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GLACIER PEAK

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GLACIER PEAK

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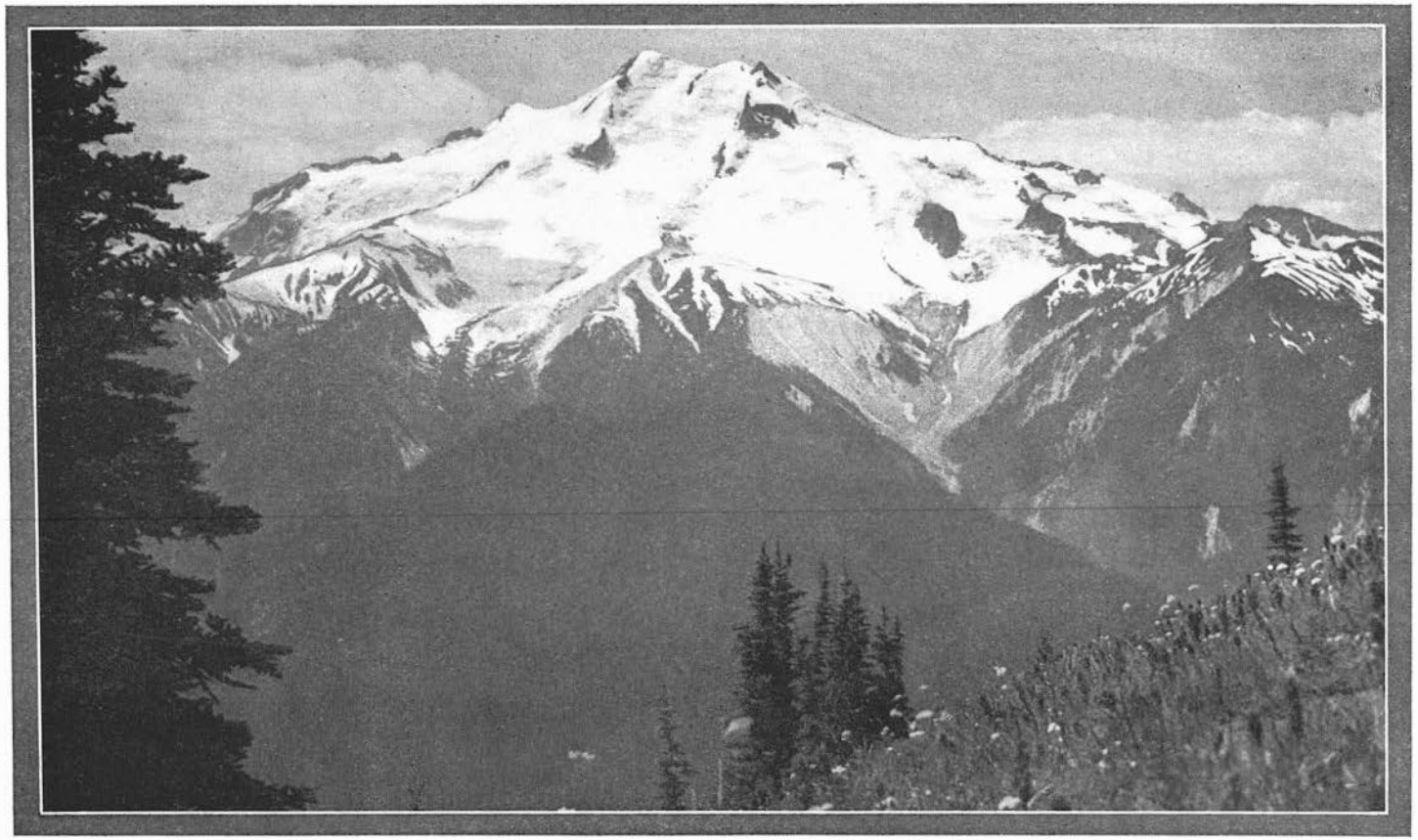

Photo by A. H. Denman

GLACIER PEAK
FROM THE EAST

The long glacier in the middle heading from the summit is known as the Chocolate. The route followed by the climbers in 1921 led from Buck Creek Pass, from near which this photograph was taken, down three thousand feet to the Suiattle River, across a ridge to the Chocolate River, up the wooded ridge shown at the left of Chocolate Glacier to Camp Nelson in the pocket south of this ridge close to snow-line; then up the snow slopes beside the glacier and into the saddle at the left of the summit; from there, up the south slope, out of sight of the picture.

Greetings

from

Roald Amundsen

Photo by P. M. McGregor

To the Mountaineers

with kindest regards and warmest wishes

from

Roald Amundsen

Seattle Octr 27th 1921.

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Photo by Mabel G. Furry

SUMMIT OF GLACIER PEAK — The east face of Glacier Peak near the top, showing the Chocolate Glacier as it starts from the summit in rough cascades and takes its deeply seamed course toward lower regions.

SECOND GLACIER PEAK OUTING

ROBERT WALKINSHAW

OUR chronicle properly begins with the last Saturday morning in July. The little town of Leavenworth woke to find a passenger coach on its siding, and a motley crew clambering down from it as from some Trojan horse. There was, however, no intention to sack the town. We tarried only long enough to have breakfast and then set off in auto trucks, northward, up the Chumstick River. To us it was a new region of warm, sun-browned hills. The western yellow pine stood solitary or in open groves, and in the lower valley there were many apple orchards. Gaily we traveled past these, on through underwoods clustered with black service-berries, into deep forests of fir, where we dodged the low branches as the trucks lurched now to this side and that, and out again into ever higher and wilder country until, near noon, we crossed the divide into the valley of the Chiwawa and saw for the first time the mountains patched with snow. The trucks brought us to within four miles of Phelps Creek, and then released us to the trail. By late afternoon we had

all straggled into Phelps Creek Camp. That night we fell asleep by the sound of mountain waters.

On the morrow we were to reach Buck Creek Pass, and so before the sun was well up, we were again on our way. We kept to the right bank of the Chiwawa, first across a mile or more of dusty burn then through quiet meadows, blue with lupine and golden with arnica. In an hour or more, we came to the confluence of Buck Creek, which thereafter we followed. The last ascent was through forest, much of it up a series of sharp switchbacks. By early afternoon, the last of the party of eighty had made the Pass, at an elevation of 5796 feet.

As we came into Buck Creek Pass that quiet Sunday, it seemed to us that, among all the gardens which the good God had planted in the high places of the mountains, He had planted none fairer than this. For here He had spread down a little meadow and made His firs to grow about it like a cloister. To the north He had set a mountain to guard it, and to the south, a mountain. He had caused a cold stream and clear like crystal to flow through it, deep between grassy banks. And out of the garden He had opened a pathway along a hillside, bright with flowers whence, in clear weather, there is to be seen to the westward, a mighty mountain, mighty above all others, across whose grey glaciers and fields of snow the clouds trail their shadows by day and the rose of sunset falls at evening. He who has pitched his tent on Buck Creek Pass must treasure the memory of it all his after years.

When we had seen the first beauty of the place, our care was to stake out sleeping claims and do the necessary assessment work, for here was to be base camp until after the Glacier climb. This done, life fell into a sort of gypsy ease. Despite the many excursions, there was scarcely an hour through the long days, when women with kerchiefs about their heads could not be seen tending the water-kettle by the stream, or little groups lounging on the bright hillside, or some one leisurely coming or going the way to Flower Hill.

This hill, which rises to the northwest and which seems to stand at the end of the pathway out of the Pass, was so named on the 1910 outing. And happily so, for we found its long slopes dashed with colors of painter's brush and arnica and gentian and lupine and hawkweed and aster. Pale heliotrope and stalwart hellebore grew there, and the lowly saxifrage. And about its summit, a turban of purple heather.

From the vantage of Flower Hill, we could study the great peak and see how it built itself up in a series of pumice slopes

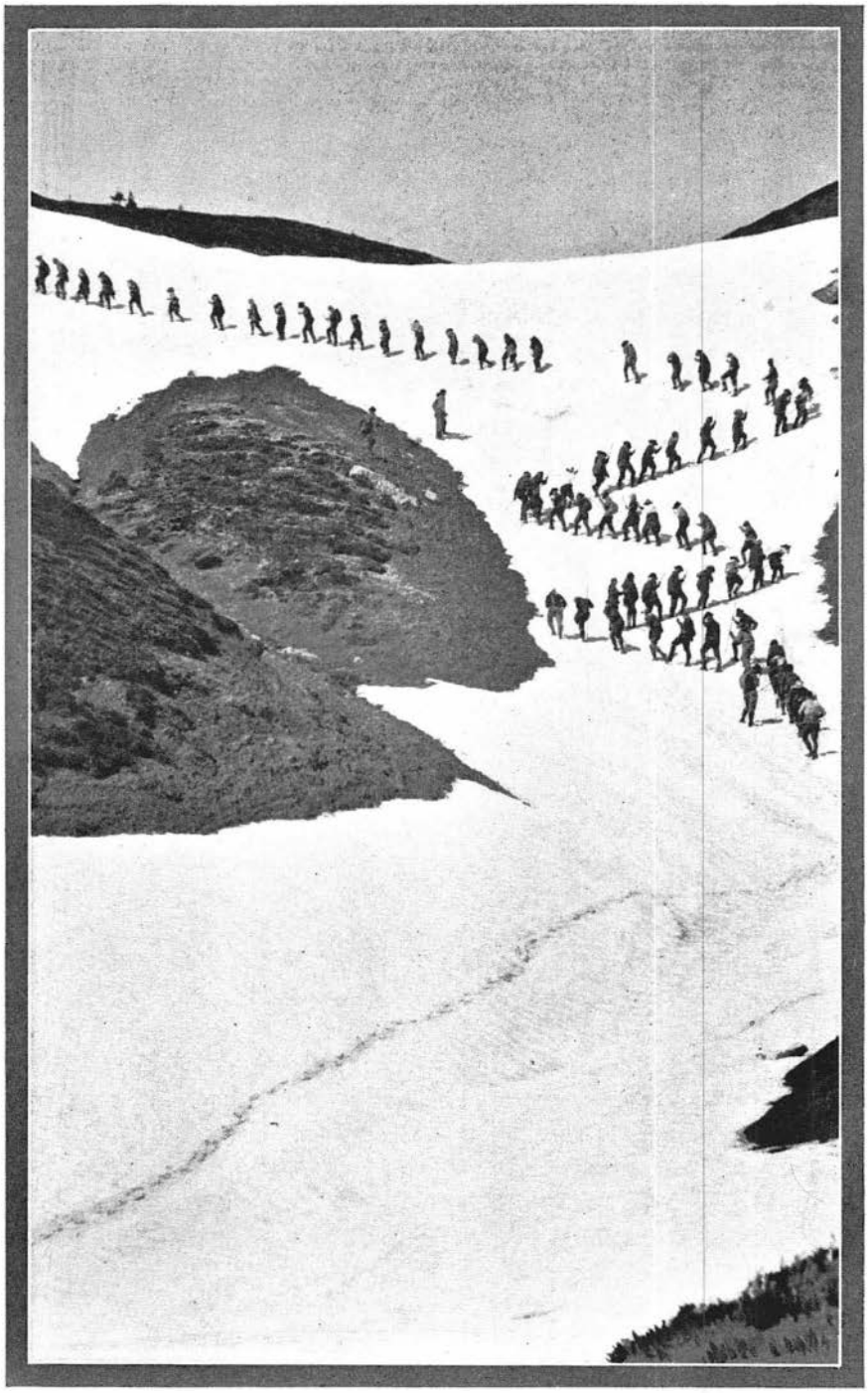

Photo by Frank I. Jones

A TRY-OUT TRIP

Before members of a Mountaineers' outing are allowed to undertake the climb of a major snow peak they are given training in snow and rock work and know how to handle themselves in all kinds of places and how to use the alpenstock. This is a picture of a try-out trip on the east side of Liberty Cap. The six companies into which the party was divided may be distinguished by the space between them.

and rock buttresses to a height of 10,436 feet. The hidden valley of the Suiattle lay below it, down into whose mysterious blue gorge, the glaciers seemed to creep like dragons of ice. The upper fields of the Pumice, the Chocolate and the Cool Glaciers were in full view. The course of our climb was down to the Suiattle and then up the southern edge of the wide pumice cut which formed the bed of the Chocolate Glacier. Near timber line we were pointed out the site of Camp Nelson. From there, we were to climb up a bare ridge which extended well to the summit. Beyond this, all would depend on the snow fields.

Our first day in camp, we enjoyed a try-out on Sunset Mountain, the pyramidal peak rising north of the Pass. On the following morning, we tried out again but in good earnest, under our leader-in-chief, L. A. Nelson. We explored the country toward the Suiattle, making our way along grassy slopes, across snow fingers, up loose rock, and finally home at evening, over Liberty Cap, the peak which guards the Pass on the south. During the day Glacier showed fitfully through changing cloud-masses. The wind kept sweeping the pumice out of the bed of the Chocolate and swirling it like smoke, in great clouds, over the forest. When we looked back from Liberty Cap, the whole range had hooded itself from sight and there was fear of rain.

To our great relief, the morning brought fair weather again. Captains and lieutenants made an ascent of one of the hitherto unnamed peaks, to the south and christened it "Dummy Dummy." Meanwhile L. A. Nelson led the "cheechakos" up one of the snow fields on Liberty Cap, for final instruction. Those of the party who were neither captains nor lieutenants nor "cheechakos" busied themselves variously at making ready for the grand ascent.

At noon, Thursday, August fourth, sixty-seven of us shouldered our knapsacks and started for Glacier Peak. There was waving and cheering, quite as though a contingent were leaving for the front. A tin cup dangled at every girdle and a spoon peeped out from every boot-top. We followed the pathway out of the Pass, then swung to our left down through the meadows with Flower Hill towering above us,

"Wee folk, good folk
Trooping altogether;
Green jacket, red cap
And white owl's feather."

And as though no procession could properly get under way without a flare of pyrotechnics, we saw, all about our feet, hosts of shooting stars springing from the grass!

Photo by Frank I. Jones

THE MOUNTAINEERS ON GLACIER PEAK

An almost level snow-field a few acres in extent forms the summit of Glacier Peak. An hour's stay on top gave the party of sixty-seven members an opportunity to study this, as well as the old crater to the north and other evidences of volcanic activity and above all the sea of billowy white clouds dotted with island peaks as suggested at the left of the picture.

At the lower end of the meadows we entered a cathedral forest. The great shafts of the firs here and there stood splashed with sunlight and goat's beard hung like faded flags from the lofty branches. Mid-afternoon found us winding our way down into the bed of Rock Creek. The region hereabouts reminded of Puget Sound, and was unexpectedly familiar and lovely. We greeted again the Douglas fir and, in the shady places, saw luxurious sword-fern and our friendly enemy, the devil's club.

Some distance beyond Rock Creek we descended to the gray Suiattle and crossed it on logs. The camp site of 1910, a little way above, had been swept away by an avalanche. It was a veritable log jam over which we were almost an hour in picking our way. We camped comfortably a half mile farther up the river.

The task of the next day was to climb along the south edge of the chasm wherein lay the Chocolate Glacier. The trail crossed the glacial stream and then ascended high above the icefield. The grey walls were in continual crumble. About us everywhere, the vegetation showed dusty with pumice. When we had made our way well toward the upper glacier, we struck off southerly along a contour and by noon came out on the site of Camp Nelson.

This bit of park lying against the upper buttresses of the mountain was named in honor of L. A. Nelson, who also commanded the first outing. From here we had a glimpse only of

the gleaming crest. Where the snows had coursed down the slopes, the meadow was worn into little converging valleys. Clumps of silver fir with whorled branches stood, pagoda-like, on the ridges between. Here white tents bloomed presently so that had some Gulliver of the mountains come striding down the place at crack of dawn, his boot would have startled little people from almost every covert.

It was here we saw our mountain goat. A magnificent pair not over a half mile up the slope, kept a curious eye on us much of the afternoon. In the evening, one stood on a promontory directly above camp and watched us until the mists settled down.

When the rising call sounded next morning, we looked out upon a blind world. The ascent seemed doubtful. In the hope, however, that the weather would clear, L. A. Nelson and a scout started at five-thirty. When we looked for them presently, they had been caught up like two Elijahs in a chariot of cloud. A half hour later, Peter McGregor, leader of the line, blew his whistle and the ones of us who were yet mortal proceeded toilsomely up the snow finger to the promontory, which proved to be the base of the pumice ridge we had observed from Buck Creek Pass. This attained, the going was easier. On and on we plodded and upward, our vanguard and our rear guard alike lost to view. We climbed so until almost nine o'clock. Then our dim world seemed to grow sentient. A flock of rosy finches came beating down the mist. Suddenly the bewildering cloud masses rolled asunder and we beheld above us, the great peak, agleam, and behind it, a fanfare of mackerel cloud blared up the sky! Our leader and his lone companion seemed to have been arrested in their celestial course. We descried them now as mere animated specks marooned on one of the uppper snowfields. Over them and us, the clouds closed and parted time and again, until at last, the besom of the wind swept the whole sky clear above us.

We soon worked down from the ridge to the snow. Instead of taking the peak by assault, as was done on the first outing, we kept south in order to make the saddle between Peak Disappointment and the summit. The fields opened here and there into crevasses, white-walled with snow and abysmally deep. Below us clouds lay everywhere. North and east, we gazed down upon the higher ridges and the spires of many peaks, among them Dome and North Star and Chiwawa, ranged in a vast amphitheater into which the clouds seemed driven wave upon wave, to dash themselves in wild spray against the upper rocks.

Steadily we climbed toward the saddle. With each step the

world below us grew more wonderful. To the south and west, the clouds lay level like a frozen sea, broken in the far distance by a faint, open water which we knew to be the Sound and beyond which, on the very rim of space, rose the Olympics, like the half-guessed shores of some Antarctic continent. In nearer view, foundered the hulks of Sloan and Monte Cristo and White Horse. Away to the southwest we saw Rainier rising, a tremendous iceberg, with the waters still streaming down its flanks.

When we had made the saddle, we rested a while and looked out upon the scene boundless as our own wonder. We could see the summit now close above us. We began the final climb up a ridge of crumbling rock, where waters came gushing down, then switchbacked up the last steep snow. By twelve-twenty we had all emerged upon the white dome. The snow lay so full that we scarcely thought of the summit as an extinct crater. The west and south were still in cloud, but the east and north were clearing. We could now look down into the Suiattle and across to Buck Creek Pass. We exchanged flashes with the watchers on Flower Hill. Mount Baker we saw, and its weird brother, Shuksan. Far as the Canadian border, the clouds were rising from every hidden valley and little by little the country lay revealed, a wild waste of tumultuous, sharp mountains.

For one brief hour on this high crest of the world, we walked between the clouds. As the earth continually dissolved and renewed itself below us, so, out of the clear air, the invisible fingers of the wind wove white gossamers of cloud and waved them triumphantly above our heads, gathering them anon into filmy folds, or blowing them in pale eddies across the sky. Sometimes a great mare's tail was flung aloft, like a streamer. Again the heavens bent over us like a burning dome.

The descent was delightful. The snow had softened under the noon sun and we slushed down lazily, allowing our feet to carry us whither they would. At Camp Nelson we refreshed ourselves and then in heavy marching order continued the trail down to the Suiattle, and made our old camp at dusk. Next day by noon we were home. When we came up out of the meadows into the Pass, we found across the pathway, a triumphal arch flanked with streaming bandanas! The remainder of that afternoon, which was the Sabbath, we rested.

