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Volume XXXVII

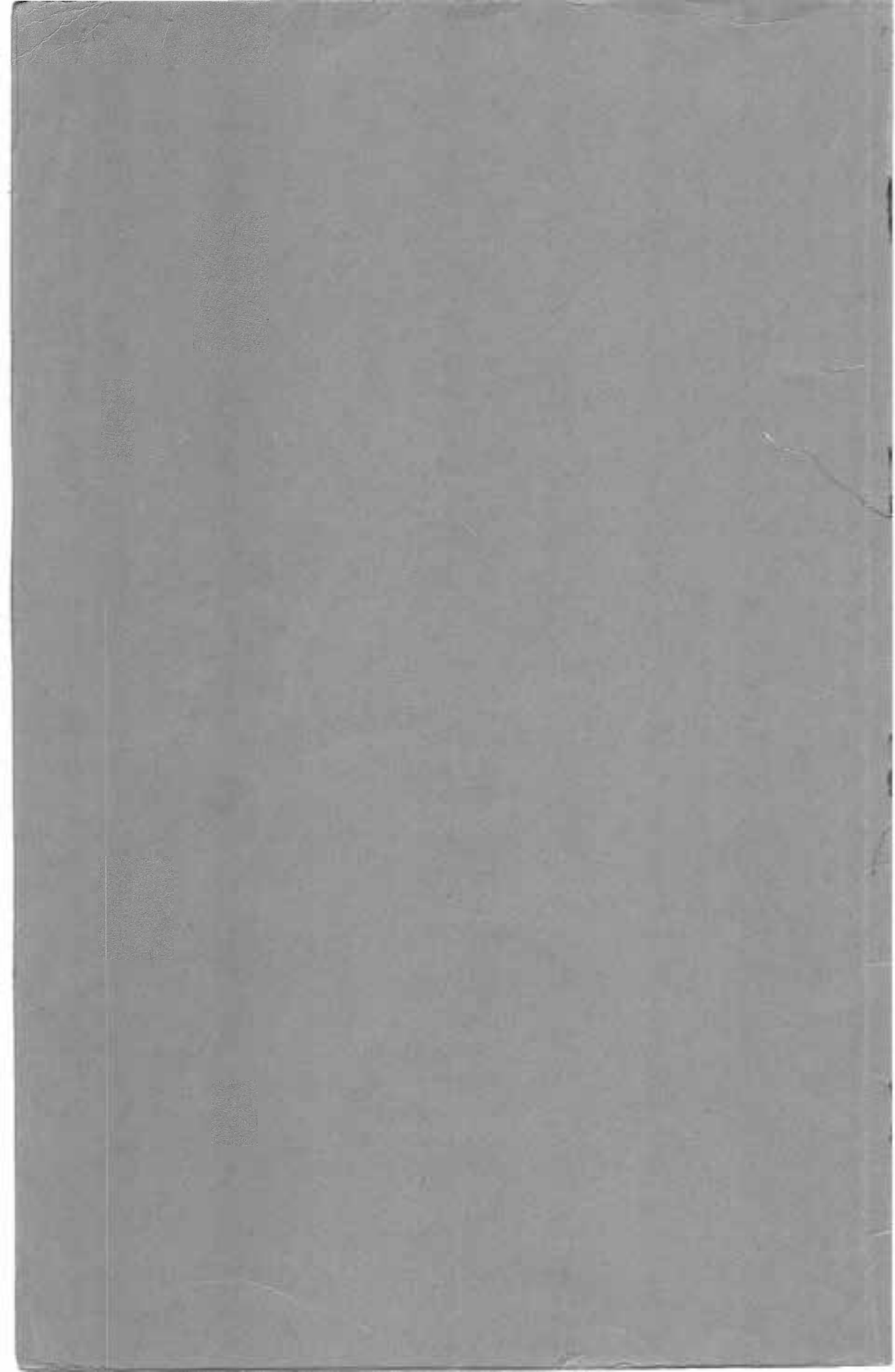
Number 1

December, 1944

GUIDING AT RAINIER
RETURN TO GLACIER
CLIMBING 14,000-FOOT PEAKS



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A Pre-War Summer at Rainier

By Dee Molenaar

I. INTRODUCTION TO PARADISE

//HELLO, Folks! I'd like to welcome you to Paradise Valley on behalf of the Guide Department."

You, who have visited Rainier National Park for the first time via the long red Park Company buses, will remember that last U-turn in the road before coming up to the Paradise Inn parking area, the athletic dash and leap to the running board of your bus with the above cheery greeting by a green-shirted lad of the Guide Department. He will follow this with a hurried and breathless——(he may have caught several buses before yours) description of the local points of interest, the scheduled daily foot and horse trips, and other doings in the valley, an all-too-brief description of what may be enjoyed in your usually all-too-brief sojourn here. These men are employed by the Rainier National Park Company during the Summer months for the express purpose of making trips and sights of the valley more easily accessible and enjoyable during the short stay of the visitor.

I was fortunate in the Summers of '40 and '41 to be employed as a guide in this beautiful park, and it has often been my desire to convey to others an impression of the happy months spent on The Mountain, under Chief Guide Clarke E. Schurman of the Seattle Mountaineers.

Since his first year at the park in 1939, Mr. Schurman has followed his natural endowments of creativity and ingenuity for new ideas and the department flourished as a result of his conscientiousness in giving the public what they wanted. Anyone who has visited the steep-roofed guide-house on a Summer evening will long remember the introduction to The Mountain as given nightly by the Chief in the small auditorium downstairs. The showing of kodachrome and colored lantern slides revealing the beauties of the mountain and its surrounding ridges, valleys, and parklands is greatly enhanced by Mr. Schurman's inimitable and vivid descriptions. His poetic interpretations of the great natural forces at work help to bring the mountain close to one's heart as a new and inspiring acquaintance. The desire is born here to meet at first hand these wild flower sprinkled meadows, alpine firs, dashing glacial streams, blue and cold ice-caverns, and to experience the thrills of "tin-pants" nature coasting down the long snow slopes along the glacier and to enjoy from the saddle a panoramic view of the lower surrounding mountain regions as seen on the Skyline Trail horse trip.

After the lecture many hurry upstairs to sign for the next morning's foot and horse-trips. Soon the guides are ready with tapes to measure the guests for size and to get as near as possible to that elusive "Perfect Fit!" in tin-pants (double wax-seated canvas pants), red and green plaid shirts, red hats and nailed boots. A size 54 pair of pants, if snugly fitted to any girth, guarantees to that lucky individual a chance to hike the four mile round trip to the Paradise Glacier ice cave with a guide, free of charge. Veteran and popular guide Les Yansen of Tacoma, also well-known to Rainier winter enthusiasts for his untiring work in outfitting skiers, is again with the department, with his ready smile and his deeply tanned face; he is always near to help some struggling visitor into a rugged looking pair of hobnailed climbing boots. The house is a picture of industry as the clothing is passed over the counter and the guides assist

Mount Rainier from Eunice Lake. Photo copyrighted by Dwight Watson. The route of climb described by Molenaar is shown on page 64.

in getting the folks ready for their early departure in the morning.

"Say!—What goes on in here? What are they trying to do—pull your leg off? Lucky I came by just now!" This booming voice comes sauntering into the crowded house in the form of one—"Polly" Anderson, horse guide. With this all guides stand aside and the popular, jovial, gray-haired Polly goes to work fitting an elderly lady with a pair of boots. Talking incessantly in a calming voice, serious-faced, he bends down and tugs at the obstinate boot as the old lady squeals with laughter. Finally, triumphant, he holds the limp boot aloft.

"See, Lady—never let these foot guides fool with you. They ain't got any sense at all. They're just horse guides with the brains knocked out. An'—just for that, you can accompany me over to the Inn. The evening's entertainment is about to start an' you don't want to miss anything. These 'greenshirts' don't know when to quit work!" At this, he turns and saunters out while the visitors stare after him, then back at the winking guides.

"Don't mind him, Folks—just a horse guide. You'll get used to them around here—and you'll love them all!"

The tourists are by now becoming acquainted with the immediate surroundings of the Inn and are gathering in the lobby and balcony overlooking the dance floor. An evening program of entertainment is sponsored by the vivacious and lovable "Tish" Jensen, head of the Souvenir Department and wife of Park ranger Larry Jensen. Talented college students, working in the Valley through the Summer, put on clever skits, tumbling acts, and furnish the orchestra for the later dancing. The horse guides, with guitars, harmonicas, and melancholy voices, bring songs of the range and the hills. Then a tall and angular blond-topped horse guide thumbs his belt, crooks his knee, and begins,

*"Skyball Paint was a devil's saint,
His eyes were a fiery red.
Good men have tried this horse to ride,
Now all of them are dead.
Now, I don't brag, but I rode this nag,
'Til his blood began to boil.
Then I hit the ground and ate three pounds
Of good old western soil.
Well, I —"*

This is as far as the ambitious chap is usually allowed to get before he is joined in his poem by the many who have had to listen to it every night. The discord following drives him from the spotlight as his place is taken by the familiar figure of Polly Anderson, who brings with him a stool, a knife and a stick of wood. He presently sets to whittling in long careful strokes and all attention is focused on him while silence reigns as he commences telling a story and as his words roll out he presents a Will Rogerian effect. During the Spring and Fall, Polly is a school principal. However, a story has been told about him that he does so well in his role as horse-guide that, at one time, an Eastern debutante became so interested in him and felt so sorry for him that she offered to put him through school.

The program closes with Tish's "prayer" for a clear tomorrow and the evening's dance starts to the strains of "Stardust" played by the orchestra.

II. VALLEY TRAILS AND TRIPS

In the morning The Mountain will beckon the zealous and, after a good night's sleep, all will be raring to get started up the trail to the Paradise Glacier. But first, all will be hustled into a line-up for the party picture taken by the Park Company photographers. With grease paint smeared liberally on the face and arms, alpenstocks gripped firmly, chins thrust out, the party presents a truly formidable group. Then, after a word of in-



Ice Cave, Paradise Glacier

photo by Molenaar

structions by the Chief to "bring the guide back safely", the party responds to a yodel from the guide and is off in a cloud of dust. The leader takes up the head of the line with slow, easy strides and the colorful and motley line proceeds amidst the cheers of encouragement by well-wishers left behind.

Around the bend and into the verdant, flower-bedecked Edith Creek Basin the party moves, pausing for the view of the white veil of water cascading down Sluiskin Falls at the head of the valley. The first rest stop is made on the Edith Creek Bridge and those not already "all-in" scamper a few yards to photograph Myrtle Falls flowing below in a deep rocky cut. The guide, upon further progress up the trail through the basin, explains the names of the many flowers met along the path,—the Western Anemone, Avalanche Lily, Mountain Dock, Phlox, Indian Paintbrush, and Red Heather are a few of the many flowers seen on the slopes and along the small meandering stream that comes down from a snowfield high on the Timberline Ridge. The Whistling Marmot, large dog-sized rodent, is seen running across the meadow ahead. Occasionally, high shrill whistles are heard and all eyes attempt to seek out their playful originators against the green of the grassy hillside.

After several more stops in the gradually steepening trail the "switchbacks" are reached and lead to the "Golden Gate" on the crest of Timberline Ridge. From here the first glimpse is to be had to the south of the three Guardians of the Columbia, Mts. Adams and St. Helens in Washington and Mt. Hood in Oregon. The jagged Tatoosh Range, lying across Paradise Valley, intervenes between these distant peaks and the viewer. The pause at this point, where the Paradise Glacier trail descends and crosses the Skyline horsetrail to the icefield now spread out below, enables all to enjoy and to breathe deeply of the crisp mountain air and to perhaps catch the too-rare feeling of a few moments of real living. Looking up the Skyline Trail, one sees the vast bulk of the mountain. The Nisqually Glacier, third largest in the United States, hangs at the icefall halfway down its journey from the summit and drops away from the amphitheatre in the mighty mountain cirque high above the climbers.

The trail goes down here and the party proceeds cautiously across the few remaining yards to the snow slope above the glacier's moraine. Their first objective, "tin-pants sliding", is now reached and soon all gather around for instructions from the guide on the safe and most enjoyable

way to get to the bottom of the slope. Proceeding first to test for thin or soft spots on the surface, the guide skis down on his boots gracefully, using his ice-axe now as a brake and third point of balance. When all security is proven he shouts up to the first, preferably widest and heaviest, adventurer to make a starting "chute". This is soon accomplished by the volunteered weight and width, along with natural gravity and slope—Yippeeee!

"Say, that was fun!"

"Are you sure it's safe for me to try?"

"Sure, come on—nothing to it. Just flop on your seat and relax. Guide with your alpie—feet together and raised. Wahoo! Right down the groove! Come on, Grandma!"

Upon the arrival of the various parties back at the Guide House a spirited discussion between members of the horse and foot trip parties is in progress. Each tries to outdo the other in the use of adjectives to describe his method of travel as the wiser, and to emphasize his feelings that the mountain couldn't have been seen or enjoyed to better advantage. In the meantime, the proof pictures of the respective parties, taken prior to their departures on the trails, are hanging on the bulletin board for all to gape over and exclaim, "Why—it doesn't look a bit like me!" Nevertheless, all will have prints made and sent to the folks back home, to show that the West is still wild and woolly and that they were a part of it all.

III. THE SUMMIT CLIMB

Anyone who has the dormant spirit of adventure in his soul will at some time or other look upon a mountain and ask himself, "I wonder—is it possible that I could get up on that thing,—perhaps even to the top, and see what is up there?—wonder if it's ever been climbed. What an experience that would be!"

Rainier is no exception to that rule of attracting the aspirations of men to climb high, to gain perhaps an inner sight to things, a new and fresh outlook on Life from a closer-to-Heaven vantage point. Rainier has been climbed before, many times, by various routes, and by individuals of greater or less experience in this type of snow and ice and altitude climbing. However, the necessity of having along at least one capable and experienced ice climber and leader, proper equipment, excellent health, and proven abilities to follow instructed techniques with a minimum of lost energy, cannot be overly emphasized.

For this latter reason, Chief Guide Schurman has inaugurated at Rainier, as a prerequisite, the classes in ice-craft and consequent approval, by the guides, of the summit aspirant's abilities to handle himself on ice. Prior to the formation of a summit party the interested individuals will have a chance to experience and learn the useful techniques employed in snow and ice travel. A day spent with the guide on the snow slopes above the Paradise Glacier, or an overnight climb to Camp Muir at 10,000' followed by instructions on the surrounding glaciers and crevassed areas, will enable the teaching of the proper use of the climber's rope, the knots common in mountaineering, various types of belays, the use of the ice-axe and alpenstock in effecting a self or party arrest in case of a slip on a steep slope, the proper climbing with the aid of crampons, and how to conserve on energy by the controlled rest-step, the climber's pace. Not all the members of such ice-craft classes are primarily interested in a later summit trip, but many prove proficient pupils and later, upon the termination of the lessons, they leave with regret and a backward longing glance at the higher "playgrounds" of the mountains.

When the individual has proven his sustained interest and capabilities for the summit trip, he is issued the necessary equipment;—alpenstock, boots, several pairs of heavy woolen socks, a wool cap, khaki pants, gloves, canvas mittens, woolen shirts, crampons, windproof parka, dark or polar-

ized goggles, rucksacks, and food for the two-day trip. Then the climbers will register with the rangers, a very necessary National Park regulation agreed with, and enforced by, Rangers "Pat" Patterson, "Dar" Williams, "Larry" Jensen, and Bill Butler, whose rescue experiences on the mountain have shown them the importance of this procedure.

Early on the morning of the climb, and with the present good weather promising to hold, the party assembles at the Guide House for "the picture" and for final instructions and well-wishes by Mr. Schurman. Our particular party, consisting of three guests and the guide, is about the average size for one rope. With more climbers, two guides may go along, as two ropes will then be used,—any number in excess of four to a hundred foot length of rope is undesired. Now the Chief is ready with well-timed advice,—"And bring the guide back. There'll be quite a few boots for him to clean up and re-calk! Good luck, Fellows!"

With this future facing him on the return, the guide takes the lead and starts up the trail very slowly, swinging his axe in rhythm with a slow, hip-swinging stride. All talking soon ceases as the trail becomes steeper and rounds the grassy shoulder of Alta Vista hill for a last backward glance at the Inn and the Guide House. A short rest is taken to adjust comfortably the heavy packs. At a word from the guide the party climbs further and reaches the rim of the Nisqually Glacier's deep canyon. Here they descend through grassy meadows to the dusty trail leading along the crest of the moraine. A slow steady pace brings the party to the edge of the "black ice", where the dust and gravel from the moraine has mixed with the glacier ice. At this point they rope-up as several large crevasses can be seen ahead. Over the black rubble the guide leads cautiously, as a slip may result in a bad abrasion on the arm or leg. The thunder of the falls across the glacier grows louder as the party nears the clean, white ice in its center. This is crossed to the heavily broken, crevassed area at the other edge of the glacier. Over this they follow carefully the guide and the rope, and reach the lower end of the gully known as "the Finger", above the Nisqually's edge. A stop is made for unroping and for a well-earned rest upon completion of this first leg of the day's journey to the half-way camp.

A rushing stream dashes down the boulder strewn bed of the gully and disappears under an overhanging snow patch at the climbers' feet. The route from here follows generally the bed of boulders up the center of the Finger, from one rock to another, in a natural staircase that avoids the river beneath. The next snow is reached at the edge of the Wilson Glacier above and here the party starts shedding much of its outer garments of the morning. The sun is beating down and a slightly hazy horizon betokens several days of lasting good weather. Three hours have gone by in reaching this point and a light lunch is eaten while resting here. In later climbs of the season the snow will have melted off the surface of the Wilson Glacier and the crevassed, smooth ice will necessitate avoiding this glacier entirely by working around to the left from the top of the Finger and traversing a rocky slope to the flatter Van Trump Glacier. The route from here would then follow the many snowfields up the ridge to the foot of "the Turtle", which will be met later by our present party.

