THE MOUNTAINEER

VOLUME XVII
Number One
December 15, 1924

Mount Rainier National Park
The Himalayas as a Climbing Field
The Ascent of Mount St. Elias

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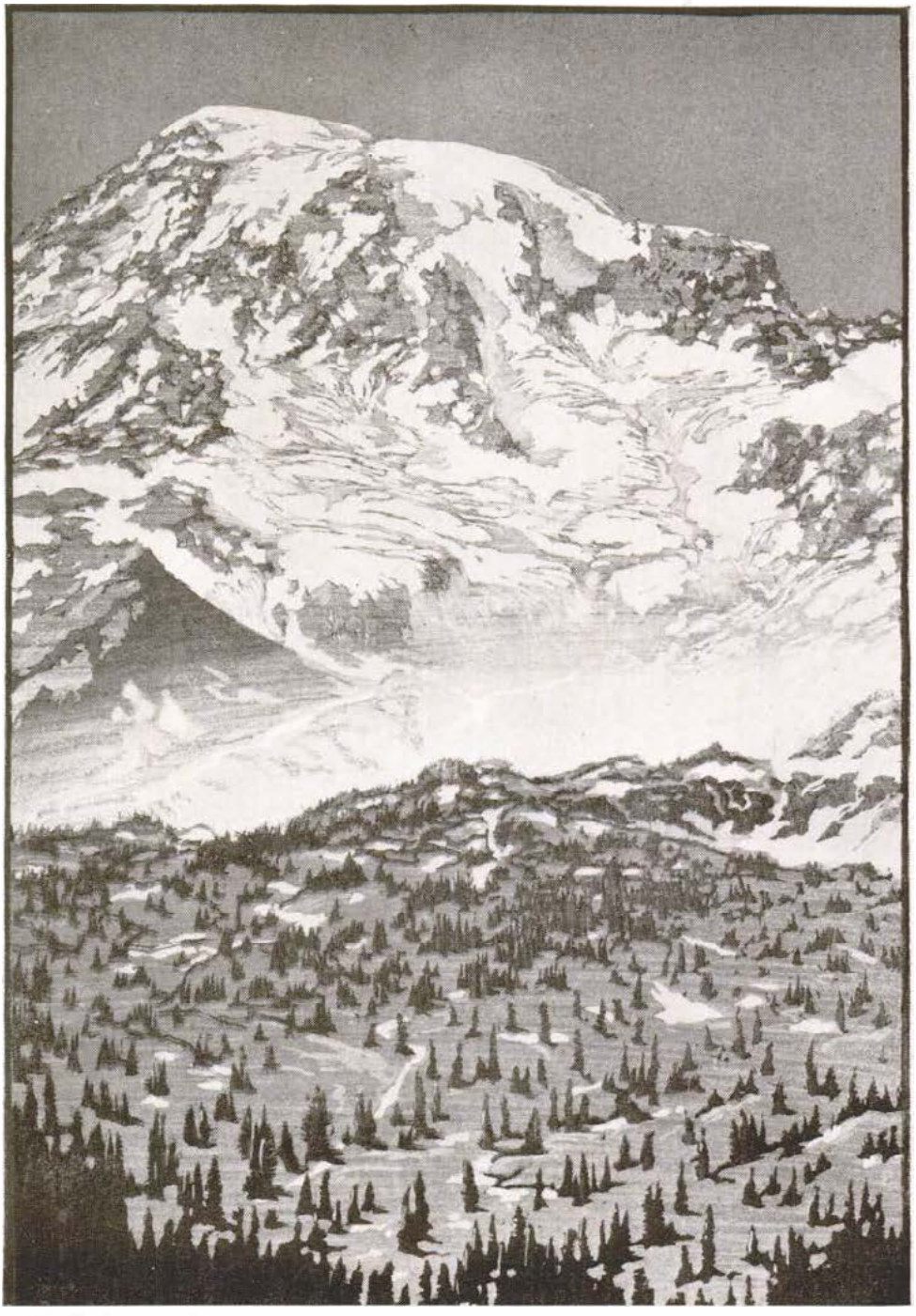

MOUNT RAINIER

From Wood-block in Color by Ambrose Patterson

To the Members of the Third Mount Everest Expedition:

In admiration of you who won supreme heights and lived to return again to the valleys, and in memory of those who climbed beyond you, but lie now upon slopes nearer Heaven than ever known before to mortal men, The Mountaineers dedicate the pages of this Annual.

To the Mountaineers.

This carries the thanks of the 3rd Mt. Everest Expedition for the greetings expressing of the mountaineers

Love of the mountains forms a strong bond and an enduring one: all mountain peoples and all mountain lovers are akin.

May all good fortune & prosperity attend our kindred spirits of the West.

E.F. Norton

Oct. 18th 1924

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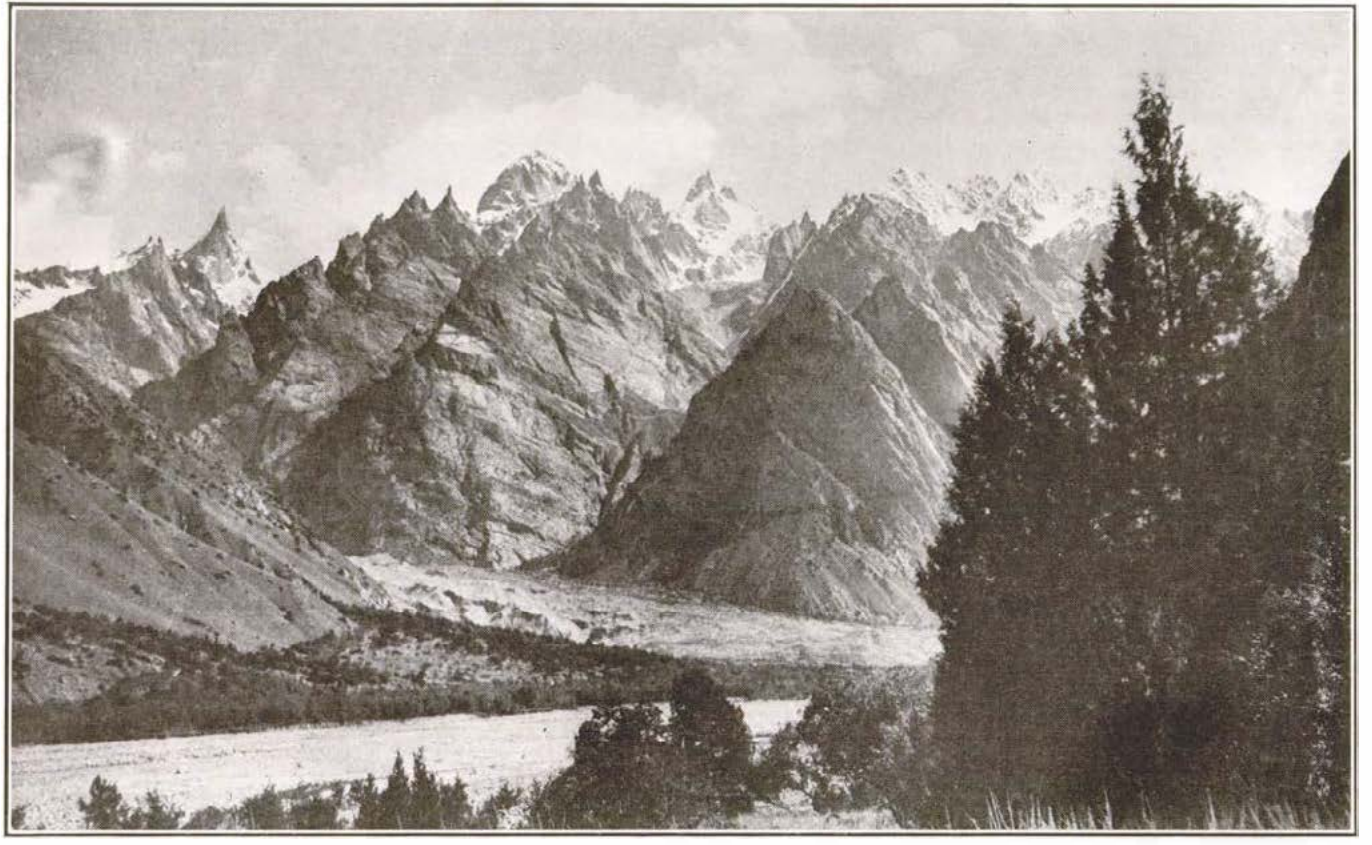

UPPER HUSHE VALLEY IN THE WESTERN HIMALAYAS

H. Appleton

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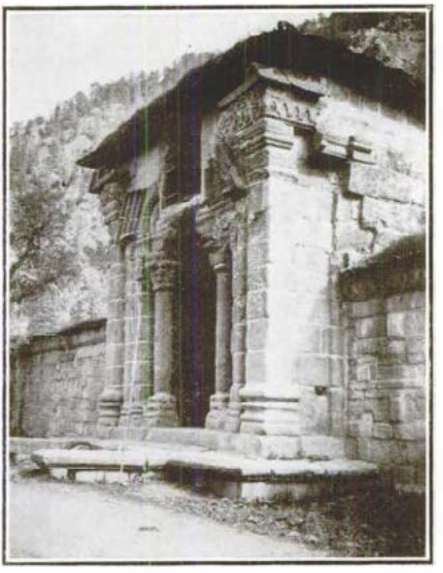


H. Appleton

NAGA TEMPLE GATEWAY

The Naga cult was devoted to the worship of serpents and inanimate objects. Such ruins are frequently found in the Vale of Kashmir.

THE HIMALAYAS AS A CLIMBING FIELD

H. APPLETON

FROM the earliest times great mountains have filled the minds of primitive peoples with awe and reverence. To them, their innermost recesses, inaccessible with such means as they possessed, appeared to be the abode of their gods, notably so with the early Greeks; or to be under the guardianship of evil spirits, demons, genii, ogres and dragons as with the Chinese and Mongol races, who, living on the steppes between the great mountain ranges of Central Asia, dreaded to venture among them.

In no race has this feeling been stronger, or indeed is so today, than among the races occupying the northern part of India. To them, the wonderful, the mysterious beauty of the panorama of eternal snows, as seen anywhere within fifty miles of the foothills in northern India, throughout the five months of clear weather in the winter season, has a special appeal. Especially is this true late in an evening when the plains and lower

hills have passed into obscurity and the profile of the snowy range, perhaps one hundred and twenty miles away, is seen, as it were, resting on nothing, high in the sky, and glowing with red and pink and opal colors, gradually fading out as night comes on.

They know that but for those glaciers and snows, their great rivers, the Ganges, the Jumna and the five rivers of the Punjaub, all carrying a beneficent flood of silt-laden waters, could not vitalize their lands and their main source of abundance and wealth would have no existence.

What wonder then, the thankful reverence of the primitive Aryans for their gods, chief among whom was Indra, the Atmospherical God — who controlled the seasons and gave the harvests — and whose abode they placed among the inaccessible snows, or what wonder that Siva, the god of destruction, among the Himalayan tribes, also had his dwelling there.

From the earliest times, therefore, the first wanderers among the mountains have been pilgrims, worshippers at shrines established by pious ascetics in the most remote glens, usually at the source of some glacier stream such as at Gangotri and Jumnotri, the sources of the great Ganges and Jumna rivers respectively, and countless places of minor repute to be met with through all the hill districts such as Kulu, Chamba and Kashmir.

In other ways, too, the mountains became known to the ancient peoples. The introduction of Buddhism, with its call to great numbers of men to devote their lives to introspection and the search for absolute purity, led to groups of them isolating themselves from almost all contact with the outside world in the Lamaseries, met with everywhere in Tibet and usually situated on some almost inaccessible crag or high up by the glaciers above the areas possible of productive occupation.

Holy men from China or Mongolia would make the arduous journey to India, also, to study Buddhism and some, such as the celebrated Chinese pilgrim, Hsuan Tsang, left excellent accounts of their travels recorded in the Annals of the T'ang Dynasty (eighth century) which Sir Aurel Stein, the great explorer in the states north of Kashmir and Chinese Turkestan, records as being most accurate and useful to the present-day traveler.

Routes, too, became known by which trade between Central Asia and India could be carried on over all the mountains, usually by yak trains or herds of sheep, each carrying its little load and able to pick up a living as they progressed even on the very scanty herbage available in the passes, some of which are 17,000 to 19,000 feet high.

Alexander the Great's generals, also, occupied quite a part of Kashmir and many traces of their presence exist in the shape of the ruins of buildings, chiefly temples devoted to the Naga cult, that is, the worship of fetishes, inanimate objects, serpents and the like (Nag in Sanskrit means serpent — the "Kaj-i-nag," a beautiful range in lower Kashmir means "Tooth of a Serpent" Mountains on account of their broken and precipitous ridges). The Greek strain, too, is so strong in the secluded state of Nagyr, north of

Gilgit in Kashmir, that the people today are fair-haired and blue-eyed, with typical Greek features and names and they are proud of the origin.

Indeed, the names of many things are still pure Greek — for instance, if you should inquire the local name for the wild narcissus flower, so plentiful in those parts, you would be told it was "Narkisse."

Following the activities of the Chinese in the Eighth Century, which included the sending of a small army over all the mountains to Kashmir to fight the Tibetans as recorded by Hsuan Tsang, a veil fell over the scene only to be momentarily lifted by the Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, who took the route via the Oxus and Pamirs to China, and later by the party of Jesuit priests under the Abbé Huc, who reached Lhasa on their way to that country.

From all this it is clear that while the ancient travelers undertook and overcame the greatest difficulties in such traverses of the mountains as they made, it was not until the Englishman appeared on the scene, enforced the Pax Brittanica on the turbulent mountain races and opened the country, that real knowledge of the mountains and the climbing area began.

Of the English, three classes became wanderers and climbers. One class became so officially, as members of the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, whose duties required them to penetrate the inmost recesses of the mountains and scale all heights that appeared accessible to them for the purpose of making observations on which they could base their maps, and who, if I remember rightly, first attained such heights as 23,000 feet.

Their accomplishment was great as testified by the magnificent series of detailed maps of this system of mountains available today. They had, of course, such aid as came from the fullest resources of the government being at their call.

The "Shikar Sahib," as he is termed, constitutes the second class. Usually the young officer of the army or other service in India, or an independent traveler of the same mind who wanted sport and adventure, and who, whenever he could get leave for two to six months in the summer, would rush away with his tents and rifles and scatter and be lost to all knowledge of the outside world among the wilderness of mountains, wherever he thought the finest sheep or wild goats, such as the marhor, ibex or tahr, or other prized mountain trophies could be got. Equipped as such men were, the lightest possible, with everything but the minimum for life left behind, so as to be able to get over the worst country, they penetrated practically everywhere except the higher ice fields and peaks. Climb for the sake of climbing, no; but climb because they had to in order to gain access to the sporting grounds they desired and in the pursuit of game — surely they had their hearts' content of it. If the reader doubts it, let him try a season or two hunting markhor among the precipices of the Indus defile in the Astor or the Kaj-i-Nag, or tahr among the Zanskar or Nunkun Mountain gorges, perhaps the worst of all, or ibex among the ice fields of the Karakoram.

Lastly comes that class of wanderers, the most restless and adventurous of all, who step off into the unknown eagerly and not counting the risk at all, the pioneer explorers, who stake everything on their chance of coming out at the other end, or the top, or attaining their objective, whether it be to take a chance on crossing all the mountains by some undiscovered route — as Sir Francis Younghusband did when he crossed by the Hispar Pass — or, as the several have done who have set off on the traverse of the unknown and uninhabited Tibetan steppes to China, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, little of it below 16,000 feet in elevation, with every chance of the physical obstacles and starvation making their progress impossible.

The journeys of some of these travelers, the brothers Schlagintweit, who left their lives up there, Captains Bower and Thorold, Mr. and Mrs. Littledale, Captains Welby and Deasy, Sven Hedin and the Honorable W. Rockhill, the American, constitute the romance of travel starting in most cases with the passage of the highest Himalayan passes, one at least over 19,000 feet.

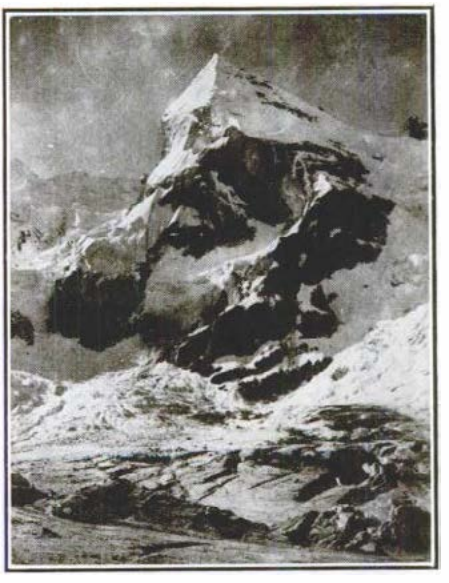
Lastly in recent years, come the marvelous journeys of the explorer and archaeologist, Sir Aurel Stein, who knew no impossibility in the most dangerously difficult mountain traverses. The books of most of the above record their experiences and constitute the very romance of adventurous travels.

The writer may say here that he is but a member of the second class, the humble "Shikar Sahib" as regards his Himalayan wanderings — which, however, took him to most parts worth seeing, including a trip to the heart of the Karakoram Mountains up the Hushè and a tramp around the Tibetan frontier where for weeks he lived and hunted between 17,000 and 19,000 feet. He also has his place in the third class, being a pioneer as to the possibility of a rush from India over all the mountains in May, when they are at their worst as regards dangers from avalanches, falling stones and swollen impassable rivers, across the Pamirs and deserts of Kashgaria and over the Thian Shan (the Celestial Mountains), a magnificent snowy range with peaks up to 24,000 feet, to spend a summer hunting with the Kirghiz nomads. The magnet, the finest hunting ground for mountain game in the world, perhaps, today; the home of record ibex, superb sheep second only to the finest got by Littledale in the Alta-i, magnificent elk, the prototypes of the American one, but of great size, some with twenty to twenty-five points, bears, long-haired tigers, snow leopards, and what not.

And what charm in the free life of those delightful people — a country untouched, as God made it, without a vestige even of a permanent habitation, and unlimited numbers of splendid mountain-bred horses to carry one free as air — often fifty miles in the day, when hunting.

Then the rush back over fifteen hundred miles of mountains and desert, taking at the end, the chances of a winter crossing of all the Himalayas in November and December, with the handicap of having a large caravan to see in safety over the high passes.

What can one say but that Siva, the Destroyer, for once was gentle with me and not the slightest mishap occurred on the entire trip, although outward bound, every pass and mountain stream was at its worst.



H. Appleton

UPPER HUSHE VALLEY

Beyond the glacier may be seen minor peaks facing Masherbrum.

Still we see, as happened with the ancient peoples, no sign of climbing for climbing's sake alone for the conquest of peaks. So far, indeed, any such idea would have seemed absurd to the frequenters of the mountains. What was the good? Anyway, the attempt would be sure to be futile and probably one would lose one's life.

That, indeed, happened to Mummery, the well-known mountaineer who adventured on the stupendous precipices and ice slopes of Nunga Parbat (26,620 feet). He was never heard of again.

One or two members of the British Alpine Club adventured near the beautiful peak in Hunza-Nagyr, Rakapushi (25,500 feet) without attaining anything, and at the Mount Everest end of the chain, with some achievement.

General Bruce, the leader of the Mount Everest Expedition until invalided, and Doctor Neve in Kashmir had established a leading reputation in that region for adventurous exploratory journeys and successful ascents of several of the minor peaks such as the lovely Kola-hoi twin peaks (17,839 feet) overlooking the Vale of Kashmir, a visit to the Hushé, etc.

