surface. The whole Cascade range was thus worn down to a low level or peneplain during the Pliocene Epoch but with many remnants left above the general level.

At the close of the Pliocene Epoch, as the closing event of the Tertiary Period, another elevation of this eroded mass was begun, which intermittently has continued even to the present time. It was during this uplift that the volcanic cones, Mount Rainier, Glacier Peak, Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens and Mount Baker, were begun. The strain on the rock mass allowed the lavas to reach the surface and numerous eruptions built up the cones even beyond their present height on the top of the Cascade mountain block.

The elevation of the Cascade range and a change to slightly cooler climatic conditions caused the precipitation of large quantities of snow. The snow collecting in the valleys, already begun by rivers in the new mountain mass, formed many large glaciers. One of these which may be called the Keechelus Glacier extended from Chair Peak (6,100 feet) to the lower end of the present Lake Keechelus (2,422 feet), about twelve miles. A large tributary glacier from Snoqualmie mountain (6,270 feet) and Red mountain (5,900 feet) came in by way of Commonwealth Creek valley. The broad valley known as Snoqualmie Pass was eroded by this combined glacier. Another large tributary glacier from Huckleberry mountain (6,300 feet) and Alaska mountain (5,700 feet) added a large volume of ice by way of Gold Creek valley. The enlarged glacier gouged out of the solid rock the basin now occupied by Lake Keechelus and deposited the load of waste at its lower end in a very convenient location for use by the Reclamation Service in erecting the dam at this point. The Snoqualmie South Fork valley was also partially filled by glaciers fed from the snows on Denny mountain (6,100 feet), Granite Peak (5,820 feet) and the valleys on the slopes above Rockdale. These and other glaciers eroded the deep, steep-sided valleys and the amphitheatre valley heads which add greatly to the ruggedness and scenic beauty of the peaks and ridges about Snoqualmie Pass.


Small lakes like the one near the Lodge now occupy many of the amphitheatre valley heads (cirques) and from them the streams cascade over the rocks or by narrow gorges to the lower main valleys. Joe Lake (4,500 feet) at the head of Gold Creek, Snow Lake (4,100 feet) on the north slope of Chair Peak, and Lost Lake (3,100 feet) are larger lakes of the same class. Some of these cirques are occupied by mountain meadows where the lakes have been filled up by silt or vegetation or where no lakes were formed.

A trip to Alta mountain (6,265 feet) shows where glaciers, fed from both sides of this peak started, and combining to form a large glacier, eroded the valley now occupied by Kachess and Little Kachess lakes. These lakes, like the famous lakes at Interlaken in Switzerland, were formerly one long lake, but are now separated by a delta built from the silt of Gale Creek and Box Canyon. Probably the largest glacier in the section occupied and eroded the Cle Elum valley. It was about thirty miles long, extending from above Hvas Lake to the lower end of the present Lake Cle Elum.

As a result of somewhat milder climate the glaciers have gradually melted until we have only a few small remnants left on the peaks below 9,000 feet in elevation, with larger ones on higher peaks. They melted intermittently, however, and left huge rock piles at their lower ends (terminal moraines and recessional moraines), and along their edges (lateral moraines). One of these moraines was left in Snoqualmie Pass where Commonwealth Creek joins Guye Creek. The waters of these creeks, which formerly as tributaries of Coal Creek flowed into Lake Keechelus, became the head waters of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie by the active headward erosion of this stream above Franklin Falls. The broad floor of the Pass is so nearly flat that a small amount of excavation would cause the water to go either way. The small falls near the old railroad trestle is where the Snoqualmie River is stealing the waters that should go through the Pass to Coal Creek. Thus the glaciers, after eroding the low pass, blocked it with debris so that the waters from the head of the valley turned westward and are helping the Snoqualmie River cut away the floor of the Pass at the western side. The cross section (Fig. 1) shows the relative slope or gradient of the streams on either side of the Pass which accounts for the more active erosion of the Snoqualmie River and the gradual migration eastward of the drainage divide and changes in the Pass. Because it is the lowest pass in the Cascades which can easily be approached from either side, it is used as the main highway between Eastern and Western Washington. The highway from the west side has to ascend the slope by switch-backs, while there is a good grade from the east side without the use of switch-backs.

## THE FIRST ASCENT OF MOUNT CONSTANCE

A. E. SMITH

HILE the first ascent of Mount Constance was made on June 26, 1922, by Robert Schellin and myself, it seems to me that mention should be made of a trip made a month earlier by Thomas J. Acheson and myself. This was Mr. Acheson's fifth attempt at the mountain.

Mr. Acheson and I went in from the Docewallips river, and on the second day of our trip reached a point on the headwaters of the Quilcene river, about two and a half miles in an air-line from the summit of the mountain.

The view of the mountain top and surrounding country at that time made me more than ever determined some day to make the climb. Mr. Acheson's ten-power binoculars revealed a succession of almost perpendicular, rock walls, which promised some real climbing for any party who should ever reach the top. It was from this point, and at this time, that Mr. Acheson and I picked out approximately the route followed a month later by Mr. Schellin and myself.

After getting back to Bremerton I got in touch with Mr. Schellin and Mr. Collier, and we arranged to climb the mountain. The three of us intended to start the evening of the 23rd of June, but unfortunately Mr. Collier was injured, so he was unable to accompany us.

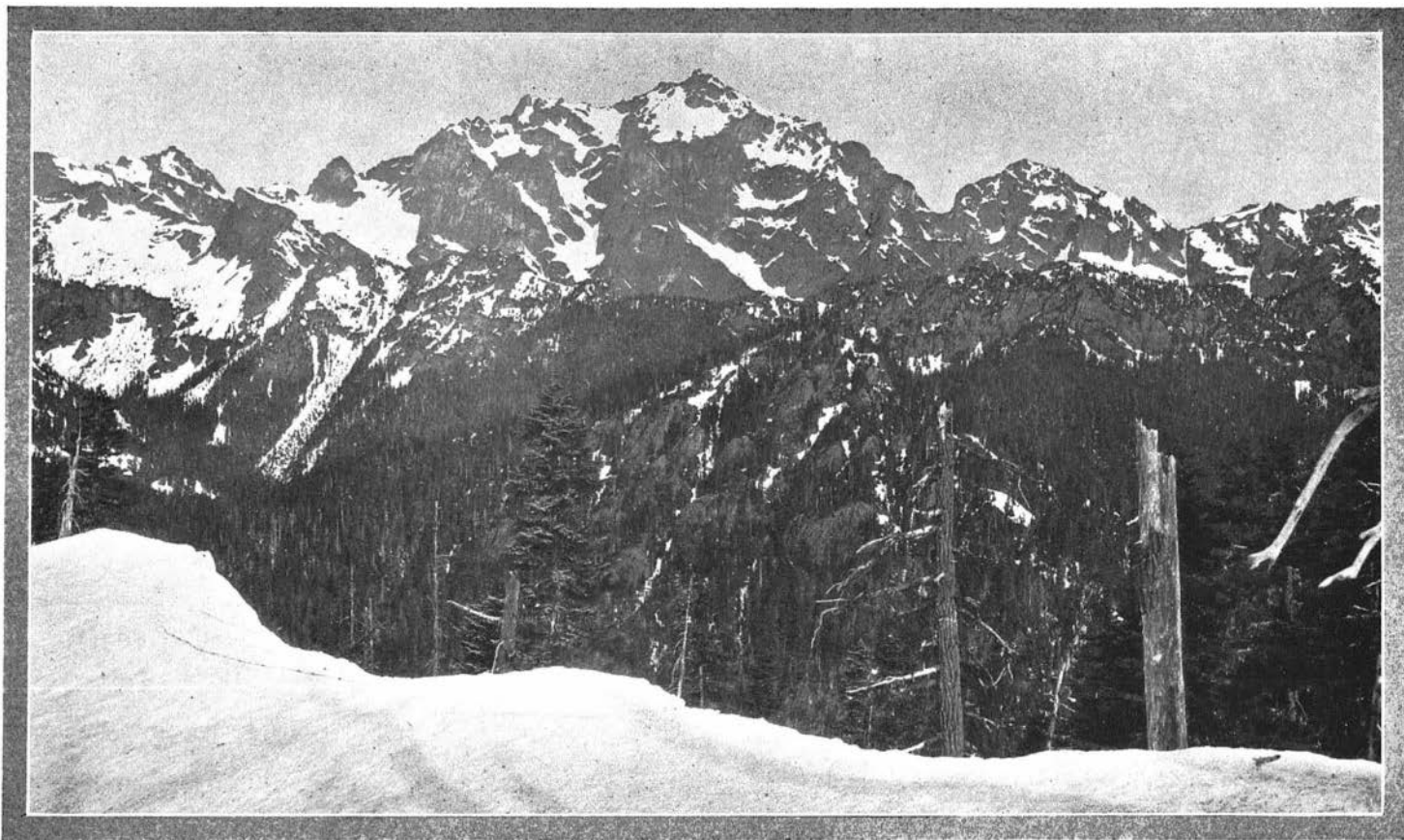
In the few days preceding our start, I had purchased and divided into three parts the commissary necessary for an eleven-day stay in the hills. Just as we were ready to leave, we heard that Mr. Collier had had an accident. Our time was so limited that we could not rearrange the food, so Bob and I started with forty pounds of food between us.

Our first lap was to Seabeck by stage and from there we took a launch to Brinnon. We camped that night about one-quarter of a mile from the Olympic highway.

The following morning we started about 4.25, Bob carrying fully fifty pounds, while I had about sixty pounds. We arrived at the Miner's Cabin thirteen miles from the highway at 5 p.m. and cooked and ate supper. The bunks were ready for the blankets and as the day's work had been all the exercise we cared for, we retired early.

The morning of the 25th we left the cabin at 5.30 with approximately twenty-five pounds in one knapsack, consisting of two blankets, an extra outer garment apiece, food for three days, and a few medical supplies.

The climb to the top of the ridge that runs parallel to the Doce-wallips, will long be remembered. We climbed as steadily as possible for I knew there was no water till we reached the top. We found snow



MOUNT CONSTANCIE

*T. J. Acheson*

A section of the Olympic Range. Mount Constance is the center peak, altitude 7,777 feet. The first ascent was made from the east side by a Mountaineer, A. E. Smith, and Robert Schellin, June 26, 1922.



at the top at 11.50 a.m., so we stopped for lunch. Tea was made from melted snow and we took an hour off to eat and rest. While resting we decided our course from that point.

Leaving at 1 p.m. we climbed a hill that rose to about 5,500 feet elevation. Then we dropped about 1,000 feet and climbed several hundred feet up over a second ridge, which was the divide leading to the Quilcene river. This ridge was the farthest point Mr. Acheson and I had reached on our May trip. A long snow slide lay before us so we had some easy going. After losing about 1,000 feet in elevation, we swung off the snow, crossed several rock slides and kept at the foot of a wall, a good bit of the way, till we came to a long, rock chimney. As it was a likely looking site, we made camp for the night at 4.30 p.m.

Camp that night was cold, as we were up about 4,000 feet, and a wind blew continually through the chimney. Before going to bed, I filled the pail from the small stream. It was well that I did for in the morning the stream was frozen.

On the morning of the 26th, at 4.20, the sunrise was beautiful. We rose early and ate as quickly as possible. Taking about two pounds of food and extra wraps, we started for the top at 5.25. As we had decided our route the previous night, we lost no time on the 1,500-foot wall that rose in front of us. This wall was cracked in a manner that made climbing easy. It was not necessary to tell either of us to keep our hands full of mountain. We struck one point where we were forced to turn back, but it did not take long to go around and get above the obstacle that blocked our way.

About 500 feet higher we reached the top of the ridge at a point where a vein of red and very rotten rock crossed. Our course lay along the ridge and as there was no other choice, we had to cross it. One side broke sheer away with no possible footing, the other was a steep slope fifty or sixty feet ending with a cliff. A rope would have been a great help here, but we had not taken one on this trip. I believe it took us half an hour to cross that fifty-foot vein.

We had about 1,000 feet of easy climbing, from this point to the top. Only a few places required the use of the hands. At eight-fifty we were about seventy-five feet below the summit which was remarkably fast climbing. It was 10.15 when we reached the top, as it took us some time to find a way up, and we had stopped to get pictures from below the summit.

We spent only a few minutes on top, leaving our record and a ptarmigan feather which we found there, in an aluminum tube. We built a small cairn on the peak and left the tube under it.

The view was spoiled somewhat by smoke, but about 4,000 feet of Mount Rainier showed at all times, and occasionally Mount Baker and

Glacier Peak were above the clouds, and Mount Olympus and other Olympic peaks were always in view. Seattle and Bremerton were not visible, but for a while, part of Hood Canal was in sight.

After repeatedly cautioning each other to be doubly careful, we started down. As the climb up had really been hard we decided to go down the north or opposite side of the ridge. We regretted this afterwards, but as we were both alive at the bottom it was probably well we went that way. Once down neither of us was extremely eager for another climb of the same mountain. Bob's trousers were sadly in need of repair, or perhaps new trousers would have been more in order.

From the north side we circled around to the spot where we had camped the night before, and at 4 p.m. we started down the Quilcene River. Our supplies were rather short so we walked till 6 p.m. with all the speed we possessed. The evening meal consisted of one cup of cooked oatmeal each with nothing but loaf sugar for trimmings. Neither of us over ate that night.

We were both tired but we spent some time bringing in firewood for the night, for our bedding amounted to one single blanket each. That was the worst night we had. I am sure neither of us slept at all. It was a cold night to start with and there seemed to be no place really sheltered from the wind which blew through the canyon.

The morning of the 27th, after a hearty breakfast of tea and three slices of rye bread each, we started down the river at 5 a.m. It was just 12 noon when we struck a bridge crossing the river. We stopped at the bridge and got out our small supply of fishing tackle, hoping to find a meal in the river.

About this time a troop of Boy Scouts arrived on the scene, and in answer to our questions, told us it was three miles to the highway. That sounded like food to us, so shouldering our packs we took the trail and reached the road at 1 p.m. Nothing was in sight to eat, but we were lucky in getting a ride to Brinnon, where we over ate.

After lunch we hiked the thirteen miles to the Miner's Cabin for our equipment, returning to Brinnon the following morning. We reached home that afternoon, greatly pleased with what we had accomplished.

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### SOME OF THE BIRDS SEEN ON THE 1921 AND 1922 OUTINGS

SIDNEY R. ESTEN



THE MOUNTAINEER who does not know the common birds, flowers, or trees of the mountains much of the real appreciation of the summer outings is lost, for these forms of nature are not only factors in the beautiful settings of the mountains, but are important elements in determining the elevation, and particular part of the country in which one may be. The birds of Washington, and for

that matter, of the three states west of the Rocky Mountains are very nearly all of different kinds or species from those of the rest of the states. In place of the common Blue Jay of the East is to be found the Steller Jay; instead of the Scarlet Tanager the West has the Western Tanager. The beautiful and very valuable Rose-breasted Grosbeak also is absent, but his cousins, the Black-headed Grosbeak and the Western Evening Grosbeak, make up for his absence. The Indigo Bunting is represented by his relative, the Lazuli Bunting. The Maryland, the Myrtle, and the Connecticut Warblers, have in their places very similarly marked Warblers in the Pacific Yellow Throat, the Audubon and the Macgillivray Warblers, and to take the place of the Ruby Throated Humming Bird, the only Humming Bird of the East, the West has the Rufous, the Calliope, and a number of others.

Many of the Western birds, however, are not to be found on the summer trips, only those which live entirely or partly in the higher places. Instead of migrating south, as birds of the East or of the lowlands do, many of the mountain birds' migrations consist simply of a change from a higher to a lower elevation, according to the change of the weather and the season.

As John Muir looked upon the trees and loved them, so the bird-lover looks forward to meeting again the little feathered friends of the mountains. In the highest elevations the bird most often seen is the Rosy Finch, with its chestnut breast and back, the gray patch on its head, and rump, wings and tail rosy. The Rosy Finch is really one of the best mountaineers of the bird kingdom. Last year, on the very summit of Glacier Peak, we found six of the little fellows there ahead of us, enjoying the wonders of the mountain top. The wind was blowing rather hard but this was the source of their amusement. They would walk up the ice field for several feet until they came to the saddle, a few feet beyond the summit, then flying just a few inches above the snow with a chattering of real joy. They would be blown over the crest and down the slope from ten to thirty feet. Then they would start either walking or flying very close to the ice, up again nearly to the top, whereupon, they would finish their climb by walking to the crest; and after rising a few inches, be blown down again. This procedure was repeated as long as the party remained on top watching them; and when the party started its descent to Camp Nelson, the last sound heard from the top was the joyful twittering of these little birds at play. Who can say that the birds do not enjoy mountain summits as well as The Mountaineers?

The next greatest bird friend of the snow-topped peaks and high places is the majestic, white-tailed Ptarmigan, a bird about the size of a domesticated pigeon, white in winter and mottled brown and gray in summer with white on the tail feathers. This bird can be found on

the sides of many of the mountain peaks of Washington, particularly on Mount Rainier and Glacier Peak. The white-tailed Ptarmigan, with its young, were carefully studied last year on Liberty Cap, Sunset Hill, and Glacier Peak, and were seen on the sky-line trail above Sluiskin Falls on Mount Rainier, where a female each year raises and cares for her family.

The Alaska Robin, or more correctly speaking, the varied Thrush, was seen many times, both years, in the timber just below the snow line. This year on Mount Adams was found the frozen body of a little wanderer who in some storm froze to death in a little pocket in the ice.

The most unique bird of the mountain is the Water Ouzel, or Dipper, a very inconspicuous bird about the size of a Varied Thrush, bluish-black in color, found along the stream below Sluiskin Falls, or along the Nisqually River at the checking station just below the glacier. Last year we saw them around Lyman Lake and this year several were seen at the camp at Snow-Grass Meadows, at Goat Rocks, and near the streams around Mount Adams. This bird is the only one of its kind that swims under water, yet has no webbed feet, but uses its wings to propel itself. Its nest, such as it is, for it builds none, is to be found in a hollow among the rocks, or on a ledge under a waterfall, where it deposits its four or five pure white eggs of about an inch in length. For amusement, or perhaps for convenience, they reach their nesting place by flying through a falls rather than by coming up from the side.