At daybreak the following morning, the horses were driven up in a picturesque cavalcade. The camp was soon abustle. After breakfast a scale was hung from a tripod of poles, and thither, as to the place of judgment, each one trudged with his dunnage

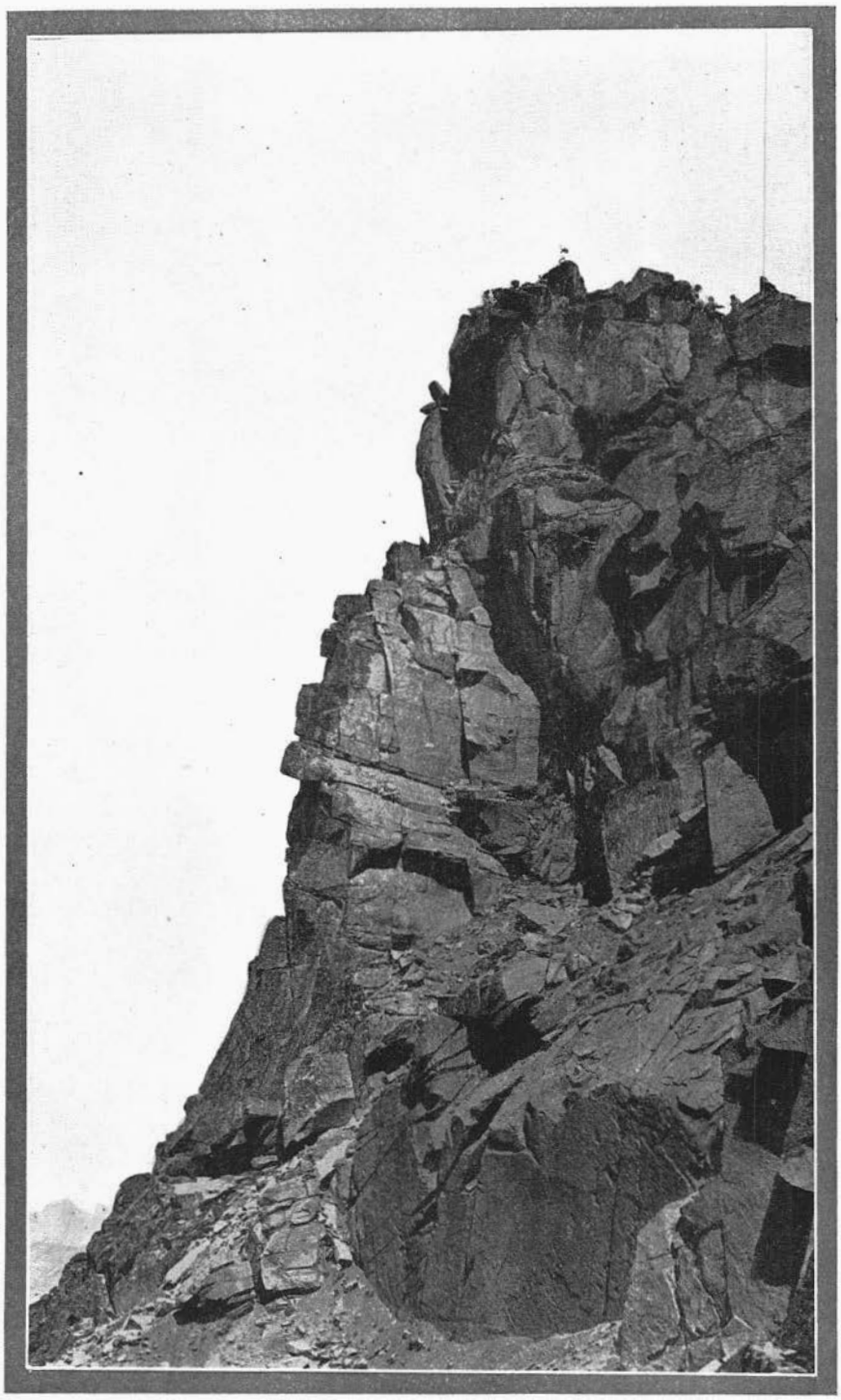

Photo by A. H. Denman

A ROCKY SUMMIT

The slore directly north and above Cloudy Pass ending abruptly in a huge rock pinnacle was called by members of the 1921 Outing Cloudy Mountain. From here a magnificent view is obtained of Glacier Peak, the South Fork of Agnes Creek, Lyman lakes and glacier, Railroad Creek and surrounding mountains.

bag. That day we travelled northward, not as the eagle flies, but slowly out the pathway toward Flower Hill, and down into the deep valley of one of the branches of the Suiattle. Up again, we climbed through clouds of dust until we attained Richardson Pass. From these shorn fields, we could look still farther north across the valley of Miners Creek to Suiattle Pass, elevation 5800 feet, which was our goal. "Dude" Brown with usual rip-saw energy and his incomparable pack-train, had our dunnage into camp long before evening. Many of us straggled in after.

This is a high, green place, cut deep with streams and guarded by scarred peaks and ruined forest. To the east, Cloudy Pass, not cloudy, but alluringly green and beautiful, and to the north, the valley of the South Fork of the Agnes opening away tenderly blue at dawn and in the evening, suffused with amethyst.

From Suiattle Camp about half the party made the ascent of Sitting Bull, 7,300 feet. It was a comfortable afternoon's climb with little snow work. And in order to round out the day, a smaller party insisted on climbing its neighbor Saddle Bow. The knapsack trip to Dome Peak was considered unfeasible on account of the distance, and so was abandoned.

At Suiattle Camp graduation festivities were the gay event. With Glacier Peak, Mrs. Laurie Frazeur, Misses Crissie Cameron, Linda Coleman and Karen Olsen and O. J. Smith achieved their sixth major ascent. On the appointed evening, the members of the class, wonderfully arrayed, took their places on the graduation log. In the presence of the whole campfire, they arose one by one, answered accurately the questions propounded by Professor Meany and had pinned upon their breasts the coveted emblem. The graduation, however, was but a prelude to the alumni banquet. When the undergraduates gathered to dinner the next evening, they found a small roped enclosure convenient to commissary. Within a table with fine linen had been spread and on it a hors d'oevres of little patties. Promptly from a nearby copse black Rastus stepped forth with boiled front, claw-hammer, napkin on arm. Two assistants in white aprons joined him. Thereupon the hidden orchestra launched into the alumni processional and, when these grave personages were seen crossing the meadow solemnly, two by two, cheers and laughter burst forth and the pink gelatine which adorned the patties quivered with emotion!

This was our last united campfire. The next morning which was the eleventh, our "Two-weekers" numbering more than twenty, left us. Nearly the whole camp tramped with them as far as Cloudy Pass. There were innumerable good-byes, then

we watched them swing down across the heather slope into the woods, singing, and they were gone.

The country below Cloudy Pass is a minature Alpland. Within the space of a single picture, rises a semicircle of peaks banked against which lies the beautiful, snowy Lyman Glacier. The moraine of it dips into a little lake, which empties its waters down in a steep torrent into Lyman Lake. In the foreground are sketched heatherslope and green-blue forest.

On the morrow we ourselves trekked across the Pass to pitch our tents by the shores of the lower lake. Our camp here was an

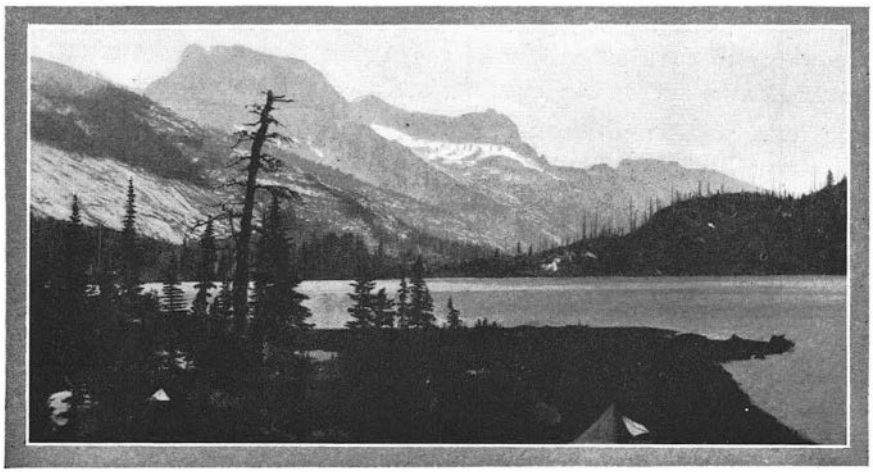

Photo by Lulie Nettleton

LYMAN LAKE

Camp during the last week of the outing was located on this west shore of Lyman Lake, near its lower end. Beyond is the unclimbed peak marked North Star on the map but locally known as Bonanza Mountain. The wide white curtain-like expanse above the end of the lake is an almost vertical glacier-polished sheet of granite.

idyl. A shallow pool lay between us and the lake-marge within which was mirrored all the incessant busyness of our little life. A silver fir or two stood picturesquely by the water's edge, and all the way to the upper lake and the glacier, such acres of white and purple heather as never our feet had trod upon. We spent most of six days here, of fair weather and rain. The nights were magic-Italian nights with clouds streaming down out of the Pass and drifting across a full moon with the lake all aglisten—nights again such as Hiroshige might have printed of old Japan,—blue-black skies, shadowless, dark firs, and ominous, silent water. While through the hours whether of sunlight or starlight, ever the voice of the torrent pouring down from the upper lake, sometimes near, sometimes far, as the winds swept by or fell.

Our first morning at Lyman Lake, more than half the party ascended Mount Chiwawa, 8300 feet. Some of us followed only as far as the glacier, then sprawled on the heather to watch the climb. The long line acquired at first a centipedal aspect, but even the moving of innumerable feet was soon lost so that it fused into an impersonal black dash bearing slowly up the snow. This continued higher and higher until it merged into the dark of the upper rocks. For an hour or more it was lost, then suddenly at noon, the sharp summit became fringed with sometime people, like so many tiny birds on that particular rooftree of the world.

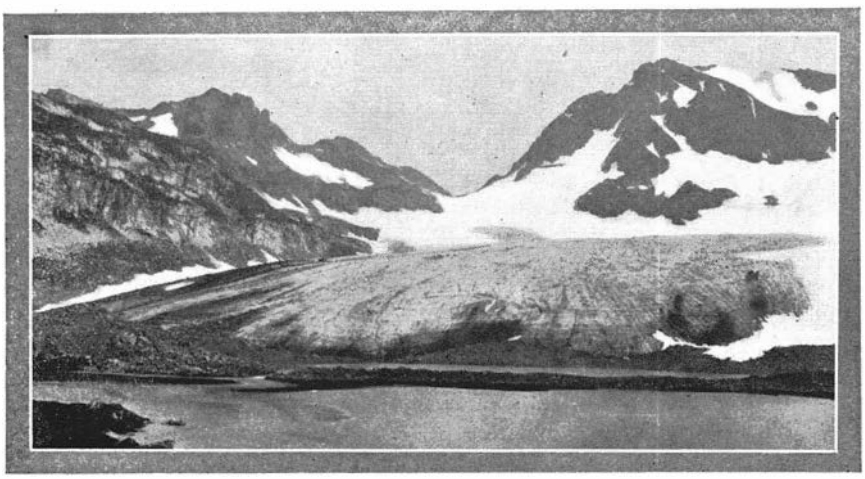

Photo by P. M. McGregor

LYMAN GLACIER

Lyman Glacier breaks off abruptly into upper Lyman Lake on a bench above the lake shown on the opposite page. The two are connected by a beautiful waterfall and cascades. The pass above the snowfield heading Lyman Glacier leads into Phelps Creek. The higher mountain near the pass was named by members of the outing, Lyman Mountain.

During the descent, there was a fine glissade. The line broke into fragments and atom by atom, swept down with perceptible swiftness. Once through the glasses, we witnessed a collision and a disgraceful tumble, whereupon we guessed that particular fragment swore in its feeble, human way. Everybody pronounced it a vigorous climb and one of the best of the trip.

After three days the rains came on. This did not prevent an ascent of Cloudy Peak, north of the Pass, but the ascent of North Star had to be abandoned, partly on account of the probable difficulty of the climb, and partly on account of the weather. The rains, however, made for an interesting camp life. In this, we appreciated more than ever the provision and efficiency of our Committee, Messrs. Nelson, Bremerman and Gorton, and of its

secretary, Miss Celia Shelton. To these we are happy to add our two invaluable ex-officio members, Billy and Louie. They proved equal, as always, to every contingency. A tarp was raised against the hill. A good fire was kept crackling before it at all hours. Under this shelter, were checkers and cards, sewing and gossip, reading, and not a little plain loafing. Usually the sky cleared a part of the day, so that tea parties could be held by the miner's cabin near the glacier. In hidden pools there was swimming and frequently the fishermen tramped down to Hart Lake to provide a part of the morning's breakfast. But every evening, in from the woods, and down the mountain sides and along the trails could be seen the Romany band, trooping home. Then about the camp-fire we improvised songs, or listened to Professor Meany tell Indian legends or sat rapt, as we had many a night before, under the spell of Elwyn Bugge and his violin.

At last and much too soon came Thursday, the 18th. We broke camp to sleep that night not far from Lake Chelan. On the stream below Lake Lyman we stopped to admire the "silver apron," a troubled, bright sheet of water spreading down a wide, sloping bed of granite. A half mile below, the stream falls in cascades down a rock wall nearly a thousand feet, into the upper valley of Railroad Creek. As one descends this wall, one sees Hart Lake, three miles below. From the Lake on, the valley opens wide and beckoning. It is really a hanging valley carved by glaciers once tributary to those of the Lyman region. Part of the way the trail leads through beautiful forest. We camped at Seven-Mile Creek, where for the first time we had huckleberries in abundance, and alack, for the last time, trout for breakfast.

Below Seven-Mile we walked again into eastern Washington. The western yellow pine met us far up the trail and led us to where we could look down upon Lake Chelan, like a sapphire glowing among rocky hills.

Dusty footed, we tramped into Lucerne, a little sunburnt place by the water's edge, where everybody goes about in shirt sleeves and wears a brown hackle in his hat. In our special launch we went to Stehekin at the head of the Lake, among the mountains, and then back again down its whole gorgeous length to Chelan, nestling against its brown hills.

By ordinance for our benefit especially made and provided, the city fathers granted us the freedom of their only park. Here we slept on the cool grass, under the trees. This was the only place in all our gypsying where a sleeping bag was as comfortable in one spot as in another.

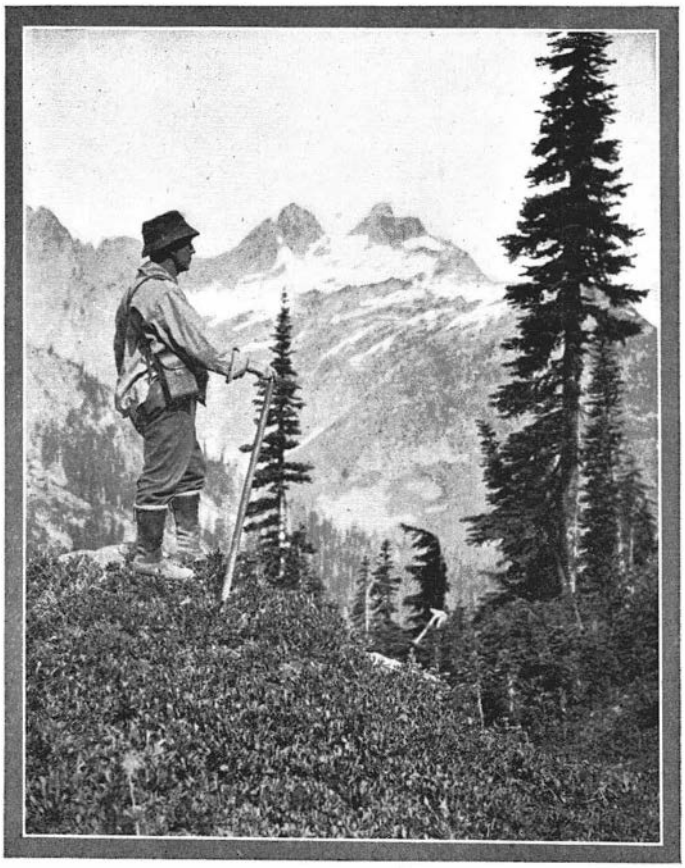

Photo by Frank I. Jones

L. A. NELSON, LEADER OF THE OUTING

One secret of the marked success of Mr. Nelson as a leader of climbs is his ability to map out with unerring judgment from some point of vantage the best route of ascent of a distant peak. He is shown here studying the mountains overlooking the South Fork of Agnes Creek. Saddle-bow Mountain appears across the valley.

After sunrise we tramped our last few miles to Chelan Falls. As we came out on the sagebrush hills above the Columbia, some one exclaimed, "There, do you see that passenger coach on the siding? That is the same one we tried to get away from at Leavenworth!" Too true! There it was, like Fate, patient and inexorable, waiting to hurry us back to civilization.

MEMBERS OF OUTING OF 1921

Outing Committee:

L. A. NELSON, Chairman — CELIA SHELTON, Secretary
GLEN BREMERMAN — FRED Q. GORTON

Name	1	2	3	4	5
John Anderson	1		3		
Pearl Arscott	1		3		
Winona Bailey	1		3		
Mary Balsar					
Catherine Beekley	1				
Edith Page Bennett			3		
Glen F. Bremerman	1	2	3	4	5
E. N. Brooks					
H. E. D. Brown	1		3	4	5
Elwyn Bugge	1	2			
John K. Bush					
Mrs. John Bush	1	2	3		
Ruth Bottomley	1		3		
Crissie Cameron	1				
Effie Chapman	1	2			
Linda Coleman	1		3		
Mary H. Cutter	1	2	3		
A. H. Denman	1				
J. O. Downing	1	2	3		
Hunter Eaton	1				
Sidney R. Esten	1	2			
Emily A. Frake	1	2	3		
Mrs. Laura Frazeur	1	2	3		
Mabel Furry	1		3		
Leo Gallagher	1		3		
L. F. Gehres	1				
J. M. Gleason	1		3		5
Fred Q. Gorton	1	2	3		
Mildred Granger			3		
Elsa Grelle	1	2	3		
R. J. Hagman					
Margaret Hargrave	1	2	3		
Aurelia Harwood	1	2	3		
E. Brooks Horning	1	2	3	4	5
Frank I. Jones	1	2		4	
Louis Hynus					
Sarah Josenhans					
Elizabeth Kirkwood	1	2	3		
Elizabeth Knapp	1				
O. H. Kneen	1				
Lars Loveseth	1	2	3	4	5
Arthur Marzolf	1				
Earl Martin	1	2	3		
Myrtle Matthews	1		3		
E. A. Mayers	1				
Emma McCullough					
Peter McGregor	1	2	3		
Edmund S. Meany			3		
Ben C. Mooers	1			4	5
Mrs. Emma Morganroth	1				
Charles C. More	1	2	3		
Mary Mudgett	1		3		
L. A. Nelson	1	2	3		
Lulie Nettleton		2			
Annie Norrington					
C. T. Oliver	1		3		
Mrs. C. T. Oliver					
Mr. J. A. Oliver	1		3		
Mrs. J. A. Oliver					
Karen Olson	1	2	3		
John Pitzen	1	2	3		
Wm. B. Remy	1	2			
Elizabeth Renshaw	1		3		
Josephine Scholes	1		3		
Katherine Schumaker	1		3		
Catherine Seabury	1				
Mary E. Shelton	1	2	3		
Celia D. Shelton	1	2	3		
Charles Simmons	1	2	3	4	5
Ilo Smith					
O. J. Smith	1	2	3		
Gladys K. Spaulding	1				
Gertrude Streator	1	2	3		
Nan Thompson	1				
Caroline Tracy	1	2	3		
Dr. Ralph I. Vanderwall	1				
Robert Walkinshaw	1				
Mrs. Margaret Weer	1				
Ruth K. Wilson	1		3		
Rebecca Wright	1	2	3		
Wm. Schroll	1		3		
Hubert West	1				
E. W. McCarthy					

1. Glacier Peak. 2. Chiwawa Mt. 3. Cloudy Peak. 4. Saddle Bow. 5. Dummy-Dummy Peak.

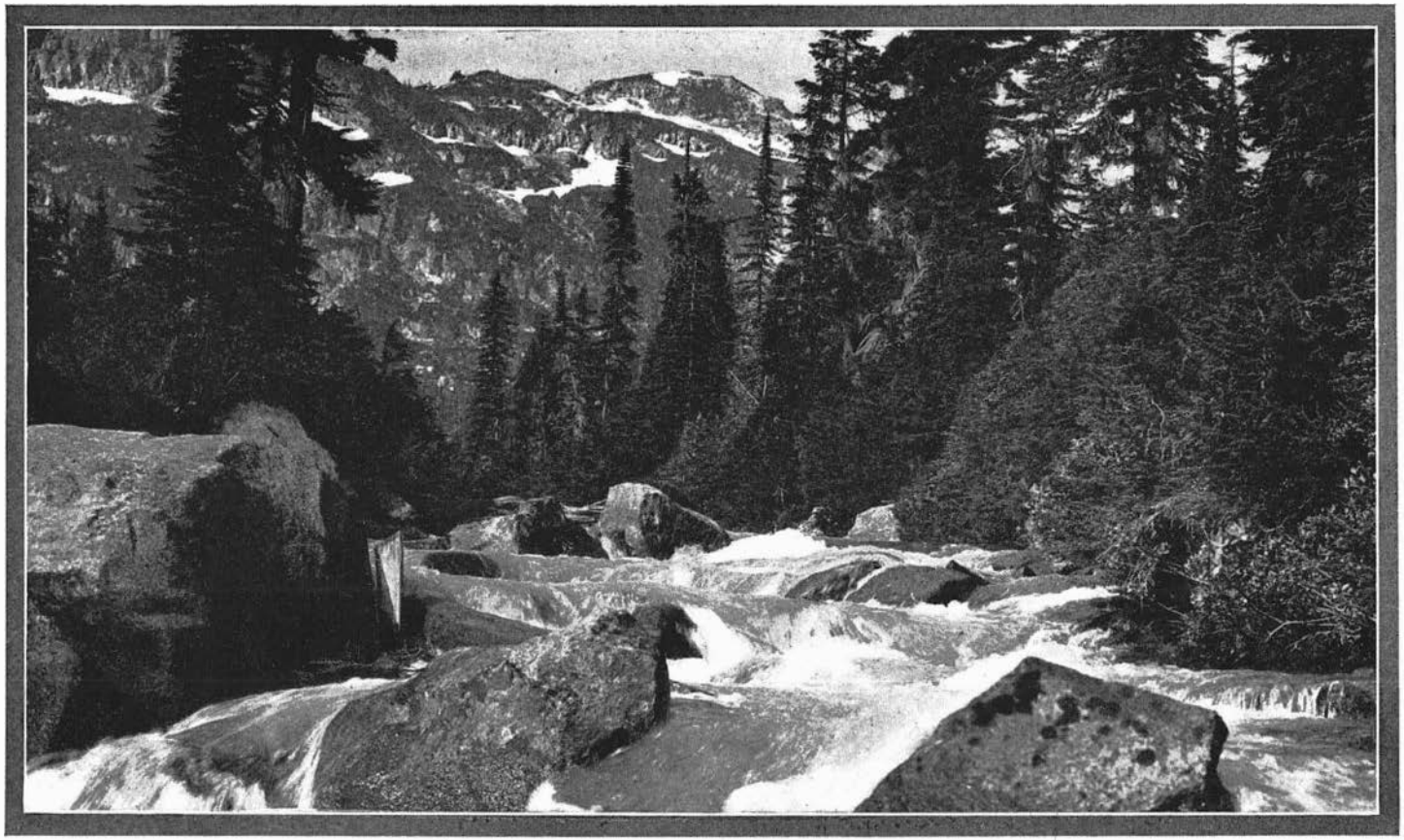

Photo by A. H. Denman

RAILROAD CREEK

The waters pouring out of Lyman Lake into Railroad Creek over innumerable granite boulders form for miles a series of cascades and falls. Looking back up the creek one sees the rugged hills beyond the lake and south of Cloudy Pass.

