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THE MOUNTAINEER



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The Mountaineer

Volume Four
Nineteen-Eleven



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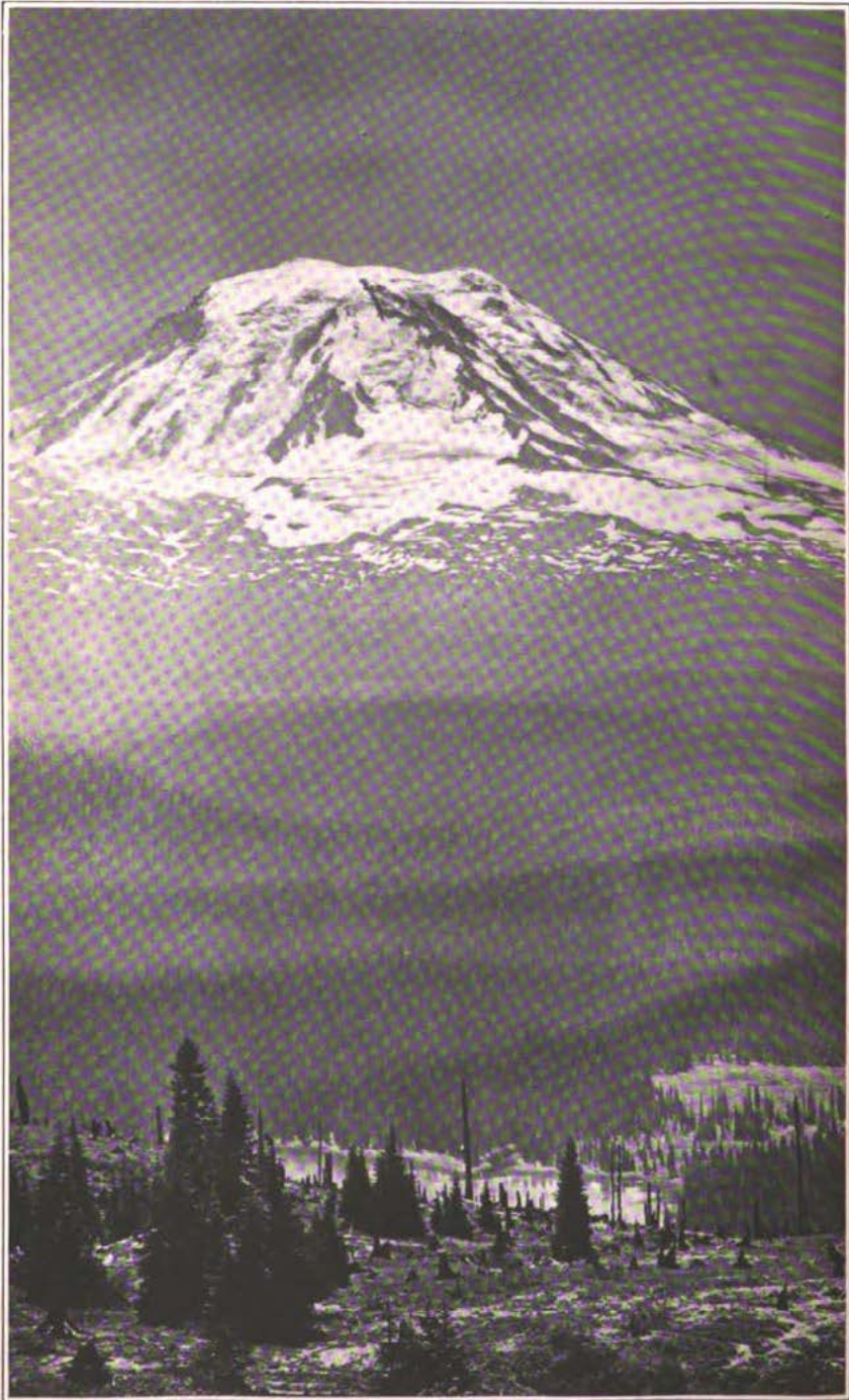
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The Mountaineers

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MT. ADAMS—
by A. H. Denman
and A. H. Barnes

North side of Mt. Adams from above Two Lakes near the summit of the Cascade Mts. Lava Glacier in the center, Lyman Glacier on the left, Adams Glacier to the right beyond the cleaver. The Mountaineers made the ascent up the cleaver between the Adams and Lava Glaciers.

Greetings:

From the
Honorable James Bryce—
British Ambassador
to the
United States

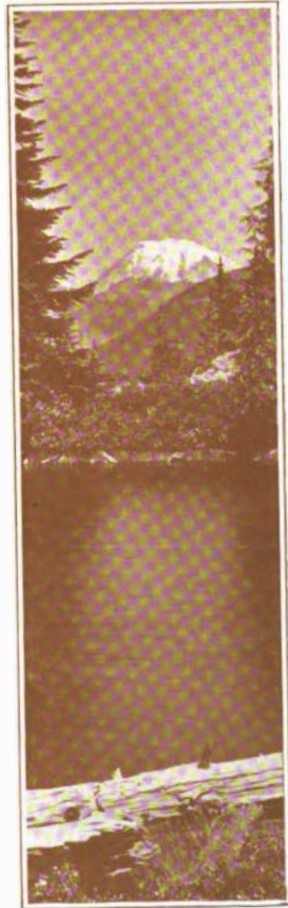


Salutation:

It is good news to hear of
the growing love of the mountains
and the increasing habit of
climbing and wandering
among them^h which the members
of your Mountaineer's Society
bear witness. You are fortunate
in having in the States
of Washington Oregon & California
by far the noblest mountain
scenery in the United States, the
only glaciers, the most superb
forests a wealth of beauty

still and heartily explored in
the lakes and valleys of the
romantic region of the Cascade
Range. As an old member of
the British Alpine Club, I
heartily wish you success, and
can assure you that as there is
nothing healthier for the body, so
there is nothing more inspiring
for the mind and soul than
life among the mountains and
communion with their spirit

- James Bruce



The Mountaineer

Volume Four

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NOTES ON ADAMS AND ST. HELENS

PROF. HENRY LANDES

Mt. Adams

For a number of years I have been an ardent admirer of Mt. Adams, but always at long range. Not until nearly the close of the summer that is just past did I have the opportunity of a more intimate acquaintance. In this instance distance may have lent enchantment, but familiarity certainly

bred respect and not contempt. In coming up the Yakima valley by train, I have always sat by the window, getting every possible glimpse of the beautiful and symmetrical mountain as it rose grandly at times above the gray and bare hills of the foreground. Looked at from a thousand vantage points to the eastward, the hoary-headed old volcano is a conspicuous landmark on the western horizon. It rises head and shoulders above the labyrinth of mountains which hedge it in on the



Photograph by H. V. Abel

A SECTION OF ADAMS GLACIER

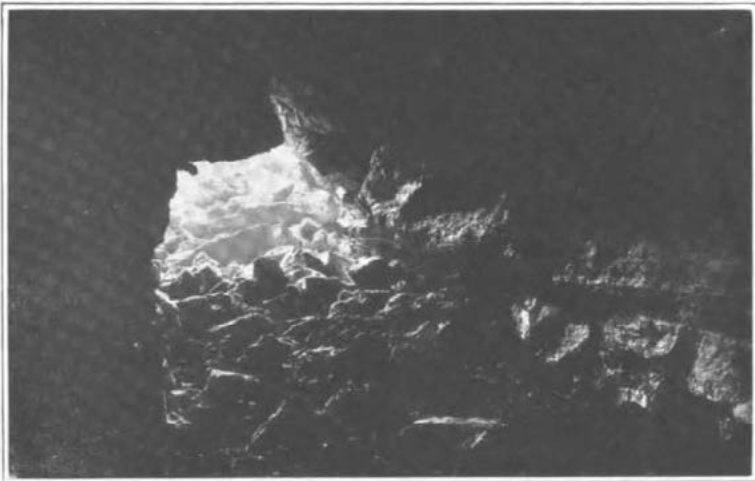
west and north. Its majestic pile, with its seeming ambition of forming a connecting link between the earth and the sky, is at once a source of awe and inspiration to the mountaineer.

On a clear day the view from the top of Adams is well worth the climb. In ascending the mountain from the south it is not long before Mt. Hood appears as a very near neighbor. In a little while, when the beautiful dome of Hood appears at its best, one is delighted to find that in the same view Jefferson has come prominently into the range of vision, to the left of Hood and 50 miles beyond. A little later, when the deeper haze of the lowlands is left behind, and more distant views become possible, the Sisters are seen just to the left of Jefferson and nearly 40 miles farther south. From the summit of Adams the cone of St. Helens appears to fine advantage in its symmetry and regularity. It seems near enough to make one feel that he could almost hit it with a snow-ball. Some of the details of its small glaciers and its late lava flows can be made out with the aid of a field glass. Rainier, heavier snow-capped than the others, is conspicuous 50 miles away toward the northern horizon. Between Adams and Rainier the maze of mountains is so complex that the eye tires in its effort to untangle the multitude of peaks and ridges and decipher the leading drainage lines. Looking eastward the ridges and low divides melt away in a receding plain that is finally lost in the haze of the far distant horizon.

Although somewhat removed from the main arteries of travel, Adams yet lies fairly convenient for anyone who would make its close acquaintance. It is occasionally visited by parties with pack horses coming from the northward, or more often from the Yakima valley which lies to the eastward. A trail which has just been completed makes it accessible from the westward, up the Lewis River from the neighborhood of St. Helens. The most common direction of approach is from the south, following the White Salmon valley for its entire length. The town of White Salmon, where the stream of that name joins the Columbia, is easily accessible by either boat or train. A good road, traversed daily by stages and automobiles, extends for 29 miles up the White Salmon valley to Guler. At Guler there is a good hotel where one may stop while exploring the lava cones and the country about the foot of the mountain, or while making his plans for the mountain ascent. From Guler

a trail 14 miles or so in length leads to a temporary camp on the southern slope of the mountain. The trail all the way passes through an open forest of pine and tamarack, and rises to a height of about 4000 feet where a camp for the night is pitched by one of the ice-cold springs that issues from the mountain side.

The ascent of Adams is probably easiest made from the south. From a temporary camp at 4000 feet the trip to the top and back is readily made in a day. The timber line is passed at about 6000 feet and the foot of the first glacier is reached at 7500 feet. It is possible to go substantially all of the way



Photograph by A. H. Denman

INTERIOR OF LAVA CAVE

over the rocks alone, or one can go much of the way over the snow fields and glaciers if he likes. The bare slopes are made up almost exclusively of broken rock which have been produced by glaciers or by the disrupting effects of extreme temperatures. The angular rock fragments are piled at steep angles and they often give way under a person's weight, so that some caution is necessary in picking the proper route. On the whole Mt. Adams offers practically no serious obstacles to the climber and its ascent is made with as much or more ease and safety than is true of any other of our great snow caps.

To the geologist Adams is of prime interest. It stands as a great volcano in a sea of vulcanism. The volcanic fires at its base have been lighted so often that a great cone has been built up which has been but little ravaged by time. The cone is compound in character and the later eruptions have not occurred from the top but from openings upon different sides of the mountain. One of the last outbreaks took place on the south side of the cone within about 4000 feet of the top. A great flow, or series of flows, of lava poured out here, making a distinct shoulder to the mountain. The surface of this lava is black, ropy, fresh-looking, and with virtually no soil upon it. It extends down into the forest where it is covered with a very scant and stunted tree growth, with little or no underbrush.

Looking south and west from Adams one sees a number of neighboring cones, usually low and tree-covered. They may be connected by under-ground pipes or conduits with the giant that stands beside them, or they may all have independent roots reaching down to the molten magma below the earth's crust. There are four or five low cones nearly in a row which extend from the south side of Adams toward the Columbia River. Another more prominent cone, with characteristic outlines, is located about five miles west of Guler. Altogether it is an interesting field for the student of vulcanism, and one worthy of serious study.

The eruptions from Adams have produced both lavas and pyroclastics, the former greatly predominating. The lavas have been mostly basalt, with a minor quantity of andesite. The pyroclastics represent ashes, cinders, pumice, and bombs that have been produced as the result of violent explosions. The lavas have been outpoured usually in great quantities so that to-day they are partly crystalline or porphyritic in their character. The basalt is black in color and as a rule compact and free from steam holes. The andesite is gray in color, fine grained, and prone to break up in broad thin slabs. No well-defined or marked craters are noted on the top of Adams, unless perchance they are to-day filled with snow. It is not likely that any except possibly a small crater or two would be exposed if the snows of the two prominent snow-fields at the summit should waste away.

The lava eruptions from Adams have been independent of the great basalt flows which characterize the country to the eastward. The latter have come up through great fissures rather than through tubes or other circular openings. Such a method of origin gives rise to great sheets which are piled horizontally one upon another. This horizontal position is always retained unless subsequently the sheets are arched and folded in the general process of mountain building.

Ever since the first explorers traversed the upper White Salmon valley, the lava cones about Trout Lake and Guler have been known. They occur for several miles lengthwise of the valley and some have been produced in one of the later lava flows which has come from the south side of the great mountain. The highways pass above them and the traveler is made aware of their presence beneath him by the deep rumbling sound which arises when a vehicle passes over their roofs. The roofs are sometimes arched and slightly broken so that entrances may be effected into the caves beneath. One of the best known caves is located $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles southwest of Guler. An entrance to the cave is easily possible through a hole in the roof at one point, and the descent to the floor made by means of a ladder. It is the custom to make torches of sticks of pine, filled with pitch, and bound together with wire. Such torches light up the cave sufficiently to see its size, shape, and other characteristics. It is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in length, from 30 to 40 feet in width, and measures about the same from floor to roof. The floor is fairly level, except where large blocks of rock have fallen down from the roof; the sides are sometimes perpendicular, but usually lean outward somewhat from the center; the roof has a low arch, sometimes almost flat. The lava of the floor is ropy, jagged, and rough and shows strong evidences of its once molten character. The lava of the sides is smoother and shows usually a curious ribbed effect like the surface of a wash-board.

From the analogy with the occurrence of lava caves elsewhere, it seems that the last sheet of lava flowed over a land surface that was very uneven and broken. It was doubtless roughened by many small stream channels which were winding and irregular, but usually V-shaped in cross-section. A fresh flow of lava, after moving over such a surface, would cool the slowest of all in the heart of the former winding ravines, where

the new lava was thickest and where radiation would be slowest. In the process of cooling there would come a time when the lava occupying an old ravine would cool and stick to the walls, as well as form an arch of cooled and hardened rock extending from one wall of the ravine to the other. The central mass of lava, yet plastic enough to flow, would continue to move on, leaving in its wake a long, winding, irregular tube or cylindrical cavern now known as a lava cave. It is easily seen that caves produced in this way would vary greatly in position, shape, and size, depending upon the varying peculiarities of the former valleys. Some of the caves are so near the surface that freezing temperatures prevail in them during the winter and ice formed at such times may not all be melted during the following summer. The water in the winter sometimes seeps through the roof and icicles form like those on the eaves of a house. The icicles may grow to giant proportions and extend to the floor, assuming shapes like the larger stalactites and stalagmites in limestone caves.

The glaciers on Adams look like pigmies when compared with those on Rainier, or even Baker. The great snow-fields or feeding grounds at the top are not large, hence the glaciers have no great length. Only the largest reach the foot of the mountain, while the others are perched upon the flanks of the cone. That the glaciers were once of much greater length is readily shown by the old terminal and recessional moraines that now lie far beyond the present melting points.

Mt. St. Helens

St. Helens is the westernmost and the lowest of the five great volcanoes of Washington. It is easily visible from many view points among the lowlands that extend from the southern tip of Puget Sound to the Columbia River. It has a cone of rare symmetry and beauty, and is always dazzling snow-white, except for a few weeks at the close of summer. There are no very high mountains in its vicinity and the snow-locks of St. Helens always afford a striking contrast to the dark green mountain ridges which fit like a picture frame around it.

The two common routes of ascent of the mountain are up the southern and northern slopes. The southern slope is not quite so steep as the northern one but the route is a little

longer. In ascending from the south it is necessary to go up the North Fork of Lewis river to a point opposite the mountain and then travel for several miles before beginning the actual ascent. The great majority of visitors to the mountain leave the railway at Castle Rock and go by a good highway 46 miles to a camp at Spirit Lake. The trip may be made by team in a day, or by an automobile in a shorter time. During the summer good accommodations may be had at Spirit Lake, which is at the very foot of the mountain on the north side.

In making the ascent from Spirit Lake the trail leads through the forest for three miles, until the real foot of the mountain is reached, which coincides rather closely with the timber line. In other words the sparse growth of timber fails about the point where the steep climbing begins. The park-like nature of the forest, as timberline is approached, gives a touch of rare beauty to the region. A circuit of the whole mountain at about timberline or a little below looks very inviting and could probably be made without much difficulty.

St. Helens in most respects is a typical volcano, and it affords an excellent opportunity to see and study vulcanism. Its eruptions seem to have all been approximately from one opening and hence the symmetry of the cone is conspicuous. There are many evidences of very late eruptions and erosion has made but little progress in the destruction of the mountain.

The erupted matter seems to be confined almost wholly to two classes of material; viz., lava and pumice. The lava is far and away in excess over the pumice and makes up the great bulk of the cone. The lava rock is mainly andesite, with occasionally some basalt. The andesite usually contains some small crystals and varies in color from gray to red. The basalt is always black, except for the small white crystals of feldspar which may often be seen with the naked eye. It was not until late in the history of the volcano that explosive action gave rise to large amounts of pumice which were ejected from the crater. At the present time the northern slopes of St. Helens are covered with fragments of pumice which have accumulated to the depth of many feet. In ascending the mountain on this side the route for much of the way is over the soft pumice rock which makes the climbing very laborious. In the ejection of the pumice much of it was thrown high in the air

and carried by the winds to points rather far removed from the mountain. It has been found at points more than 20 miles away on the north and the west.

One of the most interesting incidents connected with the lava eruptions was the fact that as the lava arose through the tube or conduit in the earth's crust, it broke off many fragments of the solid rock along the way and brought these to the surface. In other words, the rising lava broke off and engulfed much of the solid rock with which it came in contact on its way to the surface and such rock is now generally disseminated through the erupted material. All over the northwestern slope of the mountain the lava blocks, large and small, have many angular fragments of some other rock contained within them. The included rock at first sight seems to be granite, but in reality it is syenite. It is rather coarsely crystalline and because of its mottled color it appears as conspicuous inclusions in the lava blocks. The syenite fragments occur in all sizes and are always angular in outline. The lava was plastic enough to completely engulf the blocks of syenite and yet not hot enough to change their character and appearance. The volcano, St. Helens, seems to be situated upon a floor or platform of syenite. This basal rock is hidden by the spreading cone and its presence would not be readily detected if blocks from it had not been torn off and brought to the surface by the rising lava. The original conduit must have been in the syenite and through this throat or tube the molten rock escaped to the surface in the earliest stages of the volcano's history. It is probable that each succeeding eruption extended the walls of the conduit by breaking off portions of the syenite and hence securing the inclusions which we now find abundantly in the lava blocks.

The glaciers of Mt. St. Helens are small. It is not probable that any one of them exceeds a length of one and one-half miles. They are narrow streams of ice, largely buried by debris near their melting ends, and giving rise to small rivulets only. The mountain is not high enough to receive a great snow-fall and hence there is an absence of the necessary snow fields which serve as feeding grounds for glaciers of maximum size. After all, the chief glory of St. Helens is in its capacity of a sleeping volcano and not as a center of an important glacial system.



MOUNT ADAMS

EDMOND S. MEANY

I

*How solid, broad, and buttressed thy base of rocks doth rest
On earth's great primal platform beneath the sands and clays,
To hold secure thy shoulders, thy high and gleaming crest,
Serene in storm or sunshine through Time's eternal days!
Wild winds may whirl,
Cold snowdrifts swirl,
And thunders hurl
Their blazing spears to rend and blast;
Thy sides may shake,
The wide plains quake,
But, lo! thy deep-set granite holds thee firm and fast.*

II

*These rock-hewn caverns,
Thy vaulted taverns,
Where Arctic sprites in revels hover!
Wee knight may prance
With lifted lance,
His rival drive to darkling cover,
And then perchance,
In languid dance,
Demurely seeks a frost carved gem for elfin lover.*

III

*Thy lakes, thy flower-strewn gardens, all lead to fields of snow,
 Lead up until we listen for star-led singing choir.
 We pause on pendent glacier, a river's frozen flow,
 Or climb on rigid lava, on hardened ancient fire.
 Ah, transcendent glow
 On ice, on ancient fire!
 Who would dare to measure
 Our mountain's lavish treasure,
 When fingers, giant fingers, aye point us higher, higher?*

IV

*Attained at last thy summit, thy crown above the cloud;
 We stand in awe;
 Thy altar's law
 Condemns the soul that will not still,
 With spirit bowed,
 However proud,
 And let God's glory every trembling fibre thrill.*

EDMOND S. MEANY.