Bailey, a good western authority on birds, says that one morning in December, when the still pools were frozen over, and there was ice along the edges of the streams, and iced spray on the bushes; he heard a beautiful song and found an Ouzel sitting on a cake of ice, in the bright sun, singing as gayly as any Meadow Lark in June.

I think most of The Mountaineers are familiar with the Steller Jay and the Clark Nutcracker. The Steller Jay, that bright, blue body with a black head and a proud, black crest, is found to nearly 10,000 feet in elevation; while the Clark Nutcracker, with its ash-gray body, its black wings and tail, and white patch on the wings, is known from 5,000 feet to 9,000 feet. Both birds are very noisy. The "chack ah, chack" call of the Jay and the rattling "kar'r, kar'r," of the Nutcracker, can be heard coming from the coniferous trees where they live and nest. They chum together, possibly because of interests in common, for they pick on other birds, robbing them of food when possible and appropriating other birds' nests and often-times eating stolen eggs. The Nutcracker has been, along with the Rocky Mountain and the Oregon Jays, called the "Camp Robber" and is known as such in its various activities with the campers on Mount Rainier.

The Pipit, another distinctive mountain bird nesting often far above timber-line, can be distinguished both by its coloring and its habits. It

has grayish brown upper parts, light, buffy breast with two buffy wing bars, and white outer tail feathers. They may be found in flocks which when disturbed, rise quickly from the ground, uttering wild "cheeps" as they go, then quickly and as suddenly drop again out of sight beneath the foliage. The males, in breeding season, ascend singing, to over a hundred feet in the air, and suddenly drop almost straight to the ground.

The Pine Siskin, or Pine Finch, is found as a high altitude and as a coniferous tree inhabitant. His call "cha, cha," given as he flies, was heard many times on both outings. They are social in instinct, traveling in flocks, and if disturbed take a short flight only to circle and again return to the same trees from which they started when surprised in their feeding. They were seen commonly on both trips but particular time and study was made of them at Lyman Lake. They have the habit along with the Chickadee, of clinging to the under side of a branch or twig when eating, swaying back and forth in the wind.

Three other friends, diminutive in size, are the Western Winter Wren, the Pigmy Nuthatch, and the Mountain Chickadee. They all find joy in residing in coniferous trees, and there they can usually be found at play, or in the more serious pursuit of life, feeding. At Lyman Lake last year, on several early morning hikes, the acquaintance of the Winter Wren was made. After I stood still for some time in the midst of the evergreens, these little fellows, apparently unafraid, came hopping down, from limb to limb, peering out from behind the trunks, with their heads tilted oddly to one side, until they were close enough to be touched; easily close enough to be seen and studied without a glass, their little, reddish-brown tails cocked at right angles, in an attitude of pride. They twittered as they came to discover the call, and examine the strange intruder. Then they disappeared, only to return again with others. Last year, on the first and subsequent mornings at Buck Creek, even before the dreaded rising-call, came the familiar and happily rendered, "phoe-de-de-dee" calls of the chickadee.

Many asked this year the source of the familiar "yank, yank," heard around Killen Creek Camp. Its author, the quaint Pigmy, was on the job, gathering the insects and bugs out of the crevices in the bark for his morning meal and advertising the fact that it was time sleepy campers were up, and on their way toward the top of the mountains. On a short bird hike at Killen Creek many Chickadees and Nuthatches were attracted until they came within a few inches of my head and face. One little Nuthatch, not being content with this proximity, alighted on my head for very close inspection of the strange being in "Siwash" attire, who chirped so strangely and who could stand so still.

Two Humming Birds, the Rufous and the Calliope, have been frequently observed among the flowers of the mountain meadows. They

are both mountain birds, especially the Calliope, which is seldom met during breeding season below 4,000 feet, being found in its private haunts between 6,500 to 8,000 feet. Last year on the tryout trip beyond Liberty Cap, a bright red coat became the drawing card of a number of Humming-birds who mistook it for a mountain flower. One may thus see that the birds, like humans, can be deceived. On later occasions, a red bandana was the means of attracting them while I studied them from a nearby vantage point. The Humming-birds, while the smallest species of birds, are classed among the very swiftest of flyers. Many times, when apparently suspended in mid-air above a flower with the long bill ready to probe for food, their little wings were moving so fast that they could not be seen, and after a brief pause in mid-air, the bird too, disappeared, in its flight for further adventure among the bright flowers.

Other birds seen were the Cooper's Hawk, the Ferruginous Hawk, the Pinon Jay, the Pileated Warbler, the Townsend Warbler, the Dusky Blue Grouse, the Western Yellow Throat, the Kingfisher, the Oregon Junco and Wilson's Snipe. A number of the group said they had seen no birds, yet the birds were all around.

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#### CLIMBING A SNOW MOUNTAIN

*On high the snow peak kissed a passing cloud:  
 "Salute the brave!" as forth the chosen climbers stride.  
 Stern cliffs throw back to safely tented crowd  
 The cheer their weaker envy fain would hide.  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 From rock to rock on river brinks;  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Each iron-spiked shoe in snowbank sinks—  
 Each footstep sinks.*

*Weird, wind-whipped trees on knees and elbows creep  
 Near scanty beds unrolled on shelving slope;  
 Awaiting day in dreamy, fretful sleep.  
 The bivouacked climbers nurse a drowsy hope:  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 In field of blue and golden bars;  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 What spirits march among those stars—  
 Those beck'ning stars?*

*As magic dawns turns silver night to gold  
 And paints the flinty gray with rosy beam,*

*Each early step in crinkling snow and cold  
Brings thought of home, such quaintly wakeful dream:  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The zig-zag path, a city street;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
And ever home-folks come to meet—  
They come to meet!*

*The boon of rest, where threat'ning ice-caves yawn  
And glaring towers o'ertop the dismal deeps!  
The silent world, how strangely tense and drawn,  
How close the heart its inward impulse keeps:  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Uplifted lies the frozen way.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
So slow the hours, so long the day—  
Unshadowed day!*

*Then O, ecstatic joy, how swift the change!  
How leaps the soul at summit's final crest!  
Far roll the hills, vast range on rugged range  
And slants the sun to ocean-girdled West:  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Ah, soft as childhood's prayer at night,  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
At snowy altar craving light—  
God's holy light!*

*Reluctant steps on cautious downward climb,  
O'er slender bridge of ice, then quick glissade,  
A dash to edge of glacier's harmless grime,  
All hail! A heather path to shelter glade!  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Once more a glance at silver dome;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The welcome glow of campfire home—  
Wild forest home.*

EDMOND S. MEANY.



MIMULUS LAKE

*F. H. Smith*

There are many lakes in the Black Tusk Meadows. This is one of them. Beyond is the Tantalus Range rising 8,000 feet above Squamish Valley.



## IN THE GARIBALDI NATIONAL PARK

JOSEPH T. HAZARD

**T**HE 1923 SUMMER OUTING of The Mountaineers will be in the Black Tusk Meadows on the shores of Garibaldi Lake in the Garibaldi National Park, British Columbia.

The Howe Sound boat leaves Vancouver, B.C., at nine o'clock in the morning (advanced time) and steams directly into most impressive water scenes. Broad bays pinch to narrow channels, which twist past cozy water nooks. Shelving beaches lift to timbered islands. On all sides are five-hundred-foot rock walls and five-thousand-foot mountains rising almost sheer from the water's edge. The eye is ever alert, restless from the urge of an endless variety.

Our party will arrive at Squamish, the terminus of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, after four hours of water travel.

We are to have a special train next summer, and we will be plunged, at once, into a narrowing valley, which leads into a mountain gorge. The river drops away below, a green ribbon frayed into foaming rapids and torn by cataracts. On either side, as the train twists through tunnels and over high bridges, are lofty ranges with snow-capped peaks.

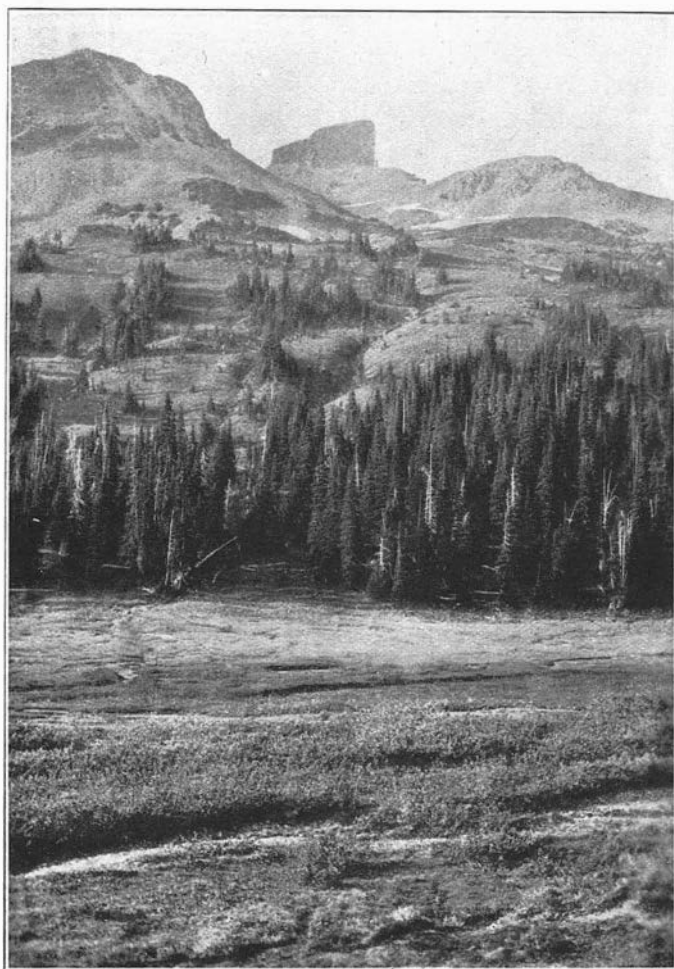
Our trail begins at Daisy Lake, twenty-three miles by train from Squamish. There is not a laggard mile between Seattle and our pack-train.

We climb nine miles through heavy timber, rising three thousand feet, to the Black Tusk Meadows.

These meadows, and our permanent camp, are two and a half miles long, a mile wide, and five thousand two hundred fifty feet high. It will be a permanent camp, all over the place. Swimming lakes for women's quarters, diving lakes for men's quarters, turbulent streams for married quarters, baseball fields, flower meadows, amphitheatres or wooded dells for campfires, will give us without moving, day by day, a variety that will make our mountain home a happy one. We Mountaineers dread the boredom of a permanent camp, but in the Black Tusk Meadows it would take months, instead of weeks, to develop the gangrene of ennui.

Five hundred fifty feet below, at the foot of a steep-pitched trail, at an altitude of 4,700 feet is Lake Garibaldi. Nature manufactured it for the central jewel of a national park. A river in a rugged mountain valley and an active volcano gave the materials for the work.

The volcano threw a great lava dike, a thousand feet high, called The Barrier, across the lower end of this gorge-like valley. The water backed up against it, filling a mountain lake five miles long and two miles wide. At the upper end two great glaciers, the Sentinel and the Sphinx, enter the lake and color its waters. The suspended silt reflects



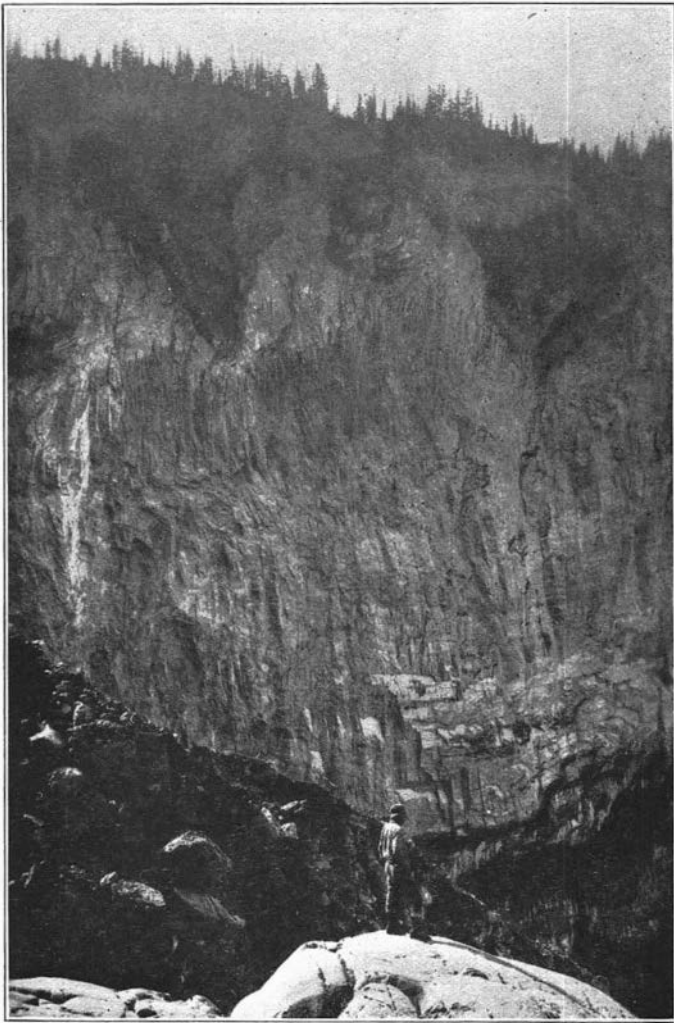
THE BLACK TUSK

*F. H. Smith*

This volcanic plug is typical of the Garibaldi region. It can be climbed in a four-hour round trip from camp. This picture is taken from the site of our permanent camp.

a turquoise blue which gleams, pale and ethereal, in light, and deepens to intense degrees of blue and indigo in shadow and in storm. It is always changing and ever new in its fleeting moods.

On three sides of the lake are cliffs, forests, and mountains. At the lower end is the lava Barrier which drops away a thousand feet in a veritable wall. At the foot of this lava wall, Stoney Creek gushes forth, draining the Lake, a thousand feet below the Lake's surface. If, by chance, we include any scientists, or artists, in our party, we will face a problem, for they will be dazed and unmanageable from their first sight of Garibaldi Lake, until they are led away from it.

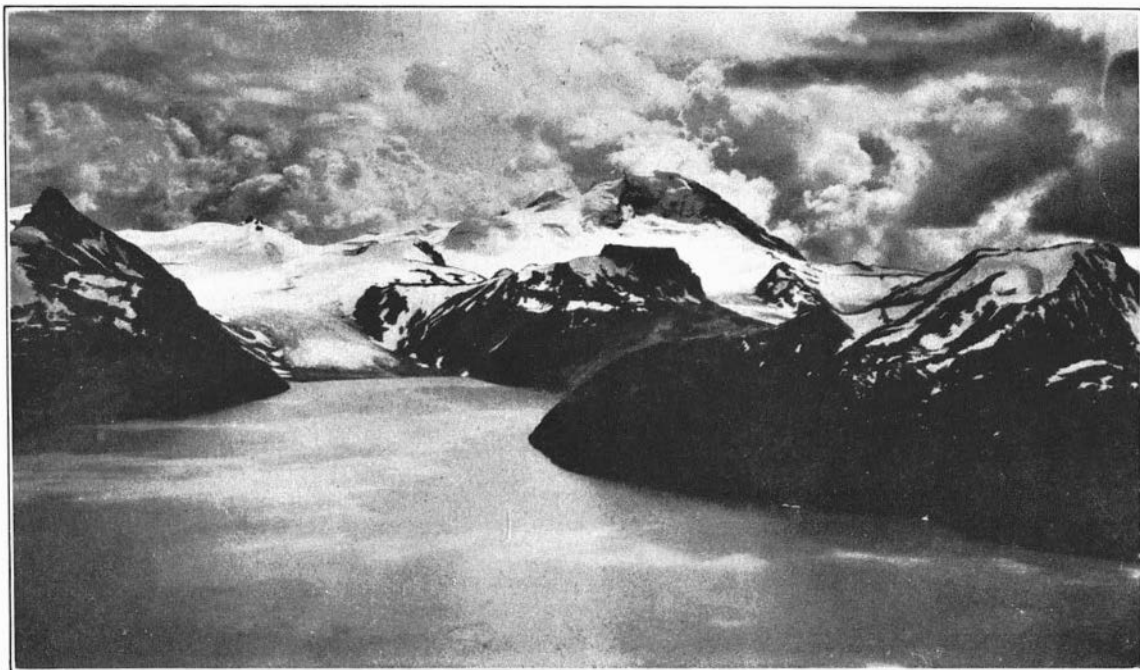


THE BARRIER

*F. H. Smith*

The lava dyke which forms Lake Garibaldi by backing up a river in a mountain gorge is 1,500 feet high. It is a unique feat of volcanic engineering. At the base of this lofty Barrier, Stoney Creek gushes forth, draining the Lake.

We are to climb mountains on boats. The British Columbia Mountaineering Club has, on the Lake, two weird ships, the *Alpine Beauty* and the *Bill Wheatly*. One will support ten people and the other twelve. They are rowed either sideways or endwise as per choice. This year the proportion of bailers and rowers varied by two to one, or one to two, with the sizes of the waves. But this detail can be avoided by a liberal use of paint and of stuffing for cracks and joints. Seriously, these boats are as safe as box-cars and they will be a never-ending joy.



LAKE GARIBALDI

*J. F. Fyles*

From Panorama Ridge above the Black Tusk Meadows we see Lake Garibaldi. Sentinel Peak is on the extreme left; The Table is in the center with Mount Garibaldi above it; Red Mountain is on the right. The Sentinel Glacier is shown at the head of the Lake.

Many of our climbs will start with a two- to four-mile row across the Lake. The British Columbia Mountaineering Club has offered us the use of these boats with a whole-heartedness that will make it impossible for us to refuse—that will make acceptance of the courtesy a joy.

Tantalizing glimpses from camp will be transmuted, by a thousand feet of climbing in any direction, into views of the Lake's full glory. From the summits near by, Lake Garibaldi is a priceless jewel and Howe Sound, in the distance, a string of pearls.