Now, however, the route traversing along the side and upper edge of the Wilson, to the foot of the Turtle-shaped snowfield above, is snow covered and measured as safe by the practised eye of the guide. Before any stiffness is allowed to settle in the muscles the party again proceeds single-file in the steps kicked into the snow by the leader. Slowly and steadily they follow the line of steps, pausing briefly now and then for a catch of breath. At this elevation of about 8,000', the altitude has not yet shown strongly the decrease in air pressure and oxygen. Two hours later the Turtle is reached, and the party relaxes awhile below the vast

neve' field to enjoy the coolness of a slight breeze that comes over the ridge to the west. A small trickle of water in the rocks nearby slakes the thirst in dry throats.

The mountain, as seen from the valley floor, has now taken on a far more rugged and imposing appearance in this higher, more intimate level of acquaintance. The ridges of loose, crumbling rock have grown in height and now stand out individually. Snow patches below these rocks are stained and dirty in paths of dust and rock avalanches. The snowfields here are wider and less steep than when seen from the detached view of the Pinnacle climber. Each patch earlier seen now represents several acres of snowfield rolling in broad sweeps upward between the ridges to the ice cliffs above. The deeply gouging glaciers are separated by steep sided "cleavers", ridges between the glaciers that have weathered their grinding paths. At this 10,000' level the mountain has its heaviest snowfall which results here in the gouging-out process on the mountain's sides. Huge cirques and cliffs are formed, separating, with perpendicular icefalls and hanging glaciers, the ice of the summit dome from the sweeping, crevassed, and dirt sprinkled glaciers which, octopus-like, spread arms to the encircling timbered countryside below. All this cannot be seen at a glance as from this close up the summit dome is out of sight beyond the present skyline of the Kautz Icefall, now looking so near but actually still about two hours climbing distance away. As one looks across the mountain he will see, at about this same elevation, the Camp Muir cabins and the Anvil Rock fire-lookout house, seemingly perched on the end of a huge, white anvil. The Nisqually icefall now is seen as a massive upheaval of broken ice blocks. In all this rugged scene the only sounds heard are the crunch of boots into the hard packed snow, the occasional distant snap of a block of ice high above, and the music of some small ice-bound but ambitious stream on some adjacent ridge.

It is about at this point that the "armchair climbers" back at the Inn will start their "expeditions" via the 33-power telescope mounted on the porch. When the small specks on the mountainside reach the middle of the Turtle in their ascent, they become visible from here. Prior to reaching this elevation, the tree-covered Alta Vista hill obscures from view the lower route of the climbers. As seen with the naked eye a party, if closely grouped and climbing near the summit, nearly five miles distant from the telescope, is barely visible as one indistinct dot. When seen through the 'scope, every individual stands out as if at a quarter mile's distance. The telescope platform, on a day of a summit climb, is the center of much interest and enthusiasm as those below root and cheer,—and rest, for those above.

Back to the climbers. After several rests and slow switch-backing, the party reaches the upper end of the Turtle. Here they find several nearly frozen waterholes under a thawing snowbank. Thirst is quenched and the climb is continued past the few remaining snowfields to the halfway stop at Camp Hazard, a flat, rocky ridge directly below the gleaming white ice-cliff.

This high camp is reached at five o'clock in the evening and soon all packs are cast off. The climbers step around drunkenly under the effects produced on the suddenly unweighted shoulders. This wears off however, and the preparations for the night are made by the building of rock-ringed windbreaks. Sleeping bags are found in a small canvas tent. This is left here throughout the summer to protect the bags and primus-stoves that are not necessarily brought from below on each climb. The sleeping-bags are unrolled and spread in each windbreak. These protections from the weather play a big part in the comforts of Hotel Hazard, where "every room is a corner room, and air-conditioning is of the finest." Meanwhile, the guide brings water from the small stream flowing from the cliff, before the now

increasing cold freezes the water over for the night. The primus stove is finally started up and hissing, after the usual amount of oral persuasion, and hot tea and soup are soon warming the body. Meat sandwiches and chocolate bars fill the menu and the climbers relax after supper to enjoy the scene spread out below and on each side of their camp.

The sun has nearly completed its arc in the sky and is turning to a ball of red in the west. The sharp, black silhouette of Success Cleaver forces itself boldly and obliquely into the right edge of the colorful picture. Upon closer scrutiny into the darkness of the ridge, cold neve patches are barely discernible. Long icicles hang from rocky ledges in the gathering darkness and add to the frigidity of the scene. The Kautz Glacier, comparatively narrow at this point, possibly a quarter of a mile across, flows steeply from the icefall and, in its narrow channel, disappears in the distance over another cataract of ice. As the sun sinks lower, a few scattered clouds in the west, golden-lined, present an unforgettable picture that brings to mind here the short poem by Mr. Schurman;

*Into the cloud-sea far below,
I, lonely, watched the red sun go.
Then turning, miracle of glad surprise,
Enchanted, saw a full moon rise.*

The night is drawing near and the still coldness of the upper regions settles in as the men, after having their packs made up and ready to go, prepare to catch a few hours of sleep and to rest weary muscles. An early start at 2:30 A. M. is anticipated and the guide lays out the rope, knots ready, to avoid a later unnecessary fumbling and seeking ends in the frigid morning air. The individual shelters and sleeping bags now resemble so many cocoons. Darkness comes slowly and with this the snow domes of Adams and St. Helens, no longer rosy in the afterglow of sunset, turn purple, then only the gray summits are visible through the dusk and distance. Stars come out slowly and give one a vague feeling of intimate nearness to Heaven, while far below in contrast the lights of the valley indicate the presence of the human element.

Suddenly a bright light is flashed up from the valley. It is 9 o'clock and time for the pre-arranged signal back to the Guide House. The link with friends below is momentarily connected as the guide flashes back that all is well and going according to schedule. Soon all is again silence about, save for an occasional snap and tinkle of a frozen fragment of ice breaking and falling somewhere in the cliff above. A faint rustle of wind whips up the pumice dust about the shelters and the sleeping bags are drawn closer about the shoulders. The constellations in the vast firmament above blink down over all, and a small, big-eyed mouse, proprietor of Hotel Hazard, scampers among the metal pots in his watch to see that all guests are resting well.

Chuk-chuk-chuk—tinkle! The ice gives way to the point of the swinging axe as the guide steps up a 70-degree slope leading to the first terrace in the wall of ice. The climbers have arisen at the appointed early hour and are now tied into the rope at the junction of the rocky ridge and the cliff. By the light of his head lantern the silhouette of the guide above presents a weird picture as he industriously works his way slowly up the ice. Presently, he disappears from view and only the flash of his light on the ice above is seen. A voice comes down to those waiting patiently in the stillness and coldness below, and the second man on the rope steps up to the cliff and follows the steps cut by his predecessor, as his rope is drawn in on the belay held by the guide above. In turn, all are belayed and climb up until they all stand together on the shelf.

The frigidity discourages any desire to spend more time in resting than is required to catch the breath and to relax muscles strained to tenseness in the steep balanced climbing to this shelf. Around an overhanging ice block

they work their way cautiously to the next pitch leading upward. This one, being longer, requires that all climbers are eventually strung out on the hundred-foot rope, after a system of belaying and moving of one man at a time. In the same order, each man then is belayed to the top of this pitch, as the strung-out rope climbs and closes up, and climbs, each movement separate. The small levels cut by the guide enables only two men to stand in the one spot at the same time, and this only when the belayer and belayed meet. When they have all again assembled on the broad terrace above they pause and relax. All this procedure has taken necessary time and each man has had to depend on the light of his head lantern playing on the steps cut by the leader.

In some years the route through the icefall must be made by way of the "chute", a narrow finger of glare ice leading into the cliff directly above the glacier. The present route is preferred, but at times is too perpendicular, and the chute route is taken by dropping from the head of the rock ridge down to the Kautz, then climbing the glacier to the icy slope ahead. Steps are cut up this chute and then diagonally across into the maze of ice pinnacles at the upper edge of the ice cliff. From here a safe route is followed to the level glacier above.

The climbers in the present route have now reached the top of the cliff and they stop to notice a faint glow on the eastern horizon as the skyline is sharply silhouetted against the coming of daylight. The cliff now

eases up to a series of rough crevasses. Icicles hang from their under-cut lips. The snowfield beyond is covered by suncups of two and three feet depth and takes on the appearance of a frozen, choppy white sea. The party now relaxing from the tenseness of the cliff climbing feels relief in the view of comparative levelness of the glacier ahead. Cans of fruit juices are opened and a handful of prunes is eaten slowly.

Excelsior! The party again moves as a whole, strung out on the long rope and following the route picked between and around gaping crevasses to the more open, uncapped expanse above. By now the sun has risen and on the southern horizon the three snow sentinels of the Columbia receive their morning bath of pink, then orange, light. Here, still in the long shadow cast by the Wapowety Cleaver on the east, the party continues moving slowly higher with the rest-step, — a moment's pause on each foot. This step is



*Crevasses near summit
photo by Molenaar*

necessary to the conservation of valuable energy at the rapidly increasing altitude and decreasing oxygen. The orange tint is now spreading over the snowy dome on Point Success high above. The light descends slowly, casting long shadows across the rippled glacier. Working up the center of the glacier and then traversing to the right, the climbers, after several short stops, reach the upper end of the Wapewety Cleaver. This broad ridge of crumbling lava-rock divides the flow of the Nisqually from that of the Kautz at this 13,000' elevation. A slow, sliding scramble brings the party on top of the ridge for their first baptism of sunlight. The exertion of the climb still hasn't created enough warmth to allow the comfortable removal of any clothing and a chill breeze across the ridge encourages the climbers to dodge down into the protection of a veritable labyrinth of extremely deep and sharp-edged suncups. The rope is temporarily loosened and a meat sandwich and chocolate bar is taken with the drink of fruit juice.

The sun now shines brightly upon the arctic scene. From this rocky promontory to the summit a clear and unbroken view is had to the bare crater rim, which appears now as a long black line on the rounded skyline. It is about one and a half miles in a direct line, but still almost two hours climbing time. The glacier up here presents a series of gently rolling humps, each one hiding the presence of a gaping ten to thirty foot crevasse, icy, blue-walled and seemingly bottomless. The suncups directly ahead are deep, but gradually lessen in size and, near the 14,000' level, they are negligible as a climbing hindrance. The view downward to the flat, boulder-covered top of Gibraltar Rock, now a broad plateau, gives a highly different angle view than that seen from the valley below. Above this massive cleaver the rounded white dome falls off and is split into the Ingraham Glacier on the left and the Nisqually Glacier on the right. They flow steeply to the icefalls on each side of "Gib".

With rest and breath restored, the roped party follows the guide's previous knowledge of the route through the maze of crevasses above the end of the cleaver. Some of these are short and wide, filled with fallen ice-blocks, and the route loses little time in skirting the ends. Higher up, others visibly without end or bottom present a problem. New cracks may have opened up and old ones widened, and the route to the summit varies with each ascent. Overhanging lips of bergschrunds, sometimes mile-long crevasses below the crater rim, must often be crossed by narrow snow bridges. On the descent some of these same bridges, now frozen and solid, may have collapsed under the sun's rays and another way down must be sought.

Today the party climbs steadily with short rests at regular intervals and in two hours time after leaving the rock behind they win through and past the last obstacle and ahead lies only a gentle slope upward to the rim of the crater. In exuberant spirits, now only slightly dimmed by the lethargic effects of the high altitude, they push onward and reach the rock. A short rest for unroping and for taking off the crampons is made and they then scramble the remaining distance to the flat top of the rim. A short walk along a segment of the rim brings them to the mountain's summit at Columbia Crest, 14,408' above sea-level, highest point in the State and fourth highest point in the United States.

Many and varied sensations are experienced by the individual upon successfully reaching this highest point. Awesome and widespread, the view on all sides is manifest in its effects on the climber's feelings. The crater depression lying at their feet appears much like a huge saucer one third mile in diameter. The snowfield lying within its rim is round and dips gently to the center. Between the snow and the rim, heat still arising from fissures in the rocks creates, by a melting-out process, steam caves which have in the past saved the lives of weather-bound climbers caught on the summit by sudden fierce winds and blizzards. Looking about from

Columbia Crest, the climbers see the other two of Rainier's three summits, Liberty Cap (14,112') on the northwest side, and Point Success (14,140') on the south-west corner of the triangle thus formed. Between each peak the glaciers dip and sweep downward to disappear from view over the rounded dome of the summit. Far below, they are seen to continue to timberline as so many long, white-banded ribbons. Summit ascents are also made from the Sunrise Park side, up the Emmons Glacier, largest in the United States. This glacier is viewed from the east side of the crater. From here the 11,117' spur of Little Tahoma can be seen far below, splitting the flows of the Emmons and Ingraham Glaciers. On the mountain's west side the seldom-used Tahoma Glacier route is occasionally taken by climbers familiar with that side of the mountain.

In the north the snow covered peaks of Mts. Baker and Shuksan and Glacier Peak stand above the blue horizon haze, while beyond, the white peaks of British Columbia can be faintly seen. On rare days, the Olympics may be seen over the haze usually obscuring the outlines of the Puget Sound. On the southern skyline, a fourth mountain can be seen as Mt. Jefferson takes its place with the Guardians of the Columbia. Below these horizons the lower timbered ridges appear as wrinkles in the surface of the Cascade Range.

After the customary congratulations all around, the register box is found chained to a pipe on the inner slope of the rim. The National Park Service, the Seattle Mountaineers, and the Mazama Club of Oregon each has a book here, to be signed by the climbers, and filled with additional information on the route taken, the date, the prevailing weather conditions, etc. It is always interesting to read through the books and learn about, and compare notes with, other successful parties. Every climb proves different. Often the summit is reached in a heavy wind and cloudcap, or in a chilling fog, and the routes back must be followed by the placing of orange or red-tipped wands throughout the ascent.

After satisfying their curiosity for others' experiences, the climbers relax back against the slope and catch a few winks. The morning has been wonderfully clear and the sun's rays beat down warmly on the prone figures. After a half hours rest the time of 8:30 A. M. beckons the climbers to investigate the presence of life in the valley below. The guide pulls a large mirror from the register-box and with the aid of the sun, starts flashing to the Yakima Park area far below. After a short pause, answering flashes come back, from the Inn, the cabin area, and the campgrounds, from anyone who catches the summit flash. To them this means the presence of climbers on the summit, and much excitement prevails on the valley floor. The guide then walks to where the rim overlooks Paradise Valley, barely discernible far below, and repeats this maneuver. Again a pause, and soon a mirror flashes up from the direction of the Guide House, where Mr. Schurman and the other guides have been waiting and ready.

After an hour's rest spent on the summit the guide prepares the party for the descent by a very necessary cautioning against carelessness in the return trip. In many ways the descent is more dangerous and difficult. This is due often to the over-confidence gained by some climbers in making successfully the ascent. In coming down, the weight will move with gravity and, if not handled properly by a comfortable degree of control, it may result in over-exhilaration and sliding will result. In this expanse of ice one must always be in a position to come to a sudden halt if a hidden crevasse is discovered ahead.

It is about 4:30 in the afternoon when the climbers stomp into the Guide House. With a beaming smile, Mr. Schurman is the first to greet and shake hands with the climbers, and after the questions of gathering friends have been answered briefly but enthusiastically that the now visibly tired climbers are allowed the relief of sitting down and drawing off the heavy and dust-caked boots and hot socks.

"Say, would you fellows like to take a shower and get back into your own clothes? By the time you're dressed and washed up, it'll be time for dinner."

Soon after, another guide comes running from his errand to the Inn soda fountain with four big, double-decker ice-cream cones.

With the coming of evening The Mountain draws the eyes of the valley. The round, icy dome of the summit is glowing for the few fading moments of the day with a ruddy tint of the alpenglow. Across the valley to the west the Tatoosh stands out sharply, a silhouetted series of jagged teeth. The western sky changes from orange to pink, then fades to a gradual turquoise above the horizon. The summit now turns a pale pink as the blue and purple of the lower ridges climb up to extinguish this last light. The Mountain now stands dark and silent in cold grandeur while above stars become faintly visible. From the lighted Inn, the orchestra sends the quiet strains of "Stardust" out into the gathering darkness.

After the busy last week and Labor Day the coming of Fall brings the inevitable and reluctant parting from the mountain. College books and classrooms beckon many back to the cities and towns. Others will take up again in Fall businesses that, Summer-slack, enabled them to enjoy a restful two months in the Park. The horse guides will go east of the mountains to prepare for the outfitting of Fall hunting and pack trips into the Okanogan wilds. Still others will stay on here or below at Longmire working as maintenance crews until the coming of the Winter's busy ski season.

But one thing is certain. They will all remember the glorious Old Hill and will carry back with them to the rush of "civilization" a portion of what the mountain has entrusted to them individually and personally;—perhaps this is in the form of an inspired new confidence in the certainty and conclusiveness of the really important things in life;—or perhaps a cherished memory of a campfire party particularly enjoyed, or of a walk up the trail to a newly discovered flower in some grassy slope, or a hike to the blue depths of an ice cave and over the glacier to where the "melt-water music" plays sweetly and brings peace to the listener and tells him "All is well."