Written on Mt. Adams outing at camp





Photograph by Fred Q. Gorton
KILLING CREEK AND SNOW BRIDGE. THE ASCENT OF
MT. ADAMS WAS MADE FROM THIS CAMP.

THE MT. ADAMS OUTING OF 1911

WINONA BAILEY

To walk from Mt. Rainier to the Columbia river, one-third the distance across the State of Washington, along the great divide between the eastern and western sections, and to scale the second highest peak in the state, was the object the



Photograph by H. A. Fuller

COWLITZ FERRY

Monntaineers had set before them for the summer of 1911. To do this required twenty-one days of travel, and sixteen different camps scattered along a total distance of one hundred and sixty-two miles.

The party left Seattle at seven o'clock on the morning of July 15 by special car for Ashford near the entrance of Rainier National Park. A pack train of thirty horses had brought supplies north from Glenwood under the direction of Mr. Albertson of the outing committee and met us at Longmire Springs. While the walk began at Ashford and the first camp was made eleven miles from there at Kautz Fork, it was not until all the dunnage had been carried across the rushing Nisqually on a foot log, and loaded on the waiting horses, that the real trip began.

Then with a thrill of joy to be once more with the peaks and the running waters, we entered upon the trail, the trail that led sometimes through deep forest, moss-carpeted, sometimes along slopes sparsely forested with many a view into depths below or across to wooded hillsides; now over high ridges, along their sharp edges, or across great snow-fields; often down and down only to climb again some new height.

It led through the great spectral forest, the wide table-land, where once a mighty living forest stood, but now there are only silvery trunks and ghost-like arms with dust and ashes underneath, a region well-nigh majestic in its desolation; or through the open forest of the yellow pine and larch, with the strawberry patches in the grass, over a forest-grown lava flow until it dropped down between the last green hills, along the last clear trout stream to the rolling waters of the Columbia.

And the camps were quite as varied as the trails, now beside a glacial river, then along a crystal stream, in among the fallen timber, in the flowers, under trees, or in the open, by a lake or near a hilltop, where no man had camped before us, where the Indian had his tepee, or the ranger and the rancher built a cabin and then left it.

The early part of the trip led east in the upper part of the Cowlitz valley along the old Yakima Indian trail. Successive camps were made at Bear Prairie near the Tatoosh range at the head of Skate Creek, on the banks of the Cowlitz, at the Clear Fork and in Cowlitz Pass. The Cowlitz, where we crossed it near Lewis, is a broad, smooth, gray river, one of the largest glacial streams in the state. It is crossed by a ferry with overhead cable where free rides furnished an evening's amusement.

Cowlitz Pass, unlike most mountain passes, covers a large



Photograph by H. B. Hinman
TIETON CREEK

area, about five square miles, a park-like country covered with grass and flowers and clumps of firs and many a little lake left by the melting snow banks. Here Mr. Bennett, who had left the pack train some days earlier to scout the trip from Goat Rock to the pass, met us, and our company of sixty-four was complete. Here too, began that fine series of views. From every vantage point the eye turned back to Mt. Rainier rising in radiant majesty to the north; the higher we climbed the higher rose the mountain, the more mighty its proportions. The Tatoosh range shrank to foot hills, the Sluiskins scarcely equalled them. From west of Paradise valley and the Nisqually glacier we could see across the Cowlitz to little Tahoma and the White glacier, and could trace on the skyline very nearly the course the Mountaineers took in 1909, while the regular tourist route to the summit lay exposed as on a map. Soon Mt. Adams in the other direction began to lift its great white dome above Old Snowy and the Goat Rocks and when we reached the ridge of Hogback Mountain three days later the shining cone of St. Helens stood forth in the west, and from that time on we traveled within a vast triangle marked at its corners by three towering isolated peaks. For fourteen days we walked and camped at an average elevation of one mile above the sea.

At Cowlitz Pass we turned directly south. Thus far the trail had been clear, a mere introduction to the journey, but of the sixty miles between the pass and Mt. Adams nearly forty miles lay through pathless country and was covered by sending men ahead to scout and blaze the way, for the trails shown on the map were either fragmentary or had become obliterated.

Twice we were allowed an unexpected day of rest, once at Milridge Creek and once at Shoe Lake, partly to give time for careful trail work, and partly owing to the serious illness of Paul Kuhnhausen, one of the packers. For six days he lay beside the stream at Milridge Creek protected by a tent of fir boughs, and nursed by willing hands, for men of the party stayed behind and watched beside him until friends came with Dr. La Motte, our comrade of the earlier part of the trip. Then the sick man was carried out on a stretcher to his brother's home at Lewis and later made a complete recovery.

It was up-hill work from Milridge Creek to the Hogback, but once up, the best of all the trip stretched out before us. For the first time the great triangle of peaks became complete and everywhere as far as eye could reach in infinite variety of contour stretched the mountains of the Cascade Range, while just ahead Goat Rocks seemed struggling to conceal Mt. Adams. Going over onto the eastern slope of the Hogback the new members had their first snow work and learned what switch-back meant and the order, "Alpen-stock above you."



Photograph by Chas. S. Gleason
SHOE LAKE

Just below the Hogback, 6200 feet above sea level, in a crater-like depression, nestles Shoe Lake, destined to be our home for three nights and two days. A most delightful camp it proved, sheltered as it was from cold winds, with good grazing for the horses, plenty of room and water and sunshine for the long deferred laundry, and a fine bathing pool beyond the wooded point. At sunset and at sunrise, too, an invigorating climb of twenty minutes put one where he left the world and the kingdoms of it were at his feet. Beyond the deep chasms of the Tieton rose Goat Rocks and somewhere on those mountains was a cache, provisions for many days to come, but there was no trail across. At a general assembly it was thought best to send down to Russell's ranch for fresh meat and information about trails. Leader Belt and Dr. Hinman made the thirty-mile trip and found David McColl, a Scotch lad and sheepherder, who said he could take the horses to Goat Rocks without descending deep into the valley of the Tieton.

A hard day was expected on leaving Shoe Lake and each horse in the pack train had a leader, but the freshly blazed trail proved one of the most delightful of the trip. Keeping on the high ground of the divide, between the North Fork of the Tieton and the Clear Fork of the Cowlitz, we reached in mid-afternoon a charming mountain meadow bounded on one

side by a glacial torrent dashing out from the gorge of a miniature box canyon. A little frequented spot it appeared to be. Before we left, by unanimous vote and with much enthusiasm, it was named McColl Basin, after our new Scotch friend who had led us to it.

We were now on the north slope of Goat Rocks and, to reach the pass above, the horses would have to cross a glacier, so volunteers were again called for to lead them. They took a somewhat different route from the rest of the party and at noon as we lunched on an opposite hillside we saw in the



Photograph by Carlyle Ellis

McCOLL'S BASIN

distance the long thin line of animals and their leaders winding their zig-zag course now up along the side of Tieton glacier, then back and forth on a seemingly perpendicular mountain side. Sometimes they would stop for such a long time that we feared the trail had proved too dangerous, but again creeping slowly on they were lost to view over the pass before the rest of the party were well upon the snow slope. Boots had fortunately been well calked the night before, for the slope was steep and steps had to be made carefully. In company formation with Leader Belt ahead, a lieutenant in front of each company of eight or nine and a captain behind to watch and give instructions, we moved slowly across the wide snow-field

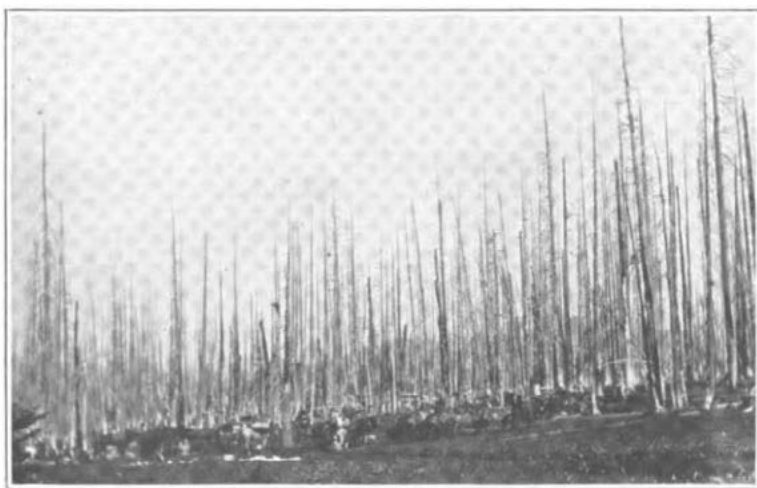
with the strange rocky pinnacles above, the smooth, brilliantly colored slopes of Tieton Peak ahead, and the valley dropping steep away below. The pass reached at 7000 feet, another field of soft snow in which we sank knee-deep took us into the valley of the South Fork of the Tieton and we began to look for Surprise Lake, which we were told was to be our camping-ground for the night. Perhaps there is a Surprise Lake, but our surprise was to come suddenly, near dusk, upon a camp-fire with Mr. Carr beside it and a bountiful hot dinner, to which we did speedy tribute, stopping not to remove grease-paint, black, white, or red. Here, on a bleak hillside, a place where only sheep could find subsistence, was the cache of sixteen hundred pounds of food left there a few weeks earlier by the packers.

A steep climb of eight hundred feet brought us to a ridge overlooking the magnificent cirque at the head of the Klickitat. Skirting this we found ourselves again below the sharp scaling spires of the Goat Rocks. This passing of the south side and the climb the day before on the north furnished our only close acquaintance with this interesting group of mountains, a region little visited and well worth a summer's outing. As we lunched on the rocks before crossing to western slopes near Cispus Pass Mr. Bertsehi, forest ranger of that district, met us and for four days was our friend and adviser, guiding by shorter routes to the great mountain, through the region of the ghost trees. Among them a little spring like an oasis in the desert furnished site for a ranger's cabin known as Short Trail Camp and here we spent the night. Next camp was at the Indian tepee on the vast table-land that slopes from Adams on the north and west. Here the Indian, perhaps for ages, has camped in huckleberry season beside a clear, cold stream under the very shadow of the mountain.

On the fifteenth day at noon, we reached the mountain camp, a typical little meadow-basin on Killing Creek on the north side of Mt. Adams at 6000 feet. Above was the lava ridge on which we were to climb between the Adams and the Lava glaciers. The commissary stream came leaping down in white spray under a thin snow-bridge, turned a right angle and dashed on to the valleys. On every hand were tiny lakelets furnishing fine laundry and swimming pools. Trees fringed

the glade except towards the mountain, where snow banks lined the basin rim, a site that rivalled Buck Creek Pass, the permanent camp of the Glacier Peak outing.

The afternoon was spent in preparations for the long anticipated circus, the stupendous spectacle that formed the climax of the fun of camp-fire programs. The evening entertainments of this outing were somewhat curtailed because of length of march and lack of time in camp, but who that heard them will ever forget the tales that were told, the instructive



Photograph by Fred Q. Gorton

CAMP IN THE GHOST FOREST

talks on photographs and stars, the history, the legends, and the verses of our president, the orchestra of our musical brethren, the songs that shortened the miles or relieved a moment of perplexity? Every Sunday there was a beautiful, restful service of worship with pulpit and sounding board of alpine firs and pews on grassy slopes.

It was decided when the climb was made to break camp at Killing Creek, send all supplies and dunnage by pack train around the western flank with any who did not care to go with the climbers over the mountain. On Monday, July 31, the rising call sounded before daylight and with hasty packing of dunnage and still hastier breakfast the whistle blew and fifty-

two people lined up ready for the start. At four-fifty we marched out of camp. In nine hours and twenty minutes we stood on the summit of Mt. Adams, 12,307 feet above the sea. No difficulties were encountered at any point. For nearly five thousand feet the climb was on lava rock affording good footing, then almost a mile across a snow-field of easy grade to within three hundred feet of the top where the snow piled steep and dome-like. The day was clear only in the upper regions. Below, a smoky haze filled all the valleys and hid the lesser peaks. The cones of Mt. Rainier and Mt. St. Helens were clear above it all day, and when the top was reached Mt. Hood appeared in the southern heavens, a white peak with no apparent base upon the earth.

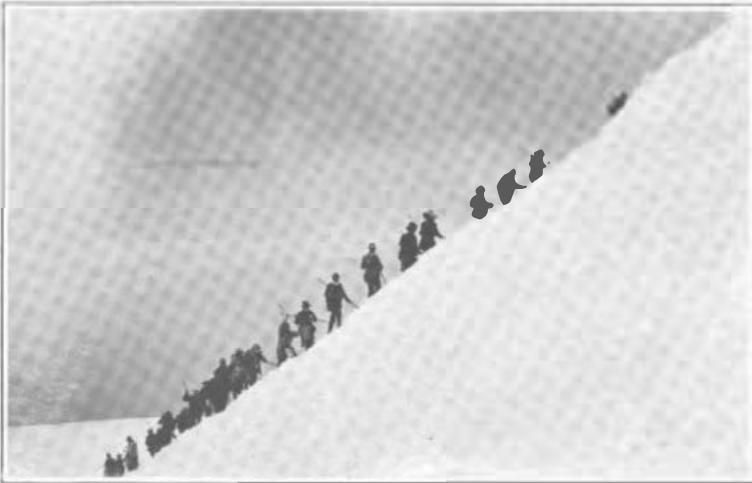
The time on top was short. After the usual picture-taking by companies and groups, the flag was unfurled and one verse of America sung and with a circle around the east end to look down on the head of the great Klickitat Glacier, we dropped over the south side to find the Mazama record box chained to a little rocky ledge. To open this, examine its assortment of cards and papers, and then sign the record book took all too long, and the leader's face grew anxious as he announced the hour and the possible distance from camp. The descent on the south was rock-work; an occasional pocket of snow gave a brief rest from the rocks, but we were too far to the west for the fine coasting slopes, and the best sliding we had was a sort of bump-the-bumps performance. Sharp eyes kept a look-out for the pack train or the friendly smoke of the camp-fire we knew would be built somewhere below. None appeared. At six o'clock a trail was reached that soon led into another much traveled trail showing the tracks of many horses. Dark coming on seemed to double the miles, but at nine a cheerful whistle announced a friend with the message, "Camp only half a mile away." There a hot dinner was waiting, and hands ready to serve it. The members of the party who had gone around the west side had not only walked nearly twenty miles over hard trail but had selected a camping spot for everybody and carried each one's dunnage to it. Never were conquerors more warmly welcomed, never did they find more preparations for their comfort. This place was Morrison Creek ranger's station. Next day we rested there, and the report of the climb was sent out to the papers.

Plate XXV.



Photograph by Charles Albertson
INDIAN TEPEE CAMP

Plate XXVI.



Photograph by Charles Albertson
MOUNTAINEERS ON A STEEP SLOPE ABOUT FIFTY FEET BELOW
THE SUMMIT OF MT. ADAMS



Photograph by H. B. HINMAN
FIRST BASIN IN GOAT ROCKS AFTER LEAVING McCOLL'S BASIN



Photograph by C. R. Corey
THE PACK TRAIN CROSSING LAVA GLACIER ON TRIP NORTH.

The following day Miss Lulie Nettleton, Mr. Gorton and Mr. Bennett made a second climb of the mountain, leaving Morrison Creek camp at four fifty-five, following the even snow slopes of the south side and reaching the summit at eleven. They spent two hours on top, then coasting most of the way, came down more than five thousand feet in forty-five minutes, returned to our camp of the night before for an hour's rest and joined the main party at Trout Lake thirteen miles farther on, coming in just as camp-fire was over.

Camp was three miles out from the settlement at Trout Lake, in a beautiful grove of pine and larch in the lava cave region. The largest cave visited appeared from the surface as a great hole in a heap of rocks. Two ladders led down into it and then with the help of pitch pine knots, we followed over sharp rocks a vaulted passage wide and high for several hundred feet to where it branched into smaller archways. This region is full of caves which seem like great bubbles in a stream of lava that once flowed down from Mt. Adams to the Columbia river. In the vicinity of our camp another smaller cave was found and explored and it was said two hundred others had been counted. So numerous are they and their openings so hidden in the grass and rocks that a horseback rider at night is in danger. Water has seeped into some and frozen into great pipe-organ columns or stalactites and stalagmites of ice that the heat of summer never overcomes.

The trail from the ice cave to Oklahoma ranger's station, where the next night's halt was made, was one recently built and led across a ridge into the valley of the Little White Salmon through beautiful forests of white pine and fir. The milder character of the country made the trip of the last few days seem more like local walks than the real mountaineering of the summer's outing. By this time, too, our company was much reduced because a number had gone home early from Trout Lake.

The last day the trail widened into the road, the foot log into the strong bridge, farm houses were passed at intervals until finally the whistle of a locomotive was heard and we knew the solitude of the hills was ours no more. At a sharp bend in the road, high on the hillside we caught the first glimpse of the mighty Columbia. A last night was spent on its banks,

and the next day a marvelous ride on its waters, through the locks, past the rapids, past the bridge of the gods, and the numerous cascades, formed a fitting climax to a most successful outing.

MEMBERS OF THE PARTY

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| *H. V. Abel, Lieut. Co. E | †*Nancy E. Jones |
| †*Chas. Albertson, Member of Staff | *Emil Krahnem, Lieut. Co. C |
| †*E. W. Allen, Capt. Co. A | Dr. La Motte (to Lewis only) |
| Bernice E. Bailey | Mrs. La Motte (to Lewis only) |
| *Winona Bailey | *Adna W. Leonard, D. D. |
| †*H. May Baptie | Anna Liverson |
| *Katherine Bathurst | †*Lydia E. Lovering |
| *H. C. Belt, Leader | *Winifred MacFarland |
| *Mrs. H. C. Belt | Vida Mathews |
| *A. H. Brackett, Capt. Co. D | *Prof. E. S. Meany |
| †**Prof. H. B. Bennett, Member of Staff | *Prof. R. E. Moritz |
| *Hazel Burroughs | †*Lulie Nettleton |
| *Crissie Cameron | Anna Newman |
| †Linda M. Coleman | *Mabel Odell |
| †*Prof. C. R. Corey, Lieut. Co. B | *Mary Paschall |
| *Fidelia Davis | Prof. Otto Patzer |
| *A. H. Denman | *Roger Payne |
| L. Mabel Dufford | Frank Preston |
| *Carlyle Ellis | *Stella Scholes |
| *Helen Ericson | *Josephine Scholes |
| H. A. Fuller | †Alma Shurtz |
| *Mabel Furry | *A. Hermine Stauber |
| †*Chas. S. Gleason, Capt. Co. B | †*Gertrude I. Streator |
| *Ruth Gleason | *E. K. Triol, Lieut. Co. D |
| *W. H. Gorham, Capt. Co. F | *R. Weller |
| *Kathleen Gorham | *H. L. Willis, Capt. Co. C |
| †**F. Q. Gorton, Member of Staff | Mrs. H. L. Willis |
| *R. J. Hageman, Lieut. Co. F | Margaret Willis |
| †*Mary L. Hard | *H. E. Wilson |
| *H. H. Hastings, Jr., Lieut. Co. A | †*Clara A. Worthington |
| *Dr. H. B. Hinman, Capt. Co. E | *Geo. E. Wright, Member of Staff |
| *Mrs. H. B. Hinman | Dr. Martha Wyman |
| *Evelyn Irish | †Robert Carr, Chef |
| *Edith Jackson | *W. C. Scroll, Assistant |
| | *Crawford Allen, Assistant |

*Indicates ascent of Mt. Adams.

†Indicates ascent of Mt. Hood.