But water is not the whole story in British Columbia.

The Black Tusk Meadows are central in a stupendous region. A climb of a thousand feet will lift one into view of hundreds of miles of snow-capped ranges and jagged pinnacles. Our Washington summits are great, but we can see beyond the ranges. In Garibaldi Park the dim distance ends with still more ranges to come. They are unending, these glaciers and snow ranges and rock spires. Within the reach of two days' climbing are some five hundred peaks, most of them unclimbed. They range from the easy to the impossible. A review of a few of the problems before us will show that our two weeks will serve as a mere "How do you do?" to the region.

Within five hours return, from camp, are a dozen coasting trips, absolutely free from danger.

The Black Tusk, on the upper edge of the Meadows, a sheer volcanic plug with a climbable chimney, can be made in three or four hours. It is as sharp as an incisor and may become popular for morning setting-up, or rather climbing-up, exercises.

Across the Lake, the four-mile way, is the Table. Three people have climbed it. The route is 240 feet high and requires six hours and 180 feet of rope. Tom Fyles, William Wheatly, and Neal Carter climbed it this year and left 120 feet of good Swiss rope for our use. The top rope is tied to a four-inch tree, and the rest of it is draped over sundry, more or less secure, horns of rock.

Across the end of the Lake from the Table is Sentinel, a severe rock climb of some 2,500 feet. Dr. H. B. Hinman has his name on top of it—and he will surely recommend it.

Castle Towers and Mount Garibaldi are snow climbs. They require a full day from the upper end of the Lake. They are the commanding peaks of the region. They can be climbed without danger and without nerve-strain, if taken in the Mountaineer way. It would be a "Literary Lapse" to try to carry the message of their panoramas with mere words.

The Garibaldi region is ideal for small party climbing. The nature of the rock-work necessitates small party organization. Of course, there are many interesting climbs, where the party could be unlimited, but

we are to face a new climbing problem and the Club education is sure to progress.

We will be favored in visiting members of the outing. Some of the climbers of The British Columbia Mountaineering Club will be with us. They are experts, all of them. Those of us who are attracted by "sporting" climbs will have plenty of temptation in the example of our visiting friends. Then too, these Canadian hosts, who join us, are camp-fire entertainers. When they consent to appear, we will hear something novel to the degree of genius. English folk-songs, lyric and appealing, Australian tales of the "Bush," poems with rare feeling and compelling charm, will come as the gifts of free spirits. These friends from over the border are separated from us by a mere trifle in the way of an imaginary line. We are all devotees of the out-doors, and we speak, or remain silent, in a universal language.

The Garibaldi National Park is new. It is a privilege to visit it now, before its greater development destroys the charm of pioneering. We are to do our part in opening a great region to the world. As a Club, we cannot fail of gratitude for the opportunity. May we appeal to you for a large and unlimited enrollment. The two weeks before you, in the Garibaldi National Park, will stand out for life as unique and, undimmed in memory, will make history as an achievement of The Mountaineers.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY READING

With The British Columbia Mountaineering Club. H. B. Hinman. In *The Mountaineer*, Vol. X., page 55, 1917.  
 Activities of The British Columbia Mountaineering Club. Don Munday.  
 Page 77 of this volume.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The cuts of the Mount Garibaldi district were loaned through the courtesy of Mr. Don Munday. The photographers are members of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club.)

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#### FIREWEED

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR

FIREWEED (*Epilobium angustifolium*) is called fireweed, not on account of its conspicuous color, but because it is one of the very early plants which follows, or rather, is carried by wind distribution into regions devastated by forest fires. After the destruction of the forest in a fire swept region, the soil is impoverished, in many cases burned out, thus making life for most flora impossible.

Nature has provided against this condition, by sending the spores of the tiny moss (*Funaria hygrometrica*), carried by the wind, into the open regions. Soon these spores germinate and begin the work of re-establishing the soil. Frequently the *Merchantia* accompanies the *Funaria* in beginning to make possible reforestation. The thin surface of the burned out soil is held in place by these tiny pioneer plants, thereby

making a trap in which to capture the feathery flying seeds of the fireweed carried so easily and swiftly on the wind.

Roots tough and strong are sent down into the loose earth; the soil, encouraged by the firewood anchors, soon gains stability as it is protected from the wind and weather. Other more sturdy plants and trees are now able to find anchorage. The Douglas fir is an early arrival. In the devastated, forest-fire swept region, of the Niggerheads, bright with the flaming color of the fireweed blossoms, may be seen the advance guards of the Douglas fir family.

Fireweed not only helps in reforestration, but long ago, so the Snohomish Indians say, fireweed was used as blankets and coverings. The contents of the seed pods were beaten up with roasted white clay and used in making a pulp or paste which was fashioned into blankets and garments.

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### ROUND ROBIN GREETINGS

EDMOND S. MEANY

IN ORGANIZATIONS like The Mountaineers, there are always those who render unselfish service during the year and then, for some reason or other, are prevented from enjoying the great event, the annual summer outing. The evening campfires soon weld the members of the outing into one large family and those helpful ones at home are called to mind as absent members.

In order to let them know that they were held in kindly remembrance, a plan was formerly followed of appointing a committee to write a letter, enclosing a sprig of mountain heather, to each "absent member." This developed into the Round Robin Greeting, with the cone-badge of the Club in the center, and room for all to sign. Safe mailing tubes are brought along and each is sent from the postoffice nearest to the camp in the wilderness.

To preserve the earnestness and democracy of the undertaking, twenty names are placed in nomination at one of the campfire meetings and the next day ten are elected by ballot. It was agreed that, for at least five years, no member would be twice honored in this way. Some of the older members never miss a summer outing. They thus participate in sending out these Greetings but will not receive one unless they stay home some year and take their chance of being elected as above outlined. The members thus honored during the past four years are as follows:

1919, from Mount Rainier—Charles Albertson, Winona Bailey, Alida Bigelow, Irving M. Clark, Leslie F. Curtis, A. H. Denman, Dr. H. B. Hinman, Ida Kratsch, L. A. Nelson, Lulie Nettleton.

1920, from The Olympics—H. B. Bennett, Clayton Crawford, Fred

Q. Gorton, P. M. McGregor, E. S. Paschall, Gertrude Inez Streator, H. S. Tusler, Otto Voll, R. S. Wainwright, J. H. Weer.

1921, from Glacier Peak—Professor J. B. Flett, R. L. Fromme, Rodney L. Glisan, Joseph T. Greenleaf, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard, Dr. Cora Smith King, Melvin A. Krows, Redick H. McKee, Sophie Louise Schneider, George E. Wright.

1922, from Goat Rocks, Mounts Adams and St. Helens—Glenn Bremerman, Mr. and Mrs. John K. Bush, Effie L. Chapman, Peyton Farrer, Mrs. Laurie R. Frazeur, Mrs. Fred Q. Gorton, Ralph Leber, Wilford Playter, Celia D. Shelton, O. J. Smith.

Many others are remembered and in time some group at a camp-fire will have the pleasure of sending them souvenir greetings from a joyful circle in the hills.

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#### ORIGIN OF TWO NAMES ON MOUNT RAINIER

MAJOR E. S. INGRAHAM, one of the few choice honorary members of The Mountaineers, is the author of many of the beautiful and significant names around Mount Rainier. He sought and secured definite information about the origin of two of the other names. That the record may be more permanently preserved, he permits the publication here of the document he obtained, which is as follows:

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, SEPT. 22, 1921.

MAJOR E. S. INGRAHAM,  
SEATTLE, WASH.  
DEAR MR. INGRAHAM:

In talking with you today about the nomenclature of certain points in Mount Rainier National Park. I mentioned "Frying Pan River and Glacier" and also, "Alta Vista." The origin of these names is as follows:

*Frying Pan.* In the summer of 1894 in company with Mr. Arthur French, a photographer of Tacoma, and Mr. Guy F. Evans, also of Tacoma, I encircled the Mountain, and when we came to the stream now known as "Frying Pan," we threw our packs across. It happened that my pack was the one containing the frying pan, and as I was throwing the pack across the stream the pan fell out and was carried down the swift current.

*Alta Vista.* In 1895 I was camping on what is now known as "Alta Vista" ridge, and happened to think of a small town in Missouri, where I had, at a certain time, been located, as an appropriate name for our camp. The name was accordingly



posted and being seen by succeeding campers who probably also liked the name, it became a fixture.

Very truly yours,  
W. M. BOSWORTH.

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## ACTIVITIES OF OTHER MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS

Edited by Gertrude Inez Streater

### MAZAMAS CLUB

Alfred F. Parker, Vice-President

On their twenty-ninth annual outing, August 6 to 20, 1922, the Mazamas visited the country adjacent to the Three Sisters, in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon. These three peaks are almost equal in height, being each slightly over 10,000 feet. With their surroundings, they form one of the most beautiful and interesting mountain regions in the Pacific Northwest.

The camp was established near the west base of the North Sister, in a delightful spot. The three major peaks, as well as a number of smaller ones, were successfully ascended. The climb of the North Sister, by two parties of five men each, was really a noteworthy achievement. It is a very steep, rocky peak surmounted by a jagged pinnacle of shattered and crumbling basalt, making the ascent both difficult and dangerous. Including the ten who climbed this year, only twenty-two persons are known to have reached its summit.

The great profusion of mountain flora, especially in the valley of Lost Creek, made the outing a most interesting one for the botanists of the party.

During the winter months, the Mazamas cooperated with the University of Oregon in its extension work, and a class in geology under the College professors was held each week at the Club's headquarters. The course was well attended, and will probably be repeated.

The local walks were, as usual, well managed, and proved very popular. Two particularly interesting trips were an outing to Paradise Park, at the west base of Mount Hood, on July 1 to 4, and the annual Mount Hood climb from the south side, on July 15 and 16.

### THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Don Munday, Vice-President

Although the annual summer camp of The British Columbia Mountaineering Club is the outstanding feature of the club's activities, this by no means represents the full extent of its activities, for the Vancouver members are able to enjoy many splendid climbs in the space of a weekend trip, or shorter period, among the mountains immediately north of the city, where all varieties of rock and snow climbing in season are offered by summits rising to 6,000 feet and over.

The official programme of week-end trips for the summer of 1922 covered the period from the end of April to the end of September, climbs being under the direction of Mr. Tom Fyles, for many seasons the director of climbing. Trips were made at fortnightly intervals, but the intervening week-ends were utilized for unofficial climbs whenever weather permitted, and in this respect the past season was unusually favorable. From the point of view of the number of members climbing, the year has been the most successful in the history of the club. The official trips were to Mount Seymour; Mounts Brunswick and Hanover; Mount Cathedral and White Mountain; a night climb of Mount Bishop; the north peaks of Crown Mountain; Mount Coquitlam; The Lions; the Sky Pilot in the Sawteeth Range; and Mount Strahan. The trip to Echo Peak was cancelled.

The summer camp was held August 8-21 in Mount Garibaldi Park, the camp-site being for a week in the Black Tusk Meadows at the foot

of the black pinnacle of the Tusk, and for a week at the south end of Garibaldi Lake, on the shore of that glacial blue expanse cupped between mountains that dip, shoreless, into its depths—150 yards from shore 300 feet of line failed to find bottom. This latter camp lacked some of the charm of the hundreds of acres of flowers of the meadows camp, but, besides possessing the charm of the lake shore, was much more advantageously placed with regard to reaching the major peaks, as well as many of lesser interest. Only unfavorable weather prevented spending a longer period at Table Bay, rain delaying the move across the Lake.

Members carried a fourteen-foot boat in sections over seven miles of trail to 5,400 feet above sea-level, then 600 feet down to the lake. With this second boat on the Lake, water routes were the favorites for starting and ending most climbs as the precipitous lakeshore lacks the prime requisites for a trail.

The Black Tusk, the Helmet, and Panorama Ridge were the chief heights readily reached from the Black Tusk Meadows, the former being climbed by parties whenever the spirit moved them, morning, noon, or evening.

From the lakeside camp Mount Castle Towers, 8,200, proved the favorite, four parties making the ascent. Two parties climbed Copper Peak, 8,000; three parties climbed Sentinel Peak; the Sphinx was visited, and several prominent pinnacles along Sentinel Ridge were climbed for the first time. Red Mountain, just behind camp, was climbed almost every fine day for the magnificent view, rivalled only by that from Panorama Ridge on the opposite side of the Lake. The camp was fortunate because of the presence of sufficient members capable of assuming leadership, so that several trips to different peaks could be run at the same time in addition to the main trips in charge of the director.

Mr. Fyles led two trips to Mount Garibaldi, the first one being in the nature of a reconnaissance as the unusual amount of thawing had opened a maze of crevasses. This climb ending by the northwest arete was a bit more spectacular than the second ascent which was completed by way of the eastern face, the latter being more suitable for a large party. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hazard, of Seattle, of The Mountaineers, arrived in camp just in time for the second climb of Mount Garibaldi. The weather on this trip was perfect, giving the visitors a splendid view of the nature of the Park.

A party of five proved that it was still possible to find worthy virgin peaks within a day's trip of camp. Parapet Peak, 7,975, and Mount Isosceles, 8,050, lying beyond the Gray Pass at the headwaters of the Pitt River, were climbed, Mrs. Don Munday being the only lady in the party; the summit of the second peak was reached at 6 p.m. A unique feature of the climb was the number of large glaciers encountered, four on the outward trip and three on the return, being five different glaciers altogether.

From a mountaineering point of view the most notable achievement at the camp was the second ascent of the Table by Director T. Fyles, N. M. Carter and W. G. Wheatley, the former having made the only previous ascent, although repeated attempts had been made before and since; 120 feet of rope was left anchored to facilitate the descent of the party. The mountain is the basaltic core of an ancient volcano, the same as the Black Tusk.

The total attendance at camp was thirty-seven. The location of the camp for 1923 will not be decided until the annual meeting in March.

## THE KLAHHANE CLUB

E. B. Webster, First Vice-President

Our principal work for the year has been the building of a "Town Club House." It is a bungalow that would have cost something like \$1,500 if let to a contractor. It is our intention to develop a park about the building. We have a whole ridge for the purpose.

We have built eight wire pens for birds, and have now a pair of Mandarin Ducks, Golden Pheasants, Bamboo Partridges, Ring-necked Pheasants; and Mr. Kinney, State Game Commissioner, has ordered us

sent from the game farm a pair each of Amherst Pheasants, Prairie Chickens, Bob-white, and Hungarian Partridge; also two pairs of Jack-rabbits from Kennewick. He also sent us one of the Beaver kept in Woodland Park this summer. We are to have two Deer, fawn that were kept at summer resorts at the lakes this summer. Next spring we will bring in three or four Whistlers. We also expect to trap, and bring in, a bunch of Chipmunks to be liberated on the ridge, and to build a pen for Woodrats, which we think will be of interest.

Mr. Kinney says he will ship us several Beaver next spring to be liberated at the headwaters of the streams on Mount Angeles.

It is our intention to raise such birds as we can, and to liberate the surplus on Mr. Nelson's ranch at the foot of Mount Angeles.

Upon our application, Mount Angeles has been made a game sanctuary and no hunting is allowed, our members and Mr. Nelson looking after it.

Then we are starting a museum in the club house. The principal items so far received have been a collection of some 200 species (550 specimens) of birds' eggs from Geo. G. Cantwell of the Biological Survey. He was formerly bird warden for Alaska and Washington, and many of the specimens are of highly colored sea birds' eggs. A cariboo head, a white sheep head (Fannin's), bear's head, deer head, elk head, porcupine, and a few birds are now on hand, and we have been promised quite a bit of "junk" such as totem poles, and all that.

We held an "annual outing", that is, ten of us took a trip to Mount Olympus, going in by way of the Sol Duc Hot Springs, being packed over into the Hoh Valley, and then up the side of Mount Tom and down the ridge across from the Blue, or Hanging Glacier. Temporary camp was made by the glacier, and the climb made the following day. This was the latter part of August, and the ice had opened up around the peak to such an extent, that it was impossible to make the top, the Third Peak, I am referring to.

Of course we have taken a number of local outings on week-ends to The Mountain, Elwha River, and lakes.

We were instrumental in getting a new trail built to the park on top of Mount Angeles this year. It is a fine pony trail, on easy grades and is of especial interest to us, in that next year we will be able to build a cabin on top of the mountain and enjoy winter sports.

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS' CLUB

J. S. Breitenstein

The Rocky Mountain Climbers' Club had, this year, a membership of two hundred and seventy-five and accommodated approximately twenty-one hundred people on the week-end trips and mid-week beef-steak fries given during the summer. Week-end trips were conducted to James Peak, Arapahoe Peaks, Corona, Hell Hole, Isabel Glacier, St. Vrain Glacier, Long's Peak, and Navajo Peak. Several one-day trips were conducted to the Arapahoe Peaks and Glacier, and a camp was maintained for three weeks in Fourth of July Gulch at the foot of the Arapahoe Peaks. The crowning achievement of the year was, probably, the taking of forty-eight people, the entire party that started, to the top of Long's Peak. This is believed to be the largest single party that ever climbed the peak. The club also conducted hikes every Saturday during the summer in the foothills around Boulder.

During the winter months, the club conducts weekly hikes and beef-steak fries in the hills around Boulder, with occasional trips back to the range.

Plans are being made for the establishment of a permanent camp in the Arapahoe Peaks region west of Boulder, which we hope to have ready for next summer.

## APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

William T. May

The principal Winter Excursion was held at Lincoln, N.H., one hundred and eighty-six participating, the smaller and shorter trips taking about two hundred more.

Three walking trips through the White Mountains, one of a hundred miles through the Berkshires, and a week in the Green Mountains of Vermont were well patronized. The tents and camping paraphernalia, used by the Green Mountain Club, were moved each day to a new site, by auto truck.

One hundred and twenty-eight members spent ten days in the Laurentian Mountains of Canada.

As usual, our permanent camps at Three Mile Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H., and Cold River, N.H., were well patronized, and our week-end camp at Ponkapog was in full operation.

The huts in the White Mountains were much crowded at times, and a new one, to accommodate sixty, was built on Mount Madison.

The regular Saturday afternoon, and all-day outings attracted the usual numbers varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty.