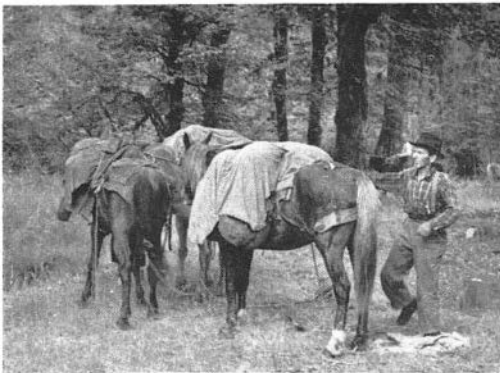
Mr. Schurman has put all our feelings into the lines:

*Last campfires never die,
And you and I on separate trails to Life's December,
Will dream by this last fire,
And will have This Mountain to remember.*

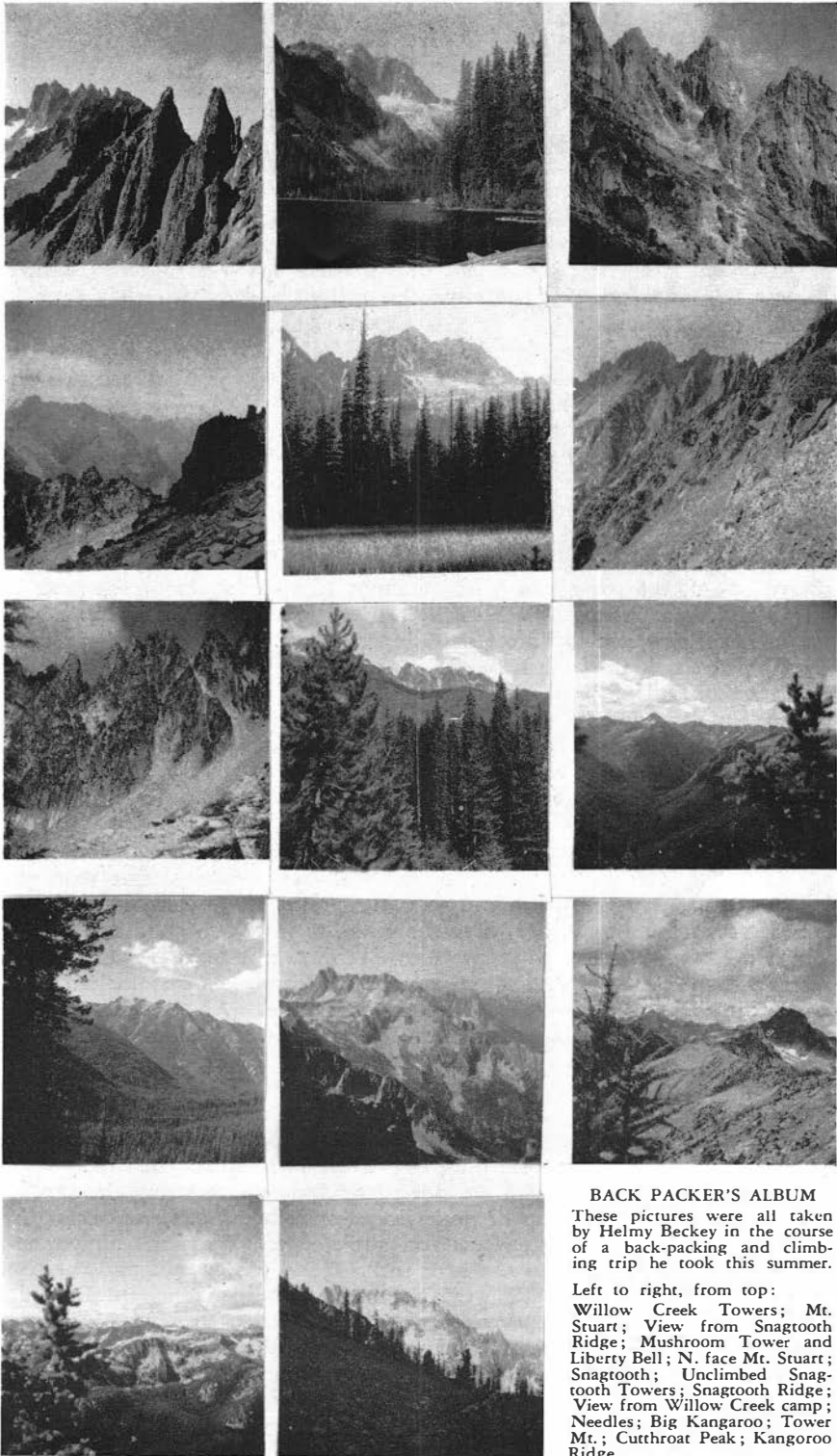
Liberty Cap from Crater Rim

Molenaar





AN ALBUM SHOWING WHAT MOUNTAINEERS DO
Left to right, from top: Roped glacier skiing (Cehrs); Skiing (Klos); Rock climbing (Klos); Camping (Klos); Glacier technique practice (MacLean); Kitsap days (Fitch); Snow climbing (Anderson); Tacoma cruise (Klos).



BACK PACKER'S ALBUM
 These pictures were all taken by Helmy Beckey in the course of a back-packing and climbing trip he took this summer.

Left to right, from top:
 Willow Creek Towers; Mt. Stuart; View from Snagtooth Ridge; Mushroom Tower and Liberty Bell; N. face Mt. Stuart; Snagtooth; Unclimbed Snagtooth Towers; Snagtooth Ridge; View from Willow Creek camp; Needles; Big Kangaroo; Tower Mt.; Cutthroat Peak; Kangaroo Ridge.

14,000 Foot Climbs of the Pacific Coast

By Joseph M. Buswell

ONE DAY in 1939 I was invited to participate in an attempt to climb all the 14000 foot peaks of the Pacific Coast. I was in Denver at the time and some fellow members of the Colorado Mountain Club did the inviting. Most of them had climbed all the 14000's in Colorado and thought it would be a good idea to finish all of them in the United States. At that time there were 50 known 14000's in Colorado, 13 in California and 1 in Washington. Our first count had shown three in Washington (Rainier, Liberty Cap and Success), but some one enlightened us that they counted as only one mountain.

The final plans were for six of us, one being 11-year-old Bob Melzer, to leave Denver, climb the 14 peaks outside Colorado and be back in Denver in three weeks. We didn't make it.

We left Denver in two Fords (not Plymouths, thank goodness), and after almost a non-stop flight of over 1000 miles, arrived at the foot of White Mountain on the evening of my birthday. White Mountain is on the California-Nevada boundary at the north end and on the east side of Owens Valley. We had a contour map and a climber's guide put out by the Sierra Club on how to climb each of the Pacific Coast 14000's. The description of the route said to drive about 10 miles south of the peak to a trail and there follow it back to the top, being sure to take sleeping bags so we could sleep on top after spending all day hiking up the long trail.

We had examined the map and looked at the mountain very carefully as we approached. We stopped at its base and held a conference. It was unanimous that we take the direct route up a ridge that was staring us in the face, and there was no sense in driving 10 miles farther down the road and walking all the way back. We also decided to start up that evening and climb by the light of the full moon, thus avoiding the long, hot climb in the daytime.

We started up about 7:30 that evening, leaving the car at about elevation 5400. The sunset glow on the peak was beautiful but that was before we had become acquainted with the peak. There were a few hours between sunset and moonrise when the visibility wasn't so good and during which we met my first wild rattlesnake. He was quite puny but noisy. The moon finally came up and we paused to watch an automobile traveling down the valley. We watched its lights for miles. About four a.m. we were about 11,000 feet in elevation and very sleepy and tired. Two of the party had trained by putting in extra time at work so as to get away for three weeks, and the practically continuous trip from Denver to Owens Valley hadn't given anyone much rest. Maybe I should except Bob Melzer; he wasn't tired—yet. We built a fire and some of the tough ones (not I) who were packing sleeping bags went to sleep for an hour.

At daylight we struggled on, not particularly appreciating the sunrise painting the Palisade group of peaks located farther south and across the valley. The ridge seemed endless and got steeper. We went higher and higher, picking our way up the bare rock. Noon passed and at 1:30 p.m. we reached the summit. We were not feeling energetic, except Bob—he was still trying to catch butterflies for his collection.

We signed the register, looked at the long trail winding up from the south, wondering if it were an improvement on our route, and decided we would take a short cut back to the cars. (They were still plainly visible down in the valley.) Instead of taking the ridge, we decided to cut down a long snow and rock slide into the canyon north of the ridge and follow the stream bed to the valley and our cars.

I forgot to mention that one of us twisted a knee soon after starting out which didn't help his upward progress any and definitely slowed down his descent. At the foot of the slide we had become two parties of three each. Bob and I were in the same party and he was still going strong. We started down the stream bed and made good progress. We could see the valley beckoning around each turn in the canyon but it never seemed to get any closer. However, we had visions of being at the cars by dark when we came upon a fifty-foot waterfall. The sides of the canyon were very steep talus and hard to climb but we were able to get by the waterfall by climbing up the side for 200 feet and then sliding down the talus to the stream bed below the falls. We arrived at the top of another waterfall and repeated the performance; then another and another. Next the stream bed became a steep water-worn granite chute. We took our boots and socks off and draped them around our necks, and then used five-point suspension to make our way down the smooth rock. There wasn't much water in the stream so we didn't get very wet. Putting our boots on, we started climbing around the waterfalls again. It was getting dark; the valley appeared to be just around the next corner, but it had seemed that way four hours before. Bob was getting tired (I'm not saying how I felt), the stream bed was becoming full of alder bushes and the waterfalls continued to appear. We decided to climb out of the canyon until we could traverse along the side of the ridge to its back and follow it down to the cars. At 9:30 p.m. we started up a steep couloir but soon stopped to await the moon. All three of us immediately fell asleep. The moon awoke us and we started on. After climbing about 1000 feet we started traversing and soon had clear sailing though it was about 1:30 a.m. when we reached camp and stumbled into our sleeping bags. The sun boiled us out about 9:30 the next morning and soon we greeted the other three as two of them limped and one walked into camp. They had spent the night in the canyon and while trying to prepare a level sleeping spot one of them had fallen and wrenched his knee. Thus ended our first ascent with two partial cripples, 6 very regusted people and 13 peaks to go. As we drove away the top looked close, about as close as the top of Rainier looks from Paradise.

After driving south to Lone Pine and spending the night in a tourist cabin, we felt better. We made arrangements to hire a packer and climb the Mt. Whitney group. These mountains lie along the west side of Owens Valley. From south to north (the way we climbed them) they are Langley, Muir, Whitney, Russell, Barnard, Tindall, and Williamson. We drove the cars to about 7000 feet on the slopes just south of Langley, watched the packer load the horses and then started following them up to Army pass. It was a steep, dusty trail with switchback after switchback. We camped at 11000 feet that night at Cottonwood Lakes. (I have not bothered to mention the weather because it was always cloudless and hot, except when the sun went down, whereupon it became decidedly cold. On all of our climbs except White, there was plenty of water, however.) We enjoyed a beautiful sunset, ate a fine supper and got a good night's sleep.

We started for Army pass (12000 feet), where we were to leave the packer with instructions for him to meet us the night after next at the foot of Russell as high up the valley as he could camp. Two of our party had acquired green netting to keep away mosquitoes at night and sunburn in the daytime. As we climbed toward the pass the perspiration started the green dye running down the backs of their necks. It was a very beautiful sight, especially when hit with a snowball.

The packer was unable to reach the top of the pass because of snow, so we took our two-day packs and soon were there. The packer had to retrace his route and go another way but he assured us he would be at the foot of Russell the following evening. We left the trail at the pass

and headed north to Langley and Whitney. Langley was soon reached. It had a wide flat summit, where we ate lunch. We started for Whitney Pass (13,200 feet). This meant dropping down into an open valley filled with brooks, grass and flowers. One of us took a bath (not I, as it was ice cold). Night overtook us on a wind-swept desolate ridge about a thousand feet below Whitney Pass. It was not a comfortable night (if you know what I mean), so we were up early. We didn't thaw out enough to eat breakfast until we reached the sunshine. It sure felt good. We were soon on the trail (highway) to Whitney. A side trip of about 30 minutes took us to the top of Muir. Muir is a projection on the long summit ridge of Mt. Whitney. It is listed as a separate 14,000 foot peak but Mr. Muir should feel insulted if he ever finds out such a puny peak was named after him. It was rather odd to sit on top of Muir and look up at Mt. Whitney towering above.

Following along the highway, we soon reached the top of Whitney for lunch. Except for its northeast face, Whitney is rather an unspectacular looking peak to be the highest point in the United States. The top is an almost level area of several acres in extent. It is certainly unusual to look down on so many 14000-foot peaks without being in an airplane.

We climbed down the rather steep northwest ridge of Whitney about 1500 feet, then across a small basin and up a long scree slope to the top of Russell. Russell is about a mile north of Whitney and has two summits connected by a ridge almost half a mile long. As it is indefinite as to which summit is the higher, it was necessary to climb both of them. From Russell we looked straight down its north face into Wallace Lake, which is just above timber line. Our packer was to meet us that evening as high up the Wallace Lake valley as he could find wood for the camp fire. No sign of smoke from his camp fire was to be seen from the top. Wallace Lake looked very close, however, and we thought it could easily be reached before dark. It was then about 5:00 p.m. and it didn't get dark until about 9:00. We started down the rather steep north face of Russell and were soon engaged in climbing down endless slopes and benches of rock varying in size from small scree to jumbled masses of rock as big as your living room. Again we became separated into two groups as on White Mountain. Three of us reached the lake shore about dark and paused a few moments to see the twinkle of flashlights of the other three wending their way down the rocks. Still no sign of fire or smoke from our camp so we stumbled on down the lake shore for well over a mile but still no camp. It was now pitch dark; we had reached the downstream end of the lake and were in sparse timber. We decided to go a little further, yell once more and call it a day. It was now 10 p.m. and we had been on the move since 4 a.m. We reached the edge of a bench at the end of the lake and there just below us was a roaring fire and camp. What a wonderful sight! We blew up our air mattresses, rolled into our sleeping bags and were dead to the world. What a difference an air mattress makes.

We were eating fried golden brook trout the next morning when the other three came into camp. They had reached the shore of the lake and slept well (they said) on the hard sand. After trying to impress upon the packer the importance of meeting us that evening as high up the next valley as he could find firewood, we started up Barnard. It loomed just above camp and we were soon on top, in time to eat lunch. Five down and two to go for the Whitney group in four days. Still traveling northward, we dropped down and crossed a relatively small basin about two miles across, then up through a pass where we gazed out upon a vast expanse of nothing. The nothingness consisted of a vast valley of rock and sparse vegetation with one lone clump of trees just opposite us. The valley ranged in elevation from 12000 at its upper end to about timber line where it disappeared around the corner to our left. Not a single sign of

camp. It was about 5 p.m. and camp would have looked most inviting. We headed for the clump of trees in the hope the packer might be hidden there. As we crossed the valley we saw recent hoof marks leading up the valley. Even though the valley was immense, it seemed impossible for any human being and several horses to be above us. There wasn't a rock on the floor of the valley big enough to hide one horse, much less several. After a council of war, the party was again split into two groups of three each, one group following the tracks and the other continuing toward the clump of trees. There were many signs of the packer's having been at a good camp site in the trees, but no packer. The other group had found by now that the tracks turned around and led back towards the tree clump. They joined us and we all started following the tracks down the valley. Mile after mile and several camp sites went by, but no packer. About dark we sighted his fire, miles below where we had first sighted our lone clump of trees. He reported that he had traveled far up the valley and stopped at the trees on his way back but had decided the camp was too high and too far from water (it was about 100 yards).

The next morning we all personally supervised the packer as to where he was to meet us that night, by having him take wood and our packs up the upper part of this same valley which we had so cussfully descended the night before. We left a very surprised packer at about elevation 11800 that morning, telling him not to move before we returned. This was one of the few groups of climbers our packer had ever come in contact with and he thought we were crazy the way we tried to hoard elevation.

We continued on to Shepard Pass at the head of the valley, then across an extremely rough but small basin and were soon on the final slopes of Williamson. We strayed from the regular route and got a bit of interesting climbing before reaching the top. Williamson was the farthest north of the group. We could look southerly and see all the peaks we had been traversing for the past few days. Only Tyndall remained and it was just west of Williamson with a long knifelike ridge heading down to Shepard Pass. We were soon back to the only satisfactory packer's camp, as regards elevation, that we had made except for Cottonwood lakes the first night.

The next day we climbed up Tyndall, a nice looking pyramid with a vertical east face. We left about noon and well before dark were about 11000 feet lower and a great many miles away at our waiting cars. That was and still is the greatest drop in elevation I have ever made on foot in one afternoon.

We slept in a bed that night after a T-bone steak dinner. The next day, on to Glacier Lodge and the Palisades. We made the wrong approach to the group by mistaking a back-pack trail for a horse trail. After climbing one of the roughest valleys I've ever seen and over a 13,500 foot pass, we were in the midst of the Palisades. Part way up to the pass with too much on our backs and the first rain of the trip starting to fall, we wondered why we were climbing mountains. The Palisades were too scattered for us to do in four days as planned, especially after we futilely spent a whole day getting within a quarter mile of the top of North Palisade only to fail by reason of an uncrossable drop-off. Uncrossable, that is, in the daylight left to us that day. The Palisades completely defeated us. We ate our third and fourth days' food on the third day and packed back to our cars at Glacier Lodge. Bob Melzer and his father came back the following year and got all of them.

After an exciting race up the winding road to the East entrance of Yosemite Park in the dark to avoid getting locked out for the night, and a stop off at San Francisco we arrived at Shasta. We drove to the end of the road and hiked a mile or so to Mule Camp (8000), where we spent the night in comfort. About the only vivid memory of Shasta is my wish

for a pair of skis and lots of snow instead of the endless rock and pumice we encountered. One other memory—a voyager clad in shorts and tennis shoes who caught up to us on the way up and to whom we furnished food and clothing on top.

Our last and best of the Pacific 14,000's was Rainier, whose climb needs no description to most Mountaineers. We were in good condition and we breezed up the mountain with no sun protection on our skins and suffered no ill effect. Our welcome at the Guide House at Paradise was most cordial by Clark Schurman, a fellow Mountaineer-to-be. He had another one—Lyman Boyer—get the big telescope out and show us the way up the Kautz route. Only two cut steps were necessary going through the ice fall, the weather was perfect and all in all it was a most enjoyable climb. The night at Camp Hazard was a mite chilly, but we didn't get up till 4 a.m. The sun had warmed us up sufficiently at 13,000 feet for us to eat breakfast and we were soon on top.