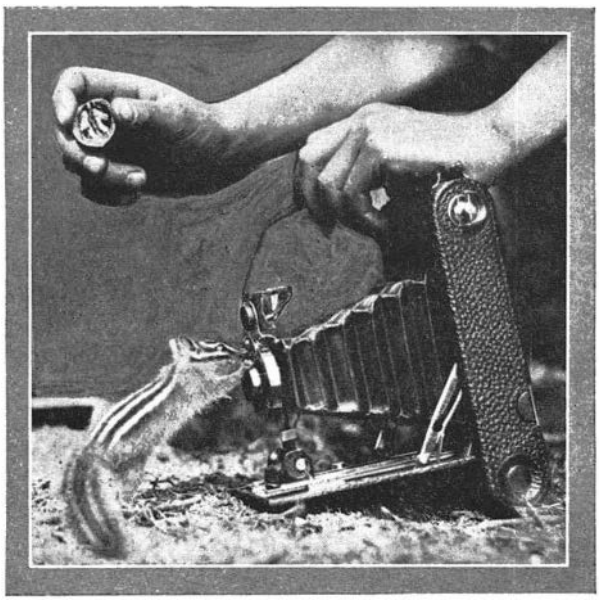

Photo from Life, by William L. and Irene Finley

THE CHIPMUNKS Are among the most likable mammals of the park. This little Chipmunk is apparently absorbed in the mysteries of the camera shutter.

SOME BIRDS AND MAMMALS OF MOUNT RAINIER

* WALTER P. TAYLOR

THE wild life of Mount Rainier, while by no means The Mountain's principal claim to distinction, does form an important item in the list of attractions which so amply justify its national park status. One sees but few birds or mammals in course of the usual hurried visit to the Park, though several are conspicuous. In the vicinity of Paradise Inn harsh-voiced Nutcrackers make themselves heard by all who are in the open. In the neighborhood of Longmire scolding Steller Jays are in evidence, and then, too, there are business-like Juncos and diffident but musical Russet-backed Thrushes. An occasional mammal, such as the Cooper Chipmunk or Douglas Squirrel, may also come to one's notice.

For the most part, however, the world of birds and mammals is beyond the experience of the casual visitor. Scores of busy midgets, Golden-Crowned Kinglets and Chestnut-Backed Chickadees, explore the dense foliage of hemlock and fir. Sturdy Rosy Finches seek food and a place to nest on the bleak and windswept ridges above timberline. Harlequin Ducks paddle about in the waters of The Mountain's rushing rivers, and even raise their

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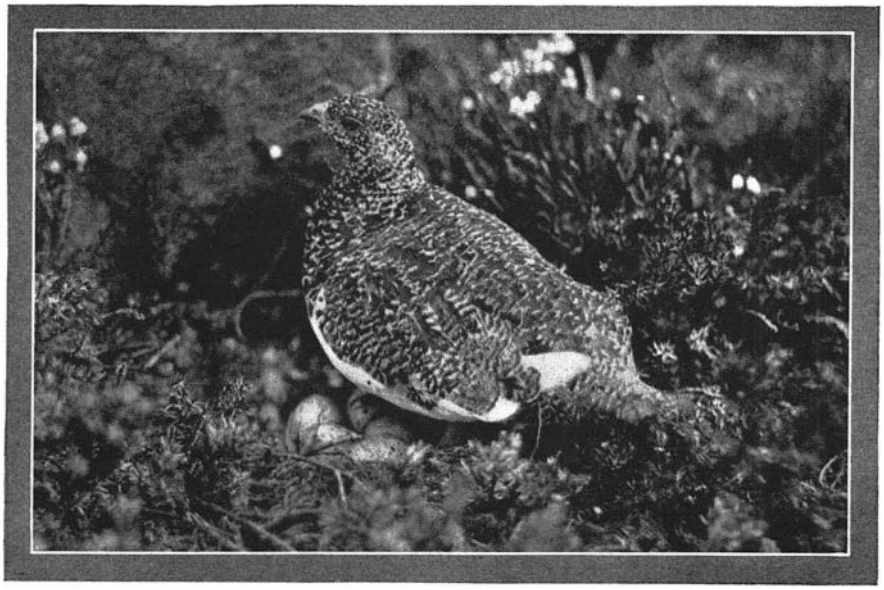
young in favorable situations. The venturesome Water Ouzel locates its nest, a large mossy sphere with a hole in the side, beneath a waterfall on Paradise River. A busy pair of hermit Thrushes brings up a family within a few feet of the main highway above Narada Falls. Most of the mammals remain in seclusion during the day. Under the friendly cover of darkness numerous members of the fraternity of the bright eye and the shining tooth emerge from their burrows, dens, and nests, and, alert and active, seek food and a chance to work out their destiny. Even where a special effort is made the acquaintanceship of the wilderness creatures cannot be gained in a day. Wherever it is possible the bona fide investment of time and patience in cultivating their acquaintance may be relied on to pay large dividends in interest and in pleasure.

Limitations of time and space preclude our discussing here more than a very few species, either of birds or mammals. Taking the birds first we note that water birds are not numerous within the Park. On the eighth of August, 1919, members of The Mountaineers made the interesting discovery of a nest of the Spotted Sandpiper. The young were just ready to leave the nest. The Spotted Sandpiper is a member of the great order of Shore Birds, and it is a pleasant experience to meet an individual on the mudbars or among the rocks of some rushing glacial stream, and to watch him as he teeters daintily about, with, apparently, one eye out for a toothsome morsel and the other for possible danger. The bird student, while yet some distance away, hears the Sandpiper's whistle "Whoit toit" and knows that he has met an old friend. Another shore bird occurring on Mount Rainier, but only during the migrations, is the Western Solitary Sandpiper, which travels, alone, over vast distances, and through all sorts of weather. Strangely enough, for these days of ornithological sophistication, the winter destination of the Solitary is not definitely known.

To many persons the White-tailed Ptarmigan is first in interest among the birds of the mountain. Its icy habitat is forbidding enough to the comfort-loving human, but the combination of glaring light, freezing boreal blast, dwarfed and windblown vegetation, and extensive snow and ice fields, found on the pumice slopes near timberline, seem to suit Mr. and Mrs. Ptarmigan very well indeed. Nature provided the Ptarmigan with an effective camouflage long before the word was invented. Amid the snows of winter, as is well-known, the Ptarmigan becomes wholly white; in summer the bird is speckled, harmonizing remarkably with the dark-colored rocks and heather of its surroundings. Furthermore, there is a

marvelous correlation at this season between need for protection and degree of concealing coloration, for the young are best protected by their color, the hens next, and the cocks least.

One evening at Owyhigh Lakes a little owl flew into camp and perched quite unconcerned on a tree near the fire, as if wishing to join the circle. We later learned that this was the Sawwhet Owl, and a remarkably interesting neighbor we found him. His peculiar name is derived from one of his call-notes. On more than one occasion the curiosity, or stupidity, maybe, of these little



Taken on Pyramid Peak, Mount Rainier. *Photo from life, by J. B. Flett*

THE PTARMIGAN At her nest in the midst of the heather, presents a wonderfully attractive appearance.

owls drove them into our tent and a weird sensation it was to awaken suddenly from a sound sleep and hear the call of an owl sounding within six feet of one's ear.

The Rufous Hummingbird was found to be fairly common on Mount Rainier. One cannot always judge the quality of the contents by the size of the package. Although the Rufous Hummingbird is one of the tiniest birds in the Park, its boldness would do credit to a far larger species. If an inexperienced Junco unwittingly invades the Hummer's preserves, he is set upon at once by the jealous proprietor, and soon forced to beat a precipitate retreat. The Hummingbird is occasionally found far above timberline, buzzing rapidly over the desolate upper reaches of The

Mountain's glaciated sides, apparently as much at home as in an alpine flower garden.

The jays are a mischievous lot, and are guilty of not a little villainous conduct. They eat other birds' eggs, and have even been known to devour young birds in the nest. But they make up for much of their naughtiness by their familiarity and saucy habits. According to the Indian legend of Hamitchou, Skai-ki, the Steller Jay, is a wise bird, foe to magic. Her singing is said to refresh the honest laws of nature. Her cousins, the Gray Jays, or Whiskey Jacks, are of even greater interest to campers. They have an extensive repertoire of calls and whistles, with which, usually, their first appearance is announced. They are often extremely bold, and will purloin food from the camp table, or even, sometimes, alight on one's shoulders, back, or hat.

To the writer the Gambel Sparrow, a common migrant through the Park, is one of the most attractive of its birds. The eagle, as Professor Shaw says, is emblematic of majesty and power; the crow of craft and knavery; the thrush of evening harmony, but the Gambel Sparrow is symbolic of sociability and happiness. Found in open brushy places, there is scarce a stump or projecting snag but has its Sparrow, while the migration lasts. Its song, while not unusually powerful, is full of optimism and good cheer.

Several warblers occur in the Park, among them the Townsend, the Audubon, the Lutescent, and the Tolmie. All are slender birds, small in size, and with pointed, narrow bills. The term "warbler" conveys the idea of brilliant melody; but the songs of the most of the group are simple trills.

The life of the Western Winter Wren is spent in the shadow. His home is the forest floor. He revels in the mosses, the huckleberry vines, the huge logs and the upturned roots of his habitat, and he is seldom seen more than six feet above the ground. But while he may live in the deep shade, his is a most cheerful disposition, as shows strongly forth at nesting time, when he perches himself on some prominent twig and sings and sings and sings, a tiny tinkling warble, harmonizing perfectly with his diminutive personality.

The Varied Thrush or Oregon Robin, silent, secretive, and of a retiring nature, seems to personify, as does no other species, the spirit of the woods. His song is one of the most elusive of bird sounds. More, perhaps, than anything else, it recalls shadowy forest aisles, with shafts of sunlight penetrating through the branches of giant hemlocks and firs to the damp mossy ground.

Passing now to the mammals, we find the Black Bear probably

the most notable of the carnivores. A large and lumbering creature, one might expect him to be conspicuous wherever he is at all common. But such is not the case. Like most of the other woods folks, he is extremely shy, and one may dwell for weeks where bears are abundant, and never see one. On Mount Rainier the Black Bear is a good deal of a vegetarian, grass, leaves, and berries making up the most of his diet. When the supply of these things

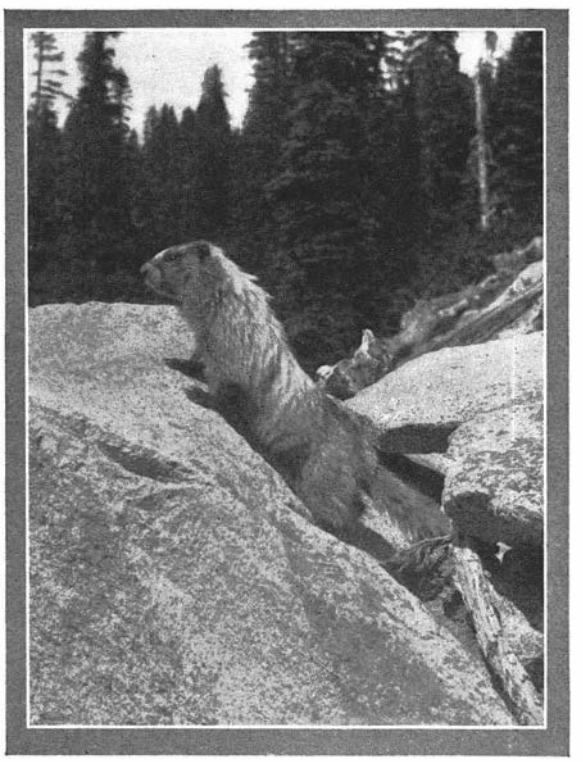


Photo from Life, by William T. Shaw

THE CASCADE HOARY MARMOT

Or whistler is the watchman of the alpine park area. When one's pack-train comes over the ridge the penetrating whistle of the Marmot warns all woods creatures of the approach of something suspicious.

grows lean, he sometimes hunts for scraps or ill-guarded supplies in the vicinity of the camps.

There are few people who do not still have some timidity about camping and tramping in the open, partly because of supposed dangers from wild animals. In Mount Rainier Park, or almost any where else in the West, such dangers, as every Mountaineer knows, are practically non-existent. A whole series of imaginary fears is aroused, as a rule, by the mere mention of the Mountain

Lion. As often described, the call of this beast sounds "like the shriek of a woman in distress, or the pitiful cry of a lost child." Dr. C. Hart Merriam says "An attack of indigestion, the cry of a Loon, or the screech of an Owl, a piece of phosphorescent wood, and a very moderate imagination, are all that are necessary, in the way of material and connections, to build up a thrilling tale of this description." The Mountain Lion's cry, rarely heard, is said to be a sort of roar rather than a scream. The animal itself is seldom seen, being even shyer and more retiring than the Black Bear.

The rodents are the most abundant mammalian denizens of the mountain. Most widespread of all are the Deer Mice, modest, bright-eyed little creatures with a wonderful capacity for adapting themselves to circumstances. The woods are full of them, and an old cabin is almost sure to be overrun with them. They range far up on Mount Rainier and have even been recorded from the extreme summit between seven and eight thousand feet above timberline.

Conspicuous in many alpine parks are numerous pocket-gopher-like mounds of earth, communicating with a network of tunnels and burrows which ramify widely and often embrace a considerable area, especially in moist places. These are the signs of the great alpine Water Vole, a very common mammal in the vicinity of timberline. The young are born in warm dry nests of shredded grass blades a few inches beneath the surface of the ground. A capacity for adaptation is almost as marked a characteristic of this animal as of the Deer Mouse, and I was much surprised to find a Water Vole living under the wall of the stone cabin at Camp Muir, altitude 10,000 feet, far from what would be considered a favorable habitat.

As one enters the capacious mountain amphitheaters in the vicinity of timberline his appearance will frequently be heralded to all wilderness creatures within hearing by the shrill but musical whistle of the Cascade Hoary Marmot. The heavy fat body of the Marmot does not convey the impression of alertness or agility, but he possesses a generous endowment of both. His home is usually located beneath a rock-slide. The young Marmots, two to four in number, are chubby little balls of fur, very juvenile, very grave, and very comical.

The chipmunks, undoubtedly the most popular mammals in the Park, appear to be the happiest creatures in the woods. There are two kinds, one, slightly larger and darker, with margin of tail silver-gray, living by preference in the deep woods below 5,000

feet; the other, slightly smaller and paler, with margin of tail brown, choosing the alpine park country usually above 5,000 feet. Both are of a sprightly and vivacious temperament, and very companionable. Chipmunks live in shallow burrows usually beneath boulders and logs, spending the winter in hibernation.

As a close second to the chipmunks in popularity comes the Douglas Squirrel. Bright-eyed, active, saucy, and handsome, he often seems to be hurling down imprecations on one for disturbing the peace of his quiet woods. Fortunately he does not appear to harbor animosity for long, and his loquacity may be due rather to excitement than to anger. His extraordinary activity and energy are indicated by an incident related by Mr. J. B. Flett. At Long-

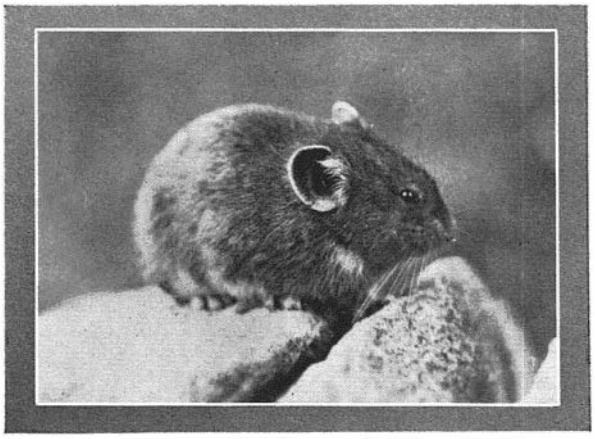


Photo from Life, by William L. and Irene Finley

THE CONY OR PIKA — A soft-furred rabbit-like little creature; is perfectly at home among the jagged boulders and rocks of the talus slopes of Rainier's mountain amphitheaters.

mire, in the fall of 1920, a single squirrel cut 1,167 Douglas Fir cones in three days, and in addition carried many others, not counted, under the house. It has been recently shown that the Squirrel is an important factor in reseeding the Douglas Fir in the burnt areas of the Northwest, and no wonder!

Shyest and most secretive of the family is the Flying Squirrel, which, although seldom seen because of its strictly nocturnal habits, is quite common on Mount Rainier. When examined by day it proves to be a very attractive creature, with soft fur, prominent ears, and large round eyes. As is well-known, the skin on its sides can be expanded so as to greatly increase the area of the under surface of the body. The tail is broad and flat. The animal cannot fly by propelling itself through the air with its "wings", but, as described by Professor W. T. Shaw, launches forth from high in one tree, sailing by a long downward curve, nearly to the

ground, then catching itself by a sudden movement, and alighting gracefully on the trunk of another tree.

"The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks," says the Bible (Prov. 30:26), and this statement is true of our own Conies, which, however, are not related to those of Bible lands. The Cony, Pika, or Little Chief Hare is a neighbor of the Marmot, living in the rock-slides in the high alpine park country. Small and weak in appearance, and rabbit-like in general dullness of personality, one cannot help wondering how the Cony has survived the vicissitudes of the seasons and of enemies through the long ages. He is nothing if not active, and can usually be observed at intervals through the day, and sometimes heard

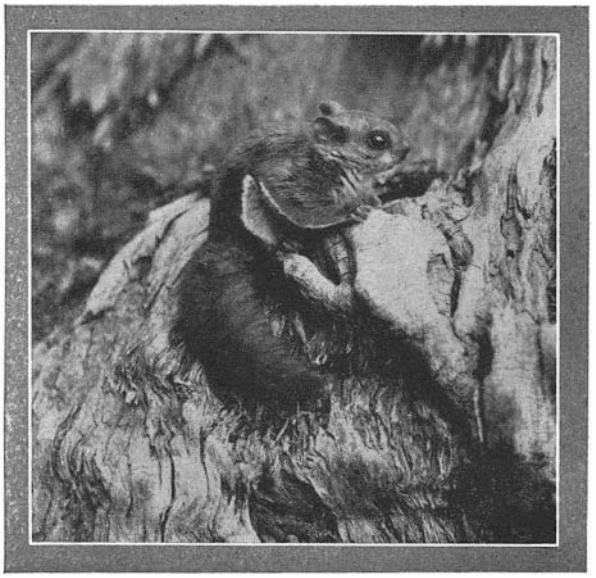


Photo from Life, by Walter P. Taylor and George G. Cantwell

THE FLYING SQUIRREL Is a lover of darkness and is never seen by day except by accident. Note the broad, flat tail, and the prominent fold of skin at the side of the body.

through the hours of darkness. He divides hay-making honors with the Mountain Beaver. Piles of green or partly dried vegetation, to be used later for food or bedding material, are frequently seen under some sheltering boulder. The Cony does not hibernate, but remains active all winter in his rock-slide habitat under the snow.

