THE MOUNTAINEER

VOLUME XII 1919

MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK
SECOND TRIP
ENCIRCLING THE MOUNTAIN

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The Mountaineer

VOLUME TWELVE

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Mount Rainier National Park
Second Trip Encircling the Mountain

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MOUNT RAINIER IN WINTER FROM SKY-LINE RIDGE

Norman Huber

This picture was taken on a sunny day. The wind-blown trees and the fleecy clouds give an effect of storm.

Greetings

From

Stephen Mather

Director of National Parks

Department of the Interior

I SEND greetings to a club of red-blooded, public-spirited men and women in a State of majestic mountains and big opportunities. I learned the quality of your men and women when they offered to graze sheep on their own lawns if it should become necessary to save the wild flower gardens of Rainier National Park during the stress of war. I learned the quality of your mountains when I stood on Rainier's summit fifteen years ago. It was that climb which made a mountain man of me forever.

Let me say a word of your opportunities.

Your State has some of the noblest forests in America, but they are passing fast, as those who have seen the devastation between Tacoma and the national park boundary know only too well. But there are still sections of forests on the northwest side of the park which can be saved. Denver has acquired a series of mountain parks which afford continuous forested highways to the Mount Evans region which we hope will speedily become an addition to the Rocky Mountain National Park. There is still the opportunity for Seattle and Tacoma to secure the forest borders of their highways to their national park. And such forest borders!

But there is even a greater opportunity, one of the greatest in the scenic world today!

That is the preservation of the timber along the beautiful passes which carry the Eastern tourists over the Cascades to your wonderful west side slopes. Through these passes the future will bring endless processions of motorists to see the famed beauty of the Cascades and the Olympics. Let them always come, as now, by grandly scenic highways through forests saved from the ax. There are open stands of timber today of relatively small lumber value, as compared with the Douglas fir on the west slopes of the Cascades, but invaluable scenically. An instance in point is the beautiful Wenatchee Country just east of Blewett Pass which crosses the divide between Wenatchee and Yakima Valleys. Already these forests are invaded. I personally know that some of these lumbermen realize their scenic value; one at least is using old fashioned hauling methods which do not disturb the soil for forest recuperation as other methods do. But remember that the dryer east side slopes do not recover as readily as the western slopes with their moisture do.

Now is the time, while these forests still stand, to save your passes for the future beauty of your entering highways. A society is being organized in your own State to save the timber. Get behind it. Give it your moral and your personal support.

Again! The east slope of the Cascades is the dry side; it drops off into wonderful irrigated valleys. High up these slopes are lakes of wonderful beauty, lakes which are gems, lakes whose future value as scenic lures is inestimable. Fate has it that these lakes shall supply the water to make the deserts bloom. Good! Already Yakima Valley has a fine irrigation development.

But it is not necessary that the scenic value of these lakes be destroyed, that dams be erected which shall raise their waters and turn miles of lakeside forest into the ghastly cemeteries of what today is loveliness and what tomorrow will lure the tourists of two-score states.

Is it not possible to preserve these lakes, to build reservoirs well below them, to impound storage waters, and so conserve the water and their beauty, too, to have two great commercial assets instead of one? It may cost communities more to store their waters in reservoirs below the lakes, but on the whole it will a better asset, not only for the State, but for the communities themselves which receive the increased water supplies.

Go to it, Mountaineers! There is still time. You will find the lumbermen human beings like yourselves whose public-spirit may be easily reached. And you will find a public quickly responsive to the call of the State's greater good.

I have been anxious to join you on some of your camping trips, but my duties have so far prevented it; although I am looking forward with great anticipation to the days when I can camp out with you on the slopes of the great white mountain.

Stephen T. Mather

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Early morning view from Mazama Ridge. *E. L. Bickford*

THE SUMMER OUTING OF 1919
"A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES AROUND RAINIER"

By E. L. Bickford

THE Glacier National Park Outing of 1914 had proved so enjoyable, despite all the handicaps of the Outing Committee, that we were anxious to visit the Mt. Rainier National Park, with which the Mountaineers are so familiar, and of whose beauties we had heard so much.

The morning of Saturday, July 26th, found us, therefore, with other adventurers known and distinguished amid the turmoil of the city by their alpenstocks, sliding with our calks over the glaciated pavement of the Tacoma Union Depot, awaiting the arrival of the main outing party from Seattle.

The trip from Tacoma on the Tacoma Eastern Railway after their arrival was none too long to renew old acquaintances, exchange reminiscences and meet new friends before we arrived at Ashford at 11:30 a. m., and disembarked for our walk into the Park.

This eight and a half miles over the hard macadamized road, with fifty-seven varieties of autos and flivvers throwing dust in one's face, was kindly punctuated by lunch at shady springs and water-courses en route, and it was not long before the advance guard was registering at the Park Entrance and purchasing the different maps and pamphlets of the Government relating to the Park.

The first night's camp was not made, as expected, at the Big Trees on Tahoma Creek, but in the forest by the side of the automobile road near the Tahoma Creek Bridge, where the green banner of The Mountaineers was displayed to the edification and wonder of the passing tourists.

Although a part of the pack-train had not as yet arrived, the party started promptly the next morning for Indian Henry's Hunting Ground.

The very words even had an alluring sound after the dusty road of the day before. And the trail was no less alluring. Winding through the woods, crossing a beaver-dam where the traces of the little workers were plainly to be seen, through beds of twin-flower, bordered by kinnikinnick, princess pine, clintonia and Canada dogwood, it finally took its way up the old bed of Tahoma Creek, and brought us face to face with The Mountain over the great moraine of Tahoma Glacier. Then climbing up the north side of the ridge over drifts of snow, we came to the lovely beds of avalanche lilies, which escorted us into the snow-banks and flower-fields of Indian Henry's.

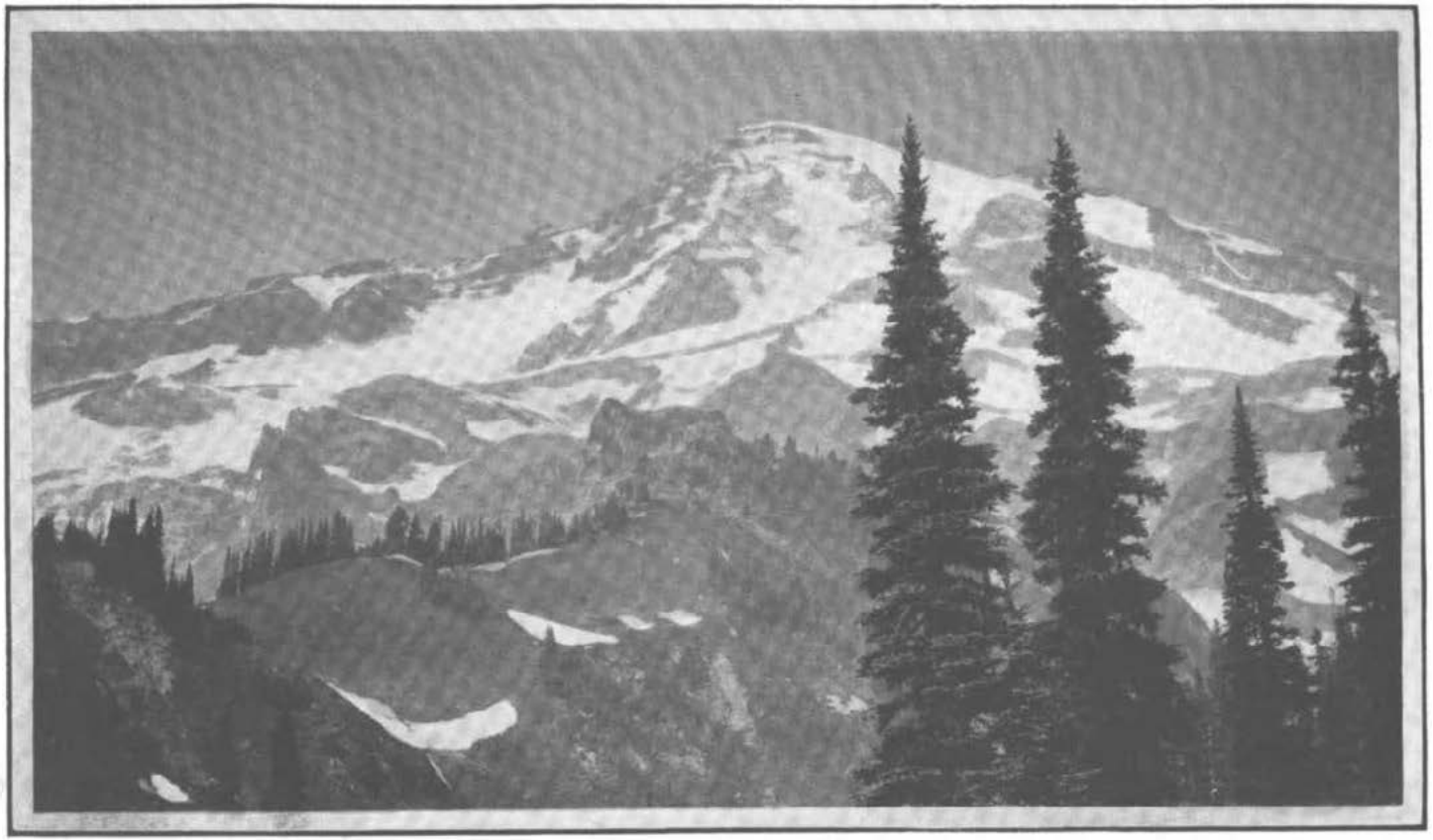
THE TOADSTOOL

Lloyd Smail
Rock on ice pedestal, Success Glacier.

Camp was made near Mirror Lake. When the pack-train arrived, it was found that all the horses not having arrived for "the grand start", only the girls' bags had been sent up, and the masculine contingent commenced their preparations for a night by the camp-fire. A great impromptu pot-latch ensued. Middies, tent-flies, sweaters, shirts, socks and dunnage-bags arrived without number, for the use of the "unfortunates".

The fairer sex wondered what the men looked like arrayed in these habiliments, and would have been much edified could they have seen the uses to which the different garments were placed. Suffice it to say that the night was spent very comfortably (?) around the great fire, and although one of the party (who was snatching a cat-nap when he probably should have been tending the fire) exhibited a much scratched eye in the morning and talked mysteriously about defending the camp from wild-cats, it transpired that nothing more thrilling had occurred than a bombardment by a flying stick from the fast diminishing wood-pile.

The next day, Monday, the 28th, was spent in side trips from this beautiful camping ground. A large party left for the base of Crystal Moun-



MOUNT RAINIER FROM VAN TRUMP PARK View from camp showing Success and Kautz Glaciers to left with Success Cleaver on the skyline beyond. Gibraltar Rock is on extreme right. *Mabel Furry*

tain, where they divided, the party under the leadership of Mr. Weer climbing to an elevation of 7,500 feet on Success Cleaver, and Dick Wainwright's party scaling Pyramid Peak (6,937). The remainder of the Outing Party emulated that grand old man, Noah, in resting upon Mt. Ararat, where they found more varieties of wild-flowers than Noah ever dreamed of.

The pack-train was now complete, our bags all in, and the leaders—and every one else—were happy. Billy produced "good eats", the lights on Sunset Amphitheater and the sunset reflections in Mirror Lake were lovely—what more could be desired?

The trip to Van Trump Park on Tuesday, the 29th, offered a choice of routes. The "High-line" party went over Pyramid, Success and Kautz Glaciers, and reported the snow conditions on the glaciers to be all that could be desired. The balance of the party enjoyed a forest walk, saw the storm over Pyramid Peak from the anemone-bordered trails, watched the pack train struggle with the snow-bridges over Kautz Creek, and found it hard to believe they should have gone by any other way.

The camp at Van Trump Park offered fine views of the mountain, on this trip (contrary to the 1915 Outing) and gave a sunrise view above the clouds, with the Tatoosh Range and Mt. St. Helens thrusting their heads out, as an accompaniment to breakfast.

Wednesday, the 30th, the party moved to Mazama Ridge. The High-line trip went above the clouds across Van Trump and Nisqually Glaciers, with Mts. Adams, St. Helens and Hood all towering on the skyline. The glaciers were in good condition for crossing, in marked contrast to the difficult three-hour trip across the crevasses of the Nisqually in 1915. The only excitement on this trip was furnished by Jack Tusler, who saw his hat cart-wheel about a thousand feet down Van Trump Glacier, and who immediately followed after it, sliding down amid much encouragement and volumes of advice as to how to get back. No one did a sliding act on the stiff little piece of zig-zag work down a steep snow-slope on to the Nisqually Glacier, although there were volunteers who desired to. The "Low-Lifers" (as "Abe and Mawruss" might call them) had meanwhile descended by Nahunta Falls and had followed the tourist-trail up by the nose of Nisqually Glacier to the pie at Reese's Camp, and the lemon-drops and picture-post-cards of Paradise Inn (no calks allowed!). Mazama Ridge proved a foggy, wet camp, and the fires looked and felt good. Important baggage was here temporarily missing, to-wit, one President's bag and one band-leader's ukelele, and great was the joy over the final return of the wandering pack-prodigal. At the camp-fire Dr. Wilbur narrated the circumstances which led to the naming of McClure Rock when the Mountain was first climbed by a large party, of which he was a member; and the Mountaineers were pleased to greet as visitors their fellow-members L. A. Nelson, Lillian Voll, Fairman Lee, Harry Buckley, Jasper Gould and Mr. and Mrs. Hazard. Professor Meany narrated the story of the first ascent of the Mountain from this spot

by Van Trump and Stevens in 1870, and described the memorial seat to be erected by the Mountaineers and Mazamas near Sluiskin Falls in commemoration thereof, to which each member of our 1919 Party had contributed a stone. Side trips were made from this Camp on July 31st to the Tatoosh Range and Plummer Peak, as well as to Anvil Rock and Camp Muir.

"High-line" party crossing Nisqually Glacier below the ice cascades. *H. C. Hitt*

August 1st, Friday, was an eventful day. The pack-train and "Low-liners" had the prospect of a long and not particularly interesting trip in the fog down between Reflection Lake and Lake Louise, on and down through a big burn, over the Canyon Bridge and up— up— up— the Cowlitz Divide. It was with high spirits, therefore, that the high-line party started that morning in full grease-paint across the Paradise Glacier, via the Stevens, Williwakas and Cowlitz Glaciers to Cowlitz Park, whence they would strike the Cowlitz Divide trail from the east, and join the main party near the summit of the Divide. Everything went according to program; the clouds lifted from Cowlitz Glacier while the party was on the medial moraine, and gave some wonderful views; evidences of goats,—goat hair in abundance and goat-wallows,—led us to expect great possibilities in that direction; lunch on Cowlitz Rocks by a little glacial stream never tasted better; the party bedecked themselves with white ptarmigan feathers which they found, and a great eagle quill came out of the clouds for one lucky feminine hiker. And then, almost in sight of our next day's camp at Ohanapecosh Park, the fog fell on the party like a blanket, cutting off all landmarks, and compelling a cautious course, feeling along with compass and barometer. About 6 p. m. our leaders decided that we had missed the ridge we had been heading for, and that the only thing to do was to drop down until we struck Nickel Creek, following that down to the Bridge, and thence up the Cowlitz Divide Trail whence the main party had preceded us, to camp. Had the "Ptarmigans" (as they called themselves) had about five minutes more of daylight, moonlight, or any other kind of light, they would have reached the old Nickel

Creek camp of the 1915 trip. But at 10 p. m. the impenetrable, pitch darkness of the forest halted them, and the women, as well as the men, had the pleasure of sitting around a fire until morning, when they rejoined the wondering camp, after having been twenty-four hours out, none the worse for wear, but yelling loudly for soup and coffee. Valiant deeds of rescue were under way, and the noble party of two who carried twenty-nine lunches ahead, and then (it was rumored) had to eat all of them, was immortalized in the annals of the Club.

A short trip over the snow on Saturday, the 2nd, brought the party to Indian Bar. The low-hanging fog cut off the fine views that would otherwise have been possible on this trip, and hid the Ohanapecosh Glacier, and the little waterfalls of Whitman Crest. The far-famed huckleberries, expected here, did not materialize. But Wauhaukaupauken Falls and its stone bath-tubs were there, the flowers were lovely, (with yellow avalanche lilies mixed with the white), and the Alaska cedar burned splendidly in the various fires. So why should we worry? Scouting for the ascent was to have been done from this camp, but the weather did not permit it. Professor Flett and Mr. W. P. Taylor of the U. S. Biological Survey were with the party at this camp, where two nights were spent, one of them having been made memorable by the efforts of the "Lost Chord Quartette", who so inspired our chorus that they nearly made a night of it singing in the mist.

Monday, August 4th, we climbed up by the side of the Ohanapecosh Glacier wishing that the fog would lift, as it tantalizingly suggested that it might, giving faint glimpses of the vista beyond. The botanists of the party were interested to find here the charming purplish cones of the white bark pine, as well as an occasional tight-packed green cone of the alpine fir which had not yet seeded, to leave but its spike-like skeleton as the proof. And then it rained in real earnest, and the party crossed a whole string of small "Fryingpan" glaciers, explored Panhandle Gap, and came into Summerland in the storm. Those who saw Indian Charlie leading his pack-train string through the dim, snowy mists, with one of the Indian boys singing a wierd Indian song as they mushed along, will not soon forget the picturesque appeal of this day's trip.

Summerland lived up to its name. Tuesday, August 5th, brought full sunshine, with fine cloud effects nevertheless, on the Mountain. The "Two-week" people joined the party here from Enumclaw. Side trips were taken to Goat Island Mountain, and back across the Fryingpan Glacier for views that the storm had hid the day before. The list had been signed up for the main climb, packs were being weighed for that great event, boot-greasing was a popular occupation, and the various styles of pack-boards and packing devices all had their ardent advocates. The scouts, Messrs. Weer, Wainwright and Smail, left for Camp Curtis, whence their route was observed with interest through a telescope ingeniously mounted on a tripod of alpenstocks. (Any true Mountaineer is always endeavoring to find a new use for an alpenstock.)

The whole party left Summerland on Wednesday morning, crossing an icy tip of the Fryingpan Glacier, and then across the Emmons Glacier, with its many glacial rivulets, running into their hidden reservoirs. The shoulder of Mt. Ruth was climbed, our scouts met, and then the main climb party

Little Tahoma and Mount Rainier from Summerland camp. *E. L. Bickford*

took leave of the "Mystic Lakers", who continued on their long hike into Glacier Basin, up the St. Elmo Pass, across the Winthrop Glacier by devious routes, and then over "just another ridge" around the east side of Mineral Mountain to Mystic Lake, where the pack-train finally found them at 10 p. m.