Thus ended our three week attempt on the 14,000's of the Pacific Coast. It was a lot of fun (except one) even though we missed our goal. Some day I'm going to get that Palisade group.

Going to Glacier III

By Lawrence McKinnis and Harriet K. Walker

HI, THERE, Harriet, what do you think! Betty MacLean wants you and me to write up our trip to Glacier Park for the Annual."

"You don't say! Well, I guess we can do that all right, Larry. Come on, let's sit down now and sort of plan out how we'll write it. Say, I've just thought of something. Do you know, the Mountaineers went to Glacier in 1914 for their Summer Outing. Let me see, that would have been the eighth outing. And of course right in the midst of it the First World War broke out, and they tell how several of the members had to hurry home to look after business affairs. Now they didn't go to Glacier in 1924—that year was one of the famous round-the-Mountain outings. But they did go in 1934, rolled over there and all through and around the Park in automobiles and trucks. I was along that time and, as it happens, I myself wrote up the story for the 1934 Annual. That was Professor Meany's last outing, by the way."

"And now in 1944 you and I have sort of kept up the tradition in decimals."

"That's what I'm getting at. All I was thinking of, though, when you proposed this trip, was of a novel experience. With senility bearing rapidly down upon me, it looked like my last fling at grand adventure. Though why, with fallen arches and a weak back, I ever imagined I could do all the hiking and back-packing you had outlined I don't know!"

"Well, I still think I could have done it, but guess it's just as well we gave up the idea. My pack was awful—all my photographic stuff."

"I'll never forget that Friday evening, July 21st, a couple of hours before traintime, when I finally had everything on my packboard and hefted it. I knew then I couldn't have walked half a mile with it downhill. As a matter of fact, it was bad enough that hot night just standing in the mob at the station waiting to get on the Great Northern train, wasn't it?"

"And do you remember how those hundreds of people stared at us and our packs—and at my long feather?"

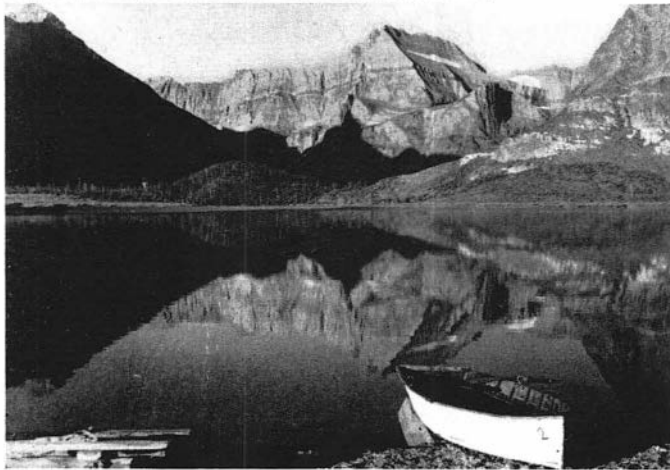
"Well, Larry, that's exactly what you asked for, with that crazy cap and that feather."

"There isn't anything much to tell about the train trip, is there? Just



*Evening on
Wynn—our
back yard at
Many Glacier
Chalet*

McKinnis



*Dawn on
Swiftcurrent
Lake—in our
front yard
McKinnis*

how we stood in the vestibule looking out over the Sound until dark. And then we scrambled up into our upper bunks and could see no more."

"I really enjoyed the scenery across Idaho and Montana that next day, Saturday the 22nd. Let's see, we got to Columbia Falls at 4:30, didn't we? Wish I knew what the passengers actually said when we clumped down out of the train and slogged off toward the town and to the highway on the other side of it. You remember that young kid that picked us up and took us the first seven miles, to Coram, where he lived? I said to him, 'I suppose you go up to the Park quite often,' and he said, 'No, I don't see anything to go there for.'"

"Well, it's all in the way you look at it. I began to think we were never going to get a ride out of Coram, the way we waited."

"Wish you could have seen yourself sprawled on those cases of beer in that trailer."

"Beer or no beer, it was a ride."

"And it got us to Belton for our first night, which was exactly what we wanted. It really was rather an odd experience to stay in that CPS camp over night, but I must say that the nurse and the dietitian made me very comfortable in their quarters even though I must have looked to them like some sort of freak. Maybe we should have stayed the next morning and gone to church at the camp."

"We wouldn't have fitted in very well with those Menonite boys in

their long black Sunday coats. And anyhow we had to be on our way. There we were, twelve miles from our next stop near the upper end of Lake McDonald—hoping that some kind soul would remember the Sabbath and give two wandering waifs a lift. And who should our hoped for benefactors turn out to be but some Indians going for huckleberries. Of course I don't know how we managed to squeeze into the back part of their pick-up, with all that was in there—bags, pails, a tire, gasoline cans. Fact is, I never did get more than two extremities in the truck at one time. The day before I had at least been able to lie down on the trailer of beer cases. Oh, well, a ride was a ride."

"Those were mighty nice Indians."

"Maybe you didn't realize it, Harriet, but when we got to McDonald I was awful shy and it took all my courage to walk to the caretakers' door, knowing their names only. I needn't have worried, however, for nobody ever had a more friendly welcome. After all, we were their first guests of the summer—and maybe their last! In no time we were assured of rooms and, most important of all, of breakfast next morning; so we could use our first day on the seven-mile trip up to Sperry Chalet."

"With mountain goats 'n'everything."

"Yes, true to tradition, goat hair on almost every tree and on the walls of the building itself, and a nanny and a kid by the lake."

"Even if they did interrupt our siesta, or we theirs."

"And after that, I guess our hearts wanted to see the Glacier another two mile up, but our legs had other ideas, and there was still the

ing, as if fourteen miles wasn't already enough exercise for the first day out."

"We got plenty of rest the next day, you remember, Larry. After a grand breakfast and farewell to the Chases, we sit by the highway for nearly an hour and a half. And finally, nearly noon, along comes the young RCAF fellow already late in getting back to his air base up in Canada." seven miles to trek back to Lake McDonald."

"We got there by seven, though, plenty of time to cook our supper by daylight, on the shore of the Lake."

"And to take a little swim while our soup was cook-



Shedding her winter furs.

Photo by McKinnis.

"It didn't take us long to tumble in."

"You know, I think he really liked us when he got to know us. We did so audibly enjoy the scenery—all the way up and over glorious Logan Pass and down the east side and out onto the prairie. And in no time, there we were getting out at Babb Postoffice, around on the east side of the Park, to wait for somebody who could take us back up into the Park to Many Glaciers. So we did some more sitting. Then along comes the Ranger's wife, having driven down the fourteen miles to get the milk and some groceries. We could have ridden back up in her car, but when the Ranger himself happened along with the pick-up truck. . . "

"Oh, I'd always rather ride in a truck."

"'S'all right if you can stand the breeze. And say, do you remember what a breeze there was that afternoon? A gale if there ever was one! And how it came whipping across Swiftcurrent Lake when we got up there to 'Many' and how it went raging around the caretakers' cabin."

"If we had been hiking and back-packing that day, we'd have been right out in it up near Piegan Pass that night, Harriet."

"We couldn't have stood it. It was bad enough to look out at from a warm cozy cabin with a good dinner sizzling on the kitchen range."

"We'll have to tell about our hike the next day. The clouds were still 'down in the valley for a drink,' as I like to say, when we finished breakfast on that Tuesday morning, but you were a game soul, Harriet, to say you'd go to Grinnell Glacier if I would, rain or no rain, and only eight miles, so what? We caught the clouds still asleep on the high trails and tree-tops in the Josephine area, but old Sol turned on the disintegrator and soon the valley was alive with sunshine."

"And cloud shadows chasing along over the valleys for miles around. Incidentally, I wonder if another living soul got way up on that Glacier this summer."

"You know that climb was like a homecoming for me. I'd been there so many times before. As usual I was running around taking pictures while you enjoyed the scenery—and the ptarmigans. You remember how you picked up one of the little birds and held it in your hand, and the mother bird did absolutely nothing about it?"

"Yes, and the tiny thing was so soft I couldn't feel any of it but its little feet."

"Well, we got home again to Knowltons' to a feast of real food instead of bouillon and paper carrots."

"You took some lovely sunset pictures that evening, Larry, remember."

"Yes, and I was up and out before breakfast on Wednesday morning, too, with the old Voigtlander and tripod."

"And we were both on our way plenty early that morning, heading up the Swiftcurrent Valley, past lake after lake, all set about with ghost trees. You say it was in 1936 that the fire came over the pass and swept down that valley. Tragic as it is, there is a certain beauty about those silver trees against a blue sky. The view from the Devil's Elbow back down the valley and even out for miles onto the prairie is a breathtaking one. And farther on, up in Swiftcurrent Pass itself, where we sat down on the Continental Divide and surveyed the whole central panorama of



*Our day at the Glacier
Photo by McKinnis*



View from Devil's Elbow on Swiftcurrent Pass

photo by McKinnis

Glacier—oh, that was magnificent. I close my eyes and study that picture over and over. And if ever at some time in the future I find myself ill with a fever, I'm going to pretend I'm swimming around again in lovely Red Rock Lake, as we did that afternoon on the way back down the valley, and I'm sure my temperature will come down. What a day, what a day!"

"There were two or three other fine trips we could have made from 'Many,' but we had to be on our way."

"Yes, we didn't dare miss the chance that offered to ride down to Babb that evening with the man and wife who had come up to fish, even if it did mean sleeping out on the ground on the Reservation."

"When we crawled out next morning, Harriet, out of the grove of little poplars where we had slept—let's see, that was Thursday, wasn't it—it was so hot and stuffy, especially down by the stream where we cooked breakfast, that our morale was really low. I confess I was tired and sleepy and plenty apprehensive about the possibility of transportation into Canada. Either we got there or we didn't. Just that road through the Reservation and across the Border, and some vehicle would have to carry us. That was a day when silence was golden. I bet if either of us had said anything much we would have cracked. For five hours, there we waited by that garage and filling station across from the store . . ."

"Yes, and the sun climbed higher and the shade got smaller. And you, Larry, lying down for a nap in that little triangle of shadow cast by the gas pump, while I retreated to the north side of the old building. And don't forget how I agonized all day with my sunburned legs."

"Only two cars going over the border, and those actually too full to take another person. I had begun to think of giving Babb as a permanent address. I could just hear you thinking, 'Larry and his hitch-hiking.'"

"And then it turned out just as I suppose hitch-hiking so often does. There you sit, glued to a spot for hours, and then suddenly you are rolling along to some point miles ahead. For just as we were dickering with the native about paying for a ride the 27 miles up to Cardston . . ."

"Just at that moment along come these two ladies out for an afternoon drive. And did I ever begin to expound on the beauties of the Mormon Tabernacle in Cardston and the general thrill of driving over into a foreign country for a few hours."

"Although they didn't need much persuading, I must say."

"Anyhow we found ourselves at Cardston, Alberta at 4 p. m., in time to catch a bus to Macleod so that we could get to Calgary by midnight—farther than our wildest dreams would have placed us a couple of hours earlier. You say you remember that day up the Swiftcurrent, and whenever I get tired I think of that restful trip into Calgary, across the plains of Alberta at sundown—wheatfields and grain elevators, sunset on the Rockies to the west, and night, and the welcome arms of Morpheus stretching from the east. . . ."

"My, but you're getting poetical! You and Morpheus seem to hit it off fine, though. As for me, I couldn't manage much sleeping in that bus. But I watched the lights of Calgary getting bigger and brighter for hours across the plain—just as we used to watch the lights of Chicago as we came across the Lake on the evening boat from Michigan when I was a kid."

"And there we were, back in civilization again."

"And how! Past midnight, and hot and oh, so weary, plodding with our packs on our backs, from one hotel to another."

"Not so bad, though. Good luck at our fourth try, and rooms that were elegance itself in our eyes."

"Even if the Calgary girl we met a few days later did turn up her nose at our choice of hotel, remember. Or should I say, 'at the hotel that chose us'? Only I'll never forget how stifling hot my room was and how bitter was my dismay when I found I couldn't get the window open more than a few inches. And still those awful sunburned legs!"

"And I feel myself yet crouched for an hour over the bathtub, washing all my clothes."

"Well, let's see. The next morning was Friday, and we boarded the 9:30 train for Lake Louise. I still wonder how you had managed to keep your directions the way that bus snaked into town, for as far as I was concerned the train headed straight for Montreal. It did chug right into the Rocky Mountains, however."

"Wasn't it lucky I thought of our stopping over in Banff?"

"I'll say. So it's on with our packs and off up the street to look for lodgings. I've sometimes wished since that we had taken up with the offer of that first lady to let us 'sleep in her grove and use her facilities. The bears might come around and sniff at us but would do us no harm.' Larry, we really missed our opportunity there, for if we had slept in that grove and the bears had sniffed, what a story we would now have to tell!"

"I'll take my bears in museums. The cabin we got in the back yard on Beaver St. was plenty good enough for me."

"The meals at the restaurants were not plenty good enough for me. But the town was interesting, all right, seething with crowds from all over the world, even with the big hotel closed. And with bicycling and photographing and dawdling in the hot springs and shopping—we put in a busy afternoon. Then I had to have a hot shower at our cabin just to get my money's worth even if it did make the third hot bath in 21 hours. Was I ever clean!"

"Saturday morning in Banff the clouds were 'down to drink' again and, even though the sun was shining, you remember, Harriet, I told you they looked sick to me and prophesied rain. Well, at noon we gave the tourist throngs another thrill as we paraded to the train, and when we got off at Lake Louise Station an hour later we were immediately asked if we were 'Mountaineers.' (How did they know?) Remember that dignified lady, that Canadian Alpinist we met near the station and tried to engage in conversation?"

"I remember. Finally I asked her how the weather had been."

"And she said, 'As it is apt to be in the mountains, variable.' I wish

she'd been around to vary that diet of Jupiter Pluvius the Mountaineers had for the next two weeks."

"Old Jupe was pluvius plenteously when we started the trek up Paradise Valley that afternoon, and none too sure of the way."

"By what 'Miracle of Morgan's Creek' did we miss winding up at Moraine Lake?"

"Or at Lake Louise town? I don't recall that I particularly enjoyed that soggy hike. But Lloyd and Mary Anderson and tea and bread and jam and hospitable Canadians at the end of the six miles, and big comfy tents to crawl into—all made the arrival a pleasant sort of homecoming. When Nashie and Coley and Florence Winship came up to camp just before dark we were all nicely set for the rigors that were to face us the next day, Sunday morning, July 30th."

"That was a busy Sunday in camp."

"You said it. What with making the rounds of the camp every forty minutes to beat the snow off the tents—nor is snow one bit warmer to the hands than it looks—and helping Nashie get up a dinner for the Mountaineers when they should arrive in the evening, and you and the camp boys creating the Snow-woman—and all of us ushering in weary Mountaineers up until midnight—"

"Well, that would be about the end of our own story."

"Say, Larry, why don't we write it up just about the way we've been reminiscing here?"

"Let's try it anyhow. We'll try anything, we two."



*Lake
Louise
photo by
McKinnis*



*Faye's
Reflections
McKinnis*

The 1944 Summer Outing

By *Ellen Walsh*

NEVER ever was weather—but no, let's not start off with the weather. First let's remember the joy of reading in the *Bulletin* last spring that there would be a summer outing in spite of transportation difficulties—that once more we might raise our eyes and our feet to the majestic mountains in the honorable company of Mountaineers.

Paradise Valley near Lake Louise. Announcement of the location evoked memories of beautiful Lake O'Hara. And it brought assurance of better weather than prevailed in the Selkirks, which the 1943 outing found definitely moist; for Paradise Valley is east of the divide, the Selkirks west—and even as in the state of Washington east of the mountains is dry and west of them is wet, so also in the Canadian Rockies. At least, so said the advance publicity.

There were more than 90 outing members on the boat when it left the Canadian Pacific terminal on the morning of July 29. The early morning was cool and gray, but as we went north we reached golden, perfect weather and the decks filled with drowsy Mountaineers who blinked contentedly at the sun-drenched islands, the wheeling sea gulls and the camouflaged ships which punctuated the journey.

At Victoria almost everybody got off for a quick look at the city and the outing committee, grimly determined that not one of their charges should be left on the dock at sailing time, counted them off and on again.

A few more perfect hours brought us to Vancouver, where three sleeping cars on the first section of the train were reserved for Mountaineers. These cars have come out of well-earned retirement to meet the present emergency. Once they were the last word. Now, with rattling joints and feeble lighting, with dusty plush and bumpy footing, they roll again.

And so to bed. Did anyone use a ladder to get into an upper berth? Not to the writer's knowledge. Instead, we found handholds here and footholds there and soon we were up and settled and sleeping happily with friends about us and mountains ahead.

The next day brought us through ever more beautiful scenery, past the Selkirks of rainy but loving memory, past the spot at Lake Wapta where the 1941 outing members put on their boots and started on the trail to Lake O'Hara and into the shadow of an ugly rumor that our dunnage was delayed.

The rumor was officially confirmed. A landslide had blocked the track just after our section of the train passed—and the dunnage was in the second section. We would have to wait at Lake Louise unless we had our boots with us.

Most of the party, being bootless, waited. At this point the weather became the leading topic of conversation. Was it true what we heard about Paradise—that its trails were paved with snow? Lloyd Anderson, who had come in from camp to meet the train, said no—the valley was covered with snow, but the trails were paved with slush. Immediately a substantial contingent decided to spend the night under the roofs of Lake Louise.

When at last the dunnage came, scores of willing hands helped to sort it out into the utmost confusion while everybody changed clothes, left suitcases in the baggage room and crowded into the buses which took us to the beginning of the six-mile trail to camp.

It was evening as the long line started up the trail. Then it was night and the line had separated into small groups which grew quieter as they walked on by snow-light and in growing weariness. Wondering, some of them, if they could be on the wrong trail. There was a last cruel steepness in the slushy trail and then, off to the left, the welcome lights of camp.