One is probably as likely to see a Black-tailed Deer along the road between Longmire and Paradise as in any part of the Park. The meadow country about the springs at Longmire is another favorite place of resort. These graceful wild creatures, so hand-

some in their natural environment, are among the most valuable assets in wild life to be found on the mountain. It is all the more to be regretted, that, after becoming tame under the protection of the Park authorities, they wander over the boundaries in autumn and winter and fall an easy prey to hunters. To provide for the maintenance and increase of the Park deer, it is important that a game preserve, sufficient in size to include the deer's fall and winter range, should be established outside the Park.

The Mountain Goat occupies a pre-eminent place among the mammals of the Northwest. He is remarkably light on his feet for so heavy-bodied an animal, and is able to negotiate ice, snow, and rock slopes of unbelievable steepness. In the Rocky Mountains the Goat is said to spend the winter on the high ridges above timberline, feeding on the vegetation exposed by the wind. Climatic conditions on Mount Rainier make this impossible. When the first severe storms come, the Goats descend into the timber and brush about the altitude of the ends of the glaciers, or sometimes even lower, depending on the depth of the snow. Mr. Flett has seen them at the altitude of Longmire. They remain at these lower levels until able once more to occupy their boreal habitati.

WHITE HEATHER

Edmond S. Meany

The purple heather for friendship
For loyal friends and true;
But snowy heather, my darling!
Is the bloom I pluck for you.

Oh rugged bloom of the highland!
Oh grail of northern hills!
Whence came thy magic of nectar
Each tiny cup distills?

The purple heather for friendship,
Clean as a pearl of dew;
But snowy heather, my sweetheart,
I pluck for the love of you.

VALLEY OF TEN THOUSAND SMOKES

RODNEY L. GLISAN

SINCE the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes became a National Monument, the question has often been asked whether it can be visited without too much trouble and expense.

I will try and answer that question based on a trip which I made there two years ago. I had read with intense interest the accounts of the valley appearing in the National Geographic Magazine of January, 1917, and February, 1918, and when I received an invitation to go with the National Geographic Expedition in 1919 I accepted with alacrity.

The September number of the National Geographic of this year gives such a full and interesting account of the recent expedition and is so beautifully illustrated it seems almost absurd that I could add anything of interest and much of my narrative may appear as repetition.

The Valley made a most profound impression upon me, and I trust the government will promptly open up a better route to the Valley and give the public an opportunity to view this weird and impressive place. At present the cost and trouble getting into the Valley from Kodiak, the nearest steamer point, is excessive.

The Valley lies in the narrow part of the Alaskan Peninsula where it tapers off to the westward just across Shelikof Straits from Kadiak Island. The government for some unknown reason called the island Kadiak and the town Kodiak.

Indians for generations and trappers and miners for years past had taken the well defined trail through the Valley across the Peninsula to the Bering Sea, thus saving a long sea voyage around the end of the Peninsula.

The trail led through a pine forest with grassy glades frequented by moose, caribou, deer and bear.

In June, 1912, almost overnight, a great transformation took place. The whole upper portion of Katmai volcano, a few miles from the Valley, blew up—eruptions occurred in the Valley, and a heavily wooded country was transformed into a seething inferno, and every vestige of life vanished, not one twig now remaining of the once luxuriant forest.

Kadiak Island, a hundred miles distant, was buried under a foot of powdered ash. Many of the lower branches of the spruce trees on Kadiak are still covered with an ashy crust several inches deep. Shelikof Straits were so covered with

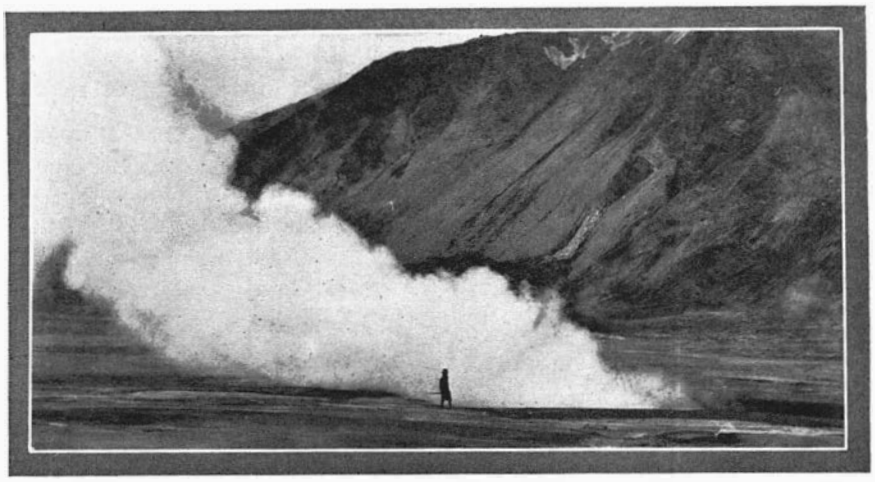


Photo by R. L. Glisan

FUMEROLE AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN

pumice that it was impossible for the few steamers in the vicinity to distinguish land from water. Ashes fell as far south as Ketchikan, 900 miles away, and the terrific explosion was heard at Anchorage, 100 miles distant. Daylight was changed to blackest night for sixty hours and it looked to those in the vicinity as though the end of the world was near. It was the greatest volcanic outburst in history, remarkable because not a human life was lost. 2,500 feet of the permanent volcano blew off, leaving a hole 2,000 feet deep down into the very bowels of the earth. An incredible amount of material was disgorged, and unlike most volcanic outbursts, there was no lava flow, no large rock was vomited forth, the explosive force being so tremendous that everything was reduced to ashes and thrown so high it affected the sun's rays the world over.

Katmai Crater is over 2,000 feet deep from the rim to water level, and how deep the water in the crater may be will probably never be known, as intensely hot poisonous vapor spurts from countless crevices and vents along the sides, preventing any investigation.

The National Geographic Expedition in 1919 was carefully planned. The bulk of the provisions and equipment was sent up on a salmon cannery sailing vessel from San Francisco to Bristol Bay in the Bering Sea several months in advance. From Bristol Bay they were transferred to a cannery tender going up the river to the rapids and transferred to small Evinrude driven motor boats, which were lined up the rapids and then up Naknek Lake fifty miles to the upper end. From there the provisions were back packed into the valley to respective sites.

This was done to avoid packing over Katmai Pass on account of the elevation.

The director of the expedition took the April boat north and May 28, 1919, I left Seattle with the last detachment of scientists, reaching Kodiak June 10th.

The vegetation on Kadiak Island is far more luxuriant than prior to 1912 although it was predicted that the vegetation would take several centuries to recover, the ash deposit having stimulated the growth in a remarkable degree after it once came up through the ash.

From Kodiak we embarked on the Nimrod, a two masted gasoline schooner forty feet in length, and anchored the first night in Dry Harbor on the edge of Shelikof Straits, near a small island where blue foxes were raised for their pelts. We crossed Shelikof Straits next day, forty miles in width, these turbulent waters tossing our tiny craft like a cork much to the discomfiture of the inner man.

We anchored the second night in Amolik Bay on a portion of the Peninsula, and the next day cruised westward about twenty-two miles to Katmai Bay. Katmai Bay was originally deep enough for any vessel, but the silt carried downstream from the volcano has shallowed the Bay necessitating even our small schooner to lay from a half mile to a mile off shore and everything had to be taken ashore in a small dory.

Across this shallow flat the slightest wind kicks up heavy swells preventing safe landing. The party before us waited a week before they could get ashore and I had to allow several days leeway returning to make sure that I would not miss the steamer at Kodiak.

The Society accomplished a most important work in surveying Amolik Bay, which is a beautiful landlocked harbor and discovering the inner harbor where the largest steamer could anchor, and from there they surveyed a route into the Valley by such easy grade that tourists could motor twenty-five miles to the Valley, going on to Naknek Lake and back to their steamer in a day if so disposed. This is what I hope other tourists can do in the near future, but not what I did. Not being a scientist, for want of better label, I was dubbed the first tourist to enter the Valley and I feel proud of the title.

After landing at Katmai Bay, we had to cross a wide tide ripped lagoon where a turbulent stream entered the Bay from the westward.

I had sole charge of a canvas canoe loaded with dunnage. In

crossing the canoe was frequently swept against the sand bars and in shifting off into the current, I sank into the sand, and had such difficulty in breaking loose, it seemed as though there must be some quicksand there.

We camped among the cottonwood on the shore that night and the next day took a dimly defined trail through the dead cottonwood and birch to the last stand of timber, snow white cottonwood trunks killed by the explosion, which stand at Martin Creek, halfway to the Valley.

All of the party who could pack were carrying heavy packs and not keen on long distances. The following evening about six o'clock, we made Katmai Pass twenty-five miles from the Lagoon, 2700 ft. elevation, and looked down into the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. The pillars of steam rose high making a canopy over the Valley and the rays of the setting sun brought out the Valley floor in strong relief, making the steam columns look like huge pillars of white marble supporting the dome of a temple so great the eye cannot grasp nor measure the dimensions. We almost expected to see one-eyed Cyclops or genii prowling around the Valley floor. We had an unobstructed view down the Valley its full length of twelve miles, with an average width of three miles. It was a weird contrast going down a snow slope into a hot steam vented Valley. Guardian peaks rose on either side of the pass; to the left the massive glacial covered flank of Mageik towered high in the evening light, steam columns rising close to the green walls of ice, which formed the base at one arm of the Valley, while still larger steam columns shot skyward from the summit. To our right we could hear the dull reverberation from Falling Mountain where rocks cannonaded down its precipitous side and from the Valley as we enteered came the hissing roar of escaping steam very faint at first, but more pronounced as we approached the fumaroles. The slanting rays of the setting sun brought the steam columns out in vivid relief giving a pinkish shade to some in contrast to the other alabaster-like pillars.

At one moment we felt that we were in a huge temple and then the night breeze would shift the columns and we would hear the roar from the deep throated vents and feel the hot blast, making one think he was viewing the world in the agony of its creation.

Tired, overburdened with our packs, we forgot our weariness and hastened on with caution, however, for we realized that death lurked everywhere under the thin crust with its countless superheated steam vents.

We camped that night up a side valley with a huge snowdrift behind us and steam vents in front. The cottonwood sticks we

brought from Martin Creek were used as poles to support our tents, and huge rock buried in the sand anchored our guy ropes. The biting air drawing up the Valley made us seek the shelter of our tents. On the canvas floor we sought rest for the night. The heat from the ground beneath us was very welcome, but gradually I removed one garment after another, tossed the blankets aside and soon was in the same costume and experienced much the same feeling as in the reclining room of a Turkish bath. I dreaded the morning as I knew I was in for an awful cold. To my surprise a slight rub and I was dry, and muscles stiffened

Photo by R. L. Glisan

A KITCHEN IN THE CRUST OF THE EARTH

from the packs were limbered up as though I had dipped in the Fountain of Youth.

Next day, however, I tested the ground with a thermometer and shifted the tent to a cooler place and enjoyed a comfortable glow the following night.

I spent ten days in and around the Valley. A day can be twenty-four hours there if you wish it. I took my best photographs after six p.m., and some were taken as late as eleven p.m., and I had to resort to blinders across the eyes to secure necessary slumber. It was quite in order for a group to leave or arrive in camp at midnight and a hot meal was always ready for them. While the others fussed with cameras, specimens and notes, I busied myself with the pots. A little water from the melting snow and then into the different pots we poured rice, beans, corn meal, oatmeal, dehydrated fruits, anything you could lay your hands on, and in holes dug in the ground, we placed the pots and covered them over with the hot sand. An hour for oatmeal, sev-

Photo by R. L. Glisan

A FUMEROLE

eral hours for beans—take out what you want and then replace the pots for the next meal—for the next comer—leave them in the morning and a hot meal awaited your return at night. Leave them at night and breakfast is ready immediately upon rising. The water, just missing the boiling point evaporates slowly. The pots never lose their luster, the contents never lose their savor. Someone caught a swan and into the pot went the swan, or portions thereof, and behold, a feast for the gods. To vary our simple diet, we sought a live steam jet and over the steam we fried bacon and baked corn cake. The scientists sought still hotter holes and enjoyed the unique sensation of making lead bars drip and melt away over live steam jets. When your foot broke through the crust you instantly felt the heat from the hot mud. One shoe would be bloody red slashed with black, the other shoe might be yellow streaked with brown. The quiet tone of the surface was no indication of the wealth of color beneath in the mud, the sand and the baked clay. Fortunately the ground near the fumaroles had a baked crust appearance so that we could locate the hot places and the places where one might break through into the mud beneath. An Alpine stick was most useful in picking your way around.

Some of the slopes were covered with yellow sulphur crystals. Green algae, a microscopic organism in broad patches gave a striking contrast to the other colors. Novorupta, where the original explosive violence centered, and where the fumarole activity is now most active, proved fascinating. We never ceased to marvel at the constant cannonading from Falling Mountain nearby,

where ever since 1912, rocks have tumbled down its precipitous flank, forced from the rim above, supposedly from the lava plug rising within. Some steam columns were tiny threads, others were 100 feet through, some hardly cleared the ground, others rose 1500 feet skyward. So intense was the heat below that no steam appeared within five feet of the ground—most of the steam vents would have instantly loosened the flesh from your bones if you drew too close, yet were attractively warm a few feet away. All had a slight odor which did not bother us, although some produced headaches if you absorbed too much at a time. Like a forest fire held in check by the wind, the damage done by the volcanic outburst was sharply defined. Naknek Lake, a few miles north of the Valley and within the National Monument still mirrors the original pine forest in its clear surface, while fowl fly along its shore, fish teem in its waters and at its outlet.

Kodiak bears, far larger than any grizzly, track its shores—tracks you could step inside without touching the outer edge. Rainbow trout, which would run twenty and thirty inches in length, five or more pounds in weight, rose readily to the fly. Bands of swan as many as 500 at a time were seen down by the outlet, while mosquitoes in still larger bands invaded the lake camp, but dared not enter the Valley.

Horsetail, a slender green reedlike plant, is the first green life to appear in the lower end of the Valley. The hot mud flow in the Valley must have been stupendous for the river lethe starting since the eruption has already cut through 100 feet of mud flow.

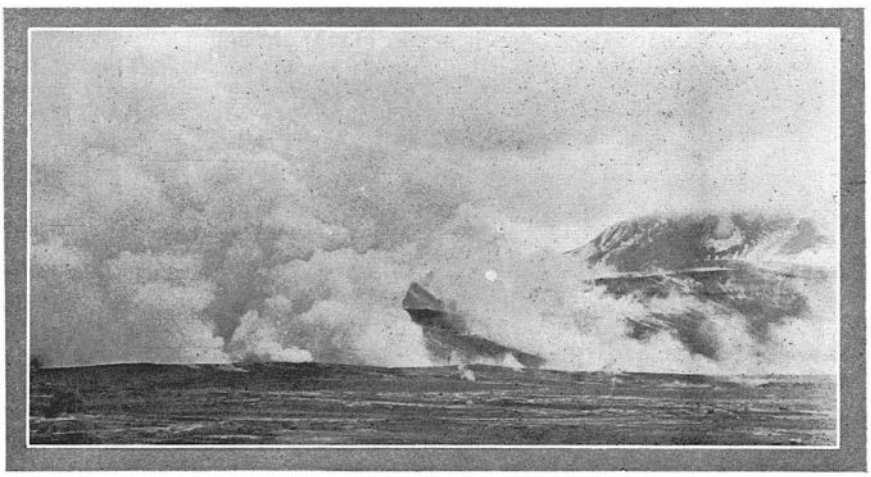


Photo by R. L. Glisan

A CENTER OF FUMAROLE ACTIVITY.

To continue this rambling narrative would trespass on space allotted to other writers and I must close.

It took me seventeen days of steamer travel to make Kodiak. This trip taken in May or June is sufficient unto itself. The inland passage increases in grandeur as you travel north. You pass glaciers coming down to the water's edge with snow peaks rising above for 15,000 feet in height, far more impressive than our snow peaks further south, which left the snow a few thousand feet above surrounding foothills. The Malaspina glacier alone presents seventy miles of unbroken ice wall with St. Elias rising 18,000 feet above. Ten days spent in the Valley seem hardly ten hours although it was often midnight before we retired.

Do what you can to get the government to at least break a trail from Amolik Bay to the Valley and as soon as possible thereafter, hit the trail.

SUGGESTED SUPPLEMENTARY READING FROM CASCADE NUMBER, VOL. III., THE MOUNTAINEER

In this volume the committee has attempted to avoid duplication of articles and illustrations in the previous Cascade Number, Vol. III. It is suggested that much interesting supplementary reading may be found in that volume.

Report of the Botanists. Dr. Cora Smith Eaton, Winona Bailey.

Record of Ascents of Glacier Peak. L. A. Nelson.

Mountaineer Outing on Glacier Peak. Lulie Nettleton.

Sketch Map—Trails and Camps, Glacier Peak Outing, 1910. Done by Chas. Albertson.

AN ASCENT OF MT. OLYMPUS IN THESSALY, GREECE.

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR.

OLYMPUS has stood for many centuries as a symbol for majesty and sublimity. In turning the pages of modern literature and of the classics, and in traveling far and wide throughout the world, one comes continually across the name; yet it is surprising how few people realize that the mountain itself still stands in Thessaly overlooking the fair Aegean, as noble and inspiring today as in the days of the Homeric heroes.

From Saloniki, lately famous as a military base of the Allies, the modern traveler may gaze across the blue waters of the gulf towards Thessaly and see clearly the snow-crowned crest of

Photo by F. P. Farquhar

THE HOME OF THE GODS.

Mount Olympus in Thessaly, Greece. This peak is the one climbed in 1914 by Farquhar and Phoutrides. On the north the mountain breaks off abruptly in tremendous precipices.

Mount Olympus. Or sitting beneath the plane trees that border the silvery stream of the Peneius at Larissa, he may again behold it glistening above the dark, forested foothills just north of the Vale of Tempe. Looking thus upon its splendor, one can easily imagine it to be the dwelling place of the Immortals; for surely no grander temple, no more sublime sanctuary, has ever been conceived of by mankind as the earthly center of religious worship.

For centuries men have seen Olympus from a distance and have gone their ways inspired by its noble beauty. Yet in all history we find scarcely a word of any closer inspection of the mountain. It is doubtful if the ancient Greeks ever visited it as a shrine; not indeed that they were deterred by any feeling of awe or super-

stitution, but simply because in those days men rarely climbed to mountain summits. With a few exceptions, it is only recently that mountains have been ascended for inspiration and for scientific knowledge.

In mediaeval times, however, mountain summits were occasionally visited by those who sought safety and seclusion from the turmoil of the warring world beneath. There is on one of the peaks of Olympus, not quite the highest, a ruined chapel dating probably from about the twelfth century. It was about that time that the monasteries of Mount Athos and Meteora were established on lofty and even more inaccessible heights. At one time there were several monasteries about the foot of Olympus, but of these only one remains in activity today. On the southwestern flank of the mountain, above a deep ravine, stands the little monastery of Sparmos, called Hagia Trias, or Holy Trinity. It is a very small place, housing only half a dozen people, and for this reason has remained throughout the centuries almost undisturbed in its old world character. Within the hollow square of the outer buildings is a little chapel of Byzantine style, adorned with crude frescoes that have never been subjected to the obliterating whitewash of the Moslems.

It was from this little monastery of Sparmos that on April 30, 1914, I started for the snowy summit of Olympus. I was fortunate in the companionship of an intimate friend, who possessed a rare combination of qualities particularly desirable for such an excursion. Doctor Aristides E. Phoutrides was a native of the island of Ikaria, now part of the Kingdom of Greece. At the age of nineteen he had come to America and after four years was, in 1911, graduated with the highest honors from Harvard University, where he later received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Doctor Phoutrides was not only a scholar, but an excellent mountaineer and a delightful companion. He was familiar with all of the classic lore of Greece and knew equally well the modern poetry and legends which center so much about the heroic deeds of the Klephtes, the outlaw heroes who inspired the Greek revolt from Turkey a century ago, and who in small bands in the remote mountains had carried on ever since a guerilla warfare against Turkish authority in northern Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus.