It remained for the Americans, Doctor and Mrs. Workman and H. R. H. The Duke of the Abruzzi, in the first ten years of this century to make the first thoroughly well equipped and sustained efforts to climb some of the great peaks. The wonderful success achieved by both is recorded in the magnificent volumes they issued. Of the two, the Duke of the Abruzzi, while failing in his objective, I think on either K^2 (28,000 feet), Gusherbrum (26,500 feet) or some adjoining peak of less height, did attain over 24,000 feet and the Workmans a somewhat less height.

Encouraged by their example and aided by the recent easing in the political condition on the Lhasa (Tibetan) side which allowed the movement of an expedition through Tibetan territory and an attack of the Mountain on the northern side, the only thinkably feasible way, the recent well-known attempts to scale Mount Everest were undertaken.

Doubtless, it was felt by the leading British climbers that the honor of being the first to conquer this peak, the highest in the world by some 600 or 800 feet, and standing on territory within the British sphere of influence, should be theirs.

The whole world has acclaimed the magnificent struggle they have made during three successive seasons to accomplish what most considered all along, and what has so far proved, to be impossible.

The pity of it is that the indomitable spirit of man, refusing to accept defeat, has cost three lives so priceless. One might indeed compare their high endeavors with those of the ancient Greeks in their quest of the Golden Fleece when so many of their best and bravest fell, joyfully indeed and willingly, knowing that their high ideals and supreme effort would be a shining example to those who would — in the near future surely — be irresistably impelled to emulate them and, we may hope, at length succeed.

In considering the Himalayas as a climbing field, some remarks on the influence of climate and the seasonal changes on the different sections of the range seem desirable as affecting the choice of a climbing ground for future followers of the cult. Most climbers, while enjoying a summer among the magnificent scenes of the Himalayas, yet knowing their limitations, may well be content with attempts on peaks which, while far from the highest, are yet considerable feats to conquer. These peaks, like almost all those over 20,000 feet in the Himalayas, are untrod by man and yet possible of accomplishment by those able to afford the cost of a light equipment and to give a moderate amount of time to the object.

Now, the great heat of summer in the low-lying Central Asia steppes and consequent low barometer, cause a vast movement of moisture-laden air from the tropical seas south of India, to the north.

As regards the main part of India, much of this moisture is deposited over the hilly country in the south and over the plains and the effect of the Monsoon, when it strikes the Himalayas, is much less in the western or Kashmir end than it is in the east where the great elevations, such as Everest, rise up precipitously from the plains and are comparatively adjacent to that stewpan, the Bay of Bengal.

Thus, for instance, we find at Cherra-Punji, in the low foothills in Assam a rainfall of five hundred twenty inches per annum of which four hundred fifty inches falls during the Monsoon. This means the most violent, tempestuous weather and excessively heavy snowfall in the high snow ranges above, where the main force of the storm is broken, while on the north side of the mountains, almost desert conditions prevail. This is not so at the western end of the chain. The Himalayan system is here composed of successive ranges of lofty mountains parallel to each other and of some hundred fifty miles in depth from north to south. Here the outer, southern ranges, carrying peaks up to 20,000 feet in height, capture the bulk of the moisture and the second range beyond, the Karakoram, especially as we go east and get farther and farther into the mountains, obtains relatively little moisture.

Indeed, as we approach the Tibetan plateaux or Pamirs, the nearer we are to desert conditions and absolutely fine and beautiful weather all summer, subject only to the constant high winds from the west that prevail at elevations above, say 20,000 feet. North, in the Hindu Kush, the third great range, through which none of the great rivers break, the snowfall is quite light and the high passes are never closed or dangerous; indeed, winter is the best time for travel as such rivers as there exist are frozen or easily fordable.

For ordinary climbers, therefore, the writer would say, leave the almost impossible class of work that the peaks in the east present, alone; for the most experienced and well equipped only have the least chance of success there.

Turning to Kashmir, it will be clear that the high peaks in the outer (southern) main range will have abominable weather with almost impossible climbing conditions, having regard to safety from avalanches, bombardments of wide extent from falling rocks and stones that never cease for days, and impassable streams, right on up to June, and then the monsoon storms begin in the end of June and last till September, after which for two months there is glorious weather with the snow safe and in good condition.

The thing to do, therefore, is to select a climbing field in the Central and Eastern sections of the Karakoram, or second range from the south, where good weather and conditions may be counted on from early June, subject only to the difficulties which the swollen state of the glacier streams impose — or better still, take a trip around up by the Tibetan frontier to begin with. If a sportsman, some fine trophies will be got that way and the country and people are full of interest — see something of the Tibetan Plateau and visit the beautiful Pangong Lake (some 15,000 feet elevation) and, following the route of the Shyok Valley, turn up north to the Hushé or some neighboring field selected among the great peaks and see the wonderful glaciers and ice fields and peaks in those parts. All is easily accessible to anyone used to mountain travel and everywhere there is the possibility of arranging for transport and for good supplies and comforts for the men along with one. There are numberless splendid peaks to see, at least from below, ranging down from K^2 (28,000 feet), Gusherbrum (26,500 feet) and Masherbrum (25,500 feet), and all are virgin ground. A not difficult and rapid exit can be made via the Indus defile, Skardo and the Deosai Plateau and the minor passes to the Vale of Kashmir. The unexperienced, however, are warned off this route and advised to take the easier but longer one by Chorbat La ("La" means pass) (17,000 feet) and the regular caravan route between Leh and Srinagar.

Not all can stand the defile route, for the path is nothing more than a goat trail at a dizzy height above the boiling river often thousands of feet below one's feet. Personally I did the many miles of this defile trail in the night, and as I could not see the path, much less the abyss below, I was saved from nervousness and had myself led by one of the local people,

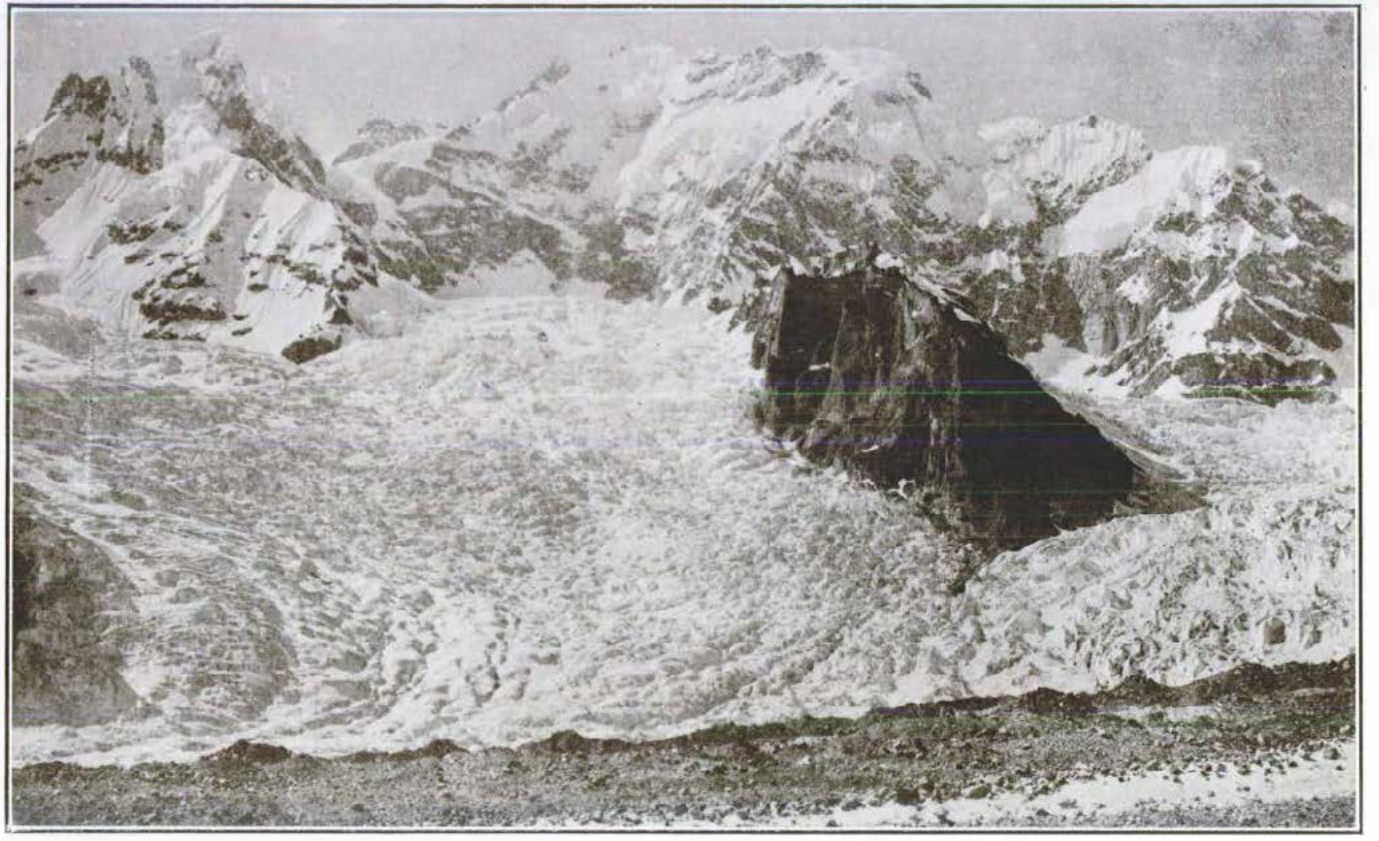
placing a handkerchief on his back that I could see, and handing him the end of my alpenstock. Again, too, a reliable guide is required for the traverse of the desolute wastes of the very elevated Deosai plateau some three and a half days' hard marching across, for there is neither shelter, food, fuel nor sign of a trail to be found, and should bad weather or mist come on and all landmarks be lost to view, it would be easy to lose one's life there. The traverse is dreaded by the local people, so many having perished on it.

Assuming the return to the Vale of Kashmir is timed for the close of the monsoon season, the wanderer can turn his attention to hunting the fine bara singh (a red deer), bear, leopard and small game, all of which are in abundance, or take in hand the climbing of some of the beautiful peaks encircling the Vale, such as the fine twin Kola-hoi peaks (17,839 feet) or even have a try at Nunkun (near 20,000 feet) with its glaciers. The latter is, however, a very difficult mountain and access to it is notoriously bad, the defiles and streams being very forbidding.

By whatever route one may wander in the Himalayas, the nature lover will find enchantment in the fascinating, high alpine flora. I have in past years hesitated to tell people, for fear I should not be believed, that there is no limit except that of the eternal snows to the height at which vegetation and flowering plants may be met with. That this is so, will be realized by anyone who will travel round the borders of Tibet, where in summer the ground is free of snow up to 19,000 and 20,000 feet, or observe conditions high up above the glaciers among the higher peaks of the Karakoram or Hindu Kush, or Pamirs. But now the Mount Everest Expedition has recorded the finding of plant life up to, I think, 19,000 feet, while a little below that level, the great sheep and such large animals as the yak and kyang (a wild horse) find ample food and are seen in numbers.

The story of the struggle for existence of the highest plants is indeed one of the most fascinating romances of life, the growing and flowering period being restricted to but a few weeks, and has curious results. The botanist may collect, as in the Pamirs, in winter or spring, almost as efficiently as in the flowering season, for the plants are "silo-ed" by the dry snow that begins to fall in the late summer while often in full bloom and are perfectly preserved. It is for that reason that it is in winter that the herds of the nomads of the Pamirs or Kirghiz of the steppes of Central Asia resort to the high mountain valleys where they can obtain better feed under the light snow and put on weight, whereas out in the steppes below, wind-swept and free of snow, with all vegetation reduced to dust and blown away, they would starve.

The botanist will find that the authorities of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew have published much information of the fascinating story of the plant life of these high elevations as observed by several travelers, and



MASHERBRUM

H. Appleton

The peak rising 25,500 feet is seen to the left. Ibex and snow leopards were found in this seemingly barren region.

the wanderer in the Himalayas will find his pleasure much enhanced by study of the subject as he proceeds.

Personally, I found great pleasure in making a systematic collection, at the desire of the Kew authorities, right through from the Pamirs, in the lofty Mustagh Ata range, which I had to cross to reach Yarkand, and thence across the desert and over the glacier pass in the Thian Shan and around the steppes and mountains northeast of that range, a field practically unexplored before.

Many of the flowers met with, such as the beautiful variety of pinks, the dwarf peonies, the pansies (seen in acres), the clematises, monkshoods, columbines and larkspurs, these sometimes covering whole mountain sides, and so forth, made me wonder whether the Mongolian nomads, when they overspread Europe in their inroads, brought along with them not only their wonderful folklore and fairy tales relating to dragons and genii and giants and ogres, but also many of their flowers now so long and closely adopted by us that we regard them as our own.

The highest plants, I think, rely solely on insect fertilization and wind or animal distribution of seeds. Almost all are perennials and however dwarfed they may be, often, as the beautiful Androsace, but half an inch or an inch high, yet with a fine and flourishing inflorescence, usually have tremendous roots going deep in the soil, in which all the food necessary for a season's growth and flowering can be stored ready for the use of the plant, a season ahead.

I have found that much the same genera, if not indeed actual species, attain the highest peaks in the Rocky Mountains in Colorado.

Over vast areas, the species of Allium, the wild onion, constitute the dominant family, a fortunate circumstance for the traveler as they are quite edible. Again, I have seen whole mountain sides ablaze with yellow and golden poppies and masses of wild rhubarb, and sometimes asparagus is met with.

Rhododendrons of bush or tree form, in various colors, magenta, red and white, form forests in places, while in the valleys right up to the glaciers, the yellow Persian rose as well as the red one are luxuriant, as are, in places oleanders and St. Johnswort. A curious development of the Pedicularis family in very handsome highly colored varieties occurs on moist spots on the Tibetan side and on high alpine meadows among the desert ranges north of the Hindu Kush.

In the very desert areas at high altitudes, there is no covering of the ground with vegetation but plants grow singly or in tufts, or as in high snowy areas, in cushions. The genera Oxtropus and Astragalus are much in evidence with gay colored pea-like flowers, and several of the commoner grasses are but the wild form of our cultivated cereals.

It is really due to the circumstance of the presence of such grasses and nutritious pea-bearing plants in quantity that the herds of large wild animals

are able to obtain such good provender, and that is the inducement to the inhabitants to pasture their domestic animals, yak and sheep, near the permanent snow line in the summer, which is at 20,000 feet or so on the Tibetan side.

Turning once more to the Mountains, every writer has expressed the utter failure of the pen to describe the scenes of unforgettable sublimity everywhere to be met with. From any eminence in the heart of the Karakoram, north, south, east and west, as far as the eye can reach, perhaps a hundred and fifty miles on every side, is one vast panorama of magnificent peaks, many of them in the 23,000 to 28,000 feet class, the majority unnamed, unmapped, and as yet unapproached, some perhaps forever unapproachable. Some days the mountains are at rest; every detail of glacier and ice cliff and avalanche runs brilliantly defined in the blazing sunshine. Often the higher ridges of the great peaks will be seen bearing long streamers of driven snow dust, a "pennant of death" for the climber should he be found on the ridges on such days. Indeed, as in the case of some mountains, such as Mustagh Ata (26,500 feet) which possess extensive areas of snow fields at the higher level, the summit seldom clears itself of its cloud cap. And what color — ever changing with the moods of the mountain and the light! At one end of the scale, the rich cinder reds, oranges and pinks, the shadows taking the complementary colors, emerald sometimes, relieved by the pure white of the snows, with perhaps, below, the deep cobalt blue of some lake, as I have seen at Pangong Lake in Tibet or in the Pamirs — colors so contrasting with the greys and purples and quiet greens and browns of the southern ranges when bathed in mists and clouds.

An entrancing sight to watch, if one's mind be at ease, from knowledge that one is in a safe place, is the fall of some great avalanche from the high ridges onto the glaciers, as in the central ice fields of the Karakoram. The tornado of wind created ahead of it would destroy anything in its track for perhaps a mile and long after the fall, the air for a great height remains sparkling in the brilliant sunshine as if filled with countless diamonds.

Far different is the avalanche fall at lower levels, where the slopes may be gentler and where, as in the southern ranges, the mountain sides have a winter fall of perhaps forty feet of snow to disburden themselves of, when the increasing heat of the summer sun sets it in movement. Here, the slide may be from a large area in great mass and resemble, as the flatter part of the valley is reached, more the widespread flood from some great reservoir, whose dam has given way and only perhaps to be arrested by the rising slopes of the opposing mountain side. Such a flood of snow might be half a mile or so in width and woe betide the traveler caught by such a catastrophe in some mountain pass. The "Eislauf" or "leap of the ice," the dread of the dweller near any of the mountains in Iceland, which spreads over miles of country and engulfs sometimes whole farms, is of the same kind in its flow and destructive power.

In such passes as the Boorzil, the main pass over the southern range, the Himalayan range proper, the traverse in spring or early summer is exceptional dangerous and many lives have been lost there. It is sixteen miles from shelter hut to shelter hut, with ten miles of snow-laden valley below on either side. The entire way is a channel enclosed by mountains. Its winter snowfall is forty feet.

On my approach to it one season, I met a party of two young officers and two porters, the broken remnants of a party of thirty, of whom twenty-eight were porters. They had sought to be first in the shooting-ground north of the range and had arrived at the shelter hut on the near side in bad weather. No one with the party had had snow experience. Constant avalanches were coming down in every direction and that night one came over and buried the hut. In the morning, after digging themselves out, being in complete panic, and without leadership which they could trust, and forgetting that it was perfectly safe for them to stay where they were till the weather cleared, because all snow for that season at that spot had come down, they determined to go back to their home, some twelve or fifteen miles away. They set out at ten o'clock, just when the busiest time for the avalanches was beginning. They were overwhelmed before they had gone a mile. A huge avalanche, sweeping over their trail, took all the party in front of and behind these two young men and two natives, who miraculously were saved, the avalanche having divided into two branches at their position, leaving a short space clear. I crossed the scene two days later on my way up; the carrion birds, who knew, were grim attestants of the disaster. My own party of seventy porters was held up at the hut for three and a half days by a continuous snow storm, amidst the almost constant roar of avalanches, when at last the necessary clear bright day came, to soften and consolidate the snow and the clear night, to freeze enough to harden it and hold it firm.

We set off at midnight and reached safety at the shelter hut at the far side by ten o'clock next day, before the sun had time to loosen the snow and set the avalanches in movement again.

My experienced head guide even had all the party warned not to speak, in the pass, above a low voice, as it was feared the least vibration in the air might start an avalanche!

Nevertheless, the postal runners carrying the mails from India to the settlements to the north rarely fail to keep their appointed dates even in the winter. It is a wonderful service.

The glaciers, or rather rivers of ice, met with in the Karakoram, are, I may remark, very different things from the kind met with in cold northern climates. Under the urge of the almost tropical sun, movement is much more rapid, and where the gradient of the valley floor is steep as is often the case, they are very heavily crevassed, and the ice is thrown into the wildest confusion. Nevertheless, there is always a way to be found in safety, and even pack animals, I have personally experienced, can be safely

UPPER HUSHE VALLEY *H. Appleton*

The region here shown lies well up the main glacier which passes Masherbrum and is separated by only a narrow ridge from the Great Baltoro Glacier. The latter runs west from K2 (28,000 feet), which is next to Mount Everest, the highest peak in the Himalayas.

got up some of them. The surface being free of snow in the summer, dangerous places can be avoided. The rapid movement is evidenced by the frightful noises, tearings and rendings one hears all day after ten o'clock, from the depths below one's feet, all to be stilled again by ten at night, when things freeze up till again wakened by the morning sun. At moderate elevations, below the height where the snow is in loose dust form, lying perhaps on frozen rock and most dangerous, the snow slopes, like the glaciers, are one's friends and afford excellent and good going. They are less treacherous perhaps than the precipitous and extremely slippery grass slopes common in late summer at lower levels, where a careless step may cost a life.