The climbing party pulled up over the Inter Glacier, with their packs on their backs, to "Camp Curtis", where the rock apartments, tombs, or bath-tubs, (as you may prefer) were soon preempted. The American flag and the Mountaineers' banner were planted on the ice of the Winthrop Glacier, and the interest of all was soon focussed on the rock corral where the presence of Billy the cook and Dick Wainwright, with a number of husky-looking Sterno alcohol stoves proclaimed the presence of Commissary. An excellent cup of hot Steero was soon served to everyone as a preliminary. Then, unlike Moses' rock which produced but water, our rocks shortly gave out a supply of mush, beans, hard-tack and hot tea. Next to our downy couches, with the lines of the Mountaineers' goodnight song—

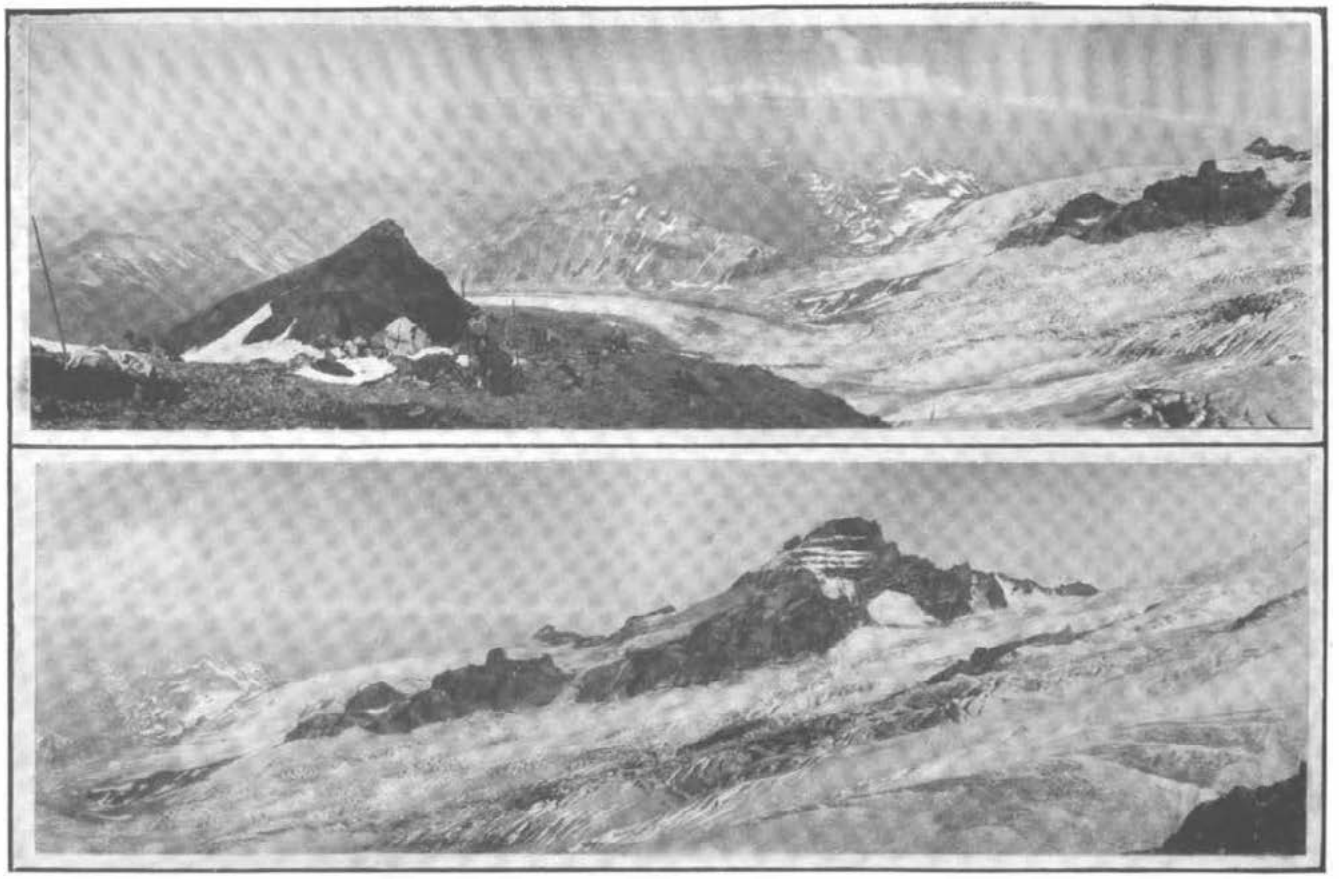
"Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me: my rest a stone;"

ringing appropriately in our ears. The stars seemed unusually near and clear to the pilgrims, and probably few better places than that wedge of pumice rock between the great glaciers could be found for sensing the descriptive truth of old Omar's line which speaks of

"that inverted Bowl they call the Sky."

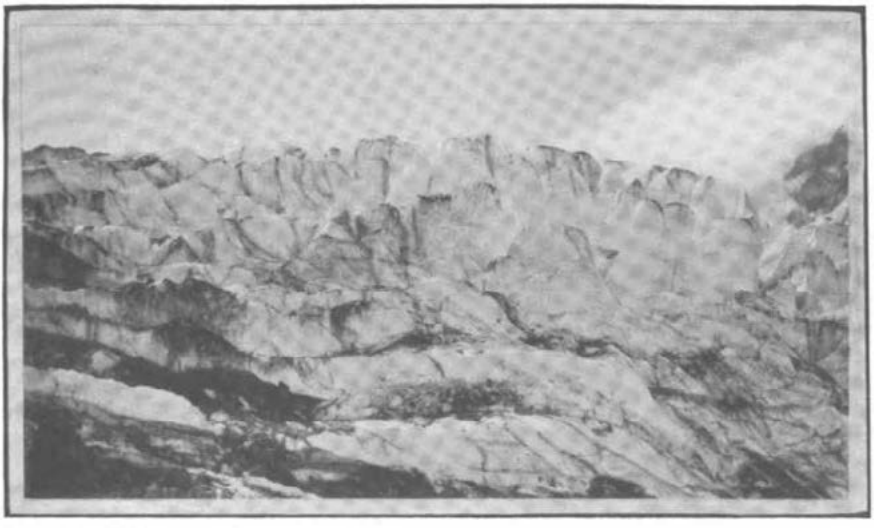
The night was a comparatively calm and favorable one (we were told) and our early call the next morning showed us the dim lines of the "seals" sticking up their heads from the rookery below (as one of the party phrased it) long before we were greeted by a fine cloudy sunrise.

The start was a tardy one, and not as early as could have been desired, but with the scouts ahead and Peter McGregor as pacemaker, good time



ON THE BIG CLIMB *E. L. Bickford*

Upper—Temporary camp (Camp Curtis) and Mt. Ruth in foreground. "We were greeted by a fine cloudy sunrise."
Lower—Across the crevasses of Emmons Glacier to rugged Little Tahoma.



SERACS ON THE WINTHROP GLACIER *Roger W. Toll*

was made. The day was clear and windy, and a wonderful view was obtained across to Mt. Baker, Glacier Peak, and the Monte Cristo Range as we ascended higher and higher. At about eleven o'clock, when an elevation of 12,000 feet had been reached without difficulty, the scouts returned, and after a consultation, Mr. Weer announced, to the intense disappointment of all, that on account of ice conditions above, it was deemed wisest to turn back. Mountaineer loyalty accepted this decision without a murmur, remembering that Mountaineer leaders have never yet lost a man. So the climber's "special" lunch was therefore promptly enjoyed near a great crevasse, and then returning to Camp Curtis another cup of hot beef extract was once more enjoyed, and the party took up their packs, felt their way cautiously over the Inter Glacier in a thick cloud, and climbed up the St. Elmo Pass and over the Winthrop Glacier to Mystic Lake for a royal welcome and a good camp on Thursday night.

Friday, the 8th, was certainly enjoyed at Mystic Lake. The swimming, the flower meadows, the wonderful view of The Mountain and Willis Wall, and the interesting bird life around the lake, all combined to make a pleasant camp,—some said "The best"—a statement always fruitful of debate. "The Carnival of Nations," which Miss Paschall's Program Committee produced here, was enthusiastically received.

Saturday's trek took everyone over the rocks, gravel, and moraines of the Carbon Glacier, up through Seattle Park, and over to Spray Park, where the party became much scattered. The lower Park below Spray had so many involuntary visitors that it was dubbed "Stray Park." However, everyone had an opportunity to get in aeons before the poor pack-train, which arrived at 1 a. m., after it had long since been given up, and the party had supped frugally on tea and hardtack with beans en can, and was keeping

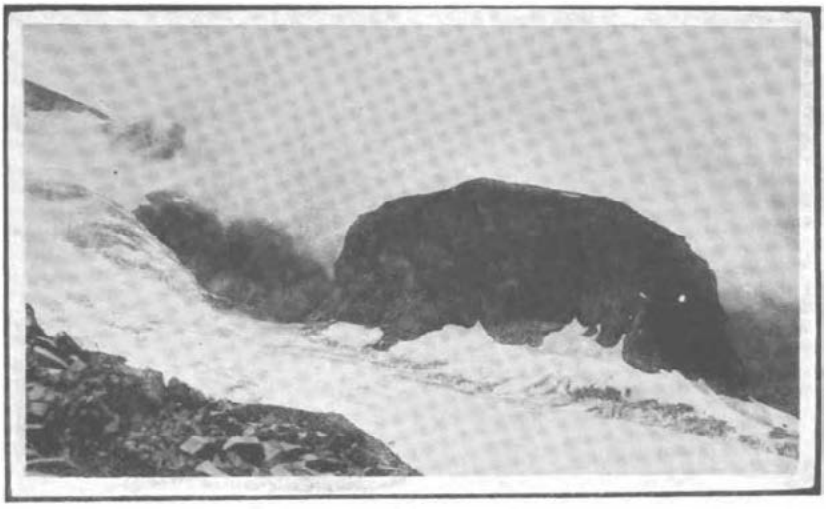
vigil around the fire, after the silver moon had majestically sailed up over the snow wall of the mountain.

The "One-Weekers" came in here from Fairfax, and found a wealth of choice apartments awaiting them in Spray Park, with heather, hemlock shelter, little lakes, flower carpets and friendly streams. A pleasant Sunday was spent here, with only a few strenuous souls making a side-trip to Faye Peak and Observation Rock on Rainier; a greater number preferred merely to stroll up to Hessong Rock for the sunset.

Monday, August 11th, was an eventful day. The low-line party hit a bunch of waterless switchback trail for their last seven miles, and went into a damp camp below Sunset Park which suffered by comparison with the last camp in Spray. Crater Lake and Spray Falls were side attractions on their trip. The "High Liners" chose with deliberate joy the most strenuous hike of the trip: over the Mowich Divide, via N. Mowich Glacier and S. Mowich Canyon. The crevasses on the N. Mowich were wide enough to be exciting, and the climb up through Barnes Pass, and a descent of 8,000 feet over rocks and through brush and waterfalls, made it clear to some of the party why this was the least-visited part of the mountain. At a stream-head, Mr. Weer, leading over the route formerly traversed by him with Flett and Barnes, found the box with their names left there seven years before on their exploration trip. The rocky way down to the Mowich River was done with extreme caution, a ford was made with great difficulty, and the climb up the other side made in the moonlight shadows, with boot-calks striking sparks from the rock. The camp-fire and answered whistles finally brought them to ministering night-capped angels who purveyed food, and to their beds at midnight.

Sunset Camp will be remembered by the Outing Party of 1919 for wet, frozen dunnage, steep hillside beds, the bear, and the circus. The bear was not in the circus, although it was not for want of an invitation. But he preferred to stick around and take observations at the girls' bathing-lake for an hour or two, when hearing that the photographers were coming on his trail, he unceremoniously beat it, without consulting Miss Jones in any wise. But he was not needed, for strange animals had been taking shape during the day. A calliope was assembled under the expert hand of Miss Furry. The lady bareback rider (Peyton Farrer), Sandow the Strong Man (Mr. Thornburg) ably assisted by the Tumbling Clown (Mr. Sheldon) Wallace the Savage Lion (Mr. Richardson), the Trained Zebra (Miss Noel) and the Gold Dust Twins (Mr. and Mrs. Spring) in high class vaudeville, all shone under the expert tutelage of the awe-inspiring ringmaster (Miss Cameron). But the sensation of the evening was the Educated Giraffe (Otto Voll and Jack Tusler) with his fondness for Bevo and his aversion to water.

St. Andrews Park, to which we moved on Wednesday, the 13th, was one of the loveliest of our camp-sites, and could easily have polled a



Puyallup Glacier and the mists surging around Weer Rock. *Glenn Bremerman.*

large vote for the most popular camp. The party who reached it first over the Puyallup Glacier were not the heroes of the day, but the humble low-liners who built trail all afternoon that the pack-train might get up, and who, under the leadership of Otto Voll, said, "We can and will." The Park trail-builders worked like demons; Mountaineer women chopped trees; Mountaineer men sweated with shovel and mattock, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Anderson lead his string up over the Ridge.

St. Andrews was a two-night camp. It had fine flowers in great variety; luxurious heather-beds, and an inspiring view of the great Puyallup Glacier hanging over the tremendous gorge, with Weer, St. Andrews and Tokaloo Rocks above. To see the ice-tongues of the glacier break and crash down the gulf from the tip of Klapatche Ridge was one of the compelling views of the trip.

The last high-line jaunt was on Friday, August 15th, from St. Andrews over the North Tahoma Glacier, dropping from an elevation of about 6500 feet, where we had a fine distant panorama of Pyramid Peak, Indian Henry's, Mt. Ararat and Mt. Wow, and the topography of the initial part of our trip, and following over the glacier down past Glacier Island to the nose of the South Tahoma Glacier. One could never persuade this party that it is not dusty ofttimes on a glacier! A portion of the party went back to Indian Henry's, where they found the snow had gone and the mosquitoes had come.

The remainder of the expedition followed the South Puyallup River to Round Pass, and by way of Fish Creek joined the Indian Henry trail to our last camp in the shadowy trees on Tahoma Creek. The last camp-fire was honored by the presence of Mr. Roger W. Toll, the Superintendent of Rainier National Park, and favored by an address from him. Representatives of the Sierra Club, the Prairie Club, and the Rocky Mountain Outing

Club extended the greetings of their several organizations, and spoke their appreciation of the splendid work of our leaders, Messrs. Weer, Wainwright, and Voll, and the efficient co-operation of Miss Chapman, the secretary of the Outing Committee. And then the Mountaineers joined hands and reluctantly sang their Farewell Song, to go out on Saturday morning amid dust, heat, and the smell of burnt gasoline. Huckleberry pie and ice cream at the end of the road were but poor consolation for Paradise Lost! But still,

"My memory hath a secret pack
Wherein I store the loveliest things;
And in my heart, not on my back,
My dear and guarded treasure swings.
With every passing year it grows,
And as it grows, life fairer gleams;
And lesser weigh my daily woes,
And brighter, rarer shine my dreams."

E. L. Bickford

MOUNT RAINIER FROM ST. ANDREWS PARK

"An inspiring view of the great Puyallup Glacier banging over the tremendous gorge, with Weer and St. Andrews Rocks above."

MEMBERS OF THE 1919 SUMMER OUTING

OUTING COMMITTEE

J. H. Weer, Chairman
Otto Voll

Effie Chapman, Secretary
R. S. Wainwright

For convenient reference the Committee adopted titles to apply to the different periods of the Outing, as follows:

Outing No. 1—Full 3 weeks
Outing No. 2—1st and 2d weeks
Outing No. 3—2d and 3d weeks
Outing No. 4—1st week
Outing No. 5—2d week
Outing No. 6—3d week

Members of the Outing are designated by numbers opposite their names. State is Washington unless otherwise specified.

*Naomi Achenbach, Everett 1
Edith Bennett, Seattle 1
Hortense Beuschlein, Seattle 1
*Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bickford, Napa, Cal. 1
Emily Blakeslee, Sandusky, O. 1
*Mary Blakeslee, Medina, O. 1
Glen Bremerman, Seattle 6
Crissie Cameron, Tacoma 1
Isabel Chalmers, Portland, Ore. 1
*Effie L. Chapman, Seattle 1
*Linda Coleman, Seattle 1
*C. W. Connell, Tacoma 2
May Copeland, Seattle 3
Inez Craven, Seattle 2
C. F. Davidson, Seattle 5
Lillian Davidson, Evanston, Ill. 1
Mabel Engebretsen, Tacoma 2
*Sarah M. Farley, Chicago, Ill. 1
*Peyton Farrer, Seattle 1
*Mabel Furry, Seattle 1
*Harriet Galbraith, Seattle 1
*F. R. Gerstmann, Puyallup 2
Mildred Granger, Seattle 1
William T. Ham, Auburn 2
*Joseph T. Greenleaf, Seattle 1
*Henry C. Hitt, Bremerton 2
Else Hubert, Seattle 3
Mary B. Hunter, Seattle 5
Nancy E. Jones, Seattle 1
*Susanna Kellett, Seattle 3
*Mrs. J. T. Keppel, Seattle 1
F. L. Kerzie, Seattle 6
Elizabeth Kirkwood, Seattle 1
*O. H. Kneen, Seattle 2
*Edith Knudson, Seattle 1
Martha G. Lane, Walla Walla 1
*Carrie M. Lewis, Seattle 3
Winifred Macfarland, Tacoma 1
*Peter M. McGregor, Seattle 1
*Earl B. Martin, Tacoma 1
Edmond S. Meany, Seattle 1
*Mary H. Mudgett, Tacoma 1

COOKS AND HELPERS

* Wm. C. Schroll
Robert Felke
Louis Hynus
Wm. Robinson
Odilon Dugas

Blanche Noel, Seattle 1
June Oakley, Seattle 1
Mary Oakley, Seattle 1
Mary Paschall, Chico 1
*La Verne Pennington, Elma 1
Mary J. Prettegiani, Seattle 6
*Agnes Quigley, Seattle 1
Luiu Raper, Seattle 1
*Wm. B. Remey, Washington, D. C. 1
*J. Belden Richardson, Seattle 1
Frederick T. Rouse, Seattle 1
*Edna C. Sawyer, Everett 1
*A. E. Scheer, Seattle 3
*Sophie L. Schneider, Tacoma 1
Josephine Scholes, Tacoma 1
Stella Scholes, Tacoma 1
*Mable Shaver, Seattle 1
*Clifford D. Sheldon, Everett 1
*Anna Simmons, Seattle 1
*Lloyd L. Small, Seattle 1
Ellen Garfield Smith, Walla Walla 1
*Gladys Smith, Seattle 1
O. J. Smith, Seattle 1
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Spring, Chicago, Ill. 1
*Gertrude I. Streator, Seattle 1
*W. P. Taylor, U. S. Biolog. Survey
*Nan Thompson, Everett 2
Mr. & Mrs. D. A. Thornburg, Seattle 1
*Luella Todd, Seattle 1
H. S. Tremper, Seattle 2
*Henry Tusler, Seattle 1
Jesse A. Varley, Everett 3
*Otto Voll, Manette 1
*Gile H. Walker, Tacoma 1
*R. S. Wainwright, Tacoma 1
Winifred Washburn, Seattle 2
Marie Weeks, Everett 1
*Mr. and *Mrs. J. H. Weer, Tacoma 1
Emily J. Widdecombe, Kent, Ohio 1
Marie Wiegman, Seattle 1
Myrtle Wiegman, Seattle 1
*Mabel Zimmerman, Everett 1

PACKERS

John Anderson
L. V. McWhorter
Ben Ulsund
Rhyl Higgins
William Charley
Pete Wannemsie
Henry Shaw-Way

* Packed sleeping bags and provisions from Summerland via Ruth Mountain to Camp Curtis where night was spent, following which start was made for ascent to summit of Mount Rainier via Emmons and Winthrop Glaciers. After reaching altitude of approximately 12,000 feet, icy conditions on day of climb made it advisable, in judgment of guides, that climb be abandoned, and from that point descent was made via Camp Curtis, Inter Glacier, St. Elmo Pass, and Winthrop Glacier to Mystic Lake.

OUR NATIONAL PARK

ROGER W. TOLL,
Superintendent, Mount Rainier National Park.

THIS year more than fifty-five thousand persons visited Mount Rainier National Park. This establishes a new record for attendance, a full twenty-five per cent above any previous year.

Of the thousands of visitors each year, many come from the city in an afternoon, spend a night in the park and start for home the next day. This gives them a week-end holiday and, if that is all the time they can spare, it is better to take a short trip than no trip at all. However, one cannot help feeling that a longer stay is necessary in order to see more of the beauties of the park and to carry away a lasting impression of the majesty, the serenity and mystery of the great mountain.

No trip could be more ideal than the one the Mountaineers enjoyed this summer. Three weeks spent in the open, sleeping under the stars, making the entire circuit of the mountain, on foot and leisurely, climbing to the high places, crossing the glaciers, descending into the valleys, watching the leaping waterfalls, listening to the merry chatter of the mountain streams and standing in the silent forests of giant trees.

To take such a trip is to see the mountain and the park under the best conditions and in the most delightful way. Surely, none of the thousands of visitors could have had a more thoroughly successful and satisfying trip than the Mountaineers. It is to be hoped that more and more people will be able to take similar trips in future years.

The large travel to the park, already taxing the available accommodations and increasing by leaps and bounds from year to year, necessitates consideration of how the growing number of visitors may be given a larger territory to explore and prevent overcrowding of the one portion of the park now accessible.

The ultimate development of the park will probably require highways leading up the river valleys at the four corners of the park and other highways, either inside or outside the park boundaries, connecting these four corners. The "Tap roads" must come first and the "Around-the-Mountain" road will come, all in due time.