Hoving outgrown our present quarters, we are soon to move into a club house of our own, where we will be able to function more efficiently.

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### ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA CAMP 1922

The annual encampment of the Alpine Club of Canada for 1922 was held at Palliser Pass from July 29 to August 12. Thus for the third time the Club undertook and successfully carried out the arduous task of holding its Camp at a long distance from the railroad or from any source of supplies. This was made possible by taking advantage of the facilities offered by the Walking Tour.

The Camp was pitched at the northerly end of Belgium Lake which lies at the top of the Pass and within a few hundred feet of the continental divide. It is the principal source of the Spray River, whose valley gives access to the Pass. As measured on the maps the route is some forty-five miles in length, but following the windings of the trail the actual distance is probably several miles greater. The Eau Claire, Fishing, and Trail Center Camps of The Walking Tour, enabled the walk to be taken comfortably in from two to three and a half days, according to the energy of the walker. For the supply trains, however, it was a three-and-a-half-day trip.

There was thus made accessible to the Club's members and guests a region whose very existence was hardly known prior to the work of the Boundary Survey Commission in 1916, and which could otherwise only have been reached by an expensive private pack train. The Pass lies between two mountain groups now known as the Belgian Group, of which Mount King Albert is the principal peak, and the British Military Group, dominated by Mount Sir Douglas Haig. To the south, through the Pass Mount Joffre, the major peak of the French Military Group, is in full view, while to the southwest, but invisible from the Pass itself, lies the splendid group whose peaks bear the names of the British Royal Family. The snout of the Albert Glacier was in full view from Camp and the succession of cascades formed by the stream issuing from it, which from the Camp appeared almost like a single fall of some 500 feet, was one of the features of a Camp site in every way delightful.

An outlying, auxiliary camp—which is one of the usual features of an A.C.C. encampment—was located at North Kananaskis Pass, some nine miles to the southeast of the main camp, and close to the foot of the magnificent Haig Glacier, one of the finest in all the southern Rockies. In point of scenic splendor its location even surpassed that of the main Camp.

The climbing afforded by the surrounding peaks proved exceptionally difficult as the region is one in which Nature's most tremendous forces have been at work. The rock appears to be entirely sedimentary in character and the mountains for the most part consist of upheaved strata turned almost edgewise, and present smooth slabs and broken overlapping layers like the shingles on a roof. It results, in general, that neither the faces nor the aretes are climbable, and steep couloirs and cracks afford the only practicable routes to the summits since the rock is

too steep on all sides to retain snow, and only in the case of Mount Back is there a snow route to the summit.

Notwithstanding the difficulties, however, Club parties, in charge of the splendid Swiss guides Rudolph Aemmer and Ernest Feuz, made first ascents of Mounts Tipperary, King Albert and Maude, and second ascents of Mounts Back, Queen Elizabeth, Beatty and Sir Douglas Haig, the latter by a new route. First ascents of Mount Birdwood, in the British Military Group, and Mount Queen Mary, in the Royal Group, the latter a three-day trip, were also made by Club members, although not from the Club Camps.

The Club was fortunate in the presence of a number of its distinguished members including Mr. A. L. Mumm and Sir James Outram, both of whom figure prominently in the annals of early mountaineering in the Canadian Rockies. The American Alpine Club was represented by Dr. H. P. Nichols. These members added much to the interest of the gatherings around the camp fire, which, as always, was the center of the Camp's social life, and yielded much of instruction and entertainment. The United States was, as usual, well represented in the attendance, and a number of its Mountaineering Clubs were represented by official delegates.

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JOHN MUIR

*Oh, may a tithe of love  
He gave a friendly tree,  
Like golden beams above,  
Descend on you and me.*

*Oh, may one humble soul,  
Attune with Nature power,  
Glow on as aeons roll,  
Still selfless as a flower.*

EDMOND S. MEANY.

## ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

(Open to All Members of The Mountaineers)

The third annual exhibition of Mountaineer photographs was held October 1 to 8, 1922, in the upper lobby of the Public Library. It was a success aesthetically and numerically. The general public showed their appreciation by complimentary remarks enthusiastically addressed to any one standing near. The success of the exhibition is due, in a great measure, to the committee, C. F. Todd and Edith Knudsen. The 118 entries were classified in five groups, and awards were made as follows:

### MOUNTAINEER ACTIVITIES—

1st—ST. CHARLES LAKE.....Ralph L. Dyer  
2nd—THE LEADER.....Lorna B. McMonagle  
Honorable Mention—TOBOGGANING.....Lloyd L. Smail

### WILD LIFE—

1st—GARTER SNAKE WITH SHED SKIN.....Clark E. Schurman  
2nd—JUNCO .....Clark E. Schurman

### PICTORIAL—

1st—AUGUST HAZE ON GRINDSTONE TRAIL.....Mrs. J. T. Hazard  
2nd—SHIPS IN HARBOR .....Mrs. F. P. Lilly  
3rd—WALDO LAKE .....W. D. Young  
Honorable Mention—

MOUNTAIN MEADOW .....Mabel Furry  
SPIRIT LAKE .....Margaret Hargrave  
SILENT SENTINEL, FT. CASEY.....Jennie M. Johnson  
FROM CHUCKANUT RIDGE .....Fairman B. Lee

### SCENIC—

1st—LOGGING ROAD NEAR MT. INDEX.....Rollin Sanford  
2nd—CENTRAL VANCOUVER ISLAND.....W. D. Young  
3rd—MT. ADAMS .....Mabel Furry  
Honorable Mention—  
TRAIL DOWN RAILROAD CREEK.....P. M. McGregor  
WEST END OF SNOW LAKE.....Rollin Sanford  
MERCED RIVER, YOSEMITE.....Lloyd L. Smail

### MISCELLANEOUS—

1st—AFTER THE SWIM.....Stuart P. Walsh  
2nd—"GO AND LOOK BEHIND THE RANGES".....Stuart P. Walsh  
Honorable Mention—

A LITTLE FIRE.....Clark E. Schurman  
THE MAP AND THE REALITY.....Stuart P. Walsh

Special Mention by Judges, Miss Whitmire and Mr. Jones—

Classification Wild Life—

SOME MOUTHFUL .....C. R. Harris  
THE DRAGON FLY .....C. R. Harris

Judges—C. R. Harris, John Paul Jones, Laura Whitmire.

The photographic exhibition next year will be under the supervision of the Camera Club.

## LOCAL WALKS

Hortense Beuschlein

An innovation in the walks of the past year has been the arrival of the bus. To see the three husky yellow busses striking out for the hills on a Sunday morning has caused more than one pedestrian to gaze in wonder.

The walks across the Sound have always appealed to those enjoying the early morning mists and to the lover of sunset colors reflected on mountain and water. But there were those who knew the immediate Sound so intimately that a new locality held an allurements only the energetic exploring mountaineer experiences. So when the chairman of the Local Walks Committee, after scouring the city and vicinity for accommodations, announced he had busses big enough to store away the whole Mountaineer Club, and most interesting virgin territory to travel through, he was hailed as the man of the hour.

An original method of scouting was adopted. A number of scouts, as many as nine, started in a jitney for new country, which so far has been the foothills east of Seattle. On reaching a distance, permissible for not too large a bus fare, and within the radius of several eight- or ten-mile walks, the company of scouts called a halt, and divided into as many as three parties, going in different directions. By this method several walks have been scouted in the one day.

From the number attending and from the enthusiasm aroused, the bus trips have been counted a real success.

The first walk via bus was into the Muckleshoot Indian Reservation with lunch at "Juneau Chucks" with himself and daughter giving a smiling welcome.

In the early part of the year the unexpected snow reduced the attendance on the two walks, November 20, and the Christmas Greens Walk. The loss on the chartered boats on these trips was considerable.

The heaviest downpour in the annals of the weather man came on a Local Walks Sunday. The leader feeling optimistically sure no one would venture out in such a flood, for love or money, let alone a walk for pleasure, with a sanctimonious air found her way to the meeting point, expecting to wait there till past the appointed time of gathering. To her dismay, twelve sturdy folks garbed in fancied waterproof clothing smilingly joined her and the walk went on, though bridges and concrete roads went out.

In January came a second bus trip with Yellow Lake as objective for the lunching place.

Another January walk was the joint one with Tacoma, on Vashon Island. Being in the northeast section it was new to both. The ball game had a snap taken out of the ozone, and aroused as much excitement from the bleachers as from the valiant defenders. Tacoma won.

February brought a bus trip near Covington. Who doesn't remember Billy's walk? The inundated valley, acres of land near Renton covered with several inches of water topped with thin ice, the walking over frozen ruts to save the tearing of bus tires, Billy's relief when we reached Covington; the common desire to test the ice on the lake when we lunched, the short afternoon walk to the cabin where delicious hot soup with Louis serving awaited us; then the wild howls as the one too venturesome skirted close enough to the danger point in the frozen pond to be rewarded with what he was looking for.

The second February walk was a very interesting one through the main part of Bainbridge Island from the north to the south end. At the time the walk occurred the leader was in or near Chicago.

A March walk written up in the Bulletin as "delightful, through primeval-forested canyon, past Hidden Lake to the Sound, with wonderful glimpses of the Olympics," to Mary's friends, proved to have just one deep gulch after another.

The twenty-five mile walk in April, which proved to be a thirty-one mile, has been expressed by Mary McGuire, one of the party as, "a walk for Toddy and Punnet, and a steady trot for the rest of us."

May 7 saw one of the most beautiful of all the bus trips, over an old abandoned pioneer trail used more than thirty years ago, when the

crossing of the Snoqualmie River at Tolt was made by canoe. The stop for lunch was made on the shore of Ames Lake.

May 20 witnessed a hurry up walk in which the ones who played follow the leader didn't find time to eat, and never did get their coffee at the Cabin. Those who played at wearing low shoes forfeited by taking the easy way to the Cabin, eating their lunch and imbibing hot coffee.

A second Rhododendron Walk was held June 18. The woods in full bloom are not soon to be forgotten for like the daffodils—

"When upon my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude."

The summer ushered in several week-end trips, climbing peaks of interest being the objective. Kaleetan came first. On the Mount Baker climb forty-four people easily made the ascent owing to the well-known skill of Joe Hazard as a leader. Again under the same guidance, in the ascent of The Mountain two weeks later forty-five hung scalps at their belts.

The usual Labor Day week-end trip, instead of being enjoyed in the San Juan Islands or at the Lodge, was delightfully spent in Yakima Park on Rainier with the Tacoma members.

The climb of Mount Margaret was a panorama with the added gorgeous autumn coloring of October.

No tale of Local Walks would be complete without mention of the Tacoma hike last fall, when Crissie guided the leader "around Robin Hood's barn," via the prairie, finally leading us to Wapato Lake and Mr. Kemp's corn roast, where the fairy god-father satisfied the appetites of seventy-two hungry Mountaineers with all the corn and potatoes they could eat, corn so hot from the trench of coals that one could scarcely remove the husks, baked potatoes so flaky they absorbed all the butter. Cigars brought added grins to the masculine faces and sweets to those of the fairer sex. Needless to say the walk was discontinued. The strenuous did play ball.

## SNOQUALMIE LODGE

Laura G. Whitmire

(With the register showing a total attendance of 648, including the six regular trips, the special trips, and private parties, the Snoqualmie Lodge closes the fiscal year with a flourish of trumpets. Rain or shine, snow or fog, the enthusiasm is undampened, and the crowds tramp up the trails in cues from Rockdale, or from Summit.

A severe pruning and clearing, in front of the Lodge, has revealed to us, for the first time, the commanding view from our own little hill-top. From the French windows, we can look out over the Pass to the peaks beyond. Guye, Snoqualmie, The Tooth, Kaleetan, Granite, and, if we look closely, Silver Peak. There they stand, always the same and always different, dazzling in the glittering whiteness of winter, their mysterious heads pricking through the rolls of spring mists. They appear cool and deeply green in summer, and gorgeous in the scarlets and golds of autumn.

Much has been done, and much is being done, toward developing the Lodge into a center for winter sports—particularly skiing and tobogganing. The old toboggan course is gradually becoming bump-proof, and is used, along with the "rock pile," as the setting for the annual ski-ing tournament. Two silver trophies are offered. One by Edith Knudsen, Helen MacKinnon and Elizabeth Wright to the woman amateur who wins, on a time basis, the slide and the returning ascent by the herring bone and side step; and the other by Paul Harper to "the novice showing the greatest progress in the sport." The first trophy was won for this year by Stella M. Shahan; the second, for the first time, will be awarded this coming year.

During the summer, Jim Carpenter stayed at the Lodge, and with help from Charlie Simmons and other huskies, got in our winter supply of wood, reconstructed the Wright Trail to Rockdale on a more even grade, and widened it to a boulevard. They cleared, and spanned by bridges,



the Summit Trail, and, with the cooperation of the Forestry Department, fortress. These same hungry multitudes will vouch for griddle-cakes with syrup, and hot biscuits which rivaled the street-car advertisements in height and fluffiness. He even now guarantees to produce these same delicacies for the next winter's parties, and to keep open the Wright Trail so that snow-shoes will not be necessary in order to reach the Lodge from Rockdale.

Much of the most evident improvement around the Lodge was the work of "coolie labor" hired, at a great saving to the committee, for one day's work on September 24. Those who missed seeing this immigration of aliens, armed with oil, soap-suds, wheelbarrows, shovels, hammers, axes, and saws, missed a glimpse of history in the making, for in a twinkling, logs were oiled on the outside and scrubbed on the inside; the inflammable underbrush was cleared from around the Lodge, a four-foot addition was put in the terrace; the telephone line from the Lodge to the Denny Creek Ranger's Station was finished, and great headway was made toward completing a story above the kitchen for additional men's quarters.

Future plans take in the building of a hut at Melakwa Lake, reforesting the open burn on the Wright Trail, planting water-lilies in Lodge Lake, and importing expert ski-ers to teach our ambitious amateurs how to win prizes.

Snoqualmie Lodge offers shelter and amusement to suit every Mountaineer from "Valley Pounders" to "Peak Grabbers." The enticing mountains beyond the Pass lure on the ambitious, and the placid lakes of the Lodge region satisfy the tenderfeet. But all trails lead at last to the evening camp-fire, where sense and nonsense, chords and discords, mingle harmoniously, an accomplishment only possible "when good fellows get together."

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## KITSAP CABIN

Ralph Munn

Easy accessibility, natural charm, and congenial parties are among the attractions which draw large numbers of Mountaineers to Kitsap Cabin. Attendance has grown from 1,120 in 1919, to 1435 in 1921. Final figures for 1922 will perhaps show a slight decline. The novelty of the Cabin has worn off for most of us, but the charming realities of the place will always have a strong appeal. Monthly parties have been given except in July and August. Greater use is being made of the Cabin by small parties, and there is scarcely a week-end during which the Cabin is entirely deserted.

Hiking has been emphasized more than ever this year, and a large number of interesting walks have been taken to Wildcat Lake, Deerfoot Gulch, and Dickinson Falls. A new trail which has been blazed up Lost Creek opens up an entirely new district. The Cabin has also served as a base for longer hikes to Mount Baldy and the Hood Canal region. While admirably suited to the siesta of the fireplace dreamer, the Cabin, also, has much to offer those who prefer a strenuous time.

A number of improvements have made life at the Cabin more comfortable. Canvas bunks have been built in the men's bunk house and enough mattresses have been purchased to care for a capacity crowd. A wood shed, large enough to store a season's supply of wood, has been erected back of the cabin, and men have been hired to cut a large quantity of wood. A sleeping shelter has been built for the cook. The greatest present need at Kitsap is an adequate water supply, and it is hoped that a gasoline pump may be installed to raise water from the spring. As a temporary expedient, we have a large tank which will store enough water to supply a week-end party. This eliminates the frequent cries for the water committee.

The Flett Trail, leading from a point in front of the Cabin to Hidden Ranch, will remain a life monument to its builder, Professor J. B. Flett. It is a splendidly made trail, wide and with an easy grade.

In spite of protests from The Mountaineers and Mr. Paschall, it now

seems certain, that the county road will be built through Hidden Ranch. The road will not touch Mountaineer property, but anything which might destroy the beauty and quiet of Hidden Ranch is adequate cause for alarm. To paraphrase an old saying, "Every Mountaineer has two homes, his own and Hidden Ranch."

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## TACOMA MOUNTAINEERS

The Tacoma Mountaineers number about one hundred and sixty. The membership has been growing steadily year by year and now is the largest in its history. The gratifying result is due to the enthusiasm and faithful work of those who served on the committees not only during the past year, but cumulating for several years past. Interest centers in the local walks, for which our surroundings are very favorable, and these walks have been ably planned and managed. Nearly every nearby route has been traversed and we must duplicate somewhat. Nevertheless the diligence of members is constantly surprising old timers with something new, and increased bus facilities have extended our range. Our newer members have shown a very healthy interest in exploring the vicinity and the mountains for local walks and the shorter outings. Not one of our regularly appointed monthly meetings was missed last year, due to the good work of the program committee, which supplied the members with excellent entertainment at every meeting. There were not only interesting talks on outdoor subjects, usually illustrated by lantern slides, but moving pictures of unusual interest were shown at times. The meetings were usually preceded by a dinner and were diversified by indoor athletics at the Young Men's Christian Association and outdoor meetings in season, all of which resulted in fine social spirit attractive to the newer members.

The largest enterprise of the branch is the annual winter outing in the National Park. These outings were first undertaken by the branch at the year's end in 1912 and have been continued ever since. At first the parties lodged at Longmire Springs, but on completion of Paradise Inn, Rainier National Park Company has "slept and ate us" higher up and in Paradise. (This last word does not need quotations.) There is some advantage, however, in housing at Longmire Springs because from there we are able to visit Nisqually Glacier and Van Trump Park as well as Paradise. Another thing we have in mind is that lodge to be built somewhere in the adjacent mountains. No satisfactory location has so far been found, and after diligent search, we conclude, is not likely to be found until transportation by railway or highways make Tacoma more accessible to a suitable spot in the mountains. It seems best to allow that cabin fund to grow for a few years to come, while roads and transportation are developing. Meanwhile, we are doing all we can to encourage our members to avail themselves of the privileges of Snoqualmie, which is an ideal base for mountaineering, until we can discover another equally good spot for a lodge.