Then we were in, eating hot soup and bread pudding and being tremendously impressed by the dining tent and the tables for sitting to eat at.

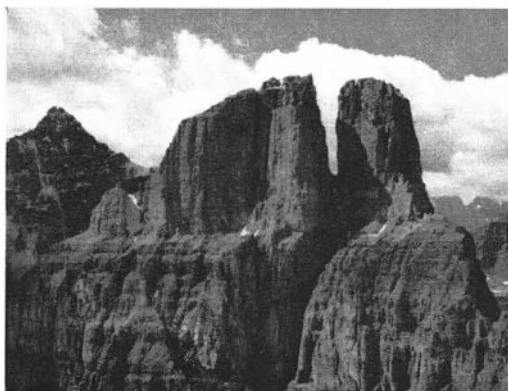
Those tables for sitting to eat at were only the first of the items of Canadian Alpine Club equipment which claimed our admiration. Loyal though we might be to our own individual pup-size tents, we felt a great affection for the canvas dormitories standing there in the snow ready-pitched and dry-floored, big enough for five people to live in comfortably. Even the necessity for getting up every hour that night to knock the accumulated snow from the tent roof did not lessen that affection.

The next day saw a busy camp with everyone making trenches to drain off the melting snow, with late arrivals getting settled and with short exploratory hikes.

Paradise Valley is small and lovely. Camp was at about 7000 feet, close to the timberline, with Paradise River racing past it in several shallow, ice-cold channels. The valley is shut in by peaks that rise steeply to form a 3000-foot wall broken by narrow passes. Beautiful Mount Temple is the highest peak, but its chief distinction in Mountaineer annals will always be that it was the scene of Tenny's Bellamy's epic ascent. A mirthful classic among climbing chronicles, his report made that night's gathering the campfire of convulsions.

More interesting than Temple to the climber is Pinnacle, the ascent of which is made with the help of a fixed rope. "And," said Bill Long wistfully, "I sure don't see how the guy that put the rope up made it." It was on Pinnacle that some of the Juniors learned that when the leader says bring tennis shoes, you bring tennis shoes or climb wincing in your socks.

Eiffel, with its shuddery exposure and scree-covered ledges, had an especial fascination because its inaccessible tower stood (and still stands) as an unclimbed challenge. Its summit was reached by several parties. The



Eiffel Tower

photo by Lind

little peak unofficially called Paradise offered the most value for a small climbing investment. On the first day it gave the climbers a workout and a view. Later in the week it was conquered by scores of valley pounders.

Across the valley Mount Aberdeen, climbed on a comparatively clear day, afforded an impressive and beautiful view of LeFroy, Victoria, Lake Louise, the Bow Valley and beyond. Toward Lake Louise stood Fairview. It was everybody's mountain, having a trail all

the way to the top and affording photogenic vistas in every direction.

Between Aberdeen and LeFroy is Mitre Peak, odd-shaped, unlovely, the ascent of which is what rock-climbers call "interesting." Each time it was climbed, a group of spectators gathered by the campfire and followed the progress of the party with the aid of field glasses.

Three parties made the trip to Lake O'Hara and back by way of Wasatch, Wenkchemma and Opabin passes. On the first trip one group returned by Abbot Pass, making an attempt on Mount Victoria but being defeated by weather conditions.

During the second week of the outing the weather changed for the worse, giving us steadier, heavier rain instead of alternate sun and shower.

In spite of this, some of the climbers who had made all the nearby peaks crossed Wastach Pass to climb in the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Neptuak was the most interesting climb reported from this region.

It will never be known how many bathing suits went on the outing because most of them never emerged from their dunnage bags. Only five persons out of the hundred and five on the outing are known to have braved the icy water and their period of immersion varied from two seconds to five minutes. Nevertheless, the trail to Lake Annette was popular. So was the delightful stroll to the Giant Steps, where water cascades over smooth blocks of stone among flowery meadows.

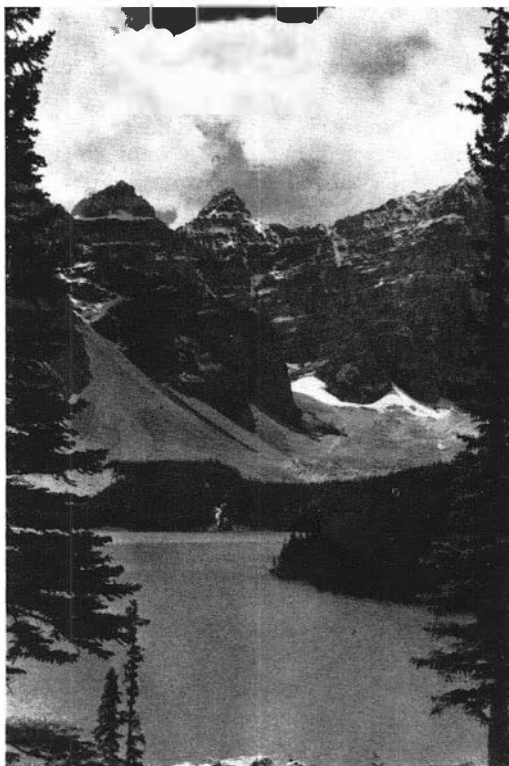
Easily the favorite among lovers of the beautiful was the trip through Sentinel Pass and Larch Valley, on down to matchless Moraine Lake. This became immediately popular when it was discovered that one could get a bus ride back from the lake to the Paradise Valley trail.

The trip to the Saddleback, with strawberries on the switchbacks and ice cream at the Lake Louise end of the trail, had an obvious lure that drew climbers and valley pounders alike.

The same lure—food—drew them even more powerfully along the trail to the dining tent, where the race to get a seat at the tables inside away from the weather enlivened each dinner hour. Who will forget that most torrential downpour of them all which came just when the line was longest and hungriest?

Some special word of tribute must be spoken of the indomitable committee which battled victoriously all the vagaries and malice of supply and transportation. For the first three days no food at all came into camp and we lived (not too badly) on what was left from the Canadian Alpine Club's commissary. Then things began arriving in eccentric profusion. Sausage, for instance. It was ordered to arrive in suitable installments, but one rainy morning the entire supply came in at once and Wilford Playter found himself blessed with one hundred five pounds of little breakfast pigs. And if Gus Morrison has nightmares, a certain mulish pack train foreman will certainly figure in them.

Certain pictures, certain incidents, always stand out vividly in memories of an outing. When we remember Paradise, we'll always see the snowlady standing guard by the dining tent—Coley ministering to the miserable with the ever ready paregoric—Carol Mittun wearing a sunsuit while everyone else shivered—the stubborn, tricky saddle horses who made mounted trips so interesting—Larry Lowry and Nancy Bickford, the sub-juniors—



Moraine Lake and part of 10 peaks McKinnis

the many photographers roaming valley and mountain in their wistful search for sun—Nashie presiding over a crowded kitchen—the rainy-day taffy pull—Canadian Kay Frost handing us questionnaires about why we came.

The six-peaker banquet was the outstanding social event of the trip. Freshly scrubbed white oilcloth and polished tin glistened on a table decorated with arrangements of mountain flowers and a centerpiece (created by Gail Baskerville) that was a miniature of Paradise Valley. A highly-trained corps of waitresses scurried about under the watchful eye of an alert French headwaiter. Dinner music was rendered by a unique orchestra, whose vocal selections included the beautiful, newly-composed "Hymn of the Six-Peakers".

What can only be described as a glittering galaxy of talent enlivened the campfire programs. We went to a ball game with Doctor Mittun's Scandinavian friend. We toured Glacier Park with Larry and Harriet. We watched Nancy Bickford tame a lion and met the educated packhorse (apparently of Gallagher extraction). We took a rest cure with Ed Hart and heard Helen Kratzipger's shepherd's pipes. Dr. Buscheck told us about the Appalachian trail. August Fruge reported on the Sierra Club outings. Mary Ellen Russell introduced us to some rocks. Ronald Ruddiman and Mabel Furry kept the singing going, while Mr. Little presided as master of ceremonies and Art Winder planned the programs.

Remember family night at the campfire? It was surprising to realize that thirty-four people on the outing were there as members of family groups. Most startling to the eye of all the family stunts was the Rueter effort, for which Bill, Mrs. Bill and daughter all donned red and white striped T shirts to sing the true story of a Mountaineer romance. Bill edited the camp newspaper, too, discovering talent of various kinds among members of the outing.

On one rainy evening we passed Elizabeth Schmidt's botanical specimens from hand to hand about the campfire circle while she bade us note that the nature of the vegetation proved that Paradise Valley normally had dry weather.

To the fact that 1944 was abnormally moist we owe some of the most beautiful memories of the valley—storms rushing down from the peaks and sweeping across the valley, flowers glittering with raindrops in the sudden sun that followed showers, avalanches thundering daily on the great cliffs of LeFroy.

Camp was scheduled to break up on Friday, with early rising so the pack train could bring in the dunnage to catch the one o'clock train at Lake Louise. As the eccentricities of the pack train became more evident, there was a rush to make reservations in Lake Louise for Thursday night. About half the camp went in on Thursday and spent that evening in shopping, boating on Lake Louise and attending an organ concert at Deer Lodge.

Back in Paradise Valley Friday dawned clear and perfect and as the Mountaineers started down the trail Mount LeFroy celebrated their departure with one last tremendous avalanche.

Everybody made the train, delighted to find we had our three special sleepers again. An uneventful return trip brought us to Vancouver, where a brief shopping raid sent us on the boat loaded with articles ranging from Tenny's Bellamy's roast chicken to the more esthetic china teapot.

As evening came on, the upper deck filled with Mountaineers singing away their last night together under the stars. The lights of Seattle started slipping past us. We were in Elliott Bay, turning in toward the dock. Art Winder announced the Good-Night Song. We stood to sing it. The 1944 outing was officially ended.

Watching the Planes Go By

By Catherine Eastwood

WE HAVE been spending our summers in the high Cascades in such remote places as Three Fingers Look Out in the Mt. Baker National Forest, but never did I dream that I would someday live all winter in a look out.

However, since the war many of us are doing queer and unusual things, and so it has been with us. It was in the winter of 1942 and 1943 that there was such a great need of keeping a constant watch of the skies for enemy planes, that the Army Fourth Fighter Command gave the Forest Service the great task of carrying on the constant vigil in our vast mountain country. That is how we happened to spend a winter of solitude in the Cascade mountains at Stampede Pass. Since Harland and I had been working in this particular area during the summer for the Forest Service, we were quite well acquainted with the country and were asked to spend the winter at Stampede Pass, doing Aircraft Warning Service work which meant a twenty-four hour day reporting all planes seen or heard and also taking the weather.

Of course we were quite thrilled and accepted the offer, as this would mean spending a grand vacation to a skier, which would last for six months. The area we were to live in had perfect ski terrain with light fluffy powder snow to entice one.

During the month of October we spent most of our time in Seattle purchasing our supplies of food and clothing, enough to last us for six months or more. The first of November we went to our home in the mountains for the winter. However, it wasn't quite that easy, for as luck would have it this was to be one of those early hard winters. It began snowing the last part of October, and by the time we got to North Bend where our Forest Service headquarters was, there was so much snow on the road to Stampede Pass that it was impossible for a truck to make the trip. Even the small Forest Service "cat" could not do it, so finally after spending a week making futile attempts, a big 50 "cat" was used to clear a way for the truck, and after several more days passed we got ourselves and all our supplies to Stampede Pass, and began to take over our new duties.

The Forest Service had built a little cabin for us to live in as the look-out would be much too cold for winter dwelling. The first few weeks were spent getting our cabin cozy and liveable. During my watch in the evenings I painted all the woodwork, and made bright curtains for the windows and with a few pictures on the wall the cabin looked quite homey.

Thanksgiving would soon be here—my, how the time did fly. It was out of the question for us to have a turkey as the small oven would never hold even half a bird. So a few days before Thanksgiving Harland skied out to the main highway where a Forest Service truck met him with our mail and a few groceries, mostly a lovely beef roast and a few fresh vegetables. We had a grand dinner, but the weather was nothing more than a howling blizzard with the wind tearing by our door in a fury indescribable, tossing icy crystals of snow about madly. It seemed as though the snow-laden clouds had settled down upon us for a good long visit, as all it had done was snow since we arrived and was to continue doing so for a good long while to come. Both of us were longing for some nice sunny days, as our skis were well waxed and ready for a nice run down the hill in front of our cabin.

By this time we were getting used to this odd way of living with nothing to do but look, that was when we could see as our visibility was

nearly always zero, and listen for planes. We had brought plenty of reading material with us to keep us busy. Harland purchased some choice books on climbing in the Himalayas that both of us enjoyed very much. Harland busied himself carving model planes out of cedar. He made all English models while one of the other men at another post made American ones. Soon our small room was swarming with airplanes suspended from the ceiling.

I, of course, did some knitting. Never had I tried making stockings, but that was my goal for the winter. After knitting diligently for weeks, I finally arrived at the heel of one stocking, but I just could not figure those directions out. What a jumble of words they can be when one is a little dense at following knitting directions. At last I gave up and ravelled out the whole stocking. This made me more determined than ever to knit a pair of stockings, so I made the spiral ones, no heel to worry about. It really was not a bad idea either for that eliminated the worry of getting stockings large enough for Harland's number fourteens.

When the weather did clear up long enough for me to get my oil paints out, I would do a little sketching. I managed to paint several scenes during the winter. However, I would usually put my skis on and go outside for a little exercise which I so badly needed.

Christmas was a big event for us up here. All our presents we brought with us when we came in, and we had them neatly packed away in our attic. The temptation was great but we both managed to keep out of the boxes until Christmas.

The week before Christmas I spent most of my time decorating our cabin and baking a lot of cookies. I was so in hopes of someone skiing by and dropping in during the holidays. Up until now we did not have any visitors other than the two Pacific Telephone and Telegraph linemen who were on a case of line trouble. Christmas and New Years passed by without a soul coming by. The weather of course was at its worst. But the day after New Years Day we did have two visitors stop in. They were both Mountaineers from Meany Ski Hut, Elenor Buswell and Ken MacLean. Betty MacLean had wanted to go on this trip but she seemed to be the chief cook at Meany over the holiday as the cook was sick so that kept Betty pretty close to the kitchen. However, she made the trip from Meany the next time they came skiing. Elenor and Ken stopped in for a short visit and a cup of tea. They gave us all the news and gossip about Seattle.

Now that word had gotten down to Meany Ski Hut that they had neighbors up at Stampede Pass, others made their way up the hill to have a perfect run back to their cabin. The very next day a few more Mountaineers came up: Roy Snider, Sally Gorham, Elov Bodin, and Ted Murray. For the remainder of the ski season we were to see many Mountaineers on Saturdays and Sundays. They always brought something along for us such as fresh vegetables, fruit, newspapers, and other current reading material. How these gifts were appreciated. However, the most unusual gift was an egg beater that Bill Marzolf brought. Since mine seemed to be missing after unpacking our supplies, and to buy one was impossible as there just were not any to be had, Bill managed to find one somewhere and brought it up to me. Maybe he has forgotten about it by now, but I certainly haven't.

I usually had a little snack for the skiers such as some hot tea or coffee and cinnamon rolls or cookies. For who isn't feeling that gaunt feeling after a good brisk climb up the hill on skis.

Our last visit from the Mountaineers was on Palm Sunday, and those making the trip were: Ken MacLean, Florence Otteson, Charles Cehrs, and Betty Webb. After that skiing wasn't very good. However, quite a few made four or more trips up to see us during the ski season.

By this time we were both looking forward to spring as we had had

plenty of snow and wind. Both of us enjoyed a grand winter up there in the mountains doing our wee bit for the war, and also getting in a lot of good skiing, but were anxious to get back to civilization. It wasn't until the middle of May that we were able to move our supplies out and leave. We were both happy to go, but in our hearts there was a bit of sadness, for we knew that never would we be spending such a delightful winter again.

Conservation and Post-War Planning

TOO often in the past have the groups interested in conservation been forced, so to speak, with their backs against the wall, to defend National Parks, Forests, and other areas of interest to the outdoor lover, against the inroads of selfish interests, and forced to take hasty, and not always well planned, action against these moves. It is for the purpose of attempting to eliminate such possibilities in the post war future, that the Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs is looking ahead in an effort to anticipate any high powered development or threats to the hard won bastions of the wilderness.

Among those threats, of course, looms large the problem of mechanized travel which always develops enormously during the period of war, such as we are now going through. Chief among them are vehicles such as the jeep, or half track, which open up possibilities for travel unknown before. These would be controlled and confined to routes regularly assigned to motor travel, to keep them from turning all our wilderness areas into a network of roads. The various type of aircraft will also be in demand as a source of travel expediency. The helicopter is already being studied by the Forest Service as a means of patrolling and spotting fires and it offers some fine possibilities in this respect. However, the agencies that govern our forests and parks should have means at their disposal in the form of legislation or otherwise, to control the use of all aircraft in the areas under their jurisdiction, in order to prevent landing fields established in areas where they are not needed, as well as to prevent the wild life from being exterminated in those areas.

The question of motorized travel brings up the problem of private ownership of lands in existing National Parks, and in some cases in the National Forests. Under such ownership, of course, the officials have no power to control the use of that land, except for fire prevention, and the result is that taverns, gas stations, and other installations not in keeping with the policies of the Park or Forest departments spring up. This problem will be accentuated by the use of mechanized travel via jeep or aircraft, if the owners turn their land into landing fields or parking lots. There is other danger too, in private ownership within the National Parks, which has been brought sharply into focus by the recent threat by the Northern Pacific Railway to log timber contained in an area on the Longmire highway in Rainier National Park. To eliminate these threats a program of purchasing all private land within the national parks should be undertaken, and a fund for that purpose should be in the hands of the Director at all times, to make purchases as the opportunities present themselves. This is for property within present park boundaries, since it is illegal for the Parks to purchase or acquire land outside the established boundaries without congressional approval. Failing to purchase the private properties, the various park superintendents should endeavor to obtain commitments from the property owners not to develop their holdings in a manner not compatible with National Park standards. There is also considerable land within National Forest boundaries which should be acquired by the Forest

Service by purchase, or outright gift, which should be beneficial to the recreational set up. One such area is near Snoqualmie Pass, where privately owned land threatens the whole set up of the Forest Service there.