There is an occasional person who feels that development of the park by automobile roads is undesirable, and who dreads lest the beauties of the region be marred by too numerous visitors. However, such fears are groundless as well as selfish. On account of the heavy snow-fall of the region, a road that goes above an elevation of 5500 feet will not be open, on an average, before the middle of July, and sometimes not then. This gives only two months' use of the road, since few people would use such roads after the middle of September, even if weather conditions permitted. Half of the area of the park lies at an elevation of more than 5500 feet and is, therefore,

MOUNT RAINIER AND OHANAPECOSH GLACIER FROM ABOVE INDIAN BAR.

Roger W. Toll

safe against having its solitude disturbed by an automobile horn. What additional roads would do would be to make accessible starting points, from which further exploration could be made. Such starting points, easily reached, are greatly needed. The present road up the Nisqually River does not develop more than five per cent of the area of the Park and the remaining ninety-five per cent remains unvisited except by a hardy few.

For several years a road has been advocated running through Fairfax and up the Carbon River. The development of the northwest corner of the park would make accessible the Carbon Glacier, Moraine Park, Mystic Lake, Spray Park, and Mowich Lake (formerly known as Crater Lake). These are but a few of the better known features and there are many other attractions of this region. The Carbon Glacier would be many miles nearer by road to both Seattle and Tacoma, than the Nisqually glacier is at present. This proximity would be an important feature in drawing visitors and handling problems of transportation.

The number of visitors that throng to the Nisqually road in midsummer at times seriously overcrowd the available hotel accommodations. New regions of the park must be developed, with new hotel and camp accommodations, in order to divert a portion of the increasing number of yearly visitors. The Carbon River road is the most logical and desirable road for such new development.

Next in importance would come the White River road. A road now runs up the White River to a point about ten miles from the park entrance and contractors are now at work on the remaining distance. Within the park, a mining road was built some years ago up to Glacier Basin. This road is not satisfactory as an automobile highway and its reconstruction will be necessary to properly develop this portion of the park. A road up the White River will make accessible Glacier Basin, the Emmons Glacier, Yakima Park, the Sourdough Mountains, Steamboat Prow (from which starts one of the two best routes to the summit), beautiful Summer Land, half encircled by glaciers, and many other points of interest.

A road from Lewis up the Ohanapecosh River would make accessible the Ohanapecosh Hot Springs, lying just outside the National Park, noted for their curative powers, and also the wonderful forests of fir and cedar in that portion of the park. It would greatly facilitate access to the remarkable box canyon of the Muddy Fork as well as to Cowlitz Park, Indian Bar, Ohanapecosh Park and other beautiful regions.

The construction of one, two, or all of these main roads would increase the demand for connecting roads, following the most practicable location, whether inside or outside of the park boundaries. These main "tap roads" would not only make accessible the areas immediately adjoining the roads, but would offer to the nature lover and the out-of-door enthusiast an opportunity that does not now exist, of taking comparatively short and inexpensive

trips from one corner of the park to another. One can carry blankets and provisions for a two-day trip while one cannot, with pleasure and comfort, carry equipment for a trip of a week or ten days' duration.

Suppose, for example, that there was a road up the Carbon River and a camp or hotel at the terminus of the road. How many more people would be able to make the trip along the trail on the west side of the mountain? Suppose that one or two permanent camps were established at suitable intervals, with tents, bedding and food. One could then start from the Nisqually, either on foot or on horseback, but without the necessity of a pack train, and know that at the end of a day's trip a camp would be found with all the necessities for rest, shelter and food.

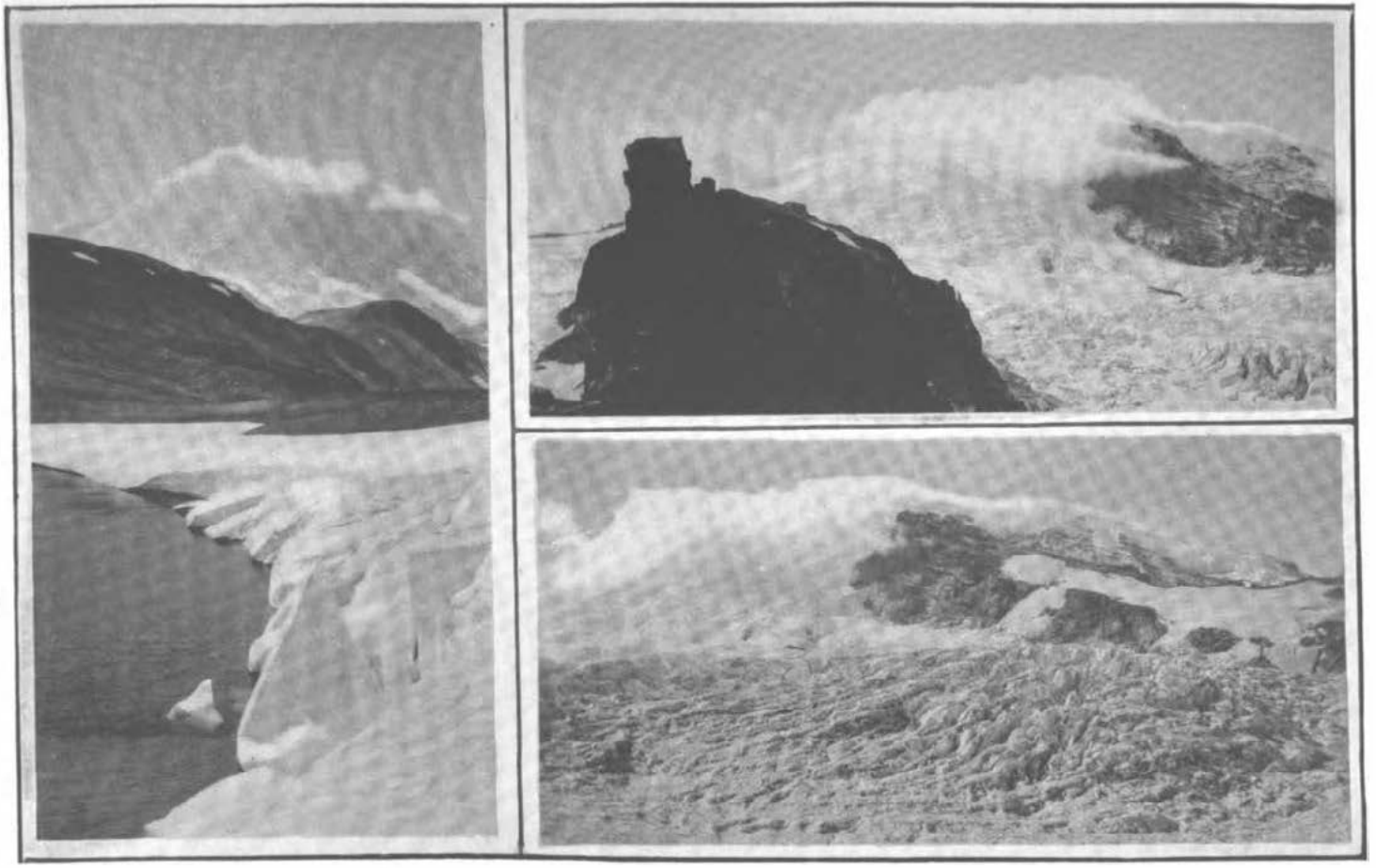
At the present time there is not enough demand to support such camps, as the trip around the mountain requires too much time and expense to appeal to the average visitor. If, however, the trip could be shortened so as to make half of the circuit, or a quarter of the circuit of the mountain, the number of persons wishing to take such a trip would be greatly increased and the patronage of intermediate camps would justify their maintenance.

Those of you who shared in the outing this summer had at your disposal many advantages that the average visitor does not have. The commissary list requires careful thought in advance, the camping equipment must be selected with good judgment, the pack horses must be found, packers located and much effort, as well as prayer, must be expended to get the caravan into motion as a going concern.

Suppose a few of you, individually, wanted to duplicate the trip, perhaps for your own pleasure or for the sake of showing a few eastern friends what kind of a country you have out here. Could you do it? Would you do it? In nine times out of ten the answer is "No." Better access is needed, more facilities must be offered. If the difficulties are such as to deter you, who know the country and revel in roughing it, imagine what an obstacle they present to one who is a stranger in these parts.

The park contains matchless and inexhaustible resources for recreation, but they must be developed before they can be utilized. More shelter houses must be built, the trails must be improved in places, marked more clearly in other places and more signs must be placed giving direction, distance and other useful information.

The head and director of the National Park Service, Stephen T. Mather, is a broad gauged, clear visioned and energetic man whose whole heart is in the betterment and improvement of the parks and the park service. The needs of the Mount Rainier National Park, and of all the National parks, are well known to him and to the enthusiastic organization that he has built up and both are constantly working towards the development and improvement of the parks.



Roger W. Toll

SEPTEMBER SCENES ON THE NORTH SIDE OF MOUNT RAINIER

Left, Frozen Lake. Upper right, The Mountain and Winthrop Glacier from St. Elmo's Pass, Inter Glacier at the left. Lower right, Winthrow Glacier—Mount Rainier cloud-capped—Russell Cliff in the center, Willis Wall to the right.

Improvements cost money and that is sometimes difficult to obtain. Appropriations can be had where a definite and urgent need is known to exist. For that reason it is well for individuals and organizations, such as the Mountaineers, to know what treasures lie hidden in the inaccessible and only half explored portions of the park. Before long, when enough people say, "This resource *must* be developed," Congress will make the necessary appropriations. Present appropriations are sufficient to provide for administration, protection, traffic control and the maintenance of trails and road. When these necessities have been taken care of, not much remains for betterment.

An appropriation has been asked for in order to begin the construction of the Carbon River road. With a start made in this section of the Park it is probable that future years will bring funds with which to carry on the work. The park rapidly wins friends for itself and when one person has seen the beauties of a region, what is more natural than a desire that others should be enabled to see them also?

The National Park Service is greatly interested in having the educational, as well as the recreational possibilities of the parks developed. When people with active minds go on a vacation trip, they think different thoughts and observe new things, but their minds and faculties are constantly at work and they want to know something of what they are seeing. All out-door sciences appeal to them, and they wish they knew more about the flowers, plants, trees, rocks, glacial action, and could read more clearly the history so boldly written in the towering crag and the deep cut canyon.

The National Park Service has already published pamphlets on the forests, the flora and the glaciers of the park. A party of biologists spent the entire summer in the park, encircling the mountain in order to collect data for a publication on the birds and mammals of the park.

It is believed that there would be considerable interest in a publication on the opportunities for recreation in the park and the rewards that walking and camping trips would yield. Such a book would describe each trail, telling of the special scenic features that it offers, the distance between points, the amount of elevation to be climbed, the average time required and information of the sort that everyone wants to know, but can rarely find out, when planning a trip.

Besides the trails, the various routes to the summit of the mountain should be described, with their advantages and disadvantages. Then, too, data should be given on the lesser peaks, many of which offer exceptionally fine view points, well repaying a climb.

Another important feature that should be included is a description of the various "high-line" routes connecting the camping places on the slopes of the mountain. These routes could be shown by means of photographs, by description and reference to the topographic map so as to be of great help. At present it is very difficult for any one wishing to take such trips, to find out which routes are practicable and which are impracticable, where glaciers may be crossed and where they should be avoided.

No one person possesses the information that would be necessary for such a book. It must be compiled from the experiences of many. If the knowledge of your Club members regarding the mountain could be put into writing, what a valuable hand book it would make for those who will follow along the same trails and routes.

The suggestion is that the Mountaineers, as a Club, begin now to collect such material. Club trips would be reported and individuals would turn in short accounts of trips that they make. Such a collection would soon become of value to the Club and would form the basis for a publication on the splendid possibilities for outings in the park.

Another thing in which co-operation between the Park Service and the Mountaineers will be beneficial is the subject of nomenclature. Your Club is one of the few organizations in the State that is interested in securing the best names for places and features. The Park Service is interested in having names applied to the various mountains, streams, waterfalls, and other scenic points that are now unnamed. By working together, a more satisfactory result will be obtained.

The most desirable names, in many cases, are the original Indian names, or, if these are too long and unpronounceable, their English equivalents are often very good. It may be that some of these original names are now known or that they could be secured by bringing some of the old Indian residents into the Park, as was done, for example, in the Rocky Mountain National Park.

If no original name can be found, and a name is to be supplied, the Indian names may be drawn upon with advantage, but this should be done by an expert, not an amateur. Descriptive names are good. The one thing most difficult to avoid is the indiscriminate naming of scenic features after persons. Sometimes personal names are appropriate, but more often they are not. If the rule of the Geographic Board was followed, namely, that landmarks should not be called for living persons, there would be much less of this naming after "anybody and nobody."

There are now many secondary peaks, streams, waterfalls, and other features that should be named but are now without names. The suggestion is that a committee of the Mountaineers and the Park Service agree upon a list of good, attractive names for these unnamed features, and that they be put into current use. Anyone takes much more interest in a waterfall, for example, if it has a name. It then becomes a suitable destination for a trip, something to photograph, and something to write home about; but if it is a nameless waif all the importance is at once stripped from it.

Another subject in which both the Mountaineers and the Park Service are interested is the protection and preservation of game and wild life in the park. The situation regarding the deer is most unfortunate. Their summer feeding grounds are in a thin belt around the edge of the park, but not

entirely inside of it. They are protected and lose their sense of fear. A man can often walk up, in full sight of a deer, to within less than a hundred feet of him. Then come the fall snows, driving the deer down from the higher slopes to the woods, and frequently outside of the park. With the month of October the open season begins and hunters line the edges of the park and butcher the unsuspecting deer. It is no wonder that deer are not more plentiful in the park and that the visitor only rarely has the pleasure of seeing them.

It would be most desirable if a zone around the park were declared a game sanctuary. This should include the winter grazing ground of the deer which is mostly outside of the park. A strip five or ten miles wide would be adequate. This would allow the deer a chance to multiply so that they would be abundant in the park and, in the long run, this would improve the hunting outside the protected zone. The deer need this protection and need it promptly.

A protected zone around the park would also give greater safety to the mountain goats. It is difficult to patrol to an exact line, particularly where the line is unfenced and does not follow easily distinguishable landmarks, such as ridges and streams. Hunters, however, will not venture far inside the line because of the increased liability to detection and the lessened plausibility of their excuse that they did not know that they had crossed the line. The protected zone should then be so laid out as to be not merely "enough," but two or three miles more than enough, so as to protect the game more successfully from the poacher.

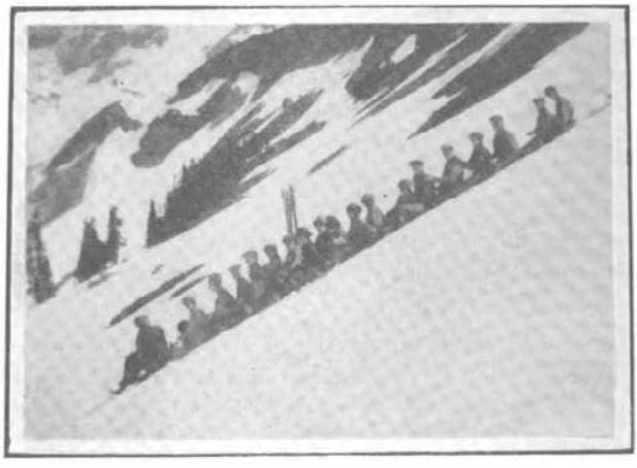
All Mountaineers know the danger of forest fires and also know how to build a camp fire that will not spread and how to put it out so that it will stay out. If this knowledge was distributed more universally among campers, the danger of forest fires would be almost eliminated. Fires are caused by ignorance and carelessness. Anyone who fully appreciated that a single thoughtless act might sweep away a forest of stately trees that have come to us as a heritage from past ages, would surely be careful. "Fire is a good servant but a bad master." Generations and generations would be required to replace the loss that one swift fire would cause. Let us keep, unharmed, our wonderful forests and in order to do so let us spread the doctrine that fires are preventable and that they must be prevented. Anyone who takes chances with fire in the woods must be shown the error of his ways, quickly and forcibly.

Let every Mountaineer think of Mount Rainier, not as "A National Park" but as "Our National Park." If the citizens of the state and those who utilize the attractions offered by the park, are indifferent regarding its future, why should anyone else worry regarding its welfare? On the other hand, if the needs of a park are recognized and championed by the keen, aggressive members of a community, who stand ready to fight for it, if necessary, to insure a square deal, then surely the merits of such a park will not be passed by, unheeded, when appropriations are made for development.

The Mountaineers are to be congratulated upon their officers, and at the same time the officers are to be congratulated upon their members. The members reap all the benefits that come from wise administration, careful planning, system with a capital "S" and good leadership. It is hard to find leaders who will say "stop. This is not as safe as it should be." The temptation is strong to say, "Let's go a little farther and see what happens." Yet such leaders are necessary to the success of an outing when the party is made up of members of varying experience and ability.

An organization such as the Mountaineers, organized for mutual co-operation, with no selfish object, having a strong and substantial membership, is a power for good in any community.

May it continue to give pleasure to its members and expand its usefulness year by year.



TANDEM NATURE COASTING

Fairman Lee
The alpenstocks are taken away before sliding as a safety-first precaution.

GUIDING THE TENDERFOOT IN PARADISE VALLEY

FAIRMAN B. LEE

WHILE guiding the tenderfoot on the southern slopes of Mount Rainier in Paradise Valley the past summer, the thing that impressed me the most was their lack of knowledge of how to walk. When going over the trails and glaciers the average tourist used his feet as if he were walking on eggs. On the ice, where everyone wore caulked boots, they would insist on walking on the sides of their feet, especially in places where you wanted as many square inches of holding surface as possible; and then they did not understand why they could not get along or were always slipping and falling down.

The hardest part of the work for me, at first, was to "throttle down," so to speak, and not get away ahead of the party. Our principal trips were to the glaciers, one three miles in three hours, and the other four miles in four hours; and then some complain that our Local Walks are so slow. It was surprising, even at the mile per hour, how many people had difficulty in keeping up or were "all tired out" when half way. The average summer tourist has what we called "Limousine Limbs," and is of the "Lobby Lizard" type, i. e., hates to walk.

To give you a better conception of the daily procedure we will go on one of the glacier trips, say the Paradise-Stevens, the four mile one. First let me say that every night except Saturday, when the jazz orchestra held sway, there was an illustrated lecture on the trips and scenic points in the Park, and especially Paradise Valley. Views of and on the different guide trips were shown and people urged to go down to the guide room after the lecture and sign up and be equipped for the trips for the following morning.

Now, let us go down with the crowd after the lecture and get our equipment, which consists of calked boots and heavy sox, "tin pants," i. e., khaki trousers with a reinforced, paraffined seat; heavy shirt, hat or cap, colored glasses and alpenstock. The first thing was to fit the shoes, and if it was a man he generally knew his size, but if a woman, it was a fifty-fifty break that she didn't know. Then again they would tell you a "4 triple A" when a 7 was the smallest that they could possibly wear. Of course, we specialized in the triple A. We would also get calls for a 7 when a 5 was plenty large enough. Some of the men were just as bad. One day a fellow came in and called for "the biggest shoe in the house," which was 11, and the boy fitted him to 8s. After the shoes came the tin pants. Here we had to ask the waist measure and the women got about ten sizes larger, as they were men's cut and made straight from the hips to the waist.

When everyone was ready in the morning it was generally a half hour after the scheduled time for leaving, especially if the crowd was large. The parties numbered from five to twenty-five, with some larger. After leaving the Inn a short while a stop was always made to take the first "official picture," and incidentally to give them time to get their second wind. After the picture we would go on and the different flowers and points of interest would be pointed out and named and innumerable questions answered all the while. After some time someone would be sure to say, "Oh, Mr. Guide, don't you ever get tired?" and then we knew it was time for another rest. When they got over to the glacier and started out on the ice they were always cautioned to stay in line and watch their step, etc., told how accidents were liable to happen and I always ended up by telling about the new kind of poison we had found, "Crevasse poison"—one drop being enough to kill you.