Photograph by Chas. S. Gleason
ON THE SUMMIT

MOUNTAIN LUPINE

EDMOND S. MEANY

*Blue of the sea, blue of the sky,
Blue of the glacier's deep!
O, wine of the winds where free eagles fly,
I come to thy home, blue lupine, I leap.*

*Blue of the sea, blue of the sky,
Blue of the glacier's deep!
O, flowers where the snows carressingly lie
For aye with the stars companionship keep.*

AN ASCENT OF MT. HOOD BY MOUNTAINEERS

CHARLES S. GLEASON

The prospectus of the Mountaineers' annual outing for 1911 to Mt. Adams, the Goat Rocks, and the Columbia river stated that the company would embark for the trip down the river at a point nearly opposite Hood River, the starting point for climbing Mt. Hood, and that a party might be organized for that purpose.

The thought of climbing two mountains, each over 11,000 feet high, in one season was fascinating. Along the trail and around the camp-fires from Ashford to Killing Creek camp on the shoulder of Mt. Adams, eager questions were heard concerning the length and difficulty of the climb.

The virus was working. When the summit of Mt. Adams was reached and the eyes sweeping the horizon above the clouds that filled the valleys, beheld in the north the massive pile of Rainier and in the west the rounded cone of St. Helens and, turning south and looking across fifty miles of rolling vapor, rested upon the sharp cross of Oregon's pride, Mt. Hood itself, the disease became epidemic.

By the time the company reached the Columbia a party of eighteen, thirteen of whom had climbed Mt. Adams, was organized for the Mt. Hood trip. A leader was chosen, a commissary and a transportation committee selected, Carr engaged to do the cooking, and funds collected pro rata and placed in the hands of a treasurer to make the paying of bills as painless as possible.

The transportation committee went to Hood River on the boat Friday afternoon, August 4, to find a camping place and arrange for a boat to meet the North Bank train at Underwood.

After dinner the last camp-fire was held, Auld Lang Syne sung, good-by said and at 8:30 we took the train for Underwood with our dunnage bags, commissary supplies and cooking outfit. By midnight we were in our sleeping bags on the sand-spit in front of Hood River.

Plate VI.



Photograph by Charles S. Gleason
MT. HOOD (11,225 FT.)

Plate VII.



Photograph by Charles S. Gleason
SUMMIT OF MT. HOOD

Rising call was sounded early Saturday morning and breakfast was over in time to give the ladies a chance to do their first shopping in three weeks before the train left for Parkdale, twenty-three miles up the Hood river valley.

Lunch was served from our own supplies at Parkdale, elevation 1800 feet, and at one o'clock we started on a twelve-mile hike along the wagon road up the north side of Mt. Hood.

It was hot and the road was dusty and a steady uphill pull, but three weeks spent in the open and one hundred and seventy-five miles of tramping mountain trails had made the party "fit." The first five miles was among the fruit farms of the upper valley, the last seven through dense pine forest to camp about 600 feet below timber line near Cloud Cap Inn, a typical summer resort hotel at an elevation of 5800 feet.

Sunday was spent resting for the climb on the morrow, studying the route up the mountain, photographing the peak with and without a cloudecap, talking with Miller, the mountain guide who frankly admitted that a party of Mountaineers did not need his services, and in observing the guests of the Inn and permitting them to observe us to our mutual edification, khaki suits, calked boots, alpenstocks and tanned faces making a striking contrast with white flannels, tennis shoes, parasols and lily white complexions.

We invited the guests to visit our camp and they proved to be "good fellows all", showed great interest in our sleeping-bags and camp equipment and said they enjoyed our camp-fire songs and the stories we told of our long hike.

Mt. Hood stands in the dooryard of Cloud Cap Inn, or just over the fence, and towers over 5000 feet above it. Sweeping down directly toward the Inn lies the magnificent Elliott Glacier.

By 4:30 o'clock Monday morning we had had breakfast and sixteen of the party started on the climb. Our route was along the east side of Elliott Glacier to the summit of Cooper's Spur three miles away and 2800 feet above camp. We then turned to the right and climbed the steep snow-field at the head of Newton Clark Glacier to Creseent Crevasse where the slope became steeper and reached an angle of sixty-five degrees which it maintained to the summit. From this point we availed ourselves of the rope 1400 feet long anchored near

the summit each season by the guides, and climbing hand over hand, reached the summit, elevation 11,225 feet, at 12 o'clock.

The steep climb was a novel experience for Mountaineers accustomed to climb the massive snow-covered domes of our Washington mountain peaks, and when we reached the summit we found not snow and ice, but bare volcanic rock.

The view of the Willamette valley on the west was obscured by heavy clouds, but to the north and east was spread the beautiful panorama of the Columbia valley, while beyond were miles and miles of Washington wheat-fields, and on the northern horizon stood our old friend Mt. Adams upon whose mighty snow cap, 12,307 feet above the sea, we had stood just one week before. Beyond Adams, above the clouds, was the summit of old Rainier, 14,526 feet high. To the east and south-east through broken clouds we caught glimpses of the great plains of Eastern Oregon, while in the south rose the pinnacle of Mt. Jefferson and beyond the Three Sisters.

After lunch on the summit under the lea of a pile of rock to escape the biting wind and an hour spent in photographing the scenery upon our memory and ourselves with the camera, we began the descent backward down the rope hand under hand, then coasted down a mile of snow slope and were in camp by 3:30, happy that we could carve the names of two mountains upon our alpenstocks for the year 1911.

Tuesday we walked twelve miles to Parkdale, took the train to Hood River and the steamer down the Columbia to Vancouver, and reached Seattle Wednesday morning, August 9.





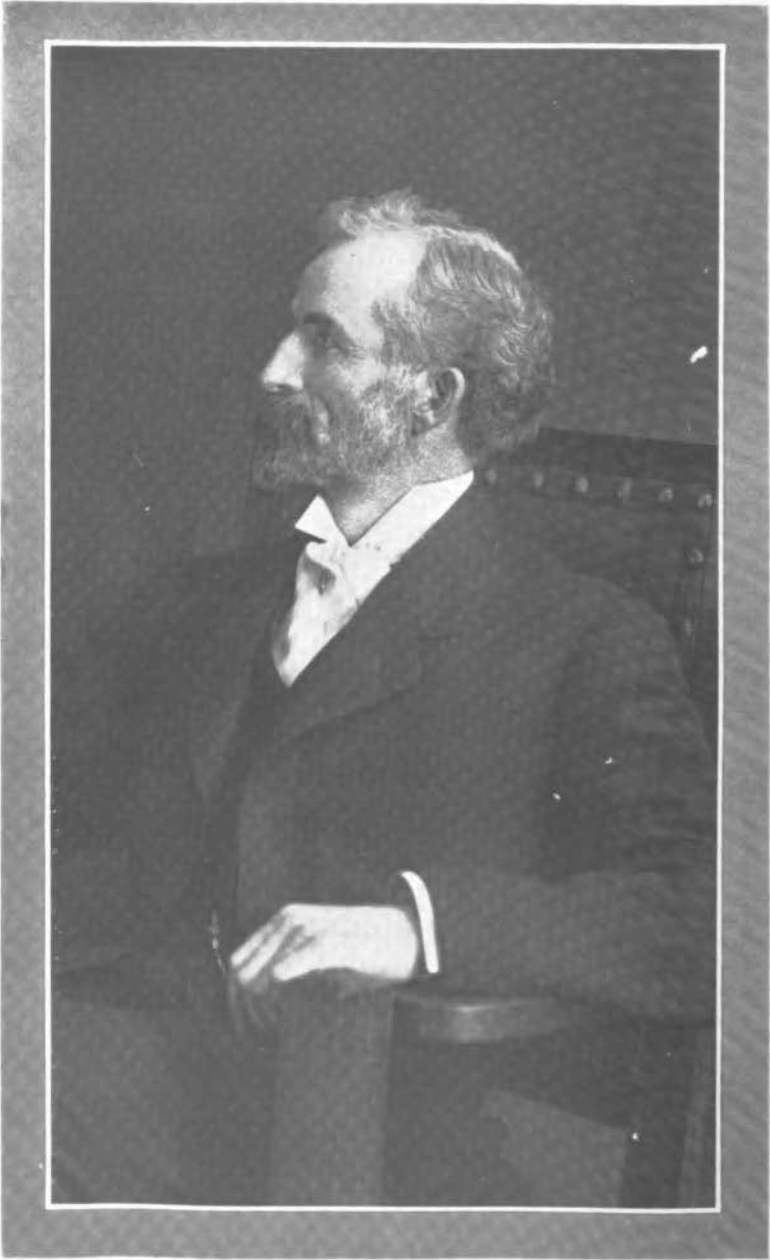
ELLIOT GLACIER ON MT. HOOD

Photograph by Mabel Furry

MEANY

*As valiant as the eagle in his heaven,
As steadfast as the iron rocks, hard riven;
As warm as sunshine after rain, as sweet as sleep is after pain,
As golden as the sunset grain, as peace upon the heart had lain;
Refreshing as the wood's wind after showers,
Or strong as mother love—or mountain towers:
Yea, even so is he—and he is ours,
And so, to him, these wild and wind-blown flowers.*

A. H. A.



EDMOND STEPHEN MEANY, M. L.
President of the Mountaineers.

*CLIMBS IN THE SOUTHERN SELKIRKS

EDWARD W. HARNDEN

"Hail Columbia!" That is what I could have appropriately sung, even in Canada, on the Fourth of July this year, as the "Klahowya" laboriously forced her shallow breadth against the winding current of the ninety-mile stretch from Golden, on the Canadian Pacific road, to the head waters of the Columbia river. The visit of 1910 with Mr. Herbert W. Gleason to the snow and ice clad sources of the stream, as told to readers of the Mountaineer last year, had been fascinating but disappointing. Like Moses, we had seen but had not entered upon the promised land. Our trip to the head of two of the western tributaries, Toby and Horse Thief creeks, rising in the very crest of the southern Selkirks, had afforded us glorious Alpine views of unclimbed and almost unknown peaks; but protracted forest fires had enforced an idleness which had left us in bad climbing condition and had so shortened our time that, instead of leaping joyously from crag to crag, we could simply scurry about and size up what we would like to do another year. Instead of sitting haughtily aloft, "like Jupiter on Olympus, looking down from afar upon men's lives," we had simply

*"Walked right in, and turned around,
And walked right out again."*

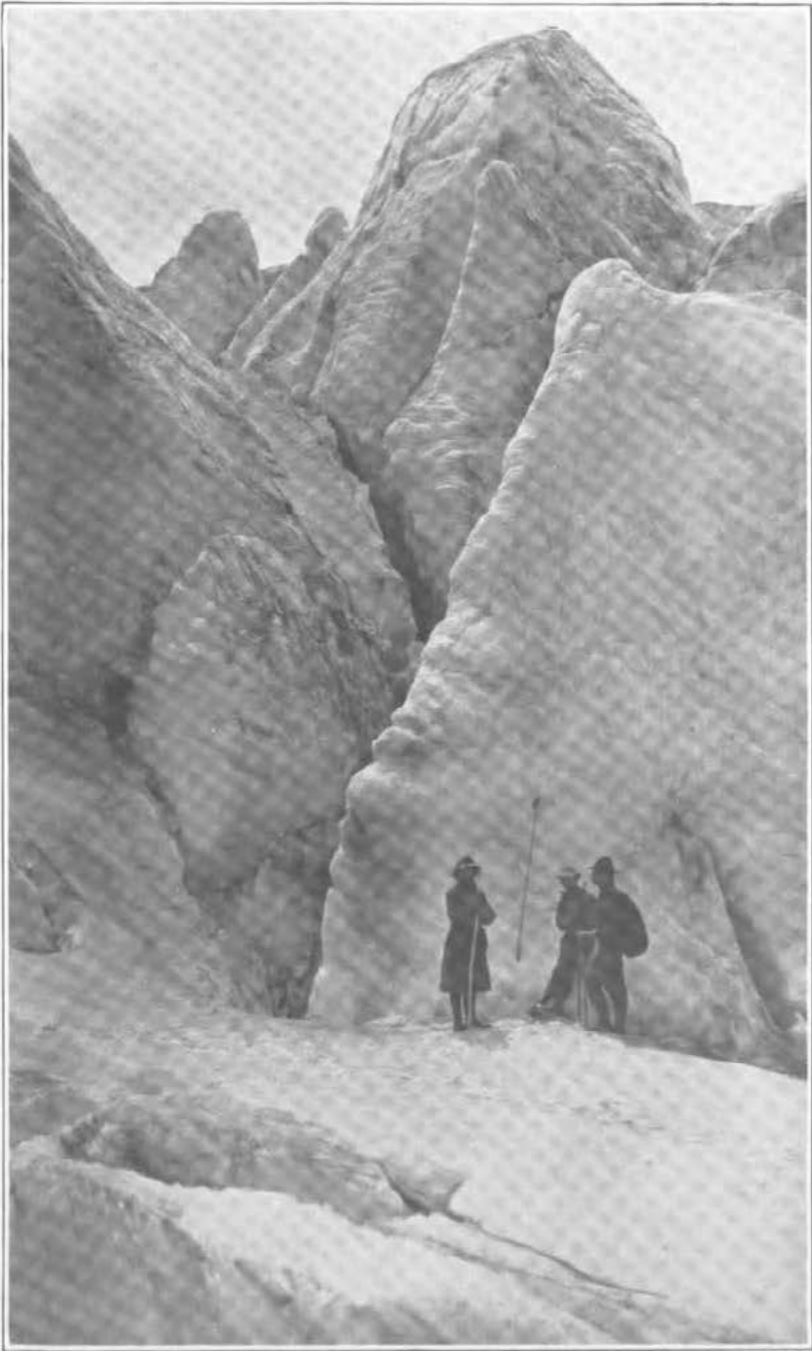
Mr. Gleason's plans for 1911 did not permit of a resumption of activities in the region; but I had greatly interested two Boston mountain-climbing friends—Mr. George D. Emerson, a fellow Mountaineer and Appalachian, and his wife—and they were awaiting me on the morning of July 5 at the head of navigation. A hurried breakfast together was followed by a lightning change of "duds" and throwing together of dunnage, and we, accompanied by Mr. Charles D. Ellis of Windermere, a climbing companion of last year, were packed and off for Toby Creek.

*A continuation of Mr. Harnden's "A New Mountain Country" in the Mountaineer of November, 1910.

We first visited the Paradise Basin, whence we started the climb of Hammond last year, and where our Recording Angel, Mrs. Emerson, performed the rather remarkable celestial feat of coasting down into Paradise. But the North Fork of Toby Creek, somewhat farther on and about eighteen miles from Athelmer, the head of navigation on the river, was the scene of our first real work. We intended not only to climb, but to size up the country topographically and otherwise as well as time would permit. We were our own guides, packers, cooks and dish-washers—no trouble with the servant problem! Mrs. Emerson, besides acting as Recording Angel of the expedition, planned to do a little botanizing; Mr. Emerson, who is an engineer, carried a light transit, and we had ice axes and rope and the best procurable aneroids. Incidentally, better measurement and aneroiding showed that our estimated altitudes of last year over-shot the mark; but it still remains true that the southern Selkirks equal the northern in height and surpass them in Alpine grandeur.

A few minor tramps and scrambles about Paradise Basin and our North Fork camp put us in fairly good condition. We had planned a second ascent of Mount Hammond—first ascended last year by Mr. Ellis—by a new, and it seemed to me more interesting, route, which I had then observed as a possibility. Mr. Ellis was anxious to join us on this second ascent, but was called from camp by business, and while awaiting his return the Emersons and I packed on our backs our sleeping bags and provisions for several days and made a trip to the head of North Fork. The magnificent glæcier scene here afforded from the high eastern slopes of the Fork, I referred to last year. A summit above us, to the east, which seemed to offer a magnificent view-point, attracted our attention, and this summit furnished us with a splendid day's climb and a first ascent. The combined snow gully and sharp rock arête work gave us a good try-out and test of condition.

Mount Catherine, as we named the peak, is from 10,000 to 10,300 feet in height, subject to later calculations, bears on its north face, overlooking Boulder Creek, a series of splendid, precipitous, hanging glaciers, and offers one of the finest Alpine panoramas imaginable. Not far away, to the east, was Mt. Hammond, while to the west, tier on tier, rose the magnificent peaks of the main southern Selkirk range, with some of which



Photograph by Edward W. Harnden
ICE COLUMNS ON TOBY GLACIER

we were to hobnob—and hobnail—later. As far as the eye could see, from south to north, the landscape fairly bristled with the typical glittering, crevassed glacier fields and jagged summits of the Selkirks, which, while perhaps not averaging quite as high as the neighboring Rockies, have much finer ice-fields (excepting such northern ice-fields in the Rockies as the Columbia and Washmawapta), due to greater precipitation, and are more Alpine in character.

We returned to our lower camp in good shape for the Mount Hammond climb. Charlie had not returned, and we had to go without him. A short distance above our camp Hammond Creek—so named by us—enters North Fork from the north. The Emersons and I packed in an almost straight course up this creek, camping near the base of the west side of the mountain, preparatory to attempting the climb by a route which had seemed to me last year a particularly interesting one.

The steep and direct rise up Hammond Creek from our North Fork camp, with its elevation of about 4300 feet, to the base camp for our Hammond climb, at 6700 feet, afforded an unusually striking illustration of changes from temperate to sub-arctic conditions. The trees rapidly dwindled to scrub, and the character of the flowers, which were beautiful and profuse, changed with every few hundred feet of rise. There is no lost ground by this route, and it makes a far more interesting climb, technically and from a scenic point, than the route of last year from Paradise Basin.

From our camp, in a strip of woods overlooking from the left the snow gully at the head of Hammond Creek, we could clearly figure out our probable route of the next day, when the bright promise of the evening was fulfilled. Outlined against the early morning sky line, on July 14, to the northeast stood the steep rock and snow profile of Mount Hammond. We knew that this arête that stood out against the sky looked down on the farther side vertically to Boulder Creek, and it was by this ragged Boulder Creek arête that we planned to ascend until we reached the bastioned crown just below the summit. A sharp rise of about two hours, scrambling over broken rock slopes and up steep snow gullies, brought us to the arête, and careful climbing up the unstable rock bridge, with its tremendous views into the yawning Boulder Creek abyss at our left, finally brought us to the crown. This is composed

of tremendous cubical rock bastions, pierced by occasional gaps, where erosion of the rotten rock by frost and glacial action has left rough, narrow, sharp V-shaped chimneys. The first gap had seemed impracticable to Mr. Ellis last year, and at first so impressed us; but there were three of us, we had a good rope, and, avoiding the snow-filled depression, into which broken rock has a habit of falling, and taking to the side rocks at the left, a half hour's delicate and careful work—in which our Recording Angel, a novice in Alpine work, showed splendid nerve—placed us at the top of the bastion, whence a short scramble brought us to the top of the shattered rock cone which forms the summit.

Our calculations this year dropped the summit to about 10,400 to 10,600 feet—subject to later refinement—an elevation, however, well up to that of the highest northern Selkirks: and the glorious view afforded of the Columbia valley to the east, with the Rockies rising beyond, and of our neighboring crest chain of Selkirks to the west, we can never forget.

Our North Fork plans were now consummated, and our next base of operations was Earl Grey Pass, at the head of the main Toby Creek, as described in last year's *Mountaineer*. This is a pass leading over into the west Kootenay region, and was first crossed by a Mr. Wells, of Boston.

A day and a half's packing from the North Fork camp landed us there ready for business, camped in a little park reminiscent of Rainier, surrounded by erythronium and giant anemones, the dying gasp of the expiring timber still leaving, in addition to the Lyell's larches, fir balsam for beds. About us was one of the noblest panoramas conceivable, suggestive, as I said last year, of the view from the Gorner Grat.