This knowledge of Klepht folk-lore was by no means an unimportant part of our equipment for the ascent of Olympus. We had been warned of bandits and we knew that for a century Olympus had been the greatest stronghold of these outlaws. We had heard vague accounts about the experiences of a German

engineer named Richter who had been captured by bandits in this very region while attempting to climb Olympus. That was in 1911, only three years before our visit. But we felt little apprehension, for since that time the Balkan wars had intervened and this region, which until 1912 had been for five centuries in the Turkish dominions, was now restored to Greece. The outlaws were now good citizens—presumably. Moreover, what was most important, I was confident that if we should meet any of these ex-bandits Phoutrides would so charm them by reciting ballads of the Klepht heroes that they would promptly invite us to a feast and honor us with presents. In fact, such is the romantic character of these primitive people that I have not the slightest doubt that this would have been the outcome.

We met with no such adventures, however, and the only difficulties that we had to overcome were those of distance and altitude and of soft snowfields; and for my part, I must add, a lack of palatable food. It was an arduous climb and required a long sustained effort in order to accomplish it in a single day. The altitude of Olympus is only a little short of 10,000 feet and we started from probably not more than 1500, so that we climbed and descended again over 8000 feet that day. We left the monastry of Sparmos at 4.30 in the morning and made our way up the ravine in the semi-darkness. Climbing continually, first up through forested slopes, then through open Alpine pastures, we reached the snowfields, and at 10 o'clock were on the summit of a rounded, snow-covered dome in the very center of the range.

The clouds were rapidly closing in all around us and we saw that within an hour the whole range would be enveloped. Meanwhile we had just time to observe the character of the range and speculate as to its highest point. We had no previous knowledge of the mountain, and in fact, at that time no accurate account of the summits had ever been published. Our choice lay between the northerly and the southerly parts of the range, and after a brief deliberation we chose the former as seemingly the higher. Continuing on our way over the snow, which was rapidly becoming softer, in a little over an hour we reached the summit of one of the very highest peaks.

I shall not attempt to describe anew our experience on this Olympian crest. In an article published in Scribner's Magazine for November, 1915, Dr. Phoutrides and I have rendered an account of the vast precipices dropping suddenly from the rounded summits, of the valleys far below, of the huge towers of black rock that loomed across an amphitheatre before us, and of the clouds

that swathed the mountain, now obscuring, now revealing its magnificence.

We were in doubt then as to what was actually the highest point, but I have since come to believe that probably one of those black towers that stood just beyond our reach, is the supreme crest of Olympus. At all events, these towers are the most spectacular points, but with a long descent still before us, we had neither the time nor the strength to reach them, and reluctantly turned back by the way we had come.

The height of Olympus has been a matter of interest since classical times. In Plutarch's Life of Paulus Aemilius there is an account of a measurement by Xenagoras. He found it to be 10 stades, which is the equivalent of about 6050 English feet. It is interesting to note that until the nineteenth century this figure stood as the supposed height of Olympus whenever such a matter was mentioned. The more accurate measurements of modern times, however, have disclosed a greater height. The British Admiralty charts give it as 9754 feet, but the more recent maps of the Austrian Militar-geographisches Institut show it as 2985 meters, or approximately 9794 feet.

There is much in the history of Olympus that is fascinating. There have been during the last century about half a dozen attempts to climb the mountain, and each of these is a story of great interest. No completely successful ascent was made, however, until 1913, when two Swiss mountaineers, Fred Boissonnas and Daniel Baud-Bovy, spent several days on the mountain and succeeded in reaching the top of the very highest of the towers of black rock that we beheld a year later from our neighboring peak. At the time of our ascent we had not been able to obtain any information about our predecessors, and it was not until several years later that I heard of the ascent of Messrs. Boissonnas and Baud-Bovy. So far as I know, nothing has been published in English about it, but I have a copy of an account in French, in a beautifully printed little book entitled "La Grece Immortelle", published by Boissonnas at Geneva in 1919, that they very kindly sent me two years ago. In contains an address delivered by M. Baud-Bovy to the members of the Club Alpin Francais. It is the story of a splendid achievement, carefully planned and brilliantly carried out, which should go into the annals of mountaineering exploits as the first ascent of the most famous of mountains.

For those who would know more about Thessalian Olympus, I can recommend one or two sources of information that are accessible in some of the larger libraries. "Researches in the

Highlands of Turkey" by Henry Fanshawe Tozer, London, 1869, in two volumes, contains in the second volume a very interesting chapter on Olympus as well as chapters on Pelion, Ossa and the Pindus Mountains. "The Spirit of the East," by David Urquhart, London, 1838, in two volumes, is a fascinating book of travel. In the first volume is a chapter on Olympus. In other books of travel, such as Holland, Clarke, Sonnine, and Leake, Olympus is mentioned, but only briefly and without intimate knowledge. Besides the article in Scribner's Magazine for November, 1915, already mentioned, the only recent periodical references that I know of are: "The Summits of Olympus" by Douglas W. Freshfield, in The Geographical Journal (Royal Geographical Society), London, April, 1916; "Mount Olympus" by C. F. Meade, in the Alpine Journal (British Alpine Club), London, June, 1919; L'Illustration, Paris, 4 Janvier, 1919, illustration and account of religious service on one of the lower peaks of Olympus; "An Ascent of Mount Olympus, Thessaly, Greece" by Francis P. Farquhar, in Sierra Club Bulletin, January, 1915. I understand that M. Boissonnas contemplates publishing a finely illustrated book on Olympus, but so far as I know it has not been issued.

As offsprings of the Olympic tradition, two other great mountain ranges have borne the name of Olympus. In Asia Minor, near Broussa the ancient capital of the Turks, stands Anatolian Olympus. And again, in the New World, the name has rested on a worthy scion—Olympus of Puget Sound. Perhaps those who are familiar with this western Olympus will take pleasure in the fancy that their splendid mountain is descended from such noble ancestry.

A MOUNTAINEER'S PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

WM. B. REMEY.

THE interest was at concert pitch among our party of four American pilgrims as the train rolled north along the shore of the Mediterranean, past Mount Carmel, and pulled into Haifa. The eighteen hour run from Cairo, on the "Holy Land Special", was the culmination of a long journey from New York. Our object was to visit Abdul Baha, a Persian philosopher, philanthropist, and wise old man of the east, who lives in the shadow of Mount Carmel, and teaches his broad principles of universal love and human solidarity, where so many of the religious leaders of the past have labored for their ideals.

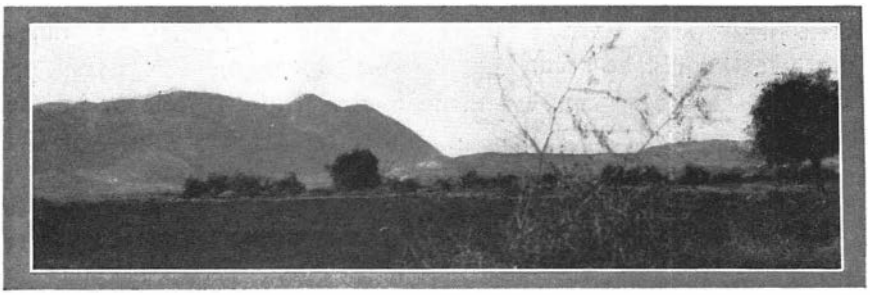


Photo by W. B. Remey

MOUNT OF TEMPTATION

While not in the class of major peaks, Mt. Carmel (1800 feet), abounds in historic interest. Several times during our visit we had "local walks" on the mountain. Our party would be composed of oriental and occidental hikers from various parts of the world, all desiring to have an outing and to gain some inspiration from a tramp in such surroundings. Several of our Persian friends had attended the American College at Beirut. They had a good command of English and an American point of view.

Mount Carmel is a limestone formation with many small caves. The flora is rich and varied, due to the proximity of the sea and the heavy dews. In early spring the mountain is dotted with patches of red wild flowers (the rose of Sharon). These brilliant flowers combine with the dark green olive trees, grey rock ledges, and deep blue Mediterranean to produce a landscape unusually rich in color. On a conspicuous promontory, 480 feet above the sea, is located a lighthouse and the Carmelite monastery. The good monks have built their chapel right over the cave where Elijah lived.

One who is at all meditative cannot wander about on Mount Carmel without reflecting on the many events that have occurred near by in the past. It was here that Elijah triumphed over the priests of Baal (I Kings 18-19). The beauty of the Mountain is extolled by Isaiah (35-2); also in the Song of Solomon (7-5). While Amos (9-3) indicates that, at times, Carmel was a refuge for the persecuted. Nazareth is but twenty miles away and it is now known that Jesus made frequent visits to these slopes during periods of general public opposition to His teachings.

Looking north from Carmel we had excellent views of the town of Haifa and the ships from all parts of the world at anchor in the bay. Ten miles to the north is the ancient fortified town of Acre that figured prominently in the crusades. Tyre and Sidon

are further north, but the modern towns on these sites are of little importance. On clear days Mount Hermon, sixty miles north-east, could be seen.

While in Jerusalem we made a side trip to Jericho, in the Jordan Valley. About half-way down is the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where caravans bound to Jerusalem from the Land of Moab, west of the Jordan, stop over night, just as they did in Biblical days. On the shore of the Dead Sea we reached our minimum elevation, 1300 feet below sea level, the lowest place in the world. Mountains on both sides of the valley shut out the winds and there are no shade trees in that desolate region. Even in February the air was so oppressively sultry that one of our party nearly succumbed to the heat. We could only conjecture what it might be like there in July.

At the north end of the Jordan Valley we enjoyed a boat ride on the Sea of Galilee. This lake is an attractive sheet of clear, fresh water, about thirteen miles long and six wide. The surface is 680 feet below the Mediterranean. At the north end of the lake rises Mount Hermon, 9050 feet, or nearly 10,000 feet above the water. The ancient Hebrew writers extolled its majestic beauty (Psalms 89-12). They also observed that it collected rain clouds about its summit, (Psalms 133-3). It is mentioned as the haunt of lions and leopards (Solomon's Song 4-8). In ancient as in modern times Hermon's snows have been used to cool the beverages of the wealthy.

Owing to intense racial prejudices, bitter religious differences, and recent political changes, it is dangerous for visitors to Palestine to venture away from the beaten routes of travel. Some time in the future, when conditions are normal, I should enjoy a visit to the more remote parts of the Holy Land, camping out on the way, mountaineer style.

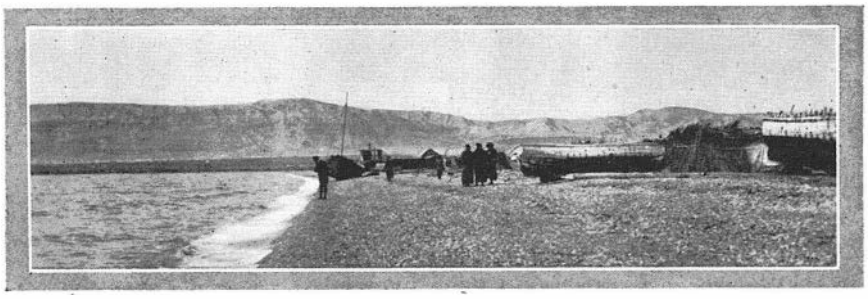


Photo by W. B. Remey

ON THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

Photo by F. A. Jacobs

MEMORIAL SEAT AT SLUISKIN FALLS

THE forty-eighth anniversary of the first ascent of Mount Rainier by General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump was celebrated on August 17, 1918. At that time General Stevens identified the site of the camp from which the climbers started, while Sluiskin, the Indian guide, waited for their return. The historic spot was promptly marked by a cairn of rocks. It was deemed fortunate that the place was thus marked for in less than two months thereafter General Stevens had died.

The Mountaineers determined to build upon the camp-site a permanent monument. As the ridge had been named in honor of The Mazamas, of Oregon, that organization was invited to participate.

A member of The Mountaineers, A. H. Albertson, architect, designed a large memorial seat to be constructed of native rocks of the mountain. The plan was regularly approved by the authorities of the National Park Service and permission was obtained to build the monument.

After a number of delays, The Mountaineers voted to place the matter in the hands of their president, Edmond S. Meany. He secured the volunteered assistance of James A. Wehn, sculptor, who, in turn, obtained the cooperation of Edmund C. Messett, president and manager of the Sunset Monument Company. These three were joined by Martin Adams and Walter McLane, experienced workers in stone, and the five succeeded in constructing the

monument in time for the dedication which had been announced to take place at 2 p.m. on Thursday, September 22, 1921.

Professor Meany's job was the carrying of water for mixing the concrete of the foundation and the setting of the stones. He was also allowed to set a few of the stones because of the sentiment of his friendship for the men being honored with the monument.

At the hour specified Professor Meany performed the rite of dedication with an address as follows:

"When Isaac Ingalls Stevens was appointed by President Pierce to be the first Governor of the new Territory of Washington he asked that he should be given the additional tasks of surveying the northern route for a proposed railroad from the Mississippi River to Puget Sound and of serving as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Washington Territory. Both requests were granted and when he began to make treaties with the Indians he was accompanied by his son, Hazard Stevens, then thirteen years of age. The son's boyish signature, as a witness, is attached to one of the ten treaties and he was present at the making of several others.

"After the Indian wars of 1855 and 1856 Governor Stevens was promoted by the votes of the people to be delegate to Congress. He served two terms and then offered his services as a Union officer in the Civil War. His son, Hazard Stevens, became an officer on his staff. At the Battle of Chantilly, September 1, 1862, General Stevens personally led the charge which prevented a Confederate attack upon General Pope's defeated and retreating army. General Stevens was killed in that battle and his son severely wounded. The boy recovered and continued his service throughout the war, being mustered out as the youngest brigadier general of volunteers in the United States Army.

"From that time on General Hazard Stevens devoted himself to the care of his mother and sisters, his widowed mother surviving to the advanced age of ninety years. Most of the time the family lived in Boston but for a number of years they lived in Washington Territory. It was during that time that General Hazard Stevens determined to ascend Mount Rainier. He was joined by P. B. Van Trump. They persuaded the pioneer James Longmire to go part way with them and to secure for them the services of the Indian Sluiskin as guide. Another member of the party was Edward T. Coleman, an English alpinist, who had made the first ascent of Mount Baker in 1868. However,

Mr. Coleman turned back at the Tatoosh Range and the three —General Stevens, Mr. Van Trump and Sluiskin—continued to the shoulders of the mountain.

"Camp was made here, on what is now called Mazama Ridge, where the doubtful and lamenting Indian waited. The two climbers were overtaken by a storm near the summit and found shelter for the night in the steam caves. The next day, August 18, 1870, they visited the craters and actual summit before starting the descent. Sluiskin had given them up as dead and could scarcely believe they were not ghosts when the two returned to camp. On account of his watchful waiting the climbers gave the Indian's name to this beautiful waterfall.

"A few years later Sluiskin died. Mr. Van Trump lived on and retained his great love of the mountain. He worked summers in Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, and more than one climber found the old man waiting in camp late at night with a welcome supply of hot soup and other food. When he felt the end approaching he went home to his people in New York State. In a short time his sister wrote that on December 27, 1916, he 'just fell asleep like a child tired out from play.'

"General Stevens alone survived when the Rainier National Park Company invited a celebration of the first ascent on its forty-eighth anniversary, August 17, 1918. General Stevens attended and told the wonderful story of the first ascent. He had with him the original alpenstock he had carried and the flag made for the occasion by the ladies of Olympia.

"Early the next morning General Stevens came out to visit the glacier which friends had named in his honor. On returning he paused here and picked out the exact spot of the camp where the Indian had waited for the climbers. Some young tourists, passing, were persuaded to help pile a cairn of rocks to mark the place. Later, The Mountaineers and The Mazamas added a great collection of rocks from which to build a permanent memorial.

"General Stevens died on October 11, 1918, less than two months from the day he stood here. It was a sorrowful service to stand by his casket and participate in the funeral; but memory is grateful that friendship prompted the writing of an ode of appreciation while he was still living. It was a pleasure to read the poem in his presence at the anniversary celebration in 1918. The same lines may serve our purpose now:—

GENERAL HAZARD STEVENS

I.

Our country's annals hold thee high
For deeds thy manhood wrought for her
Such times as strife made wide fields red,
And courage faced mad bullets' whirr,
Or clash of swords where captains led.
Chantilly's orchard saw thee bleed,
The day thy famous father fell.
He fell, but filled the moment's need
With sword and flag; his requiem knell,
The clarion bugle's forward cry.

II.

Or turn the page and backward look
To days when thou, a half-grown lad,
Of serious mind, thy father's friend,
Didst go to meet wild Indian tribes.
Ah, who can know the hidden bribes
Of Fame to lock great deeds in sullen book
Of Time: The plighted faith to Indian clad
With power each tribe on written word of State;
But O, once more did savage warfare rend
The frontier homes and treaties, forced to wait
Long years, the wounds were slow to mend.
Behold, thy boyhood's memory store,
Though robbed of fame, is rich forevermore!

III.

Of all thy deeds, the one we sing today
Our children's children long will love;
The mountain monarch's glist'ning crest
Gave call across familiar plain
And, hearing, thou didst seek the way
Through forest depths to gleaming snows above
The buttressed rocks where glaciers drain
The freight of clouds back to the sea.
The way, the peak, and age-old mystery
Their challenge threw for thy new quest.

IV.

Van Trump, courageous by thy side,
And Sluiskin, erstwhile Indian guide,
Climbed high to snow-sea's icy shore
And paused; the river's leap and roar
Gave voice to dreaded demon fears—
The standing Indian prays while climbers plod.
You climb and plod, your nervous strength is spent,
Your cave at night, so near the white man's God,
Rude shelter gives; then O, the morning's swift ascent!
The first ascent! Who now would spurn the tears
Of joy, or spare the gratitude of years!

"In the gratitude of the years we come.

"We have built this monument to the memory of those who, from this place, made the first ascent of this great mountain and led the way for others who love the beauty and the glory of the high places of earth.

"I now dedicate this memorial to the service of those who may come this way. These ceremonies will soon be forgotten but this monument will endure. Always when members of The Mountaineers and of The Mazamas come to this place they will pause and from their hearts breathe new dedications.

"Mr. Peters, I stand here in a representative capacity—as the President of The Mountaineers and as a friend of The Mazamas. In behalf of those organizations I wish to present to you and, through you, to the Government of the United States, this Memorial Seat."

Mr. W. H. Peters, Superintendent of the Mount Rainier National Park, replied as follows:

"It is a pleasure to represent the Government in receiving from The Mountaineers and The Mazamas this evidence of their love of, and interest in, the history and beauty of this Mount Rainier National Park. Other parks, such as the Yellowstone, Yosemite and Grand Canyon, have been similarly benefited when patriotic and discriminating people have given buildings, monuments and other memorials.

"This is the first such gift to the Mount Rainier National Park, and I feel sure that, by this gift, the Clubs here represented have furnished an inspiration for others to thus enhance the value of this beautiful playground of the people.

"On behalf of the National Park Service I accept this memorial seat anl give assurance that we will take good care of it.

"Please inform The Mountaineers and The Mazamas that their beautiful gift is highly appreciated."

LIGHT WEIGHT COMMISSARY FOR BACK PACKING

STUART P. WALSH, Scout Executive, Seattle Boy Scouts.

IN a twelve-day hike around the west side of Rainier last August a party of eleven Boy Scouts and two men "went light" and dined heavily out of packs in which the combined weight of food, containers, and utensils averaged fourteen pounds each, about one-and-one-eighth pounds of grub per man per day.

On four four-day and two seven-day hikes in the Olympics last summer similar parties of scouts averaged about a pound and a quarter of food per man per day, living abundantly.

Horace Kephart in "Camping and Woodcraft" says that in mountaineering and similarly strenuous activities one may possibly get along on two and a quarter pounds per day, using condensed and dehydrated foods—yet Seattle scouts believe Horace would be well satisfied with their fare.

All scout mountain hikes require the packing of everything on the boys' backs, and assumes the impossibility of securing additional supplies en route. Two years of experimenting to bring the pack burden within a comfortable limit for fourteen-year-old boys have developed complete outfits averaging sixteen pounds in weight, including grub, kit, and bed, for a three or four days' trip, increasing a pound and a quarter for each additional day.

The following list is the complete commissary for a party of twelve on a three-day trip from Camp Parsons to Lake Constance last August. This list, prepared by the camp director, chef, and commissary clerk, provided an ample bill-of-fare, according to Ronald Ruddiman, who was the leader of the party. The weights given include containers, which were mostly waterproofed cheesecloth bags.

	lb	oz.
White bread, hard-baked loaves	4	
Oat bread, thin flat cakes	4	12
Baked meat loaves, roast beef	4	10
Sugar, granulated	4	8
Rice	3	
Sweet chocolate cakes	2	8
Nut cake	2	6
Pound cake	2	2
Grapenuts	2	6
Shredded wheat biscuit, ground	1	6
Seedless raisins	1	10
Dehydrated apples	1	12
Peaches, dehydrated	1	2
Dried prunes	1	
Jam, canned	1	
Cocoa and sugar, mixed equally	2	10
Salt		11
Pepper		1
Spices		1
Soup vegetables, dehydrated		6
Tea		3
Lemon powder		2
Malted milk		3
Nut meats	1	
Cheese	1	8
Klim (dry whole milk)	1	10
Butter, compressed and packed in tin	1	2
Total weight	49	11

MENU

FIRST NIGHT—Meat loaf, bread and butter, nut cake, tea.