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## THE BREMERTON BRANCH

The Bremerton Branch continues a small but lively offspring of the parent club, its members full of energy, enthusiasm and the will to be good Mountaineers.

The Branch lost nearly half its members during the year owing to drastic reductions in the Navy Yard forces, but enough new members have come in to start the new year with brilliant prospects.

Eighteen local walks, with a total attendance of 191, show an average of eleven. This was without any joint walks to boost the total (the largest attendance was twenty-four) and an average of nearly half the membership out on each walk of the year. The branch considers this a

very creditable showing as an average percentage of attendance. Several over-night parties were particularly well attended.

The monthly meetings have been a great success. The size of the branch allows home meetings and every one has been a most enjoyable occasion.

The Branch is naturally very proud of the vanquishing of Mount Constance during the year by our valiant Local Walks Chairman, A. E. Smith, and greatly pleased with the nickname of "Bremerton Smith" bestowed upon him. At present there is a gloom over the Branch due to the prospect of losing Mr. Smith.

In 1921 the Bremerton Branch had the pleasure, and important civic function, of selecting and bringing in the municipal Christmas tree, and has been invited again to perform the same duty in 1922.

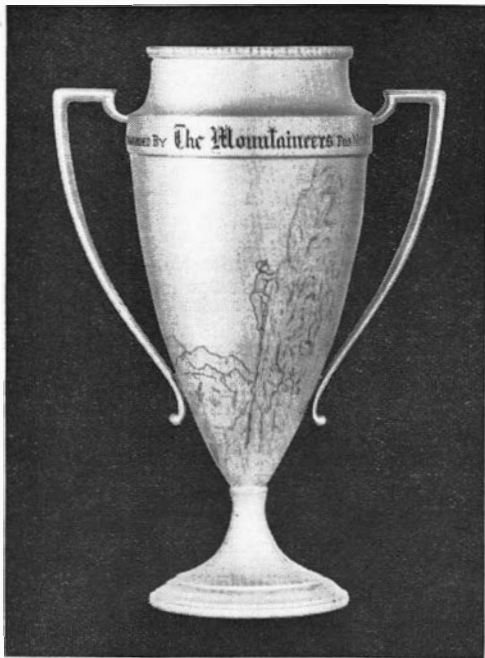
Members of the Bremerton Branch have participated in many of the major activities of the Mountaineers during the year, and will welcome every opportunity of contact with the larger group. It is hoped that joint walks or Cabin parties may be arranged to bring this about, and out-of-town members are always most welcome at any Bremerton walks or meetings.

The officers for the coming year are: Henry C. Hitt, trustee; Henry C. Hitt, president; Mrs. W. E. Van Tine, vice-president; Mrs. Lillian Morand, secretary-treasurer, and Mrs. W. E. Van Tine, local walks chairman.

HENRY HITT, President.

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#### THE ACHESON CUP



The exquisite sterling silver trophy presented to The Mountaineers by Thomas J. Acheson is to be awarded each year to the Washington member accomplishing the most notable achievement in mountaineering for that year. The cup will be awarded each year, and at the end of ten years will revert to the club.

A commission of five members is to be appointed at the October meeting, with the approval of the board, to investigate the various mountaineering feats of that season, and award the cup.

The commission of 1922 consisted of Professor E. S. Meany, chairman; Major E. S. Ingraham, George E. Wright, T. J. Acheson, and Lulie Nettleton.

The cup was awarded to A. E. Smith, of Bremerton, for the first ascent of Mount Constance. This peak is not

so well known to the general public as other peaks of the Olympics. For many years it has defied numerous attempts to make its summit on account of its inaccessibility and precipitous slopes. It was the feeling of the committee that the initiative to attempt this ascent, the splendid strength and skill, and the high type of mountaineering displayed, should win for Mr. Smith the honor of first holding the coveted trophy.

**THE HARPER CUP**

This cup was presented to The Mountaineers by Paul C. Harper as an incentive to the inexperienced in skiing. Beginning February 22, 1923, it is to be awarded annually for a period of ten years, then will revert to the Club.

Only those are eligible to compete who have not had more than two years and one month's experience on skis previous to the date of the contest. The course will be from some point near the Lodge to a mark at or near the United States Geological Survey "hub" at the summit of Snoqualmie Pass, and back to the starting point.

The contestants will be credited with a certain number of points for speed, less one point for every fall experienced en route. The winner's name will be engraved on the cup and it will remain in his possession until the next contest.

**WOMEN'S SKIING TROPHY**

The Women's Skiing Trophy was presented to The Mountaineers by Edith Knudson, Helen MacKinnon and Elisabeth Wright Conway.

This is to encourage skiing among the girls and is to be awarded during a February Outing. Three judges are to be appointed by the leader of the outing and contestants are to be judged on 100 points. Fifty points for best form, time, and excellence in ascent and descent. Twenty-five points for cross country 220 yards. Twenty-five points for straight ski run on lake and stop.

The contests for this cup are always to be held at Snoqualmie Lodge. Stella Shahan of Tacoma was the first winner of this cup.

**REPORT OF CHAIRMAN OF ASCENTS RECORDS**

Seven members have completed the ascent of the six major peaks of Washington during the past summer. These with the list of seventeen members previously graduated make a total of twenty-four who are wearing the six major peak pin. The records show that many Mountaineers have four and five peaks to their credit and the indications are that the six major peak fraternity will be greatly augmented during the coming summer.

The complete list of those accomplishing the six ascents is:

Winona Bailey	Crissie Cameron	Charles Albertson
Professor E. S. Meany	Mrs. Laurie Frazier	Howard Fuller
L. A. Nelson	Karen Olsen	Mabel Furry
P. M. MacGregor	Linda Coleman	William B. Remy
Lulie Nettleton	O. J. Smith	Margaret Hargrave
Stella Scholes	Joseph T. Hazard	Leo Gallagher
R. L. Glisan	Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard	Mary Hard Stackpole
John Lee	Dr. H. B. Hinman	Charles Simmons

To become a graduate member of The Mountaineers one must have made the ascent of the six major peaks of Washington: Mounts Rainier, Baker, Adams, Saint Helens, Olympus, and Glacier Peak.

LULIE NETTLETON,  
Chairman.

## REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

JANUARY, 1922—DECEMBER, 1922

Gertrude Inez Streator, Historian

January 6, Merchants Exchange rooms. Lecture: The Trip of the Russian Refugee Children From Vladivostok to Finland Through the Panama Canal. Stacy Snow, Red Cross Nurse.

February 10, Women's University Club rooms. Demonstration of the Construction and Operation of the Radiophone. Albert Kalin, University of Washington.

March 10, Women's University Club rooms. Illustrated lecture: Plant and Animal Life of Puget Sound. Professor Trevor Kincaid, University of Washington.

April 7, Y. W. C. A. Lecture illustrated with moving pictures. Inside Passage to Prince Rupert and Mountain Scenery in the Canadian Rockies. Fred Yates, Canadian National Railway Service.

May 5, Chamber of Commerce room, Arctic Building. Illustrated lecture: Summer Outing for 1922—Goat Rocks, Mount Adams, St. Helens. Fred Q. Gorton, Leader of the Summer Outing.

Flora of the Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens Regions. Winona Bailey.

Illustrated Talk: The First Winter Ascent of Mount Rainier. Jacques Bergues and Jean Landry.

June 9, Women's University Club rooms. Program: Talk, Formal Opening of Rainier National Park. H. A. Chadwick, Publisher of The Argus.

Illustrated Lecture: White Pine Blister Rust. Stanley A. Barton, Resident Member of the Bureau of Plant Industry.

Exhibition of Outing Equipment and Accessories. J. H. Richards, Seattle Tent and Awning Company.

No meetings: July and August.

September 8, Masonic Club rooms, Arcade Building. Dinner: Attended by 150 Mountaineers and guests. Professor E. S. Meany, Toastmaster.

Talk: Scouting Trip into the Mount Garibaldi District, British Columbia, made by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hazard for the 1923 Summer Outing. Mrs. J. T. Hazard.

Activities of Local Walks Outlined. T. D. Everts.

Work Accomplished at Snoqualmie Lodge. R. E. Leber.

Nomination of Candidates for the Board of Directors.

October 6, Y. W. C. A. Illustrated lecture: Conservation of Wild Life. M. W. Meier, editor of the Western Out-of-Doors.

November 10, Y. W. C. A. Illustrated lecture: The Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens Summer Outing. Fred Q. Gorton.

December 10, Y. W. C. A. Lecture: Summer Outing in Greece. Winona Bailey.

### SUMMARY OF SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS AND SPECIAL OUTINGS

October 31, 1921, to October 31, 1922

Walk No.	Date 1921-22	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
405	Nov. 6	South end of Vashon Island.....	9	Ellen Bringloe .....	111	\$ .90
406	Nov. 20	Port Orchard to Fragaria.....	13	H. V. Abel .....	43	.90
407	Dec. 4	Through the Muckleshoot Indian Reservation (Bus, 54 miles)	10	Joseph Wimmer.....	95	.95
408	Dec. 11	Renton to Renton.....	8	Hortense Beuschlein.....	22	.50
409	Dec. 18	Christmas Greens Walk—Charleston to Kitsap Cabin to Chico	10	Myrtle Mathews.....	47	.90
410	Jan. 8	Vicinity of Yellow Lake (Bus—round trip 71 miles).....	8	Matha Irick .....	85	1.10
411	Jan. 22	Portage to Cedarhurst—Joint Walk with Tacoma.....	8	Mabel Furry .....	90	.90
412	Feb. 5	Vicinity of Covington (Bus—round trip 71 miles).....	8	Wm. C. Schroll.....	100	1.20
413	Feb. 26	Port Madison to Pleasant Beach.....	11	Celia D. Shelton.....	118	.90
414	March 5	Vicinity Lakes Tradition and Round (Bus—round trip 54)	8	Helen Schumacher .....	72	1.20
415	March 19	Ronald to 85th Street.....	8	Mary Prettegiani .....	102	.42
416	April 2	Northeast side of Lake Sammamish (Bus—round trip 40)....	7	Local Walks Committee....	57	1.20
417	April 9	Bellevue to Kirkland.....	25	Luella Todd .....	18	.30
418	April 23	Somewhere to Somewhere (Olalla to Fragaria).....	9	Harry McL. Myers.....	99	.90
419	May 7	Vicinity of Tolt and Ames Lake (Bus—round trip 46).....	5	Dorothy Bird .....	94	1.20
420	May 20	Chico to Kitsap Cabin via Dickenson Falls (Rhododendron)	6	E. B. Edwards.....	109	.90
421	June 4	Newport to Newport via Factoria.....	8	Norman Huber .....	42	.20
422	June 18	Erland to Hidden Ranch (second Rhododendron Walk).....	5	S. E. Paschall.....	58	.90
423	July 16	Green River Gorge (Bus—round trip 84 miles).....	8	Local Walks Committee.....	78	1.90
424	Sept. 10	End of Ravenna Park Carline to Sand Point and return.....	12	L. T. Neikirk.....	38	.10
425	Oct. 1	Vicinity of Tolt and Tolt River (Bus—round trip 52 miles)	8	Local Walks Committee.....	69	1.35
426	Oct. 22	Mystery Walk (South Beach to Pleasant Beach).....	5	P. M. McGregor.....	83	.90

#### SPECIAL OUTINGS

51	May 13-14	Ascent of McClellan Butte (5175 feet).....		Local Walks Committee.....	78	4.10
52	May 26-28	Knapsack Trip to Goldmeyer Hot Springs.....		H. Wilford Playter.....	8	4.85
53	June 10-11	Ascent of Kaleetan Peak.....		Local Walks Committee.....	24	4.50
54	July 1-4	Ascent of Mount Baker (Commissary not furnished).....		Joseph T. Hazard.....	49	11.50
55	July 22-23	Ascent of Mount Rainier (Commissary not furnished).....		Joseph T. Hazard.....	54	11.00
56	July 29-30	Overnight Bivouac on Beach at Hansville (Com. not furnished)		Local Walks Committee.....	25	1.30
57	Aug. 5-6	Overnight Bivouac on Tolt River (Cancelled)				
58	Aug. 19-20	Overnight Bivouac on the West Passage (Com. not furnished)		Local Walks Committee.....	7	.90
59	Oct. 7-8	Ascent of Mount Margaret (5,500 feet).....		Local Walks Committee.....	14	4.50

T. DEXTER EVERTS, Chairman  
Local Walks Committee.

## SUMMARY OF TACOMA LOCAL WALKS AND SPECIAL OUTINGS

No.	Date	Route	Miles	Leaders	Attendance	Cost
1921-22						
187	Oct. 9	Parkland to Manitou.....	8	E. Belle Alger.....	70	\$ .48
188	Oct. 23	Joes Bay to Longbranch.....	6	Rial Benjamin.....	47	1.00
189	Nov. 13	Sumner to Pacific City.....	9	Mary Kobetisch.....	59	.67
190	Nov. 27	South American Lake to Spanaway.....	12	Chas. Kilmer.....	25	.58
191	Dec. 4	Buffelins Mill to Auburn.....	10	John Gallagher.....	30	.56
192	Dec. 18	American Lake to American Lake.....	8	Mary Mudgett.....	29	.66
193	Jan. 8	Shore Acres to Picnic Point.....	9	Edgar Thomas.....	42	.75
194	Jan. 22	Portage to Cedarhurst (Seattle Joint Walk).....	8	Mabel Furry.....	62	.80
195	Feb. 12	Point Defiance to South 40th and M.....	9	W. W. Kilmer.....	27	.30
196	Feb. 26	McMillan to Sumner.....	8	Mildred Raedisch.....	45	.85
197	Mar. 12	McMillan to Spanaway.....	11	Olive Opgenorth.....	33	.70
198	Mar. 26	Rigney Hill to Spanaway.....	7	Geo. Johnson.....	42	.40
199	Apr. 9	Kirby to Summit.....	10	Winifred Elyea.....	39	.85
200	Apr. 23	La Grande to La Grande.....	6	Clarence Garner.....	92	1.60
201	May 14	Lake St. Clair.....	7	E. R. Heilig.....	46	1.25
202	May 28	Clover Park to Spanaway.....	7	Ethel Young.....	69	.49
203	June 11	Fox Island Strawberry Walk.....	5	Catherine Seabury.....	51	1.00
204	June 18	Kitsap Rhododendron Walk.....	5	Local Walks Committee.....	34	1.25
205	Sept. 10	Vashon Island.....	7	A. A. Taylor.....	34	.45
206	Sept. 24	Clay City to Kapowsin.....	8	Dick Wainright.....	22	1.60

### SPECIAL OUTINGS

Dec. 29-'21 to Jan. 2-'22	Winter Outing—Mount Rainier National Park (Paradise Valley) .....	Outing Committe .....	105	16.50
Jan. 15.....	Spanaway Prairies .....	A. H. Denman.....	45	.45
Feb. 11.....	Snoqualmie Lodge (Lincoln's Birthday).....	Local Walks Committee.....	41	7.15
Feb. 22.....	Huckleberry Mountain (Washington's Birthday).....	W. W. Kilmer.....	11	4.32
Sept. 2 to 4....	Labor Day Outing to Mount Rainier National Park (Yakima Park) .....	Local Walks Committee.....	60	10.00
Sept. 17.....	Grass Mountain .....	W. W. Kilmer.....	7	

Average Attendance on Local Walks, 50. Total, 1267.

LEO GALLAGHER,  
Chairman Local Walks Committee.

**FINANCIAL REPORTS OF COMMITTEES**

Year Ending October 31, 1922

**OUTING COMMITTEE**

Receipts from Members.....	\$6,099.02
Other Receipts .....	282.09
	Total \$6,381.11
Total Disbursements .....	\$5,964.95
Pack Train .....	1,975.35
Freight .....	284.00
Commissary .....	1,278.22
Transportation .....	1,343.06
Cooks .....	423.77
Scouting .....	48.50
Outfit .....	87.10
Committee Expense .....	120.65
Refunds .....	404.30
	\$5,964.95
Surplus on Hand.....	416.16
	Total \$6,381.11

MARY E. SHELTON,  
Treasurer.

**KITSAP CABIN COMMITTEE****RECEIPTS**

Fees and Charges .....	\$650.75
Sale of Commissary.....	16.30
Miscellaneous .....	4.00
	Total Receipts .....
	\$671.05

**DISBURSEMENTS**

Commissary and Supplies.....	\$393.87
Hauling .....	78.90
Equipment .....	81.16
Labor .....	55.60
Taxes and Insurance.....	39.19
	Total Disbursements .....
	648.72

PROFIT .....

\$ 22.33

Attendance for Year.....1325

MARY H. CUTTER,  
Chairman of Kitsap Cabin.

**SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE**

For Year Ending October 31, 1922

There were twenty-two local walks during the year of 1921-22 with an average attendance of 73½ persons; average cost 90 cents; average distance walked, 9 miles. The percentage of guests being 17¼. The number



of auto bus trips was 8; chartered boat trips 6. There were seven special outings scheduled; one of these was cancelled.

Advance from Treasurer.....	\$ 100.00	
Receipts for year ending October 31, 1922.....	1,536.66	
Transportation .....		\$1,217.95
Scouting .....		78.63
Commissary .....		124.61
Equipment .....		19.30
Cook .....		20.35
Miscellaneous .....		31.44
	<u>\$1,636.66</u>	<u>\$1,492.28</u>

Surplus for year.....\$44.38  
 Attendance for year..... 18.89

T. D. EVERTS.  
 Chairman of Local Walks.

**SNOQUALMIE LODGE COMMITTEE**

For Year Ending October 31, 1922

Loan from Treasury .....	\$ 50.00	
Appropriation for Trails.....	450.00	
Appropriation for Commissary.....	50.00	
Appropriation for Addition to Lodge.....	200.00	
Lodge Dues, exclusive of Outings.....	141.54	
Refunds and Rentals.....	26.86	
Lodge Dues and Profits on Outings.....	175.95	
Deferred Expenditures on Trails.....	34.33	
Treasury Loan Repaid.....		\$ 50.00
Trail Work .....		360.00
Labor—Addition to Lodge.....		184.00
Materials—Addition to Lodge.....		63.40
Commissary on Hand.....		94.30
New Flooring .....		25.00
New Toboggans .....		69.00
Refund Treasury—Wood .....		75.00
New Telephone Line .....		50.77
Committee Expense .....		29.10
Trail Construction Supplies .....		7.05
New Equipment—Miscellaneous .....		8.42
Supplies .....		49.66
Miscellaneous .....		5.60
Freight .....		12.99
Cash on Hand .....		44.39
	<u>\$1,128.68</u>	<u>\$1,128.68</u>

Total Lodge Attendance, 653; Total since 1914, 4,486.