The sharp, high, apparently inaccessible peak pictured in plate III last year, lying south of the Pass, had haunted my dreams during the winter. I knew that it had three apparently impossible sides. The fourth, lying in back, I had never seen, but I had faith that it would prove feasible. So on the promising morning of July 18, we started out to circumvent the mountain and see whether I was correct. The party consisted of the Emersons, Mr. Ellis, who had now rejoined us, and myself. We dropped from the Pass, which is at a level of about 7400 feet, to the Toby Glacier, which lies at the head of Toby Creek and is its source, and traveled the long gradually rising curve

of the glacier for several miles, starting in a southerly direction and gradually swinging to the west as we cut the arc of a circle around the peak. As we rounded a sharp, knife-like rock shoulder of the mountain, that unknown south side came into view, and there seemed a reasonable chance that the mountain was ours. Instead of precipices where in places the snow and ice could barely maintain a foothold, we found the hollow on this side filled with a steep, winding glacier tributary to the Toby Glacier, with névé and snow-field above and a rock ridge at the top, and all apparently negotiable with proper precaution. There were the usual problems of avoiding crevasses on the lower levels and looking out for rocks above; but all went well, and one o'clock in the afternoon of a splendid day found us the first persons on the summit of Mount Gleason (named after Mr. Herbert W. Gleason), one of the finest peaks of the southern Selkirks. We lunched and enjoyed the curiously detached and tremendous sensation afforded by a view of a chaotic ice and rock world from a peak one side of which swept down thousands of feet in a sheer precipice below our feet. Our aneroiding placed the height at about 10,600 feet, and rough triangulation from Toby Glacier, where we subsequently ran a base line, gave a height of 10,800 feet. The summit rock seemed to be largely granitic, which probably accounts for the peak's retaining its sharp, Matterhorn-like shape.

The running of a base line on Toby Glacier and a trip through the ice columns of the "Temple of Karnak," which we threaded from end to end, on subsequent days, brought our Toby Creek work to a close, and we then hied ourselves to Horse Thief Creek, another west to east tributary of the Columbia river, lying to the north of Toby Creek. Mr. Ellis had to leave the party again, on account of business.

Horse Thief Creek, in its 45-mile length, heads up in another interesting part of the crest range. Outfitting for the mountaineer and hunter is facilitated by Thomas Starbird's delightful Mountain Valley Ranch, about thirteen miles up the creek from Wilmer. This creek, in its variety of scenic features—canyons, hoodoos, steep mountain side walls, unsurpassed waterfalls and its culminating magnificent Alpine scenery at the head—far surpasses even the beautiful Toby Creek. Goats fairly run riot on the mountains about the valley, there is an

occasional grizzly to make things interesting, and at the ranch there are saddle horses and delightful quarters and surroundings for the non-strenuous tourist.

To a camp 28 miles above the ranch the Emersons and I packed by horse; and from this camp we did some minor tramping and climbing, exploring what we called Goat Creek, a northern tributary of Horse Thief. We bucked brush up the west side of the creek and came down the more open rocky eastern bank, following the stream closely and getting superb views at close range of magnificent falls, as the stream tumbled in a continuous series of cascades down the steep mountain side, having their source in a lake of marvelous beauty.

Above this camp to the head of the creek and the foot of the great Starbird Glacier there was no trail for horses ready, although the government has interested itself in the section and a horse trail was cut up to us before we came out; so, with the assistance of the trail-cutters, we packed up on our backs tents, sleeping bags and food for about ten days. We chose, in a flat bordering the main creek and about two miles below the glacier, an ideal camping site. A delightful little mossy brook of the purest water ran before our tents; at hand was a good supply of fir balsams.

*"The beds were made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit."*

Back of us a wild, jagged, vertical cliff up-reared; across the valley three wonderful falls plunged down the mountain side; and at the head of the creek, in full view, was the lower stretch of the noble, curving Starbird Glacier, with its background of snow and ice peaks, dominated by the great summit which we hoped to climb.

A reconnaissance was, of course, first in order, and this we planned from a minor peak across the glacier to the north. So that we need not retrace our steps and the climb might not be too long from our camp, the Emersons and I planned a possible three-days' expedition from camp, packing on our backs sleeping bags and provisions, devoting the first day to reconnaissance and locating a base camp, the second day to the climb, with the possibility of returning to the main creek camp the second night, but being prepared to be out a third day.



STARBIRD GLACIER AND PEAKS AT THE HEAD OF HORSE THIEF CREEK

Photograph by G. D. Emerson

The reconnaissance was successful and interesting. Our minor 9000-foot peak enabled us to look across at the summit we had in mind and to lay out alternative routes, and offered glorious views of the snow and ice world about us. The Star-bird Glacier, which stretched its immense length in a horseshoe beneath us, is perhaps twelve miles long, possibly the largest in the Selkirks. On every hand were immense ice fields, while hanging glaciers, due to the peculiarly precipitous nature of the mountain walls, abounded. From one such, over an almost vertical mountain precipice across Horse Thief Creek, we witnessed within ten minutes of each other two tremendous avalanches, the shattered ice streaming thousands of feet down the mountain side in cascades and finally debouching on to the great glacier itself. Some goats also passed in review at reasonably close range.

Making camp at the nearest point to our peak where wood seemed available, we turned in, prepared to climb the next day. We started long before sunrise, the route upon which we had determined lying over the surface of the glacier for several miles, swinging from south to west to the summit of a pass over into west Kootenay, then turning sharply to the left and following a long "switchback" glacier, which skirted our peak on the north side, to an ice and snow slope which, with broad cross crevasses and a final bergschrund, rose steeply and directly to the rock-capped summit. An alternative route, if this should prove impracticable, involved the attack of a rock comb from a point near the pass and working along this comb to a high snow-field, assailing the summit from the rear.

It soon became clear that the elements were against us. Heavy clouds and mists formed, and did not break away with the rising sun. We crossed the pass and got some grand views of the lower West Kootenay mountains, but our summit remained obscured and weather conditions were threatening. Finally, we were reluctantly obliged to give up the climb.

Fate had other knocks in store. Shortly after returning to our main camp a telegram came up the line calling the Emersons home; and one of the trail-cutters, Ernest Rafford, a former Maine guide and woodsman, who joined us and wished to participate in a second attempt on the mountain, had not been in camp five minutes before he had cut himself well into the ankle bone with an axe. My comrades sadly departed, say-

ing that they would try to send up somebody who would like to climb the peak, while I waited a week in camp, taking care of the unlucky chopper and hoping against hope. And it rained almost continuously in the valley—and snowed on the mountains!

At last, on August 10, the weather cleared beautifully, and the little angels who preside over the destinies of sufficiently persistent mountaineers—and other mortals—smiled. Towards evening, the jingling of bells told me that the horse trail to our camp had been completed, and Frank Butterfield, superintendent of the Starbird ranch, with Jack Poorman, of Idaho, a trail-cutter, and Mitchell Coffin, of Brooklyn, appeared on the scene.

The hoodoo was broken. Five o'clock the next morning saw Coffin, Poorman, and myself well on our way up the glacier, Butterfield being unable to join us because another trail-cutter had been injured and had to be taken down into the valley.

The fates never granted more beautiful weather for climbing—although I was afraid our magic three might be broken when twelve goats gazed simultaneously down upon us from a neighboring hillside and sang their Lorelei song to Poorman, who was tempted to go back and get his gun.

We managed to avoid actually getting into crevasses in the glacier and switchback, although occasionally a leg would disappear, and some anchoring and broad jumping was necessary; but the most study was required on the final sharp rise to the summit. A week's heavy fresh snow covered the old ice and snow on the steep slope, increasing the danger from avalanches, and in negotiating the slope bad cross crevasses—"glory holes," as Jack called them—had to be dealt with. Fortunately, however, the new snow had avalanched almost from the top in a narrow strip, and we zigzagged in and close to this strip, made good steps and kept the rope taut. Above us, too, slightly to the right as we neared the top, was a projecting hummock which would probably have divided an avalanche from above, and we could, if threatened, quickly line up below it and brace. But nothing untoward occurred. Even the final bergschrund, which we thought might cause us some work and study, and which we were prepared to go down into and up the other side, offered a splinter of a bridge which bore us safely across; and, surmounting the final 15 or 20-foot vertical

snow wall with a straight frontal attack, digging in with fingers and toes, I found myself, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., within twenty feet of the highest rocks on the peak, thus justifying our careful reconnaissance, for we had not actually seen the summit since long before leaving the main glacier. Up swarmed the others, and at a signal the highest rock felt its first touch of human feet simultaneously given. Our sizing up had been accurate even as to the time necessary for different parts of the climb, and we returned to camp shortly after 6 p. m., as I had told the boys we probably would.

We intended to name the peak, the elevation of which is about 10,200 feet, Mt. Thompson, after the early explorer, but I have since found that there is another Mt. Thompson, so a different name must be given. The view was perhaps the most superb of the summer. The immense curve of the Starbird Glacier, the striking contrast offered by the snow and ice fields and rugged summits of the West Kootenay ranges, with the deep, green, intervening valley, and the tremendous Alpine sweep along the crest of the main range to the south, to the head of Toby Creek and beyond, and to the Spillimacheen Mountains in the north, combined in a wonderful, glorious panorama.

All hail to Horse Thief and Toby Creeks! And there are other creeks as little known, leading to unclimbed summits of these, the noblest of the Selkirks. There is an urgent call to the mountaineer and hunter, and it will not long remain unanswered. Stevenson says: "We are not content to pass away entirely from the scenes of our delight: we would leave, if but in gratitude, a pillar and a legend."

We have built our cairns, and this is the story. And there, awaiting other explorers and climbers, are

"the hills,

Flashing the morn abroad

From their iron crests, which took

The rose of creation's dawn—

Themselves the earliest book,

On whose carved crags, deep-drawn

Stands written the will of God."

THE BENEDICTION OF THE MOUNTAINS

REV. FREDERICK T. WEBB

The treasured memory of twelve years' residence near to the very heart of the Rockies and nine years in daily sight of the splendid Cascades and the wild Olympics and the amazing "Mountain that was God", with many a vacation hour spent in their suggestive and serene solitudes, has convinced me that mountains have a very distinct individuality. That is a truism. But they have more than this; something like a very live and majestic personality. It is scarcely a metaphor to say: we sit at their feet and learn, that we commune with them, that our hearts go out to them and that they give answer back to us.

Have you not felt as if these pine-clad, snow-garmented peaks were wrapping you in their great friendship? You do not feel that they are standing aloof coldly awaiting your homage; they take you to themselves, into their grandeur. They impart their strength; you warm their loneliness; and in the union of mountain and man you realize your oneness with the great universe itself, and are in touch with the throbbing soul of God.

I believe the very presence of the mountains is a benediction. And so is the mountain's altitude. Whether he will or not, it lifts one up; first the eye, to scale its sides, and then the soul. All who love the mountains or look upon them are not actual mountain climbers, but the vision of them all moves to the skies, of necessity, under the mountain's leadership.

And their example! Is not that, too, a benediction? All the secret of life is with them. How responsive they are to the creative agencies of nature, still at work. This is their submission to the discipline of life. The pink glow of sunset is the mountain's gratitude for the light of the passing day in which they have bathed. They stand immovable—as a brave man may, upon the granite basis of his faith, while the heat and the storm and the slow erosion of the rocks are doing for

their form what the storm and stress of experience are doing for the human soul; moulding it into shape.

It is so firm and true,—the mountain, yet it is not ungraciously stoical. Its varied moods are the token of its sympathy with the changing processes which are bringing it to the perfection of a more finished beauty. And all the while it keeps up its ministry, through the fertilizing streams, to the needs of the green and fruitful valleys below and so to the people who dwell there.

“The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and bless thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.”

May we not so read the benediction of the mountains?



AT SUNSET
Photograph by A. H. Denman

THE FUTURE OF THE RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

ASAHEL CURTIS

The most pressing need in mountain affairs in Washington at the present time is the improvement and extension of the roads of the Mt. Rainier National Park. The mountain is attracting wide attention and people are coming from afar to visit it. If they find the mountain accessible they will tell their friends about their trip and the mountain will receive the best form of publicity. If, on the other hand, they find there are no roads or only one fair one, they will probably so state and by so doing dissuade many from a visit. Now is the time to go at this matter with all the vim that can be shown, and the Mountaineers should be the ones to lead in this work. They should prove that they know what is needed in mountain work in the state and not leave this important work for the commercial bodies of the two cities. The work is broader than the purposes of commercial bodies, the park is a national one and not a Seattle, Tacoma, or even a Washington one. Therefore the work in behalf of the park should be national. The senators and representatives of Washington may work for a system of roads, but they must have the support of others before the necessary bills will pass. The club should organize a campaign of publicity, get the eastern mountain clubs to help and have them take the matter up with their senators and representatives, urging the passage of this bill. Eleven thousand people passed through the park entrance last season. The majority of these would be willing to write to their representatives at Washington in favor of a bill to improve the roads. They know that they need improvement. President Taft was able to reach Paradise Park, but he learned just what was needed to make the road a success.

The first thing that should be decided upon is a plan of action that can be followed for years, and all parts of the park opened. No money can be appropriated for roads until surveys are made, therefore those surveys should be started the coming summer.



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Mt. Rainier from Indian Henry's Hunting Ground southwest side of the mountain. A survey has been made for a road into this park from the present road to Longmire Springs. This road should be constructed as soon as possible to afford a relief to the crowds now going to Paradise Park. This road would also open up Van Trump Park, which lies between Paradise and Indian Henry's.

There is need of a road on the north side as well as the south side. This can go from the present road at or near Fairfax and reach the ice of the Carbon Glacier. From this point it can be continued into both Spray and Moraine parks. Some road should be opened from the east to permit people to come in on that side and go out via the south. The important thing is to decide as soon as possible where roads are to be constructed and then see that a continuing appropriation is made for such development.

There is no question but that the present road should be widened from Ashford to Paradise Park sufficient to permit autos and stages to travel over it safely. The government began a stage road to the park and then allowed the use of autos. This has created a menace which the government is morally bound to remove.

Right here in the matter of roads is where the Mountaineers can do a great good for the state. Being a state-wide organization they can do much to remove the partisan spirit. If Seattle and Tacoma can be united upon a system of roads for the Rainier National Park, the chance of getting the necessary appropriations from Congress will be increased many fold. As long as there is a feeling that the state is not united in this matter Congress feels safe in passing up all appropriations.

A north road is certain to come and the Mountaineers should be the first ones to back the movement for it. They are familiar with the region to be opened, the scene of their 1909 outing, know of the beautiful parks that will be made accessible to tourists, and should do all in their power to aid in the work.

Superintendent Hall has opened some of the old trails on the north side and built some new ones. An application has been made for a hotel permit in Moraine Park, and also one in Spray. It will be only natural, when these hotels are open, for the tourist to wish to make the trip from one side to the other. This will, more than anything else, lead to the opening of trails, and later, roads around the mountain.

I realize that the true Mountaineer would much rather see the mountains from the trail or the unexplored wilderness, but to make mountains at all popular, to get the majority of people into them, it is necessary to have roads.

ALL NIGHT ON AN ACTIVE VOLCANO

CHARLES ALBERTSON

Recent newspapers report a renewed activity of Asama Yama in central Japan. Friends confirm these statements and tell of the loss of human life. All this brings clearly to mind a trip brother and I made to this energetic volcano-mountain some years ago. It was in September, 1901, that we took steamer from my home in Kobe for Yokohama. From there we traveled probably a hundred miles by narrow gauge and rack railway to a little village called Karuizawa, on the watershed of the unique Island Empire. Asama Yama is of volcanic origin, without glaciers, young, and therefore shapely and attractive. It is gray-brown, of broad base, conical, and rises in graceful curves from a plateau to a height of 8280 feet.

One splendid fresh morning we started from Karuizawa at 8:30. Brother got away first while I was lengthening the stirrup-straps. He had three men to his jinrickisha, one in the shafts and two pushing. They swung out of the tiny mountain hamlet at a lively pace and all knew we were bound for Asama. After six miles the road began to climb gradually and at eight miles we stopped at a clear, cool spring to fill our water bottles, as we should find no water beyond that point. We rested here a little and then started on up the winding roadway over the rounded foothills. In the cuts we could count three layers of scoria or pumice each 15 to 24 inches thick with black earth between. Evidently they were from three of Asama's eruptions many centuries apart. At 11:30, ten miles out, we left the road and turned in on the path which led to the foot of Ko-Asama. This means "Baby" Asama, and a pretty little thing it is, too. It is an exact miniature of the volcano and rises a thousand feet above the base of Asama. Here we had "tiffin" under a small pine. The jinrickisha could go no further, but the pony did go on up to the saddle between the baby mountain and its mother. We were now at 12:30 p. m. at the base proper of the mountain and our real work had only

begun. Owing to the zig-zagging of the trail we still had some two miles to go to reach our goal. The route was marked by stone cairns.

When about half way up to the top, which we were usually watching, we saw an unexpected eruption like many we had seen at longer range. It consisted of smoke, steam, and ashes, one-eighth of a mile in diameter at the crater mouth, projected about a mile and a half straight up in the air. It went skyward, seemingly slowly, but in fact with great speed, gradually unfolding and spreading out until the top was much larger than the base upon which it appeared to stand. As the vast gray-brown volume ascended, more of course took its place from the crater, thereby keeping the form of the ever-rising shape. The whole mass literally boiled and tried to unfold and unwind and untwist like great brown clouds each trying to get out of the immensity of itself and yet always keeping an approximate waterspout shape, unable to accomplish its separating purpose. Soon the winds began to drift it over until its symmetry was lost and it mingled with the clouds distinguishable only by being a little darker in color. It had been a wonderful sight and not soon to be forgotten. In a few minutes we were treated to a rain of fine, penetrating, biting ashes. After awhile we turned to the right and followed around the side of the mountain instead of climbing directly up. This was easier work, though more dangerous, for it took us across a very long steep slope with precarious footing. At last this diagonal trail brought us out on a fairly level knoll about 1000 feet from the crater and 150 feet below it. We reached the top at 4:00 o'clock. The climb was 4500 feet.

When within 50 feet of the crater there was a booming roar from directly under us like unto ten Niagaras. We were instantly enveloped in ashes and a black sulphurous smoke mixed with hot steam which had no respect for our sense of smell any more than the ashes had for our eyesight. At the same time we distinctly heard rocks and stones dropping back into the liquid lava way down in the unearthly crater. They fell with great, thick-sounding, heavy puds as of immense bodies of ore dropping into molten iron. The falling masses had an ugly, angry, spiteful sound as if sulky and mad at not having been spit out of the seething mass entirely. There we were in the smells and smokes fresh from hell and in semi-

darkness. Resounding in our ears a wild, baffled, awful roar of rage from the very entrance itself. Under our feet we heard and felt the rocks as they went plunging back into the yellow heated cauldron from which they had only been partially ejected. It was all so utterly unexpected, so sudden, without any warning, that we heartily wished ourselves well out of it.



Photograph by Charles Albertson

Smoke, steam and gases erupting from Asama Yama. Column of vapors three-fourths of a mile above the crater

The smoke cleared away and our tremulous nerves quieted down. Then the first thing to do was to see where all the gruesome fun came from, so we made for the edge of the crater. The top for a very short distance around the great, yawning, circular hole is fairly flat and is one mass of rocks and lava completely filled in with ashes. It is therefore very porous, hollow sounding, and not well built to resist pressure. Standing on such material we looked over into the uncertain pit. The sides were straight up and down and we drew back in horror. We had little faith in the unstable ground we stood on. Far, far below we clearly heard the Devil's awful kettle boiling, slowly boiling, boiling rocks, boiling the foundations of the earth, boiling the things we considered indestructible. Our ideas of the permanency of things changed. It was not a vigorous boiling, but gave a definite feeling of power, slow

but awful power. Time was no object. The result would be accomplished just the same. No hurry, but forever and ever and ever boiling. On no fickle substance like water did it waste its energy, but concentrated its action on ponderous adamantine masses which took the power and heat of all the underworlds to melt. The mighty cupola spit and sputtered in a dignified manner, knowing that it had unmeasured forces behind it and that it was doing the irresistible will of the Fire Gods. We could not see the bottom on account of the steam which rose continually from the unknown depths, but we did see down about 500 feet. The perpendicular rocks were such as we had never seen before—though we will probably see them as long as we live, so vivid was the impression. They were nauseating and infernal, a yellowish, sulphur-green, roasted and grilled, baked and fried and toasted by the intense heat, and at some time had been cooked and boiled and par-boiled in living red-hot lava. Everywhere we went we encountered sulphuretted steam, awesome radiating rock-crevasses, warm rocks and areas so hot as to burn our shoes.