In conclusion, the American visitor to the Himalayas is sure of the most sincere welcome and the cordial assistance of all officials, whether British or native, in respect of all the arrangements necessary to make his trip to the mountains a success. He will find the people generally, especially the shepherds and hunters, very pleasant to work with, unspoilt by contact with the mean white who has no access to their country, and quite good mountaineers for all ordinary work and very ready, with considerate, kindly treatment, to work their utmost for one and stick to one devotedly on the most arduous trips. I think many of them, indeed, have as keen an enjoyment in the life and adventure as oneself.

AMERICA'S NATIONAL PARKS

By Stephen T. Mather
Director, National Park Service

ALWAYS until now when I have spoken of "national parks" the term has been applied to the national parks of the United States. Since my inspection of thirteen national parks this summer, however, which through four of Canada's parks, I visioned a bigger, broader national park system that correlated the parks of the United States and Canada, and perhaps even included those of South America.

Why not, after all? The visiting lists of the best known of our national parks show they were seen by people from all over the world; and the same is true of Canada. It should be a simple matter, therefore, in the development of the parks of each country, to consider the others and plan for interchange of travel.

While in Glacier National Park this summer I decided upon a trip into Canada and motored from Babb across the international border. As my time was limited I only had time to visit four of Canada's parks, Waterton Lake, Banff, Jasper and Kootenai. I had always heard of the beauties of the Canadian Rockies, yet had no idea of what an interesting experience lay before me.

The scenic beauty of these parks is superb, and they are administered in a splendidly efficient manner by the Canadian National Park Service. The field members of that organization whom it was my pleasure to meet are splendid, high-type men of whom any Government may well be proud. Through their courtesy I was able to make the most of every minute.

One feature of these parks which particularly impressed me was the development of facilities for visitors. In Jasper National Park, which is the largest national park in the world, and which the Canadian Government is developing on a scale fitting its size and beauty, the lodge accommodations, located on the shores of a beautiful lake, made a very favorable impression on me. Jasper Lodge, with its large main building containing dining-room and long verandas on which meals are also served, and its charming log bungalows grouped around the central building, is as attractive a place of this kind as one can conceive. The bungalows are well heated from a main heating plant, each bungalow has a separate bathroom, and the rooms equipped with electric lights. The furnishings are carefully selected, even to the dainty chintz hangings, with the result that there is an appealingly home-like air about the cabins that is so often lacking in mountain camps and lodges in out-of-the-way places. One would think Jasper Park, located so much farther north than our Yellowstone, would naturally be cooler, but this is not the case. The Japan current passes along the Pacific Coast west of here, warming the air, and this warm air finds its way practically all over the Park. There was no chill, even at night, while I was there.

If inter-park travel between the two countries is to be promoted, good roads must first be built. The stretch from Babb to the Canadian boundary is very poor at this time, but temporary repairs are now being made to it and a contract already has been let by the Montana State Highway Commission for the construction of a new road which will be completed in about a year. The Canadians are greatly interested in better roads, and their plans for good roads development are rapidly taking shape. As a member of Parliament whom I met in Canada said, "International highways are better than fortresses across our border."

It would be a fine thing for the park systems of both countries if the Canadian Park superintendents could attend future conferences of national park superintendents in this country; and the idea of an international conference of park superintendents has even been suggested by a Canadian superintendent.

Already the Park Service has gained from its contact this summer with the Canadian parks, through the plan to install in each heavily-forested park fire-fighting apparatus similar to that developed in Jasper Park. This was so exceedingly efficient that I directed the superintendent of Glacier National Park to make a detailed study of it in order that the plan might be adapted to our own fire-fighting needs.

The most interesting feature of this fire-fighting apparatus is an outfit that can be packed by horses or mules, or if necessary swung on poles from the shoulders of two men, into almost inaccessible mountainous areas. It consists of an Evinrude twin-cylinder pump, gasoline driven, with aluminum nozzles and connecting valves to make it as light as possible. The pump is fitted with three Y-connections so that several lines of 1½-inch hose can be run from the outfit in addition to the intake hose through which water is pumped from the nearest pond or stream. Two thousand feet of the 1½-inch hose in sections 100 feet long form part of each outfit. This hose is kept folded flat instead of rolled, as experience has shown that it can be opened quicker when folded. When a fire occurs at much greater distances than half a mile, or more than 300 feet above the source of water, a relay is established by setting up a canvas reservoir with a capacity of 150 or 200 gallons at an intermediate point and placing another pump there. If necessary several of these canvas reservoirs can be used.

The point I want to stress particularly in regard to these outfits or those of similar types is the quickness and sureness with which a fire can be placed under control through their use. They can be put in operation at most fires as quickly as men with shovels and hose can be put in, and once in operation can be depended upon completely to extinguish a fire in a short time regardless of the kind of weather. On the other hand, men with shovels and axes can fight a fire for days and be uncertain it has been safely put out until a good rain comes. It is almost impossible to know whether a fire in a dense underbrush has been entirely extinguished under the old methods of fire-fighting, but with a good compact outfit as used in Canada,

the area where the fire occurred can be so deluged with water that no fire could survive. Also when a fire occurs high up in the trees, where it is almost impossible for men to control it with the means ordinarily used, a well-directed stream will speedily control it. There is no doubt that thousands of dollars spent in fire fighting can be saved annually, and fine forested areas preserved for posterity by the installation of adequate fire-fighting facilities.

During the past year we found in our own national parks that one of the surest ways to prevent forest fires was to enlist the cooperation of park visitors. When the particularly hazardous fire conditions, due to the drought prevailing throughout the Western states, were impressed upon them, and the need for caution in handling camp and other fires explained, we received the most earnest and enthusiastic support from them; in fact, we decided that the more visitors we had the less danger there was of serious fires, since all were on the lookout to guard against conflagrations.

Now that we have this cooperation from visitors it will only need the installation of a sufficient number of fire-fighting outfits for use in inaccessible portions of the parks to insure complete fire protection.

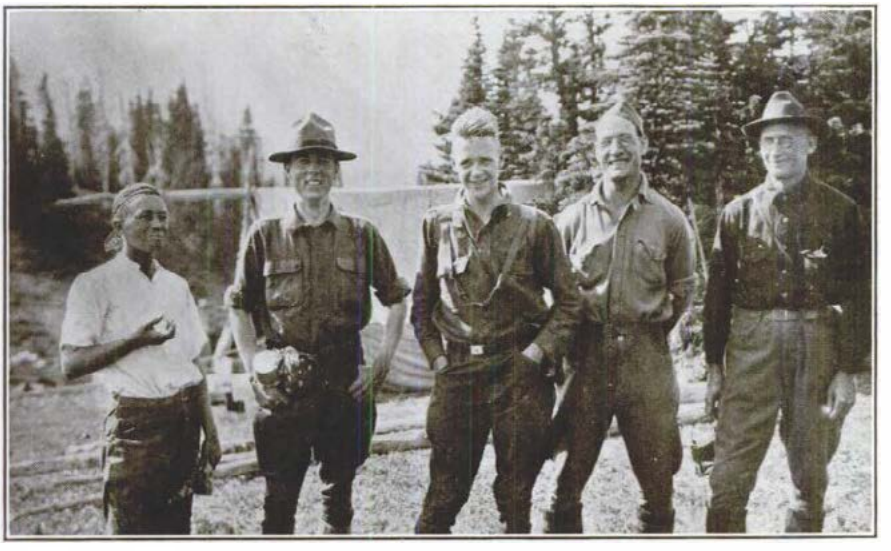
It has been a source of great gratification to note the increased use of the parks by our people from year to year. This year's figures, just compiled, show that 1,655,629 people visited our nineteen national parks and thirty national monuments, and when our plans under the road budget can be put into effect there will undoubtedly be a further increase.

One phase of park activities that I would like to see greatly expanded is their use for winter sports, and the pioneering work done by The Mountaineers along this line has been invaluable.

Unquestionably annual outings of outdoor organizations, whether winter or summer, are a big factor in making the parks better known and leading to their use by more people. For this reason such outings are always very welcome in the parks, as well as for the reason that the members of such organizations are real lovers of the outdoors and it is a pleasure to the administrative staff of any park to note their joyous and appreciative use of park facilities.

The Mountaineers will be interested in knowing that this year the Sierra Club of California held its annual outing in Glacier National Park. This is only the second time that the annual outing has been taken outside the state. Two hundred and ten regular members of the club and fifty additional people necessary to handle the commissary and pack train made the trip, which was a huge success in every way, and which was carried out on a very economical scale.

With the aid of The Mountaineers, the Sierra Club, and other kindred organizations I hope to see the national park game take first place in our national sport and outdoor life. The terms "National Park Service" and "Outdoor Recreation" are synonymous.



THE SCOUTS *P. M. McGregor*

ENCIRCLING MOUNT RAINIER

RICHARD W. MONTAGUE

FOR the third time in their history The Mountaineers this year made a complete circuit of Mount Rainier at timber line.

To tell in a few pages the tale of three crowded weeks of activity so intense that it might be said of most of the party — as of one of its liveliest members — that he broke his record when he was idle for three consecutive waking minutes; of a racing panorama of crag and canyon, of snow field and glacier, of tarn and torrent, of deep forest and tumbled moraine, of flower-decked meadow and barren waste, all on the grand scale, and all enlivened and enriched by joyous and open-hearted human intercourse — is to rush in where even archangels might fear to tread. Accepting the proverb at par, we proceed, undismayed.

The outing began with a ride in "chartered stages," to use the handsome language of the prospectus, up the Naches Pass Highway to a point beyond White River Camp, where a bridge spans the turbulent flood of White River and the trail dips at once into the welcome "coolth" of the forest, crossing a low divide to the valley of Fryingpan Creek which it ascends for some miles, part way in a defile between tremendous cliffs, affording toward the end occasional glimpses of the Mountain's "Most Excellent Majesty" with the afternoon sun on its far-shining snows. At last the trail emerges from the defile into a green, lush meadow which had been described and believed by the innocent to be the end of the day's tramp. Thence, not without protest from muscles not yet inured to the inevitable one last climb after the end, the trail switchbacks steeply up to the high and breezy open

of the Summerland Camp. Here, as always on later days, the gallant pack train which served us through the outing beyond praise, came trotting in ahead of all late-comers on the trail. The one fault that could be found with these noble beasts was their naughty indifference to curfew regulations. Their unlicensed nightly wanderings through the ladies' sleeping quarters aroused no little alarm in fair bosoms, and gave rise to a legend — afterwards embalmed in doubtfully immortal verse — that the ever kind but scrupulously truthful "Gorty," seeking to comfort a terrified damsel who had appealed to him, assured her that "horses didn't step on people — much."

A Sunday excursion to Goat Island Mountain on the other side of Fryingpan Creek and looking down on the mighty Emmons Glacier, was very pleasant in itself and helped towards the necessary "conditioning." The creek was high and boulders thrown in for stepping-stones, declared by one startled observer to be as big as a bushel basket, were instantly rolled out of sight in the rushing waters. The crossing was effected, however, with some engineering skill and a display of gallantry in assisting the ladies, perhaps a shade beyond what was absolutely needful.

Next morning over the Panhandle Gap in a fog, which thinned away as we filed down a long ridge into the valley of the Ohanapecosh and revealed the brae on one side set thick with Indian paint-brush of crimson or cerise and on the other side of orange or salmon, in charming contrast. A day on the wide cliff-encircled flat of Indian Bar in warm and welcome sunshine, the official fog-chaser having performed his sacred office well, was devoted by a large party to climbing the Cowlitz Chimney and the adjoining crag of Banshee; and by others to more leisurely walks, over the ridge or down to a bathing pool sculptured out of the solid rock, and beyond to the wonderfully pretty series of falls with the terrible name which the orthoepists insisted the Creator intended to be pronounced Wau-hau-kau-pau-kan. Then we were off again on the longest leg of our journey, to Mazama Ridge in Paradise Valley. The route was by "high line" across Cowlitz Park, getting noble views of Adams and other peaks of the Cascades; past the arresting beauty and wonder of Basaltic and Margaret Falls where the water slides hundreds of feet down perfect and unbroken basaltic columns which spread at the bottom into a sudden and graceful outward curve; down to the Cowlitz Glacier where the "cool silver shock" of the wind that blows down these great ice streams brought refreshment after the long, hot tramp; below the foot of Cowlitz Rocks; across the Williwakas, Stevens, and Paradise Glaciers, where under the guidance of the Hazards, who had joined us above, we visited one of the most remarkable and beautiful scenes of the whole outing, a long corridor under the Paradise Glacier with a swift river rushing along its floor. Above, the roof was of groined and mullioned arches of clear ice through which the sunlight found its way as through the stained glass windows of a cathedral, but this was of the exquisite glacier blue which no painter's palette has color to match.

MOUNT RAINIER FROM SPRAY PARK

A. H. Denman

From the camp at Mazama Ridge an ascent of the Mountain was made by way of Gibraltar. There were some forty in the climbing party which was divided into two companies under the direct charge respectively of F. Q. Gorton, chairman of the Outing Committee and general chief of the outing, and Joseph T. Hazard. All reached the summit save one, who had exhausted his strength in a tremendous race far down the Mountain and up again after an extra rope for use in helping four members of the party out of a crevasse into which a falling snow bridge had precipitated them. Only one was much hurt and all, despite the nervous and physical shock, pluckily went on and made the summit. Visits from Major Tomlinson, superintendent of the Park, and Mr. Schmoe, Park naturalist, were interesting features of this camp. Mr. Schmoe took a group of the stay-at-homes on a botanical excursion to their great pleasure and profit. More than fifty distinct species of flowers were identified by him and his worshipful disciples. The climbers, who had been all day above the fog which filled the valley, had to dip into it on their way back and returned late and tired, but were warmed and cheered by pails of hot soup which met them some distance from camp under charge of the always serviceable Pete McGregor, and all of them were away next morning as brisk as bees.

Mabel Furry

A SISTER TO THE GOD PAN

To Van Trump Park, whither we moved next, was a long descent, and then a longer climb up the trail. Of the reputed beauty of that Park we saw only what we stepped on, owing to another blanket of fog so dense that some of us who were not gifted with a sense of direction had to take a compass bearing to get from the campfire to our sleeping tents. Even fog has its compensation, however. On the way we passed Comet Falls, which, through the mist, seemed to come from the sky and disappear into the void profound, a shimmering column of water dimly seen and weirdly without beginning or end, and when the mist began to break away and the sun sent down long streamers amongst the trees, there was about their tops, which seemed to lean together, an iridescent halo among the alternating bands of mist and golden sunshine, very strange and very beautiful. The "low line" trip, which the fog made necessary, took us through noble forests and amongst a wealth of plants and flowers peculiar to the lower zones, which enlarged our botanical acquaintance and gave ground for much high discussion and debate over habitat and genus interesting out of proportion to its scientific thoroughness. They brought us to great armfuls of coral

HIGHLINE PARTY ON THE TAHOMA GLACIER *R. L. Glisan*

mushrooms which made a toothsome addition to the evening meal, for the trustful, and they showed us how admirably made and kept were the many miles of Park trail we had to traverse.

Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, where we made our next sojourn, is too well known to need description. The magnificent view of the Mountain from thence, fronting the impressive cliffs of Glacier Island with the parted streams of Tahoma Glacier encircling it and the vast semi-circle of Sunset Ampitheatre looming behind it, cannot be forgotten. At the campfire that night there appeared a cleverly made relief model of the Matterhorn done in mud with flour for snow, which made the account of the ascent of that terrible peak very real. The rare white lupine was found still blooming here, and Mirror Lake yielded a delightfully refreshing bath to the swimmers.

From Indian Henry's we went down through the woods to the snout of Tahoma Glacier, followed the outer edge of its westerly branch in front of and beyond Glacier Island, crossed it, coasted along a side hill wondrous steep, thence over the crest of the ridge to St. Andrew's Park and down into the pretty meadow of Klapatche Park. This was voted the favorite camp of the series on a referendum taken at the end of the outing. The view looking up to the summit along the Puyallup cleaver and past the tremendous ice fall of the glacier, between Weer Rock and Elephant Head is of unsurpassed splendor, and on our left and below lay the seemingly immeasurable depths that descended to the north Puyallup River. Here, on Aurora Peak, a fine eminence fronting the Mountain, a cairn was built and dedicated by President Meany to the loved and revered memory of George E. Wright, whose last visit to the Mountain was at this spot. A bronze

plate fitly inscribed will later be set into the living rock at the foot of the cairn.

The more energetic of the party went from Klapatche by high line over the Glacier to the night's bivouac at Sunset Park, coming near on the way to the herd of goats which had been seen through field-glasses from camp the day before, and, as they were pleased to report, meeting other sources of high inspiration. The less vigorous, or more leisurely, went down the long trail to the river crossing, and climbed again, not quite interminably, to their night's rest. Next day another long descent through the forest and another interminable climb brought us to Spray Park, with a visit to the enchantingly beautiful Mowich Lake as a solace by the way. Nowhere does the Mountain present a more imposing view than from Spray Park. The long ridges rising gradually from far in the lowlands toward the central dome which far overtowers them, gave a deep sense of its majestic height and the pleasant plain in the foreground lends grace to the whole.

This camp was notable for the abundance of flowers. The gentian, loveliest of the mountain blossoms, was everywhere, and along the streams the red mimulus was wonderfully plentiful. One patch was noted fully as large as a city lot and set over its entire extent with the blossoms as thick as they could stand. Here was held the solemn and impressive sunrise service of the last Sunday of the outing, conducted by President Meany with such fine dignity and attended, it should be said, by a larger proportion of the population of the camp than a voluntary service in city or town ever is. Here we constituted ourselves a branch of the Spring Builders of America and walled in a spring, naming it after Miss Gallatin, the founder of that order, and dedicated it to all who might drink its sparkling waters in the future. Here, too, the early risers were rewarded by the sight of a bear, parading across the narrow ridge of Hessong Rock west of the camp. From Spray Park to the delightful valley of Mystic Lake was but a step, over a little branch of Russell Glacier, creeping along under the face of a granite cliff, where ropes were stretched to re-assure the timid, down upon the ugly, mud-covered ice cones and hummocks of the Carbon Glacier to a grassy meadow in Moraine Park, by a pretty, clear stream which made lunch an esthetic pleasure, thence over the ridge to where the blue waters of Mystic Lake were seen to sparkle enticingly. A day here, filled with a climb to Avalanche Park, and picking and eating huckleberries more delicious than nectar, and then another frontal attack on the Mountain, this time by way of Camp Curtis and Steamboat Prow, not so successful as the first by reason of a terrible windstorm and a fog which only cleared up in time for sixteen of the swiftest to make the ascent. A night at Glacier Basin where all were rejoiced by a visit from L. A. Nelson and the Albertsons, and then to Yakima Park near Shadow Lake, with a side trip by a few to the beautiful Lodi Valley and Grand Park, and next day, after a glorious last campfire, down an endless descent to the White River and home again.

So we are come to our journey's end with hardly a hint of those things which will cause it to be so long and so fondly remembered; the wise forethought and unwearying care of the Outing Committee, thanks to which the whole expedition with its many difficulties and countless details ran as smoothly as a well-ordered household; the busy and cheerful cooks and their savory contributions to our well being; the fleet-footed scouts ranging far and wide over icy slope and rocky steep to make our paths straight, doing each the work of ten men in camp; the quaint and racy company of the packers and the easy competence with which they did their work; the music and gay laughter of the great campfires with their jolly and tireless song-leaders, the antiphonal choruses of the Airplanes and Covered Wagons, the grave sweet strains of the goodnight song, and the echoing bugle; always the heart-shaking splendors of the great Mountain above us; and more than all, and better than all, the comradeship, frank and free, high-minded and warm-hearted, unlike any other on this earth, often weaving in a few days ties of friendship never to be broken.

P. M. McGregor

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names of the members of the Outing with record of ascents appear on page 70.