R. E. LEBER,  
 Chairman of Snoqualmie Lodge.

## TREASURER'S REPORT

For the Year Ending October 31, 1922

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand November 1, 1921.....	\$1,145.37	
Interest on General Fund Investments .....	17.70	
Interest on Permanent Fund Investments.....	176.65	
Purchase of Bonds for Permanent Fund.....		\$ 523.00
Purchase of Bonds for General Fund.....		495.20
Initiation Fees .....	210.00	
Dues—Seattle .....	2,441.00	
Tacoma .....	605.00	
Everett .....	168.00	
Bremerton .....	84.00	
Refunds to Tacoma .....		152.00
Everett .....		42.00
Bremerton .....		21.00
Surplus from Local Walks Committee.....	44.38	
Surplus from Kitsap Cabin Committee.....	22.33	
Summer Outing Surplus, 1921.....	9.49	
Summer Outing Surplus, 1922.....	354.34	
Summer Outing 1923 Scouting .....		43.61
Permanent Construction, Snoqualmie Lodge.....		200.00
Memorial Seat at Sluisin Falls—Mazama Share.....	64.00	
Advertising in Bulletin and Prospectus.....	249.75	
Advertising in Annual .....	135.00	
Sale of Annuals .....	34.05	
Cost of Bulletin and Prospectus.....		784.67
Cost of Annual—1921 .....		767.00
Sale of Pins and Fobs .....	37.60	
Purchase of Pins and Fobs .....		18.00
Deposits on Lantern Slides .....	25.00	
Deposits on Lantern Slides, Refunded.....		25.00
Snoqualmie Lodge Ski and Toboggan Course.....		100.00
Snoqualmie Lodge Trail Work.....		350.00
Snoqualmie Lodge Wood Supply .....		350.00
Snoqualmie Lodge Wood Supply, Refund.....	85.70	
Snoqualmie Lodge Commissary .....		50.00
Salaries .....		237.30
Printing, Stationery and Postage.....		221.07
Rent of Club Rooms and Meeting Quarters.....		360.00
Pictures, Slides and Albums.....		41.68
Entertainment Committee .....		13.30
N. S. F. Checks .....		8.00
Photographic Exhibit .....		20.00
Miscellaneous Expense .....		117.39
Deposit in Bank for Savings.....		23.68
Cash on Hand Oct. 31st, 1922 .....		945.46
	\$5,909.36	\$5,909.36

## ASSETS

Cash in National Bank of Commerce, Oct. 31, 1922.....	\$ 945.46
Cash in Bank for Savings, Oct. 31, 1922.....	610.30
General Fund Investments .....	995.20
Permanent Fund Investments .....	3,409.66
Snoqualmie Lodge .....	3,339.22
Kitsap Cabin .....	1,538.26
Pilchuck Camp .....	131.94
Club Room .....	267.47
Advance to 1923 Outing Committee—Scouting.....	43.61
	\$11,281.12

LIABILITIES

Permanent Fund .....	\$ 3,547.15
Deposit on Lantern Slides .....	15.00
Surplus—Summer Outings .....	365.53
Surplus .....	7,353.44
	<hr/>
	\$11,281.12

PERMANENT FUND

November 1, 1921 .....	\$ 3,160.50
Initiation Fees .....	210.00
Interest on Investments and Bank Account.....	176.65
	<hr/>
	\$ 3,547.15

C. G. MORRISON,  
Treasurer.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF THE BRANCHES

THE MOUNTAINEERS—TACOMA BRANCH

For Year Ending October 13, 1922.

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand October 12, 1921.....	\$ 470.75	
Refund Membership Dues.....	145.00	
Refund Winter Outing Committee.....	250.00	
Profit Winter Outing Committee.....	78.25	
Local Walks .....	98.24	
Interest on Cabin Fund.....	6.44	
Interest on Liberty Bonds.....	17.03	
Loan Winter Outing Committee.....		\$ 400.00
Printing and Stationery.....		162.25
Miscellaneous .....		25.40
Cash on Hand October 13, 1922.....		478.06
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$1,065.71	\$1,065.71

TOTAL ASSETS:

Liberty Bonds .....	\$ 400.00
General Fund .....	159.88
Cabin Fund .....	219.94
Loan Winter Outing Committee.....	400.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,179.82

ETHEL M. YOUNG,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

TACOMA LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

For Year Ending October 31, 1922

RECEIPTS

Local Walks .....	\$ 108.95
Winter Outing .....	2,148.26
Special Outings .....	544.25

DISBURSEMENTS

Commissary .....	\$2,801.46
Cruising .....	\$ 517.57
Transportation .....	.75
Cooks and Helpers.....	772.14
Reunions and Lodge Fees.....	167.00
Refunds .....	96.25
Miscellaneous .....	465.74
Remittance to Treasurer—	605.52
Winter Outing .....	\$78.25
Local Walks and Special Outing.....	98.24— 176.49

\$2,801.46

LEO GALLAGHER, Chairman,  
Tacoma Local Walks Committee.

## THE MOUNTAINEERS—EVERETT BRANCH

For Year Ending October 17, 1922

## RECEIPTS

Balance on hand October 23, 1921.....	\$ 53.88
Net proceeds from Local Walks.....	2.10
Net proceeds from Special Trips.....	17.72
Refund account members dues.....	36.00
	<u>\$109.70</u>

## DISBURSEMENTS

Miscellaneous .....	\$ 12.55
Supplies .....	.40
Parties and Entertainment.....	11.00
Pilchuck Camp .....	3.44
	<u>\$27.39</u>
Balance, cash on hand.....	82.31—\$109.70

## RESOURCES

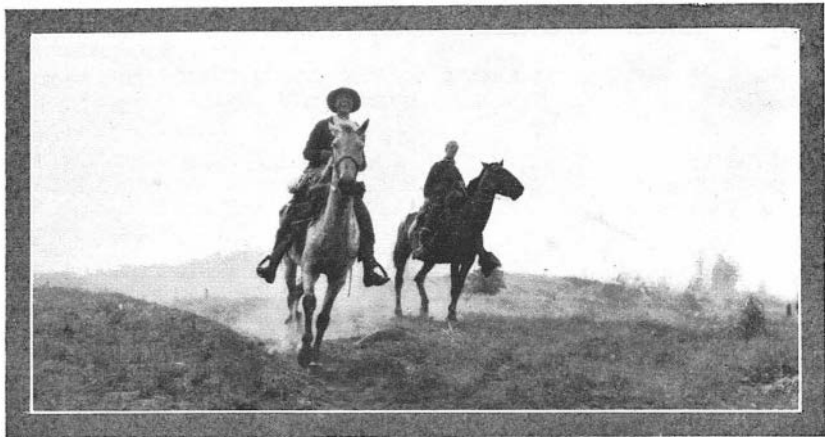
Cash in checking account.....	\$ 82.31
Cash in savings account.....	49.99
Liberty Bonds, Par value.....	200.00
	<u>\$332.30</u>

GEO. D. THOMPSON,  
Treasurer.

## THE MOUNTAINEERS—BREMERTON BRANCH

For Year Ending October 31, 1922

The records of the Bremerton Branch have been lost so no financial report can be made.



ROUGH RIDERS

*Mabel Furry*

## BOOKS RECEIVED AND REVIEWED

Margaret W. Hazard

During the past year sixteen books have been received from the Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America. One other book was donated by the author. Reviews of all of these books have been printed in the Bulletin. The books have been added to The Mountaineer library. Effie L. Chapman and Kate M. Firmin have arranged all of the Club books so that they may be borrowed by the membership. There are a few books on equipment which should not be removed from the Club Room, and are so marked. All books for circulation contain card pockets and borrowers cards.

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON. Eva Emery Dye. Doubleday Page Co. \$1.75. Reviewed November Bulletin, 1921.

THE CONSERVATION OF THE WILD LIFE OF CANADA. C. Gordon Hewitt, D.Sc. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50. Reviewed November Bulletin, 1921.

HAND BOOK OF YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK. Ansel F. Hall, U.S. National Park Service. G. Putnam's Sons. Reviewed November Bulletin, 1921.

EDGE OF THE JUNGLE. William Beebe. Henry Holt & Co. Reviewed January Bulletin, 1922.

WESTWARD HOBOES. Winifred H. Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00. Reviewed January Bulletin, 1922.

TRAILMAKERS OF THE NORTHWEST. Paul Leland Haworth. Harcourt Brace & Co. \$2.50. Reviewed January Bulletin, 1922.

DOWN THE COLUMBIA. Lewis R. Freeman. Dodd Mead & Co. Reviewed January Bulletin, 1922.

GUIDE TO THE GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK. Ansel F. Hall, U.S. National Park Service. Published by Author. Reviewed March Bulletin, 1922.

THE DRAMA OF THE FORESTS. Arthur Heming, Doubleday Page & Co. \$5.00. Reviewed March Bulletin, 1922.

THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The Macmillan Co. \$6.00. Reviewed May Bulletin, 1922.

MOUNT EVEREST—The Reconnaissance, 1921. Lieut.-Col. C. K. Howard-Bury, D.S.O., and other members of the Mount Everest Expedition. Longmans Green & Co. \$7.50. Reviewed October Bulletin, 1922.

A CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF CANADA. Howard Palmer and J. Monroe Thorington. The Knickerbocker Press. \$2.50. Reviewed October Bulletin, 1922.

THE MINDS AND MANNERS OF WILD ANIMALS. William T. Hornaday, Sc.D., A.M. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50. Reviewed October Bulletin, 1922.

WATCHED BY WILD ANIMALS. Enos A. Mills. Doubleday Page & Co. \$2.50. Reviewed October Bulletin, 1922.

ALPINE SKIING AT ALL HEIGHTS AND SEASONS. Arnold Lunn. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00. Reviewed October Bulletin, 1922.

THE HEART OF NATURE or THE QUEST FOR NATURAL BEAUTY. Sir Francis Younghusband. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00. Reviewed November Bulletin, 1922.

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS. LeRoy Jeffers, A.C., F.R.G.S. Dodd Mead & Co. \$5.00. Reviewed November Bulletin, 1922.

## THE MOUNTAINEERS

### OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Edmond S. Meany, president	Irving M. Clark, secretary	
Edward W. Allen, vice-president	Ben C. Mooers, treasurer	
Winona Bailey	Henry Hitt	Lulie Nettleton.
T. D. Everts	Ralph E. Leber	Celia D. Shelton
Leo Gallagher	Mabel McBain	Catherine Seabury
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard	P. M. McGregor	

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Gertrude Inez Streator, historian

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### STANDING COMMITTEES

#### OUTING—

Joseph T. Hazard, chairman  
 Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard,  
 secretary  
 Norman Huber  
 Charles L. Simmons

#### LEGISLATIVE—

R. B. Walkinshaw, chairman

#### LOCAL WALKS—

Fred A. Fenton, chairman  
 Inez Craven  
 L. F. Gehres  
 Matha Irick  
 Stephen Barr Jones  
 Howard Kirk  
 Dorothy Shryock  
 H. Wilford Playtor in charge  
 of special outings

#### TRAILS COMMITTEE—

H. S. Tusler, chairman

#### COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS—

Arthur Loveless, chairman

#### ROOMS COMMITTEE—

Clayton Crawford, chairman  
 Ralph E. Dyer  
 B. J. Otis  
 Katherine Schumaker

#### SNOQUALMIE LODGE—

Ralph E. Leber, chairman  
 Boyd E. French  
 Harry McL. Myers  
 Laura G. Whitmire

#### KITSAP CABIN—

Harold E. D. Brown, chairman  
 Myrtle Mathews  
 Ruth Bottomly  
 Earl B. Sanders  
 Florence McComb  
 Ralph Munn

#### ENTERTAINMENT—

Winona Bailey, chairman  
 O. H. Kneen

#### MEMBERSHIP—

Margaret Hargrave, chairman  
 Mildred Granger  
 L. F. Gehres  
 Fairman B. Lee

#### GEOGRAPHIC NAMES

#### COMMITTEE—

C. G. Morrison, chairman

#### RECORD OF ASCENTS—

Lulie Nettleton, chairman

#### CAMERA CLUB—

W. A. Marzolf, chairman  
 Fairman B. Lee, vice-chairman  
 Clark E. Schurman, secretary  
 Executive Committee—  
 C. F. Todd  
 Mabel Furry

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Financial Secretary, Mrs. Norman Huber  
 Custodian of Slides, H. V. Abel  
 Reporter, Harry McL. Myers

BREMERTON BRANCH

Henry Hitt, president                      Mrs. L. Morand, secretary  
Mrs. W. VanTine, vice-president      Henry Hitt, trustee  
Chairman Local Walks Committee, Mrs. W. VanTine  
Chairman Publicity, Irene Wood

EVERETT BRANCH

J. A. Varley, president                      George D. Thompson, treasurer  
Belle Melvin, secretary                  Mabel McBain, trustee  
Chairman Local Walks Committee, A. J. Madden  
Chairman Lodge Committee, G. A. Church

TACOMA BRANCH

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

A. H. Denman, president                  Elsie Holgate, secretary-treasurer  
Leo Gallagher, vice-president      Catherine Seabury, trustee  
Mary Barnes,                  Fred B. Schenck,                  R. S. Winwright.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS, NOVEMBER 1, 1922

	Men	Women	Total
SEATTLE .....	337	356	693
TACOMA .....	70	73	143
EVERETT .....	23	22	45
BREMERTON .....	8	8	16
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	438	459	897

MRS. NORMAN HUBER, Financial Secretary.

## MEMBERS

OCTOBER 31, 1922

## HONORARY MEMBERS

J. B. Flett

Major E. S. Ingraham

S. E. Paschall

## LIFE MEMBERS

Naomi Achenbach Benson

E. S. Meany

R. L. Glisan

Robert Moran

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

- ABEL, H. V., 2006 Boyer St. Cap. 1432.  
 ACHESON, T. J., 1617 Broadway No.  
 AKERWOLD, J. G., Ethyl Apts., Apt. 7,  
 1321 4th Ave. W.  
 AIKEN, Cecilia E., Hotel Assembly.  
 AIKEN, Margaret, Hotel Assembly.  
 ALBERTSON, A. H., 727 Henry Bldg.  
 ALBERTSON, Charles, Aberdeen Na-  
 tional Bank, Aberdeen, Wash.  
 ALBRECHT, Helen, Assembly Hotel.  
 ALDEN, Charles H., 358 Empire B'dg.  
 ALLEN, Agnes M., 528 Diversey Blvd.,  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 ALLEN, Edward W., Wright, Kelleher  
 & Allen, 402 Burke Bldg. Ell. 0015.  
 ANDERSON, Anna M., 1812 N. 57th St.  
 Ken. 2842.  
 ANDERSON, C. L., 708 E. Denny Way.  
 ANDERSON, Emma V., 4708 18th Ave.  
 N. E. Ken. 3372.  
 ANDERSON, Helen D., 309 Colman  
 Bldg.  
 ANDERSON, Helen Dorothy, Mabana,  
 Wash.  
 ANDERSON, Helen E., Castle Rock,  
 Wash.  
 ANDERSON, Jennie L., 1902 Victoria  
 Ave.  
 ANDERSON, Maurice P., 111 Cherry  
 St.  
 ANDERSON, Pearl A., Mabana, Wash.  
 ANDERSON, Wm. H., 4464 Fremont Ave.  
 ANDREWS, Mrs. C. L., 1806 E. 73d St.  
 ANDREWS, C. L., 1806 E. 73d St.  
 ANGLIN, E. A., 1609 E. Harrison  
 AUZIAS, DE TURENNE R., 1205 E.  
 Prospect St.
- BAER, Elsie, 719 33d Ave. Ea. 8527-R.  
 BAILEY, Harriette R., 610 33d Ave.  
 BAILEY, Winona, 1426 Warren Ave.  
 BAKER, Mary N., 93 W. College Ave.,  
 Westerville, Ohio.  
 BALSAR, Mary, Holly Oak, Newcastle  
 Co., Delaware.  
 BARKER, Jane, 4710 43d Ave. S.  
 BARNES, Ethel, 905 Summit Ave., Mil-  
 waukee, Wis.  
 BARRY, Mrs. Cornelius, 1205 Stewart  
 St.  
 BATES, Bernice, Room 17 Colman Dock  
 BECK, Lydia, 2908 Jackson St., Bea.  
 2887.  
 BECKER, Evande, 1712 Summit Ave.  
 Ea. 0440.  
 BECKER, Lillian, 103 13th Ave. N.  
 BECKETT, Sara P., 1813 4th Ave. W.  
 BECHLER, Glenn C., 541 New York  
 Bldg.  
 BEFDE, J. Frank, 5206 20th Ave. N. E.  
 Ken. 1497.  
 BELT, H. C., 4733 19th Ave. N. E.  
 BENNETT, Edith Page, 2342 34th Ave.  
 S.  
 BENNETT, Elizabeth, 3320 34th Ave. S.  
 BENNETT, Prof. H. B., Columbus, Wash.  
 BENSON, Irving Kile, care of the Pac.  
 Coast Co., 811 R. R. Ave. S. Ma.  
 5080.  
 BEST, Walter C., care of Boy Scouts,  
 Arcade Bldg. Ell. 4713.
- BEUSCHLEIN, Hortense, 1723 Summit  
 Ea. 1622.  
 BEYER, Einar, 816 35th Ave.  
 BICKFORD, E. L., First Natl. Bank,  
 Napa, Cal.  
 BIGELOW, ALIDA, c/o Mrs. Hamilton,  
 1139 18th Ave. N.  
 BIRD, Dorothy, Providence Hospital.  
 BISAZZA, Spiridiona, 2505 Westlake N.  
 BISHOP, Lottie G., Yale Station, New  
 Haven, Conn.  
 BISSELL, Abbie V., 4722 15th Ave. N.  
 E. Ken. 1288.  
 BIXBY, C. M., 773 32nd Ave. Ea. 1543.  
 BLAIR, Wm. J., 2010 E. Mercer.  
 BLAKE, J. Fred, 2032 Fifth Ave.  
 BLAKESLEE, Emily, Sandusky, Ohio.  
 BLANCHARD, Ida, 4205 E. Newton St.  
 BLISS, Margaret, 4557 Brooklyn Ave.  
 BLOUGH, Allie, 4713 14th N. E.  
 BOGLE, Cora A., 813 Allen Place. Ell.  
 5628.  
 BOHN, Herman, 4415 Sunnyside Ave.  
 BOLD, Edmund C., 2502 34th Ave. S.  
 BOLSTER, Edna E., 1710 40th Ave.  
 BONNELL, Nina, 2611 41st Ave. S. W.  
 West 0217-W.  
 BOONE, Julia, 5225 University Blvd.  
 BOTTMLEY, Ruth E., 216 Boylston Ave.  
 N.  
 BOWERS, Nathan A., 531 Rialto Bldg.,  
 San Francisco, Calif.  
 BOWMAN, J. N., 2103 E 52nd St. Ken.  
 1652.  
 BOWMAN, Mrs. J. N., 2103 E. 52nd St.  
 Ken. 1652.  
 BOYD, Lorraine F., 5711 18th Ave. N.E.  
 BREMERMAN, Glenn, 5834 Woodlawn  
 Ave.  
 BRIGHT, George W., 609 Lyon Bldg.  
 BROOKS, E. N., 1317 2nd Ave.  
 BROWN, Alice, 4539 1-2 8th Ave. N. E.  
 Mel. 2385.  
 BROWN, Harold E. D., Apt. F, 615  
 Queen Anne Ave. Garfield 5674.  
 BROWN, Herman E., 5720 15th N. E.  
 BROWN, Margaret T., De Anglettere  
 Hotel, 1712 Summit Ave. Ea. 0440.  
 BROWN, Ruth A., 1132 10th Ave. N.  
 BRUCK, Emil A., Hawaiian Agricul-  
 tural Co., Pahala, Kau, Hawaii.  
 BRUINS, John H., Voorheesville, New  
 York.  
 BRYANT, Mrs. Grace, 1914 N. 48th St.  
 No. 2963.  
 BUCKLEY, Chas. H., 6226 27th Ave.  
 N. E.  
 BUCKLEY, Harry, 6226 27th Ave. N. E.  
 BUGGE, Elwyn, Leland Stanford Uni-  
 versity, Palo Alta, Calif.  
 BUGGE, Janice, 425 Moore Hotel. M.  
 7400.  
 BUNKER, Edna, 911 N. 47th St. Mel.  
 0127.  
 BUNN, Carolyn E., Fallbridge, Wash.  
 BURDICK, Esther C., 5251 19th Ave.  
 N. E. Ken. 0897.  
 BURNS, Lillian W., 1903 East Denny  
 Way.  
 BURR, Wallace, 1615 13th Ave. East 0150.  
 BUSH, John K., 133 Dorffel Drive.