The great sport on the Paradise-Stevens trip was the sliding, the first one where everyone went toboggan fashion, and the second, which was the

better, when they went alone. We always started them sitting up, feet first, with alpenstock under the arm, both hands on it, etc., and they generally ended up in some other position, probably without the alpenstock, with snow down their necks and elsewhere, unhurt and happy and wanting to do it again. After the big slide the way led to Marmot Rock overlooking the Stevens Canyon, with a sheer drop of several hundred feet. Then we went over to the head of Sluiskin Falls, past the site of the Stevens-Van Trump camp, where they were told all about it, with occasionally a member from our own club or some similar organization adding to the pile of rock for the memorial seat. Then through the flower fields of Mazama Ridge, where some of the best specimens were, and back the road home.

We featured the Paradise-Stevens trip for sliding and scenery and the Nisqually for glacial formation, but the best trip, outside of the Summit, in the estimation of the guide department, was to Pinnacle Peak. This was a six to eight hour trip where you ate your lunch on top and got an idea of the immensity of the Mountain that you could not realize from the Inn.

Of course, the Summit trip was the "big trip," where many tried and not all arrived. It is safe to say that three times as many people reached the top this year as in any year before. In one day, when we had a party from the Inn and the Mazamas had their official climb, there were some eighty people who reached the top. The Summit trip was made, starting from the Inn (5400 feet) about 2 p. m. one day, arriving at Camp Muir (10,080 feet) about 8 p. m., leaving there around 5 a. m. the next morning, making the top by 11:30 and getting back to the Inn by 5 p. m. One of the interesting things on the Summit trip was a pair of chipmunks at Register Rock (14,161 feet) and when asked what they lived on the reply would be, "The nuts that climbed."

Of course, many amusing things occurred during the summer and one that comes to mind was one night in the guide room the boy who helped there was fitting out a lady for the next morning's trip, and put the heavy shirt on the counter. She picked it up with two fingers, turned her nose up till it scraped the ceiling, and asked in a very icy tone, "Are there any bugs here?" The boy, without an instant's hesitation or changing his expression, replied in a very pleasant tone, "Yes, there are hundreds who come up every day in machines." She did not reply and left hastily with her equipment.

One day a lady came up to me and very seriously asked me what I thought about the report that the mountain was going to blow up in the early fall. Another prize one was the lady who sat in the lobby all one afternoon looking at a colored photo of the Mountain when all she had to do was to turn around and move ten feet and see it in all the glory of a fine afternoon. Another one came in one day and said she did not know that they allowed dogs in the park. I replied that they did not, and she told me of seeing deer tracks back of Alta Vista and big dog tracks following them. Apparently she had never seen wildcat tracks.

As to foolish questions—they number unlimited. For example: A man sees a stream coming out from under a glacier and asks if there are any fish in it. "Oh, Guide, I suppose you carry that ice axe just for the effect?" "Yes, madam, for the effect it has on the ice." "Guide, what is the name of that falls over there?" indicating water coming from a melting snow field. "That is Snow-water Falls." "Thank you." And thus they go on, ad infinitum.

As a summer job, guiding the cheechaco is a "great life if you don't weaken." It has its pleasures and its sorrows, but taken on the whole, I think it can't be beaten.

THE DUNES OF INDIANA

Sarah M. Farley

UNES are found in many parts of the world, but those which enclose the sweep of the great curve of the southern end of Lake Michigan are unique. Here bordering a shore line of twenty-five miles with an average depth of more than a mile is a wilderness, easily accessible to millions of people. This area of beach, bluff, hill, valley, swamp and bog is an epitome of plant life, a paradise for the ecologist, for crowding into this area of about thirty square miles are many plants which find here their natural environment and forget their own latitude. Here are the cactus at its farthest north, the twin-flower at its farthest south, the sand cherry of the beach, the cranberry far from its northern bog, the tulip tree, the white pine, the golden glow of the spice bush in early April and the delicate tracery of the bloom of the witch hazel in November.

The name of dune suggests a dreary waste of sand with little or no vegetation, but the dunes of Indiana belie their name. The rainfall is abundant. The soil varies from the pure sand of the beach to the deep muck of the marshes, and a rich humus covering the hills and valleys produces a vegetation that is almost tropical.

Here can be found a scene for every mood and taste; the drear expanse of sand, the melancholy skeleton of some stalwart tree beaten in the struggle against living burial by the drifting sand, now after many years laid bare at the will of the shifting wind; the dense shade of mighty oaks; cool beds of moss and ferns in deep hollows or on northern slopes; the broad outlook from hilltop over lake and forest; stretches of sand unmarked except by fine lines of waving beach grass or derelict of uncovered forest, a challenge to the etcher's art; and the sylvan glade worthy the painter's brush.

From March when the skunk cabbage fills the swamps until the fringed gentian has faded, the colors of the rainbow are spread over the dunes with a lavish hand. In the first warm days of spring the birdfoot violet covers the sunny hills while in the ravines the arbutus and hepatica vie in beauty. The sand phlox lics on the lower ridges like a snowfall, and masses of

flowering dogwood whiten the hillsides; presently the lupine purples the ground with indescribable luxuriance. The yellow of the pocoon and the orange of the butterfly weed follow. So the procession moves through the summer days, crowded with representatives from the plant societies which the greatly diversified topography shelters, until the glory of the blazing star and golden rod dies away amid the pale purple and white asters. In the swamps the ferns stand shoulder high and in the watery bogs grow the choicest and daintiest flowers, pink and white lady slippers and other orchids, the pitcher plant and the sundew. Autumn brings her palette of colors to the dunes and touches the maples, the oaks, the sumacs, the aspens, and they flame forth into brilliant hues.

The hills are well covered with trees, in many places densely forested with red, white and black oak, pine, juniper, maple, cottonwood, ironwood, cherry and sassafras. Willows, birches, tamarack and white cedar fill the lowland and pepperidge far from its home borders the swamps.

One small stream flows through the dunes to empty into the lake and along its banks is found another distinct vegetation.

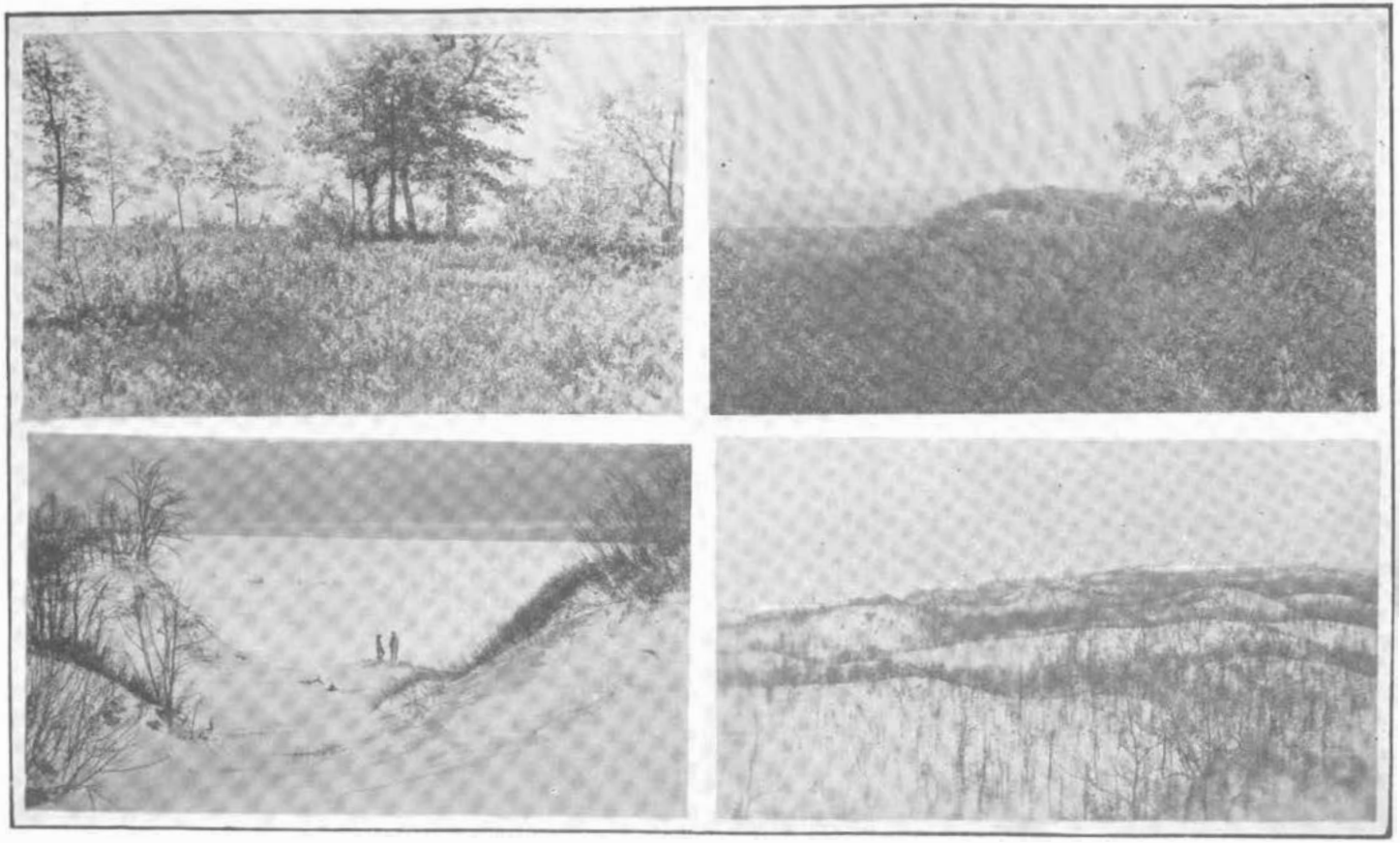
The area is not large enough to shelter the larger wild animals, but squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, skunks, muskrats, and an occasional coon or opossum find homes here. The migration seasons crowd the thickets with birds, but there are many summer and winter residents, both of land and water varieties.

There are many varieties of insects. Spiders are well represented, notably the sand burrowing spider, peculiar to the shores of the Great Lakes, which makes itself a vertical tunnel about eighteen inches deep, the top of which is faced with a woven silk stocking to a sufficient depth to prevent the dry sand falling in and burying it in its home at the bottom.

The dunes are the creation of the wind working with the sand brought endlessly by the currents to the southern end of the lake. One storm forms a sand-bar in the lake, another brings it to the shore; the wind takes up the sand and carries it until some slight obstacle causes it to be dropped.

So the sand moves inland unless beach grass, cottonwood or beach cherry starts to grow, catches the moving sand and begins a dune, perhaps, to grow; perhaps, by a change in the wind to resume its journey inland to be caught by other shrubs and trees to form in a century or two a permanent dune upon which will stand in another century a forest of oak or pine. So the dunes are today; some ever changing, moving; others, permanent. Along the lake there is a broad beach, then a sandy bluff with here and there a blow-out, a saucer-shaped opening up which the wind carries the sand inland and drops it on the leeward side, little by little encroaching on the wooded hills and valleys.

In 1917 in one of the larger blow-outs which forms a natural amphitheater a historical pageant was staged. So perfect was the curve and so



IN THE DUNE COUNTRY OF INDIANA

Upper left, by Roy Flowers
"The lupine purples the ground with indescribable luxuriance."

Lower left, by Frances LaFollette
View down a "blow-out," showing ice on Lake Michigan.

Upper right, by Roy Flowers
"The hills are well wooded."

Lower right, by Arthur Ormes
"When the leaves fall, the snow brings the hills into relief."

remarkable were the acoustic properties that the audience of ten thousand could catch every word though in the open air.

Thus the combination of fresh blown sand, embryo dune festooned with the productive wild grape and bittersweet, and dark background of the woods is always just a little different today from yesterday, though the outlines are as picturesque and the curves as perfectly molded.

This land of beauty lies beside a great body of fresh water which not only has the beauty and gradueur of the open sea, but ofttimes the charm and friendliness of a little lake. Its sandy shores furnish twenty-five miles of absolutely safe bathing. In winter the same winds and currents which carry the sand in summer bring the ice and pile it up until the ridges stand far out like range on range of snowy mountains upon which one may clamber and discover fascinating ice caves and ridges.

To the dunes may go the botanist, geologist, zoologist, the lover of outdoor life and find what he seeks. This land of recreation and beauty is almost within walking distance of several millions of people and an effort is being made to have the national government set aside this bit of wilderness as a national park or monument. Then this tract will be safeguarded from fire, its greatest enemy, which every year sweeps through some part of its area. Wild life will be protected. The ruffed grouse and the quail which are still to be found here will increase. The tired city dweller at a slight expense for carfare may swim in the lake in summer, coast down the hills in winter and re-create himself at all seasons.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT BAKER, 1919

EDMOND S. MEANY

NE hundred per cent climb, perfect weather and no accident." That might have been the wireless message from Mount Baker on September 21, 1919.

It was a belated, after-season effort of the Mountaineers. The small party was made up in part by those who had been prevented from making the ascent with the club on former occasions. The members of this special outing were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard, Miss Alma Wagen, Miss Grace E. Howard, Fairman B. Lee, Norman Huber, Ralph L. Dyer and Edmond S. Meany.

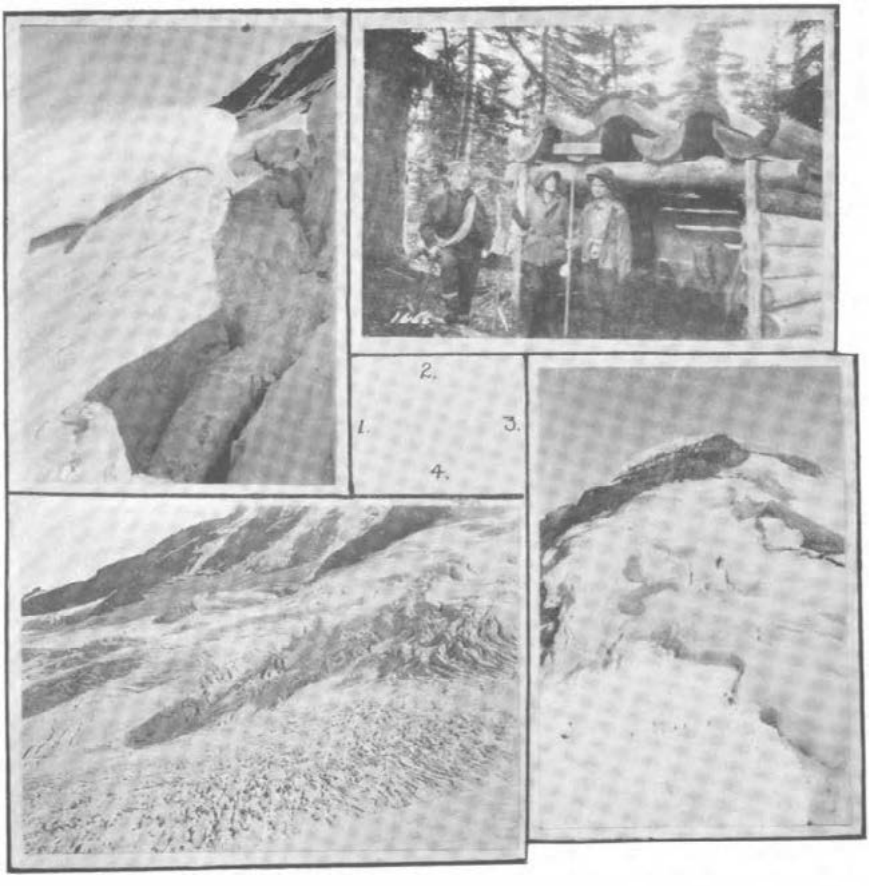
Mountain enthusiasts in Bellingham were lavish in their attentions. A party comprising Henry C. Enberg and his sons, Ralph and Paul; Charles F. Easton, Dr. E. T. Mathes and his son, Homer, accompanied the climbers over the beautiful forest trail from the town of Glacier to Camp Go-To-It. On the day of the ascent the Bellingham party explored the upper reaches of Roosevelt Glacier.

For days the weather had been stormy and threatening. However, the leader, Joseph T. Hazard, who had just completed a season as head of the guide department in Mount Rainier National Park, said he had developed a theory that the only proper way was to go to temporary camp properly prepared and then give the mountain a chance. His theory stood the test, for September 21 was a perfect day after a string of stormy ones.

From the head of Heliotrope Ridge the party crossed two branches of Glacier Creek and reached Roosevelt Glacier. Passing the Black Buttes, the climbers rejected the usual route through the saddle and chose the pumice ridge to the upper ice field which was crossed to the southeast corner of the cornice. It was later learned from Mr. Easton that the route was for the most part the same as the one used on the first ascent, by E. T. Coleman in 1869. The summit was reached at 5:05 p. m.

Darkness fell while the descending party was still on the ice in a maze of crevasses. The leader fastened himself to the lifeline and the others gripped it at equal spaces ready to hold should the leader fall into a crevasse. In this way the ice dangers were passed, but the ridge of rocks encountered on leaving the glacier proved to be a cliff from which plunged a series of vertical waterfalls. It was wisely decided to wait there for daylight. However, Norman Huber, youngest of the party, who was having his first experience with a large mountain, disappeared into the darkness and returned in two hours reporting that he had scouted a way from the cliff to Heliotrope Ridge. His route was followed and Camp Go-To-It was reached at 4 a. m. There a combined supper and breakfast put the party on schedule time with an early start for home.

Mount Baker has an elevation of 10,750 feet. It is the most northern of Washington's major peaks. It has many features of snow, ice, rock cliff, and pumice slope dear to the heart of the alpinist. The above swiftly told record of an ascent should be supplemented by the statement that each member of the party had had abundant experience. Besides his guiding experiences already mentioned, Mr. Hazard had made many ascents, including



1-2-3 Fairman Lee, 4 Norman Huber

SCENES ON MOUNT BAKER

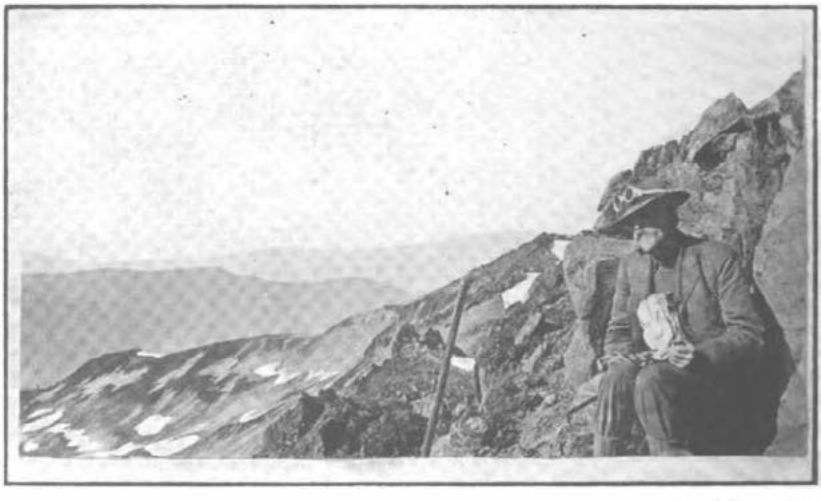
1 An immense crevasse below the saddle.
2 Unique shelter hut on Heliotrope Ridge.
3 Five of the party approaching a precarious snow bridge.
4 Crevasses and more crevasses.

Mount Fuji in Japan and Mrs. Hazard has had an extensive record also, including Mount Fuji. Miss Wagen had been the "lady guide" for two seasons in Mount Rainier National Park; Mr. Lee was a guide in the same park last season. Miss Howard is an early member of the Mountaineers and has ascended many peaks in the Olympic and Cascade Ranges. Mr. Dyer had climbed with the Sierra Club before joining the Mountaineers and Norman Huber proved himself an expert, although his former experiences had been gained only around Snoqualmie Pass.

These and all other members of the Mountaineers share the enthusiasm of the people of Bellingham for "their" mountain and join in the hope that the highway from that city to the town of Glacier may be continued to the head of Heliotrope Ridge, which would make accessible for tourists and alpinists one of the most charming mountain regions in this wonderfully favored State of Washington.