SECOND MORNING—Grapenuts and milk, stewed peaches, oat cakes and butter, cocoa.

SECOND NOON—(trail lunch), oat cakes, prunes, chocolate.

SECOND NIGHT — Vegetable soup, Macaroni and cheese, rice pudding, spiced with raisins, bread and butter, tea.

THIRD MORNING—Shredded wheat biscuit and milk, oat cakes and jam, stewed apples, cocoa.

THIRD NOON—(trail lunch), cheese, raisins, sweet chocolate, lemonade.

THIRD NIGHT—Meat loaf boiled with rice, bread and butter, pound cake, tea.

FOURTH MORNING — Grapenuts and milk, stewed apples, oat cakes and cocoa.

FOURTH NOON (trail lunch)—Chocolate malted milk shakes, oat cakes and jam, nut meats.

On longer trips there are added to the above list, for variety, such items as dessicated eggs, malted milk tablets for trail lunches, bouillon cubes for flavoring soups and stews, a small can of concentrated tomato paste to add to boiled macaroni, dehydrated potatoes and string beans, dried apricots and figs, pimento cheese, and small cans of corned beef or devilled chicken for stews with rice.

On none of the trips were any rations carried which required the use of a frying pan, so the only cooking utensils were nesting kettles of aluminum or rivted tin, and the only individual eating tools were spoons, cups, and small aluminum plates.

In the division of the commissary for individual packs the various items were grouped as conveniently as possible, one scout carrying all the cereals, another the meat, another the trail lunch material, and so on.

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA ENCAMPMENT

THE main chain of the Canadian Rocky Mountains consists of ridges broken by high rocky or snow filled passes into individual peaks, which rise high above their valleys. They are commonly glacier hung and often snow capped. They thus afford all the experiences of truly alpine climbing without the climatic severities of extreme altitudes, since few exceed 12,000 feet.

Unlike some of the Camps of American mountaineering clubs, the Camps of the Alpine Club of Canada are never itinerant in character. This is an inevitable result of the extreme ruggedness of the mountains, the absence of trails, and the great difficulties of transportation. Each encampment is therefore a fixed Camp at a spot selected for the attractions it offers to climbers, and the beauty of its surroundings. To increase its radius of action, an outlying bivouac camp, accessible by a day's tramp, is often provided.

The annual encampment for the season of 1921 was held in the O'Hara Valley just south of Mount Victoria, from July 26 to August 6. The valley is a small alpland of surpassing beauty. It might be described as a Rainier alpland or "park" turned inside out, for whereas the Rainier Park comprises a snow clad and glacier decked peak surrounded by beautiful alplands, O'Hara is an equally charming park surrounded by snow capped and glacier hung peaks whose lower slopes afford a fringe of the ever-living

green of pine and balsam, varied with the feathery grace of the Lyall larch. From it radiate the Abbot, Opabin, McArthur and Duchesnay passes, and it is enriched by exquisite bodies of water including Lake O'Hara, unsurpassed among mountain tarns, while high up midst the fastnesses of Mounts Victoria, Lefroy, Ringrose and Yukness, lie ice flecked Lake Oesa and its sister lakelets, daughters of these ice decorated peaks.

In such a place no camp could fail to be a success, and such a camp could earn no less a title in any place where the great "out of doors" invites the camper.

It was an active and enthusiastic company of climbers that enjoyed its hospitality and comforts, and several ascents each were made of Mounts Victoria, Odaray, Wiwaxy and Schaffer. Mount Odaray was the qualifying climb for new members and afforded a particularly enjoyable and instructive climb. Park and Yukness peaks were also climbed, and four parties enjoyed the experiences of the two day trip through the five passes, Abbot, Mitre, Wastach, Wenkchemna, and Opabin, the night out being passed in a bivouac camp provided by the Club in the beautiful Paradise Valley. To one who would reach the very heart of the mountains, study their cliffs, glaciers and snow fields at close quarters and see Nature's forces at work on the grandest scale, no choicer excursion could be offered. The largest number that could be cared for took advantage of the exceptional opportunity afforded by the Club.

The camp fire was the center of social life, and the spontaneous evidences of good fellowship, as well as the organized entertainments given by the several sections, were quite up to the high standard set by previous encampments.

That a shadow should rest on the camp and a subdued and more serious tone be given to its activities was an inevitable result of the tragedy on Mount Eon, and the feeling of awe, with which the mountain devotee looks up to the great peaks, could not help but be accentuated. The life of one of its most respected and best loved members, Dr. Stone, had been taken as a sacrifice to them, and his life companion and climbing mate had suffered untold hardship on the great cliffs. But those who knew him and had climbed with him, in the years gone by, felt—yes, knew—that it was not a careless move or a step taken in thoughtlessness or ignorance which had been his undoing, but the unforeseeable action of some one of Nature's forces, to which in various forms and in all walks of life all are subject.

Many a thought went back to his own words in the last number of the Club Journal where in a classical article on amateur climbing he said, almost prophetically, it would now seem,

> "His reward can be estimated only by one who has learned at first hand the secrets and the grandeur of the mountains, who has felt the joy of battle with crags and ice. Such a lover of the mountains and the prince of amateur mountaineers (Mummery), who slept at last among the lonely hills, speaks thus of the rewards of the climber: 'He gains a knowledge of himself, a love of all that is most beautiful in nature and an outlet, such as no other sport affords for the stirring energies of youth; gains for which no price is, perhaps, too high. It is true the great ridges sometimes demand their sacrifice, but the mountaineer would hardly forego his worship though he knew himself to be the destined victim. But happily for most of us, the great brown slabs, bending over into immeasurable space, the lines and curves of the wind-moulded cornice, the delicate undulations of the fissured snow, are old and trusted friends, ever luring us to health and fun and laughter and enabling us to bid a sturdy defiance to all the ills that time and life oppose.' "

A special feature of this year's camp was the presence, as guests of the Club, of several of the pioneer climbers and explorers of the region: Professor Fay, Rev. Dr. H. P. Nichols, Mr. B. S. Comstock, and Mr. Walter Wilcox whose charming writings and exceptional photographs have done so much to disseminate knowledge of the Canadian Alps.

The total registration of members and guests at the Camp was 157, a majority remaining throughout the encampment. Thirty-seven candidates qualified for active membership. The Canadian Pacific railroad, with its customary courtesy to the Club, placed two of its Swiss guides at its disposal. The skill, experience and sterling worth of these masters of mountain craft contribute greatly to the accomplishments of the camps and the confidence with which new climbers undertake the sport, while their counsel and example ensure the soundness of the Club's climbing methods.

IN MEMORIAM

THE DEATH OF MRS. LEWIS

The first tragic death experienced by The Mountaineers since the organization of the Club in 1907 occurred on August 7, 1921, when Mrs. Carrie M. Lewis fell to her death in the mountains near Monte Cristo, Snohomish County. Her son, Llewellyn Lewis, also a loved member of the Club, was in charge of a group of Boy Scouts from Everett. Mrs. Lewis went out to spend the Sabbath with her son in camp. While walking not far from the camp she slipped and fell from a cliff.

Mrs. Lewis was an enthusiastic Mountaineer and thoroughly enjoyed the out-of-doors. She derived, and gave to others, much pleasure through her success with the camera. She was an expert accountant and served the Club freely with that talent, annually auditing accounts and during the last year serving as assistant treasurer.

We will remember her as a faithful, efficient member of the Club and we extend our sympathy to her two sons—Llewellyn, Mountaineer, and Ted, Boy Scout.

—Edmond S. Meany.

JOHN B. TARLETON

At the Co-operative Camp on White River the northeast corner of Mount Rainier, John B. Tarleton, a naturalist and botanist who spent over twenty summers on The Mountain, went to his own quaint little tent, as was his custom, shortly after supper on July 21, last, and failed to appear the next morning at breakfast time. Somewhat alarmed, Mrs. Staeger who had charge of the Camp, missing him visited his tent and found him in an unconscious state, breathing irregularly and he soon passed away in the presence of those she had called to assist her. His body was brought to Seattle and cremated; and in September three of his friends took the ashes to a Park he loved on the south side of Mount Rainier and placed them under a great rock, laying over them the wild flowers he knew so well and planted a tree in memory of the kindly services he had rendered in guiding Nature lovers to rare and beautiful places upon our great Mountain.

Mr. Tarleton intimately knew the haunts of the wild flowers and had discovered several rare and previously unknown species during his years upon the mountain slopes. With official permission he every year mounted certain of the flowers for educational institutions and botanists and friends who made requests

for them. At the time of the San Francisco Exposition he prepared a very complete herbarium of the flowers of Mount Rainier which is now among the exhibits of the Broadway High School. Years ago he did some excellent work for the Government upon the flowers and vegetation of the Yukon River which report was finally published last year. Mr. Tarleton had done one thing that so far as is known no other living man had done.

In his study of the Magic Square he found that out of the many different combinations that could be made from the figure 1 to 16, no one had reached more than about seven hundred. He discovered over three hundred more combinations, and at the time of his passing had a manuscript ready for the press detailing those combinations. If anyone knows the practical value of this manuscript and where it could be placed to advantage to the scientific worker, the writer would be glad to have the information.

When the Co-operative Campers went to Mount Rainier and established themselves in Paradise Valley six years ago Mr. Tarleton was found in the mountain in his own little camp and invited to become a guest and guide for our parties. At the following annual meeting he was elected an honorary member together with Major Ingraham, an old acquaintance of his, and since that time had been with the "Co-ops" every summer. The most interesting places on the hikes have been under the guidance of Mr. Tarleton, and there are many who will ever remember those charming days among the crags and the flowers spent with him upon the slopes of Mount Rainier. In 1909 during his botanizing trips out of Indian Henry's as a base, he discovered two natural arches. One on the ridge, a quarter of a mile below the Needles, and one at the head of the Kautz Glacier. Neither of these had previously been located and described by anyone so far as is known to the writer, and it is desired to attach Mr. Tarleton's name to these natural arches by right of original discovery. They can hardly be found before the middle or end of August when the snow has left them. But they are both interesting and are at opposite points of a day's hike from Indian Henry's Park.

The writer plans to visit these arches next season and would welcome to the party any who would like to see them.

Mr. Tarleton was a graduate of Cornell, an architect by profession, born in New Hampshire, 1849, came West many years ago, lived with Major Ingraham and at his invitation made his first visit to Mount Rainier in 1900, since which time he found his recreation and delight in the geological and floral studies of The Mountain.

—J. M. Rich.

ANNUAL OUTING, 1922

MOUNT ADAMS AND MOUNT ST. HELENS

Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens and possibly Mount Hood are the peaks to be visited by the members of the 1922 Annual Outing. The opportunity to get into this wonderful country with climbs of two major peaks ought to attract many of our members and especially those who desire the six peak record.

Camps will be located in park country at the base of each mountain, from which the main climbs and attractive side trips will be made. These regions contain rare scenic combinations of distinctive lava formations, awe-inspiring glaciers, roaring streams, and beautiful lakes. Flowers and huckleberries are very plentiful.

Efforts will be made to arrange this trip on a one, two and three weeks schedule. All necessary information will be given in an early issue of the prospectus.

F. Q. GORTON,
Chairman of Outing Committee.

ACTIVITIES OF OTHER MOUNTAINEER CLUBS

Edited by Gertrude Inez Streator

THE MAZAMAS

Alfred F. Parker, Corresponding Secretary

The twenty-eighth annual outing of the Mazamas covered that part of the Cascade Range extending from Crescent Lake to Crater Lake, Oregon; a region of great interest and beauty. Base camps were established at Crescent Lake, Diamond Lake, and Crater Lake. Some of this country had been visited by the Mazamas once before, in 1896, but the greater portion had never been included in an official outing.

The party left Portland over the S. P. & S. Ry. on the evening of Saturday, July 30, 1921, and arrived at Bend early the next morning. It reached Crescent Lake by automobiles the same afternoon, and five delightful days were spent at this spot. The boating and swimming were thoroughly enjoyed, and The Cowhorn (7666 ft.) and Diamond Peak (8792 ft.) were successfully ascended.

From here a two-days' tramp took the party to Diamond Lake, where it camped for four days. From this point Mount Thielsen (9178 ft.) and Mount Bailey (8356 ft.) were scaled. The former is a rugged peak surmounted by a sharp pinnacle, and had been reported to be a most difficult climb; but the Mazamas found a comparatively easy route up the pinnacle, and no difficulty was experienced.

After leaving Diamond Lake, Crater Lake was reached in a pleasant walk of one day. Here the last four days were spent in exploring this wonder of the world; a fitting climax to a fine outing. Camp was broken on Sunday morning, August 14, and Medford was reached via stages in time to board the evening train for Portland.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

W. A. D. Munday

Although the activities of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club extend the year round, the official programme of fortnightly climbs began

on April 30 and closed September 18, except for a trip scheduled for Thanksgiving to the Sawteeth Range at the head of Britannia Valley, Howe Sound. The most notable of the summer trips was Mount Baker, September 3-5. All the trips were well attended, and only three were marked by bad weather.

Among the winter trips the most notable was the ascent of Mount Garibaldi (8700 ft.), on March 27, packs being carried from sea level via Round Mountain. Director Tom Fyles, Neal Carter and Celmar Ross of the B.C.M.C., and H. J. Graves of the Alpine Club, made up the party.

In spite of the splendid attendance on the local trips for a variety of reasons the summer camp for two weeks at Rogers' Pass, Selkirk Range, was the smallest in the history of the club, only eleven members attending —and one prospective member aged four months, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. D. Munday, the former being first vice-president. The baby proved quite a favorite at camp and has been carried on many climbs on her father's pack. She was the first baby to cross the Asulkan Pass (7700 ft.).

Director Fyles led the parties on all the important climbs, chief of which was Sir Donald (10,808 ft.); the others who made the ascent were Miss M. I. Gladstone, N. Carter, F. W. Johnson, C. Fee, P. R. Lockie, L. C. Ford and W. A. D. Munday. This is a very large party to make the climb at the same time.

Miss B. Stewart of Victoria graduated on Mount Rogers (10,580 ft.), the highest peak of the Hermit Range; the rest of this party were Miss Gladstone, Messrs. Fyles, Fee, Ford, Carter and Munday. The same party climbed Hermit Mountain (10,194 ft.) with the exception of Mr. Munday, and the addition of Miss Stewart and Messrs. Johnson, Lockie, and N. E. Proctor. Weird electrical manifestations were encountered during a violent storm while traversing the knife-edge summit ridge.

Mount Tupper, a famous rock-course (9,227 ft.) was climber by Messrs. Fyles, Fee, Ford, Johnson, Proctor and Carter. Owing to injuries to her foot Miss Stewart was unable to climb the Swiss Peaks and stayed in camp with Mr. and Mrs. Munday, the rest of the party making the climb, another storm being encountered. Mount Grizzly was climbed from the north, then camp moved from Rogers' Hut to Asulkan Valley, from which Mount Swanzy was climbed (and then Sir Donald). Bad weather then prevented climbs among the 11,000-foot peaks of the Dawson Range across Asulkan Pass. Several lesser trips were made.

So far as concerns flowers, meadows and lakes the Selkirk Range was found inferior in charms to Garibaldi Park where so many camps have been held by the club, the glacial features of the latter district being at least equally extensive.

The first ascent of the Snow Peaks (7400 ft.), upper Stave River, was made September 9 by Director Fyles, E. A. Fuller and D. O'Connor. Other parties made various trips. During the winter months the club cabin on Grouse Mountain is the scene of many gatherings and is used as a base for trips.

THE PRAIRIE CLUB

F. L. Morse, President

The Prairie Club maintained two camps in the vicinity of Chicago, one at Deer Grove. This comprised a group of eighteen large army tents, with mess tent, storage, etc. Several hundred people availed themselves of this opportunity. The other camp was located at the Club House of the Prairie Club, situated in the Dunes of Northern Indiana. In addition to a good-sized Club House, some sixty tents are located at this place. Many hundreds of people took advantage of the opportunities thus presented. Another group of fifty-six established a camp at L'Anse, Michigan, on the shores of Lake Superior at the base of the Huron Mountains. This group took its own camp and mess equipment, and cooks with them. They lived the simple life for three weeks. Another group of forty-eight camped in the Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. This group climbed Long's Peak and did several other strenuous hiking feats. The newest outing of the Club took the form of a walking trip through Eng-

land and Wales. The rural and picturesque portions of Wales, Western and Southern England were visited. Some sixteen centers made it possible to come in close contact with the English people. Eighteen members and friends participated in this trip.

APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

Wm. T. May

Four winter excursions were held by the Appalachian Mountain Club, about one hundred and fifty participating in the one at Jackson, N.H., which is one of the best climbing centers in the White Mountains. Henniker, N.H., Waterville, N.H., and Lake Placid in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, were the other places visited.

A five days' canoeing trip on the Saco River, N.H., was held and spring excursions were made to the Mount Monadnock Country and the Island of Martha's Vineyard.

A week was spent in the vicinity of Mount Katahdin, Maine's highest mountain; four separate walking trips of seven to fourteen days' duration were made, which included climbing all of the principal mountains of New Hampshire.

The Annual August Camp was held at North Chatham, N.H., and the Fall Excursion was made among the Adirondack Mountains of New York.

A new permanent week-end camp of forty tents was established on the shores of Ponkapog Pond, in a very secluded section, only ten miles from Boston.

The usual Natural History walks were held, and the permanent camps at Three Mile Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H., and Cold River, N.H., were much used.

The Club, under the leadership of its President, Mr. Harlan P. Kelsey, has been very active in opposing the use of our National Parks for commercial purposes.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

JANUARY, 1921—DECEMBER, 1921.

Gertrude Inez Streator, Historian

January 7, Chamber of Commerce. Illustrated lecture: Seattle's Skagit Water Power Development. C. F. Uhden.

January 28 (date substituted for February 4), Chamber of Commerce. Illustrated lecture: The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Frank I. Jones, Portland, Oregon.

March 4, Y.W.C.A. auditorium. Illustrated talk: The 1920 Sierra Club Outing. R. L. Glisan, Portland, Oregon.

April 8, Y.W.C.A. Informal cafeteria dinner followed by an illustrated lecture: Mountaineer 1921 Summer Outing, Glacier Peak. L. A. Nelson, Portland, Oreegon.

No meetings: May, June, July, August.

September 9, Chamber of Commerce. Nomination of Candidates for Board of Directors.

Historical Sketch: Retracing Vancouver's Steps in Discovering Puget Sound. Professor E. S. Meany.

October 7, Y.W.C.A. Historical Sketch: Building and Dedicating the Memorial Seat Near Sluiskin Falls. Professor E. S. Meany.

Moving Pictures: Mount Rainier, F. Jacobs; Mountain Views, Ray Conway; Mid-winter Outing in Rainier National Park.

Itinerary of Two Years' Trip Around the World, C. A. Hultin.

Ascent of Mount Hood with Plans for July, 1922, for Six Peak Record Seekers. L. A. Nelson, Portland, Oregon.

November 4, Y.W.C.A. Illustrated talk: Camp Fire Girls at Camp Sealth, Miss Ruth Brown assisted by Camp Fire Girls.

Boy Scout Activities, P. E. Schurman. Demonstrations were given by Boy Scout Troop 72.

December 2. Annual Dinner and Lantern Slides of Summer Outing Pictures.