A great problem that faces the Parks and Forests, and State Parks too, is the factor of restoring to normal conditions, trails, roads, and other installations, which have been permitted to deteriorate during the war period due to lack of funds and a manpower shortage. This is extremely serious in some cases, as a wide spread fire in some of the remote areas could cause immense damage due to the inability to quickly approach the area stricken over washed out, or wind fallen trails. Sufficient funds to care for this condition should be allotted to these agencies. In Senate Bill 2105, which provides funds at the rate of \$4,250,000 per year for three years after the war for the purpose of construction, reconstruction and maintenance of roads, trails, and bridges in Park Service areas, as well as \$5,000,000 yearly for the same period for construction and maintenance of parkways to give access to Parks and Monuments. This has passed the Senate and is now up before the House for approval. This is a start in the right direction, and it must be allowable in proper amounts to the Forest Service as well. The matter of restoration assumes added importance when it is considered that the Forests and Parks both expect a tremendous upsurge of travel immediately after the war. However, not only in the post-war period are these funds necessary, for if the forest and park programs are worth while at all, they are worth while being kept in a proper manner.

Some other considerations, particularly in the State of Washington, which are of interest are Forest Service plans for post war work. Of especial value are the program of forestation, both in the timber management plans, and fire control, which indicates the service is looking forward on long range plans for the preservation of both commercial and recreational values of the forests. Among recreational plans are the establishment and enlargement of camps, with emphasis being placed on the smaller, more remote camps, the plans for increased ski facilities, which include the expanding of the Snoqualmie Pass, Stevens Pass, Naches River, and Mt. Baker areas, and new developments at White Pass, on the completion of that highway. Present plans include warming sheds as well as trail shelters for touring.

National Park plans will continue along the lines of the master plans which have been worked out for all parks on a long range basis. This is a sound program, and needless acceleration of these long range plans could easily prove disastrous.

This whole Annual could very easily be filled with the discussion of the problems of conservation, and the plans and recommendations for carrying out a sound and sensible conservation policy, not only for the Pacific Northwest, but for the country as a whole, and it is hoped that many of our Mountaineer members will take a more active interest during the coming years in this most interest of subjects. In the past history of the club some of its more glorious pages have been written on conservation subjects. And we shall continue to make that history.



With the Mountaineers in 1944

By Jo Anne Norling

THIS year under the able leadership of our guide, Art Winder, the Board of Trustees, and the various committees, we have seen the summit of many peaks, left ski tracks on many snow slopes and trichoni marks on many trails, and enjoyed many evenings of comradeship in business and fun.

The strangeness of our new location has worn off; now our clubrooms feel like home again. And though the war may have put restrictions on transportation and equipment, there is no rationing of ingenuity. The Mountaineers have kept a full program of all activities, and the increasing membership is proof of their success.

The junior members have continued to become more and more an important part of the club life and activities, and it was decided that they should be represented on the Board of Trustees by one of their own group which they will elect.

\$4,000 has been invested by the club in war bonds.

A special committee has formulated a code to promote greater safety in climbing. This code must be signed by all junior applicants for membership, and it is desirable that all members take the pledge.

At the annual convention of the Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs held in September in Portland, Art Winder was appointed to serve on the executive committee as vice-president for the state of Washington. The Mountaineers presented resolutions opposing the sale of property within Rainier National Park boundaries and the addition of land to the Jackson Hole National Monument to be included within Grand Teton National Park, as these measures did not comply with National Park Standards as adopted by the Federation.

Fred Q. Gorton was awarded the 1944 Service plaque, and Willard Taylor was presented with the Local Walks cup. In tribute for outstanding service to the club, an honorary membership was awarded to Charles Farrer.

Many enjoyable evenings were spent this year in our new clubrooms. Art Winder began a series of concerts featuring records from his fine collection. Other music lovers have loaned their favorites, till now an evening is set aside at least once a month for those who appreciate good music. Just lately, a group of bridge devotees have had several get-togethers, and the turnout has encouraged plans for the future. An outstanding feature was an exhibit in the spring of color photographs of Switzerland, her rugged mountains and picturesque towns.

Brisk clear early spring mornings, lazy summer days, and the gold and red afternoons of fall found the trail trippers always ready to enjoy their beauty. Under the leadership of Willard Taylor the committee planned a series of very well attended trips. Transportation difficulties were solved often by riding the ferries; in this way little known beauty spots around Lake Washington and on Puget Sound were discovered and appreciated by "the knights of the cup and spoon". Kitsap cabin proved a popular gathering place, and the annual rhododendron walk held there proved a gala affair.

The Mountaineers suffered a great loss this year in the destruction by fire of Snoqualmie Lodge. Over 20,000 names have been registered since its completion in 1914; each have contributed to its background of tradition. Vince Millspaugh and his committee had done a great deal of work to make the lodge an even more desirable place, and this season proved to be a particularly popular one. We look forward with anticipation to the time when this spirit is carried over into the planning and building of a new lodge.

Winter was welcomed by all ski happy Mountaineers who voted Meany Ski Hut as much fun as ever, in spite of the late snowfall. Though transportation was limited, each weekend found an eager lineup at the ski tow which now runs to the very top of the lane, while the more adventurous explored cross country as far as the summit of Baldy Mountain. Remembering how much the evenings were enjoyed after a day of skiing, plenty of hands were willing to fill the coalbin and pile the wood high for the coming winter during the four work parties this summer.

Highlights of skiing this year included a gay Mardi Gras and obstacle race as well as the annual club competition. Ann Cederquist and Elov Bodin won the women's and men's slaloms, Helmy Beckey took the downhill, while Bob Winder was awarded the cup for junior high-point man. The Mountaineers four-girl team won the Snoqualmie Club's meet for the second consecutive time.

The ski committee headed by Dave Lind held a successful Ski Mountaineering Course, from which five graduated. Four good ski tours were arranged, as well as a roped skiing practice on Nisqually Glacier. The initiation was held at Meany Ski Hut's October work party. Several special meetings were held during the year, and all skiers showed their versatility by turning out for the ice-skating parties.

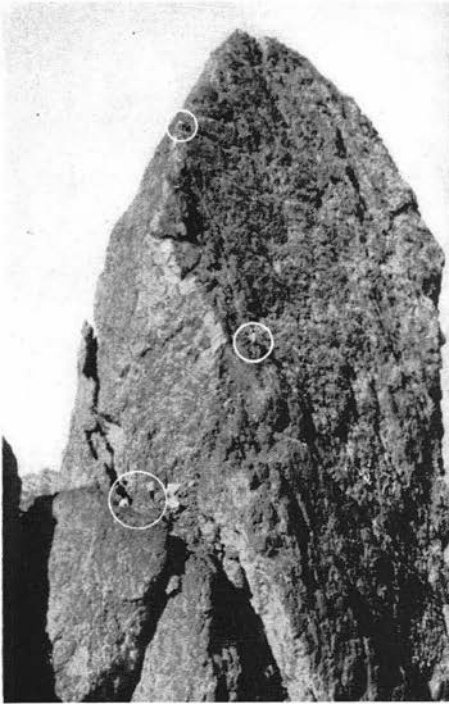
Although gas rationing curtailed the planning of many distant trips, the Climbing Course scheduled successful climbs of Lundin, Tooth, White Horse, Chair, Gunn, Three Fingers and Kaleetan. Forty-four Mountaineers signed their names in the register at the summit of Rainier on July 23, having made their way up the Kautz route with Dave Lind as party leader. The annual graduation party was held at Camp Long where the thirty-nine who passed Elementary and the twelve Intermediate Course graduates were initiated by a gleeful alumnae.

The Korobuchka is still one of the most popular dances, even though no one as yet can agree on spelling or pronunciation. Polish Hall echoed again to the gay music of schottisches, polkas, and the hambo, as Joe and Elenor Buswell boasted of attendance of often over a hundred at every old time dance held this year. The Ski Committee popularized the square dance with four special dance sessions. The crowds became too large for the Greenlake Field house, so the last two were held at Holly Park. And many danced half the night, only to start out early the next morning on a climb or ski tour!

On April 14th, the Annual Mountaineer Dinner was held at the Chamber of Commerce. Our thanks to Art Winder, toastmaster; to Wilbert Kilvington for his fascinating story of his navy experiences in the South Pacific; and to Helen Taylor, chairman, for a wonderful evening of good food and entertainment. And even for those who did not go on the Summer Outing, the Reunion Banquet was packed with fun; a reflection of the Outing, despite the threat to plan the next one at Death Valley where it never rains.

1944 has been a year which has proven that the spirit of comradeship and cooperation among all those who love the peace and grandeur of the mountains and the quietness of the forest trails will persist during war. It is this mutuality which the one hundred and eighty-one Mountaineers now in the service are looking forward to finding again when they return. Berg Heil! A mountaineer salute to the year 1944 and a greeting to 1945.





Upper left: Climbing party on Cruiser (photo by Anderson); Lower left: El Dorado; Upper right: Deception Pass; Center: Glacier Peak; Lower right: Mt. Olympus. (photos by Watson)

An Old Friend

By Vince Millspaugh

THIRTY years ago a fine log building was erected high on the side of the deep mountain valley of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie River. Since that time Mountaineers and their friends have made at least twenty thousand visits to this place. It is probable that the true figure would be closer to twenty-five thousand as the available register dates only from 1926 and it contains over 17,000 signatures.



Exterior and interior views of Snoqualmie Lodge. (photos by Millspaugh)

Over this long period of time Snoqualmie Lodge became, from the very beginning, one of the most important institutions in the club. The building itself was beautifully designed, and retained to the last, despite its rugged accommodations, an atmosphere of hominess and welcome. This can be attributed to its good design; the good workmanship and solid construction put into it at the beginning. Many committees, work-parties, and individuals have worked and served, for their own and their fellow-members' enjoyment, in its operation, improvement and maintenance.

But more essentially Snoqualmie Lodge was an institution of people—the members of our club who used it for their various forms of recreation. At first it was popular the year around as a base for skiing and climbing and for general recreation. It was reached by train to Rockdale followed by a two-mile trail trip. But those hardy old-timers came up oftener and in greater numbers than later when use of the highway cut the trail trip in half. The highway made climbing most

of the Lodge peaks so easy from the car that the Lodge was less frequently used as a base. After 1938 the members used the Lodge mostly for recreation with climbing and skiing becoming incidental.

Here are some highlights of the history of the lodge:

Nov. 9, 1913, one hundred eleven were in a party that went up to look over the proposed lodge site. The plans were drawn by Carl Gould (member) and work started May 8, 1914.

Dedication day was June 21, 1914, and found the log walls up and roof partly done. The ceremonies were held with Professor Meany, Professor Turner, Mr. A. H. Denman, and May Ingraham speaking. Afterwards everyone made up a work party and carried up shakes for the roof. Individuals and work parties labored during the summer until the Lodge was ready for occupancy by August. Between June 21, 1914 and Oct. 17, 1915 eight hundred signatures were put on the register. The bricks for the stove chimneys went up from Rockdale in Mountaineers' rucksacks. The Forestry Service cooperated, as usual, in every way.

If space permitted much more could be written of the many interesting things that happened in connection with Snoqualmie Lodge. But they remain in the happy memories of the people who used it through the years. As Professor Meany wrote so many years ago in a dedicatory poem about the Lodge:

*"This mountain-mothered refuge
Our love of earth fulfills—
Who seeks will here find shelter,
A balm for storm-born ills."*

The Year in Everett

By Catherine Crayton

FACED with the prospect of an inactive year, resulting from reduced membership and a gasoline supply diminishing toward the point of non-existence, the Everett branch might well have resigned itself to tiddlywinks in the parlor or Sunday promenades on the front porch. But when things look worst for the Mountaineers they always break out in a rash of ingenuity. The year in Everett is a good example of what the mother of invention can accomplish when put to it.

Reviewing all the things we have done, the good times we have had, and the variety of our entertainment, we can hardly believe so much was accomplished on an average of two cars and two gallons each a trip. With self-denying thrift those who own cars put the rest of us in their debt. Most frequent drivers on trips were Herman Felder, Jane Taylor, the Lehmanns, Mabel Hudson, and Bert Church. On one occasion, reverting to a mode of transportation common to our group some twenty years ago, we entrained at the Great Northern station for Sultan, and hiked from that point to Young's River.

Our round-the-year trips numbered more than twenty, including four peaks attempted, and two (Higgins and Three Fingers) climbed. Among other outdoor activities was a work party at the Campfire Girls' Crab Apple Lake camp.

One Sunday found us in the black berry patches on Lake Roessiger.

But probably the most novel and satisfactory outing was the one characterized by the shortest walk and the most food-crabs! At Kayak Point we demolished nearly a boat load of these crustaceans, caught for us in advance but prepared by our own efforts. Most of us returned home with a supply for at least the next week. It is rumored that the crab feast will become an institution.

For outdoor enjoyment there were several more or less informal meetings combining business and entertainment, always with refreshments. Usually there were moving pictures or colored slides of Mountaineer activities. The high point of our social life was a Thanksgiving dinner, at which our former chairman, Clifford Shelden, was host to the entire membership.

To add to our enjoyment, Mountaineers from out of town, especially from Seattle, have frequently joined us in indoor as well as outdoor sports. More than once they contributed much of the entertainment.

At the annual meeting on September 22, 1944, these officers were elected: John Lehmann, chairman; Beulah Brown, secretary; Herman Felder, treasurer; Chris Lehmann, trustee. Considering how much of this year's success was due to the efforts of this group, we predict equal success for next year.

The Year in Tacoma

By Clara Young

THE annual banquet October 20 at the Masonic Temple climaxed another busy and profitable year. The doings of the Tacoma Mountaineers, now 110 strong, have been many and varied during 1943-44. There have been crab cruises, bicycle jaunts, a "shrub" walk, a hike around Point Defiance at low tide, another through thousands of acres of Scotch broom, hikes on the beach at Vashon and along the Narrows.

The Local Walks chairman, Lura Black, scheduled twenty-one hikes, three special outings and three cruises on the Gallant Lady II. The last mentioned were trips to Camp Seymour, Grapeview and an evening cruise. The special outings included two trips to Fox Island where the huge stone fireplace in Dr. Pascoe's cabin was one of the many attractions.

The Salmon Roast, supervised by Bill, Charlie and Mont, was the mecca for a group of fifty in October. In November a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner was arranged at Sealth Lodge on Vashon Island.

The Christmas party attracted many. Mr. Charles Bowman Hutchins gave an inspiring talk on "The Higher Hills", illustrating with sketches as he talked.

The Christmas greens walk and the flower walk in May are always enjoyable.

Music lovers among the Mountaineers held "symphony" nights this year, enjoying some of the world's best with Ethel Dodge as commentator.

The high light of the year was the County Fair held September 9 at the home of Nita and Elwood Budil. Hobbies, culinary and garden skills and products were proudly displayed. There was even a baby show. The Mountaineers proved they can win blue and red ribbons as well as climb mountains.

During the summer, we journeyed to the yards of members having outdoor fireplaces. We even dedicated two of these.

The photographic group, under the leadership of Nita Budil, brought fine Kodachrome and color movies to us.

In spite of gasoline rationing, one hundred people visited Irish Cabin; and climbs of Tolmie, Crescent, Tyee, Redstone, Fay and Squaw were made. Dorothy was again "queen of the cuisine".

Flicker Burd was once more given a vote of appreciation for her untiring zeal in making our clubroom orderly, restful and attractive at all times. Other groups continued to enjoy our hospitality, thanks to her efforts.

ACCIDENT REPORT

Two accidents, although neither of them occurred on regularly scheduled club climbs, marred the Mountaineer year.

The first, which happened July 8, 1944 on Mt. Garfield, resulted in the serious injury of Ed Lowry.

The second was the fatal fall of Larry Strathdee on Mt. Baker on August 22, 1944.

Growing out of these accidents was the decision of the Board of Trustees to formulate a code of ethics for climbers, taking the form of a pledge, which all in-coming members will be asked to sign, to observe the rules of safety which the code sets forth.

PERSONNEL OF THE 1944 SUMMER OUTING

Committee

C. G. Morrison, Chairman, MP H. Wilford Playter, Commissary
Mrs. Edmund Lowry, Secretary Lloyd Anderson, Climbing

Cooks

Mrs. Annie Iverson Eva Simmonds Kenneth Jones Ivan Head Charles Hunter

Assistants

Members of the Outing

Frances Benjamin, F; Ray Brandes, XAO; Mrs. Gail H. Baskerville, X; Tennyson Bellamy, XTO; Burge Bickford, XMMP; Mrs. Burge Bickford, X; Nancy Bickford, X; Hannah Bonnell, XO; Gudrun Brask, X; Lt. Edward Bratrud, XTE; Sgt. Norman Bright, XTPEMAHFEN; Dr. Alfred J. Buscheck, XF; Charles Cehrs, XMTPE; Elsie T. Child; Linda M. Coleman, X; Kathryn Craig, XE; Faye Derry, X; Florence Dodge, X; Ralph L. Dyer; Mrs. Ralph L. Dyer; Grace Ensley, XF; O. D. Ewing; Elsie Ewing.

Louise Fitch, XOT; Georgiana Fitzgerald, XATO; August Fruge, XATFP; Mrs. August Fruge, F; Dorothy Fuller, O; Mabel Furry, XF; Lawrence Gage, XO; Leo Gallagher, XAXO; Mrs. Leo Gallagher, XF; Betty Lou Gallagher, XF; Mrs. Ora Gerrish, XTPEMAHEN; Mildred Granger; Frances Griffin; William Granston, PE; Jane Hall, XF; Sana Harrah, XAHPET; Edward M. Hart, OX; Margaret Hines, X; Walter Hoffman, XTPFEO; Mabel Hudson, XF; John Karner; Sgt. John Klos, XEAHTOP; Helen Kratsinger, X; Luella Kuethe, XF.