NEIGHBORS IN THE ARARAT FLORAL COLONY

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR

LONG, long ago, so an old Indian legend says, two beautiful snow-clad mountains, now called Mount Rainier and Mount Baker, were very dear to each other, but a grave misunderstanding arose which later led to an estrangement. Knowing that a separation was inevitable, Rainier, by some clever device, obtained possession of all the flowers. When the final separation came, it would neither give up nor divide the vast wealth of floral treasure. So thoroughout all the years the Mountain has been lavish in its brilliant summer adornment.

Perhaps in all this unrivaled display of Rainier's floral wealth, Mount Ararat affords one of the choicest and most typical examples. Here the flowers grow so eagerly and abundantly that there seems to be a game, a mountain sport or contest constantly in progress. The flowers are not content, apparently, to grow simply and blossom but they follow in quick succession around and up the mountain. First, come the early spring flowers; next, the later spring flowers; then, the bright summer plants; and lastly, the hardy autumnal bloom.

Many alpine plants are perennial. Frequently their stems are very tough and their roots very long. These long roots have an especially economic value as they enable the plants to take advantage of the water supply which may be available only at a considerable depth. Then, too, the roots are constantly at work in the conservation of soil. High winds, shifting snow, or rapid flowing of water after heavy rain all do their part in trying to tear down, blow away, or carry away the soil from the steep slopes of hill or mountain side. So these beautiful, sturdy, compactly growing plants form a carpet covering which helps in the preservation of soil.

Erythronium montanum, the avalanche lily or deertongue, as it is sometimes called, is the leader of the mountain flowers. It thrusts itself up through the snow and ice. By some strange secret power it is enabled to generate heat enough in its slender, graceful body to accomplish this almost unbelievable task. Kerner, in explaining this, says that the heat obtained by respiration melts the snow and ice immediately above the buds, then each bud is overarched by a tiny dome and, as the stem grows in height, the bud works its way up and up, until at last the snow and ice give way, then the bud lifts itself up to meet the warm rays of the sun.

Of course, all or nearly all plants are somewhat warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, due to constant work and change relative to the continuous growth process. Plants are enthusiastic advocates of the daylight saving system; they work in the daytime and rest at night.

An ambitious neighbor of the avalanche lily is the Suksdorf's buttercup (Ranunculus suksdorfii). It does not possess, however, the strange secret of the great heat-producing process, so it must content itself by blossoming near the snowbank or by following the fast-receding snow and ice. This yellow mountain buttercup is sometimes confused with a little yellow-colored rose (Potentilla flabellifolia) which does not have the power to grow near the snow and ice. As the season advances, an almost spiral-like line may be traced up and around the mountain side, the early spring flowers in the lead.

One of the most characteristic among the mountain plants is the lupine. Lupus means wolf. Some curious little legends try to explain what this plant does. The earlier botanists said that this flower was a wolf because it lived in the mountains and in waste places. Then the story changed and the lupine was accused of being wolfish in its nature and was charged with devouring the fertility of the soil. These were false accusations; what the plant really does is to help the soil with its intertwining roots.

There are many lupines and many other members of this great order of plants among which are the vetches, clovers, beans and peas. The whole clan or order is very industrious in its efforts to make beautiful the waste places or to add a rightly-colored background for other neighboring plants. Ready seed distribution aids in this work. A wonderful example of the fine mechanism in plant construction may be observed in the action of the seed

FLORA IN INDIAN HENRY'S HUNTING GROUND *C. O. Schneider*

pod. The pod pops open with a quick expulsive motion which rolls out the seeds far and near. When the seeds are ripe, wind, birds and animals are ready agents in giving the impetus which causes the quick, effective discharge of seeds.

Some kinds of lupines have long been used by man for food. The ancients cultivated the lupinus albus for food. Even at the present time in France, the same species is cultivated as food for sheep. Some kinds are medicinal, others are poisonous. Not only are the roots, seeds and flowers of the lupine interesting, but also the lovely palmate leaves. They have a curious little habit of collecting a big drop of water in the tiny cup which is formed by the joining of the leaf lobes with the stem. This big drop of water serves the purpose of discouraging insects or creeping things which might pilfer the honey or pollen store, from venturing too far up the stems or leaflets.

On any of the floral-clad hillsides of Rainier, and perhaps best of all, on Ararat, the Indian paint-cup (Castilleia oreopola) is one of the most

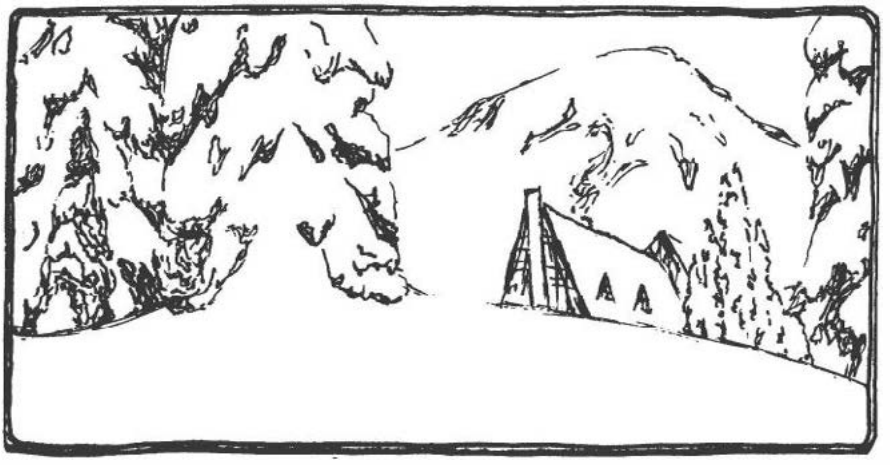
conspicuous of all the flowers with its bright nodding clusters. This plant is a robber in the flower colony. By thrusting its roots down into the roots of more thrifty, industrious plants, it steals the juices manufactured by them. Yet it is willing to do some work for its own benefit so it has not lost the power to produce color. The loss of this power is Nature's punishment to the parasite. The Castilleias manufacture chlorophyll — the green color — for the leaves and stems, and produce the unrivaled reds, purples and yellows for the bracts which are frequently mistaken for flowers. The flower is a little inconspicuous pale greenish-yellow thing carefully enfolded in a long greenish-colored calyx. The bright, gay bracts are so wonderful in their display of hues and tints that a seeming effort has been made to describe them in the common names — Indian paint-cup, Indian painted brush, and flame-flower.

This plant affords an excellent example of the power of mechanical push and pull invested in plants and trees. Whenever the stem has been pushed over (not broken) by storm, rain, hail or the pressure of passing feet, it endeavors to right itself. It rests for a little time after the pressure has been removed, then it begins to straighten itself with quick jerks. Sometimes it seems to shake itself as the leaves, stems and bracts try to resume their natural order. Then it stands still again, as if to rest or to remember just where each part belongs. Then follows a series of staccato movements until finally the readjustment is affected.

One of the most stately and perhaps one of the loveliest of the members of this flower neighborhood is the Xerophyllum tenax, commonly called pine lily, mountain lily, elk-grass, bear-grass, or squaw-grass. High it lifts its beautiful white torch composed of many tiny fragrant flowers, while its sturdy root goes down into the dark earth as anchor for the great mass of slender rush-like leaves that form the beauteous setting for the great flower-bearing stalk. It baffles the strength of the wind or weather and foils the efforts of the traveler who would dig it up and carry it away. Long have the Indian women made use of the strong fibrous leaves in weaving their most beautiful baskets.

Mountain streams or brooks may frequently be traced by the bright yellow or the rose red of the monkey flowers. The Mimulus is the self-appointed custodian of the sacred mountain waters. It forms long lines up and down at either side and, not content with this, it stands guards on every little rock or moss-covered bit of earth. These flowers not only guard but they force their tiny rootlets down to re-enforce the banks. Sometimes they are taken unaware by a sudden swift current or rolling stone and are hurried far down the mountain side. But they never lose their courage even though they may lose their heads, so wherever they may stop or become lodged, they, at once, begin the work of guarding the stream or of re-enforcing the banks.

Only a few of the members of the floral colony have been mentioned, but each plant in the great company of flowers has its own striking characteristics not only in color and form, but also in its habits of life and work.



AN IDEAL WINTER OUTING

ELIZABETH WRIGHT CONWAY

OUT of the darkness clumped two figures heavily attired in thick-soled boots and cumbersome mackinaws, the click of their boots as steel met cement, accompanying the rattle of snowshoes knocking together.

I watched them furtively as they stamped into the waiting-room to purchase tickets and greet other early-comers, and I longed to identify myself definitely with them, conscious that to an outsider my costume was sufficient identification.

I was to be a member of a winter outing on Mount Rainier — for weeks I had dreamed of the very moment — and now that it had arrived I felt diffident, anxious to please, yet fearful lest I make some false move. For several moments I had stood thus, watching the newcomers, listening a trifle enviously to the enthusiastic greetings of old friends, endeavoring to look thoroughly at ease and deeply absorbed in something (it didn't particularly matter what) when a rather jaunty, little woman wearing the dress of the klan approached and called me by name. She had no need to inquire if I were going on the outing; my attire proclaimed that fact as plainly as my studied ease proclaimed my embarrassment, but she no doubt had once been in the same situation, for she broke the ice by inquiring if this were my first outing. I enthusiastically responded; we progressed to a few commonplace remarks on equipment, and before I knew what was happening I was being introduced informally and heartily to the early arrivals about the small and crowded waiting-room.

The clatter became a din, and the din an uproar. Members arrived individually and in groups. Some slipped in unobtrusively as I had done; the entry of others was announced by a storm of greeting.

My head was fairly swimming with the confusion and the enthusiasm of it all when a whistle sounded and with one accord we stampeded for the cars. I clung anxiously to my new-made friend — as fate would have it I found myself seated next to her — the whistle sounded again and, with a lurch and clatter of snowshoes and skis, we were off on our great adventure.

For a few moments we sat each in his place taking stock of things. We had been suddenly and efficiently separated from our burdens. Some were in cars set aside for baggage, but the majority, from all appearances, had been stacked in the end of the train where there was a miscellaneous assortment of skis, snowshoes, skipoles, alpenstocks, and packs of all sizes and makes thrown in one disorderly heap.

Lest our minds remain in the same confusion as the luggage, each was handed a list of the members of the outing, and then began a game of hide-and-seek. From our seat, my new-found friend and I checked off those names whose owners we could recognize. Presently small groups began to tour the car, greeting old friends and making themselves known to new, and before we knew it we had caught the contagion and were making a tour in our own behalf. The number of checked names increased as we sped over the miles.

By the time we were unloaded for the big hike, I found myself hunting up the roommate assigned to me and, when at night I learned that I had been selected among others to wash dishes, I realized that I was definitely established as a necessary unit of the great throng that but twelve hours ago I had envied for its comradeship; and that I would soon be calling certain persons by nicknames choice and descriptive.

* * *

The next morning dawned clear and bright. Snow had fallen during the night and laid a sparkling coverlet over every scarring trace of our last night's invasion. A single trail led away from our headquarters, that of the scouts who had left at daylight to break the trail and prepare hot drinks for us at the lunching place. In our very front yard stood the Mountain, tinged with faint pink of dawn, tall, majestic, yet friendly, full of allure, beckoning us to play upon its snow slopes.

The air was crisp and inviting and we were fretting to be off. Already some enthusiasts tramped impatiently up and down in front of the hotel waiting for the starting signal.

We traveled in friendly groups, ever changing as we joined those ahead, or, dropping out on one pretext or another, fell in with those behind.

Particular companions seemed to count for little; we walked for the joy of the walking, for magic glimpses of the mountain through snow-covered trees, for bits of frosted waterfall clinging to icy rock, for the charmed fellowship of every person bent on the same mission as we.

In spite of printed announcement of the difficulty of the trip up to Paradise Valley, we arrived in the early afternoon, and any illusions we may have cherished as to our complete exhaustion evaporated when we saw a toboggan being hauled from its resting place.

We had intended changing into dry clothes and sipping tea before the luxurious fireplace; we had even contemplated this possibility with a full measure of enjoyment as we toiled up the last long exhausting slope, but one could sip tea and toast one's toes at home, while here was a rare chance to try our luck at tobogganing.

Again and again we toiled through deep, fresh snow to the top of the hill; again and again we shot in the fraction of a second to the bottom. On each descent we shut our eyes and clung fiercely to the man in front — trusting with a childlike faith that the leader would pilot us to safety. At the end of each descent we picked ourselves from the snow breathless with the agony of our thrill, eager to repeat the experience, drunk with excitement and pleasure, lost in the spirit of play.

Who could believe that we had ever belonged to another world — a world of routine and conventionalized pleasure — we, a select band of merrymakers held in the comradeship of the mountains.

* * *

The snow streached before us in interminable, gentle undulations melting eventually into a ridge whose top was fringed with dainty frosted trees. Very small they looked and fragile as if one might pluck one and crumple it in one's hand. We were to traverse these undulations and wander among the frosted tree fringe, an endless line of us, looking no doubt like a caravan of ants exploring the intricate frescos of a wedding cake.

At times we paused to rest and at times to frolic. The brilliance of the sun and the whiteness of the snow made the slopes seem almost level, but we found many merry surprises in the shape of little steep slopes and overhangs down which we would slide over and over as children who play all day on a favorite hill. For we had come out for a day of jolly sport and nothing could dampen the enthusiasm of our fellowship.

* * *

We had promised to make this slide our last. Dusk was dropping silently, suddenly, and our education in the technique of skiing would have to be continued into another day. One figure after another glided gracefully towards the Inn — black shadows slipping over a gray background of snow.

But behind us a brilliant sky beckoned. With guilty stealth we turned our faces once again up the hill, skating along with easy, leisurely strokes, lost in pure enjoyment. In daytime one is purposeful, one must reach a

definite objective, master some particular stroke, make a certain showing in the presence of competitors ever eager to steal his laurels, for skiing is a competitive game, ever calling upon skill and daring. But our school time was over; each knew the skill of the other, so we slouched along lost in revery, silent, thoughtful, breathing deeply. As we stepped onto the top of the ridge, a whirling wind fairly swept us from our feet.

Below us the Inn snuggled among the trees, blanketed to its eaves in the warm covering of snow. Below us lesser mountains poked their symmetrical tops through a sea of clouds. And behind us the mountain, cold, silent, blue, warned us that the day was over and that night visitors would find a chilling welcome.

Braced against a wind-swept tree, we stood for a moment drinking in the silence; then tossing our heads in defiance we whirled off into the darkness, erect, confident, exhilarated.

A mountain cold and forbidding, storm clouds in the offing, wind-swept ridges, held no terrors for us, for within two fires roared in the fireplaces, and steaming soup awaited us in the dining-room.

* * *

In front of the two huge fireplaces the crowd gathered like bees at the entrance of a hive. Some were sitting on blankets spread on the floor, others on chairs and benches, all absorbing as much warmth as possible. There was a continuous movement as newcomers joined the group and this one or that left in quest of some forgotten article of equipment. Around the piano a small scattering sang intermittently. A violin added its plaintive note to the overtone which filled the room. A few were dancing in the center of the great hall, seeming in the darkness to float through the air without motive power. Sweaters, stockings, sashes, mittens, woolen and knitted wear of all description hung in festoons and garlands over the great stone fireplace, and occasionally someone arose to change the position of a cap or stocking so that it would dry more quickly.

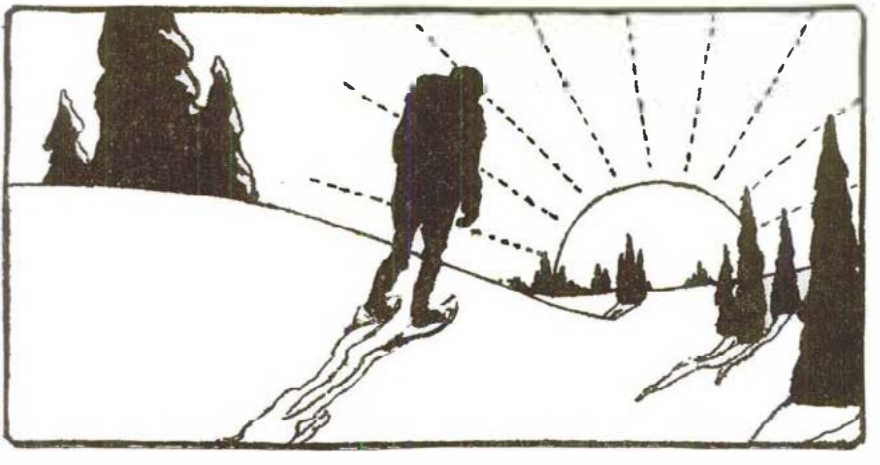
Someone related the story of a first ascent and the talking gradually ceased as the crowd became aware of the tale. The speaker's voice seemed to harmonize with the sweep of the night wind and the crackle of the logs in the open fire. The flames threw grotesque shadows on the rafters and the rosy glow of the fire seemed to fascinate the crowd gazing intently into the coals as they dreamily listened. The story finished, nothing was said for a moment or so, everyone seemed lost in revery, then a question and the crowd began to hum with conversation.

For four days we had played together in a wilderness of snow and ice — a wilderness without, and warmth and comfort always awaiting our return. Four mornings we had awakened with nothing that we had to do — days of playtime — of leisure or of exertion as befitted our mood. The

world was at our door, but for all we knew or cared there need have been no world. We were a group apart, a little world unto ourselves. We had come upon a common quest, united by a love of the out-of-doors. We had played together, sung together, planned together. The weather had been brilliant, but weather is accessary to enjoyment. The sports for which we had come prepared had exceeded our expectations, but sports can neither make nor mar an outing. I recollected with a superior little smile my first morning's loneliness. Tonight there wasn't a person in the party I didn't greet as a brother, and as I contemplated tomorrow's trip back to civilization I found myself regretting less the leaving of the Mountain than the separation of the crowd. For there is a mystery about days spent together in the open, a cementing of friendship that years of casual city acquaintance cannot accomplish.

As the embers died down in the fireplace we arose and joined hands to sing for the last time, on this outing at least, our "Goodnight Song," knowing that the spell that had brought us together on this trip must bring us together again, and that the fellowship which had made these four days ideal would make the next outing equally ideal.

Good-night, we must part;
God keep watch o'er us all where we go,
Till we meet once again.
Good-night.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Illustrations by Annah B. Wright.

DEVELOPMENT OF OUR NATIONAL PARK

OWEN A. TOMLINSON
Superintendent, Mount Rainier National Park

MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK has been set aside for the "Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." The policy of the National Park Service is to make the Park accessible to the people and to maintain it in its natural condition as nearly as possible.

Of the 161,473 persons who visited the Park during the travel year ending September 30, 1924, only about 1,400 or 1,500 enjoyed more than fifteen per cent of the area. This was not due to the lack of attractions in the other eighty-five per cent — for every one of the three hundred twenty-four square miles is crowded with scenic beauties and natural exhibits — nor to lack of interest on the part of the 160,000 visitors in other sections of the Park, but to the fact that only about fifteen per cent of the area is accessible to the majority of those who come here for a vacation.

Fortunte indeed are the few who, like The Mountaineers, were privileged to enjoy some of the little-known beauty spots such as St. Andrews, Sunset, Spray, Moraine, Yakima and Ohanapecosh parks Mystic, Mowich, Ethel, James and Golden lakes; Klapatche and Ptarmigan ridges; Indian Bar, Sluiskin and Sourdough ranges; the Natural Bridge, the great glaciers of the west and north sides and thousands of other wonders unheard of by ninety per cent of the Park's visitors.

"The Mountaineers' Way" is the ideal way to see the Park to the best advantage and get the most enjoyment from it. However, it is not possible for ninety-five per cent of those who want to spend a vacation in the Park to devote three weeks to circling the Mountain on foot and leisurely exploring and examining the features that appeal to their interest. This explains why there is such a congestion of the small areas now accessible to the average visitor.