- BUSHNELL, Helen L., Apt. 15, 403 Terry Ave. Ell. 3357-J.  
 BUTLER, Marguerite, Apt. 18, 318 10th Ave. N. Cap. 0153.  
 CADBURY, Richard Jr., Box 185. Hav-  
 erford, Pa.  
 CALHOUN, Annie H., 915 First Ave. N.  
 CALHOUN, Jennie, 2347 11th Ave. N.  
 Cap. 3090.  
 CALLARMAN, F. A., 423 New York  
 Block.  
 CARKEFEK, Arthur, Houghton. Wash.  
 CARKEFEK, Vivian M., 1164 Empire  
 Bldg.  
 CARLSON, Esther E., Port of Seattle,  
 Bell St. Dock.  
 CARSON, Helen K., 5047 15th Ave. N.  
 E. Ken. 4835.  
 CASSIDY, F. L., West Seattle High  
 School.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, Ava L., 3955 Angeline.  
 CHAMBERS, Eva, 900 Leary Bldg.  
 CHAMBERS, L. May, 1440 22nd Ave.  
 CHAPMAN, E. L., Public Library. Ma.  
 2466.  
 CHAPMAN, John C., 826 37th Ave. Ea.  
 6<sup>55</sup>.  
 CHILBERG, Mabel, 1207 Spring St.  
 CHISHOLM, Dorothy M., 4059 8th Ave.  
 N. E. Mel. 0353.  
 CHRISTENSEN, Christine W., 1409 Elm  
 St., Dallas, Texas.  
 CLAPP, Roger S., 407 Electric Bldg.  
 CLARK, Irving M., Route No. 1. Bell-  
 evue, Wash.  
 CLARK, Mrs. Irving M., Route No. 1,  
 Bellevue, Wash.  
 CLARK, Leland J., R. F. D. No. 1  
 Bellevue, Wash.  
 CLARK, Wm. T., St. Regis, Mont.  
 CLAVERN, Edith S., 3941 First Ave.  
 N. E. Mel. 0629.  
 CLAVERN, Flora A., 3941 1st Ave. N. E.  
 COLE, Lauretta C., 7463 Corliss Ave.  
 COLEMAN, F. R., P. O. Box 478. Weed,  
 Calif.  
 COLEMAN, Linda, 510 Broadway  
 COLLIER, Ira L., 6019 34th Ave. N. E.  
 Ken. 4202.  
 COLMAN, Fdna, 1628 7th Ave. W.  
 COLVER, Henry A., 616 E Thomas St.  
 CONDON, Vera, 121 1-2 Minor Ave. N.  
 CONWAY, T. R., 27 N. Park St., Port-  
 land, Ore.  
 CONWAY, Mrs. T. R., 27 N. Park St.,  
 Portland, Ore.  
 COOK, Harry A., 802 Central Bldg.  
 Ell. 4660.  
 COOPFR, Hester L., Glencairn Hotel,  
 1102 9th Ave.  
 COPPELAND, May, 5631 15th Ave. N. E.  
 Ken. 5761.  
 COPPESTICK, Edith L., P. O. Box 1838.  
 CORRETT, D., 1915 L. C. Smith Bldg.  
 COSTELLO, W. J., 316 West 3rd St.,  
 Cle Elum, Wash.  
 COTTRELL, Ethel M., 236 Central Bldg.  
 Ell. 4576.  
 COURSEY, Edgar E., 658 Lovejoy St.,  
 Portland, Ore.  
 COWING, Agnes, 194 Clinton St., Brook-  
 lyn, N. Y.  
 COX, Edward G., 4513 14th Ave. N. E.  
 COX, Manning W., R. F. D. No. 6.  
 CRAVEN, Inez H., 4719 15th Ave. N. E.  
 Ken. 2423.  
 CRAWFORD, Clayton, 408 Marion St.  
 Ma. 1463.  
 CRICKMER, Nalie, Normandie Apts.,  
 1303 9th Ave. Ma. 7600.  
 CRISWELL, Lois, Seattle Public Li-  
 brary.  
 CRITTFENDEN, Max, R. F. D. Box 43,  
 Edmonds, Wash.  
 CROOK, Mrs. C. G., Box 671.  
 CROOK, C. G., Box 671.  
 CROSON, Carl E., 900 Leary Bldg. Ma.  
 0001.  
 CUNNINGHAM, H. B., 1531 25th Ave.  
 CURTIS, Leslie E., 44 Ionia St., Spring-  
 field, Mass.  
 CUTTER, Mary, Crary Bldg. Ma. 0708.  
 DABNEY, Edith, 526 Broadway N.  
 DALLY, Hewlett R., 2608 10th Ave. N.  
 DALLY, Mrs. S. W. R., 1307 E. Boston  
 St.  
 DALZIEL, Irene, Bellevue Apts.  
 DANIELS, Bess, 924 34th Ave. Ea.  
 3354.  
 DANIELS, Rose L., 924 34th Ave. Ea.  
 3354.  
 DAUGHERTY, Anna M., 4541 University  
 Way.  
 DAVIDSON, Dr. C. F., 508 American  
 Bank Bldg.  
 DAVIS, Fidelia G., City Engineer's Of-  
 fice.  
 DAVIS, Irland, 433 Henry Bldg.  
 DENAND, P. J., 698 Bush St., San  
 Francisc.  
 DERRY, Faye G., 107 W. 50th St. Sun.  
 1322.  
 DICKERSON, Elizabeth, Woodinville,  
 Wash.  
 DICKINSON, Allan N., 2013 L. C. Smith  
 Bldg.  
 DIMMITT, Beriah, 3113 16th Ave. So.  
 DIMOCK, Dorothy, 424 35th Ave. East  
 1670.  
 DOANE, Lucile J., Knickerbocker Hotel,  
 616 Madison St. Main 2790.  
 DOBBS, Charlotte M., 1212 L. C. Smith  
 Bldg.  
 DONAWAY, May, 4700 6th Ave. N.E.  
 DOUGHERTY, B. L., 635 5th Ave., Mil-  
 waukee, Wis.  
 DUNBAR, Paul S., 903 31st Ave.  
 DUNBAR, Louise, 6315 22nd Ave. N.E.  
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- SIMMONS, Anna, 724 Rose St. Glendale 0204.
- SIMMONS, Chas. L., 724 Rose St. Glendale 0204.
- SINKS, Frank F., 608 Olympic Place.
- SMALL, Lloyd L., 2121 East 55th St.
- SMALLEY, Millicent, 1010 Union St.
- SMITH, Ellen Garfield, Public Library. Walla Walla, Wash.
- SMITH, Glen H., 4269 Linden Ave.
- SMITH, Ilo M., 208 Northern Life Bldg.
- SMITH, Oscar J., Arctic Club.
- SNOW, Maud, 663 Stuart Bldg.
- SPARKS, Harold B., 510 Minor Ave. N.
- SPAUDING, Gladys W., 217 Broad St. Main 4741.
- SPIER, Leslie, University of Washington. Kenwood 1770.
- SPIESEKE, Winnie A., 1819 1/2 Broadway.
- SPITZ, Elrose, 225 36th Ave. N.
- SPRINGER, Alice, 3145 Oak St., Kansas City, Mo.
- STACKPOLE, Mrs. E. B., 97 Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Con.
- STACKPOLE, E. B., 97 Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Con.
- STAUBER, Edna, 1109 Summit Ave. East 1399.
- STENHOLM, Alice, Juvenile Dept., Board of Control, Madison, Wis.
- STEPHEN, Mildred, 804 Hamlin.
- STONEMAN, Argus Vernon, c/o Y. M. C. A.
- STREATER, Gertrude Inez, 1726 15th Ave.
- STROMBERG, Alice, 2156 6th Ave. West.
- STRONG, A. L., 508 Garfield St. Garfield 0518.
- SUTHERLAND, Lillian A., 1004 First Ave. W.
- SVARZ, L., Bellevue, Wash. Elliott 2508.
- SWAIN, C. L., 1402 Atlantic St.
- SZABO, Anton, P. O. Box 1810. East 4649.
- TANGNEY, Florence, 5401 Woodlawn Ave. Melrose 2480.
- TANGNEY, Frank P., 5401 Woodlawn Ave. Melrose 2480.
- TANGNEY, R. V., 5401 Woodlawn Ave. Melrose 2480.
- TANGNEY, Thos. J., 5401 Woodlawn Ave. Melrose 2480.
- TAYLOR, Clara I., 3126 Arcade Bldg.
- TEEPE, Theodore, 716 15th N. East 0427.
- TENNEY, Florence, Normandie Apts., No. 506. Main 7600.
- TERRELL, Lewis, 606 Hoge Bldg. Main 2626.
- TERRY, Paul W., College of Education. University of Washington.
- THAYER, Ruth S., 146 N. 12th St., Corvallis, Ore.
- THIRSK, Geo. T., 1524 7th Ave. W.
- THOMSEN, Stanley, 3231 15th Ave. W. Garfield 3374-R.
- THOMSON, Henry E., 4192 Arcade Bldg. Elliott 4713.
- THOMSON, William O., College Club.
- TIBBETTS, John P., 957 N. 43rd St.
- TODD, C. F., 2605 10th Ave. W. Garfield 0928.
- TODD, Luella, 810 20th Ave. East 4011.
- TOLL, Roger W., Estes Park, Colo.
- TOMLINSON, Cora M., 6002 1st Ave. N.W.
- TOWNE, Edward W., 505 County-City Bldg. Main 6000. Local 137.
- TOWNE, Eleanor, 616 Terry Ave. Main 3422.
- TRACY, Caroline E., 825 Title Ins. Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.
- TREMPER, Henry S., 816 2nd Ave.
- TRIOL, Mrs. Edward K., 1211 25th Ave. N. Capitol 4240.
- TUSLER, Henry S., 3875 E. John St.
- TWOMEY, H. Jane, Stanley Apts., 7th and Madison, Elliott 5894-J.
- TWOMEY, Iona I., Stanley Apts., 7th and Madison. Elliott 5894-J.
- UNGER, Nell, 333 Education Bldg., Albany, N. Y.
- VAN BROCKLIN, Dr. H. L., 413 Green Bldg. Elliott 3096.
- VANDEWALL, Ralph I., 903 Cobb Bldg.
- VAN WICKLE, J. Morgan, c/o Bloedel Donovan Lbr. Mill, Bellingham, Wash.
- VAUPELL, Helen K., 4203 Thackeray Place.
- VENOSS, Margaret, Clark Hotel.
- VERMULE, Edith, Wintonia Hotel.
- VICTOR, Frank Jas., c/o Frank J. Victor Inc., Main 4320.

- WAHLMAN, Hulda, 322 Belmont Ave. N.  
WALKER, A. Martha, 2535 Ocean Front,  
Ocean Park, Calif.  
WALKER, Geo. H., 1704 30th Ave. S.  
WALKINSHAW, Robert B., 741 Central  
Bldg. Main 4221.  
WALLER, Florence M., 1407 Star Route  
St., Pullman, Wash.  
WALSH, Stuart P., 705 N. 50th St. Mel-  
rose 3556.  
WASSEBERG, Clarence E., 1206 E 42d  
St. Melrose 3007.  
WATERMAN, Emma F., 670 E. 12th St.  
Eugene, Ore.  
WEBSTER, E. B., c/o The Evening News  
Port Angeles, Wash.  
WEER, Mrs. Margaret H., c/o Peoples  
Savings Bank.  
WEGNER, Henry M., Bellevue, Wash.  
WENTWORTH, Margaret, 622 E. 72nd  
St. Melrose 2.50, Local 4.  
WEST, Hubert S., Cedar Mountain, R.  
F. D., Renton, Wash.  
WHEAT, R. J., 1402 11th Ave. Elliott  
0842, Local 30.  
WHITHED, Houghton H., 5016 19th Ave.  
N.E.  
WHITING, Edward P., 1115 8th Ave. W.  
WHITMIRE, Laura G., 2320 10th Ave. N.  
WIDDECOMBE, Edith R., 7903 Carnegie  
Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.  
WIDDECOMBE, Emily J., Kent, Ohio.  
WIBSTLING, Annette, 818 17th Ave.  
East 5328.  
WIGGINS, S. L., 609 Wells Fargo Bldg.,  
Box 4322, Portland, Ore.  
WILBY, Clifford, 1019 36th Ave. N. East  
6673.  
WILKE, Helen, 310 White Bldg.  
WILKES, Maxine, 1510 Melrose Ave.  
WILLIAMS, Dr. Geo. I., 1100 Cobb Bldg.  
Main 5787.  
WILLIAMS, Grace L., 6007 Yew St.,  
Kerrisdale, Vancouver, B. C.  
WILLIAMS, John H., 939 24th Ave. East  
4190-R.  
WILLIAMS, Marie, 421 Queen Anne Ave.  
WILLIAMS, Theresa, 3812 W. Oregon St.
- WILLIS, Ellen E., Calhoun Hotel.  
WILSON, Geo. S., 4114 10th Ave. N.E.  
Melrose 2062.  
WILSON, Horace A., 425 Lyon Bldg. Main  
4696.  
WIMMER, Joseph, 819 1/2 West First Ave.  
Apt. 30, Spokane, Wash.  
WINKLER, Julia, 6147 Arcade Bldg.  
East 1504.  
WINSLOW, Catharine, Dept. of Phys-  
ical Education, University of Idaho.  
Moscow, Idaho.  
WINSLOW, C. IVAN, c/o H. C. Pope.  
Culver City, Calif.  
WISEMAN, B. Evangeline, 4538 12th  
Ave. N.E. Kenwood 1288.  
WOOD, Chas. H., 501 First Ave. S. Cap-  
itol 3412.  
WOOD, Irene B., Post Falls, Idaho.  
WOODWARD, Lavergne, 1307 3rd Ave.  
Main 4109.  
WOOLERY, Velmaleta, 705 Journal  
Bldg., Portland, Ore.  
WOOLSTON, Howard, University of  
Washington. Kenwood 0253.  
WORTHINGTON, Mariette, 4515 18th Ave.  
N.E. Kenwood 2644.  
WRIGHT, Allen C., 4734 17th Ave. N.E.  
Kenwood 5046.  
WRIGHT, Anna Barkley, 1227 38th Ave.  
N. East 5420.  
WRIGHT, G. E., 1227 38th Ave. N. East  
5420.  
WRIGHT, Mrs. Geo. E., 1227 38th Ave.  
N. East 5420.  
WRIGHT, J. Howard, R. F. D. No. 7,  
Yakima, Wash.  
WRIGHT, Rebecca W., 1306 Terry Ave.  
Wyman, C. M., 5760 25th Ave. N. E.
- YOCUM, Mrs. Catharine W. B., 534 East  
14th Ave., Eugene, Oregon.  
YOUNG, Chas. A. D., 1617 Federal Ave.  
YOUNG, Wesley G., 4012 12th Ave. N.E.  
YOUNG, William D., 1853 Hamlin St.  
YOUNGQUIST, Ruby E., 917 S. 5th St.,  
Rockford, Ill.