Mrs. Blanche Lamont, XFO; Marie Langham, XF; Howland Larsen, XEAHMPT; Lt. Col. Fairman B. Lee, X; Mrs. Fairman B. Lee, X; David Lind, MTPEM; Willard Little; Mrs. William Long, XO; Louise Long, XOE; William Jr. Long, XAHPM; Lourance Lowry, X; Lawrence McKinnis, FX; Fred J. Melberg, XAHET; Alvild Melver, O; Gordon Mifflin, X; Mrs. Gordon Mifflin, X; Elizabeth Mills, XATOE; Dr. C. A. Mittun, XOT; Mrs. C. A. Mittun, O; Mrs. C. G. Morrison; Harvey Moore, XMTPE; Helen Nystrom, F.

John Paterson, XAHTOE, Wilhelmine Petsching, XAHOET; Robert Pollock, XPO; William Rueter, XF; Mrs. William Rueter, X; Kathleen S. Rueter, AXO; Ronald R. Ruddiman, O; Mary Ellen Russell, O; Jack Schwabland, XEAHTPM; Elizabeth Schmidt, X; Thomas Shinn, XO; Charles Simmons; Irene Slade; Arthur Stacher, XAHTOE; Geraldine Standaert, XXF.

Nan Thompson; Robert Uddenberg, XF; Mrs. Robert Uddenberg; Harriet Walker, X; Ellen Walsh, XF; Florence Wedell, XEAHTP; Arthur Winder, XMTO; Florence Winship, FXF; William Winkler, XATOE; Julian Wiemers, XO; Brunhilde Wislicenus, XAHET. Climbs indicated by the following symbols:

A Aberdeen	F Fairview	M Mitre	O O'Hara Trip	T Temple
E Eiffel	H Haddo	N Neptuak	P Pinnacle	X Paradise

NEW TITLES ADDED TO THE MOUNTAINEER LIBRARY DURING 1944

(Compiled by Elizabeth Schmidt)

<p style="text-align: center;">Animals</p> <p>ANTHONY: Field Book of North American Mammals</p> <p>GABRIELSON: Wild Life Refuges</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Anthologies</p> <p>BROWNE: Joys of the Road</p> <p>CHESS: Fireside Fragments</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Country Life</p> <p>RICH: We Took to the Woods</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dancing</p> <p>SHAW: Cowboy Dances</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Fiction</p> <p>MARQUAND: So Little Time</p> <p>THOMPSON: Space for Living</p> <p>WALKER: Winter Wheat</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Fishing</p> <p>KNIGHT: Field Book of Fresh-water Angling</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mountains and Mountaineering</p> <p>CONWAY: Alps From End to End</p> <p>FERGUSON: Adventure, Sport, and Travel on the Tibetan Steppes</p> <p>GOODSPEED: Plant Hunters in the Andes</p> <p>GREEN: Among the Selkirks</p>	<p>MILLS: Spell of the Rockies</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mountain Climbing</p> <p>PEATTIE: Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge</p> <p>WASHBURN: Among the Alps with Bradford</p> <p>WASHBURN: Bradford on Mt. Fairweather</p> <p>WORKMAN: Ice-bound Heights of the Mustagh</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Moving Pictures</p> <p>McKAY: Movie Making for the Beginner</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Pacific Northwest</p> <p>BINNS: Roaring Land</p> <p>BLANKENSHIP: And There Were Men</p> <p>LAMPING: Northwest Nature Trails</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Skiing</p> <p>American Ski Annual, 1944</p> <p>British Ski Yearbook, 1943</p> <p>LOOSLI: Parallel Skiing</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Travel</p> <p>FAIRCHILD: Garden Islands of the Great East</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Walking</p> <p>LEECHMAN: Hiker's Handbook</p>
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THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., SEATTLE UNIT

BALANCE SHEET AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1944

ASSETS:

Current Assets:

Cash in checking account	\$ 5,167.75	
Savings accounts in Washington Mutual:		
Reserve fund	\$1,855.98	
Summer Outing fund	1,247.91	
Players fund	563.22	
Rescue fund	50.00	
Building fund	702.39	4,419.50
Accounts Receivable	2,416.00	12,003.25

Investments:

Permanent fund:		
Savings accounts	2,092.18	
Bonds at market (cost \$4,880.00)	3,300.00	
Total Permanent fund	\$ 5,392.18	
Puget Sound Savings and Loan account	221.13	
Seymour saddle horse for Summer Outing fund	1,141.45	
Total Investments		6,754.76

Buildings and Equipment:

	Recorded Value	Allow. for Depreciation	Net	
Kitsap Cabin	\$ 3,194.68	\$2,401.67	\$ 793.01	
Meany Ski Hut	2,275.52	1,386.53	888.99	
Meany Ski Hut Addition	1,075.05	431.16	643.89	
Club room furniture and fixtures....	825.99	565.34	260.65	
Library	897.10	475.96	421.34	
Motion picture equipment	943.37	441.68	501.69	
Ski lift	502.73	235.56	267.17	
Outing equipment	312.23	127.88	184.35	
	\$10,026.67	\$6,065.58	\$3,961.09	\$ 3,961.09
				\$22,719.10

LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS:

Liabilities:

Tacoma and Everett share of dues	\$ 222.00	
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Surplus:

Capital Surplus	\$ 3,961.09	
Permanent fund surplus	5,300.00	
Seymour fund surplus	1,141.45	
Rescue fund surplus	50.00	
Building fund surplus	702.39	
Free Surplus	11,342.17	22,497.10
		\$22,719.10

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., SEATTLE UNIT

INCOME AND EXPENSE STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1944

INCOME:		
Dues:		
Seattle dues		\$2,815.70
Tacoma dues	\$ 402.00	
Less Allocation to Tacoma	140.00	262.00
Everett dues	169.00	
Less Allocation to Everett	37.00	132.00
		\$3,209.70
Less Allocation to publications		1,308.00
		1,901.70
Initiation fees		350.00
Less Allocation to branches		45.00
		305.00
Publications:		
Allocation of dues		1,308.00
Cost of "Annual"	537.24	
Less Advertising income	389.78	
	\$ 147.46	
Cost of monthly bulletins	509.47	
	\$ 656.93	
Less sale of publications	30.80	
Net cost of publications		626.13
Excess of allotted dues over cost		681.87
Committee Operations:		
Excess of income over expenses:		
Summer outing	\$ 333.58	
Snoqualmie Lodge	8.69	
Ski	16.95	
Trail Trips	36.94	
Kitsap	137.21	
Club Room	46.97	
Climbing	40.84	
Meany Ski Hut	502.85	
Dance	137.14	
Annual Banquet	19.55	1,280.72
Other Income:		
Interest	\$ 267.19	
Sale of pins and emblems	24.19	291.38
		\$4,460.67
General Expense:		
Salaries	\$ 528.00	
Rentals	610.00	
Telephone	41.09	
Insurance	260.92	
Stamped Envelopes	201.61	
Federation Expense	14.53	
Federation Dues	15.00	
Office Supplies	58.04	
Social Security Taxes	25.68	
Motion Picture	11.11	
Election	10.35	
Heat and Light	86.70	
Cleaning	8.13	
Taxes	4.89	
Photographic	7.02	
Miscellaneous	20.65	1,903.72
		\$2,556.95
Depreciation		431.13
Unusual Income:		
Excess of fire insurance proceeds over book value of Snoqualmie Lodge		1,355.79
		\$3,481.61
\$1.00 of each initiation fee transferred to Building Fund		155.00
Income on Permanent Fund transferred to Building Fund		92.18
Net income		\$3,234.43

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., TACOMA BRANCH

Treasurer's Annual Report, October 1, 1943 to September 30, 1944, inclusive

RECEIPTS:

1943 Summer outing bonus	\$ 135.00
Membership refund from Seattle	162.50
Clubroom rental, net income	200.00
Irish Cabin, net income	39.38
Local Walks, net income	36.25
Photographic, net income	3.25
Entertainment	8.18
Interest accrued on Savings Account	15.62
Interest from two \$500.00 Series G War Bonds	18.75
	\$ 618.93

DISBURSEMENTS:

Clubroom rent, October 1, 1943 to September 30, 1944	\$ 322.00
Lecture on Birds (December 16, 1943)	15.00
Christmas Cards	2.50
Magazines	7.60
Emblems, one dozen	3.60
Annual safekeeping fee, Bank of California	2.25
Taxes on Irish Cabin	1.45
Flowers	8.00
Bonding Treasurer	5.00
Postage	4.20
Seattle Trustee's transportation	6.90
Advance to Membership Committee	10.00
Speaker at 1944 banquet	15.00
	\$ 404.00

ASSETS:

Cash, Bank of California	\$ 201.50
Cash, United Mutual Savings Bank	541.88
Two \$500.00 Series G War Bonds	1,000.00
Cash retined in Committee Accounts—Clubroom.....	200.00
Local Walks	36.25
Irish Cabin	39.38
Entertainment	8.18
Membership	4.00
Photographic	3.25
Membership refund receivable (estimated)	162.50
Property—Irish Cabin land	300.00
Irish Cabin furniture and fixtures, 1943 value, \$228.04	
less 15% depreciation plus new equipment of \$5.08	198.91
Clubroom and Local Walks property, 1943 value, \$207.25	
less 15% depreciation	176.16
	\$2,872.01

LIABILITIES: None

NET WORTH, estimated\$2,872.01

BRUNHILDE WISLICENUS, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC., EVERETT BRANCH

Report of Treasurer, 1943-1944

Checking Accounts:

Balance on hand September 30, 1943.....	\$ 22.95
Receipts:	
From dues return	\$ 24.50
From Summer Outing refund	66.00
Transferred from checking account	40.00
	\$130.50

Total\$153.45

Disbursements:

Social	\$ 29.88
Fireplace at Campfire Girls camp	62.15
Miscellaneous	31.55
	\$123.58

Total disbursements\$123.58

Cash balance on hand Sept. 20, 1944\$ 29.87

SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Balance on hand Sept. 20, 1943.....	\$539.86
Withdrawn for U. S. War Bonds	\$222.00
Deposit in checking account	40.00
Credit of year's interest	4.16
	\$266.16

Balance Sept. 20, 1944\$282.02

Resources Sept. 20, 1944:

Cash in checking account	\$ 29.87
Cash in savings account	282.02
Government bonds at cost price	592.00

Total\$903.89

HERMAN FELDER, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

SEATTLE BRANCH

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

President, Burge B. Bickford
Vice-President, Leo Gallagher
Retiring President, Arthur R. Winder
Secretary, David Lind
Treasurer, Burpee Stevens

ELECTED TRUSTEES

Terms Expiring October 31, 1945—	Terms Expiring October 31, 1946—
Mary Hossack	Burge B. Bickford
Leo Gallagher	Lloyd Anderson
A. H. Hudson	Phyllis Cavender
Mrs. Joseph Hazard	C. G. Morrison
Kenneth MacLean	H. Wilford Playter

Recording Secretary, Kay Sherman
Club Room Secretary, Mrs. Irving Gavett
Librarian, Elizabeth Schmidt
Editor, Bulletin, Agnes Dickert
Editor, 1944 Annual, Mrs. Kenneth MacLean

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES AND CUSTODIANS

Climbing— David Lind	Outing Equipment— Charles L. Simmons
Club Rooms and Entertainment— Maxine Thee	Photographic— Lawrence McKinnis
Dance— Carol Ray	Players—
Finance and Budget— The Treasurer	Public Affairs— Arthur Winder
Future Summer Outings— H. Wilford Playter	Publicity— Mary Hossack
Kitsap Cabin— Louise Fitch	Rhododendron Park— P. M. McGregor
Meany Ski Hut— Charles Cehrs	Ski— Gummie Johnson
Membership— Marion Bickford	Summer Outing 1945—
Moving Pictures— Herman Warnstedt	Trail Trips— H. V. Abel

TACOMA BRANCH

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

1944-1945

President, Rial Benjamin
Vice-President, Norman Moseson
Secretary-Treasurer, Eleanor Beebe
Trustee, Clarence A. Garner

MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Elwood Budil
Charlie Kilmer
Clara Young

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Irish Cabin— Ray Brandes	Photography— Nita Budil
Local Walks— Lura Black	Club Room— Florence Burd
Membership— Dorothy Newcomer	Music— Dr. I. A. Drues
Auditor— Harold Sherry	

EVERETT BRANCH

Chairman, John F. Lehmann
Secretary, Beulah Brown
Treasurer, Herman Felder
Trustee, Christian H. Lehmann

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Local Walks— Frank M. Eder	Social— Noelle Corbin	Membership— Grace Ensley
--------------------------------------	---------------------------------	------------------------------------

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INC.

List of Members, October 31, 1944

Total Membership, October 31, 1944—971

List of Members, October 31, 1944

	Total	Seattle	Tacoma	Everett	War Service
Regular	737	609	87	41	133
Junior	143	134	9	0	45
Spouse	83	67	12	4	3
Life	4	3	0	1	
Honorary	3	3	0	0	
Complimentary	1	0	1	0	
	971	816	109	46	180

Honorary Members

Col. William B. Greeley
Major O. A. Tomlinson Charles M. Farrer

Life Members

Mrs. Naomi Achenbach Benson Mrs. Edmond S. Meany
Reginald H. Parsons Lt. Edmond S. Meany, Jr.

Complimentary Member

Mrs. William W. Seymour

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Second ten peaks * (silver pin)

TACOMA, IRISH CABIN GROUPS

First twelve peaks † (IC bronze pin)
Second twelve peaks †† (gold ice ax pin)

EVERETT GROUPS

Darrington first six peaks ‡ (bronze pin)
Monte Cristo second six peaks †† (silver pin)
Index third six peaks ††† (gold pin)

GRADUATE OF INTERMEDIATE CLIMBING CLASS ‡

GRADUATE OF SKI MOUNTAINEERING CLASS ⊙

SEATTLE MEMBERSHIP

(Address and phone number are Seattle unless otherwise stated.)

ABEL, H. V., 1462 38th Ave. (22), PR. 1255.
 ABEL, Mrs. H. V. (Marion), 1462 38th Ave. (22), PR. 1255.
 ABEL, Marion, 1462 38th Ave. (22), PR. 1255.
 ALLAN, James, 5708 34th N.E. (5), KE. 0868.
 ALLEN, Edward W., Northern Life Tower (11), EL. 3429.
 ALLYN, Jean, 3003 28th W. (99), GA. 2139.
 ALLSOP, Gladys L., 4330 11th N.E., ME. 9458.
 AMIDON, Richard Gay Jr., 402 N. 110th St. (33), GR. 2320.
 ANDERSON, Andrew W., Fish and Wild Life Service, Department of Interior, Washington (25), D. C., 6522 5th N.W., Washington, D. C.
 ANDERSON, C. L., * 933 12th N. (2), CA. 3618.
 ANDERSON, Mrs. C. Lloyd, 819½ East North St., Rapid City, South Dakota.
 ANDERSON, Harold, Box 277, Mercer Island, AD. 6493.
 ANDERSON, Helen D., 460 Stuart Bldg. (1), EL. 0214.
 ANDERSON, Henry, † 4116 Corliss Ave. (3), ME. 6271.
 ANDERSON, Ida M., 124 Warren Ave. (9), EL. 3889.
 ANDERSON, John Keith, 1330 Boren, Apt. 610 (1), EL. 0851; EL. 6988.
 ANDERSON, Mrs. John Keith (Jeanne), 1330 Boren Ave. (1), EL. 0851.
 ANDERSON, Lloyd †**‡‡ 4326 W. Southern St. (6), WE. 3940.
 ANDERSON, Mrs. Lloyd (Mary G.), † * 4326 W. Southern St. (6), WE. 3940.
 ANDERSON, Madge, 320 W. Galer (99), GA. 9006, MA. 0176.
 ANDERSON, Marilyn, 2010 Blue Ridge Drive (77), SU. 8737.
 ANDERSON, William H., 4464 Fremont Ave. (3).
 ARCHIBALD, Janet, Box 1086, Everett.
 ARNBERG, Eleanor, 713 30th South (44), PR. 8314.
 ASPLUND, Mrs. Jonas (Helen Gordon), Rt. 1, Box 60, Eatonville, Wash.
 ATKINSON, Merial, 1618 3rd Ave. W. (99), GA. 6986.
 BAILEY, Jack, 4000 University Way (5), ME. 9824.
 BAILEY, James M., 1415 Vance Bldg. (1), SE. 0377.
 BAKER, Tom, Box 11, University Station (5), ME. 8957, ME. 0500.
 BALL, Fred, 526 Belmont N., Apt. 303 (2), PR. 7859.
 BALL, Mrs. Fred (Helen L.), 526 Belmont N., Apt. 303 (2), PR. 7859.
 BALSER, Mary A., 2124 8th N. (9), GA. 9253.
 BARNABY, J. T., 4903 31st S. (8), RA. 3817.
 BARNES, John, Pvt., 5308 Admiral Way (6), WE. 7248. In U. S. Army.
 BASKERVILLE, Gail, 605 Paramount Theatre Bldg. (1), MA. 6071.
 BATES, Peggy, ‡ 814 Minor (4), EL. 8379.
 BECKEY, Fred, Cpl., ‡ 7136 Woodside Place (6), WE. 7313. In U. S. Army.
 BECKEY, Helmy, ‡⊙ 7136 Woodside Place (6), WE. 7313.
 BEEBE, Jim, ‡ 1937 E. Blaine St. (2), EA. 3904. In U. S. Army.
 BEIERSDORF, Edward A., 956 18th N. (2).
 BELLAMY, Tenny Francis, 321 1st South (4), MA. 2933.
 BELT, H. C., 4733 19th N.E. (5), KE. 3440.
 BENHAM, Mary Jane, ‡ San Jose State College, San Jose, California.
 BENNETT, Edith Page, 1105 6th Ave. (4), EL. 3748.
 BERANEK, John G., 605 Spring St. (4), MA. 0624; GL. 3121, Loc. 205.
 BERG, John C., 2236 Franklin Ave. (2), CA. 3669.
 BERG, Mrs. John C., 2236 Franklin Ave. (2), CA. 3669.
 BERGSTROM, Mrs. Rury, 1729 Boylston Ave. (22), EA. 8155.
 BICKFORD, Burge B., †**‡‡‡ 5055 Pullman Ave. (5), VE. 4159; EL. 6130.