To relieve congestion and to provide for a larger use of the Park by a greater number of people is the problem which is giving the National Park Service much concern. The travel in 1921 was 55,771, and at that time was considered as overtaxing the Park's accommodations. No new areas have been opened nor have the accommodations been adequately extended since then. With nearly three times the total for 1921 recorded this year, the present seriousness of the situation is evident.

This large increase in travel has been in direct proportion to the development and improvement of trunk highways and highways approaching the Park which have endeavored to keep pace with the increase in use of the automobile. Just ten years ago — in 1914 — only 15,038 people visited the Park; 1924 brought more than ten times that number. How many will visit Mount Rainier National Park in 1934?

MOWICH LAKE ON MOUNT RAINIER *R. L. Glisan*

Development of any resource is generally made in accordance with the demand for its use. Road and trail systems, free public camping grounds, hotels, camps, and hikers' shelter-cabins are urgently demanded by Park visitors.

Directly affecting, and to a large extent determining, Park road development, is the State Highway System connecting the entrances with centers of population. Excellent State highways bring visitors to the Nisqually, or southwestern entrance, and to the White River, or northeastern entrance, from all sections of this and other States, Mexico, and Canada. Another road nearing completion will soon connect the Carbon, or northwestern entrance, while private interests are this fall opening six miles of road between the Ohanapecosh Hot Springs and the Lewis County road at Clear Fork. The Hot Springs are less than one-quarter mile outside the Park boundary. Another State road project, connecting the eight miles between the Naches Pass and the Inland Empire highways, is under way and will be completed in 1925 or 1926. This will open a new road across the Cascades, providing a direct route, touching the northeast entrance of the Park, between Puget Sound and southeastern Washington, making the Park accessible to the Inland Empire country. Still another State road, paralleling the east boundary of the Park, has been proposed and will no doubt be constructed within a few years. It will connect the Lewis road, near Ohanapecosh, with the Naches Pass Highway near White River entrance. It will be seen that the State Highway system, completed, under construction and proposed, is a very deciding factor in the Park road development program. If for no other reason than for relieving the traffic congestion that will continue to pour in over these highways, two or more of the three Park

stub roads must be connected to provide circulation and relief from confusion. Visitors must be spread out over more territory or else the time will come when the number coming in will have to be limited.

During the last session of Congress the years of effort by friends of the National Parks were rewarded by the approval of the National Park Highway Bill. This measure authorizes the expenditure of $7,500,000, during a period of three years, on construction and reconstruction of roads in the various National Parks. While this authorization law does not provide for complete highway systems in all of the parks it does commit the Federal Government to a definite program and recognizes the need for adequate highway systems in the National Parks. Of the total amount of $7,500,000 authorized, the sum of $1,024,000 is to be alloted to Mount Rainier National Park. This amount will not be sufficient to build the roads that should be built, but it will provide a good start by improving existing roads and by opening up more territory. Plans for the expenditure of the $1,024,000 alloted for this Park are seen as follows:

White River Road—Reconstruct and surface 6.5 miles.

Nisqually Road—Entrance to Longmire: Reconstruct and pave 6.6 miles.

Nisqually Road—Longmire to Paradise: Reconstruct and surface 13.4 miles and construct four concrete bridges.

Carbon River Road—Surface 8 miles.

West Side Highway—Beginning at Nisqually Road, construct and surface 9.5 miles to South Puyallup River.

West Side Highway—Beginning at Carbon Road, construct and surface 15 miles to North Mowich River.

It was felt that existing roads should be improved and made safe before new ones are constructed, and for that reason the $1,024,000 is to be expended as stated. While this plan does not contemplate the completion of the West Side Highway it will provide a good start, and now that Congress has spoken on the subject of Park Road Development, there is little doubt of securing further appropriations to complete the project.

The improvement of roads and construction of new ones under the three-year program, as outlined above, while relieving the situation somewhat, will not by any means take care of the expected increase in travel. By the time work is started on the end sections of the West Side Highway, funds for the completion of that road should be available so that work may progress to completion without interruption. Additional funds are required and should be made available for carrying the White River Road on to Yakima Park because the 6.5 miles of road provided for in the three-year program will not reach a point where hotel and camp development can be made nor will it relieve present congestion.

As the situation now appears, it is reasonable to predict that within five years the Nisqually and Carbon River roads will be connected and the west side of the park open to travel. By that time at the present rate of

increase in travel it may be necessary to ask for a north side highway connecting the White and Carbon River roads. With the White River entrance connected to the Carbon and Nisqually roads, the Park Highway System will be nearing its ultimate development. Extending the Nisqually Road to the State Highway approaching Ohanapecosh will provide the much discussed "Encircling the Mountain" or Wonderland Highway. When this is accomplished it is probable that no other road development will be considered.

Along with the road development and the opening of new regions comes demand for camping grounds, hotels, permanent camps and other facilities for the accommodation of visitors. Present plans call for enlarging and improving of ground, installing of sanitary facilities, increasing water supply and other improvements at the Paradise, Longmire and White River public camps, and the opening of a camp on the Carbon River Road. Large community buildings for each of these public camps, to serve as shelter in stormy weather and as meeting place, information headquarters, lecture room, etc., at other times, are planned for each of these large camps. This camp development is greatly needed and it is desirable that it be completed as soon as possible. With the opening of new roads additional public camps will be required as road development progresses. In time public camps will be required at Ohanapecosh, Yakima Park, Mowich Lake, Sunset Park and possibly at other places.

Present demands require additional hotel accommodations at Paradise and the completion of the Annex building is now considered. Either extensive improvement and enlargement to National Park Inn, or a new hotel will be required at Longmire to take care of the increased winter travel. With the opening of the Carbon and White River sections large hotels will be required at Yakima Park, or some other point in that section, and one at Mowich Lake or in that vicinity. In addition to these new hotels, permanent camps will be needed on the north and west sides. Camps, similar to those at Paradise and White River but more substantially built — perhaps more on the order of the Glacier Park Chalet Camps — are desirable. In several places hikers' camps, where one may find shelter, food and bedding, located at suitable intervals along the Wonderland Trail, will be needed. Hotel and camp development naturally is dependent upon road development and when the new areas of the Park are accessible to visitors these improvements will be provided.

Much improvement in trails, especially the Wonderland Trail, encircling the Mountain, and over which The Mountaineers' summer trip was made this year, is desirable and will be made as funds become available for that purpose. In many places this and other trails require relocation, widening, draining and surfacing, marking and placing of direction signs. The Northern Loop Trail, from Yakima Park through the Grand Park, Mystic Lake, Sluiskin Range and Natural Bridge country to Chenuis Mountain and the

Carbon River, requires improving. This old prospectors' trail traverses one of the wildest and most scenic sections of the Park, a region which should be maintained in its present state.

In addition to the improvement of existing trails, a foot trail connecting Eagle Peak and Pinnacle Peak and a pony trail from Narada Falls to Tatoosh Park should be constructed. Another pony trail has been suggested which would offer a short saddle trip for the visitor who is limited for time but who is anxious to get away from the camps and hotels, from Mazama Ridge over Stevens Ridge and into the Fan country. Other trails for fire lookout purposes, that would also be available for hikers, are needed; one such from Lake George to the top of Mount Wow; one from Mowich Lake to the top of Fay Peak, and one or two at points on the north and east sides would add much to fire protection.

The National Park Service is much interested in and has long desired the development of the educational possibilities as well as the recreational feature of the Park. The whole Park is a magnificent natural museum and every foot of its three hundred twenty-four square miles of "floor space" contains natural history exhibits of much scientific interest and value. Thousands of people come each year to see this free museum, yet the great majority miss ninety per cent of its finest exhibits. The reason for this is that these visitors do not know that the smaller and often more interesting exhibits are there, or how to interpret their meaning when they do find them.

In order to help the people see and enjoy our Park, the Nature Guide Service was established recently. Through illustrated lectures, camp fire talks, Nature Guide field trips, information service, bulletins, a small reference library and a few exhibits, the Park Naturalist endeavors to help visitors see more intelligently and therefore enjoy more thoroughly. The response to this service by the thousands of visitors who were more than superficially interested in the great outdoor museum has been most gratifying. That this endeavor to help them gain a fuller and more thorough understanding of Nature is appreciated, is attested to by the fact that over 60,000 availed themselves of this service the past season.

Unfortunately, the limited means and facilities available have not permitted more than a mere scratch of the surface. The possibilities for development of the educational features of the Park are almost unlimited.

The thing most needed to further this work is a building around which it can center. This building should contain an auditorium where lectures can be given, a museum that will serve as an index to the great Natural Museum outside, a reference library covering the natural and historical features of the Park and work rooms for the preparation of exhibits and illustrative materials.

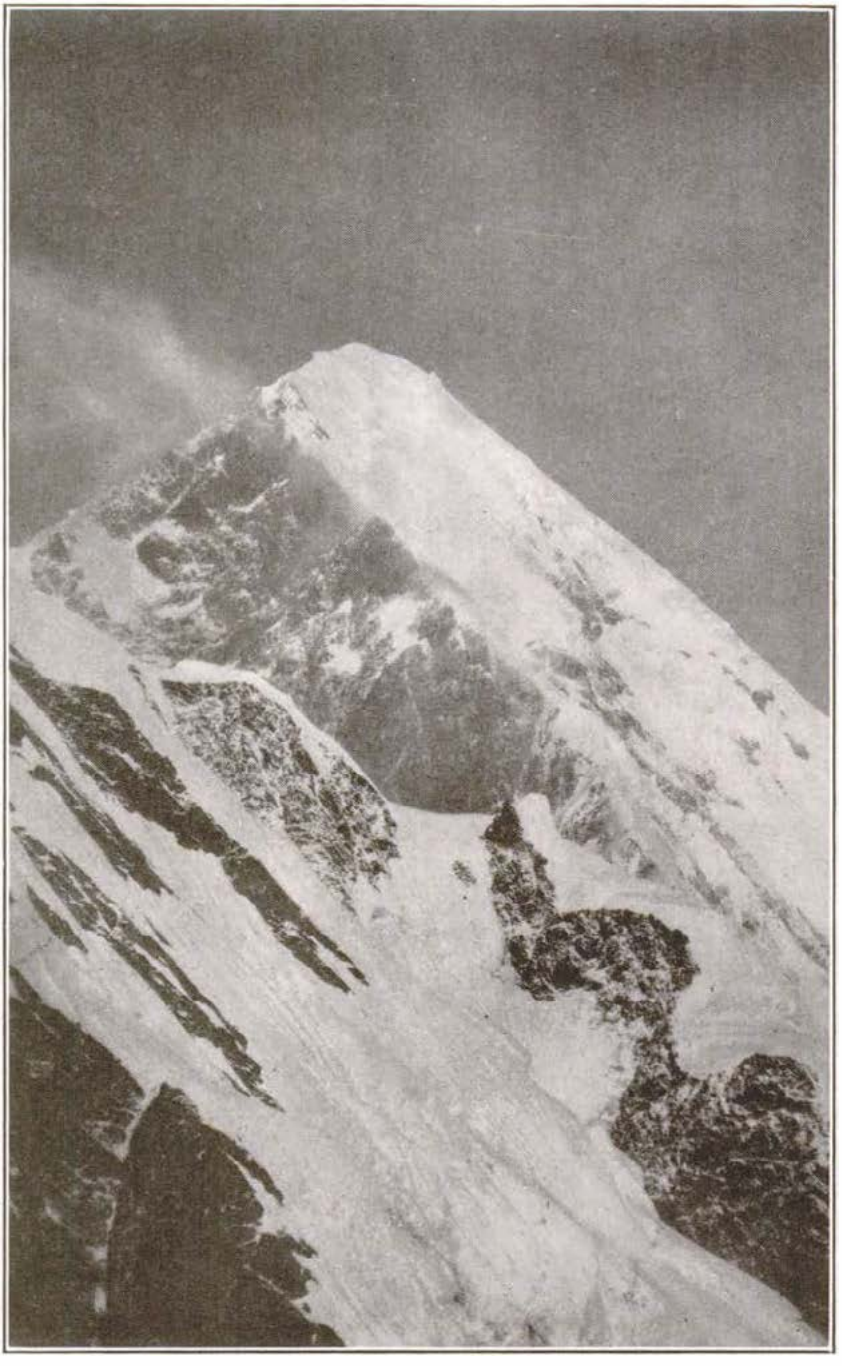
Until last year the Park was available and used only for about three or four months during the summer and fall. No means had been provided

for the the enjoyment of the ideal snow conditions that exist a greater part of the year. Only a few hundred of the hardiest of outdoor visitors had been able to enjoy the winter attractions. Those few who had experienced the delights of snow sports in the Park spread their enthusiasm among their friends. This resulted in a tremendous demand that the Park be made accessible throughout the year. This demand was met last year by keeping the road open to automobile travel from the Nisqually entrance to Longmire Springs. National Park Inn was operated and Paradise Inn provided informal service throughout the winter. Toboggans, skis and snowshoes were available and other means provided for the enjoyment of snow sports. Last winter's entrance register with nearly 10,000 names, compared to the 1,200 or 1,400 of previous years, is proof enough of the Park's year around appeal.

This experiment in winter operations demonstrated that it is entirely practical with proper snow removal equipment to keep the road open to Longmire Springs. With the paving of this 6.6 miles of road, which is provided for in the three-year road program, and proper removal equipment for keeping it open, the enlarging of the present hotel or the construction of a new one, the time is not far off when more people will visit the Park in winter than enjoyed its summer attractions a few seasons ago.

All of these improvements planned by the National Park Service for increasing the use of the area and for the "Benefit and Enjoyment of the People" are dependent upon Congressional appropriation for their execution. When the demand is such that it shows that the people need these developments the necessary appropriation will be forthcoming.

P. M. McGregor



THE TOP OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS
SEEN FROM THE EAST

Vittorio Sella

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS

MAJOR E. S. INGRAHAM

EXTENDING along the Alaskan coast from southeast to northwest, between parallels 58° and 60° 30′ north latitude, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, is a magnificent range of snow-covered mountains. The name St. Elias Alps is used by many geographers to designate this great upheaval. Mount Crillon, 15,900 feet, crowns the southern extremity, while St. Elias, 18,090 feet, rules the north. The mighty Pacific has battered down the walls of this great bulwark at but one place, Yakutat Bay. Leveling twenty miles of coastline, the ever-surging waters of the ocean have penetrated a distance of some fifty miles into the heart of the range.

St. Elias was discovered by Vitus Behring, a Russian navigator, in 1741. In honor of the prophet Elias, the mountain received its name. Its summit is about sixty miles from the ocean on a direct line, and is intersected by the 141st meridian of west longitude which separates Alaska from Yukon Territory, thence to the Arctic Ocean. St. Elias is not volcanic.

The St. Elias Alps are the source of the greatest continental glacier system in the world. Malaspina Glacier extends along the Pacific coast a distance of eighty miles, projecting into the ocean at one point, Icy Cape. It has an average width of forty miles, giving it an area larger than the State of Rhode Island. The main tributary of the Malaspina is the Seward, born upon the flanks of Mount Logan a hundred miles away.

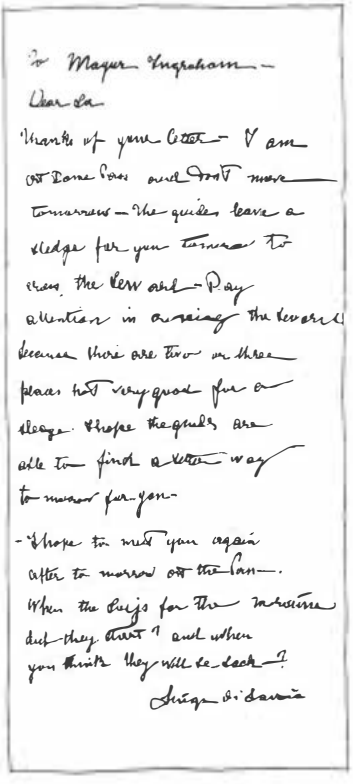
This lofty peak, so near the coast, must have appealed to the early mountaineers; but its great distance from outfitting points makes its approach a great obstacle. In 1877, Mr. C. E. S. Wood tried to reach it, but did not get beyond Cape Spencer, one hundred miles north of Sitka. In 1886, *The New York Times* financed an expedition under Lieutenant Schwatka. His companions were a Mr. Libbey and Lieutenant H. W. Seton-Karr, an Englishman. Landing was made near the mouth of Yahtse River, a point directly south of St. Elias. Schwatka reached an altitude of 5,800 feet and Seton-Karr turned back at 7,200 feet.

The next attempt was made in 1888 by a party of English Alpinists. They took up the route chosen by Lieutenant Schwatka and reached an altitude of 11,460 feet, where they had to turn back. It was demonstrated by those two expeditions that St. Elias could not be ascended from the ocean side.

In 1890, Professor I. C. Russell, a most indomitable explorer and mountain climber, organized an expedition under the auspices of the National Geographical Society and the U. S. Geological Survey for the exploration of the St. Elias region. Profiting by the failures of former attempts, Professor Russell landed at the northwest corner of Yakutat Bay. Proceeding

EDITOR'S NOTE: The illustrations by Vittorio Sella are reproduced from "The Ascent of Mount St. Elias," by Filippo de Filippi, F.R.G.S.

westward, crossing many of the tributary glaciers of the Malaspina, which took thirty days of hard marching, Professor Russell reached an island formed on the frontal moraine of Marvine Glacier, which he called Blossom Island on account of its luxuriant vegetation. He made this island his base camp. Pushing forward, he crossed in succession Marvine Glacier, the Seward, onward through Dome Pass to Agassiz Glacier. To his right he saw the great cascade of *seracs* made by the confluence of the Newton with the Agassiz. Ascending this cascade to the Newton, he had an unobstructed view to the very summit of St. Elias. Pushing on with his topographer, Mr. Kerr, and followed by his packers, Professor Russell, after the greatest hardships, reached the second plateau of the Newton. It then became necessary for Mr. Kerr to go back for a supply of petroleum. In the night a snowstorm came up, and for six days Professor Russell was marooned in a snow chamber. When the storm ceased, he decided to start back to find the rest of his party. He met them coming to his relief. On account of the prevailing storms and the lateness of the season, he was compelled to abandon any further attempt that year.


To Major Ingraham—
Dear Sir
Thanks of your letter—I am
at Dome Pass and start more
tomorrow—The guides leave a
sledge for you tomorrow to
cross the Low and—Pay
attention in crossing the Low as
because there are two or three
places not very good for a
sledge. Hope the guides are
able to find a better way
to morrow for you—
Hope to meet you again
after to morrow at the Pass—.
When the Boys for the Moraine
did they start? and when
you think they will be back?
Luigi di Savoia

In 1891, under the same auspices, Professor Russell made a second attempt. This time he was landed at Icy Cape by the Cutter Bear. During the landing in the surf, two whaleboats were capsized and a lieutenant and a packer were drowned. Pushing forward with all energy he reached the Newton by a more direct route. He succeeded in ascending the Newton to Russell Col. From the Col to the summit of St. Elias is plain sailing. The party pushed on; by four o'clock p. m. they had gained an altitude of 14,500 feet, tired and nearly exhausted. A storm was threatening. A night on the mountainside meant almost certain death. With great reluctance all further attempt was abandoned.

Professor Russell had found the route by which the Duke of the Abruzzi ascended St. Elias six years later. Had Professor Russell been favored with good weather he would have been the first to stand upon the summit of St. Elias and the subsequent expedition of the Prince would not have been undertaken.

Another expedition was undertaken by Mr. H. S. Bryant of Philadelphia in 1897. With a party of seven men he landed at the mouth of Osar

MOUNT ST. ELIAS FROM MALASPINA

Vittorio Sella

River ten days ahead of the Italian party. He advanced to the foot of the Newton Glacier where he met some of the Prince's party, but had to abandon further attempt on account of the illness of one of his packers.