The panorama unfolded from the summit of Mount Baker was inspiring. To the north was a sea of peaks stretching far into Canada. To the east stood Mount Shuksan and the rugged canyons leading to Baker Lake. To the south Mount Rainier and Glacier Peak towered above the familiar high lands of the Cascade Range. The jagged summits of the Olympics were seen in the west and southwest. The San Juan islends in the waters of Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca, golden in the low slant of the sun, made a picture of rare fascination.

Year after year, the writer finds himself under continuing obligation to his younger companions in the Mountaineer Club and now comes this extra outing and the ascent of Mount Baker as if the cup of unalloyed joy must be made to overflow in the good year 1919. In gratitude for the past and in hope for the future, this opportunity is embraced to extend to the seven companions on Mount Baker's summit and to all members of the Mountaineers a cordial handclasp of friendship.



Norman Huber

Professor Meany at luncheon on his climb of Mount Baker, above the head of Thunder Glacier, looking toward the Black Buttes.

SNOQUALMIE LODGE

MARY CUTTER

SNOQUALMIE LODGE is the ideal winter resort, especially to members of the Mountaineers. In the past it has been the means of introducing many of our people to the novelty and practicability of snowshoeing over ten to fifteen feet of snow, but with developments this summer at the Lodge, and the completion of a splendid new course, tobogganning and skiing are soon to become the vogue. It is hoped that many of the members will invest in skiis and become expert in this exhilarating sport.

Fairman Lee

SNOQUALMIE LODGE. Our mountain home in summer and in winter.

The work on the toboggan course entailed the felling of something over 100 sizable trees, together with the clearing and burning of the attendant underbrush, blasting of stumps, and splitting and piling of cordwood. A wood chopper was hired for one week to split up the felled timber, but with that exception all the work was done by the Lodge Committee with the help of other club members.

The course starts on the rise of ground about half way between the Lodge and Lodge Lake, and extends down to the edge of the Lake. It is about 50 feet in width and 800 feet in length to the edge of the Lake, but with proper snow conditions a toboggan should carry well out onto the Lake, making a splendid coast. The course is of sufficient width to accommodate tobogganning and skiing at the same time.

While the clearing of the toboggan course was the chief feature of the summer's work, many other improvements were effected at the Lodge, which will add greatly to the convenience and comfort of those going on the outings—the merest mention of real springs for both men's and women's quarters will serve to illustrate my point. Twenty-eight bunks have also been installed in women's quarters (uppers and lowers), which will greatly relieve the congestion and litter on the floor which has heretofore been unavoidable with a big party. You need only to have slept, 28 thick on the floor, to appreciate what a boon this will be to "law and order."

Additional chinking has been done to women's quarters and the space between the foundation and the ground has been sealed up with shakes. This will tend to relieve that zero atmosphere which has always been an attribute of that room.

The kitchen has also come in for its share of attention. An intake has been built on the side hill by the rock slide back of Little Lake, and the water piped into the kitchen. A sink and drain boards have been installed, and now we have "wood committees"—not "wood and water."

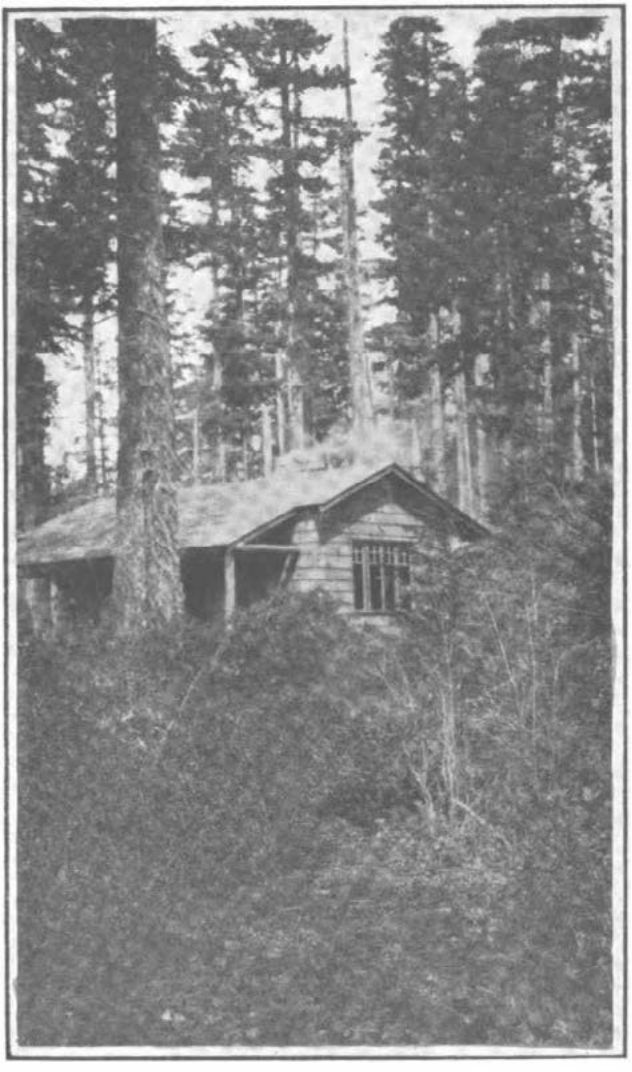
A new trail has been built to Lodge Lake, shortening the distance, and about paralleling the new toboggan course. Several trees were also felled at the edge of the Lake and arranged to make a swimming float. Considering the muddy shoreline, this is a great convenience to the swimmers, and makes a very good diving float.

There is one little piece of work yet to be done at Snoqualmie Lodge, the accomplishment of which would be worthy of the most ambitious of chairmen—the extermination of that musical and affectionate rodent, the mosquito. Many plans have been devised, and sleepless nights spent, in endeavoring to figure out some scheme to accomplish the deed, but "our friend is still with us," especially along about July and August.

On account of the amount of time spent in making improvements around the Lodge, no great effort to attempt new climbs was made this year, altho a number of fine trips were had to familiar peaks. The season started off with a climb of McClellan's Butte put on by the Local Walks Committee. In May, Denny and Silver Peaks were climbed by good sized parties, and ideal conditions for exhilarating coasting were reported. The novelty of coasting head foremost on the back was introduced and immediately had many enthusiastic devotees. On July Fourth Red Mountain was again climbed. A number of climbs were made during the summer by individual parties, including an ascent of Mt. Thompson, Chair Peak, and an attempt at Chimney Rock, the latter being unsuccessful on account of unfavorable weather.

The register at the Lodge shows an attendance during 1919 of close to 500, and this in spite of the fact that for the greater part of the year no week-end rates were granted by the Milwaukee. Speaking of the railroad, the electrification of the line from Cedar Falls east will be of special interest to Mountaineers, as it will shorten the running time, and insure the trains being more often on time.

Helping Hand Day in October was an especially successful trip. The mountains and woods were brilliant with autumn coloring, and while no trips were scheduled, some fine views were had from the terrace in front of the Lodge looking across at the neighboring peaks. Much work was accomplished, and the various improvements started during the summer were brought to a speedy finish. Everyone did his or her bit toward augmenting the wood pile for winter, and the Lodge is now in general readiness for its winter hibernation.



KITSAP CABIN

Mrs. J. N. Bowman
Surrounded by the rhododendrons, sheltered by the big trees.

THE YEAR AT KITSAP CABIN

THE dedication of Kitsap Cabin in November, 1918, marked the beginning of a year of unusual activity and pleasure centering around the new home on the hill and Hidden Ranch in the valley. A climax was reached when the old cabin, dismantled and dismembered, went up in smoke on the first anniversary of its successor's birthday. During the year the cosy interior of the new cabin has been the background for several high class vaudeville performances, merry dances and community sings and the open fireplace has been the social center for

many "a feast of reason and flow of soul." The well equipped kitchen has made it possible to cater to the Epicurean appetite of the sturdiest as well as the daintiest (there are none such) of Mountaineers. Pumpkin pie bids fair to outrival French toast in popularity and the line forms just as promptly for ham and rice as it used to out in the wilds.

Quarters for women, men and married members were selected after due deliberation and construction began at once. A men's shelter has been constructed and a women's bunk house, capacity ten, guaranteed waterproof, will be completed soon. The sound of hammer and saw frequently invades the customary Sabbath stillness as ten homes are in process of construction by the individual members displaying varied architecural designs. Some have chosen view lots, some have in mind only the relative distance to the model kitchen or water supply, and others still have been influenced by the proximity of the huckleberry bushes. One ingenious woman has admirably adapted a fallen log in the construction of her shelter. To the homeless and weary ones in women's quarters the springy kinnikinnick furnishes a welcome refuge when the "standing room only" sign hangs out of the Paschall barn. Others lost in dreamy contemplation of the scenery have merely staked a site while a slothful few count on being able to sublet for a modest sum from the prosperous owners, shelter for an occasional week-end. Demand for skilled carpentry work on the part of the women has brought to light many a hidden talent among the sterner sex.

In spite of all the work which has been done the Kitsap property preserves its woodland charm and many might wander through its trails and fail to discover the shelters and cabins. It has been the plan of the committee in charge that, while providing a main cabin and shelters for men and women in order to make the property the scene of frequent outings, the virgin beauty of the park should not be marred. The cabin is almost hidden behind tall firs, madrona and rhododendron and the individual homes are even less conspicuously placed.

The trustees have increased the original tract of seventy acres by the purchase of an undivided half interest in thirty acres heavily timbered and adjacent to Hidden Ranch. A trail built this year to Dickinson Falls runs through the middle of the new tract for about half a mile. Another trail which has been scouted, blazed and partially cleared from Duesler's to Chico will, when completed, be a source of continual enjoyment to all for it will eliminate the use of the county highway. The Bennett trail via the three logs has been especially popular this year, as it leads through a very thick huckleberry district and many a Mountaineer has decreased the H. C. L. by carrying home a well-filled pail.

That there were only thirteen week-ends during the past year when there was not a party at the Kitsap property testifies eloquently to its popularity for short outings. The record of visitors strengthens this statement for the number of pilgrims totalled over eleven hundred.

It has ever been a moot question whether the Mountaineers visited the Kitsap Cabin because of their interest in the park set aside for their use or because it offered an excuse for a delightful exchange of thoughts with the ever genial owner of Hidden Ranch. Therefore it is with great pleasure that we record the fact that Mr. Paschall has been elected to honorary life membership in the Mountaineer organization, an honor which has been bestowed only once before.

LOCAL WALK ACTIVITIES

NORMAN HUBER

ERY often, on a Sunday morning, a crowd of Mountaineers may be seen embarking on a local steamer for a walk on one of the islands or on the farther shore of the Sound. They are dressed in outing clothing with pockets filled with lunches, fruit and other delicacies for the noon lunch. The hour's boat ride is always enjoyed as the Sound is interesting in any of its various moods. Arriving at their destination the party assembles on the dock, ready for the real work of the day. The leader, designated by a nickel-plated badge pinned on his back, starts the party by blowing two blasts on his whistle and sets the pace. Much time has been spent by him in scouting the walk and it is promised free from dusty roads and highways. On leaving the dock, a road is followed for a little distance where suddenly the leader turns sharply and a beautiful shaded trail is found. This, perhaps, leads to a grassy meadow, then through a burned area, next along a bluff overlooking the water, finally dropping down to the beach, which is followed to the lunch spot.

Over a fire of driftwood are steaming two large square cans. The Local Walks Committee had pushed on ahead with the commissary packs to provide hot coffee and tea. Everybody produces his cup, has it filled and proceeds to eat lunch. Appetites satisfied, a ball game is started, some take a noon-day nap, others take a dip in the briny deep or stroll along the beach, until the leader's shrill whistle announces that it is time to start again. The afternoon walk is very much like the one in the morning, with probably the addition of a trail up a deep, damp ravine filled with ferns and moss, which is so refreshing on a hot day. It is getting late in the day when the dock is reached and the steamer boarded for the homeward journey. The return trip is enlivened by the singing of songs so much enjoyed by Mountaineers, and when the party separates it is with the feeling that everyone has had a good time.

Besides the Sunday walks, special outings of two or three days' duration are held several times during the year by the Local Walks Committee.

The first special outing of the year was held at Snoqualmie Lodge during Thanksgiving week. Some of the party went up on Thanksgiving Eve, but most of them came up the day after. Fresh snow provided the first snowshoeing of the winter, and gave several cheechakos their first tryout

on the webs. The fresh snow did not stop the climbers, for several climbed Denny Mountain through deep, wet snow and under dripping trees, but had to give up when in sight of the top because of the lateness of the day.

Next day a party on snowshoes climbed the Lookout Ridge above the Lodge, where the snow was quite deep and the view of snow-covered peaks wonderful, then followed the ridge south, dropping down onto Rockdale Lake, which was frozen solid. Returning down Rockdale Creek the circle back to the Lodge was completed over the Silver Peak Trail. After a late dinner the home trail was taken via the Rockdale depot and the C., M. & St. P. Railway.

Following the New Year's outing at Paradise Inn, everybody began thinking about the Snowshoe Outing to be held at Snoqualmie Lodge on Washington's Birthday. The result was that there were more applicants for the trip than the capacity of the Lodge would allow. About sixty-six made the trip, however, and a few will never forget that trip by night across the trestle, the narrow trail along the old railroad grade and the snowshoe climb up the steep, slippery snow slope to the Lodge. The rear guard came in just three and one-half hours after leaving Rockdale. Saturday morning two parties on snowshoes left the Lodge. The larger party climbed the ridge to the northeast overlooking Laconia and had a fine view of the peaks up the Snoqualmie and Commonwealth Valleys. A smaller party climbed the lookout east of the Lodge and obtained an impressive view up Denny Creek and down the South Fork Snoqualmie valleys. That evening was spent in amateur vaudeville, dancing and singing before the huge fireplace in the assembly room.

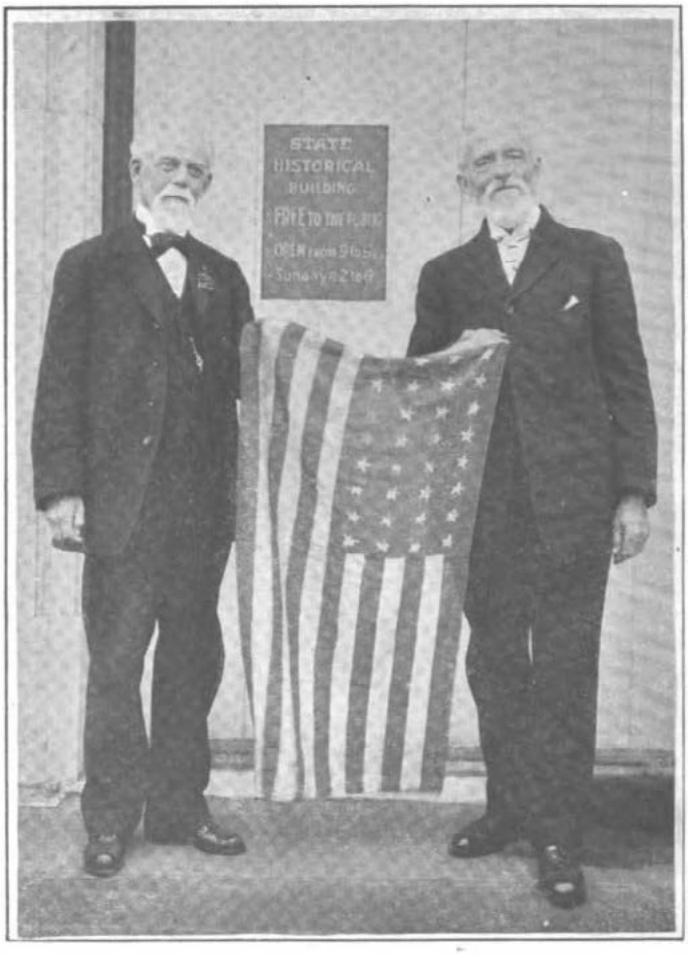
The next day preparations were made for the ski and snowshoe races; skis were polished, snowshoes repaired, harnesses adjusted, and the various types of snowshoes discussed pro and con. About eighteen inches of snow had fallen the night before, which made the track on Lodge Lake a little slow, but a path for the ski race was tramped down in short order by everybody joining in the grand snowshoe march up and down the course, the snowshoers, however, were not thusly favored, but had to gallop through the knee-deep snow to the finish line. After points were counted it was found that the Beavertail type of snowshoe was ahead, but the wearers of Trappers and Bearpaws promised a stiff fight for supremacy next year. At the Lodge, prizes and championship cups were presented, which, although constructed of condensed milk cans, were highly prized by the winners. The party left the Lodge for home that day feeling that they could just about do anything on snowshoes. Snowshoeing has become very popular and the Lodge is probably more in demand during this season than any other time of the year, this being due, possibly, to the fact that there is no snowfall in the cities of the Puget Sound Region.

The next special outing had as its goal McClellan Butte, 5175 feet above sea level, located on the South Fork Snoqualmie valley about ten miles

west of the main Cascade divide. The party left Seattle by auto and rode over the Sunset highway and through the Snoqualmie National Forest to Bide-a-Wee Ranch. The cars were parked here and the trail taken up Alice Creek to the old abandoned stamp mill of the Alice Mine, where camp was made for the night. After an early breakfast the party left for the ascent. The start was made through heavy timber which gradually thinned out until steep snow and rock slopes were reached. These were ascended safely and the summit reached in about 3½ hours' time from camp. An hour was spent on top eating lunch, snapping pictures, registering, and taking in the panorama spread around the horizon. The return was made along the knife edge ridge to the top of a long snow slope. Here the party coasted down the snow for 2500 feet without a stop, a most exhilarating slide. Alice Creek was reached at the end of the slope and followed down to camp where the stay-behinds had cooked a fine dinner. Dunnage was packed and the trip easily made back to the autos. The trip was voted a great success and it will be a long time before that long slide is forgotten.

One trip that is always looked forward to is the Labor Day Outing. The objective this year was the San Juan Islands and Mt. Constitution. A chartered sea-going tug carried a party of ninety-six from Seattle to East Sound on Orcas Island via the inside passage and Deception Pass. Camp was made about midnight on a little wooded point. The use of this site was donated by Dr. I. M. Harrison. Sunday morning, after a late breakfast, the majority of the party climbed Mt. Constitution. It was an easy ascent, 2400 feet, and while the view was somewhat obscured by haze, all the nearby islands were visible and the mountain lakes of Orcas Island lay just below. That evening the party steamed down to Rosario to visit Robert Moran and his palatial home. A royal welcome was given by him and the party entertained by his superb pipe organ after which Prof. Meany told interesting bits of history concerning the Islands and the surrounding waters. The evening was closed with the goodnight song of the Mountaineers, and after feasting on watermelon the boat was taken for the return trip to camp. The return to Seattle was made on Labor Day via Friday Harbor, then across the Straits through the Port Townsend Ship Canal into Admiralty Inlet and down Puget Sound. At Apple Tree Point the boat stopped long enough for the party to have supper on the beach. About two hours later Seattle was reached and the party disbanded after a most successful Labor Day trip.

Taken as a whole the Puget Sound country is hard to excel anywhere, and for mountaineering activities it is ideal, giving bodies of salt water, fresh water, wooded hills or high mountains within easy distance of Seattle.



General Hazard Stevens, left, and P. B. Van Trump, right, who accomplished the first ascent of The Mountain, August 17, 1870. The flag, which they carried to the top, was brought to California in 1849 by Joseph Cushman. It was reconstructed in 1859 by adding a new blue field containing thirty-two stars.

FORTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN

O. B. Sperlin

WAIVE the point that all five of us were afflicted with the "mountaineering fever." There remained the historical datum that precisely forty-eight years ago General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump, foremost of all palefaces, had conquered Mt. Tahoma. Had we not read, almost learned by heart, the thrilling narrative in Meany's *Mt. Rainier: A Record of Exploration*? Verily, had we not heard, at the memorable campfire the night before, the gray-haired hero General Stevens himself recount the perilous vicissitudes of that pioneer exploit?