## TACOMA BRANCH

(Place is Tacoma unless otherwise state)

- AINEY, Mrs. Cora, P. O. Box 177.  
ALLEN, Grenville F., P. O. Box 1629.  
ALGER, E. Belle, 322 N. G St.  
ANDERSON, Ruth J., 324 N. 4th St.  
ARNDT, Ella E., 1013 Plymouth Ave.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.
- BAIR, M. Blanche, 322 N. G St.  
BALCKE, Olive Adele, 605 N. Grant St.  
BARNES, Mary, Ingelside Apts.  
BASSETT, A. H., 1902 N. Prospect  
BAUER, Harry L., 4002 S. Yakima Ave.  
Mad. 514.  
BENJAMIN, Arthur O., 1501 Pacific Ave.  
Main 410.  
BENJAMIN, Rial, Jr., 1713 S. Oakes.  
BERG, Signe, 1816 South G St. Main 6410.  
BILLINGS, Mrs. M. E., 521 N. Cushman  
St.  
BILLINGS, Ruth M., 521 N. Cushman  
St.  
BLAIR, Homer O., 524 N. Cushman Ave.  
Main 6355.  
BONESTEHL, Edith M., Ft. Steilacoom.  
Mad. 533.  
BORDSEN, Ed., 914 Pacific Ave.  
BOTSFORD, Walter P., 306 North E St.  
BRAMBLE, Kittie A., 631 N. Trafton St.  
BRFEN, Agnes E., 702 South E St.,  
Apt. 48.  
BRIGHTRALL, Daisie M., 3818 N. 22d  
St. Proc. 3335.  
BROWN, Olive I., College of Puget Sound,  
Main 6222.  
BROWNE, Chas. R., 1014 Pierce St. S.
- BROWSE, Mrs. Mary H., 5037 South M  
St.  
CAMERON, Crissie, 448 Broadway. Main  
5280.  
CARRIIR, Galeda, 5202 South M St.  
COLEMAN, Dr. A. H., 1107 Fidelity Bldg.  
CORBIT, Fred A., 1142 Market St.  
CRAPSER, Anna H., College of Puget  
Sound.  
CRAWFORD, Emily A., 4305 Melrose  
Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.  
CRÖAGER, Alta M., 1405 South I. St.  
Main 5494.  
CRIM, Katherine, c/o Lincoln High  
School.  
CUESTA, Martin M., 5309 North 38th St.  
DAVISON, Kenneth B., 1414 N. 5th St.  
Main 2529.  
DENMAN, A. H., 1518 National Realty  
Bldg. Main 7505.  
DENZ, C. F., P. O. Box 1615.  
DOWNING, Mont J., Grant School. Proc.  
1252.  
DRAVIS, Frederic P., 812 E. 50th St.  
EIDEMILLER, Geo. B., 616 South I St.  
Main 9120-R.  
ELLIS, Elizabeth T., 3823 N. Madison  
Ave. Proc. 2266.  
ELYEA, Winifred, 702 South E St.  
FEARY, Amelia, 828 Rust Bldg.  
FLOOD, Catherine F., 2110 North Pros-  
pect St. Proc. 1839.  
FRASER, Alice S., Burton, Wash.

- GALLAGHER, John F., 710 South 17th St.
- GALLAGHER, Leo, 710 S. 17th St.
- GARNFR, Clarence A., 2603 S. 19th St.
- GERSTMAN, F. R., 321 4th St. S.E., Puyallup, Wash.
- HAND, Amos W., 1942 South E St.
- HAND, Edith, 1942 South E St.
- HAND, Virginia, 1942 South E St. Main 2646.
- HANSFN, F. C., 1503 South 9th St.
- HANSEN, Leo E., 1503 South 9th St. Main 1465.
- HARLAN, Edward G., c/o Tacoma City College.
- HART, Hazel, 17 St. Hejens Ave.
- HARTMAN, Lois K., Victorian Apartments, Apt. 202.
- HAYDEN, E. M., 617 Tacoma Bldg.
- HELLIG, E. R., 3001 N. 29th St.
- HOLGATE, Elsie M., 603 N. Grant Ave. Main 31.
- HOSKA, Mrs. Conrad L., 518 North F St.
- HOVIOUS, Lynette, College of Puget Sound. Main 6222.
- HYNUS, L. C., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 223, Kent, Wash.
- JOHNSTON, Geo., P. O. Box 941
- KELLENBERGER, A. G., 3502 South 11th St.
- KEMP, J. S., 6600 Alaska Ave. Mad. 1047.
- KBYE, Lulu G., 718 North I St. Main 2670.
- KILMER, Charles, 720 S. Yakima Ave.
- KILMER, W. W., 720 S. Yakima Ave.
- KOBETICH, Mary, 408 S. Tacoma Ave.
- LANGLOW, Wesley A., 1302 Fairbanks St.
- LESPERENSE, Bert, 27 Broadway.
- LIDDLE, A. D., 309-10 Tacoma Bldg.
- LINDMARK, Alice M., R. F. D. No. 4, Box 16B.
- LITTLE, Walter S., 2121 N. Washington St. Proc. 2838-J.
- LOOMIS, Lucile, 605 West Main St., Puyallup, Wash.
- LOWERY, Blanche, 805 Alder St., Sumner, Wash.
- LOWERY, E. Fay, 236 Broadway. Main 2377.
- LUDWIG, Frederick A., 5401 Union Ave., South Tacoma.
- MACDONALD, Jean, 1303 Division Ave. Main 5945.
- MACDONALD, Victoria, Kinnear Apt., Division Ave. and K St.
- MARTIN, Earl B., 312½ South K St.
- MARTIN, Minnie B., 312½ South K St.
- McKEFN, Kenneth, 924 North G St.
- McMAHON, Kathleen, 718 North G St.
- MILNE, Marjorie W., 324 North 4th St. Main 6058.
- MILLS, Frank C., 3715 S. Sheridan Ave.
- MITCHELL, Mrs. Josephine H., 1531 N. Anderson St.
- MUDGETT, Mary, 314 Tacoma Bldg.
- NORDRUM, Mrs. Martha Cultum, 319 North L St.
- ODGEN, Mary, 805 Alder St., Sumner.
- OLIVER, C. T., Kent, Wash.
- OLIVER, J. Allen, Kent, Wash.
- OLEON, Mabel H., 918 South 4th St.
- OPGENORTH, Olive, Ingleside Apts. Main 9065.
- PANGBORN, Ruth F., 3802 Pacific Ave.
- PAYNE, Mrs. Clyde, Route 2, Box 117.
- PETERS, Elsie E., 324 North 4th St. Main 5068.
- PITZEN, John G., 515 North M St.
- PITZEN, Stephen J., 515 North M St. Main 9071.
- PRESTON, Sophie, 824 North Ainsworth Ave.
- POLLEY, Ethel, R. F. D. No. 1, Auburn, Wash.
- POTTER, F. R., 114 2nd St. N.E., Black 260, Puyallup, Wash.
- RAEDISCH, Mildred, 724 East Wright St.
- RIDDELL, George X., 15 North E St.
- ROBERTS, Trillium R., 626 South State St.
- RUNDQUEST, Raymond J., 816 South Steele St. Main 3134.
- SAILS, J. C., c/o Vermont Marble Co. Main 924.
- SANGESAND, Hazel M., R. F. D. No. S.
- SCHENCK, Fred B., 1716 South M St. Main 5909.
- SCHOLES, Josephine T., 411 North M St. Main 5727.
- SCHOLES, Stella, 411 North M St. Main 5727.
- SCHROLL, William C., Box 223, R. F. D. No. 1, Kent, Wash.
- SCOTT, Clara A., 617 South L St. Main 8953-J.
- SEABURY, Catherine, 3810 North Washington St. Proc. 2973.
- SEABURY, Mayo, 3823 N. Madison Ave.
- SEYMOUR, Wm. W., 423-24 Tacoma Bldg.
- SHELDON, Laura E., 3317 South 8th St.
- SPERLIN, O. B., The Moran School, Rolling Bay, Wash.
- STEINBACH, Helen F., 617 South L St. Main 8953-J.
- STORY, Valmore, 318 6th Ave. S.W., Puyallup, Wash.
- STREETER, Agnes, 2618 N. Puget Sound Ave.
- STRYKER, Mabel B., 1104 S. Union Ave. Proc. 3390-R.
- TAYLOR, A. A., 928 Broadway.
- THOMAS, Anna M., 1600 Iowa St., Bellingham, Wash.
- THOMAS, Edgar A., 805 Pacific Ave. Main 1918.
- THOMAS, Jesse O., 320 Tacoma Bldg. Main 7818.
- TOWNE, Ruth M., 711 North J St.
- TROWBRIDGE, William P., P. O. Box 931.
- TUGBY, Eric, Box 195, R. F. D. No. 1, South Tacoma. Mad. 120-R-5.
- TUGBY, Rowland W., Box 195, R. F. D. No. 1, South Tacoma.
- UDALL, W. H., 813 South Anderson St. Main 5385.
- VAN FOSSEN, Gretchen V., 509 North E St.
- VINCENT, W., 201 Sixth N.W., Puyallup, Wash.
- WAGEN, Alma D., Paradise Inn, via Longmire, Wash.
- WAINWRIGHT, Mary, 1304 6th Ave. Main 3280.
- WAINWRIGHT, R. S., 928 Pacific Ave. Main 768.
- WALKER, Edward S., 620 North C St. Main 4398.
- WALKER, Gile Heidig, 620 North C St. Main 4398.
- WALKER, Robert G., 315 Tacoma Bldg. Main 531.
- WEER, J. H., P. O. Box 1221.
- WEST, Dr. Ben J., 507 West Main St., Puyallup, Wash. Main 25.
- WHITACRE, Dr. H. J., Fidelity Bldg. Main 565.
- WHITE, Elmina, 616 North C St.
- WIGHT, Ada S., 718 North I St.
- WOODRUFF, Commander J. W., U. S. N., 2901 N. Cedar St.
- YOUNG, Ethel M., 1713 N. Prospect.

*The Mountaineer*

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- ASHTON, Dean S., The Herald. Main 351.
- BAILEY, Arthur, Monroe, Wash.
- BAILEY, Bernice E., The Ridgeway Apts., 2502 Rucker Ave. Blue 369.
- BALSDEN, Leo B., 1222 Rucker Ave. White 1512.
- BASCOM, E. T., Monroe, Wash.
- BENSON, Mrs. Naomi Achenbach, Gladbrook, Ia.
- BLAINE, Fannie, 2918 Hewett Ave.
- CADY, Vernon E., c/o Post Office. Black 582.
- CHURCH, Geo. A., 3009 Hoyt Ave.
- CLARK, Whit. H., Monroe, Wash.
- COLLINS, Opal H., 2414 Hoyt Ave.
- CRAYTON, Catherine, 2414 Hoyt Ave.
- CROGSTAD, Alvina, 2711 Hoyt Ave.
- DAVIDSON, Robt L., 3529 Rockefeller.
- DAY, Lew V., 1305 Grand Ave.
- ERICKSON, Walter, 2325 Colby Ave.
- FARRIELL, Margaret J., 3207 Maple St.
- FERRBRACHE, Ray Millard, 3331 Wetmore Ave.
- GOLDING, Mary E., c/o City Treasurer.
- GOULD, J. M., Gold Bar, Wash.
- HANKS, Josephine, c/o J. C. Penney Co.
- HINMAN, H. B., Stokes Bldg. Main 301-P.
- HUDSON, Chester A., c/o Y. M. C. A.
- JENKIN, Ellen, 4126 Wetmore Ave..
- MADDEN, A. J., 3301 Norton Ave. Blue 546.
- McBAIN, Mabel E., 2532 Lombard Ave.
- MELVIN, Belle, 1221 Colby Ave.
- MILLS, Jane, 3909 Hoyt St.
- MOORE, Hattie F., R. D. No. 2, Box 33-A.
- NILES, Frank, 2129 Hoyt.
- OLDFIELD, H. L., 1221 Colby Ave.
- OLSON, Ellen E., Monroe, Wash.
- PELZ, Irma M., 3120 Grand Ave. Black 1576.
- PICKETT, Lee, Index, Wash.
- PURDY, Dr. J. Spencer, 201 Commerce Bldg. Main 323.
- RUCKER, W. J., Lake Stevens, Wash.
- SHELDON, C. G., 1431 Grand Ave.
- TAYLOR, Jane E., 3001 Hoyt Ave.
- TENNYSON, Ted, 2805 Hoyt Ave.
- THOMPSON, Geo. D., 2429 Baker Ave. White 458.
- THOMPSON, Nan, 2607 Everett Ave. Main 151-R.
- THORNBURG, Mrs. D. A., 1631 Rucker Ave. Black 1555.
- TOWNSLEY, Lena G., 2932 Oakes Ave. Blue 1490.
- VARLEY, J. A., Wassan Apts.
- WADDELL, L. B., 1131 Colby St.
- ZELLMER, Olga, 2026 Hoyt Ave.
- ZIMMERMAN, Roza, 2325 Colby Ave. White 712.

## BREMERTON BRANCH

(Place is Bremerton unless otherwise stated)

- CONLEY, Sadie Josephine, 324 Union St.
- DUCKERT, William C., 329 Sixth St.
- GEORGE, C. B., Box 385.
- HILL, Verna, Port Orchard, Wash.
- HITT, Henry C., 1554 Elizabeth St.
- McDOWELL, David I., 1060 Ninth St.
- MICHENER, Jeannie R., Manette, Wash.
- MONK, May, Waterman, Wash.
- MORAND, Lawrence F., 462 Evelyn St.
- PATTISON, Margaret E., Port Orchard, Wash.
- SMITH, A. E., 1181 Seventh St.
- SMITH, Irvetta, 23 South Court.
- VAN TINE, W. E., 645 Rowe St.
- VOLL, Otto, Manette, Wash. 245 L.
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- WILLIAMS, Agnes Bell, 324 Union St.



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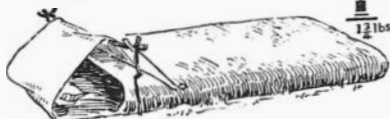


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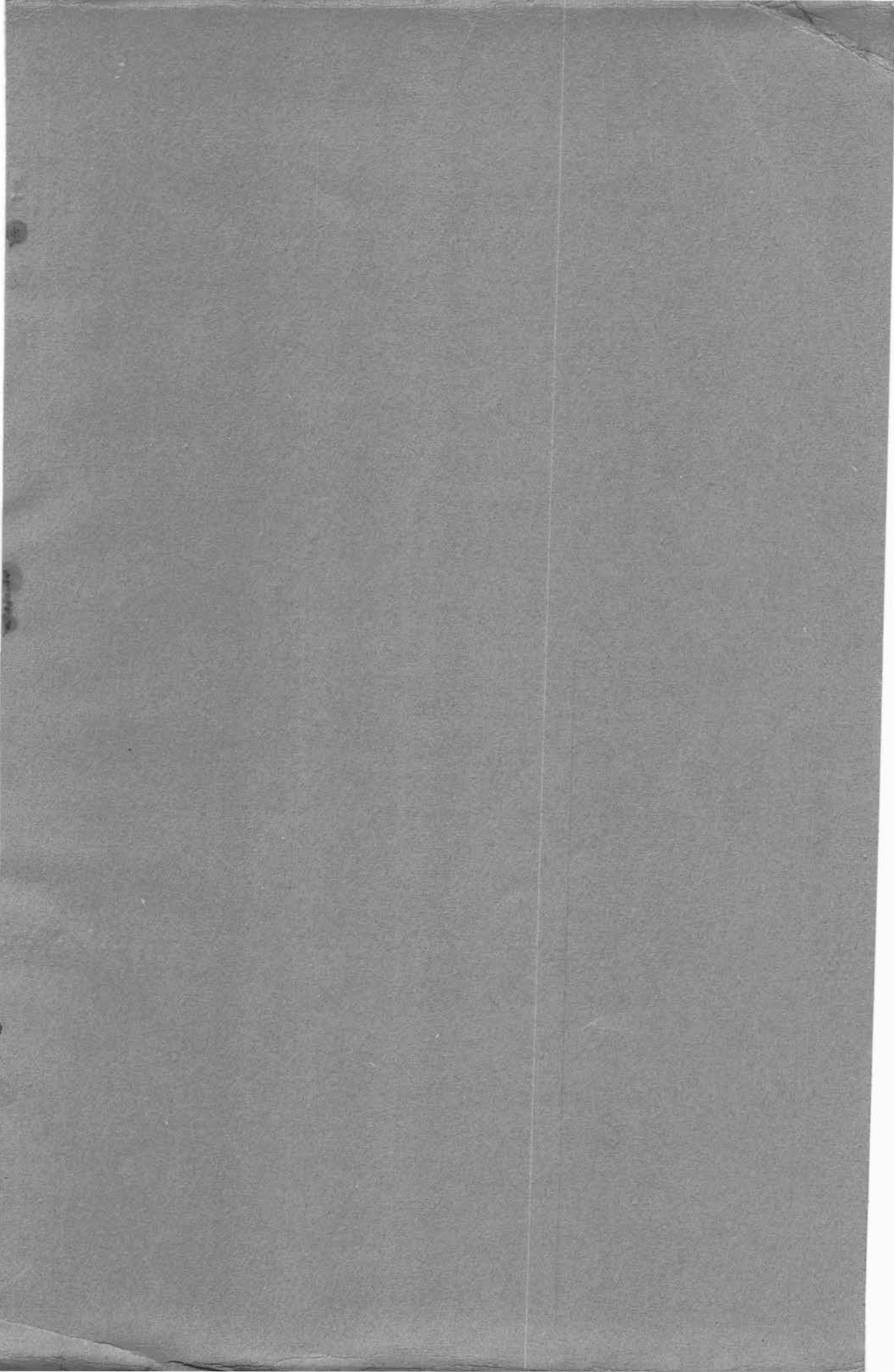
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