In the summer of 1895, in the harbor of San Francisco, the Italian warship Christoforo Colombo tranquilly rode at anchor. On her deck, with his keen eye now resting on turret, now gazing aloft with manifest pride at the Royal standard, paced a young lieutenant, Luigi di Savoia.

In 1873, at the court of Spain, his father Amadeus of Savoy being the king, Luigi first opened his eyes to a glittering world. Not liking the turbulent condition of the Spanish throne, at the end of five years Amadeus abdicated and returned to the Val d'Aosta. It was there, under the shadow of the blue Alps, that young Luigi passed his youth and imbibed the spirit of the mountains. It was there that he developed a remarkable physique and the dauntless spirit that later made him the foremost explorer of his time. He climbed the Alps, one after another, until in 1894 he conquered the Matterhorn by the Smitt ridge.

While in San Francisco, he learned the history of Mount St. Elias and the five unsuccessful attempts to reach its summit. In Bengal, India, during the returning voyage of the Christoforo Colombo from its cruise around the world, the young lieutenant's eyes rested in awe and admiration upon the great peaks of the Himalayas, piercing the sky at altitudes from 25,000 to 29,000 feet. It was then that he decided to return at the end of the voyage and attempt the ascent of some of those lofty peaks.

In December, 1896, the Christoforo Colombo dropped anchor in her home port. The Prince, with the consent of his uncle, King Humbert of Italy, began preparations for a trip to the Himalayas. In the meantime, however, a plague had broken out in India in the very section that the Prince would have to cross. The expedition was deferred.

Then came visions of St. Elias. He decided to make an expedition to the great Alaskan Alps the coming summer. Preparations were begun in February, 1897. He chose for his companions Cavaliere Umberto Cagni of the Royal Navy, officer in waiting to the Prince; Cavaliere Francisco Gonella, president of the Turin section of the Italian Alpine Club; Cavaliere Vittorio Sella, photographer, and Filippo di Filippi, surgeon. He selected four of the best Alpine guides, two with special reference to rock work and two for ice work.

The expedition arrived in New York, May 28. Professor Fay, president of the Appalachian Club, met the Prince upon his arrival. Correspondence had been taken up with Professor I. C. Russell. When the Prince announced that he desired the services of ten porters (packers) to be engaged at Seattle, Professor Russell made the suggestion that it might contribute to the harmony of the expedition to have some experienced man in charge of the porters (packers) and suggested the writer for the position. The reason for this was, that knowing the independence of the American pack-

ers, Professor Russell was afraid there might develop friction between them and European royalty.

I thus became the agent of the Prince in Seattle, hired the packers, bought three months' provisions and outfit for them, and chartered the yacht *Aggie* to take them and myself to Sitka and thence to Yakutat Bay and return. I had no trouble to get the packers. A three months' salary was offered and the trip in itself was appealing. Husky fellows were selected and they were required to pass a rigid physical examination.

Many offered their services. The selection finally fell to C. L. Andrews, Ralph E. Nichols, Carl E. Morford, C. W. Thornton, Conrad Schmidt, Victor Schmidt, Frank Fiorini, Bino Alexander, Elin Ostberg and William Steel. Captain Greenleaf was put in command of the *Aggie*.

The provisions for the packers were selected and sealed in tin cans of convenient shape to be packed upon the back. Each tin contained the same rations and weighed fifty-one pounds. The Italians' provisions were packed in much the same way, except all canned goods were put in sacks known as "red" and "blue" sacks. The former were intended for the lower altitudes and the latter, of more condensed rations, for the higher altitudes. It was necessary to carry all provisions in sealed tins to protect them from the ever-present moisture.

From the time we left the coast we would be on ice, so that all cooking would have to be done on oil stoves. These stoves were so constructed that we could start our Nansen oil lamp, lash the stove to our sleds and the cooking would be done as we went along.

Tents with canvas bottoms, accommodating three people, were used. Our covering at night consisted of specially constructed sleeping bags.

The Prince arrived at Sitka June 20, on the *Topeka*. The *Aggie* had arrived the 15th. Anticipating his arrival, we had hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the main truck and the Royal Standard of Italy to the fore truck. That gave the Prince his first opportunity to show his thoughtfulness and courtesy. Upon meeting him, about the first thing he said to me was, "Oh! I see you have my country's flag at your ship's masthead."

It took a short time to get the equipment of the Italians transferred from the *Topeka* to the *Aggie*. Arrangements had been made to have the steamer *Bertha* tow the *Aggie* from Sitka to Yakutat. Early in the morning of June 21, the tow-line straightened and we headed in a northwesterly direction along the Alaskan coast a distance of three hundred miles to our destination. At ten o'clock in the evening of the 22nd we dropped anchor off the Indian village of Yakutat.

Arrangements were made with Mr. Hendrickson, a Swedish missionary, to take regular observations with a mercurial barometer left in his charge, for the purpose of correcting the altitudes recorded by the barometer the Prince was to take to the summit. The next morning we set sail for the western shore of Yakutat Bay, where the landing was to be made. The *Bertha* was delayed several hours by fog, so we did not reach the landing

place until six o'clock in the evening. By eight o'clock, however, all our supplies were ashore and the last boat ready to leave the *Aggie*. This was the 23rd of June. Before going ashore the Prince instructed Captain Greenleaf to return to Yakutat and remain there until time to be at our present anchorage on the morning of August 11. It will be seen at the end of this narrative that on the morning of August 11, the entire party was on board the *Aggie* ready to start for home. This was due to the wonderful calculation and splendid leadership of the Prince.

The night of June 23 was spent in our tents on shore at the base camp. About 11 o'clock in the evening I heard a commotion outside my tent and asked what was wanted. The reply came, "Four Indians, hungry!" The Prince had arranged with the missionary to send four Indians to help pack the outfit to the glacier beyond the moraine where it could be handled with sleds.

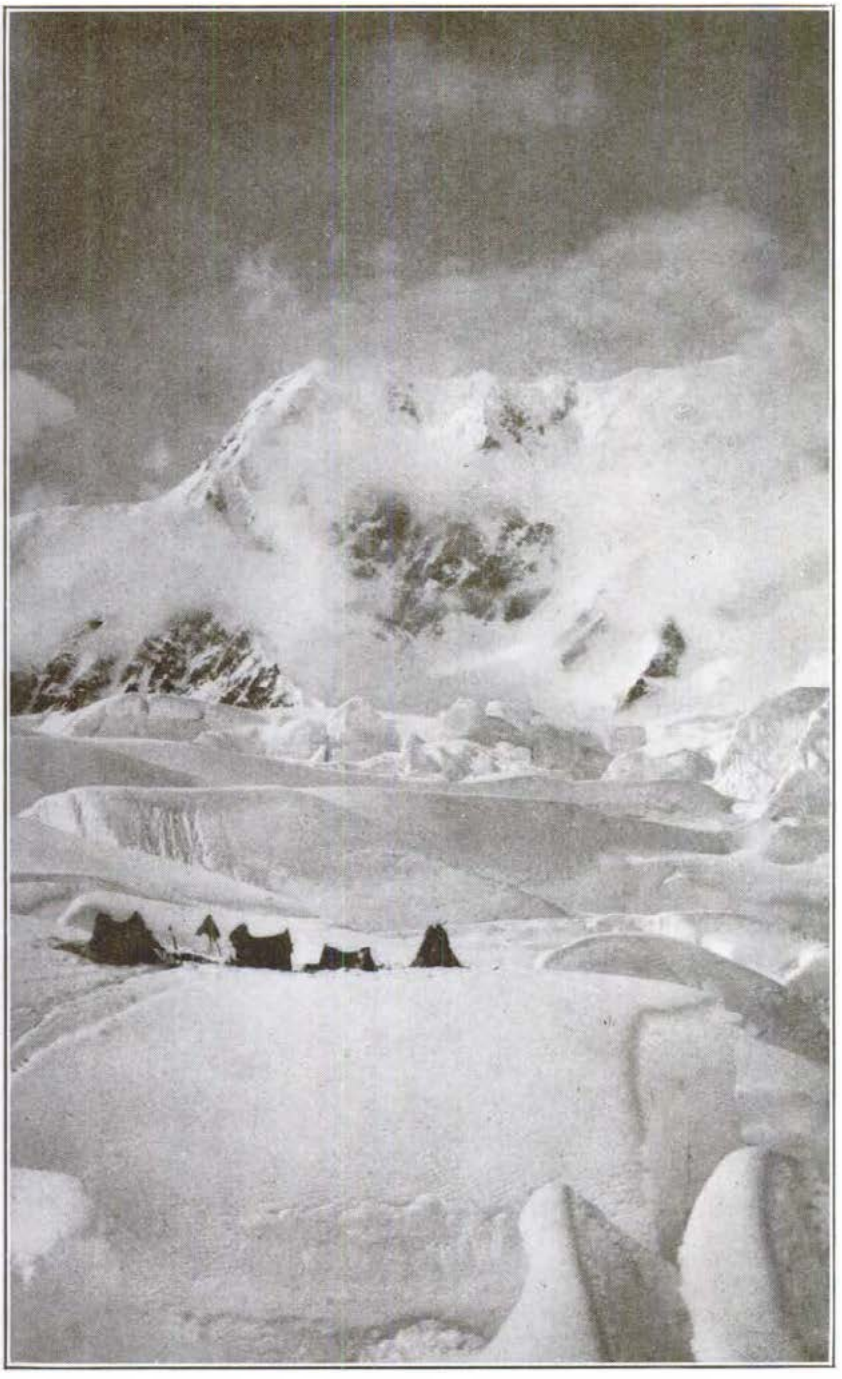
The morning of June 24 found everybody anxious to begin the conquest: our peerless leader, the Prince, his four companions, five guides, and ten sturdy packers, with their leader. Before us was a trackless journey of a hundred miles of ice fields, riven and broken by yawning crevasses, some hidden by fresh snow, and, in the upper reaches, assaulted by the treacherous avalanche. The glaciers would be our habitation for many days.

The equipment and stores were divided, a part to be left at the base camp for future transportation and the remainder to be packed three miles along the banks of the Osar River to the foot of the moraine where we made our second camp. From the foot of the moraine to the snow above were four miles of ice covered with boulders of all sizes and shapes. It took six days to transport the outfit to the top of the moraine.

The morning of July 1 found our four sleds loaded and lashed, seven hundred and fifty pounds on each sled, to be hauled by four men. Before us was the comparatively smooth Malaspina, but covered with deep snow in most places, which made the sledding tedious.

It was twenty-one miles across the glacier to the foot of the Hitchcock range. It took three days to negotiate that distance. Much of the way was traveled in a dense fog. To maintain our course, three men would arrange themselves along a rope, the one at the rear end carrying a compass. By directing the two ahead it was quite simple to maintain a compass course.

Early in the afternoon of July 3 the crossing had been completed and camp established at the foot of the range. The Italians pitched their tents on the snow, but the Americans ascended a ridge and camped in a small grassy valley beyond. On the morning of July 4, Ralph Nichols planted the Stars and Stripes just above our tents. I directed him to place the flag on the ridge so that it could be seen by the Italians from their camp below. A little later I visited their camp. The Prince greeted me and said: "I see this is your Independence Day; you may make it a holiday." When I



ON THE SERACS OF NEWTON GLACIER *Vittorio Sella*

announced it to the boys a genuine American cheer for the Prince was given and the camp called Independence Camp.

At this point the plan of attack was unfolded. Camp was to be moved forward three miles each day. Two guides would go ahead the previous day, map out the route and locate the camp site. It was truly wonderful how those fine mountaineers would study the contour of the glacier and select the best route far ahead. From Independence Camp five of the Americans were to return to the base camp for a sled-load of provisions. In the meantime the main party was to advance. The second sled team would leave the advancing caravan in time to meet the other sled at the point it had been detached. Under this arrangement each sled team made two trips to the base camp.

Before starting back with a team, the Prince would ask me how many tins of food I needed, and state the number of "red" sacks and "blue" sacks he needed. Then he would say, "When will you be back?" A little rapid calculation of how long it would take the out-going team to reach the meeting place and how long it would take the in-coming team to come from the base camp to the same place had to be done. It might mean from eight to ten days. I would reply, "Your Highness, I shall overtake you at ——" On every occasion I kept the date. Upon coming into camp he would say, "My compliments; you travel very fast." He would then offer us a pot of tea that he had prepared for us. So thoughtful and democratic, the Prince is a most lovable fellow.

So the expedition advanced from camp to camp. It rained almost every day up to camp sixteen on the lower plateau of Newton Glacier. From there on snow took the place of rain. Between camps sixteen and seventeen was the dividing line between snow and rain. From camp sixteen on, no one was allowed to go any distance without being roped. The fresh snow would bridge many of the narrow crevasses, making "blind crevasses." We "roped" on a hundred-foot line; one tied to each end and one in the middle. The bridges frequently gave way under one's weight. A quick call of "hold" and the fall of the victim into the crevasse would be checked with his head but a few feet below the surface, so quick was the response of his companions.

At camp fifteen, near the icefall formed by the Newton's dropping almost perpendicularly a couple of hundred feet into the Agassiz, the sleds had to be discarded and packing resumed.

Finally, after several days of climbing steep ice walls, bridging bottomless crevasses, avoiding the roaring avalanche, the high plateau on Newton Glacier was reached, some distance below Russell Col, and camp twenty-one established.

The next camp, a temporary one, on the top of Russell Col, was to be the last before the final ascent. As the packers turned back to bring in the last load, I said to the Prince, "Five fair days and your Highness will reach

the summit." The next five days were clear and the Italians stood upon the top of Mount St. Elias, 12 o'clock noon, July 31.

On August 3, the packers with the last load of supplies arrived at camp twenty-one. For a description of our arrival I quote from the published report of the expedition.

"We passed the whole of the next day (August 3rd) in this camp waiting for the American porters and re-arranging the packs. About 11 o'clock, a distant shout was heard across the misty level. Standing outside the tents, we watched with strange emotions the approach of shadowy forms struggling slowly up through the heavily falling snow. At a hundred paces from us, their leader, Ingraham, halted, shouting out, 'Did you reach the top?' 'Yes.' 'All of you?' 'All of us!' Their loud hurrahs echoed through the valley, and we again felt the exultation of that moment of victory as though it had been scarcely realized before."

The object of the expedition having been so successfully accomplished, the return was begun. With light loads and buoyant spirits the descent was rapid. What took days of laborious struggle to go up took only hours to go down.

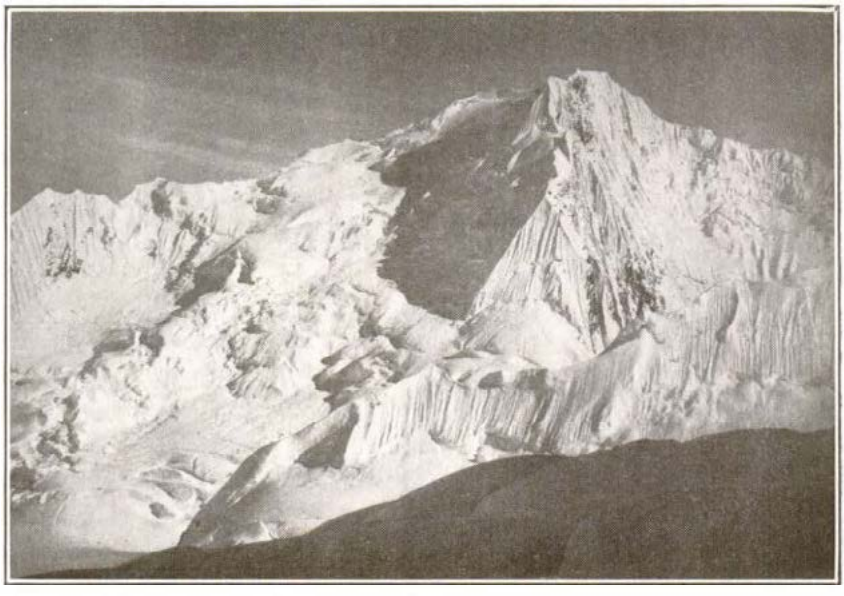
While descending the Malaspina one clear day, we witnessed a rare and beautiful phenomenon, the "Silent City." Looking back toward the Chaix Hills, we beheld just such a scene on the sky as a great poet once described:

"The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city — boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour — without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
With blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars."

It lasted for hours, constantly building up and changing to more fantastic forms. We felt it alone worth a trip up there to see.

Finally, on the afternoon of August 10, climbing an ice ridge, the terminal moraine of the Malaspina came suddenly in view. Beyond in the blue waters of Yakutat Bay, the *Aggie* could be seen tacking to an anchorage near the place of embarkation. Accordingly on the date fixed nearly fifty days before, the entire party boarded the *Aggie* and sailed for Sitka.

The successful conquest of St. Elias served to develop in the heart of the young Prince the desire for greater exploration. In 1899, he under-



EASTERN SPUR OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS *Vittorio Sella*

took to reach the North Pole. He gained latitude 86° 33′, the record until finally conquered by our own Peary. The summer of 1906 was spent in exploring the snow range of Ruwenzori in the center of Equatorial Africa. In 1909, he made an expedition to the Himalayas for the purpose, chiefly, of contributing to the solution of the problem as to the greatest height to which man may attain in mountain climbing. He took Bride's Peak, 25,400 feet, for his purpose. He reached an altitude of 24,600 feet, the world's record at that time, when he was driven back by storms and the lateness of the season. He was in fine physical condition and fighting strong.

He is now an admiral in the Italian navy and held supreme command during a part of the World War.

Long live the Prince, Luigi of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi!

THE COMPLETION OF THE KAUTZ CLIMB

JOSEPH T. HAZARD

"No game was ever worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find a way."

THESE words were written by one of the heroic members of the last Mount Everest expedition. They typify the spirit of the pathfinder.

Ever since reading in Professor Meany's book on Mount Rainier, the account by August Valentine Kautz of the first attempt to climb the Mountain, it has been my purpose to bring the Kautz Route to the attention of The Mountaineers and the public. Three years ago four of us, O. B. Sperlin, Wallace Burr, Stella Shahan and I, reconstructed the Kautz climb and established his stopping point at about 12,000 feet altitude. Climbing conditions were ideal and we retraced his progress, step by step, allowing nothing to turn us aside. But we did not complete the climb beyond the Kautz stopping point, and so did not make the summit.

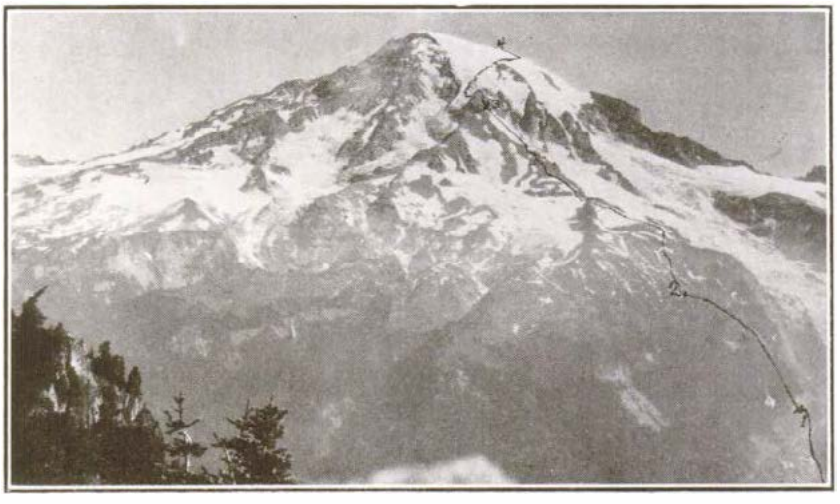
On July 11, 1924, sixty-seven years after the first bold attempt, thirteen of us climbed the lower Nisqually Glacier, crossed the moraine to the west, and stood in a little mountain meadow where Kautz had made his last camp. We climbed five hundred feet higher and camped that night in a broad valley just under the ridge leading to the summit. The next day we carried our packs from 6,000 feet altitude to 11,000 up a long rock ridge, Wapowety Cleaver. Snowfields alternated with broad rock ridges and led us to our climbing camp. The easy slopes and the safety of this approach remind one of the Muir snowfields.