BICKFORD, Mrs. Burge B. (Frieda H.), †
5055 Pullman Ave. (5), VE. 4159.

BICKFORD, Mrs. Richard, † 1316 East
42nd (5), ME. 6716.

BIGELOW, Alida J., 1215 Filbert St., San
Francisco, California.

BISHOP, Bettie Patricia, 306 W. 72nd (7),
SU. 8744.

BISHOP, Lottie G., 444 Humphrey St., New
Haven (11), Conn.

BLAINE, John H., 5264 16th N.E. (5), VE.
1600.

BLALOCK, Phoebe I., 7416 44th S.W. (6),
WE. 7188.

BODIN, Elov E., © 1038 E. 97th St. (5),
KE. 2079.

BOGDAN, Albert L., Pvt., 6110 Phinney
Ave. (3), SU. 8311. In U. S. Army.

BOGDAN, John, 6110 Phinney Ave. (3),
SU. 8311.

BOGDAN, John I., Lt. Com., 6110 Phinney
Ave. (3), SU. 8311. In U. S. Navy.

BOLLMAN, Dean S., † * 130 E. 62nd St. (5),
VE. 0843.

BOLLMAN, Paul V., 130 E. 62nd St. (5),
VE. 0843.

BOLLMAN, Victor S., Pvt., 130 E. 62nd
St. (5), VE. 0843. In U. S. Army.

Bonell, Hannah, East Falls Church, Virginia.

BONIFACI, Bob W., 4532 California Ave.
(6). In U. S. Army.

BONN, Edna, 1247 E. 95th (5), VE. 7350.

BORDSEN, Dr. T. L., 11217 2nd N.W. (77),
GR. 1722; Cobb Bldg., EL. 4535.

BOVEE, Grace, 5127 Latimer Place (5),
KE. 8308.

BOYER, Eloise, Lt. A.N.C., U. S. Navy.

BOYER, Karl, General Delivery, Seattle. In
U. S. Navy.

BOYER, Mrs. Karl, General Delivery, Seattle.

BOYER, Lyman A., † * 1943 Gregory Way,
Bremerton, Wash., 3323-J.

BOYER, Mrs. Lyman, 1943 Gregory Way,
Bremerton, Wash., 3323-J.

BOZAK, Therese, 4547 17th N.E. (5), KE.
9426; MA. 3550.

BRADSHAW, Marguerite, † * 2215 E. 46th
St. (5), VE. 0164.

BRADY, Barbara, 3721 47th Place N.E. (5),
VE. 6402.

BRADY, Mary Pat, 3721 47th Place N.E.
(5), VE. 6402.

BRANCH, Doris M., 1705 Belmont Ave.,
Apt. No. 104 (22), CA. 9651.

BRANDON, Jerry, 3122 N.E. 27th Ave.,
Portland (12), Oregon, GA. 8496.

BRANDT, Margery E., 610 12th Ave. N.
(1), CA. 0975.

BRASK, Gundrun, 1022 Medical Dental
Bldg. (1), MA. 3031; 8609 41st S.W.,
AV. 1029.

BRATRUD, Edgar, Lt., 5546 33rd N.E. (5),
KE. 7123. In U. S. Army.

BRATRUD, Sylvia, 5546 33rd N.E. (5), KE.
7123.

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

BREMERMAN, Mrs. Glen F., * 5834 Wood-
lawn Ave. (3), KE. 6904.

BRIGHT, Norman, Sgt., 768 Prindle St.,
Chehalis, Wash., 195-J. In U. S. Army.

BRIGHTBILL, Doris, 511 W. Comstock (99),
AL. 2309.

BRIGHTBILL, Linwood J., Pvt., 1715 Sun-
set (6), WE. 0398; EL. 2072. In U. S.
Army.

BRIGHTBILL, Robert J., 1715 Sunset (6),
WE. 0398.

BRISTOL, Don, 2359 16th S. (44), PR. 7286.

BROOKS, Mrs. Geo. E. (Hallie Howell),
Box 97, Blanchard, Wash.

BROWN, Fred, 701 S. Yakima, Tacoma,
BR. 1990. In U. S. Army.

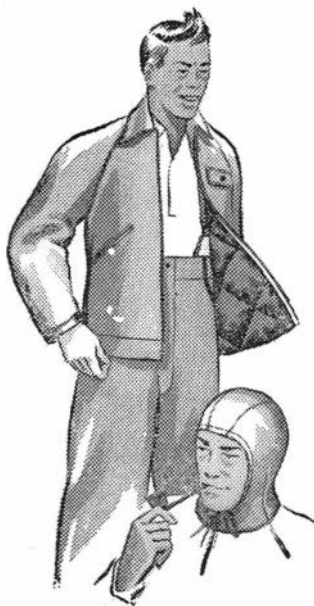
BROWN, Robert E., 1027 Elinor Ave., Shel-
ton, Wash., 335-J.

BROWNING, Eugene, † 512 S. 8th St.,
Shelton, Wash., 284-M.

BRÖZE, Matt, 1305 E. Denny Way (22),
EA. 3107.

BRUNNER, Bob, 1815 38th N. (2), EA.
6406. In U. S. Navy.

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 BURCKETT, Douglas M., 43 Linnaea St., Apt. No. 46, Cambridge 3B, Mass.
 BURGOYNE, Bernice L., 5043 11th Ave. N.E. (5), VE. 0436.
 BURR, Jannette W., 8202 14th N.E. (5), VE. 0817.
 BURR, Wallace H., 8202 14th N.E. (5), VE. 0817.
 BUSWELL, Joseph M., † 2833 W. 72nd (5), HE. 6446; MA. 0861.
 BUSWELL, Elenor G., † 2833 W. 72nd (5), HE. 6446.
 BUTTERFIELD, Gordon, Pvt., 2520 Warren Ave., GA. 6948. In U. S. Army.
 BUTTERFIELD, Russell A., Sgt., 2520 Warren Ave., GA. 6948. In U. S. Army.
 BUZZETTI, Beatrice, 1526 8th St., Bremer-ton, 320-W.
 BYINGTON, L. D., ** 236 S. Coronado St., Apt. 402 Los Angeles (4), Calif., FL. 9207.
 BYINGTON, Eliabeth, ** 236 S. Coronado St., Apt. 402, Los Angeles (4), Calif., FL. 9207.
 CALDWELL, Wally, Lt., 2222 W. 62nd (7), SU. 9826. In Marine Corps.
 CALL, Lorna Rae, Turner & Pease, 813 Western Ave. (4), MA. 1783.
 CAMERON, Mrs. H. D. (Phyllis), † ** 15440 22nd S.W., Seahurst, Wash., GL. 2668W.
 CAMPBELL, Thomas T., † 1305 Queen Anne Ave., Apt. 302 (9), GA. 8146.
 CANDEE, Marion, 1205 E. 42nd St. (5), ME. 8839.
 CARLSON, Albert, Star Route, Coulee Dam, Wash.
 CARLSON, Signe E., 4407 E. 41st (5), KE. 3903.
 CARNEY, Elvin P., * 1006 Hoge Bldg. (4).
 CARPENTER, Bill, 2630 45th S.W. (6), WE. 7034.
 CARTER, John, 851 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. In U. S. Army.
 CASTOR, T. Davis, † ** 6536 53rd N.E. (5), VE. 8264.
 CASTOR, Mrs. T. Davis, (Marion P.), 6536 53rd N.E. (5), VE. 8264.

CAVANAUGH, Cecilia, 1017 Boren, Apt. 306 (4).
 CAVENDER, Phyllis, 1206 E. 50th (5), KE. 8012; EL. 6710.
 CEDERQUIST, Anne, † 6910 15th N.E. (5), VE. 7139.
 CEHRS, Charles H., † 5019 16th Ave. N.E. (5), KE. 8551.
 CHALFANT, Margarete Elsa, 5514 31st Ave. N.E. (5); VE. 7821.
 CHAPMAN, Effie L., Route 2, Box 1035, Edmonds, Wash.; 1105 6th Ave., EL. 3748.
 CHARBONNEL, J. E., 1833 13th Ave. (22), PR. 2371; EL. 0214.
 CHARBONNEL, Mrs. J. E., 1833 13th Ave. (22), PR. 2371.
 CHENEY, W. C., Box 3282 (14), 1200 Harbor Ave. S.W., WE. 9801.
 CHILD, Elsie, 1603-4 Medical Dental Bldg., EL. 5359; 2828 Broadway North, CA. 4700.
 CHURCH, Elsie, 1027 Bellevue Court (2), PR. 7275.
 CIOBAN, Edward A., Lt., 7541 N. Ashland, Chicago. In U. S. Army.
 CLARK, Byron, Lt., 9035 View Ave. N.W. (7). In U. S. Army.
 CLARK, Geneva, 4219 Woodlawn Ave. (3), ME. 7189.
 CLARK, Irving M., Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 387.
 CLARK, Leland J., R.F.D. No. 1, Bellevue, Wash., Lakeside 173.
 CLARK, Mae, 1407 9th W. (99), 324 Peoples Bank Bldg., GA. 0313; EL. 1250.
 CLARK, Sterling, 2102 1st W. (99), GA. 6377.
 CLISE, J. W., 1403 Shenandoah Drive (2), MA. 2933.
 CLOES, Bob, 6517 Dayton (3), SU. 7212.
 CODY, Maxine, Ens., 136 N. 81st (3), SU. 9155. In U. S. Navy.
 COLEMAN, Linda, 1203 James St., Apt. 305 (4), MA. 7976.
 COLLINS, Dan E., 712 34th (22), PR. 5931.
 COLLINS, Dan M., 4323 Thackeray Place (5), ME. 0944.
 COLLINS, Frank M., S 1/c, 4017 Corliss Ave. (3), ME. 1887. In U. S. Navy.
 COLLINS, Robert, 12001 Des Moines Way (88), GL. 9600.
 CONNER, Dorothy, Box 96, Bryn Mawr, Wash., RA. 6417.
 CONNER, Peggy, 1717 12th Ave. (22), EA. 9616.
 CONWAY, Mrs. T. R., 3212 S.E. Crystal Springs Blvd., Portland, Oregon.
 COPELAND, Ross W. Jr., Rt. No. 2, Box 828, Bellevue, Wash.
 COSTELLO, W. J., 316 W. 3rd St., Cle Elum, Wash. Phone 150.
 COSTELLO, Mrs. W. J., 316 W. 3rd St., Cle Elum, Phone 150.
 COUGHLIN, Dan, 215 W. Mercer (99), GA. 9496.
 COX, A. H., 1757 1st Ave. S (4), MA. 1121.
 CRAFT, Bill, 3816 Eastern Ave. (3), ME. 7881.
 CRAIG, Kathryn, 4711 18th N.E. (5), KE. 1864, 131 S. Wenatchee Ave., Wenatchee, Wash.



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CROOKS, Mrs. James W. (Patty Malmo), †* 5609 17th N.E. (5), KE. 2277.
CROPLEY, Malcolm L., 4102 2nd N.W. (7), ME. 8898.
CURTIS, B. F., 1303 E. 41st (5), EV. 0881.
CURTIS, Leslie F., 7 S. Drive, Great Neck, N. Y.
CUTTER, Joyce, 2823 42nd W. (99), GA. 2727.
DAHLSTROM, Dorothy, 2631 Ballinger Way (55), SH. 0332.
DAIBER, Mrs. Ome, 5815 1st Ave. N.E., KE. 0291.
DAIBER, Ome, † 5815 1st N.E. (5), KE. 0291.
DALRYMPLE, W. Bruce, Transient.
DARLING, Wm. C., 2519 Perkin Lane (99), GA. 7410.
DAVIS, Fidelia G., P.O. Box 65, Kitsap, Wash.
DAVIS, Lois E., 414 N. 47th (3), ME. 1953.
DEGENHARDT, Wm. A., †©** 4927 51st S. (8), RA. 1608.
DEGENHARDT, Mrs. W. A. (Adelaide), †©** 4927 51st S. (8), RA. 1608.
DERRY, Faye, 1226 Bigelow Ave. (9), GA. 8387.
DICKERSON, Elizabeth, Woodinville, Wash., Bothell 5521.
DICKERT, O. Phillip, ††††** 568 Lynn St. (9), AL. 1125.
DICKERT, Mrs. O. Phillip (Agnes), ††††** 568 Lynn St. (9), AL. 1125.
DICKINSON, Mrs. Glenn C. (Jessica), 2508 N. 39th (3), ME. 7277.
DICKINSON, Glenn C., 2508 N. 39th (3), ME. 7277.
DINGLEY, Ruth, 906 4th Ave. (4), MA. 3994 (Public Library).
DION, Marion, War Service, W.A.C.
DIXON, Mary Ethel, 1631 16th Ave. (22), EA. 0158.
DOLBY, Wm. Gifford, Lt., 312 17th Ave. N. (2), EA. 1431. In U. S. Army.
DOLESHY, Lt. Frank, 1717 Belmont Ave. (22), CA. 9788, Asst. AA-2, Hqs. AAATC, Camp Haan, Calif.
DOLSTAD, John D., 350 Lee St. (9), GA. 9216. In U. S. Army.
DOOLEY, Don, Lt. In U. S. Army.
DOUGHTY, Nan S., 1529 Boylston Ave. (22), EA. 9860; MA. 6915, Loc. 411.
DOUGHTY, W. F., CSK, U.S.N.R., 1529 Boylston Ave. (22), EA. 9680.
DOWNEY, Phyllis, 1018 9th Ave., Apt. 203, EL. 5873.
DOYLE, Sidney E., †* 1705 Summit Ave. No. 102 (22), CA. 2641.
DOYLE, Mrs. Sidney E. (Berniece S.), 1705 Summit Ave., No. 102 (22), CA. 2641.
DRESEL, Carmelita, 4754 16th Ave. N.E. (5), VE. 2988.
DRESEL, VE. 2988.
DUBUAR, Paul S., 903 31st Ave. (22), PR. 0728.
DUDLEY, Wm. Clay, Pvt., 4516 15th Ave. N.E. (5), KE. 0397. In U. S. Army.

DUNHAM, Kathleen, 1420 Boren, Apt. 307 (1), ME. 0348.
DUPUIS, Frederick, War Service.
DYER, Ralph L., 1407 1st Ave. N. (9), GA. 2157.
EDMUND, Wm., Bryn Mawr, Wash. In Service.
EDWARDS, Jean, 212 Ward St. (9), AL. 4575.
EDWARDS, Kay, 212 Ward St. (9), AL. 4575.
EHRENCLOU, O. A., c/o the Insular Life Insurance Co., Ltd., Honolulu, T. H.
EILERS, Henry, 202 Pike St. (1), EL. 8866.
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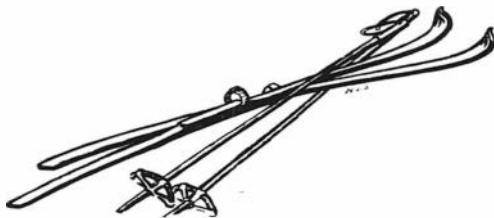
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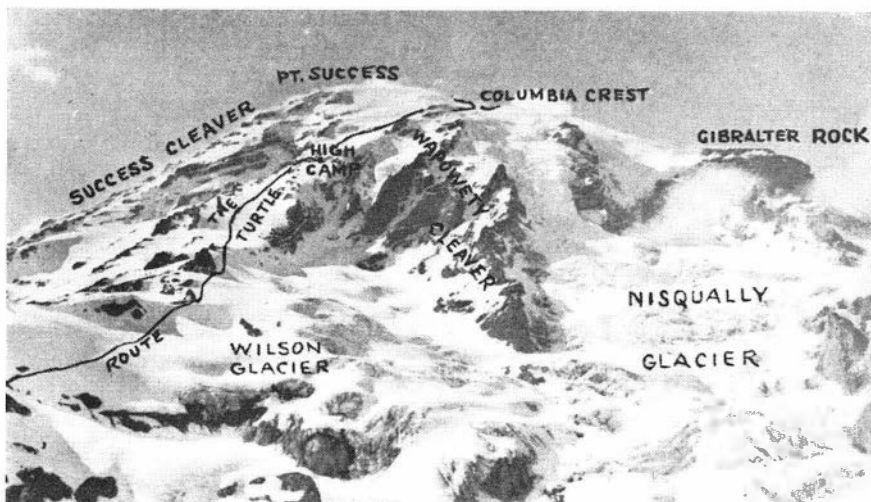


Photo by Molenaar showing route followed in summit climb described in "A Pre-War Summer at Rainier."



By KEN PRESTRUD

I'm dreaming of the mountains
 In the early morning light,
 The face is sheer above us
 And the summit's just in sight;
 Before the morning's over
 We'll be up there in the sky,
 Hanging by our boot-nails
 Up where the eagles fly.

I'm thinking of the season
 When the hills are white with snow.
 Skiers feel the glory
 As the world unfolds below,
 We hesitate a moment
 Then start the downward run,
 Swinging out a Christie
 Powder flying in the sun.

I'm dreaming of a campfire
 Gleaming bright beneath the trees,
 We're gathered round it singing,
 Warm despite the evening breeze.
 And now I see the ski hut,
 It is filled with gaiety;
 I know when war is over
 That all this waits for me.