Here was presented in very truth the "scene individable" that Polonius had mentioned to Hamlet. Could the forty-eighth anniversary of that first ascent be properly celebrated without pulling off a summit climb? That would very much resemble *Hamlet* with Hamlet deleted by the censor. When we had drunk in the General's classic story, when this had been duly attested and "atmosphered" by the huge, crooked "Alpine stick" and the faded flag with but thirteen stars, the first ever unfurled to the biting breezes of Columbia Crest, we became five men of but one mind. We would go even if it took the hair off! Who'd give a hang for the weather? If Chief Sluiskin's dread Chinook warning could not restrain Stevens and Van Trump from The Mountain That Was God, why should a little item like stormy weather deter us? For their crude, home-made "Alpine sticks" could we not show genuine ice-axes and hickory alpenstocks? Their ice-creepers? Could we not boast steel calks number 8 or more?

The 1918 program for the forty-eighth anniversary celebration had announced three prospective summit parties: the first to leave Paradise Valley at midnight August 16, or shortly after the campfire; the second to start at eight the morning of the seventeenth; and the third at two in the afternoon. For three weeks the weather had been decidedly un-Paradisaical Late in the afternoon of the sixteenth the wind had veered east, the sky had cleared, and the mountain giant had stood out in the full glory of summer sunset. However, while the campfire speeches were still in full swing, the wind had changed a good dozen times, swirling the sparks from the roaring fire and sending the listeners scurrying to varying quarters for safety. Hence by the time "America" had been concluded with "God Save Our Splendid Men," the summit party that had intended to start at midnight, the first according to program, had been given up,—yielded a sacrifice to the Storm King.

The second party, ambitious to duplicate the original ascent even to staying all night in the crater (not, however, in our shirt-sleeves, like the first climbers), had been limited to five including the leader. Those electing to make the attempt were Charles A. Hultin, Mountaineer, of Seattle; S. C. Solomon, formerly summit guide at Long's Peak, Colorado; Paul and Howard Johns, Tacoma; and the writer. Four of us had previously made the ascent one or more times; only Mr. Solomon was new to the perils involved. Besides blankets, two days' provisions, rope, etc., we carried in all about thirty pounds of red fire to help celebrate the culmination of the Stevens and Van Trump accomplishment on Columbia Crest, and to remind Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Camp Lewis, *et al.* of our climb in honor of those first daring Mountaineers.

As we were ready to depart a committee from the guide service of Paradise Inn came forth to take our pictures along with our last wills and testaments. Jack Schidell, the summit guide, solemnly promised us that if we did not return by the following evening he would come up for us the

morning of the third day even should he have to venture forth alone through fire and brimstone, or something to that effect. After many timely cautions he permitted us to launch forth on our hazardous adventure.

Having skirted Alta Vista in a dense cloud, we swung over to Nisqually rim on our left. The air was so thick that we could not even see the crevasses that we knew yawned in the glacier a thousand feet or more below the gnarled tree-sculpture of Timberline tunnel. By the law of contrast I was inevitably reminded of my first ascent four years previously. As we had sauntered up Nisqually rim then, the air had been so perfectly serene that it had seemed as if we could reach out gently and touch the ermine summit of Peak Success, though we knew it was miles away. Now, wrapped in the snow clouds of mid-August, 1918, my little band of plucky climbers must take on faith The Mountain That Was God; even the thousand other marvels of Paradise Valley became merely objects of our creeds.

From Timberline ridge we climbed Panorama point in a thick fall of snow, damp and disagreeable. The usual glorious expanse of hundreds of miles was contracted to less than the space from leader to fourth man in line. We kept to the divide between Nisqually and Paradise glaciers, following snowfields around the high points till we were alongside McClure's Monument. By telling the boys the story of Professor Edgar McClure's tragic death, how in the enveloping cloud he shouted back to his companions, "Don't come down here; too steep!" and was heard no more, I reminded myself that I, too, was finding a way for a party under similar trying circumstances. Beyond the cairns of McClure's Monument we kept to the rocks, which were now being rapidly folded in snow. Just a year before to a day I had traversed those rocks and crag-strewn pumice fields with my youngster Robert; he had chased ahead and had introduced me to the happiest field of crickets I had ever heard. They had "made things hum" for a half mile or more of our last year's journey to Anvil Rock. Now, all was hushed by the snowfall; not even one cricket "catching its heart up at the feel of June"; not one "with its gladsome tune nicking the glad silent moments as they pass."

At nine thousand feet elevation I was accustomed to bid good-bye to the flowers—hardy Arctic lupines and Alpine yarrows. But where were my little friends now? I felt sure that when the snow-storm abated and the August sun shone forth, I would again find them there as cheerful as ever.

At 11:30 we reached the forest-fire lookout at Anvil Rock, a stone shelter at 9,700 feet elevation. I peered into the yawning chasm of the Cowlitz, hoping that in the newly-revealed east I might discover signs of clearing weather. I saw—nothing but storm, not even the Cowlitz glacier in the hidden depths below; but I felt—something chill and bleak that made me for the first time put the question to my sturdy companions:

"What do you say, boys? Shall we carry on?"

"Over the top!" they shouted. Vacillation was certainly not one of their failings that day.

Half an hour more of arduous mushing brought us across an arm of Nisqually glacier to Camp Muir. We were ten thousand feet up and as many thousand degrees hungry. To our great joy we glimpsed a few hints of sunshine and began to day-dream of celestial vistas. Soon, however, storm completely whelmed us in. We made our coffee, looked again to our equipment, and were preparing to push on when we were startled by a shout from the cleaver above us. Forthwith emerged from the gloom a party of four, headed by Burnsides, the lookout man. They seemed dejected and glum.

"Traveling, or just crossing No Man's Land?" asked one of the boys.

The newcomers all stared at us in alarm as they sized up our preparations.

"You shorely ain't a-calculatin' to crawl the Old He today?" Burnsides demanded.

"Headed straight for empyreal realms above," I said, smiling.

"Turn back or you be all deaders!"

"The why and the wherefore?"

"Everything out of kelter up there; trail topsy-turvy, swep' away by avalanches; and a whopper crevasse split all the way to Ingraham."

"How far you been?" I inquired.

"Gibraltar Rock."

"Just why didn't you go on?"

Here one of his bewhiskered companions exploded a rattle of shrapnel laughter. He managed to say, with a hearty kindliness of feeling:

"Storm swep' us back. I've been in storms afore now, and I know when the jig's up."

I scrutinized the speaker closely. He bore a marked resemblance to Chaucer's Shipman:

"With many a tempest had his beard been shaken."

I began to fear that he ought to know what was what in the line of mountain storms.

Burnsides came back to the fray. "You can't never get by at the Chutes," he averred, imposingly.

"What d'ye say, gang?" I was trying to imitate the shouts I had heard riveting crews raise in the shipyards.

"Let's go!" the gang thundered, without hesitation.

We were soon picking our heavenward way from rock to rock on Cowlitz cleaver. One ray of hope allured us; the sky overhead now and again showed glints of sunlight. By the time we had passed Beehive rock the snowstorm grew less and less furious; we were rising above its domain. But from Anvil a mile below us we could hear Burnsides and his men hallooing

to us, trying to lure us back. Their well-meant abysmal warnings made us think; badgering and badinage among us gave place to silence. Beyond Beehive we discovered, still not snowed under, the other party's tracks, and knew that they had retreated just in time to escape the descending zone of sunshine. When we reached Camp of the Stars, alias Camp Misery, we heard them halloo for the last time. We gave them a lusty yell in unison and mentally dismissed them.

Camp Misery had drifted full of snow; for we had now reached an elevation of eleven thousand, where snow seldom melts. I broke a path, waist deep. When we reached the ledge that for a quarter mile skirts Gibraltar at a dizzy height midway the fourteen-hundred-foot perpendicular rock face, I again asked the boys what they wished to do. They urged that we make our way to the Chutes; then if we could not get up, we could at least come back and stay over night at Camp Muir. To this I agreed.

I went forward expecting to have to clear the narrow ledge of snow, which would have been a trying two hours' task; but I found that the snow was hard enough and clung to the rock with sufficient adhesion to make walking in it safer and easier than walking on the freed but precarious trail. No tracks of the Burnsides party were in evidence here, and I rightly conjectured that they had been guessing at the conditions above. We made quick time to the dreaded Chutes, the meeting-place of ice-wall and rock-wall at an angle of seventy-five degrees; the place where Tahoma buckles on his boreal, enduring armor. Here I observed that the wind would not interfere, and that the only danger more than usual came from the iciness of the rope. I made the climb alone first, freeing about one hundred feet of rope from as much sleet and frost as possible, and cutting a minimum of steps in the ice underfoot. The boys were all eager to follow. Leaving my pack above, I came down and brought up one of the two heavier packs remaining. To my surprise the boys were all right after me.

"No reason for showing your speed here now," I commented, sternly; "no telescopes, no heliographs at the Inn will play upon us today."

As I left the rope at the upper end, I saw that our greatest Chutes task still confronted us. The ice previous to the snow storm had been honeycombed. Since our slope for three hundred yards was extremely steep, with a crevasse at our immediate right and an ice-fall ten yards to our left, this honey-combed, hummocky ice would have been a help had it not been drifted each comb full of powdery snow that was still shifting, so that one knew not at what angle his calks would reach solid ice. I wielded my ice-axe vigorously, making a safe place for each step I took. The sky was fairly clear overhead, but about us and below us the snow was swirling so that we could but dimly discern the head of Nisqually canyon that yawned far below, and we could only guess at the ice-falls between us and the bottom, where the ice-fields of the summit cap tumble down five hundred feet to be reconstructed into the Nisqually glacier. In spite of our slow pace and the

ice-axe, one of the Johns boys slipped (our steps before him had been obscured); he saved himself from the ice-fall by adroitly anchoring with his alpenstock. We had just conquered the worst of the slope; but we vowed that coming down we should most assuredly rope ourselves in.

We were now traversing ice with a more decent slope; and just here, if the straggling sunshine had not held on, I should have urged the boys to turn back. I knew that the route through the stupendous crevasses of Tahoma's "perpetual Arctic harness" was labyrinthine, and that without an unobstructed view ahead we should soon be bewildered in the maze. But now the drifting snow reached barely to my eyes, and as for the sun,

"The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy, crystal cup."

Relieved from the necessity of cutting steps, we speedily headed the first two crevasses by swinging left. Then we doubled back above the upper, directly at our old friend Gibraltar, and headed the next crevasse, crossing its Gibraltar end on a sliver bridge. Above, we had to cut steps again over hummocked ice, treacherous because newly snow-filled, till we approached Gibraltar saddle. No sooner had we come a-near this "Camp No Camp," 12,000 feet elevation, than we experienced a sharp change in the weather. To put it modestly, it was nearing zero Fahrenheit, and the wind blew forty miles per.

I took a few steps upward, to the wind-swept hyperboreal saddle. I had hoped to see Glacier Peak, near the Canadian boundary, shining above the storm. It is 10,486 feet high, just the altitude at which we had found sunshine. But Glacier Peak, too, was below zero, ocularly speaking. In the cirque below Gibraltar saddle, the origin of Ingraham glacier, snow eddied like water in a rapidly rotated pail. The cry was now to hurry, for we would be better off in the crater than on this hurricane deck of Gibraltar. We had 2,500 feet elevation yet to make, and a maze of still more colossal crevasses to master. We started off briskly.

Traversing this slope two months before, I had seen large numbers of butterflies dead in the snow. I now mentioned the phenomenon to the boys.

"What killed them?" they wanted to know.

"Too sudden a drop in temperature," I conjectured.

"That's us."

"Wow! Hurry!"

We had not gone far when the cold steel of my ice-axe began to freeze to my fingers. My torn canvas gloves, soaked in the storm below, had now frozen stiff on my hands. I gnawed the canvas off, threw the worthless things away, and thrust my hands, one into a pocket, the other into my bosom. As I did not need to cut steps, I hooked the axe into my pack-strap. We proceeded this way for some time, now on a straight steep snow-slope, now edging crevasses that yawned fifty feet wide and hundreds of feet deep. As we wound our way about promiscuously, the boys began to wonder how we

were ever going to find our way down; for our steps drifted full instantaneously.

We had been mounting too rapidly, my worst failing. As we rounded the last of the giant crevasses, about 13,500 feet elevation, both Hultin and I began to show the effects of the laborious ascent.

"Let me take your ice-axe, or your hands will freeze stiff," urged Paul Johns.

I reluctantly traded for his alpenstock and directed him the straight (but not narrow) way to the summit; for none of us had been content to zig-zag the slopes during the whole day's climb.

"When you surmount the next shoulder, you will see the rocks of the crater," I advised.

I put the thong of the alpenstock about my wrist and ingloriously daggled my staunchest friend behind me; both hands were now wedded to my pockets.

"Better not start that," remarked Hultin. "Too risky."

Just then down I went like an avalanche. I turned on my face, drew up my faithful but neglected pole, and anchored some forty feet above the upper edge of the crevasse we had last rounded. The boys, with one accord, started to my assistance; but I sheepishly ventured that I could get my calked boots under me without their help. Naturally, I no longer aspired to be the one to rush in where angels fear to tread.

Paul now led the way with the ice-axe. Hultin was lagging considerably. I knew he was a seasoned Mountaineer; furthermore, I remembered his remark of the morning that if I'd take it slow enough, he'd go to the top of the earth with me. I offered to hang back with him, but he advised me to go forward and help the other boys prepare for the night that was coming on; he would make the summit at his own pace. Knowing that he would be in sight except near the next shoulder, I pushed on. At the shoulder, which is in reality a mammoth blind crevasse, I saw that the crater rocks, two hundred yards on, were not easily distinguished; they, too, were covered with snow. I had heard that the heat from the steam jets kept the rocks always bare.

We reached Register Rock at 8:30. Hultin was coming on very slowly. As he was safe from possible danger and had two pairs of gloves, we left him to his own way. I, however, began to feel thoroughly mountain-sick, and wanted to nestle up to frigid Register Rock, to freeze to death, I suppose.

"Show us the steam caves!" the boys clamored.

"Put me to bed!"

"I want to warm my paws!"

I stood up bravely. "Suppose you were Stevens and Van Trump," I suggested. "What would you do?"

My question went unanswered, for just then I discovered to them in the south the beautiful summit of Mt. Adams, brilliant with new-fallen snow, heaping above the clouds some forty miles away. But for only a moment; the lowering storm closed over the glittering peak, and we saw our sister mountain no more.

The large modern crater of the Mountain, as distinguished from the small one and from remnants of the herculean ancient vent, is about three-eighths of a mile in diameter and filled with a sagging snowfield. I pulled from the rim rock near the base of Register a large pack containing a sleeping bag, two pairs of blankets, a canvas, and a small gasoline stove, all of which I had carried up two weeks before. With my two packs I waddled some hundred yards around the crater to the left and pointed to jets of steam that issued from just within the crater rim. The boys ran ahead, and when I came up, they were cramming their fingers into rock crevices whence the steam issued.

"This isn't our cave," I remarked.

But steam in quantity looked inviting, and the boys reported some rather poor, cave-like places below. These did not strike my fancy; I climbed out, followed the rim some forty feet, and plunged down through loose snow shoulder deep. After twenty feet of floundering I came to a large half-cave which seemed protected from the prevailing wind. It had less steam issuing; this I considered a point in its favor. Also it had a low-arched opening communicating with the side where the boys were still warming their fingers.

I used my alpenstock to level the igneous rocks into some semblance of a bed. Pretty soon I began to hear howls from the boys' quarters:

"My fingers are blistered!"

"My feet are swelling tight in my shoes!"

I shouted to them to get busy preparing beds, for the darkness grew apace.

"Red fire at ten," I encouraged them from my subterranean workshop.

"Good lord! red fire for the benefit of the angels!" exclaimed someone, sarcastically.

I went above. The storm had closed in completely. I went back down on the boys' side. They were eating.

"Where's Hultin?" I asked.

I called through the storm. He answered from the direction of Register Rock.

"Coming. I'll be there presently."

I was feeling mountain-sick. I took from my pack a small bottle of soda water; it was next door to frozen solid. I thawed it at a steam jet and drank it from my cup. It made me feel more wretched. However, I must do my part to prepare to weather the night.

"Feeling fine?" I asked the boys.

"Skookum tumtum; but, oh, my poor pickers and stealers!"

"How's Guide's bed?" Howard wondered.

"Nothing to brag of," I answered.

Hultin came up.

"Have some raisins?" offered Solomon.

Hultin's face was a picture of disgust. We saw he was beyond the eating stage.

"I hope you aren't thinking of sleeping here," he ventured.

"Don't know," I said. "This place is about as good—or bad—as I found on the other side."

"Let's pull our freight to the little crater; there's better caves there," he vouched.

It was a brave suggestion for a mountain-sick man; but the darkness and another half mile through the storm looked too heroic for us. Besides, I knew that there had been good caves here a month before; probably those at the little crater had also collapsed.

Solomon had found a tiny cave "just his size," with two openings, one of which was large enough for him to drag himself through. He took his blanket and proceeded to warp himself up for the night; warm enough, to be sure, but on uneven terms with his rocky bed. The Johns boys had carried up two pairs of blankets; I added a third and they prepared to roll in on a rocky shelf that was too snug for them. Hultin and I clambered over the divide to the place where I had smoothed off our rocky couch. The murky night caused me to stray. By using his flash light we finally located ourselves; but as he was endeavoring to leave his alpenstock on the rock by my side, the stick slipped and rattled off into the ramifications of the cave a good hundred feet down the crater.

"A nice task to begin the morning with," he muttered.

I began to wonder what would happen to me if during the night I should start to roll or slide *a la alpenstock.* How might I manage it down in that smoldering, fumid underworld? I spiked my hickory pole among the rocks and the top end into the ceiling, so that it would catch me at the waist in case I "rolled out of bed." I gave Hultin the sleeping-bag, put the pack-canvas under us both, and took the remaining blanket for myself.

"O Sleep; it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!"

But sleep was rough and breath came hard at 14,408 feet, and I was jammed up against the pole! Hultin was between me and the wall. For my pillow I had selected an attractive angular stone. In spite of our reputed steam-caves, Boreas was drifting snow over my bed. I propped my broad-brimmed hat up to shield my face. Before long I had smashed the hat down for a pillow, and the snow was hitting me full in the face again. I ducked under the blanket.

One of the Johns boys was walking around in the darksome steam-heated apartment adjoining. Could he be somnambular?

"What's the trouble?" I called out.

"Snow blowing in through the opening between your bed-room and ours," he explained.

Such were the results of a change in the driving wind. A Liberty Loan drive would have been tame in comparison. The storm increased with each passing moment. All night long, it seemed to me, Johns walked, his brother worried, and Hultin moaned. After a sleep of perhaps two hours I awoke panting for breath. Troubled with the thin air I lay awake till nearly morning. I figured that if the blizzard held sway we would have to remain that day and another night. By dawn I had developed an anxious mood.

Paul Johns was more anxious, however. He had ventured to the rim above. Returning, he reported that everything was in the clutches of the Storm King. I knew that he aspired, like the rest of us, to see the day-spring from the summit. I joked him about the gorgeous, scrumptious dawn, and advised him to keep to his blankets. I immediately fell asleep.

I was awakened by a calked boot crunching the rocks beside by ear. It was Paul. He had not been to see our sleeping-quarters the night before, and Hultin and I were so completely snowed under that he had distinguished neither from the remainder of the brilliant snow-scene.

"What time?" I asked.

"Nine."

I couldn't believe it.

"How's the weather?"

"Terrific."

"Tell the boys to come over and we'll have some coffee. Save your eats; for we'll likely have to stick it out another night."

I could hardly get up, the snow lay so heavy on my blanket. Then we shook the snow out and dragged blankets and sleeping-bag nadir-wards some twenty feet where Vulcan was more powerful than Boreas. Here we set a pail under the drip, and still farther down in the earth, atop an enormous rock, we got out our pigmy gasoline stove. But our matches refused to light; they dampened with steam the instant they left our match-safes. Finally Hultin from above suggested that we journey on to the steam jet at the head of Emmons glacier.

"There's water there always boiling," he averred.

"How far away is that?"