As we looked from the apex of the great cone, whole provinces in quiet grandeur unfolded before our delighted eyes. To the northeast was the verdureless, white Shirane San, an extinct volcano, and Nantai San, which I had climbed the year previous, shapely and verdure-clad. North, west, and south were great ranges and peaks, while away in the far south the peerless, graceful, magnificent Fuji appeared easily distinguishable, though over a full 100 miles distant. It towered 12,365 feet above the ocean, which almost washed its base. I have climbed it twice. In the east was the great Musashi plain stretching away to the mighty Pacific. Quiet rivers ran through it, villages and cities dotted it, clumps of straight, tall cryptomeria hid the inevitable shrine, and dainty bamboo groves showed themselves in favored places as islands in a sea of rich green, waving rice. Above all the noise and strife of the world we felt the peacefulness of the great silences and distances pervading us.

We wandered all over the summit, filled our hearts with delight at the beautiful panorama lying in every direction, and wondered at the proofs of power continually before us. Thus talking, wondering, enjoying, investigating, we finally reached the rock-crevasse just at dusk where we had left our dunnage

two and one-half hours before. We were hungry, very tired, the excitement seemed over, the sun gone, darkness hurried after us, damp misty clouds wrapped us, chill-cold gripped us. We were suddenly alone in the night upon a mountain top, far from home and our beloved world below.

Cries of piercing terror from the coolies made me look toward the crater. What I saw transfixed me to the spot spellbound—speechless—terrified. The sight was one of horror and awful power. The great crater was violently vomiting. The mountain shook. From the nether worlds came flame, murky smoke, and red-hot exploding rocks. The thing burned itself into me. I can see it yet. The darkness, torn by livid flame, then made darker by the smoke, the reports of the bursting rocks, the crunching crashing of the rocks falling near us, the solemn awfulness of the place, the unexpectedness, the astounding manifestation of immeasurable hidden forces, and the intense uncertainty as to what was coming next, all combined to root me fast, overcome with awe and fear. The yawning abyss gradually stopped its action and only an occasional sputter in the great yellow bottom of the cauldron gave evidence that it was not entirely dead. But our peace was gone. Our early desire to be nearer was fully gratified—and more. We wished we were well out of it. Next morning we estimated that we had been 800 feet from the edge of the great hole when the eruption took place. Rocks had fallen to within a few feet of where we stood. Some weighed a quarter of a ton. We were fortunately just far enough away to miss the rain of rocks—and no further.

We arranged to sleep just as far away from the crater as ever we could get. It was in a long, narrow crevasse which evidently was at one time a deep, painful, earthquake rent near the edge of the mountain crest. The falling ashes had soothed the wound to within a man's height of the top. We were well sheltered by an improvised carpet-tent from the driving damp wind without and the dull damp floor beneath—but were not comfortable in mind. It was dark and dangerous outside and we could not escape from the mountain at night. Just before we slept there were tremors and another eruption, but this time of smoke only. Twice in the night I awoke to hear others and to wonder what next. We were under the edge of a soft, friable rock which a falling rock could easily crush down on



ASAMA YAMA FROM KARUIZAWA TEN MILES AWAY

us. We were on the top of a most uncertain volcano which behaved most strangely. I was full of a complexity of weird feelings mingled with those of utter helplessness and danger. All the surroundings were dark and fearsome—was it a wonder that we slept uneasily and heartily welcomed the day?

At five in the morning as the dumb, grey, grizzly dawn was finding itself out of the blackness in the east, we were awakened by another loud explosion and crawled out to see once again at close range the magnificent boiling smoke. The rocks this time fell back into the hot bed whence they came. We felt easier, for we expected to be off that place before the usual time for another. There was no sunrise for us and our scant breakfast was hastily eaten. Another look was ventured into the great pit of the Evil One, but we could see nothing, as the steam from his breakfast of sulphur and lava rose in great volumes. The wind, too, stinging cold and keenly damp, wrapped the clouds in gray, chilly sheets about us, so that we were glad to make away from the haunted though enticing pinnacle downwards toward the earth whence we had come, it seemed, long, long before. We made fast time getting off that volcano, for in an hour and a half we were at the base of Ko-Asama, mighty glad to be free from the mental tension of the night before. Then it was we spread our blankets in the gladsome sunshine, ate a bite, and stretched ourselves to sleep.

A half hour in the jinrickisha followed. Then an hour on foot over a very ancient lava flow which was covered by a sparse vegetation. This brought us to an ice cave under a young lava bed only one hundred twenty years old. The great, brown, cavernous mass rose abruptly before us and we scrambled, climbed, jumped, and did various goat antics to get up and out on the top. The sight we saw was wonderfully impressive, for the bed was at least five miles long and two miles wide. The formation was jagged and ragged, caved and pitted, creviced and crannied, tossed and tumbled, browned and burnt, scarred and seared, restless and confused. It showed under us and all around us unmistakable proofs of a power that in its action must have been tremendously and stupendously magnificent. Some vast, awful, fearful, netherworld force stirred to wrath had poured its vial of hot, surging lava out over a beautiful world, leaving fearful destruction in its path.

Even to this day there is no vegetation on the miles of waste rock. The dust may fill a small crevice or two. The rain moistens the seeds dropped therein by the birds, but that is all. They are like the biblical seeds that were dropped by the wayside and brought forth fruit—no fold. This clean, new, vegetationless bed, even though old by our standards, impressed upon us a clear perception of the age of the world and the long, slow processes of time. The usual and unusual incidents of the trip, including our escape, had enlarged our soul vision and made us meek.

We left the lava beds at two, were picked up by the shaky jinrikisha at the lone tea house at three, had another drink out of yesterday's spring at four, and in the gathering dusk at 6:30 we swung into Karuizawa, pleased, weary, tired. And soon all those in the village whose tongues were Japanese knew that a pair of foreigners had spent the night on top and returned safely from the feared and mighty volcano, Asama Yama.



AT CLOSE OF NIGHT ON VOLCANO

WITH THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

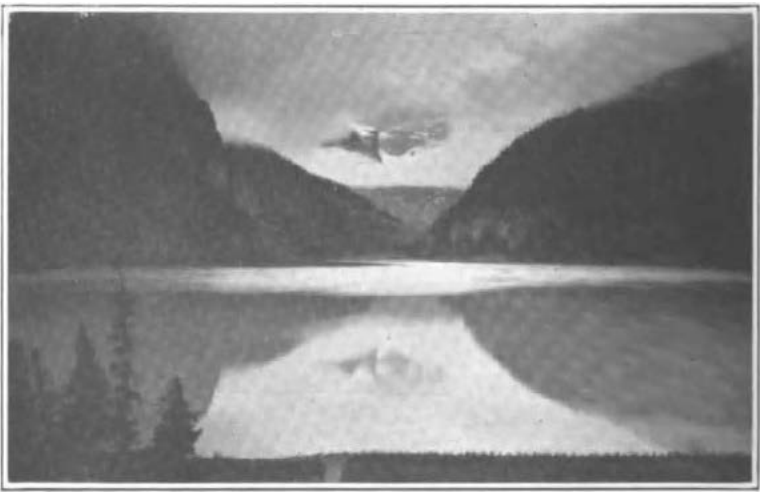
***P. M. MCGREGOR**

The sixth annual camp of the Canadian Alpine Club was held at Sherbrooke Meadows, B. C., from July 26th to August 4th, 1911. The camp was five miles from Hector, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, midway between Field and Laggan. It was in a beautiful valley—mountains on both sides and above, with Sherbrooke Lake a mile lower down the valley and with Lefroy, Victoria, and Cathedral mountains in sight across Lake Sherbrooke.

The club furnished tents with good bough beds, sufficient to care for 125 at one time. Over 150 attended the camp during the nine days. There was a large dining tent capable of seating about 80 at one time, located midway between the men's and women's quarters. A Chinese cook and two assistants cooked for the large party, and a maid cooked for the help and for any meals outside the regular hours. There were three maids and three boys to wait on the table. Tea was served at 4 p. m. every afternoon for any ladies or others who cared to indulge. There were three Swiss guides in attendance during the outing, besides a number of the older members of the club who acted as guides. The rope is used much more than on the Coast mountains, the people being roped together in parties of five or six as soon as the climbing becomes difficult. There is very much more rock work and much more difficult and dangerous climbing than in the Coast mountains. The ice-ax is much more popular than the alpenstock and is better for experienced climbers, especially on rock climbing. The main object of the summer camp is to qualify or graduate members. They become active members upon making one of the climbs decided upon by the climbing committee. Mt. Daly, 10,382 feet, was the graduating climb this year. Mt. Ogden, 8,795 feet, was a nice climb close to camp, and Mt. Niles, 9,742 feet, was another one not far away. Pope's Peak, 10,255 feet, seven miles away, was to have been a graduating climb, but

*Official guest from Mountaineers to Alpine Club of Canada.

was found to be too difficult, so only a few had the pleasure of making it. Five members of the Alpine Club and the representatives of the Appalachian, Mazama and Mountaineer clubs were given the trip up Popes Peak as a reward for their attempts to help the graduating classes. Along with two Swiss guides this party made the ascent the same day that the Mountaineers climbed Mt. Adams. There was some rock work that showed the guides to good advantage, and also showed the need of the party being roped together. This climb was made from a temporary camp at Ross Lake, the only place that the

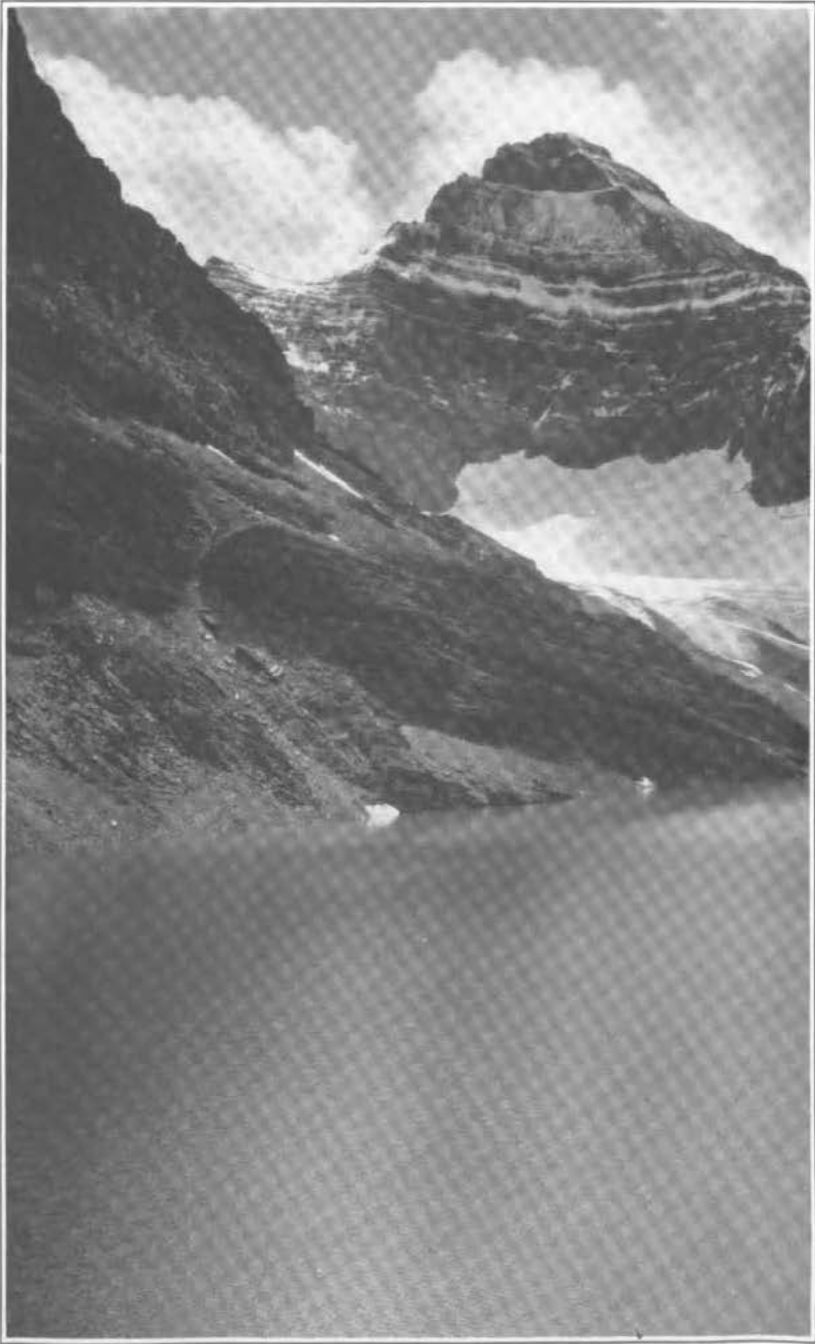


Photograph by P. M. McGregor

LAKE LOUISE, PART OF VICTORIA GLACIER SHOWING THROUGH THE CLOUDS

mosquitoes were bad. We spent one night there, but preferred to make the trip to the top and back to main camp the same day rather than spend another night there.

The annual meeting took place next day. There were 125 people in camp, a number coming in for that occasion. Elections take place every two years and this was the year that they "stood," so it was principally reports that were submitted to the members. The secretary's report showed that the club had a paid-up membership of 650, that the club received grants of money from the Dominion government, British Columbia government, Alberta government, and the Canadian Pacific



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Photograph by P. M. McGregor

MT. BIDDLE AND GLACIER. LAKE McARTHUR, ONE OF THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE LAKES IN THE ROCKIES

railway, besides two Swiss guides free from the Canadian Pacific railway during camp. This money is expended principally on opening up and exploring new country, Mr. Wheeler and the club guide being in the Yellowhead country all summer. There is a club house at Banff that is owned by a joint stock company of members and leased to the club. Club members receive from the Canadian Pacific railway a single fare round trip from anywhere in Canada for the annual outing. The meeting took place around the campfire. Vice-president Patterson had charge of the camp in the absence of Mr. Wheeler, president and director. He proved himself a very hard working gentleman, met all new arrivals with a handshake, directed them to the annex to the dining tent if it was outside the regular meal hours, told them where the secretary was to be found, and even called the early parties at 4 o'clock in the morning for breakfast. I do not think that he was out of camp for two hours during the nine days. Mr. Forde, chairman of the climbing committee, was a very capable gentleman, who with two others on his committee gave all members a chance to graduate. Mr. Forde was out on a rope himself every day on the same mountain, and finally as his own reward he went over with two or three others to climb Popes Peak, but the guides would not take them up as the snow was not safe, due to much rain. Much rain fell during the camp, but generally at night. Tents are more necessary than in our Coast mountains.

There were 63 members graduated this year.

The tents furnished by the club are round ones, similar to the army tent, and capable of accommodating about eight persons per tent.

Active or associate members paid \$2 a day—others, including any who failed to graduate, paid \$3 a day, so that any who came in for leisure around camp paid \$1 a day more than the climbers. One representative from any other mountain club is put on the same standing as active members. A very pleasant feature was the fact that members and visitors came from all over America and Canada. There were about eight Appalachians, one Mazama, one American Alpine, and one Mountaineer. The Alpine Club members came from all over Canada and the eastern states.

The campfires were a pleasant feature, with a new chairman every evening, generally some well known member or visitor.

I do not think there were as many flowers as in our mountains, nor as large timber in the valleys, and not as much snow on the mountains. The prettiest lakes and rivers and the most rugged mountains I have ever seen are the ones in the vicinity of the Alpine Club camp.

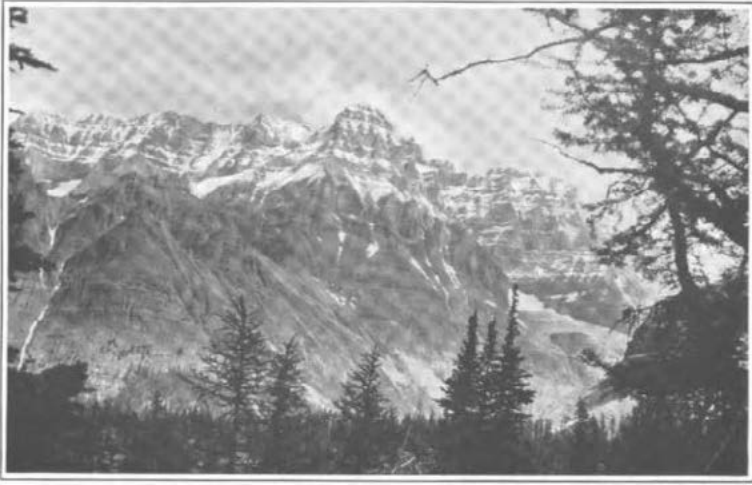
THE OLYMPIC NATIONAL MONUMENT.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

The Mountaineers are deeply interested in the Olympic National Monument and they are justly proud of their success in working for its creation and maintenance. While earnestly enthusiastic they are by no means eccentric or foolish in their attitude. They have never favored the locking up of needed resources. They strive to lead rather than to hinder the advance of real progress. It would be well to record here the steps by which the Monument was created and then discuss the present situation.

In the Fifty-ninth Congress (1905-1907) acts were passed to make provision for the erection of monuments to the memory of John Paul Jones and other heroes and one other act (Chapter 3060, page 225) was entitled: "An Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities." Its provisions are as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person who shall appropriate, excavate, injure or destroy any historic or prehistoric monument or ruin or monument, or any object of antiquity, situated on lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States, without the permission of the Secretary of the Department of the Government having jurisdiction over the lands on which said antiquities are situated, shall, upon conviction, be fined in a sum of not more than five hundred dollars or be imprisoned for a period of not more than ninety days, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.



Photograph by R. D. Glisan

MT. HUBER, 11,041 FT.—VVIWAXY PEAKS, 8,869 FT.



Photograph by P. M. McGregor

View from the side of Mt. Daly showing Sherbrooke Meadows, the camp is behind the bluff and below. The mountains showing from left to right are Victoria, 11,355 ft., Lefroy, 11,220 ft., Cathedral, 10,454 ft., Ogden, 8,795 ft., and Sherbrooke Lake in the center.

"Sec. 2. That the President of the United States is hereby authorized, in his discretion, to declare by public proclamation historic landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest that are situated upon the lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States to be national monuments, and may reserve as a part thereof parcels of land, the limits of which in all cases shall be confined to the smallest area compatible with the proper care and management of the objects to be protected; Provided, That when such objects are situated upon a tract covered by a bona fide unperfected claim or held in private ownership, the tract, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the proper care and management of the object, may be relinquished to the Government, and the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized to accept the relinquishment of such tracts in behalf of the Government of the United States.

"Sec. 3. That permits for the examination of ruins, the excavation of archaeological sites, and the gathering of objects of antiquity upon the lands under their respective jurisdictions may be granted by the Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture and War to institutions which they may deem properly qualified to conduct such examination, excavation, or gathering, subject to such rules and regulations as they may prescribe; Provided, That the examinations, excavations and gatherings are undertaken for the benefit of reputable museums, universities, colleges, or other recognized scientific or educational institutions, with a view to increasing the knowledge of such objects, and that the gatherings shall be made for permanent preservation in public museums.

"Sec. 4. That the Secretaries of the Departments aforesaid shall make and publish from time to time uniform rules and regulations for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act."

There are many parts of the United States where the provisions of that act would seem more appropriate than would the wilderness of the Olympic Mountains. For example, it would furnish exactly appropriate protection for the cliff dwellings and other Indian relics in the Southwest. Without realizing the availability of that law for the desired protection of the Olympic Mountains, the Mountaineers made their first move,

as indicated, by the following letter written by George E. Wright to Congressman Will E. Humphrey under date of 9 February, 1909:

"I am about to lend my support to the movement to create some kind of a National Park out of the main body of the Olympic Mountains.

"With a view to preparing some kind of a proposed bill to be introduced in Congress, I have just looked up the Act which you introduced for the establishment of a game preserve and I have read with considerable interest the proceedings in the House of Representatives as they appear in Congressional Record.

"What we had in mind was, in the Act itself, to designate the limits of the reserve. This proposition we are going over carefully with some of the Mountaineers, who are very familiar with the ground, and we propose also to go over it carefully with the men owning large bodies of timber—although thus far we have not found them interested—for we do not propose to go down into the valuable timber. We can easily create a Park having area of between six hundred and one thousand square miles without approaching the boundaries of the present forest reserve and without approaching merchantable timber, unless possibly some very small quantities where the line of the Park will cut across narrow valleys.