The camp-site at 11,000 feet is roomy and protected. One can always move when the wind changes, and find comfort. There is water nearby, and everything considered, the camp is the best temporary camp on the Mountain.

The final climb from this point is a mere 3,400 feet. Under ordinary conditions, it should be finished in five hours, enabling a party to reach the summit by nine or ten o'clock.

This year, with abnormal snow conditions, we encountered difficulties. Just above the climbing camp are immense ice cliffs, where the summit snow connects with the lower Kautz Glacier. Three years ago we climbed the thousand feet through these ice cliffs in less than an hour. At no place were we forced to retrace our steps. This year we were blocked when halfway through.

Turning back, we dropped below the ice cliffs and found, beyond them,



Clarence A. Gorner

THE KAUTZ ROUTE ON MOUNT RAINIER

1. Lieutenant Kautz' final camp in 1857. 2. Main camp of our 1924 party. 3. Temporary camp, now named Camp Hazard. Just above this camp our trail looped around the ice cliffs. Lieutenant Kautz' route led straight through these cliffs to a spot just above them where he turned back. 4. Register Rock on the crater rim.

to the west, a steep, smooth tongue of ice with ice walls on both sides. We climbed the west wall on a series of shelves. At one point there was a crack in the ice. Burt Farquharson looked over and discovered that the cliff on which we stood leaned out from the place of the crack. For some reason we left that spot rather hurriedly for a firmer place. Above these cliffs we crossed the tongue of ice where it had become less steep and reached the summit snowfield.

We were now at 12,000 feet altitude, where, sixty-seven years before, hampered by a high wind and approaching night, Lieutenant Kautz had turned back. Before us lay the Mountain's untrodden snowfields.

For a thousand feet we worked our way over a treacherous surface where hidden crevasses lay in wait. With scouts ahead, roped, we worked carefully to the end of a rock cleaver, similar in form to Steamboat Prow. From this point at 13,000 feet, we took a long, easy slant, across the south face of the Mountain and connected with the Gibraltar Route, about five hundred feet below the summit. After signing the record at Register Rock we crossed the crater and climbed Columbia Crest.

The return trip required even more care, for the snowfields had softened and the crevasses were dangerous. At the ice cliffs we decided to take a chance and go through the route that had stopped us in the morning. One difficulty after another faced us, but by using the rope down an eight-foot ice wall, a twenty-foot one, and a twelve-foot drop from an ice bridge, we reached our morning trail. In retracing this, we found that literally tons of ice had fallen from the cliffs upon the five hundred feet we had passed over in the morning.

We considered the climb ended at the camp at 11,000 feet, for the return was mere routine.

The Mountaineers making the ascent were: Charles B. Browne, F. B. Farquharson, Fred Q. Gorton, Joseph T. Hazard, Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard, Ben C. Mooers, John W. McCrillis. Other people in the party were R. P. Burkhead of Portland, Alonzo Troth of Spokane, and four members of the Mount Stuart Club of Ellensburg; Herbert C. Fish, Miss Hermie Thompson, J. N. O. Thompson, John Thompson, Jr.

The Kautz Route is the safest, and the most natural approach to the summit of Mount Rainier so far discovered. In normal seasons there is no technical difficulty. Even this year when the summit snow was reduced to a minimum, more time for scouting and the use of a short ladder would have made the way easy. We recommend it to the Special Outing Committee for early July climbs, annually.

A 12-FOOT DROP FROM AN ICE BRIDGE *J. N. O. Thompson*

Every Mountaineer should re-read the Kautz article in Professor Meany's book of Mount Rainier. Although the first complete ascent by the Kautz way was a slow one, beginning in 1857 and ending in 1924, the future ones will be most cheerfully accomplished. Each, in turn, will be a tribute to the memory of a brave explorer, a forceful leader, a true man, August Valentine Kautz.

SPRING BUILDERS

EDMOND S. MEANY

GLORY of climbing, joy of trail and camp, beauty of flowers, lure of trees, charm of rugged crags — these are gifts that gladden the hearts of Mountaineers year after year; but in 1924 there came a new thrill. It was not grand or spectacular. It was simple and clean. It nestled down into the heart with calm gratitude.

Miss Inez Craven brought into camp a newspaper clipping telling how Miss Neal Gallatin, of Casper, Wyoming, had dug out a muddy spring and lined it with blocks of agate, transforming a repulsive mud-hole into a beautiful spring to serve innumerable travelers who might pass that way. News of that simple work spread from Wyoming to the Atlantic and to the Pacific, resulting in the spontaneous organization of the Spring Builders of America.

On August 9, 1924, The Mountaineers on their annual outing found in Spray Park a spring sadly in need of attention. Willing men, A. H. Marshall and C. A. Fisher, began to dig away the unattractive muck while many others gathered granite blocks. All were surprised at the complete transformation. With appropriate ceremonies it was named "Gallatin Spring" and dedicated to the young lady who gave to America this new inspiration for those who love the out-of-doors.

At Mystic Lake, on August 13, another spring was rescued from mud and rubbish left by former campers. It was lined with granite and named "Gorton Spring," in honor of Fred Q. Gorton, leader of the 1924 Outing.

The campfire at Glacier Basin, on August 14, was visited by Scoutmaster Clark E. Schurman and sixteen members of his Troop 65, Boy Scouts of America. On hearing of this fine work of building springs, they promptly supplied a granite pavement for the approach and surroundings of the well-known but neglected spring at that camp. The same boys built another spring at Sunrise Camp as they were leaving the Mount Rainier National Park.

The spirit of thoughtfulness for others who will come later and enjoy those springs attracted the attention of the Park Rangers. They reported to Superintendent O. A. Tomlinson; he reported to the National Park service at Washington City, and Acting Director Arno B. Cammerer wrote a fine letter on September 16, acknowledging the efforts of The Mountaineers and the Boy Scouts. His concluding sentence is: "I would like you to know that the Service greatly appreciates the fine work you have started along these lines in Mount Rainier National Park."

Who builds a spring
Has blessings three
For screen of waters living:
Glad heart to sing,
Clean soul to see,
And thrill of humble giving.

NOTES ON A TRIP TO ALASKA

WINONA BAILEY

THESE observations are of a two months' trip taken this last summer by Gertrude Streator and the writer over the following routes: Seattle to Skagway by boat; thence to Whitehorse by train with side trip to Lake Atlin; Whitehorse to Dawson by steamer; from Dawson by another steamer down the Yukon to Tanana and up the Tanana River to Nenana; by rail to Fairbanks; out to Seward over the Alaska Railroad with stops at McKinley National Park and Anchorage; from Seward home by boat with stopover at Cordova and trip as far as Strelna on the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad. We had thus an opportunity not only to view the incomparable coast scenery but to come under the "spell of the Yukon" and the fascination of the interior.

DRYING KING SALMON *Winona Bailey*

As soon as the salmon begin to run in the Yukon, the Indians set their fish wheels turning in the edge of the river, make camp nearby, and begin to dry fish in the sun. This Indian chose a birch grove on a high bank.

The traditions of The Mountaineers including equipment and customs of trail and camp have been strongly influenced by the ways of the North. So it seemed the natural thing to don outing suits, lace up boots, and make every day an outing. Even laundry was done many times in lake and stream and hung on bushes.

Our first outing spot was Lake Atlin in Northern British Columbia. The White Pass and Yukon Route maintains a very good hotel at the old mining town of Atlin, on the shore of the Lake facing a tri-peaked mountain

of the same name. As part of the entertainment a steamer takes tourists to the south end of the Lake, a sixty-mile round-trip from the hotel. Toward this end the scenery, everywhere beautiful, becomes more and more rugged, mountains rise sheer out of the water, islands multiply, channels become narrow and tortuous until you lose your bearings entirely, and finally come out into a vast expanse of water you never suspected, showing the Lake at its full width. The Llewellyn Glacier comes into view some miles away, its broad surface sloping toward the Atlin waters. You can hardly believe, when told, that this is an eastern arm of the same glacial field that makes the Taku Glacier, seen three days before, near Juneau. It is said to be possible to cross from the Lake on foot over the ice and snow, to salt water.

The most fascinating part of the whole journey was the river trip, perhaps because the continuous daylight charmed with its midnight hues of mingled sunset and dawn, perhaps because the vastness and the solitude of the country touched the same chord in Mountaineer souls that had been struck before by some remote Olympic meadow.

The upper waters of the Yukon are more confined by hills, more varied in character and vegetation, than certain more northerly portions. Everywhere the banks are wooded and we early learned to look forward to a stop at the woodpile as a great diversion. Yukon River boats burn many cords of wood a day, so about twice every twenty-four hours the boat turns up stream, ties to the bank, throws gang-planks across to a huge woodpile, cut and stacked the previous winter, and a crew of Indian boys load, wheel on board, and unload fifteen to thirty cords.

Thirty-six hours after leaving Whitehorse, Dawson was reached, the ghost of the Dawson of former days. But the location at the foot of the "Dome" on the flat made by the mouth of Klondike Creek, the fine sweep of the river above and below, and the hills beyond are all as attractive as ever. Here we had to wait for the only boat by which it was possible to get on through into United States territory. It seems to run in connection with nothing else in the world. Finally, however, with a large barge lashed in front carrying four hundred tons of ore and a cub bear, we were off for six more days of delightful river travel.

As the Yukon approached the Arctic Circle, which it reaches at the Indian village of Fort Yukon, it traverses a flat country and spreads out in numerous channels separated from each other by strips of land often covered with spruce and birch, the entire width from forty to eighty miles. Here the main channel is constantly shifting owing to the formation of sandbars and the continual breaking away of the river bank which is little more than a layer of sand above a frozen substratum. The banks for miles and miles are roughly fringed with trees tipped and tilted at every angle, and criss-crossed in falling.

At Fort Yukon we saw the first of the many forest fires that rage uncontrollable in the interior of Alaska. An immense volume of smoke was roll-

HEADWATERS OF SAVAGE RIVER *Winona Bailey*

A group of mountains in the Alaskan Range at the head of Savage River, one of several streams that cross McKinley National Park in a northerly direction.

ing up back of the town, twenty or thirty miles away, people said, with water between.

Farther down stream hills began to close in again, the river became narrower and the current swifter. As we reached this part, crude native fish wheels began to appear in the edge of the water, revolving slowly and ceaselessly, and Indian camps to dot the shores — the king salmon were beginning to run. Frequently fish held flat open by bits of twig, were hung to dry in the sun, and looking like blood-red pennants.

Up to Tanana the boat reduced her speed to four miles an hour, but even so, it was with regret that we reached Nenana and steel rails, over which we rode into Fairbanks.

This place was the liveliest we had seen since leaving the coast, but there were tourists and not enough hills that seemed worth climbing, so a few days later found us again on the Alaska Railroad. bound for McKinley National Park. It was really not ready this summer to receive many guests. But they are getting ready under the same plan as that used in administering the other national parks. A company has been formed, financed by Fairbanks and possibly other local capital with an exclusive concession for transportation and accommodations within the Park.

The only passenger trains on the government railroad reach and leave McKinley Park station at one and three o'clock at night. At the station, there is only a very primitive roadhouse with uncertain service, although the location is beautiful.

Superintendent and Mrs. Karstens, whose home is at the Park Station, were most cordial and showed many pictures of the Park and gave us much information. A new automobile road is under construction. The middle of July, about four miles were ready for use. The plan is eventually to extend this road to the very base of Mount McKinley, some ninety miles, through a broad open country, flanked on either side by mountains. This is cut at intervals by streams and it will be possible to make all kinds of side trips in either direction from many places along the road.

The second morning we started on foot along this right-of-way, and getting a shower the last mile or two of our twelve-mile walk, arrived wet at the Park Company's Savage River Camp, to be immediately ushered into a new and very comfortable tent having two cots, a stove and fire already built. There were about a dozen tents of the same kind, not all of them furnished, and a big central dining and cook tent. Here we spent a week with the usual occupations of camp life. We climbed and explored, tried to make friends with the ptarmigan and other birds, the squirrels and porcupines, watched for caribou that never came except one, sighted sheep and scared up foxes.

Mount McKinley (20,300 feet), sometimes coldly white, sometimes golden, and again rosy, was in plain view for four days and nights, but many miles distant. From higher on the hills behind camp, much more of the Mountain became visible, as well as its nearest rival, Mount Foraker (17,000 feet), and all the attendant lower ranges. Some summer the trip to the base of Mount McKinley ought to be made by a party of Mountaineers.

No one need fear mosquitoes in the Park. In the woods along the river we found them, but not worse than they have often been along the trail on some of our summer outings in Washington. In the open there was enough air stirring to keep them away and we were told it was always so. Along the Yukon it was said, "The mosquito crop is very poor this year."

Further views of the Alaska Range from the railroad, the pleasant visit to Anchorage, the scenic ride from that town to Seward, the climb of the "Marathon" at Seward must be mentioned only to be passed over. A week's stop at Cordova gave chance to penetrate another portion of the interior by way of the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad. Here mighty glaciers seemed like huge antediluvian reptiles, and others of all lengths, sizes and shapes dripped from the mountains like icicles from a roof. By way of this railroad, lies the approach to the Wrangell group of mountains, including Mount Wrangell (14,000 feet), an active volcano, said never to have been climbed. Mount Blackburn (16,000 feet), which was climbed some years ago by Dora Keen, we reached from Strenla by automobile over an old mining road. A forbidding mass, indeed, it was, cut off at the point where we reached its base by a glacier, the like of which we had never seen. It looked as if it had gathered all the ice-rivers of a score of valleys and

spread out all the debris they had torn from the hills in one vast sheet of corrugated ice, with walls one hundred, two hundred feet high. Back of this was a series of rocky approaches, we couldn't tell how many, before the great snowfields of the upper portion of the mountain could be reached.

Some day, some club is going to put on an outing in Alaska. The Mountaineers should lead the way. Some place on the coast could be chosen, than which, perhaps, none would be more attractive than the one already suggested, Glacier Bay, in sight of the Fairweather Range. This would have the advantage of all-boat and therefore cheaper transportation, but the weather might be uncertain. Or, one of the three railroads could be used to get back of the coast mountains, thereby escaping much of the danger of fog, cold and rain, but the expense would be greater. The Atlin district, some part of the Copper River country, the mountains near Turn-Again Arm on Kenai Peninsula or, best of all, the Alaskan Range, would be suitable.

It should be remembered, however, that the climb of an Alaskan snow mountain of even 10,000 feet, to say nothing of 14,000 feet or more, is not an undertaking for a large or unselected party. Even for a small party of picked men it requires special equipment, laborious transportation of supplies and days or weeks of time. There are countless lower peaks, however, that furnish real climbs from which may be obtained magnificent, toil-rewarding views.

We found walking across country or climbing the lower parts of mountains, unless on a trail, more difficult and progress correspondingly slower than in our mountains. On the coast the heavy undergrowth makes travel hard, while in the interior much of the way leads through stiff brush about knee high, and the continual beating of this against the legs, together with the uncertain footing, one step deep in moss, the next on some little hummock, is wearing.

Our observation led us to believe that almost anywhere in Alaska, careful protection underneath is necessary in sleeping. The ground is wet; in the interior the more it is warmed the more the wet comes out, due to deep thawing. The long hours of sunshine in summer keep the air warm enough so that about the same clothing as we use here would probably be sufficient.

Lastly, if pack animals must be used, beware the cheechaco horse. Get a sourdough!

KITSAP CABIN AND SNOQUALMIE LODGE

ELIZABETH T. KIRKWOOD

OUR Cabin and our Lodge! So changed by the relentless sweep of progress that the old-timers can hardly believe that they helped make shakes, carried stones and timber, and took part in the dedication of these two centers of ease and comfort.

At Kitsap Cabin the changes have been manifold. The new road has cut transportation time in half. One can go from Coleman Dock to Bremerton, then by stage to the Cabin in about an hour and thirty minutes. But if anyone bewails the fact that the new road has destroyed the wildness of the Cabin and vicinity, just let him follow Wild Bill up Wild Cat Gulch to Wild Cat Lake, and he will have to acknowledge that not all of the wild has been taken out of wildness. With roads comes that evil of civilization, the vandal, which necessitated a caretaker at Kitsap Cabin. Buildings that are suitable for crowds are not comfortable for one lone person, so a convenient, artistic cabin has been built for the guardian of our property. Its style of architecture conforms suitably with that of the Cabin.

Everything has become so handy and convenient about the Cabin that Harry Myers has a work-complex trying to find tasks for idle hands to do. Water transportation by a bucket brigade has been replaced by a ram in Deerfoot Gulch. Now one turns the faucet and the ram does the rest. The day of the water-carrier is over. The woodpile has lost its terrors, for a power saw has cut enough wood for a year or more.

No longer are the men exposed to the curious gaze of the autoist. A new bunk-house has been built near the Cabin for them.

The vicinity around Kitsap Cabin has become a real rhododendron park. In years past, Mountaineers returned from a Rhododendron walk staggering under immense bunches of these flowers. From now on they will stop to admire but will not destroy. It is now a closed season for rhododendrons. On the last Rhododendron Walk not one member cut a flower.

The evenings at Kitsap Cabin, when the expectant audience sits around the big fireplace and waits for the entertainment committee to get into action, are something to look forward to. Then all kinds of latent, histronic talent appear. Fearful and wonderful productions are dug out of the property barrel. The professionals are The Dunnage Bag Players. But the climax of the dramatic season is the annual event in May. This year it was the oriental pantomime, "The Shepherd in the Distance," given on our sylvan stage by The Mountaineer Dramatic Club under the direction of Mrs. Robert Sandall. This was a most enjoyable and finished production. There was nothing amateurish about it.

Snoqualmie Lodge, on the contrary, does not feel the need of entertainment at night. Too many are content to sit and rest after strenuous efforts at "peak grabbing." The Ten Peaks List has reached a goodly proportion and shows the type of person that comes frequently to the Lodge.

With Jim Carpenter always on hand, the Lodge has taken on some of the characteristics of a hotel. People are coming and going all hours of the day and night. Week-end parties are encouraged to enjoy the Lodge, especially when the snow comes.

Last season the Lodge became a veritable winter sports center. Skis and more skis were tucked away under the eaves for future use, and others in

lockers at Rockdale. People did not talk about snowshoes, it was all about skis. When the three-quarters of a mile ski run became too safe and tame for the speedy ones, they took to the rock-pile course and annihilated distance. All skiing interest centered around the Washington's Birthday Outing, for then the annual cup contest was held and the women's skiing trophy and the Harper cup were awarded.

After the snow was gone, transportation became the interesting topic. A pick-and-shovel party was organized which did valiant work on the old right-of-way. They made a very credible road out of it. Another transportation party, by sheer man power, carried up the new range from Rockdale. Just the mere shell weighed 450 pounds. The Mountaineer huskies who did this Atlas act should have the best this range can produce.

At the Lodge, the kitchen shows the greatest improvement. The new, long, low range uses the minimum of fuel and produces the maximum heat. The new draining boards and sink make dish washing sanitary and efficient. Tanks for hot water have been installed. New galvanized containers have been brought up to hold the winter's supply of food. Locks had to be put on these to keep absent-minded people from mistaking them for garbage cans. The Lodge does not need a garbage can, for The Mountaineer horse hangs around the kitchen door, all day long, and consumes what little there is left on the plates of hungry visitors.