"Well, you mush to the Little Crater, to Columbia Crest; then you trek on around the Large Crater till you can see Peak Success, when you lose 500 feet elevation and —"

We howled him down. We might have done him violence had we not reflected that he had spent the night moaning and was therefore entitled to his little pleasantry. Then he generously came down with a better brand of matches that actually ignited. At this juncture our gasoline stove refused to generate. After coaxing till our patience was exhausted and our matches were nearly so, we poured gasoline in a large natural hollow in the big rock and fired it. When the gasoline had all burned out, we filled the hollow again from our gasoline bottle. This we repeated half a dozen times before our coffee consented to boil.

Around the breakfast rock the boys compared their blisters. I don't recall who won the prize for the largest, but every finger of his had at least one blister an inch long and a half inch deep.

By ten o'clock there were cavernous signs of clearing. I advised the boys to prepare for a record descent. Hultin crawled down into Pluto's realms some fifty feet deeper and recovered his alpenstock, his constant companion since he began mountaineering.

"Who's for a trip to Columbia Crest?" he bantered.

"Paradise Inn for ours!" We made the crater ring with cries that must have stunned at least a third of Cerberus's heads.

"Surely you will take the mile jaunt around the crater with me?"

Was he teasing or in earnest?

"Paradise forever!" we assured him.

"Leave our blankets, stove, everything here," I ordered. "We shall travel light and descend like greased lightning."

By eleven o'clock the sky was fairly clear, though fine powdery snow was permeating everything. We made a dash for Register Rock. While I searched the near-by crag for the hidden canister which protects from the elements the register of names, the boys cached the red fire. Hultin was loitering back in the cave. My search for the register was in vain; the harder I dug the more the snow packed the interstices of the rocks. The weather was too threatening for delay. We left the red fire for our calling cards.

Hultin had not yet come up. We growled several growls for him; finally I had to send back. He wanted to go to Liberty Cap, Success Peak, and every place else of interest. I sympathized with him. I, too, had come with the hope of exploring every part of that three square miles of glorious summit; I had come for the splendors of sunset and sunrise; I had come to verify the report that plant life was to be found at a certain part of the crater a half mile from where we then stood. But to save our bacons I must now give it all up. Finally we persuaded Hultin into doing the same.

Having roped ourselves in, we headed for Gibraltar. The new snow made traveling safe but difficult; our only danger lay in missing our way

among the maze of crevasses. I had the tip-tops of bleak Gibraltar and crag-crowned Little Tahoma to steer by, and was positive I could make it. Whenever there was the semblance of a doubt, I felt out our advance. We made not a single step out of our way till we had landed at Gibraltar Saddle. Here, in the bright noon sun, we smeared our faces with grease paint and put on our amber glasses. Nearing the Chutes we made two false starts; but counting one more crevasse in the first instance and one less in the second, we finally hit our mark. Here we worked our way down towards the rope with extreme care. Soon, notwithstanding frozen and blistered fingers, we had descended the rope and were on Gibraltar ledge; then quickly but warily we sped on to Camp of the Stars.

I had eaten but a few raisins and a little pilot bread during the past twenty-four hours. I made a movement to pull out my watch to note the time. My gold watch was gone! So, soon, were our hopes of going to Paradise Valley in sunshine; for below Gibraltar, just as when we made the ascent, snow was not merely drifting, but falling thick and fast. By two we had reached Camp Muir. Here I found beside the cabin door a sack of socks that Mr. Burnsides had brought over from our store pack at Anvil. Solomon had mentioned a frozen foot; so while I got lunch by the oil stove route, he administered first aid. When, however, we prepared to start on, his foot had so swollen that he could not force his shoe on. After several tussles we gave it up and had to split his shoe twice, nearly its entire length. Over this to keep out the snow we pulled and tied an extra loggers' sock, and again we were off.

At Anvil Rock Burnsides greeted us as fortunate canines to have come back alive. Just below he overtook us and sped on. I can see him yet striding the blast, a huge walking-stick in each hand. He was headed for the Inn, a volunteer harbinger that we were still in the land of the living. We now passed from snowstorm to hailstorm, which continued till timberline, where we entered rain. When we reached the guide room at six we were received as heroes; that is, we were treated first to hot soup, then asked to tell our story. However, first aid of varying efficiency was brought into requisition; soon we had been completely bandaged and coddled into telling our story.

When we had finished, "How cold did your thermometer register, Mr. Hultin?" asked a fellow Mountaineer, who knew that he always carried a complete outfit.

We stared at him in amazement. He hadn't once thought of reading the thermometer he carried.

"I suppose you took oodles of pictures," remarked my wife, looking at my kodak.

Then the boys all looked at me blankly. We had not once thought of embalming our heroic deeds on a post-card!

"What on earth have you been doing these two days?"

"Nothing; the storm has done all the doing!"

"Where's your sleeping-bag?"

"Where's your blankets?"

"Where's your watch?" cried Mrs. Sperlin, after a fruitless search of my sticky, lemon-droppy pockets.

"Left it at the crater to keep watch over the other traps," I explained.

"Where's General Stevens?" I wished to know in turn.

"Left in disgust three hours ago," said she, severely; "gave you up for a bunch of tenderfeet."

Then I heard how wistfully he had walked the hotel veranda the greater part of two days, speculating on our chances and longing for our safe return.

Frozen and blistered fingers, and frozen toes, sleeping-bag, blankets, even the gold watch, have since either recovered or been recovered; but the beloved pioneer in whose honor we made the climb has laid down his "Alpine stick" for good, and has wandered off to conquer the Delectable Mountains of another world. He was stricken at a pioneer gathering where he had gone to do honor to another pioneer who, sixty years ago, gave his life in the Indian wars for the security of our Pacific Northwest.

When I heard that he lives here now only in our memories, I sat down and wrote this account of our experiences on the forty-eighth anniversary climb, hoping that it might in some way be a further memorial to my honored friend.

REPORT OF ASSOCIATED MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS OF NORTH AMERICA

The membership in the Bureau has shown steady increase and now numbers 31 clubs and societies with over 60,000 individual members, as follows:

American Alpine Club, Philadelphia and New York.
American Forestry Association, Washington.
American Game Protective Association, New York.
American Museum of Natural History, New York.
Adirondack Camp & Trail Club, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston and New York.
Boone and Crockett Club, New York.
British Columbia Mountaineering Club, Vancouver.
Colorado Mountain Club, Denver.
Dominion Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.
Field and Forest Club, Boston.
Forest Service, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington.
Fresh Air Club, New York.
Geographic Society of Chicago.
Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

Green Mountain Club, Rutland, Vermont.
Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, Honolulu.
Klahhane Club, Port Angeles, Wash.
Mazamas, Portland, Oregon.
Mountaineers, Seattle and Tacoma.
National Association of Audubon Societies, New York.
National Parks Association, Washington.
National Park Service, U. S. Department of the Interior, Washington.
New York Zoological Society, New York.
Prairie Club, Chicago.
Rocky Mountain Climbers Club, Boulder, Colorado.
Sagebrush and Pine Club, Yakima, Wash.
Sierra Club, San Francisco and Los Angeles.
Tramp and Trail Club, New York.
Travel Club of America, New York.
Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, New York.

The common bond uniting all is the desire for the preservation of our finest scenery from commercial ruination. We are working in co-operation with the National Park Service for the creation, development, and protection of our National Parks and Monuments. In our annual Bulletin attention is called to what various departments of the Government are doing for the mountaineer and traveller, and mention is made of the claims of scenic regions to become national parks or monuments. When these projects are considered by the Government we present the views of our members, and give publicity to the plans of the Government.

We have encouraged and assisted our clubs in forming and increasing reference and circulating collections of books for the use of their members. We are calling public attention to many important but little known scenic regions by illustrated magazine articles, and by illustrated lectures before leading clubs and societies.

LEROY JEFFERS, Secretary,
Librarian American Alpine Club,
476 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ACTIVITIES OF OTHER MOUNTAIN CLUBS

EDITED BY GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA ENJOYS OUTING

For the Alpine Club of Canada 1919 was the year of new things. The nation had been nearly five years at war. Many of the Club's most energetic spirits had been in active service. Others, though not over seas, had been prevented by war conditions from sharing in Alpine activities.

Mountaineering interests in Canada felt a new impetus in the first year of peace. Club members were returning from abroad. People generally, who knew the Rockies, turned to them with keen pleasure and new enthusiasms for relaxation.

The Executive board, in the spirit of reorganization, appropriately reselected for the year the Club's first campsite at Yoho Lake, British Columbia. Members met there at "The Victory Camp" from July 22 to August 5. An outlying camp was pitched five miles away in the Little Yoho Valley. The attendance was more than twice that of 1918.

From the Camp climbs were made of Mount Vice-President, Mont Des Poilus, Mount Wapta, Emerald Peak, Mount Burgess, Mount Kerr, Isolated Peak, and the difficult rock peak, Mount Marpole. The usual and in itself quite interesting route up the westerly side of Mount Wapta had been varied once before by an ascent of the cliff-side standing over Yoho Lake. This was twice successfully repeated from this year's Camp.

Definite plans were made at the Club's Annual Meeting for a 1920 Camp at Mount Assiniboine, several days' travel from any railway base.

The Alpine Club of Canada's activities extended beyond its summer camp. Members found in the Canadian Rockies new and exceptional opportunities for the more difficult feats in mountaineering. In particular, mention may be made of the first ascents of Mount Sir Douglas and Mount King George, by Dr. J. W. A. Hickson, and Mr. Val. A. Fynn, respectively. Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Stone climbed Pinnacle Mountain in part by a new route and ascended Mount Edith. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. MacCarthy successfully made the first descent of the northwest arête of Mount Sir Donald after having climbed by the same route. They also climbed the northwest arête of Mount Lefroy. These, with other ascents of substantial difficulty and interest, constituted a good season's work. The combination of deeply cleft valleys and comparatively northerly latitude gives to the Club's special field of work the finest Alpine features both in respect of rock and of snow.

The "renaissance" of Canadian mountaineering briefly described above was typical of the general situation during the year. Tourist centres found their facilities taxed to the utmost. All Alpinists will, however, rejoice that, in Canada, the more serious and stirring work of the mountains—that of the climber proper—is keeping full pace with the gentler activities of the "tripper."

APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

Walks and outings were again normal in the year 1919, and the club's growth was unusual. There are now more than 2300 lovers of the woods and mountains enrolled under the Appalachian Mountain Club banner. A new and healthy chapter in Worcester, Massachusetts, has been organized and others are being planned.

The year's outings began with a week-end excursion, January 24-25, to Jaffrey, at the foot of Mt. Monadnock. Several members had the pleasure of standing on this lone sentinel of southern New Hampshire on a perfect winter day. In Emerson's day, as he himself wrote,

> "In the dreaded winter time
> None save dappling shadows climb."

But we have changed all that.

The most popular outing of the year was the February snowshoe trip. As in many previous seasons, it was at Jackson in the White Mountains. Wonderful snow and frost scenes were reported.

The last of May and first week in June were spent in the mountains of western North Carolina, a region that the club has not visited for many years. A three nights' camp was established on Mt. Mitchell, the highest mountain east of the Rockies in the United States. The lower slopes were ablaze with rhododendron and azalea.

A new permanent club camp was acquired in June in North Chatham, N. H., under the eastern wall of the White Mountains, far from railroads and villages, in an ideal region for tramping. A trail was constructed to the nearest of the club huts. From June 27 to July 5 a party of forty-three made headquarters at Seal Harbor, on Mt. Desert Island, where the hills rise directly from the sea.

July 5, the centennial of the opening of the Crawford Path up Mt. Washington, the highest of the White Mountains, was observed with appropriate ceremonies. A small party spent the third week in July in a walking trip in the Green Mountains in southern Vermont.

The August camp was on Moose Island, Moosehead Lake, in the heart of Maine. In addition to climbing the lesser mountains about the lake two three-day trips were made to Mt. Katahdin, the highest mountain in the state and the most interesting mountain in New England.

The Labor Day party made its headquarters at Lost River in the western part of the White Mountains. The excursion to Williamstown, at the foot of Mt. Greylock in western Massachusetts was made in the fall. There were two walking trips, one in July, the other in September, over the higher peaks in New Hampshire. Several other interesting week-end trips were taken. The season closed with three days, November 8-11, spent at Jaffrey. Altogether the year has been varied and most satisfactory.

ALLEN H. BENT,
Chairman Publishing Committee.

MAZAMAS HAVE RECORD CAMP, 1919

The twenty-sixth annual outing of the Mazamas was held at the south base of Mt. Rainier, Washington, August 3 to 17, inclusive, 1919. Permanent camp was made in a delightful spot on Mazama ridge, a short distance below Sluiskin Falls, near the site of the 1905 camp. The attendance was larger than at any other encampment which the club has ever had; there were from 120 to 180 persons present during the entire two weeks. Many came from the middle west and from the eastern states.

With the exception of the first three days, which were foggy and drizzly, the weather was perfect, hence the outing was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A total of eighty-three persons ascended the mountain via usual route, Camp Muir and Gibraltar. Many very pleasant side trips were taken to Pinnacle Peak, Unicorn Peak, Little Tahoma, Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, the Cowlitz canyon, and other points of interest.

A fatal accident marred the last two days of the outing. On the evening of August 14, John D. Meredith of Portland, Oregon, was instantly killed by a fall of several hundred feet, while descending Little Tahoma. The body was recovered, with much difficulty, the following day, by eight of his fellow Mazamas, who left camp soon after midnight for that purpose.

ALFRED F. PARKER,
Corresponding Secretary.

PRAIRIE CLUB OUTINGS, SUMMER OF 1919

OZARK MOUNTAIN HIKING CLUB

F. H. Tuthill

The Prairie Club party for the Ozarks left Chicago on Saturday, July 12th. We reached Galena, Mo., on Monday. Here we obtained supplies and rented

boats, tents, utensils and two boatmen. We embarked on the James River and paddled and floated down that river and the White River to Branson, Mo. We camped always for dinner and for the night, and occasionally landed to ascend some hill or to see the scenery. Our boatmen were proficient fishermen and with their aid we were able to secure enough fish to give a variety to our diet. The scenery was a wealth of foliage always, with occasional rocky precipices bordering the river. We reached Branson on Saturday. The week was spent in making trips around the country, called by the inhabitants of that region, "Shepherd of the Hills" country. We also enjoyed visiting the Marble Cave. The cave is second only to the caves of Kentucky, and in some features superior. The weather was not too warm, the mercury not rising above 98 degrees and the air being tempered on the heights with a breeze.

AT CUMBERLAND GAP
E. M. Winston

It is a Jekyll and Hyde country in which we were at the southern camp. From our dining-table we looked out over wide valleys, fertile and closely settled. But beyond them, range upon range, and to the right and left, were the mountains, in which are only scattered cabins of the mountain people—and sometimes many miles of wilderness in which no houses could be found except possibly the rough shacks of the moonshiners. To the south, from our camp in Kentucky, we looked over Virginia and Tennessee, possibly even on ranges in the distance beyond the borders of North Carolina, and to the northwest vistas as wide as valley and the mountains of Kentucky. In that state our tents were pitched; but Virginia was across the road, and we crossed that state into Tennessee, less than half a mile down hill.

Our camp was pitched on a spot leveled by soldiers in the Civil War, and mountains all about still are scarred with rifle-pits and scattered with bullet, cannon-balls, bits of harness, camp traces of every sort.

WESTERN TRIP OF PRAIRIE CLUB WITH COLORADO MOUNTAIN CLUB
By G. V. Dauchy

One hundred members forming the main party of the Chicago delegation to the annual camp of the Colorado Mountain Club in Wild Basin, Colorado, left Chicago, August 9, and arrived in Denver, August 10. The trip to Estes Park was made by train and auto the following day. Here camp was established and was in commission until Saturday, August 23rd, when the entire party returned either to Denver or other resorts in the mountains.

CROSS RIVER CAMPING PARTY, SCHROEDER, MINNESOTA
By Ruth Carpenter Morse

A Prairie Club camp was held for three weeks in August at Schroeder, Minn., one hundred miles north of Duluth. Forty-two members attended, and spent a delightful vacation, hiking, fishing, or resting in the wild northland.

The camp was situated on a bluff directly overlooking Lake Superior. Within easy access were three picturesque rivers—the Cross, Temperance, and Two Island Rivers—which contained enough falls and canyons to gratify even the most enthusiastic lovers of the out-of-doors. The Superior National Forests, whose alluring trails are known throughout the Northwest, were only a short

distance away. Yes, there was even a mountain to climb—Mt. Carleton, the highest point in Minnesota. The campers, some of them who have climbed mountains, eagerly scaled Mt. Carleton, and were rewarded by the wonderful panorama view of wood and stream and lake stretching for miles far, far below.

This is the fifth season Prairie Club camps have been held in the Lake Superior region. The United States Government sent a forest ranger to give information concerning the trails; the Thousand Lakes Association of Minnesota sent a map and an illustrated booklet of canoe trails to each member of the Prairie Club. These helps were invaluable and added to the pleasure of the trip.

BOOK REVIEWS

Edited by Margaret W. Hazard

Field and Study. By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. $1.50 net.

A new book by Mr. Burroughs is always welcome. In Field and Study we see the same freshness of charm and scientific accuracy that typifies all his work. There is more "field" than "study" in the book, and it will hold the interest of those who love outdoor life.

The Land of Tomorrow. By William B. Stephenson, Jr. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. $2.00 net.

One's first thought about The Land of Tomorrow is that it is entirely convincing. Mr. Stephenson knows Alaska, but better by far than that is the fact that he loves its people. The vivid description of the Esquimo, his narrow life of hardship, awakens that sympathy which shows Mr. Stephenson as a lover of his fellow man. The book should be read by every Mountaineer.

The Apple Woman of the Klickitat. By Anna Van Rensselaer Morris. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50 net.

The author grows apples within eighteen miles of Mount Hood; she loves both, and contributes to the appreciation of both by others. At that, there is even more about human beings than about nature only. The narrative is sprightly and its style ultra modern. Noticeably keen is the characterization through look, attitude and gesture. The book is worthy of several evenings.

In the Wilds of South America. By Leo E. Miller. Chas. Scribner & Sons, New York. $4.50 net.

For a book companion for the winter we can find nothing better than this splendid volume. It should prove as popular with Mountaineers as the Duke of Abruzzi's book on the mountains of India. We predict that this book will have little rest upon the shelves—none at all after a few glances have taken in its character and scope. It covers six years of exploration in South America.

Jungle Peace. By William Beebe. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75 net.

This book is the result of an after war mood of its author. Disabled in the air service he sought that peace which nature alone can give. He found it

in Guiana, South America. The style in which this book is written transmutes nature information to literature.

Adventures in Alaska. By S. Hall Young. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The actual adventures of Dr. Young during the second great Stampede of Alaska. The reader is carried down the Yukon on a crowded river steamboat with the rush of discouraged and discontented Klondikers who hoped to "strike it rich" in the beach sands of Nome. The experiences of the author in the tent city on the beach, his acquaintance with the odoriferous Eskimo, his efforts to quell the typhoid epidemic which also took him down, the biography of his dog team, the adventures of his Eskimo friends with the hootz, or Kodiak bear, and finally his walrus hunt fill a volume which, because of its truth, is much more interesting than fiction.

Of interest to readers is the fact that Dr. Young was the owner of Stickeen, the canine hero of John Muir's famous dog story.

California Desert Trails. By J. Smeaton Chase. Houghton Mifflin Co., New York. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

In his pleasant and humorous way the author tells of the beauty and interest of the desert—its sands, its sun, its sky by day and by night, its distances, its plant and animal life—in his story of a four months' horseback ride in the Colorado desert of Southern California.

To one familiar only with forest and mountain, the problem of desert travel seems to be one of continual anxiety as to the possibility of finding water at the next water hole.

In an appendix of "Hints on Desert Traveling," among other things he says: "With some persons, however, the faculty of getting lost amounts to genius. They are able to accomplish it where ever they are."

Appendix B on "Noticeable Plants of the Desert" is a very complete list of desert flora.

Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50 net.

The interest now centered on South America has led many writers to record impressions received in a flying visit; it remains for Mr. Hudson to give the touch of one who was born in Argentine and who has lived upon the pampas. He gives reality to the sights and sounds and smells of vast solitudes as well as of South American cities growing over-fast. The element of auto-biography introduces an informational history content.

Our Cities Awake. By Morris Llewellyn Cooke. Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. $2.50 net.