"The main mountain ridges will upon all sides run outside of the artificial boundaries which we shall suggest. For this reason it may be desirable in addition to creating artificial limits, to give power to the President by proclamation, to make to a limited extent, some future enlargement of these limits, as the topography of the ground may require.

"Will you kindly advise me upon the following points: "

1. Would you like us to draft and submit to you, a proposed Act of Congress; or would you prefer to draw it yourself?
2. Will you give your approval to the idea of provisionally defining, in the Act itself, the limits of the reserve?
3. Will it be best to have this Park created as a game preserve, or simply as a plain National Park.
4. Is it desirable in addition to establishing in the first instance, the bounds of the reserve, to give to the President the power to enlarge these bounds?

5. What other suggestions have you to offer?

"Will you kindly have sent to us, one of the maps which, as a separate folder, accompanies the report upon the Olympic Forest Reserve? This map I desire to return to you with the proposed boundaries of the reserve indicated upon it.

"I am sending you, under separate cover, a panoramic photograph, which conveys a very good idea of the general character of the country proposed to be set apart as a reserve. The endorsement upon the back of this photograph is self-explanatory."

The photograph referred to was the excellent picture of the range made by Asahel Curtis, who was actively engaged with Mr. Wright in this enterprise. When Congressman Humphrey received that letter and the accompanying photograph he laid both before President Roosevelt, who at once turned to the law for National Monuments for authority, and under date of 2 March, 1909, issued the following proclamation:

"WHEREAS, The slopes of Mount Olympus and the adjacent summits of the Olympic Mountains, in the State of Washington, within the Olympic National Forest, embrace certain objects of unusual scientific interest, including numerous glaciers, and the region which from time immemorial has formed the summer range and breeding grounds of the Olympic Elk (*Cervus Roosevelti*), a species peculiar to these mountains and rapidly decreasing in numbers;

"Now, Therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the power in me vested by section two of the Act of Congress, approved June eighth, nineteen hundred and six, entitled, "An Act for the preservation of American antiquities," do proclaim that there are hereby reserved from all forms of appropriation under the public land laws, subject to all prior valid adverse claims, and set apart as a National Monument, all the tracts of land, in the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Mason and Chehalis, in the State of Washington, shown as the Mount Olympus National Monument on the diagram forming a part hereof, and more particularly located and described as follows, to-wit:

* * * * *

"The reservation made by this proclamation is not intended to prevent the use of the lands for forest purposes under the

proclamations establishing the Olympic National Forest, but the two reservations shall both be effective on the land withdrawn, but the National Monument hereby established shall be the dominant reservation and any use of the land which interferes with its preservation or protection as a National Monument is hereby forbidden. Warning is hereby given to all unauthorized persons not to appropriate, injure, remove, or destroy any feature of this National Monument, or to locate or settle upon any of the lands reserved by this proclamation.

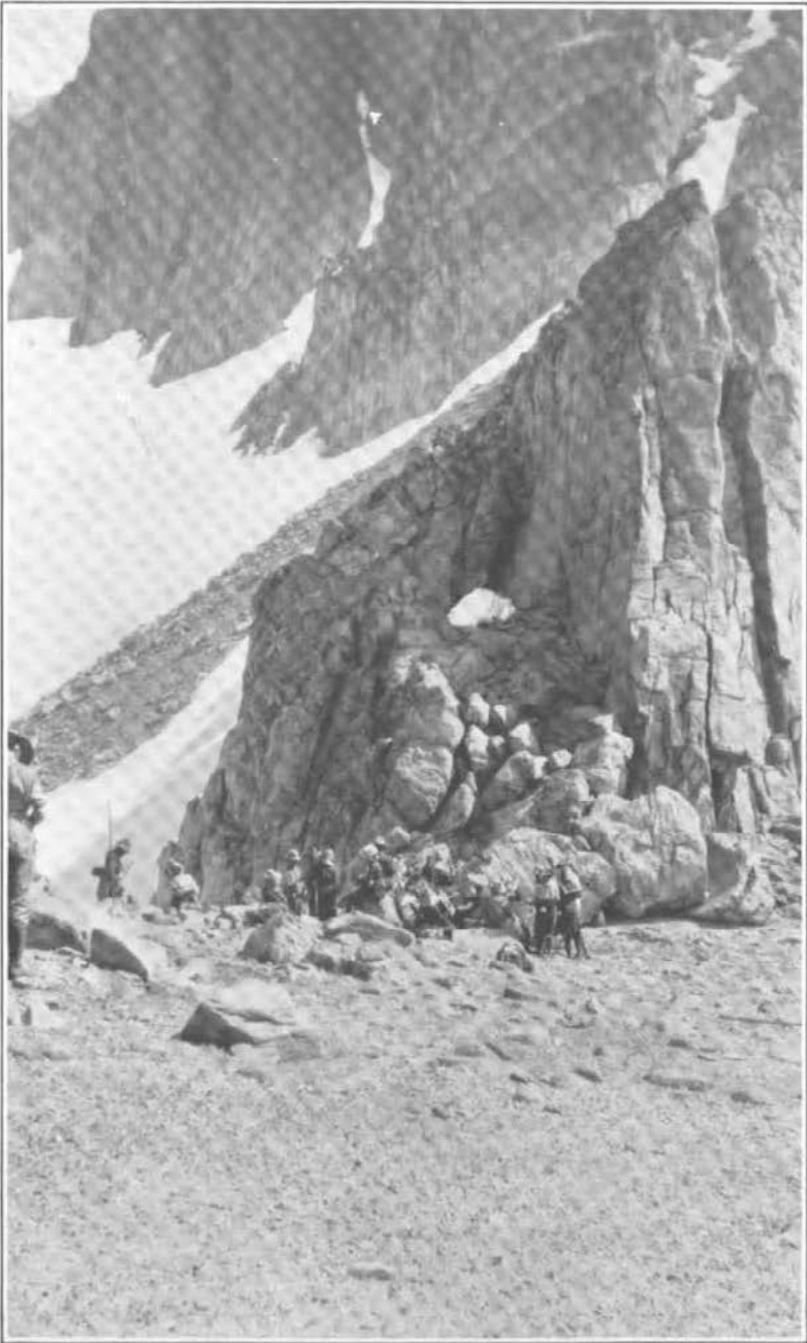
"IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington this second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-third.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

This met with general applause throughout the Northwest and the Mountaineers felt secure in the fruits of their labors in that direction until there arose complaints that prospectors and miners were hindered in their efforts to secure the mineral wealth supposed to exist within the Monument. This objection was promptly met in a characteristic way by the Mountaineers.

When Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, visited the Northwest he sought information about the Olympic National Monument as he did about other matters within his jurisdiction. Asahel Curtis and George E. Wright were asked to serve as a committee of the Mountaineers to present the facts to Secretary Fisher. The club wished to advocate every reasonable wish of the miners. A conference was held by representatives of the various commercial bodies and organizations interested and it was amicably agreed to work together to procure the following general objects: To change the Olympic National Monument into the Olympic National Park; to have the United States Geological Survey make a careful survey of the park as to its mineral resources; to permit mining and prospecting under proper regulations within the park; to adjust the boundaries so as to include the summits of the mountains and as little as possible of lands useful for agriculture or forestry.



Photograph by H. A. Fuller

MOUNTAINEERS IN THE GOAT ROCKS

Surprise and gratitude were expressed by the others interested that the Mountaineers took such liberal ground on questions naturally dear to them. Such has always been the attitude of the Mountaineers. They want to save generous playgrounds for the whole people. The time is already upon us when such attractive parks are appreciated. As the population and tourist travel increase so will increase the intrinsic value of such parks. Anyone at all familiar with the conditions in Switzerland, California, the Yellowstone Park and elsewhere know that the whole Puget Sound country is destined to become an alluring place for travelers and that such visitations help enormously to develop and embellish the region visited.

There are now thousands of people in various parts of this Republic who have enjoyed visits to the Mount Rainier National Park. They would rebel vigorously against any attempt to harm that wonderful beauty spot of earth. As methods of approach are improved there will arise other thousands who will be equally loyal to the Olympic National Park.

The Mountaineers wish to help in every way possible to build trails and roads into these parks and to safeguard the beauties of nature there for the free enjoyment of all the people.



Photograph by R. J. Hagman

Plate XII.



Copyright Asahel Curtis

On the road to Mt. Rainier. This shows a portion of the road that the Government has just completed to timber-line on the southern side of the mountain. It has cost \$240,000 to complete the 25 miles of roadway and a large appropriation should be made to widen and improve it.

Plate XIII.



Copyright Asahel Curtis

Spray Park on the northwest side of the mountain. This vast park is now reached only by a poor system of trails and this region should be opened as quickly as possible. No road work can be done until surveys are made and therefore it becomes necessary to decide upon the system of roads for the whole park and then work out these details. In this way a complete road system will be possible.

Plate XVIII.



Photograph by H. B. Hinman

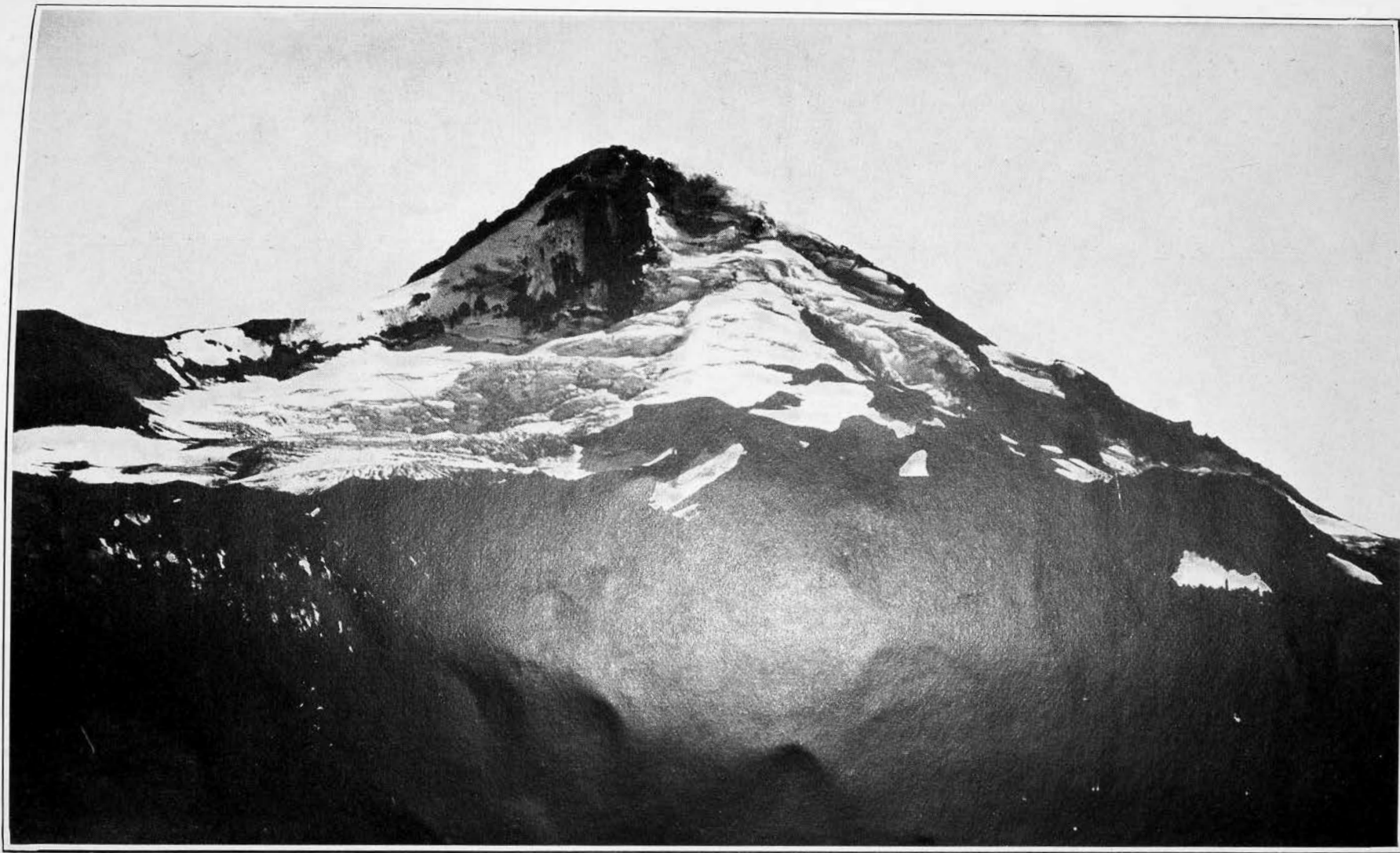
Some very successful outings have been planned by the Everett Mountaineers. The picture shows them on a snowfield below the summit of Mt. Pilchuck.

Plate XIX.



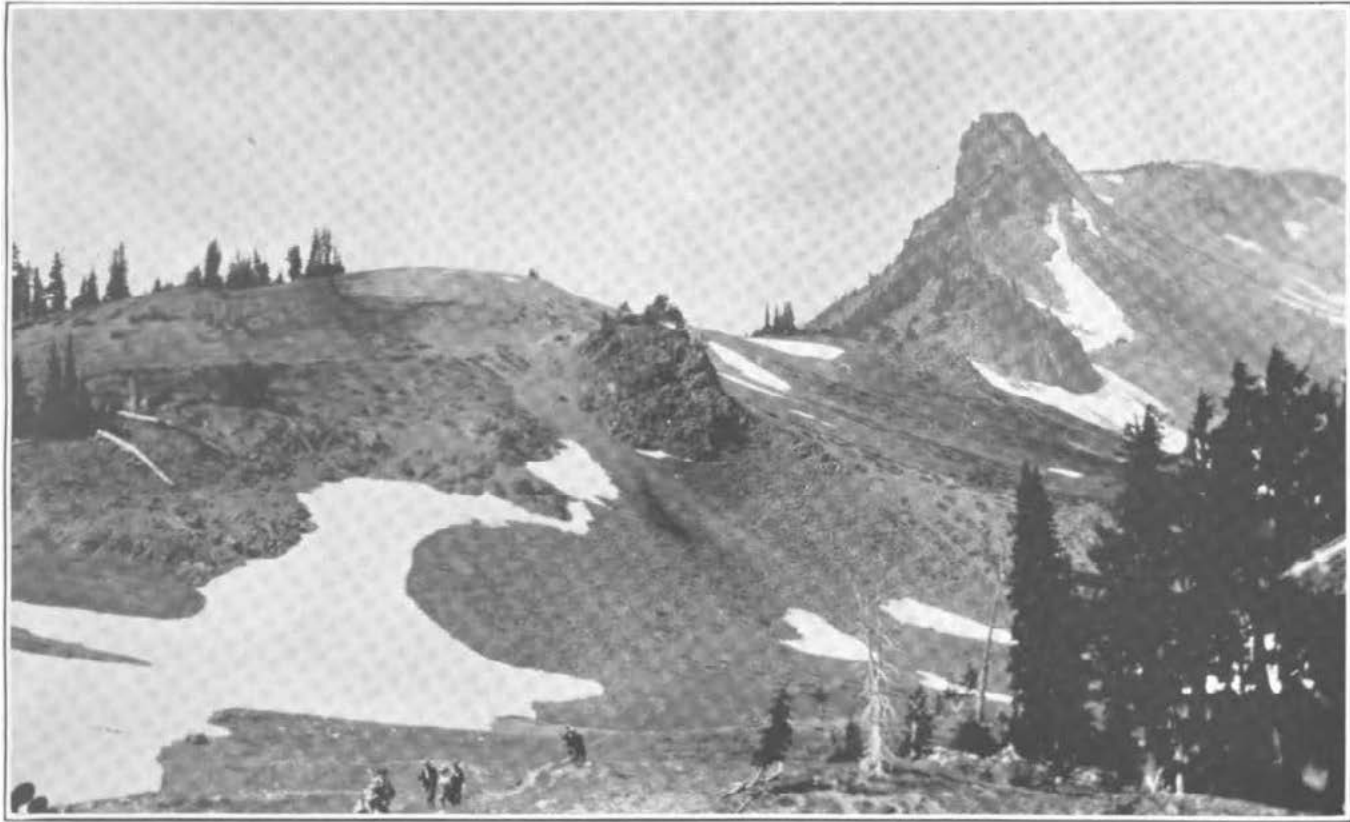
Photograph by William H. Gorham

THE MOUNTAINEERS BEGINNING THE ASCENT OF MT. ADAMS



MT. HOOD, 11,225 FT.

Photograph by Mabel Furry

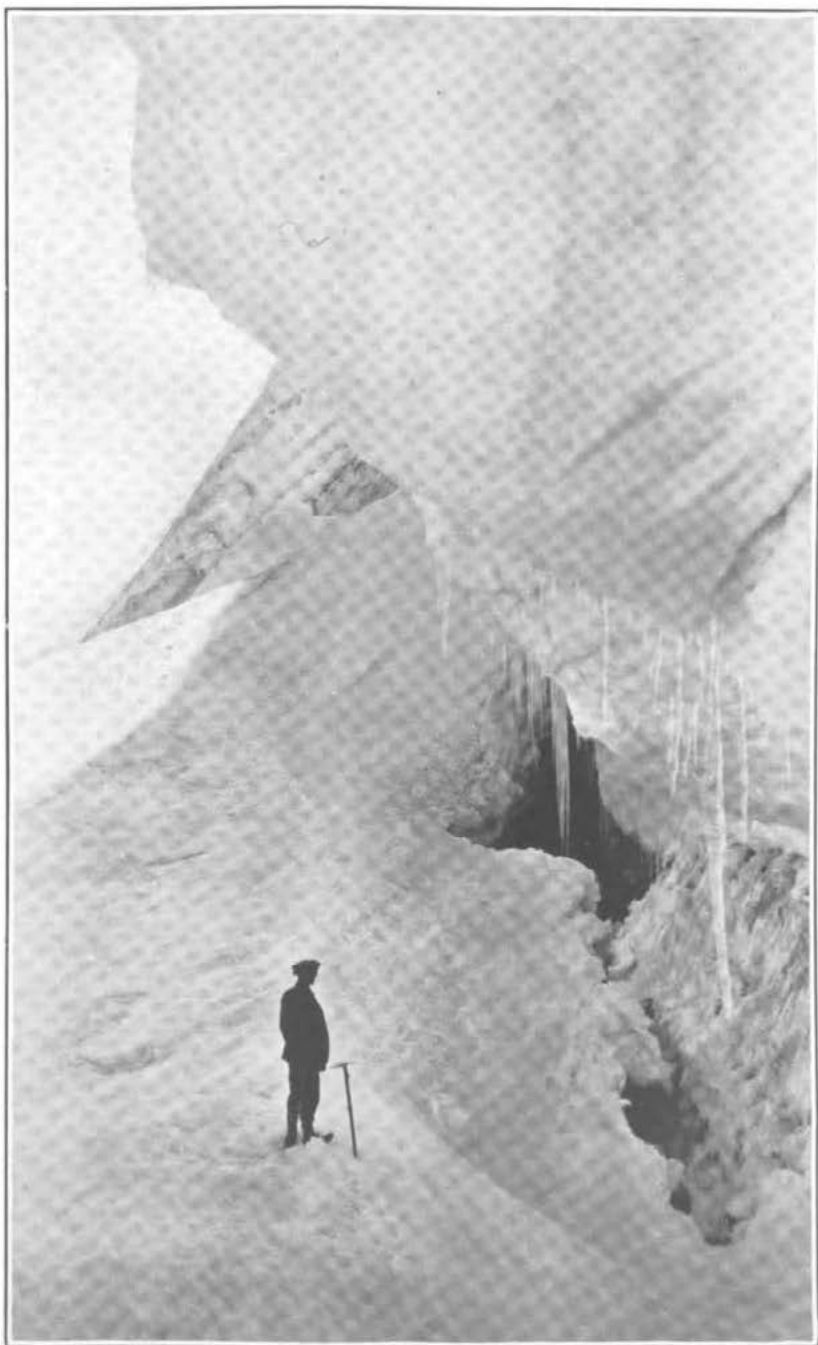


ABOVE KLICKITAT MEADOWS

Photograph by R. J. Hagman



BAND OF SHEEP NEAR CISPUS PASS, ELEVATION 6,000 FT. Photograph by Charles Albertson