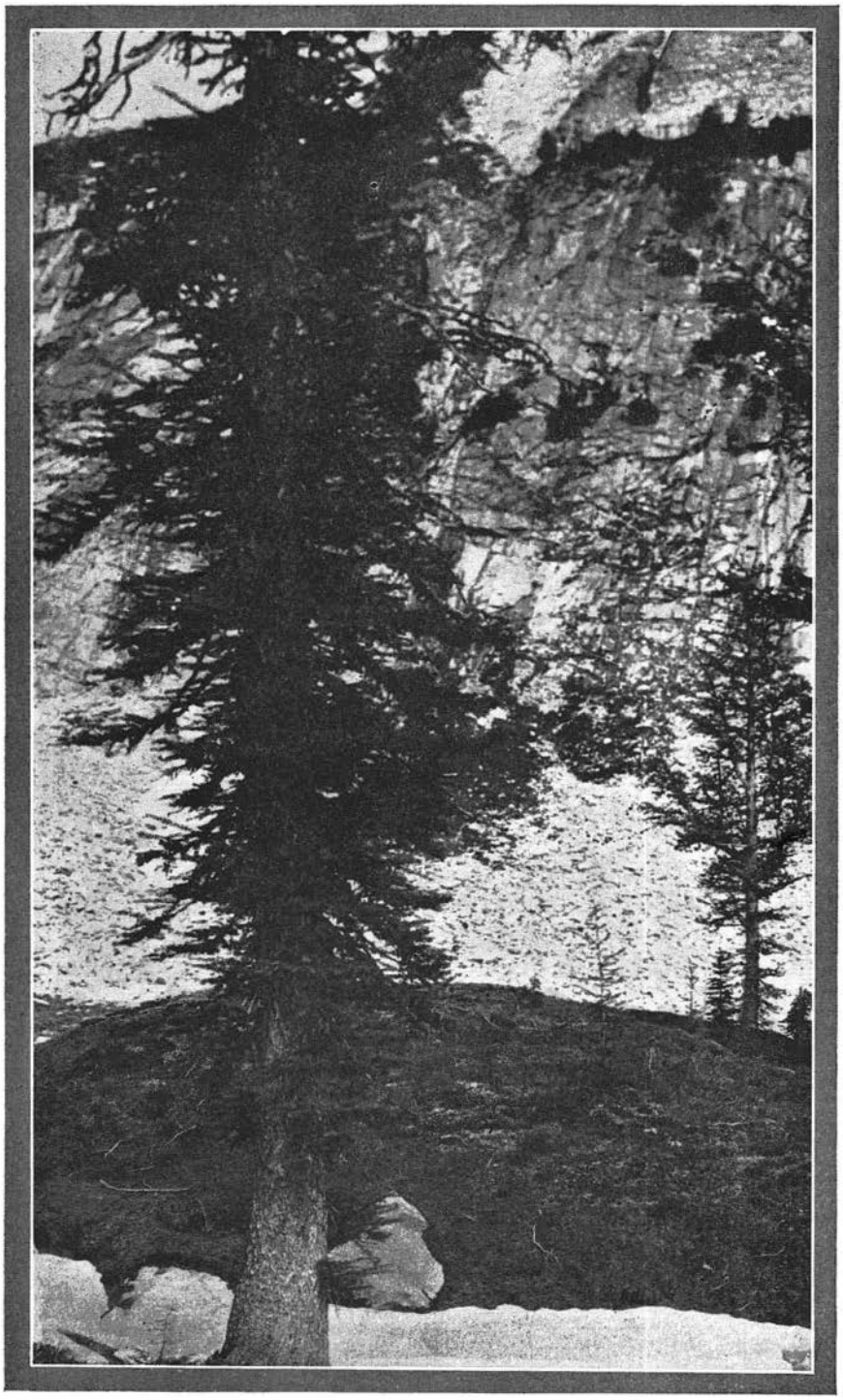


Photo by A. H. Denman

ALPINE LARCH

Larix lyallii, the alpine, or woolly larch, is a strictly alpine tree, fond of mountain passes from 5,000 to 7,000 feet elevation where snowfall is deep. In Washington it is fairly abundant in the Cascades from the latitude of Lake Chelan. The trees in the picture are outlined against the ice wall of the nose of Lyman Glacier.

ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

(Open to All Members of The Mountaineers)

The second annual exhibition of Mountaineer photographs was held the week of October 3 to 8 in the Public Library. 134 pictures were submitted and shown. Such was the diversity of subject of the entries that the exhibition was divided into four classes, and awards were made as follows:

MOUNTAINEER ACTIVITIES—
1st—No. 117—NEARING THE TOP.....W. D. Young
2nd—No. 86—THROUGH THE STORM.....Harry McL. Myers
3rd—No. 26—ON THE CLIMB OF GLACIER PEAK.....Mabel Furry

FLOWERS AND WILD LIFE—
1st—No. 119—UNIDENTIFIED FLOWER.....Henry G. Hitt
2nd—No. 83—DAHLIAS.....E. A. Mayers
3rd—No. 22—WHITE HEATHER SLOPE.....Mabel Furry
Honorable Mention—No. 57—
DESERT WATERHOLE, ARIZONA.....Mrs. J. T. Hazard

WATER SCENES—
1st—No. 75—REFLECTIONS.....W. A. Marzolf
2nd—No. 114—CRADLED IN THE HILLS.....W. D. Young
3rd—No. 50—THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.....C. H. Harris
Honorable Mention—No. 11—SNOW LAKE.....Louise Dunbar
Honorable Mention—No. 55—
THE BEAUTIFUL DUWAMISH RIVER.....C. R. Harris
Honorable Mention—No. 44—LAGOON, LYMAN LAKE....Mildred Granger

MISCELLANEOUS—
1st—No. 111—SHADOWS AND ECHOES.....Clark E. Schurman
2nd—No. 56—A PEAK OF WHITEHORSE.....Mrs. J. T. Hazard
3rd—No. 89—A BELOVED MOUNTAINEER.....Lulie Nettleton
Honorable Mention—No. 58—GLACIER PEAK.....Mrs. J. T. Hazard
Honorable Mention—No. 105—CAMARADERIE.....Clark E. Schurman
Honorable Mention—No. 102—STREET IN JERUSALEM....Wm. B. Remey

The enthusiastic interest shown by all members made this exhibition a real success, and promises well for the one of 1922.

THE MOUNTAINEERS—1921 OUTING
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, The Mountaineers on the Outing of 1921 have for three weeks been away from "all they may be or have been before" and mingled with the universe, feeling what they "can ne'er express yet cannot all conceal",

NOW, THEREFORE, in conclave all assembled, we do jointly and severally, each and all, attempt hereby in some small way to express our recognition and thanks for labors, the results of which we have enjoyed.

We do especially thank:

FIRST: Our most efficient packers—Dude, Heinie, Walter and Verne—for packing safely without any loss or miscarriage whatsoever our dunnage and other impedimenta.

SECOND: Our cooks—Billy, Louie and Ed—for such meals and service in fair weather or foul, at dawn and noon and eve, as never Mountaineers enjoyed on Outings before. Long will the memory remain with us of soups and meats, of puddings and pies enjoyed this year in camp; and to Billy do we extend especial recognition for organizing the staff and service.

THIRD: United States District Forester Mitchell for his kindness in arranging that the trails were in good repair, that our transportation on Lake Chelan was obtained, and especially for the privilege of camping our last night out in the beautiful grass covered Chelan City Park.

FOURTH: Pete, our pace-maker, for his wisdom in setting a pace which all could follow successfully, and for his psychic understanding of the time when the line needed rest and the welcome signal too which followed.

FIFTH: The Deans of the Girls, Miss Chapman and Miss Coleman, for their genial, ever courteous and helpful supervision at all times.

SIXTH: The 1921 Outing Committee—L. A. N., Celia, Gortie and Glen—for the splendid planning of the trip, the harmonious organization of the party, the perfection of the cuisine, for the foresight that everything possible for the comfort and pleasure of the party was secured, and for the untiring thoughtfulness of each member of the Committee throughout the trip to the end that the 1921 Outing of The Mountaineers has been the most enjoyable of all the Club's Outings.

SEVENTH: L. A. Nelson, for his one hundred per cent leadership, not only when leading us to the top of Glacier Peak but in attending to every detail devolving upon an outing leader—genial, kindly, ever thoughtful, ever capable—we name him our leader without superior.

EIGHTH: Elwyn Bugge, Master Violinist, for bringing to our campfires the hopes and disappointments, the joys and sorrows, the songs of nature and of man, which the greatest violinists have felt and realized. The strains, plaintive and sweet, of Mr. Bugge's playing will abide with us as long as does the memory of this year's Outing.

NINTH: Our Entertainment Committee, for arranging for us the best series of campfire programs ever enjoyed by this Club; and to the Artist Supreme of the Ukulele for her untiring and talented leadership in campfire songs.

TENTH: Our big framed and big brained, our genial, our widely famed and beloved President—Professor Edmond S. Meany—for his happy presiding at campfires, for his camp tales and most of all for his occasional poems which reveal to us the beauty of mountains and outdoor life as only a man of poetic soul can.

ELEVENTH AND LASTLY: The Great Mother of us all, Nature, for twenty nights of restful sleep upon her bosom, for the golden glory of sun-

shine, the pearly beauty of moonshine, for forests where silence and beauty holds sway, for peak after peak where grandeur abides, for the hush of canyons, the whispering of trees, the beauty of flowers, the voices of birds and animals, the majesty of snowfield and glacier, the healing song of running water—for all these and much more we are thankful. They are enlocked in our memories, and no man or time can take them from us.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GLEASON,
EMILY A. FRAKE,
J. O. DOWNING,
Committee.

Unanimously adopted August 20, 1921.

EVERETT MOUNTAINEERS

The Everett Branch of The Mountaineers closed one of its busiest years with the annual business meeting held October 18th to elect new officers and review the Club's activities. A total of twenty-one local walks and outings was scheduled, and though we were somewhat unfortunate in the weather dealt us on several occasions, the attendance throughout the year was excellent. During the year there were four social meetings and one picnic at Lake Stevens, and various reunions of overnight trips. Everett members were much pleased with the joint Seattle-Everett walk on Whidby Island in June. We like our fellow Mountaineers from other cities and hope we shall have opportunity to mix with them oftener. Our most notable trip was the Labor Day outing to Mount Stickney. Sixty-seven people attended which is the largest number the Branch has ever had on an outing. Aside from affording an ideal mountain hike, Mount Stickney is one of the most beautiful in the State, and the walk and scnery were enjoyed by all.

Everett Mountaineers have for several years felt the need of a Camp or Lodge near the city. The main trouble was found in selecting a site as there are several choice ones in the mountains near here and opinions of the various members differed. A committee was finally named at the annual fall meeting in 1920 to select a site. This committee decided on what is now known as Camp Pilchuck. Located on the northeast side of Mount Pilchuck, about fifteen hundred feet elevation, it consists of three well built solid log cabins, formerly the property of a logging concern operating under a government contract which was forfeited. The location was satisfactory, the cabins went with it, the U.S. Forestry people were more than willing that The Mountaineers take it over, so the whole property was secured at the very nominal figure of ten dollars per year rental under lease. Considerable work has been done in clearing about the cabins, and about two hundred and fifty dollars spent in furnishings and improvements. It is planned to build a fireplace in the main cabin. It will probably be some time before we shall be in a position to do this work. A helping hand day participated in by Seattle and Everett members was held in May and a very satisfactory amount of work was accomplished. A joint Seattle-Everett trip took place the first of October. Thirty people turned out and all were enthusiastic about the location, scenery, and cabins. The weather was perfect and all enjoyed the walk Sunday to the top of the ridge above Pinnacle Lake, something over forty-five hundred feet elevation. A splendid view of the surrounding country was obtained, where innumerable lakes set in vivid autumn colors furnished a panorama seldom to be seen, Mounts Rainier, Baker and Glacier standing out clearly against the skyline. Ten of the party kept on to the summit of Mount Pilchuck, where the new rangers' lookout station is located on the very peak at an elevation of five thousand three hundred thirty-four feet. The acquisition of this fine new mountain location was made possible by the hearty co-operation and financial assistance rendered by the parent body of The Mountaineers. We take this opportunity to express our thanks and hope the Camp will be used freely by all members of the organization.

New officers for the year are: J. A. Varley, Chairman; Miss Belle Melvin, Secretary; Geo. M. Thompson, Treasurer; Frank A. Niles, Chairman Local Walks Committee; Geo. A. Church, Chairman Pilchuck Camp Committee.

LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE,
E. A. Anglin, Chairman.

THE BREMERTON BRANCH

Though an infant of less than one year, the Bremerton Branch shows a lusty and promising growth and with the helpful cooperation of the parent and sister branches is doing its bit to promote the aims and the good name of The Mountaineers.

Started with only five old members, and three or four new ones, last January, the Branch now has thirty-four members and every promise of many more this winter, and this despite the decided policy of the Branch to discourage applications until the candidates have become well acquainted with the various activities.

The fourteen local walks have been well attended and besides the Sunday hikes to all parts of the beautiful Kitsap County region, have included two trips to Kitsap Cabin, one an over night trip with commissary; a Sunday afternoon field day with dinner and moonlight (?) walk home; a fall clam and corn roast with evening campfire, and a very successful over night trip to Long Lake, with three meal commissary, campfire, boating and swimming.

Besides the local activities the Club was represented by its members at Snoqualmie Lodge, the Summer Outing, Tacoma's Labor Day trip, Seattle local walks, the Annual Photo exhibit and climbs of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier.

The monthly meetings last winter were quite as successful as the local walks, and this winter's programme, opened by a surprise party on our genial President, Otto Voll, and his family, has many good things in store. A number of excellent walks have been planned, as well as a few "surprise" features and unusual trips, which will serve to add variety to the outings. The Branch particularly invites members from Seattle and from the other Branches to attend walks and over-night parties, and takes this opportunity to correct the impression that a special invitation is in order. On the contrary, the Branch considers itself as host and hostess to all other Mountaineers, and their friends, and herewith announces that it will be much aggrieved if guests are not present at each of its trips during the coming year. It is believed that such interchange of members is the most effective means for promotion of good fellowship, and for perpetuation of the ideals upon which the organization is founded. All Sunday walks are arranged to permit leaving Seattle on the 7.30 a.m. boat, and other boat connections will be announced from time to time.

The Branch has been of real service to the Club by being instrumental in procuring some two hundred Navy mattresses for the Cabin and Lodge, adding materially to the comfort of overnight parties, and by handling the sale of over three hundred Navy windproof suits to the members. Proceeds from the latter sale have been designated by the Branch as a start on a building fund.

The officers for the coming year are: O. H. Kneen, Trustee; Otto Voll, President; Henry C. Hitt, Vice-President; Sadie J. Conley, Secretary-Treasurer; A. E. Smith, Local Walks Chairman.

KITSAP CABIN

Margaret D. Hargrave

"Sign up early for the party is limited!" This has become the announcement heralding the monthly frolic at Kitsap, and no matter how well known to us are the gentle beauties of our Cabin 'cross the Sound, we hear the call with welcoming ears, and our feet tingle for the hill road out of Chico. The little brown house among the firs has a lure all its own.

Looking back over a year at Kitsap, our strongest impression is of one continuous royal good time. Work has been done, too, for our road has

been improved and the worser bumps taken out, a trail scouted and cut toward Wildcat Lake, greasewood dug out and a pine grove started—and there is always a willing chain-gang around the woodpile!

Last January the Committee purchased two hundred kapok mattresses which have either been re-sold to members or held for use in the bunkhouses; and since then, burlap curtains have been provided for theatricals. new fire extinguishers bought, and the looted first aid cupboard replenished. For Kitsap suffered a burglary last spring which left a serious dent in the commissary and would have meant serious loss to individuals. had not our best-beloved friends at Hidden Ranch suspected a cache. searched it out, and so retrieved the greater part of the blankets, quilts, etc.

Come with us, you who may not be an habitue, and learn what Kitsap has to offer. Leaving Chico's brand-new dock, five minutes' walk brings you to the big cedars and Douglas firs with their absolutely correct out-of-doors smell. Whether you have chosen the main road or the dusky Otis-Fuller trail, you soon reach the crest of the ridge. Here the air carries a sharper tang, direct from the Olympics, whose silhouette, like a mammoth paper cut-out, is hung straight across the sunset.

Arriving at the Cabin, the mattresses are distributed, and awkwardly draped figures are seen to scuttle off in all directions, toward their sleeping quarters. Dinner time finds you not far from the big fireplace. Now everyone knows that no dinner can be cooked until after the commsisary has arrived, but it is not long before the first faint whisper, "When do we eat?", has swelled to a roaring chant, "WHEN DO WE EAT?" Mingled with this are frantic demands from the kitchen for "wooden water", and it is fortunate for us that our cook's culinary ability is surpassed only by her good temper!

Whenever a large crowd gathers at Kitsap, Saturday evening is dedicated to King Revel, and no sooner do the dishwashers vacate the kitchen than it is pre-empted as a dressing-room. Characters from history and mythology appear, and wondrous costumes are fabricated from most unlikely materials. Now the stage is set, the number called. It may be Lord Ullin's Daughter (six feet of fright and coquetry), or ravenous lions. brandishing their tails and mauling a hapless—but heroic—Daniel. Of course the stunts are often held out-of-doors: the County Fair, for instance, by which we hoped to raise a maximum amount of three dollars to restock the first aid cupboard. "Success" is no word to describe that County Fair; it was almost a "regrettable incident" in point of noise at least.

Sunday, rain or shine, there is a hike, and somewhere on our hundred-odd acres there can always be found sufficient "rough stuff" to satisfy anyone.

But not all visit Kitsap to spend the morning hours afoot. Some have tastes architectural rather than pedestrian, and these arm themselves with hammers, nails and saws, and retire to the precincts of their "individual" sleeping shelters, where they concoct additions, improvements and even modest furnishings.

After the big Sunday dinner, the clean-up committee has the right-of-way, for, of course, each party takes pride in leaving the Cabin as neat as they found it, and with a good supply of firewood cut and stored for the next visitors. So there is feverish activity within, and brisk application to the chopping-block outside: the dust flies and so do the chips.

The stroll back to Chico is punctuated by side excursions into the bush for greens, salal and huckleberry proving irresistible to all who would elude the high cost of florists. At the dock. the uninitiated are startled by a tremendous splashing, and behold, He-who-is-reincarnated-from-a-Polar-bear is swimming about in the icy brine, spouting and chortling, and apparently enjoying his little week-end finale. Our teeth chatter, we shiver, we much prefer to go aboard and cluster around the big smokestack. We may not ask for a place in the sun, but we do want it dry!

While we laugh together over memories of the jolly big parties at Kitsap (when the hospitable rooftree is taxed to capacity), for many Mountaineers the strongest bonds of allegiance are forged at other times. Hardly a Sunday passes that the register remains blank, and to those who

steal away to Kitsap "inbetween times", the place stands for a haven of quieter joys. Mighty evergreen sentinels guard its thresholds, peace and security hover under those spreading eaves. Silence lays its finger upon your heart, and bids you come again.

Truly, Kitsap "likes to be visited."

SNOQUALMIE LODGE

Ralph E. Leber

Each year, since the Lodge was built, has seen a few improvements made. There have been changes since we had to dig out the wood from the snow-drifts and knotholes for pillows were the best sleeping accommodations offered. The past year has been spent chiefly in building trails into new territory, reconstructing and reblazing old ones and ironing out a few of the wrinkles in the toboggan course.

A start has been made near Rockdale on the reconstruction of the Wright Trail. It is hoped to complete this work the coming year and, when finished, the trail will be a steady, even grade to the Lodge. In some places at present the trail leads steeply up a scrambly rock slope. This will be changed to a location of a more gradual ascent and smoother footing. No hope is held out, however, that the completed trail will be so disguised that no one will suspect the general grade to be uphill.

Another trail has been built from Laconia (now called the Summit) partly for autoists and to eliminate the steep climb from the railroad track to the Lodge on the return trip from the Snow Lake and Commonwealth districts. Autoists, to reach this, turn to the right at the Summit Inn and run along the old Emigrant Trail about one-fourth mile to the bench mark (elevation 3127 ft.)—the official Snoqualmie Pass. Some more work is needed to provide a turning and parking place. The Emigrant Trail at this point is considerable distance from the main road and is seldom frequented. Machines can be left with slight danger of being molested. The Lodge is reached in thirty-five minutes easy walking with only a 350-foot climb as against 1200 feet from Denny Creek Camp and 700 from Rockdale. This trail leads through the trees its entire length and will grow in popularity as it becomes better known.

Co-operating with the Forestry Service on a 50-50 basis the Club constructed about two miles of trail up Denny Creek the past summer. The trail ends at present at the beginning of the ascent to Hemlock Pass. It is hoped next year will see the completion of this trail through the valley between Kaleetan and Chair Peaks to link up with the Snow Lake trail, making a nice one day, round trip without covering the same ground twice.

The trail to Divide and Surveyors' Lakes was reblazed and, in a few places that had washed out, new trail was constructed. The trail to Rockdale Lake was also reblazed. The Forestry Service reopened the trail up the Commonwealth Creek from the Summit to Red Mountain. This trail has not been much traveled of late years and was badly overgrown. The Commonwealth Trail is the shortest route to Goldmeyers Hot Springs and is the best approach to Red Mountain and Kendall Creek.

The sleeping capacity of women's quarters has been increased 25 per cent. Everyone is assured of a mattress although, on big trips, a few have to sleep on the canvas cots instead of the springs. The Mountaineers are very fortunate to be the possessors of a wonderful team of human mules. They hitch themselves, furnish their own vocabulary and carry heavy burdens up any hillside, no matter how steep. The large, new heater in the women's quarters is a sample of the work they can do.