In marked contrast with the usual book sent The Mountaineers is Our Cities Awake. It deals not with the outdoors, but with men massed together trying to govern themselves with some semblance of order. It deals with business principles, every day affairs, and the responsibilities of those who live close together.

A Year With a Whaler. By Walter Noble Burns. Outing Publishing Co., New York and Chicago. $2.00 net.

After reading a book of this type one is tempted to visit the frozen north and to study at first hand the habits of these huge mammals. The author shipped as a water Cheechacho and lived the real life of storm and adventure. The book bears the imprint of sincerity and knowledge.

The Grizzly. By Enos A. Mills. Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York. $2.00 net.

Enos Mills knows the grizzly. He has observed him indulging in Mountaineer sports. The book is not written by a killer, but by one who loves animals, unscared and unmolested. After reading this book one will never again think of the grizzly as a big mass of hair and meat and bone, but rather as an individual with joys and sorrows.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS
December, 1918—December, 1919

December 20, 1918. Trip to Japan and the Ascent of Mount Fujiyama (12,440 feet altitude, the highest in Japan.) J. T. Hazard.

January 24, 1919. Mid-Winter Trip to Mount Rainier, 1918-1919. Illustrated. J. H. Weer.

February 26, 1919. My Experiences in Chile. Professor C. M. Strong, University of Washington.

March 21, 1919. Personal Experiences in the Recent War. Lieutenant Pauls.

April 18, 1919. Red Cross Work in France. Dr. Mabel Seagrave.

May 16, 1919. Flora of Mount Rainier. Dr. George Rigg, University of Washington. Plans for the 1919 Mount Rainier Summer Outing. J. H. Weer.

June 13, 1919. My Experiences While in Service. Professor Harold Sexsmith, University of Washington.

July and August. No meetings.

September 19, 1919. Y. M. C. A. Work in France and Germany. Dr. H. B. Hinman.

October 17, 1919. Ascent of Mount Baker, September 21, 1919. Professor E. S. Meany, University of Washington, President of the Mountaineer Club.
American Red Cross Civilian Relief Work in France. Irving Clark.

November 7, 1919. Mount Rainier Summer Outing 1919. Illustrated. J. H. Weer.

December 5, 1919. Natural Parks Association of Washington. Herbert Evison.

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR, Historian.

SUMMARY OF LOCAL WALKS AND SPECIAL OUTINGS—YEAR OCTOBER 31, 1918, TO OCTOBER 31, 1919.

Walk No.	Date 1918-19	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
344	Nov. 3	Cowen Park to Cowen Park	9	G. Irving Gavett	31	$0.10
345	Nov. 17	Fragaria to Port Orchard	12	Mrs. C. M. Lewis	32	.80
346	Dec. 15	Chico to Kitsap Cabin to Chico (Christmas Greens Walk)	6	Mary E. Shelton	44	.80
347	Jan. 5	Colby to Manchester	9	Mrs. J. T. Hazard	46	.80
348	Jan. 19	Fletchers Bay to Pleasant Beach	8	Annette Wiestling	34	.80
349	Feb. 2	Charleston to McKenna Falls	15	Glen Bremerman	46	.60
350	Feb. 16	Newport to Coal Creek to Newport	11	Marie Graessner	29	.30
351	Mar. 2	Des Moines to Auburn (Joint with Tacoma)	10	A. O. Benjamin	72	1.19
352	Mar 30	Kirkland to Kirkland	14	Llewellyn Lewis	71	.30
353	April 6	Port Orchard to Port Orchard	10	Lloyd Small	45	.60
354	April 27	Renton to Renton	10	Peter McGregor	48	.35
355	May 25	Bothell to Kirkland	17	C. G. Morrison	9	.60
356	June 8	Erland to Kitsap Cabin to Chico (Rhododendron Walk)	6	Mary Cutter	148	.80
357	June 15	Alki to Fauntleroy	9	Mrs. M. Schuler	18	.20
358	June 29	Port Madison to Yeomalt	8	Harry McL. Myers	52	.90
359	Sept. 7	Suquamish to Indianola Beach	11	Indianola Members	36	.80
360	Sept. 21	Brownsville to Enetai	9	Norman Engle	48	.80
361	Oct. 5	Mercer Island	8	A. H. Cruse	69	.30
362	Oct. 19	Houghton to Lake Sammamish to Bellevue	12	L. T. Neikirk	34	.30
		Special Outings.				
40	Nov. 28-Dec. 1	Snoqualmie Lodge. Thanksgiving Outing	....	Local Walks Committee	32	7.33
41	Feb. 22-23	Snoqualmie Lodge. Snowshoe Outing	....	Local Walks Committee	66	5.63
42	May 17-18	Climb of McClellan Butte (5175 ft.)	....	H. W. Playter	33	3.25
43	Aug. 30-Sep. 1	Labor Day Outing. San Juan Islands and climb of Mt. Constitution (2400 ft.)	....	Sallie Shelton	94	5.50

Total Attendance 1137

NORMAN HUBER, Chairman,
Local Walks Committee.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

The past year has shown a healthy growth in the Club and given indication that it has recovered from war conditions. Henceforth, it is believed, the Club will continue to progress. Movements have been started for the establishing of a lodge or a cabin by each of the branches of the Club. Rhododendron Park has been enlarged. Through our membership in the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of America our library has been greatly increased. It is hoped that before long the Club will work out some better system of handling its club room so that it will become more generally used as headquarters for club members and as a reading room.

EDWARD W. ALLEN, Secretary.

LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1919.

During the past year the Seattle Local Walks Committee has conducted 19 Local Walks and 4 Special Outings with a total attendance of 1137, consisting of 381 men members, 520 women members, 71 men guests and 174 women guests. The total distance covered on the walks was 194 miles, making the average length 10.2 miles. The average cost of the walks was 59 cents, and the average attendance 48.

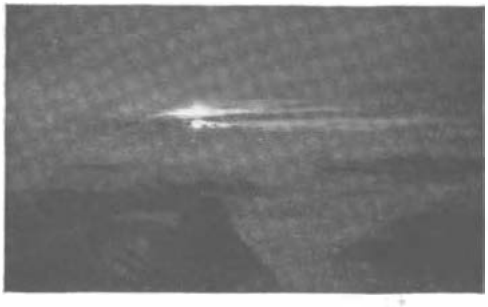
The Committee was in charge of the Thanksgiving and Washington Birthday Outings, held at Snoqualmie Lodge in the absence of a regular Lodge Committee.

The most popular Outing was the Labor Day Cruise to the San Juan Islands. A permanent camp was established at East Sound and Mt. Constitution climbed by the majority of the party.

The trip to McClellan Butte was made in machines provided by members, this arrangement being much more satisfactory than going by train. The climb itself was very successful and the suggestion has been made that it be an annual affair.

Fairman B. Lee was chairman of the Committee the first part of the year, the writer serving since April 1st.

NORMAN HUBER, Chairman.



REPORT OF TACOMA BRANCH OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

For year ending October 1, 1919

Membership:

Men, 49; Women, 51; Total	100
New members during the year	28
Removals and withdrawals	15
Net gain in membership	13

Out-of-door Activities:

	Number	Attendance	Miles
Local Walks from Oct. 1, 1918, to Oct. 1, 1919	19	430	195
Winter Outing, Rainier National Park	1		
Special Outing to Kitsap Cabin	1	155	60
Labor Day Outing, Snoqualmie Lodge	1		
Totals	22	585	255

MARY H. MUDGETT, Sec'y-Treas.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF COMMITTEES
YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1919

Outing Committee

	Receipts	Disbursements
Received from members of outing	$5,056.56	
Pack train		$2,294.99
Provisions		1,350.62
Transportation—rail, stage		530.33
Cooks and helpers		462.00
Outfit		115.94
Preliminary trips		32.68
Miscellaneous		136.54
Refunds		92.50
Balance paid to Treasurer, The Mountaineers		40.96
	$5,056.56	$5,056.56

Kitsap Cabin Committee

	Receipts	Expenditures
Fees and charges	$ 532.61	
Commissary sold	23.06	
Contributions	6.80	
Sale of old stove	7.25	
Equipment		$ 97.86
Refunds		4.27
Commissary		379.17
Hauling		46.25
Balance on hand November 1, 1919		42.17
	$ 569.72	$ 569.72

Local Walks Committee

	Receipts	Disbursements
Balance on hand, October 31, 1918	$ 113.38	
Receipts for year ending October 31, 1919	851.17	
Transferred to General Treasurer		$ 50.00
Transportation, boat charters		310.75
Committee, including scouting		45.08
Commissary		262.18
Miscellaneous; outfit, postage, reunions		38.05
Refunds on trips		9.00
Cook for outings		45.78
Lodge fees		34.35
Balance on hand October 31st, 1919		169.36
	$ 964.55	$ 964.55

Snoqualmie Lodge Committee

	Receipts	Disbursements
Net receipts Lodge fees and Outings	$ 215.68	
Donations	5.00	
Appropriations general treasury	111.50	
Appropriations Snoqualmie Special Toboggan Fund	32.10	
Refund Plumbing Supplies	4.50	
Labor		$ 32.10
Repairs and sharpening tools		2.00
Lodge Committee expenses		27.50
Equipment and Improvements:		
Kitchen equipment $ 36.65		
Installing Sink 27.95		
Bunks 127.55		
		192.15
Freight on supplies		9.36
Dynamite		11.37
Commissary Supplies		44.05
Cash on hand Octobere 31, 1919		50.25
	$ 368.78	$ 368.78

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1919

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand November 1, 1918	$1,035.48	
Dues	1,651.00	
Snoqualmie Lodge, permanent construction		$ 45.00
Snoqualmie Lodge maintenance and operation		70.49
Kitsap Cabin permanent construction		107.00
Kitsap Cabin maintenance and operation		27.56
Snoqualmie Lodge donations and subscriptions	5.00	
Advertising in publications	332.00	
Interest on bonds (General Fund)	34.97	
Pin and fobs	.94	
Annual Magazine cost		846.77
Pictures, slides and albums		5.40

Printing, stationery and postage		143.66
Salary Financial Secretary		97.50
Refund to Everett		19.00
Refund to Tacoma		43.00
Annual Magazine sales	38.36	
Rooms	31.80	
Permanent Fund		177.46
Reserve for Permanent Fund	317.46	
Miscellaneous		384.78
Bulletin and prospectus		617.97
Local Walks Committee	50.00	
Snoqualmie Special Ski and Toboggan Fund		31.10
Cash on hand November 1, 1919		880.32
	$3,497.01	$3,497.01

Assets

Cash on hand	$ 880.32
Investments (General Fund)	500.00
Permanent Fund (bonds and savings deposits)	1,946.51
Snoqualmie Lodge	2,945.00
Kitsap Cabin	1,230.55
Club rooms	267.47
	$7,769.85

Liabilities

Surplus	$5,430.38
Surplus Outings	165.06
Snoqualmie Special Ski and Toboggan Fund	68.90
Reserve for Permanent Fund	2,105.51
	$7,769.85

Permanent Fund

Municipal Bonds		$ 600.00
Liberty Bonds		1,100.00
Deposits in Bank for Savings:		
Interest on deposits	$ 9.76	
Interest on bonds	81.10	
Initiation fees for year	83.00	
General	69.05	
		242.91
Interest on Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds		3.60
		$1,946.51

FRANK G. PUGSLEY, Treasurer.

SUMMER OUTING 1920

The Olympics have been definitely decided upon for the 1920 summer outing. The party will go in from Hood's Canal by way of the Dosewallips, and the trip will end on the shore of the Pacific Ocean beyond Lake Quinault.

A two or three days camp will be made in the fine park region at the head of the Dosewallips. From this camp as a base, in addition to lesser climbs, it is hoped that Mt. Anderson (as yet unascended) may be conquered.

Permanent camp will, as heretofore, be in the basin of the Elwha. From this camp the usual knapsack trip will be made for the climb of Mt. Olympus.

From the Elwha Basin to Lake Quinault the "sky line" trail will be followed. This—largely new— is being built by the joint cooperation of the Forest Service and the Mountaineers. It will follow the Queets-Quinault divide, thus affording a succession of magnificent views of Mt. Olympus as seen across the valley of the Queets.

From Lake Quinault it is expected to repeat the memorable trip of 1913 down the river to Tahola by Indian canoes. Scarcity of canoes may make it necessary to send out by automobile to Hoquiam a small portion of the party.

By comparison with the two previous Olympic outings it is apparent that the route of the 1920 outing will be largely new to the Mountaineers.

GEORGE E. WRIGHT,

Chairman of Outing Committee.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Edmond S. Meany, president
J. H. Weer, vice-president
Edward W. Allen, secretary
C. G. Morrison, treasurer
Winona Bailey
Irving Clark
Dr. H. B. Hinman
Redick H. McKee
Harry McL. Myers
Lulie Nettleton
Celia Shelton
Geo. D. Thompson
Otto Voll
R. S. Wainwright

Gertrude Inez Streator, historian

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Outing, George E. Wright
Legislative, F. P. Helsell
Local Walks, Lloyd L. Small
Snoqualmie Lodge, R. L. Dyer
Kitsap Cabin, Harry McL. Myers
Entertainment, F. P. Helsell

Membership, Mary Shelton

Financial Secretary, Mrs. J. N. Bowman
Custodian of Slides, Mrs. J. T. Hazard
Chairman Rooms Committee, Clayton Crawford
Chairman Geographic Names Committee, C. G. Morrison

EVERETT BRANCH

George D. Thompson, chairman
Catherine Crayton, secretary
A. J. Madden, treasurer
G. D. Thompson, trustee

George A. Church, chairman Local Walks Committee

TACOMA BRANCH

J. H. Weer, president
Stella Scholes, vice-president
Mary Mudgett, secretary-treasurer
R. S. Wainwright, trustee

W. W. Kilmer, chairman Local Walks Committee

MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS, NOVEMBER 1, 1919

	Men	Women	Total
Seattle	209	188	408
Tacoma	50	53	103
Everett	24	28	52
	283	280	563

MRS. J. N. BOWMAN, Financial Secretary.

MEMBERS

December 31, 1919

HONORARY MEMBERS

Major E. S. Ingraham S. E. Paschall

LIFE MEMBERS

Naomi Achenbach R. L. Glisan

Robert Moran

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

Abel, H. V., 2006 Boyer St.
Acheson, Nelson H., R. F. D. No. 3, Box 243.
Acheson, T. J., 1617 Broadway N.
Albertson, A. H., 727 Henry Bldg.
Albertson, Charles, care Grant Smith-Porter Ship Co., Aberdeen, Wn.
Alden, Charles H., 400 Boston Block.
Allen, Edward W., 402 Burke Bldg.
Alvey, Eva L., 1806 E. 73d St.
Amies, Irene R., 804 Virginia St.
Anderson, Jennie L., 1902 Victoria Ave.
Anderson, Wm. H., 4464 Fremont Ave.
Andrews, C. L., 1802 E. 73d St.
Auzias de Turenne, Ed. A., 1205 E. Prospect St.
Auzias de Turenne, R., 1205 E. Prospect St.
Bailey, Winona, 1426 Warren Ave.
Baker, J. Albert, High School, Chehalis, Wn.
Barnes, C. A., Jr., care King Bros.
Bartle, Virginia, 2077 E. Howe St.
Beechler, Glenn C., 211 New York Block.
Belt, H. C., 4733 19th Ave. N. E.
Bender, Alice, Manette, Wn.
Bender, Mrs. L. A., Manette, Wn.
Bennett, Edith Page, 2342 34th Ave. S.
Bennett, H. B., Columbus, Wn.
Best, Walter C., 443 Henry Bldg.
Beuschlein, Hortense, Otis Hotel, 804 Summit Ave.
Bickford, E. L., 1st Nat'l Bank, Napa, Cal.
Bigelow, Alida, care Mrs. Hamilton, 1139 18th Ave. N.
Bisazza, Spiridiona, 2505 Westlake N.
Bishop, Lottie G., Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.
Bixby, C. M., 1404 24th Ave.
Blackwood, Henry, care U. S. Customs.
Blake, J. Fred, 408 Pike St.
Blakeslee, Emily, Sandusky, Ohio.
Blakeslee, Mary, Medina, Ohio.
Bliss, Margaret, 4557 Brooklyn Ave.
Blough, Allie, 4713 14th Ave. N. E.
Bohn, Herman, 4415 Sunnyside Ave.
Boothroyd, S. L., 1402 E. 75th St.
Bowers, Nathan A., 502 Rialto Bldg., San Francisco.
Bowman, J. N., 2103 E. 52d St.
Bowman, Mrs. J. N., 2103 E. 52d St.
Brackett, Bertha, 2005 N. Broadway.
Bremerman, Glenn, 5834 Woodlawn Ave.
Brincard, J., Box 287, Bremerton, Wn.
Brown, Herman E., 5720 15th Ave. N.E.
Brown, Vaughn, Caledonian Apts. No. 307, 1416 E. 41st St.
Bruck, Emil A., Y. M. C. A.
Bruhns, Fred C., 1412 8th Ave.
Bryant, Mrs. Grace, 3301 Beacon Ave.
Buckley, Charles, 6226 27th Ave. N. E.
Buckley, Harry, 6226 27th Ave. N. E.
Burns, Lillian W., 1620 13th Ave.
Burr, Wallace, Y. M. C. A.
Cadbury, Richard, Jr., care Am. Red Cross, Yakima, Wn.
Calhoun, Annie H., 915 1st Ave. N.
Carkeek, Vivian M., 1164 Empire Bldg.
Chalmers, Isabel, Highland Court, Portland, Ore.
Chambers, Eva., 900 Leary Bldg.
Chapman, Effie L., Public Library.
Charlton, Myrtle E., 1209 Yesler Way.
Chilberg, Mabel, 1414 Alaska Bldg.
Christopher, Mrs. C. A., 3527 Woodlawn Ave.
Clark, F. B., 559 Central Bldg.
Clark, Irving M., 559 Central Bldg.

Clark, Leland J., 559 Central Bldg.
Cole, Louretta C., 7463 Corliss Ave.
Coleman, Francis R., 644 Plumas St., Reno, Nev.
Coleman, Linda, 510 Broadway.
Collins, W. G., 510 32d Ave. S.
Collins, Mrs. W. G., 510 32d Ave. S.
Compton, Madison H., Y. M. C. A.
Copeland, May., 5432 46th Ave. S. W.
Cooke, Ethel M., 3016 1st Ave.
Corbet, D., 618 Mutual Life Bldg.
Coursen, Edgar E., 658 Lovejoy St., Portland, Ore.
Cowing, Agnes, Public Library.
Cox, Edward G., 4325 15th Ave. N. E.
Craven, Inez H., 4719 15th Ave., N. E.
Crawford, Clayton, 645 New York Block.
Croson, Carl E., 900 Leary Bldg.
Crowley, Wilma, 506 N. Anderson St., Ellensburg, Wn.
Cruse, A. H., care City Engineer's Office.
Cunningham, H. B., 1551 25th Ave.
Curtis, Beth M., Curtis Studio, 4th Ave.
Curtis, Leslie F., 6822 18th Ave. N. E.
Cutter, Mary, 530 Henry Bldg.
Dabney, Edith, 526 Broadway N.
Dally, Katharine, 1207 E. Boston St.
Daniels, Rose L., 924 34th Ave.
Davidson, C. F., 508 American Bank Bldg.
Davis, Fidelia G., City Engineer's Office.
Davis, Irland, 433 Henry Bldg.
Depue, Charles, 1629 13th Ave.
Depue, Earl, 1629 13th Ave.
Derry, Faye G., 107 W. 50th St.
Dickerson, Elizabeth, Y. W. C. A.
Downs, M. Ross, care Henry Broderick Co.
Dubuar, Paul S., 1420 36th Ave.
Dyer, R. L., 1323 Terry Ave.
Eckelman, E. O., 3442 Cascade View Drive.
Ederer, Clarence L., care E. P. Hanson, Monitor, Wn.
Edwards, G. Boardman, 824 Central Bldg.
Egbert, Leolia S., 1132 Highland Ave., Bremerton, Wn.
Elvidge, Ford Q., 2828 Broadway N.
Ely. Helen L., 1118 5th Ave.
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