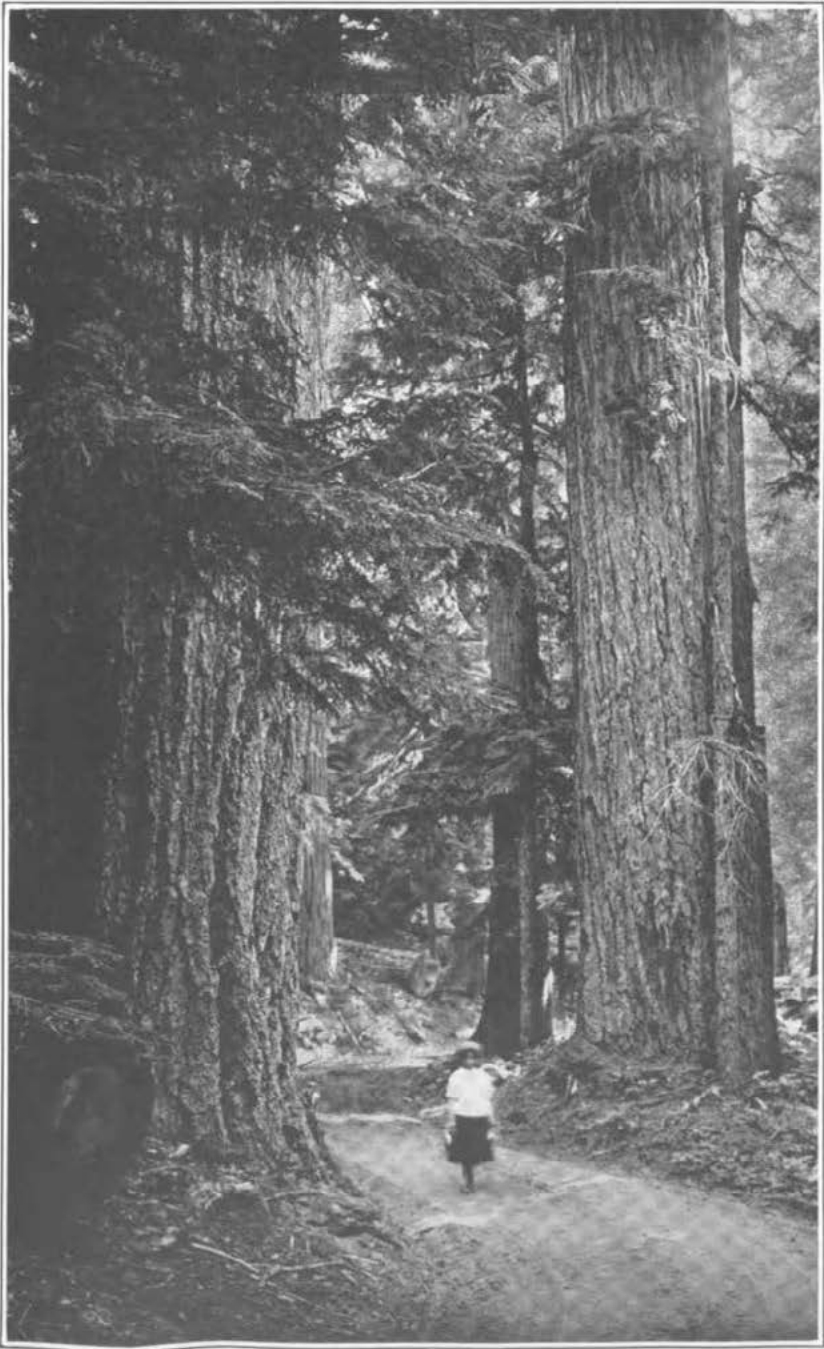
Photograph by H. V. Abel

SNOW CORNICE ABOVE KLICKITAT GLACIER, MT. ADAMS



Photograph by A. H. Denman

WHITE BARK PINE (PINUS CONTORTA)



Photograph by A. H. Denman
IN THE RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

The Mountaineer

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etc.



NOTES OF OTHER CLUBS.

Glacier Peak Outing of the Mazama Club The Mazamas, about forty in number, left Portland the morning of August 2d, 1911, for Seattle, and on to Wenatchee that night, taking the steamboat up the Columbia the next day to Chelan Falls; staged up to Lakeside, and from there a small steamer took them up Lake Chelan to Stehekin, at the upper end of the lake, arriving that evening, August 3d.

They left the next day, proceeding to Bullion, ten miles up the Stehekin river, where they camped over night at the fork of Bridge Creek and Agnes Creek trail, near the ranger's cabin. The next day they walked over the trail, up the south fork of Agnes Creek, to a cabin several miles below Cloudy and Sulattle passes. The day following they kept on over Sulattle Pass, down the canyon, to the ford below Glacier Mine, and over the two divides to Buck Creek Pass, where the main camp was established at the same place the Mountaineers had chosen the year previous.

The weather going in was cloudy and threatening, with fog and occasional showers, but cleared the second day after making the main camp.

The writer came into camp several days late, having come down from the outing of the Alpine Club of Canada, where he represented the Mazamas, and met P. M. McGregor, representing the Mountaineers, who will confirm the statement that the Canadian Rockies is a most alluring place for mountain enthusiasts to visit.

I arrived in camp August 11th, the day the Mazamas made their official climb. They had left camp the day previous, following the Mountaineers' trail over Little and Big Sulattle, across Chocolate Creek, and up the ridge above Chocolate Glacier, making camp a few hundred yards below the site selected by the Mountaineers. After a successful climb on August 11th, all making the summit, four of the party returned to the main camp the same day, the others staying over night at the upper camp and returning leisurely the next day.

The next morning a party of six, two ladies and four men, with sleeping bags and provisions, started on a knapsack trip for Glacier Peak, taking the route the main party had taken, and reaching their camp site about three o'clock. We were just below the ridge rising from Chocolate Glacier in a small mountain meadow near the snow line looking out over a deep canyon with an extensive view of the ranges beyond which we enjoyed to the utmost. I have ascended over twenty snow peaks, but have never seen such perfect cloud panorama as we experienced climbing Glacier Peak. We rose at three o'clock, started at 4:30, followed the ridge through such heavy fog as to make us speculate if we could follow the back trail should we be obliged to turn back. Soon we noticed the fog was growing lighter, and sud-

denly we came out above the fog, and what had been a cold, cheerless fog proved a sea of wonderful billowy clouds, with peaks rising like small islands from an angry tempest-swept sea, the clouds rolling up to where we stood, threatening to sweep us off our feet, the rising sun tinting the crest of the billows a delicate crimson. Coming as it did after the gloom and chill we had just passed through, the contrast was overpowering. All the way up, over the glacier, we repeatedly looked back. From the summit we could easily make out Baker, Rainier, St. Helens and other peaks above the clouds, and the latter breaking, we could look down into the canyons and timbered valleys far below. We made the summit at 9:10, stayed an hour, and descended to main camp at 11:50, and after a brief rest and lunch, took the back trail, arriving at Buck Creek camp about seven that evening. I mention the time, as it may be of interest to the Mountaineers, who preceded us the year previous, and greatly helped us by the trails they had blazed to Glacier Peak.

The Mazamas broke main camp the next morning, August 16th, and camped that evening below Cloudy Pass, stayed over an extra day to give all an opportunity to visit Lyman Lake and Glacier, and then retraced their way down Agnes Creek, stopping at Bullion overnight, and reaching Stehekin at noon the next day, August 20th.

The Mazamas left that afternoon for Lakeside, caught the steamboat at Chelan Falls next morning, the train at Wenatchee that afternoon, and were back in Portland Monday morning, August 21st.

R. L. GLISAN

**Appalachian Camp
at Whiteface**

The Appalachians spent about two weeks during this summer among the summits and trails of the Sandwich range, just north of Lake Winnepesaukee. There were about thirty members in the party and nearly twenty made the climb of Whiteface and Passaconaway, about 4,000 feet high. The club maintains a small shelter at the foot of the cone of the mountain in which as many spent the night as the size of the shelter would permit. Fourteen of the party climbed Sandwich dome, which made a good half day climb. The program for the last week included a climb to Chocorua, a day at Bear Camp Pond and an overnight temporary camp at Black Mountain Pond, high up under the south knob of the mountain. The character of eastern mountain climbing as compared to climbing hereabouts is well indicated by the following reference to the path being marked by a sign: "Any who think of tramping in to Flat Mountain Pond from Whiteface should inquire the way, since the wood road leading to the path is not marked with a sign." The Appalachians maintain a number of huts and camps about the White Mountains for the use of whoever may pass.

**Activities of the Sierra
Club During 1911**

The 1911 outing of the Sierra Club was held in the Yosemite National Park. A preliminary camp was established in Yosemite Valley for the two weeks preceding the main outing. The unusually high water in the streams made a wonderful spectacle of the falls this year and the

valley was crowded with visitors. On July 7th the main outing party left San Francisco, reaching Yosemite Valley the next day. The morning of the 10th the Yosemite camp was struck and the start made for the high country. One hundred and eighty-five members were on the outing list, and with the addition of cooks, packers, and assistants the party numbered over two hundred persons.

The first camp was made in Little Yosemite, and the second at Lake Merced, where two days were devoted to the exploration of the upper Merced Basin and the climb of Mt. Clark (11,506). Thence the party traveled across Vogelsang Pass and down Rafferty Creek to the Tuolumne Meadows, a most beautiful and spacious mountain garden spot about 9,000 feet in elevation, which is the finest camping ground in the Sierra and so located that an almost unlimited number of trips may be taken from it. Ascents of Dana (13,050), Lyell (13,090), Ritter (13,156) and Conness (12,556), trips to Tioga Lake for fishing or down the Bloody Canyon to the volcanic regions about Mono Lake, fishing parties up and down the Tuolumne River, picnics on Lambert's Dome, or swimming in Dog Lake filled to overflowing the five days that were spent there. A two days' camp at the mouth of Conness Creek gave an opportunity to visit the more wonderful falls near the head of the Tuolumne Canyon before setting out on the trip that was the main feature of this outing—the circuit of the northern portion of the park. For more than a week camp was shifted nearly every day. Matterhorn, Kerrick, Stubblefield and Tilden canyons, Rogers, Benson and Tilden lakes were visited, Piute Mt. and Rancheria Mt., Matterhorn and Tower Peak were climbed and then the party journeyed to Hetch Hetchy, remaining there for three days before taking the homeward trail via Crocker and the Merced and Tuolumne groves of sequoias to El Portal. No accidents marred the trip and the only inconvenience suffered was from one or two heavy thundershowers whose wonderful cloud scenery more than compensated for the temporary discomfort.

The Le Conte Memorial Lodge opened as usual on May 15th and was maintained for three months as the club's Yosemite Valley headquarters. Several valuable additions have been made to the library and equipment of the Lodge and the fact that more than 5,000 people visited it last summer shows that it is gaining an important place for itself in the valley. A herbarium was installed this summer and a complete collection of Yosemite wildflowers will be secured as soon as possible. Maps and photographs of the High Sierra are on display there and information regarding trails and camping places freely given. As interest in the more unfrequented portions of the Yosemite National Park is increasing each year the Lodge's usefulness is only in its beginning.

The weekly local walks in the vicinity of San Francisco continue to hold their popularity and a similar movement has been started in Southern California. The average attendance in the Bay region is about fifty, pleasant days often calling out as many as eighty or ninety. A feature that grows in favor is the over-night trip, taken

to embrace all holidays falling on a Saturday or Monday, and also a Saturday afternoon and Sunday trip each month when the moon is near the full. Some of the points thus visited have been Mt. Diablo, Mt. St. Helena, the Big Basin (Santa Cruz Mts.), the Redwood Grove of the Bohemian Club and the Armstrong Big Tree Grove along the Russian River, Duxbury Reef at Bolinas, Inverness (on Tomales Bay), Bear Valley, La Honda and Potrero Meadows. Some of these have been taken as pure knapsack trips, in others the over-night stop has been made at a hotel, and on still others some of the party have knapsacked while others have remained at a hotel. Though hardly to be classed among the "local" excursions one of the activities planned by the Local Walks Committee was a mid-winter trip to Yosemite Valley, which gave about twenty dwellers in the Bay region the novel experience of ice skating, skeeing, coasting and snow balling.

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

Swiss Alpine Club

There is plenty of good work going on in Switzerland in the way of true alpinism. A Zurichose mountaineer, M. Triek, of the Uto section of the Swiss Alpine Club, ascended on July 30, for the first time this year, the difficult and dangerous pass of Crast'Aguzza, between the Morterach Glacier and the upper Scerscen Glacier, in the Bernina group. The section Diablerets early in August made its regular excursion to the Grisons, climbing in considerable numbers Piz Segnes, near Flims (10,174 feet) and Sardona, about fifty feet lower.

The Diablerets section has been in evidence against this season, this time at Zermatt, where, on August 7, ten members, having for guests two of the Montreux section, climbed the Matterhorn without a guide. It was a gala day for the grim old mountain, for not less than thirty-two persons were on its summit, and at the hut it was necessary for half of the company to sleep out of doors. It was stormy in the night, but no one was the worse.

The convention of mountain climbing clubs called by the Honolulu Trail and Mountain Club was held in Honolulu during the week from February 22d to February 28th, 1911. The meetings were very informal in their nature. The desirability of some joint action by the clubs on the Coast giving a member of one club temporary rights and privileges of their clubs when visiting the other places was discussed and it was the sense of the meeting that such courtesy should be extended as far as possible.

The Pan Pacific Congress held a convention at the same time and place and they have under consideration the establishing of permanent headquarters in some state in the United States, possibly New York, and the suggestion was made to the mountain climbing clubs to have desk room there where any one interested could secure information regarding the work done, trips taken and contemplated, and could read the magazines and bulletins which would be filed.

NOTES.

PERMANENT FUND. Article XI of our new constitution provides that "all membership dues, initiation fees and gifts, unless otherwise stipulated by the donor, together with such amounts from the organization funds as the board may direct, shall constitute a permanent fund. This shall be safely and separately invested and the income only used." The nucleus of the new fund is \$33.00, now drawing interest.

MOUNTAINEERS AND BOY SCOUTS. Major E. S. Ingraham, veteran mountaineer and Scout Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America in Seattle, asks the co-operation of the Mountaineers in his work in the latter organization, and no movement of recent years is more worthy of our encouragement.

The three-fold aim of the Scouts is, strengthening the body, training the mind, and building up the character, and is based upon the practical idea of leading a boy to be thorough, honorable, and alert in his play and to be thoughtful of others. It shows him how to gain skill in play by learning many useful things. It relies on the psychological fact that the boy, with his irresistible curiosity, turns in fun to inquire into many things that have a practical and educational value.

The boys by becoming Scouts have an opportunity to learn woodcraft, gain knowledge of birds and trees, learn the secrets of the woods, to swim, paddle a canoe, and do many other things boys love to do. At all times they have over them a Scout Master, whose credentials have been approved, and who is really their physical, mental, and character trainer. He watches over them and guides them in their play and their various activities, trains them in alertness, self-reliance, and other Scout virtues. His aim is to turn out useful, self-reliant, alert, honest citizens.

The Scout "oath" or promise says: "On my honor I will do my best—1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law; 2. To help other people at all times; 3 To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

The Scout Law has twelve planks, and if a boy obeys them he will be an excellent Scout. The points are:

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. A Scout is trustworthy. | 7. A Scout is obedient. |
| 2. A Scout is loyal. | 8. A Scout is cheerful. |
| 3. A Scout is helpful. | 9. A Scout is thrifty. |
| 4. A Scout is friendly. | 10. A Scout is brave. |
| 5. A Scout is courteous. | 11. A Scout is clean. |
| 6. A Scout is kind. | 12. A Scout is reverent. |

Major Ingraham's greatest need just now is for men to look after the patrols. Mr. Jack Morrill, a Mountaineer, has become an enthu-

siastic Scout Master and other volunteers for like services are desired. Surely there is a great work for the Mountaineers in co-operating in the splendid work of making good citizens, and training good material for future Mountaineers.



The Research Committee of the National Geographic Society has made an appropriation of \$5,000 from the research fund to continue the studies of the Alaska glaciers which were conducted by the society in 1909 and 1910. The work this year was in charge of Prof. Ralph S. Tarr of Cornell University and Prof. Lawrence Martin of the University of Wisconsin.



While Mt. McKinley is the highest peak in North America it is also remarkable in having the longest snow and ice slope of any of the world's great mountains. This mountain demands about 18,000 to 19,000 feet of snow and ice work, while Mount Everest, the world's highest peak, has a perpetual snow line of between 17,000 and 18,000 feet, leaving only 11,000 to 12,000 feet of snow. The Parker-Browne expedition to Mount McKinley spent fifty nights continuously on snow and ice, and experienced difficulties as great in attaining an elevation of 10,300 feet as any to be encountered in reaching an altitude of 20,000 feet in the Himalayas.



The Sierra Club of California has recently accomplished important work in the planting of trout in fishless lakes and streams. The club took up this work several years ago, co-operating with the California Fish and Game Commission. In a few years the regions planted will become a veritable "fisherman's paradise". A large sum was appropriated for the work, which enabled them to equip two pack trains with specially built cans and other necessary apparatus.



The "Mountaineer" department of the Boston Transcript, conducted by John Ritchie, Jr., is a veritable clearing house of mountain information.



Miss Dora Keen, who attempted the ascent of Mt. Blackburn in Alaska last summer and was compelled to return on account of insufficient supplies, has a splendid record as a climber in the high Alps in the summer of 1909. In summarizing and contrasting her 16 climbs, she ranks the Matterhorn as the hardest, because it was so long under the conditions that they had, and was hard all the time, but the Chamonix guides do not admit that it is harder than the Aiguilles. In general, except for the Matterhorn, the ascents at Chamonix were

harder, more interesting, and more of an anxious strain than those at Zermatt.



The frontispiece of this issue was done by Mr. A. H. Denman and Mr. A. H. Barnes of Tacoma.



"Awards for mountain climbing achievements," is the novel announcement made by the Swedish Olympic Committee, in connection with the fifth series of International Olympic Games which will occupy a month the coming summer—June 29 till July 22—at Stockholm. The Swedish committee has decided to award a gold Olympic medal for the finest performances during the years 1908-1911 in game shooting and mountain ascent, respectively. This is an innovation in that it places mountaineering very properly in the sports and fortunately in a way free from the arbitrary rules that so often give athletic awards to the most tricky rather than to the most meritorious. The leading alpine clubs in the world have the right to propose candidates for these prizes. The judging will be carried out by a special jury, the decision of which shall be in the hands of the Swedish Olympic Committee at latest by June 1.



Mr. P. M. McGregor was the Mountaineer representative on the outing of the Alpine Club of Canada for 1911. It is hoped that a regular exchange of guests with other clubs may be instituted.



The Sierra Club Bulletins of 1911 are splendid mountaineering journals and show the great work that organization is doing. The feature of the January, 1911, number is "Cathedral Peak and the Tuolumne Meadows," by John Muir. This article is an extract from the author's journal, "My First Summer in the Sierra," published this spring by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, with illustrations by the author and Herbert W. Gleason.



Refreshing as a mountain breeze comes Prof. Meany's collection of poems, "Mountain Campfires". Most of the verses were written for the Mountaineer campfires of the various outings and will be welcomed by the Mountaineers as a delightful reminder of charming days in the open and delightful hours of rest around the evening fires. The poems include a sonnet to Mt. Rainier, poems to Mt. Adams and Glacier Peak, charming verses to the mountain flowers, trees and lakes. The book is from the press of Lowman and Hanford and is a dainty volume bound in Japanese wood veneer with an interesting poster cover design.



Beautifully illustrated by photographs and paintings by the author, "Our Greatest Mountain" is just from the press. The literary side is

largely by A. H. Denman, of Tacoma, including "Outdoors in Western Washington," "The Mountaineers," and "The Mountain," incorporating Prof. Meany's poem "The Law of the Hills". Mr. Barnes is to be congratulated upon the artistic beauty and general excellence of workmanship. The book is destined to exert a wide influence and will prove a valuable addition to any mountain lover's library.



A second edition of "The Mountain that was 'God'," by John H. Williams, of Tacoma, is just from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. A copy recently received shows interesting additions both in the text and the illustrations. We predict for the volume an even more extended popularity than the earlier edition and increased influence in attracting attention to our national park and the great "Monarch of the Coast".



RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS: Our Almighty Father has called to rest our associate, and

WHEREAS: Frank S. Southard was an earnest, active, and helpful member of The Mountaineers from the beginning of the club's organization to the hour of his death; therefore be it

RESOLVED: By the Board of Directors in meeting assembled for this special purpose, that we give expression to our appreciation of his noble qualities of manhood, to our sorrow over his being called up the last long trail, and to our sympathy with members of his bereaved family; and be it further

RESOLVED: That we invite all the members of The Mountaineers to assemble at the time and place designated for the funeral that we may give to our departed friend a last tribute of respect.



WHEREAS: The fifth annual outing of the Mountaineers is about to close; and,

WHEREAS: This outing has been in all essentials highly pleasurable owing not only to the scenic character of the route selected but also to the excellent camp management; and,

WHEREAS: The trip has presented unusual and unexpected difficulties calling for exceptional services and sacrifice on the part of many committees and individuals; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That we acknowledge our appreciation particularly:

FIRST: To those who originally gathered the information and projected the route.

SECOND: To the present outing committee whose untiring energy and painstaking efforts have overcome all obstacles and brought the outing to a successful consummation.

THIRD: To David McColl, the sheep herder, Albert Bertschi, the forest ranger, and Hugo Kuhnhausen of Lewis, who rendered invaluable services in overcoming unforeseen difficulties.

FOURTH: To those who accompanied the pack train in to Langmire Springs and gave freely of their time and energy in outlining the best possible course.

FIFTH: To the scouts and all others who were called upon or volunteered to make extra trips for the benefit of the party or of individuals for whose welfare the party felt responsible.

SIXTH: To the doctor and nurses who rendered gratuitous professional services.

SEVENTH: To the program committee and all who in any way contributed to the camp-fire program, especially to our gifted president whose Indian lore and nature verses have added a peculiar charm and interest to our evening gatherings.

EIGHTH: To the packers to whom fell the arduous labor of transporting our provisions and dunnage over well-nigh impassable trails and completed the task without accident of any kind.

NINTH: To the chef and his capable assistants, "who worked while their companions slept", and whose skill, industry and splendid management added to their enviable record gained on previous trips.

AND FINALLY: To the many who have not otherwise been mentioned but who have cheerfully and unselfishly given of their strength and talent to make this outing one of the most memorable the club has ever undertaken; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be made a part of the records of the club and printed in the official publication and that copies be sent to Mr. McColl, Mr. Bertschi and Mr. Kuhnhausen.

ROBERT E. MORITZ
 WINONA BAILEY
 GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR
 A. H. BRACKETT
 WINIFRED MACFARLAND
 Committee on Resolutions

CORRESPONDENCE.

When in Seattle on his way to Alaska, Secretary of the Interior Walter L. Fisher asked Mr. Asahel Curtis to prepare a list of suggestions for the Rainier National Park. Such a list was prepared and submitted to him. Some such plan of action should be decided upon and a strong committee put at work to see that it is carried out. They should have the support of the club members until the Mountaineers are recognized as a power that must be reckoned with in all affairs pertaining to the mountains.

As Secretary Fisher writes, it is necessary to get the people of the state of Washington interested in this and get the appropriations through Congress. The Secretary of the Interior has recommended appropriations for the park many times, but there has been no support of his recommendations and they have failed of congressional approval. A recommendation has been included in the Secretary's report this year. It is now up to the people of the state that it does not fail in Congress.

November 9, 1911

Dear Sir:

I have been examining your communications of September 7th and 8th, with regard to Rainier National Park, and am very much interested in them. I find, however, that practically all of your suggestions will require funds that are not now available. Indeed, the entire question of what is to be done at the Rainier Park depends so very largely upon the action of the next Congress with regard to the appropriations and also the creation of the proposed Bureau of National Parks, that I suggest that you take it up with the people in the State of Washington who are interested and see what can be done to secure from Congress the necessary legislation and appropriations. It will give me very great pleasure, indeed, if Congress enables us to put the national park administration on an efficient basis, and if adequate funds are supplied to develop these parks as they should be developed.

I believe that Inspector Keys, of this department, is now in the Rainier Park making an investigation, the result of which will be reported for our use before the Appropriations Committee.

Thanking you for your kind expressions with regard to myself, I am,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) WALTER L. FISHER,

Secretary

Suggestions for work in the Rainier National Park in the order of their importance:

1st. The creation of a Bureau of National Parks and the appointment of a National Park Commission.

2nd. The organization of a definite project for the construction of trails and roads within the National Park in order that all work done

in its development be toward some definite end, and be of permanent value. This project should consist of two separate divisions, one for trail work and one for roads. The trail work seems to be of first importance, for at present the park is practically at the mercy of a fire and large areas are closed to all travel.

The following project is suggested for the park, the subjects being given in the following order of their importance:

1st. The opening of the old trails on the mountain, where such trails are on the general line of travel, and the establishment of new trails to enable the park rangers to go from one park on the mountain to another without making the long detour to the lower valleys now necessary. This trail work seems very necessary to afford fire protection, for as the trails now exist it would, in many cases, take a day or two to reach a fire that was only a few miles away. A proper system of trails would triple the value of the rangers.

2nd. Widening the present road from the park entrance to Paradise Valley to a width of sixteen feet and the construction of parapets at dangerous points, to prevent autos and stages from going off grade. (This recommendation is made because it is now practically recognized that this road is creating a new situation in national parks affairs, and that it will not long be possible to keep the autos off the mountain road above the glacier. The fact that the park is close to two big cities and that a large auto traffic is already making use of the road to the glacier, is in a measure forcing the situation.) At present this road is not safe for the combined traffic that is permitted to use it, that of stages and autos. The road was built as a stage road and later autos were permitted to use it. Now that such permission has been given the only safe course to take is to make it wide enough to accommodate both kinds of travel.

3rd. The extension of the present road from Paradise Valley along the route suggested by Eugene Ricksecker through Magnetic Park and around the Cowlitz Glacier to Cowlitz Park on the southeast side of the mountain. This road should be connected with the road system of Yakima County to enable the people of eastern Washington to visit the National Park.

4th. The extension of the present road from some point above Longmire through Van Trump Park to Indian Henry's Hunting Ground. This would open up one park that is now inaccessible to any form of travel except afoot across ice-fields and deep canyons.

5th. The construction of a road up the valley of the Carbon to the ice-fields and thence to Spray Park on the northwest slope and into Moraine Park on the north slope of the mountain. This country is now reached only by a system of trails that is wholly inadequate for fire protection or tourist travel. The north side is almost inaccessible at present, and in some cases if a ranger saw a fire when it started it would be two days before he could get to it.

A system of roads as given above would require years to complete and if the work was started the road would naturally continue all

around the mountain. Before such an extensive road system could be completed it would be necessary to build a very complete system of trails and it would not be advisable to make them along the line of the proposed road.

A shelter should be erected at Camp Muir at an elevation of 10,000 feet. Such a hut could be constructed from the rock that is on the ground. The cement necessary for such construction could be packed nearly to Camp Muir on horses if a short piece of trail was constructed at the base of Timberline Ridge.

Sanitary conditions should obtain at all of the mountain camps. At present there is much refuse scattered around and large piles of manure are taken out of the stables at Longmire Springs and scattered over the ground. There have been many cases of fever reported among visitors to the park this summer. I believe that a sewer system will soon be absolutely necessary, not only at Longmire but at the mountain camps.

I am not repeating the splendid recommendations of Mr. Matthes regarding the guides. It meets with my approval in every way and is so much better coming from a man who is entirely free from any local prejudice. I believe that the guides, who at present are located on the south side, would welcome such regulation. It would serve to clear up the situation.

In the matter of the patrol of the park it would seem advisable to have a company of soldiers stationed there during the tourist season. On this point Mr. Hall would be the best advised. The Mountaineers got a bill through Congress permitting the Secretary of War to loan a company to the Secretary of the Interior for that purpose, but I believe they were never detailed.

At the present time tourists are not allowed to pick flowers, yet stock is permitted to graze in the park. This has caused much adverse comment. It would scarcely seem that the little value of milk at the camp in Paradise would justify the grazing of cows there.

THE MOUNTAINEERS, 1911-12

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Prof. Edmond S. Meany, President.....	4025 10th Ave. N. E.
Dr. E. F. Stevens, Vice-president.....	1505 East Madison
Chas. M. Farrer, Secretary.....	522 Pioneer Building
John A. Best, Jr., Assistant Secretary.....	433 New York Block
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Charles Albertson	The Chelsea
Dr. H. B. Hinman	2605 Baker Ave., Everett, Wash.
A. H. Denman.....	500-3 Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.
Roy Hurd	1522 6th Ave.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

During the past season, the membership of the Mountaineers has increased from 314 to 376 and never before were there so many active and interested members, able and willing to do a share of the work necessary in conducting our organization. The work to be done by the different committees was necessarily augmented, but it was performed willingly, cheerfully and successfully.

The local branch at Everett was also active in keeping up its large membership and in organizing local walks and some very successful outings.

Early in the season a special committee framed a new constitution for the club. As adopted, among other matters of importance, it provides that local branches shall retain a portion of their receipts for necessary expenditures.

In outside matters the club has taken an active interest in many undertakings, some of which were commenced last year. The committee appointed at the request of Francois B. Mathes, of the U. S. G. S., to aid him in selecting names for many points of interest in the Rainier National Park, continued their work. We also continued our efforts to obtain a state park on the summit of Mt. Constitution and have taken action concerning the proposed bureau of national parks and the bills to include the King and Kern River valleys in the Sequoia National Forest, in California.

Following our endorsement of Congressman Humphrey's proposed bill providing for a change in the status of the Olympic Monument, making it a national park, a special committee was appointed to meet

Secretary Fisher in Seattle to discuss the situation with him. Later, our committee, together with representatives from the Seattle Commercial Club, Southwestern Washington Development Association, Hoquiam Commercial Club, Olympic Miners' Quinault Improvement Association and Tacoma Commercial Club, adopted the following suggestions for a plan of action in regard to the Olympic Monument and presented them to the Secretary of the Interior. They advised:

1st. The investigation of the mineral resources of the monument by a member of the U. S. G. S.

2nd. Determination by a committee of western men who are familiar with the country in the proposed park, as to proper boundaries.

3rd. Preparation through Congressman Humphrey, of a bill to be introduced in Congress, making the monument a national park, with a clause providing for prospecting and mining, the cutting of timber for mining purposes and the development of water power for the same purpose.

Our club was represented at the Mountain Climbers' Convention in Honolulu by Mr. Thurston.

CHARLES M. FARRER, Secretary

TREASURER'S REPORT

1910-1911

Receipts

Balance in Seattle National Bank.....	\$1,140.81	
Balance in Bank of California (Outing Fund).....	172.18	
Financial Secretary (Dues)	967.00	
Secretary	16.00	
Local Walks	123.06	
Advertising in 1910 Annual	96.75	
Advertising in Prospectus and Bulletin.....	88.00	
Miscellaneous	8.50	
Refund from Railroad (Mt. Adams preliminary trip)	10.40	
Balance from Mt. Adams Outing	42.53	\$2,665.23

Expenditures

Annual Magazine, 1910	\$ 555.40
Stamps for Annual	30.00
L. A. Nelson, salary 4 months	120.00
Florists	20.30
Major E. S. Ingraham (trip to Mt. Rainier).....	12.40
Slides	66.35
Printing Prospectus and Bulletin	131.85
Printing notices and stationery.....	83.70
Addressing and mailing, stamps, etc.....	54.23
Stamped envelopes	30.00
Miscellaneous	19.90
Glacier Peak reunion, 1910 (Outing Fund).....	10.00

Chas. M. Farrer, trip to Mt. Rainier (Outing Fund)	17.20	
Photos for packers (Outing Fund).....	7.10	
Investment, City Improvement 7% Bonds.....	1,042.66	\$2,201.09
		<hr/>
Balance in Seattle National Bank	\$ 245.83	
Balance in Bank of California (Outing Fund).....	207.91	
Balance in Bank for Savings (Permanent Fund)..	33.00	
		<hr/>
	\$ 486.74	
Outstanding checks, Oct. 14, 1911.....	22.60	
		<hr/>
Total cash on hand.....		\$ 464.14
Audited:	Respectfully submitted,	
C. G. CLARKE	P. M. McGREGOR,	
H. B. LEAR	Treasurer	

REPORT OF OUTING COMMITTEE UPON OUTING OF 1911

When the Outing Committee as at present constituted took charge in the early spring of this year, the task set before them was such as to make them consider whether a less ambitious trip should not be undertaken. The plan of the trip, however, had already been announced and so it had to be put through.

The party started numbering sixty-six, but the illness of one compelled two to turn back after the third day, leaving sixty-four members who completed the trip. This number, with three cooks and six packers, made a total party of seventy-three. Of the sixty-four members who completed the trip, thirty-six were women and twenty-eight were men, while thirty-six had not been on any previous Mountaineer summer outing.

The trip as nearly as can be computed covered a circuit of 483 miles, of which 266 were by railroad, 55 by boat and 162 were on foot. Of the 162 miles walked, 33 were over wagon roads, 76 were over good trails and 53 miles were over Indian trails, animal trails and no trail at all. While we were following the 53 miles of poor trail and no trail, we crossed the summit of the Cascades nine times and followed the summit itself for considerable distances on two occasions. During the trip the party climbed in the aggregate over 20,000 feet.

The party was in camp 21 nights in 16 different camps, six of which were in the upper meadow country in close proximity to snow. Upon only one occasion, the day of the climb of Mt. Adams, was the party after daylight in reaching camp, and there was no occasion when any part of the commissary or dunnage was after sunset in being delivered at camp.

We had no accidents of any kind and but two cases of illness. The only serious illness was that of one of our packers, Mr. Paul Kuhnhausen. We are glad to announce that Mr. Kuhnhausen has recently reported that he has recovered from his illness.

In the matter of the finances of the trip, the amount received from the members of the outing, less amounts refunded to them for various

reasons, totals \$2,938.20; while the disbursements less various miscellaneous receipts aggregate \$2,919.77; leaving on hand in the Outing Fund the sum of \$191.01, being \$18.43 more than at the beginning of the year. Detailed statements of all receipts and disbursements are on file with both the secretary and the treasurer and all vouchers are on file with the treasurer and any member is welcome to examine them if he so desires.

Respectfully submitted,

H. C. BELT,

Chairman

REPORT OF LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

The local walks have increased in interest, number and attendance throughout the ten and one-half months covered by this report. Owing to this, your committee has been able to add to the range of country traveled and to the variety of trips offered.

On several walks there were interesting ten-minute talks and a number of the trips were to objects of historical or special significance.

The four special outings averaged 87 people. The average attendance for 23 Sunday walks was 83 and the average distance 11 miles. For 15 Saturday walks the average was 22 and the distance 5 miles. There was a total increase of 60% in the number of Mountaineers participating in these walks.

ROY HURD

EDWARD W. ALLEN

CHAS. ALBERTSON

Augustine & Kyer's good coffee and other dainties form a delightful feature of the Mountaineer local walks and outings.

SUMMARY OF LOCAL WALKS

No.	Date.	Route.	Leader	Dis- tance	At- tend- ance	Cost
94	Nov. 27, 1910	University, Pontiac and Lake Washington	P. M. McGregor	8	69	15
95	Dec. 3, 1910	*Bitter Lake, University Grounds	Winona Bailey	5	6	.25
96	Dec. 11, 1910	Port Madison, Wing Point	R. H. McKee	10	71	.50
97	Dec. 18, 1910	Sunnyside, Bellevue	Grace Howard	10	39	.25
98	Jan. 11, 1911	Juanita Bay, Derby	F. S. Southard	9	44	.25
99	Jan. 14, 1911	†Hall Lake, Bothell, Kirkland	C. S. Gleason	15	23	.50
100	Jan. 22, 1911	Vashon Heights, Lisabeula	Lydia E. Lovering	11	101	.50
101	Jan. 25, 1911	*Golf and Country Club, Bitter Lake	H. May Baptie	6	12	.24
102	Jan. 29, 1911	Bellevue, Juanita, Bellevue	Lullie Nettleton	20	42	.25
103	Feb. 5, 1911	Orilla, Angle Lake, Orilla	G. Irving Gavett	12	25	.60
104	Feb. 11, 1911	†Lake McAber, Edmonds, Bitter Lake, Se- attle	R. T. Hageman	12	23	.40
105	Feb. 19, 1911	Agate Point, Rolling Bay, Wing Point	Cora Smith Eaton	11	95	.50
106	Feb. 25, 1911	*Mercer Island, East Seattle, Appleton	Alice Fryer	5	27	
107	Feb. 26, 1911	Bellevue, Lake Sammamish, Renton	Mary L. Hard	22	38	.45
108	Mar. 5, 1911	Forest Park, North Creek, Silver Lake	H. B. Hinman	13	51	1.00
109	Mar. 11, 1911	*Medina, Kirkland	Lucy C. Donoghue	5	14	
110	Mar. 19, 1911	Fauntleroy, South Park	H. W. Playter	11	119	.10
111	Mar. 25, 1911	*Bitter Lake, Bluffs, Ballard	Kathleen Gorham	5	34	
112	April 2, 1911	Stone's Landing, Tacoma	H. C. Belt	12	133	.70
113	April 8, 1911	†Hazelwood, Kirkland	H. Y. Abel	11	20	.30
114	April 9, 1911	Colby, Point Glover, Port Orchard	E. W. Allen	8	54	.50
115	April 22, 1911	*Fort Lawton, West Point Light	Elizabeth Moore	4	31	
116	April 23, 1911	Newport, Coal Creek, Hazelwood	A. C. Nation	10	66	.30
117	April 30, 1911	Portage, Point Robinson Light, Raeco	G. T. Williams	5	200	.70
118	May 6, 1911	*Bird Study Walk—Curtis, Juanita	Adelaide Pollock	5	26	
119	May 7, 1911	Violet Walk—Spanaway Lake, Tacoma Prairie	Christine Cameron	4	49	.15
120	May 14, 1911	Tulalip Indian Reservation, Lake	Mabel E. Odell	7	130	.75
121	May 20, 1911	*Bailey Peninsula	June Oakley	5	12	
122	May 21, 1911	Rhododendron Walk—Hidden Ranch	Mary R. Paschall	5	237	.50
123	June 10, 1911	*Pleasant Beach, Port Blakeley, Eagle Harbor	Clara A. Dayton	7	23	
124	June 11, 1911	Youngstown, Fauntleroy Park	F. Q. Gorton	14	34	.10
125	June 17, 1911	*Schmitz Park, Fauntleroy Cove	J. M. Schorgge	5	136	
126	June 25, 1911	McKenna Falls	Wm. H. Rees	8	53	.50
127	Sept. 17, 1911	Curtis, Redmond	Mabel Furry	10	51	.35
128	Sept. 30, 1911	*Haller Lake to Univ. of Wash.	Susanna Kellett	5	24	
129	Oct. 1, 1911	Bellevue, Lake Sammamish	Dr. W. B. Power	13	49	.25
130	Oct. 7, 1911	*Mt. Baker Park Boulevard	Elizabeth Kirkwood	6	8	
131	Oct. 15, 1911	Apple Tree Cove, Chief Seattle's Grave	Edward K. Triol	10	123	.50
SPECIAL OUTINGS.						
11	Dec. 31—					
	Jan. 2, 1911	Hide-a-Wee in the Cascades	L. A. Nelson	22	45	8.00
12	July 4, 1911	Whidby Island	H. A. Fuller	22	80	.75
13	Sept. 2, 3, 4,					
	— 1911	San Juan Islands, Mt. Constitution	G. Roy Hurd	22	88	4.00
	— Jun. 17, 1911	†Fauntleroy Camp Fire	J. M. Schorgge	22	100	.10

*Saturday afternoon †All day and half day Saturday combined. ‡Saturday afternoon and camp fire.

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There are two entrances to the Park—one at Belton, and the other at Midvale, both located on the main line of the Great Northern Ry. Special roundtrip excursion rates are made from all points East and West to Glacier National Park during the season. Any Great Northern agent will gladly give you particulars regarding fares and accommodations, as well as supply you with literature describing Uncle Sam's newest playground, which is destined to become the greatest attraction for tourists on the North American continent.

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