All the felled trees and stumps have been removed from the toboggan course. It will not be safe, however, to predict how it will work before the first heavy snowfall this winter. The bumps will be fewer and further apart and it is hoped the casualty list will be reduced to a minimum. Three new toboggans have been added to the equipment.

The Board of Trustees has authorized the erection of a shelter hut at Source Lake, the head of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie, which will be put up this coming summer. This is the first of a series of these shelters

planned. These huts are to be constructed of rough logs and will be open on one side. The dimensions will be about ten by twelve feet. They will be for the use of the general public but are built primarily for the convenience and comfort of the Club members. Another one will probably be built at an early date near Melakwa Lakes or at the top of Hemlock Pass.

*GRADUATE MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

Winona Bailey	Stella Scholes	Karen Olson
Professor E. S. Meany	Rodney L. Glisan	Linda Coleman
Joseph T. Hazard	John Lee	O. J. Smith
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard	Crissie Cameron	Dr. H. B. Hinman
L. A. Nelson	Mrs. Laurie Frazeur	Charles Albertson
P. M. McGregor		Lulie Nettleton

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

REPORT OF OUTING COMMITTEE

Summary of Receipts and Disbursements on the 1921 Outing to Glacier Peak and Lake Chelan

Total Receipts from Members:		
57 members at $75.00		$4,275.00
17 members at $68.00		1,156.00
13 deposits at $20.00		260.00
2 members at $70.00		140.00
1 member at $55.30		55.30
1 member at $60.00		60.00
1 member at $62.30		62.30
1 member at $8.00		8.00
Excess Baggage		20.00
	Total	$6,036.60
Brought forward—Receipts from Members		$6,036.60
Receipts from Commissary, etc.:		
Flour sold to N. L. Brown		16.75
Bacon sold to Wm. Schroll		15.00
Receipts from shoebox sale of calks, shoe laces, etc.		9.40
Received from Ben Mooers, balance from two-week party return expenses		13.00
Alpenstock sold to Mr. Anderson		3.50
Commissary sold on the trip		2.25
Commissary sold to Ralph Leber		3.66
Miscellaneous receipts, sale of stamps, stationery, smoked glasses, etc.		3.10
		66.66
Grand Total Receipts of Outing		$6,103.26
Total receipts from Treasurer		$6,103.26
Total Disbursements		6,069.83
Pack Train		1,970.00
Freight		21.75
Commissary		1,305.25
Transportation		1,424.93
Cooks		490.40
Equipment		170.91
Scouting		15.00
Committee Expenses		106.61
Refunds		565.00
	Total	$6,069.83

Balance	$33.43
Paid to Treasurer	30.00
Balance in Bank	3.43
Outstanding Bills	8.75 (?)
Outstanding Receipts	8.75 (?)

CELIA D. SHELTON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

FINANCIAL REPORTS

SNOQUALMIE LODGE COMMITTEE

For Year Ending October 31, 1921

	Receipts	Disbursements
Advance from Treasurer	$ 50.00	
Appropriations, Donations, Miscellaneous	408.07	
Lodge Dues	112.70	
Profits on Outings, etc.	295.91	
Supplies		$ 22.47
Wood Supply		115.00
Equipment		269.71
Completion Ski Course		173.26
Trail Work		171.00
Traveling Expense—Lodge Committee		16.58
Transportation Charges		15.51
Miscellaneous		33.00
Paid into Treasury October 31, 1921		50.15
Total	$866.68	$866.68

KITSAP CABIN COMMITTEE

For Year Ending October 31, 1921

	Receipts	Disbursements
Fees and Charges	$735.85	
Sale of Commissary	13.95	
Miscellaneous and Donations	164.35	
Commissary and Supplies		$445.55
Hauling		89.50
Equipment		231.05
Labor		60.90
Taxes, Insurance, etc.		26.80
Paid into Treasury October 31, 1921		60.35
Total	$914.15	$914.15

Surplus for Year	$60.35
Attendance	1,444

SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

For Year Ending October 31, 1921

RECEIPTS—		
Fees and Trip Charges	$1,416.55	$1,416.55
EXPENDITURES—		
Transportation	$ 973.70	
Cook	34.08	
Equipment	12.70	
Commissary	217.63	
Scouting	10.00	
Hauling	4.00	
Expenses of Skagit Engineer	15.00	
Miscellaneous	12.29	
Balance turned in to Club Treasurer Oct. 31, 1921	137.15	
		$1,416.55

HARRY McL. MEYERS,
Chairman of the Local Walks Committee.

TREASURER'S REPORT

For the Year Ending October 31, 1921

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand November 1, 1920	$1,050.33	
Interest on General Fund Investments	14.00	
Interest on Permanent Fund Investments	305.26	
Purchase of Bonds for Permanent Fund		$ 738.77
Initiation Fees	282.00	
Life Membership, Professor Meany	100.00	
Dues—Seattle	2,577.00	
Tacoma	511.00	
Everett	187.00	
Bremerton	102.00	
Refunds to Tacoma		150.00
Everett		55.00
Bremerton		33.00
Surplus from Local Walks Committee	137.15	
Deficit from Kitsap Cabin		2.65
Deficit from Snoqualmie Lodge		148.35
Summer Outing's Surplus	22.07	
Permanent Construction, Snoqualmie Lodge		78.62
Permanent Construction, Pilchuck Lodge		131.94
Memorial Seat at Sluiskin Falls		160.00
Advertising in Bulletin and Prospectus	282.30	
Advertising in Annual	176.50	
Sale of Annuals	59.85	
Refund by P.O. of deposit on application for 2nd class permit	40.00	
Cost of Bulletin and Prospectus		750.46
Cost of Annual, 1920		910.39
Sale of Pins and Fobs	17.55	
Purchase of Pins and Fobs		43.00
Deposits on Lantern Slides	55.50	
Deposits on Lantern Slides refunded		42.00
Snoqualmie Lodge Ski and Toboggan Course		270.36
Snoqualmie Lodge Trail Work		180.00
Snoqualmie Wood Supply		75.00
Salaries		235.05
Printing, Stationery and Postage		301.00
Rent of Club rooms and meeting quarters		310.00
Rent received from Club room	100.00	
Slides, Albums and Pictures		44.85
Entertainment Committee		66.85
Miscellaneous		127.33
N.S.F. Checks	7.00	
Scouting new Lodge Site		5.77
Deposit in Bank for Savings		20.75
Cash on Hand October 31, 1921		1,145.37
	$6,026.51	$6,026.51

ASSETS:

Cash in National Bank of Commerce, October 31, 1921	$ 1,145.37
Cash in Bank for Savings, October 31, 1921	586.62
General Fund Investments	500.00
Permanent Fund Investments	2,886.66
Snoqualmie Lodge	3,139.22
Kitsap Cabin	1,538.26
Pilchuck Lodge	131.94
Club Room	267.47
	$10,195.54

LIABILITIES:

Permanent Fund	$ 3,160.50
Deposit on Lantern Slides	15.00
Surplus	7,020.04
	$10,195.54

PERMANENT FUND:

November 1, 1920	$2,473.24
Initiation Fees for year	282.00
Life Membership	100.00
Interest on Investment and Bank Account	305.26
Balance October 31, 1921	$3,160.50

C. G. MORRISON,
Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS—TACOMA BRANCH

For Year Ending October 12, 1921

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand October 10, 1920	$ 614.41	
Refund on Membership	122.00	
Refund Loan—Winter Outing Committee	350.00	
Local Walks	59.84	
Balance from Winter Outing	75.26	
Interest on Cabin Fund	6.25	
Interest on Liberty Bonds	16.97	
Loan Winter Outing Committee		$ 600.00
Postage and Stationery		67.75
Lecture Course		70.75
Miscellaneous		35.48
Cash on hand October 12, 1921		470.75
Total	$1,244.73	$1,244.73

TOTAL ASSETS—	
Liberty Bonds	$ 400.00
General Fund	257.25
Cabin Fund	213.50
Loan Winter Outing Committee	250.00
Total	$1,120.75

ETHEL M. YOUNG,
Secretary-Treasurer.

TACOMA LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

		Receipts	Disbursements
Local Walks		$ 91.50	
Winter Outing		2.564.00	
Special Outings		529.60	
Commissary			$1,254.14
Transportation			1.089.58
Refunds			598.51
Miscellaneous			114.97
Remittance to Treasurer—			
Local walks and Special Outings	$59.84		
Winter Outing	68.06		127.90
Total		$3,185.10	$3,185.10

LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE.
W. W. Kilmer, Chairman.

THE MOUNTAINEERS—BREMERTON BRANCH

	Receipts	Disbursements
Refund on Dues and Applications (I. Clark)	$17.00	
Bremerton Music Co. for paper		$ 1.00
Sale of Emblems	3.90	
Material for Emblems		3.78
Sale of Emblems	1.80	
Postage and Stationery Supplies		.60
Purchase of Secretary Book		.75
Cloth for Emblems and Kitsap Outing		3.16
Lutheran Brotherhood for Rent, May and June		5.00
O. H. Kneen for Lindsley Slides		6.00
Total	$22.70	$20.29

Balance on hand, turned over to Miss S. J. Conley by Miss Margaret Pattison, retiring Secretary ..... $ 2.41
Received C. G. Morrison, dues for May, June, July, August, and October 16.00

Balance of hand November 21, 1921 ..... 18.41

SADIE J. CONLEY,
Secretary.

THE MOUNTAINEERS—EVERETT BRANCH

Balance on hand September 28, 1920		$169.12
Net Proceeds from Local Walks		23.23
Net Proceeds from Special Trips		56.54
Refund Account Members Dues		48.00
Refund Account Pilchuck Camp Expense		131.94
Miscellaneous Receipts		52.35
Total		$481.18

DISBURSEMENTS:

Two Liberty Bonds bought	$ 89.60	
Miscellaneous	64.00	
Supplies	3.95	
Parties	23.97	
Pilchuck Camp	235.78	
		$427.30
Balance, Cash on Hand		53.88
		$481.18

RESOURCES:

Cash in Checking Account	$ 53.88
Cash in Savings Account	37.77
Liberty Bonds, par value	200.00
	$291.65

The Pilchuck Camp expense comprises, two Lang ranges, forty-one mattresses, dishes, repairs to buildings and clearing land.

Audited and certified correct, October 22, 1921.

WALTER ERIKSON,
G. A. CHURCH,
Committee.

SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE REPORT ON LOCAL WALKS AND OUTINGS

Walk No.	Date 1920-21	Route	Miles	Leaders	Attendance	Cost
384	Nov. 7	Charleston—Huckleberry Walk	7	Ruby Entz	119	$0.90
385	Nov. 21	Bremerton to Charleston	8	Henry C. Hitt	100	.90
386	Dec. 3	Geology Walk—Duwamish Valley	2	Prof. E. J. Saunders	42	.25
387	Dec. 5	South Beach to West Wood	8	T. D. Everts	82	.90
388	Dec. 19	Christmas Greens Walk	6	Norman Huber	61	.90
389	Jan. 9	Renton to Renton	21	Glen Bremerman	33	.35
390	Jan. 16	Newport to Coal Creek Mines	14	W. A. Marzolf	161	.50
391	Jan. 30	Rolling Bay to South Beach	9	Rounds & Buckley	114	.80
392	Feb. 5	Bellevue to Bellevue	12	Louis Svarz	51	.25
393	Feb. 27	Colby to Manchester	11	Grace Howard	101	.90
394	Mar. 6	Ronald-Richmond Beach—Lake Ballinger	8	Jos. Wimmer	52	.55
395	Mar. 13	Tacoma Joint Walk—Maury Island	10	A. H. Bassett	93	.90
396	Apr. 3	Manchester to Waterman	8	Wesley Langlow	51	.90
397	Apr. 17	Sylvan Beach to Lisabeula	12	Alice Stenholm	87	.80
398	May 1	Everett Joint Walk—Whidby Island	8	Mary Prettegiani	104	1.00
399	May 22	Rhododendron Walk—first	4	Pearl Megrath	184	.90
400	June 12	Rhododendron Walk—second	5	Effie L. Chapman	44	.90
401	Sept. 11	Gig Harbor to Maplewood	8	Fairman B. Lee	72	.90
402	Sept. 25	Illahee to Manette	9	Frank Helsell	69	.70
403	Oct. 2	Duwamish Valley to South Park	9	Mildred Granger	62	.25
404	Oct. 23	Suquamish to Indianola	10	Mrs. Frank Pugsley	110	.90
		SPECIAL OUTINGS				
47	May 14	McClellan' Butte Trip		H. Wilf. Playter	66	4.55
48	June 5	Blue Hills Bivouac	13	Lloyd L. Smail	26	1.30
49	June 8	Mercer Island—Beach Supper		L.W.C.	—	—
50	July 4	Skagit Power Development		L.W.C.	80	11.50
		Average Attendance on Local Walks	85	Total	1964	

HARRY McL. MYERS, Chairman.

TACOMA LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE REPORT OF LOCAL WALKS AND OUTINGS

No.	Date 1920	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
168	Oct. 10	Orting to Alderton, via McMillan Reservoir	8	Agnes Streeter	27	$0.98
169	Oct. 24	Gig Harbor to Crescent Lake and return	8	Geo. Eidemiller	35	.50
170	Nov. 14	Murray to Steilacoom Hospital	8	Conrad Denz	48	.66
171	Nov. 29	Harbor Heights to Clam Cove	8	A. A. Taylor	36	.45
172	Dec. 5	Manzanita to Indian Point	9	W. H. Udall	34	.60
173	Dec. 19	Evergreens Walks—American Lake	8	Blanch Bair	21	.60
	1921					
174	Jan. 9	Sumner to Sumner via Lake Tapps	10	Julia Raymond	42	.60
175	Jan. 23	Gig Harbor to Arletta	8	Geo. X. Riddell	53	.80
176	Feb. 13	Prairie—Mystery Walk	7		18	.48
177	Feb. 27	Gig Harbor to Olalla	12	Earl Martin	64	.80
178	Mar. 13	Joint walk with Seattle—Maury Island	10	Arthur H. Bassett	49	.85
179	Mar. 20	Camp Lewis to American Lake	12	Clare Criswell	33	.88
180	Apr. 10	Shore Acres to Willachet Bay	7	Virginia Hand	55	.55
181	Apr. 24	Hylehas Creek to Sumner	12	Leo Gallagher	32	.45
182	May 8	Bird and Flower Walk	7	John H. Bowles	88	.30
183	May 22	Faraway to Point Devils Head and return	6	Elsie Holgate	66	1.16
184	June 12	Fox Island—Strawberry walk	5	Stella Scholes	66	.85
185	Sept. 11	Regents Park to Steilacoom	6	Mary Barnes	30	.48
186	Sept. 25	Orting to Kapowsin	12	A. H. Denman	35	1.52
				Total	832	
		SPECIAL OUTINGS				
	1920 Dec. 12	Prairie—Spanaway Lake	8	Crissie Cameron	50	.66
	Dec. 29 to Jan. 2, 1921	Winter Outing Mt. Rainier National Park (Paradise Valley)		Outing Committee	110	18.00
	1921					
	Feb. 11-12-13	Snoqualmie Lodge		Local Walks Committee	16	7.51
	Sept. 3-4-5	Labor Day Outing to Mt. Rainier National Park (Indian Henry's Hunting Ground)		Local Walks Committee	54	9.50

W. W. KILMER,
Chairman Local Walks Committee.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Edmond S. Meany, president — Irving M. Clark, secretary
Edward W. Allen, vice-president — C. G. Morrison, treasurer

Winona Bailey	Mabel McBain	Lulie Nettleton
Glen F. Bremerman	P. M. McGregor	Fred B. Schenck
Mrs. J. T. Hazard	Ben C. Mooers	Celia D. Shelton
O. H. Kneen	Harry McL. Myers	George E. Wright

Gertrude Inez Streator, historian

STANDING COMMITTEES

OUTING—
Fred Q. Gorton, chairman
Mary Shelton, secretary
Glen F. Bremerman
H. Wilford Playter

LEGISLATIVE—
F. P. Helsell, chairman

LOCAL WALKS—
T. D. Everts, chairman
Hortense Beuschlein
Mrs. J. T. Hazard
W. A. Marzolf
Myrtle Mathews
H. Wilford Playter
Gladys Smith
J. Morgan Van Wickle
Joseph Wimmer

SNOQUALMIE LODGE—
Ralph E. Leber, chairman
H. E. D. Brown
H. S. Tusler
Laura G. Whitmire

KITSAP CABIN—
Mary Cutter, chairman
Margaret Hargrave
W. A. Marzolf
Pearl A. Megrath
Ralph Munn

ENTERTAINMENT—
Sallie L. Shelton, chairman

MEMBERSHIP—
Margaret Hargrave, chairman
H. E. Brown
Mildred Granger
Ronald Ruddiman

TRAILS COMMITTEE—
H. S. Tusler, chairman

COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS—
Arthur Loveless, chairman

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT—
C. F. Todd, chairman

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES COMMITTEE—
Ben C. Mooers, chairman

RECORD OF ASCENTS
Lulu Nettleton, chairman

Financial Secretary, Mrs. Norman Huber
Custodian of Slides, H. V. Abel
Chairman Rooms Committee, Clayton Crawford
Reporter, Lulie Nettleton

BREMERTON BRANCH

Otto Voll, president — Sadie J. Conley, secretary-treasurer
Henry Hitt, vice-president — O. H. Kneen, trustee
Chairman Local Walks Committee, A. E. Smith

EVERETT BRANCH

Jesse A. Varley, president — Geo. D. Thompson, treasurer
Belle Melvin, secretary — Mabel McBain, trustee
Chairman Local Walks Committee, Frank Niles
Chairman Lodge Committee, Bert Church

TACOMA BRANCH

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

A. H. Denman, president — Ethel M. Young, secretary-treasurer
W. W. Kilmer, vice-president — Fred B. Schenck, trustee
J. S. Kemp — Stella Scholes — R. S. Wainwright

LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE—
Leo Gallagher, chairman
Mildred Raedisch
Stella Shahan
Mary Barnes
Rial Benjamin
Conrad Denz

PROGRAM COMMITTEE—
Catherine Seabury, chairman
Agnes Streeter
Alice Frazer
Bert Lesperense
Arthur G. Kellenberger
John Gallagher

WINTER OUTING COMMITTEE

Leo Gallagher, chairman — Arthur G. Kellenberger — Earl B. Martin

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MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS, NOVEMBER 1, 1921

	Men	Women	Total
SEATTLE	334	335	669
EVERETT	26	29	55
TACOMA	73	73	146
BREMERTON	15	19	34
	448	456	904

MRS. NORMAN HUBER, Financial Secretary.

REPORT OF SECRETARY

Another branch has been added to the club organization—Bremerton. With enthusiastic leaders and a location affording ample opportunity for excellent hiking trips the branch should be a success. It has the good wishes of the club members.

The membership has increased during the year from 712 to 904 and it is interesting to note that ratio of men to women has become more evenly balanced, being 448 to 456 for the current year as against 341 to 371 for the preceding year.

IRVING M. CLARK, Secretary.

MEMBERS

October 31, 1921

HONORARY MEMBERS

Major E. S. Ingraham — S. E. Paschall

LIFE MEMBERS

Naomi Achenbach — E. S. Meany
R. L. Glisan — Robert Moran

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

ABEL, H. V., 2006 Boyer St. Cap. 1432.
ACHESON, T. J., 1617 Broadway No.
AKIN, Cecilia E., 1431 Minor, "Wintonia."
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ANDERSON, Jennie L., 1902 Victoria Ave.
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ANDERSON, Pearl A., Greenbank, Island Co., Wash.
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BAKER, Mildred E., 4718 4th Ave. N.E. Ken. 1693.
BAKER, Ruth E., 4718 4th Ave. N.E. Ken. 1693.
BALSER, Mary A., 3253 11th Ave. W.
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BOWMAN, Mrs. J. N., 2103 E. 52nd St. Ken 1652.
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BROWN, Harold E. D., 2323 11th Ave. No.
BROWN, Herman E., 5720 15th N.E.
BROWN, Ruth A., 1132 10th Ave. No.
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ENGLE, Norman, 1415 E. Olive St.
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FRENCH, Oneita, 4553 35th Ave. So.
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GREENLEAF, Joseph T., 602 14th Ave. No.
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OAKLEY, June, 5261 16th Ave. N.E. Ken. 4223.
OAKLEY, Mary, 5261 16th Ave. N.E. Ken. 4223.
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OBERG, John E., c|o Y.M.C.A. Main 5208.
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HAND, Virginia, 1942 So. E. St. Main 2646.

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