Another improvement occurred on the October Helping Hand Day and Trustees' Trip, when those with strong sanitary instincts dislodged dust from walls, ceiling, curtains, window panes, mattresses, and various other places so that the Lodge looked as if a company of New England housewives had descended upon it and all had gone home with a clear conscience. In this propitious manner The Mountaineer year at the Lodge came to an end.

MOUNT HOOD'S NEW GLACIER

Rodney L. Glisan

THE long continued dry spell last spring and summer stripped our Pacific Coast's snow peaks of every vestige of winter snow and removed snow mantles that had lain for ages over the upper portions of the mountains. This was particularly noticeable on Mount Hood. The ice wall which, as long as anyone can recall, formed the last point of attack on the north side climb, for the first time, melted away and left bare rock. On the south side what has always been considered a snow field melted down until glacial ice came to view, and the question arose whether Hood had another glacier to add to the array already recognized and labeled.

Through the activity of Raymond Conway, a party of eight experienced mountaineers was summoned, three being members of The Mountaineers, and nearly all being Mazamas. They left Portland the afternoon of Oc-

tober 18 and motored to Government Camp, on the south side of Hood, and from there knapsacked in about two hours up to Camp Blossom, at timber line.

We rose with the dawn, and took the regular route up the mountain which the guides take on their climbs. At an elevation of about 8,000 feet we turned to the east, and about a hundred yards east of the regular route we came to the western edge of the unnamed glacier.

From observations made by the surveyors who accompanied us, we found the glacier covered about fifty-two acres in area and, roughly speaking, was about 1,500 feet square, the top at an elevation of 8,100 feet, starting from practically the same source as the White River Glacier, which drops into a deeply carved canyon on the east side of the dividing rock moraine ridge.

The upper part of the new glacier was a mass of rock-strewn ice, the center snow-covered, and fairly well crevassed, with the lower end abruptly curving downward into snouts of dark ice. From under this ice, streams emerged, flowing between tapering tongues of moraine-covered ice, and so forming the source of the Salmon River.

The members of the party were unanimous in their opinion that it was a well-defined glacier, with marked individuality. Time did not permit staking the glacier to measure its flow by comparison with future surveys at fixed intervals. The glacier is yet to be named, but the name most strongly suggested is Salmon River Glacier.

A MOUNTAIN PASTORAL

ELLA M. EHINGER

THE group of young women Mountaineers who studied under Mrs. Robert Sandall in the preparation of the lovely pantomime, "The Shepherd in the Distance," had the pleasure this spring of sharing it with the larger Mountaineer group.

The time and place could not have been more happy. The day was mid-June. The sunshine filtered softly through the great trees upon the smooth earth stage, whose footlights were green sword ferns. The stage was surrounded by fallen moss-covered trunks, and was high canopied by Nature's lacework of fir and hemlock boughs. On the left a winding path led up the steep, richly verdured hill. Near the top, a green screen had been cunningly devised of ferns and cedar boughs, so that it could be lowered when needful for the display of distant dramatic scenes. Here and there about the stage were mounds overlaid with moss and soft, clinging draperies of harmonious color.

Such was the picture that greeted the expectant guests as they came happily down the hill from the Cabin, enticed thither by the Snake-charmer and her attendant slave. At his mistress' bidding, the slave approached each mound in turn, lifted the draperies, and as if by magic, discovered group

THE PRINCESS AND THE SHEPHERD *L. D. Lindsley*

by group, the performers, picturesquely posed like a silent human orchestra awaiting the signal of its leader. The last to be discovered was "The Maker of Sounds," whose wand was to guide the play.

The wondrous beauty of the scene, the silent players, the oriental atmosphere seemed the wraith of a dream.

The simple plot of the drama is now read aloud. The scene is laid in the garden of the Wazir, the guardian of the beautiful Princess, who at an opportune time escapes with her four maidens to the hill. There she meets the shepherd attended by his goat, which dances to the music of his flute. In the ascent they encounter a beggar. The coin they toss him seems to him too small, and out of spite he reports her flight to the Wazir. The latter, through a telescope, sees the pretty love scene in the distance and pursues, but on reaching the spot discovers that the Princess has disappeared. He finds only the shepherd, who, after a struggle, is overpowered, brought down to the garden and bound in chains. Soon after, the goat, who had led them to safety, guides the Princess and her maidens back to the garden, and while it breaks the chain from its master's feet, they enthrall the Wazir by their beautiful dancing. The Princess now playfully drops a poisoned confection into the Wazir's mouth and into the mouth of his aid. Both die. After this tragedy the Princess, the shepherd and the goat indulge in a pretty dance, then the whole group ascends the winding path. The finale is a beautiful tableau in the distance, showing again a pretty love scene, while the goat plays the flute.

The charm of this sylvan dream lay in the harmony and witchery of form and color. The dance was exquisite in its grace — the floating, silken dome beneath which Edith Knudsen danced and posed, and the flowing of arms and scarfs, that seemed in rhythm with the boughs waving overhead. Each scene was an integral part of this forest wonderland, and when all was over, the several groups of players returned to their initial places, were covered once more by the soft draperies, and the woods seemed again all untenanted. The dream was over.

This ingenious plan of producing and retiring the players was conceived by Will Darling, who was most helpful in many ways. The Nubian slave's handsome fan was also of his fashioning. The masks, modeled by Mabel Furry, showed an artist's hand. They were most human and realistic, especially that of the beggar. The writer chanced to be standing near when the beggar, Aleda Tarbill, lifted "his" mask, and the transformation from the face of a penurious, crafty old mendicant to that of a fresh, rosy-faced girl, was so amazing that the age of miracles seemed to have returned. In both costume and acting, the sheperd, Peggy Wentworth, was delightful. Everyone loved the goat, for Florence McComb, in her realistic mask and ingenious costume, put her own sprightly nature into the part.

This is but a glimpse of that Play Day which is celebrated every spring at Kitsap Cabin. Summer could never properly begin for The Mountaineers without it.

MEMBERS OF THE 1924 SUMMER OUTING

Outing Committee

Fred Q. Gorton, Chairman — Wallace H. Burr
Ben C. Mooers — Mrs. Wallace H. Burr, Secretary

Record of Ascents

For convenient reference the letters indicate the names of the peaks.

A—Climb of Mount Rainier, Gilbraltar Route.
B—Climb of Mount Rainier, from Camp Curtis.
C—Climb of Cowlitz Chimneys.
D—Climb of Pyramid Mountain.
E—Climb of Observation Rock.

Ansley, Mabel L., Evanston, Illinois	A	B	C		E	Densmore, Cora, Tacoma					
Barnes, Mary, Tacoma						Derry, Faye G., Seattle				D	E
Beede, J. Frank, Seattle			C	D		Dodge, Florence F., Tacoma				D	E
Bennett, Edith Page, Seattle						Fair, Helen M., Spokane					
Beuschlein, Hortense, Seattle					E	Fisher, C. Appleton, Bellingham		B	C		E
Bickford, E. L., Napa, Calif.	A					Fraser, Alice, Tacoma	A		C		
Bickford, Ruth, Napa, Calif.						Froistad, Wilmer, Hillyard		B		D	E
Blank, E. Margaretha, Seattle						Furry, Mabel, Seattle					
Boyle, Cora A., Seattle						Gallagher, John, Tacoma		B			
Breyen, Gertude, Seattle	A				E	Glisan, R. L., Portland, Ore.					E
Broenkow, Mrs. W. C., Tacoma						Gorton, Fred Q., Seattle	A				E
Burr, Wallace H., Seattle	A	B	C	D	E	Gorton, Mrs. Fred Q., Seattle	A				
Burr, Mrs. Wallace H., Seattle				D		Gardener, Evelyn					
Cameron, Crissie, Tacoma						Hand, A. W., Tacoma	A	B			E
Chapman, Effie L., Seattle						Hartman, Lois K., Tacoma					
Clark, Irving M., Seattle						Hauck, Hazel M., Seattle	A				E
Clark, Mrs. Irving M., Seattle						Hugdahl, Paul, Bellingham	A				
Crapser, Anna H., Tacoma				D	E	Huntington, Dr. Roger E., Evanston, Ill.	A				E
Craven, Inez, Seattle						Jenkins, Ellen, Everett					
Denman, A. H., Tacoma						Josenhans, Sarah C., Seattle	A				
						Kirby, May C., Seattle				D	E

Kirkwood, Elizabeth, Seattle.. E
Kratch, Ida Rose, Seattle.....
Lambert, Conrad, Tulsa, Okla.A
Lundgren, C. E., Seattle.....A
Loveseth, Lars, Seattle .....A B C
MacMillan, Rita D., Seattle....
Marshall, A. H., Vancouver....A D
McBain, Mabel E., Everett.... C D
McComb, Florence, Seattle..... E
McCulloch, Laura, Tacoma .... D
McCullough, Emma K., Seattle .....
McDowell, Ella R., Seattle..... D E
McGregor, P. M., Seattle..... D E
McGuire, Claire M., Seattle.. D E
Meany, Edmund S., Seattle....
Meany, Edmund S., Jr., Seattle .....
Montague, Richard W., Portland, Ore. .....
Mooers, Ben C., Seattle.....A C D E
Morganroth, Emma R., Seattle .....
Nash, Mrs. Louis, Seattle.....A
Neikirk, L. I., Seattle.....A E
Nettleton, Lulie, Seattle..... E
Olson, Karen, Seattle..... E
Pangborn, Ruth F., Tacoma.. E
Paschall, Patience L., Charleston ..... E
Pelz, Freda E., Seattle.....A B E
Pritchard, Lois S., South Pasadena, Calif. .....
Rosen, Elsie E., Seattle.....A
Roundtree, R. H., Seattle..... B C
Royer, Edgar, Seattle ..... D
Schneider, Dr. C. O., Chicago, Illinois .....A
Scott, Clara, Tacoma .....A
Scoville, Ray R., Seattle.....A B C
Shelton, Celia D., Seattle..... E
Smail, Lloyd L., Eugene, Ore.
Smail, Mrs. Lloyd L., Eugene, Oregon ..... D
Sparks, Harold B., Seattle.... B E
Stannard, H. F., Seattle..... D
Stevens, Mildred, Seattle.....A
Taylor, Harriet M., Missoula, Montana .....A B C D E
Thompson, Nan, Everett ..... E
Torgerson, O. H., Everett..... B D E
Turner, Pearl V., Colorado Springs, Colo. .....A C E
Van Nuys, Blanche L., Seattle B E
Walsh, Mrs. Stuart, Seattle....A C E
Wilkie, Helen, Seattle..... D
Williams, Theresa, Seattle.....
Winship, Florence, Seattle.....A E
Yearick, Mrs. H. G., Pittsburgh, Pa. .....
Young, Arthur B., Spokane.... B D E

Twenty-one people visited the Outing for from one to five days. Two of these visitors participated in climbs:

Hazard, Joseph T., Seattle..... A
Philpoe, Everett, Portland, Oregon.... B

Cooks and Helpers

J. A. Carpenter, Rockdale.....A
G. Garrypie, Seattle..... B
John Haalmeyer, Seattle....
W. W. Clark, Seattle.....

Head Packers

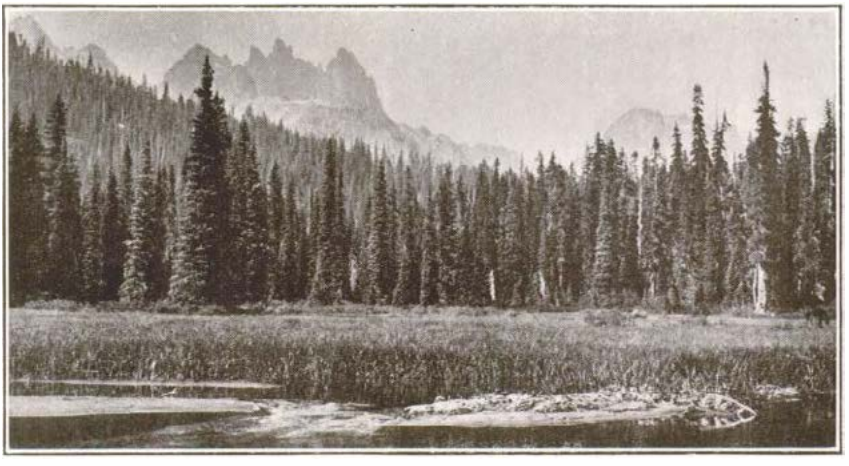
Henry L. Loss, Carbonado....
Fred J. Hall, Lewis.....

ON A GLACIAL MORAINE

In slow descending wall
The glacier wrought;
Beneath the frigid pall
Were boulders caught.
With jar and roar the granite floor
Gives dust for dust in grinding,
The ages' store forevermore —
And endless skein unwinding.

By surge of icy tide
Torn rocks were hurled,
Whose shattered fragments hide
An ancient world.
At some command in scanty sand,
Young tender lives now enter;
On new tossed land, two frail ferns stand —
A cycled aeon center.

—EDMOND S. MEANY.



CHIMNEY ROCKS AND SUMMIT CHIEF
(RIGHT) FROM SPECTACLE MEADOWS

THE SUMMER OUTING
1925

Charles M. Farrer

The 1925 Summer Outing will be in a country and over trails so far traversed by very few members of our organization.

Leaving Seattle, we shall travel over the Sunset Highway to Snoqualmie Pass, where we shall leave the road and follow the familiar trail up past Snow Lake and down the winding way to Hot Springs on the Middle Fork where our first camp will be made.

The following day an easy hike will take us to an old deserted miner's camp near Dutch Miller Gap and the summit of the Cascades.

Dutch Miller Gap divides the waters flowing to the Columbia from those running into Puget Sound and the range in the vicinity is unusually rugged. Flanking the pass on the south is majestic Summit Chief and in close conjunction the white-breasted columns of the Chimney Rocks. Then come the peaks of Lemah, Overcoat and others, while to the north of the pass rise the awesome southern buttresses of Bears Breast with the splendid mountain mass of Mount Daniel in the near distance. On either side of the range snowfields and glaciers glitter in the sunlight and brighten the flower-strewn mountain meadows below.

The four days spent around the pass will be very interesting ones — climbing, sight-seeing, hardening our muscles and developing that remarkable creation, a Mountaineer appetite.

On leaving the Gap, we follow the course of the Waptus River, passing first a wonderfully beautiful lake, greenly glimmering in a basin carved out of the east side of the range by the icy hand of a former glacier. Then on down between mountain walls and the base of Bears Breast, past Spade and Shovel creeks, fed by the snowfields of Mount Daniel, to the head of Lake Waptus, six miles long and flanked by heavily wooded hills, thence down to Pete's Lake on the upper Cooper River and eight miles above Cooper Lake. We pass on, however, and make camp in the grassy meadows of Spectacle Creek.

Four days at this camp will enable us to visit wonderful Spectacle Lake, Chicamin Mountain, the peaks of Lemah and the east side of Chimney Rocks, with their snow fields and glaciers.

From Spectacle meadows our steps will be retraced to Lake Waptus, then down the shore to camp at the foot.

The following day, while the pack train goes around, we shall cross the ridge northeast of Waptus and drop down to our camp at Deep Lake, situ-

ated in a fine valley. From this point Mount Daniel is accessible, also Cathedral Rock, an imposing pillar offering another prize to the peak-baggers.

The next camp will be at Hyas Lake on the Cle Elum River.

All the streams and lakes mentioned offer sport for the anglers and on the mountainsides an occasional bear or mountain goat may add interest to our walks.

Two short days from Hyas Lake will take us down the Cle Elum River past Fish Lake, up Scatter Creek and along the divide past the Van Epp's mine and down Ingalls Creek to the base of Mount Stuart, which rises in solitary, stately grandeur to a height of 9,470 feet and the scaling of whose rugged sides will form a fitting climax to our twenty-two days outing.

THREE NEW MOUNTAIN NAMES

Within the year now drawing to a close, The Mountaineers have suggested three new mountain names. The customary caution and restraint have been observed and final action was not taken until abundant reasons were assembled in each case.

Snoqualmie Lodge, near Snoqualmie Pass in the Cascade Range, is one of the chief centers of activities by The Mountaineers. Increasing numbers of visitors make a real need for geographic names in that rugged area.

The late Sidney V. Bryant was the first chairman of the Lodge Committee. Through the zeal and industry of his unselfish leadership the pioneering work was accomplished, the Lodge was completed, and explorations were begun in that wonderfully beautiful region. It is certainly appropriate that such service should be commemorated. It was therefore agreed that Bryant Peak be the name hereafter to be used to designate the dome-like peak (5,900 feet) in the ridge south-southeast from Chair Peak. This peak is about one-half mile distant from Chair Peak.

One year ago The Mountaineers were in sorrow over the loss of one of their most highly appreciated comrades. George E. Wright had died on October 9, 1923. Among the many valuable services he had rendered for the Club were his plans, contributions, and physical labor for trails and other improvements around Snoqualmie Lodge. As in the case of Mr. Bryant, his memory will always be linked with that portion of the Cascade Range. Every member of The Mountaineers will be pleased to know that the name of Mount Wright has been given to the peak (5,400 feet) due north and above Gem Lake. The peak is about three-quarters of a mile north-northwest from Snow Lake.

The third new name — Camp Hazard — has been given to the bivouac camp on the Kautz route to the summit of Mount Rainier, corresponding to Camp Muir below Gibraltar and Camp Curtis on the northeast shoulder of the mountain. Lieutenant (afterward General) A. V. Kautz attempted an ascent over that route in 1857. Joseph T. Hazard, accompanied by Mrs. Hazard, located and used the camp while leading an exploration of the route in 1923.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazard are two of the most indefatigable, unselfish and successful leaders in the Club. It is a genuine joy to accord them this signal honor while they are still devoting to its service their strength and remarkable talent for leadership. They may now taste the rarest of sweets — appreciation.

E.S.M.

ACTIVITIES OF OTHER MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS

Edited by Gertrude Inez Streator

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Neal M. Carter

A summer and winter schedule is arranged by a Committee of Trips, and approved by the Executive. These trips are usually arranged alternately easy and difficult, to give prospective and new members an opportunity of qualifying for active membership without going beyond their strength.

Director Tom Fyles is in charge of practically all summer trips. The winter trips are each managed by one or more capable members.

Among the winter climbs might be mentioned the famous "Lions" when every step of the final two or three hundred feet up almost perpendicular rock ledges, had to be cut in ice. A trip up Mount Crown on New Years Day, made the record for the earliest ascent of Vancouver's nearest "real mountain."

During the summer, every advantage is taken of holiday week-ends to make an extended trip into some more remote district, very often by boat. Labor Day is almost invariably utilized as completing a three-day outing to your own Mount Baker.

The Summer Camp is the largest drawing card for climbers, however. This year, an entirely new region, about ten miles north of Garibaldi Park, now familiar to most Seattle Mountaineers, was visited for two weeks. On account of poor weather, the trips made were confined to the Fitzsimmons group, with Mount Overlord (8,500 feet) as the central figure. Several first and second ascents were enjoyed, one exceptionally interesting rock climb up Mount Diavolo (8,000 feet) being by far the most exciting.

Private trips were also made to a group called the "Lucky Four," near Hope, on the C. P. R. An unknown district at the head of Coquitlam Lake, about twenty-five miles from Vancouver, was also visited.

Data secured as a result of the year's activities comprise triangulated maps of two hitherto unmapped regions, countless photos of new peaks and of familiar ones from a new angle, as well as an interesting addition to the Club's collection of lantern slides, now numbering over five hundred.

KLAHHANE CLUB

E. B. Webster, President

The year's activities of the Klahhane Club may be summarized in one word: Work! Having been presented, by Honorable D. E. Thompson of Del Mar, California, with a $70,000 health resort near Fairholm, on Lake Crescent, as a home for the Club and for the Camp Fire Girls, Nature Clubs, and Boy Scouts, all of whose leaders are members of Klahhane, almost every week-end has been spent in the work of restoring the eight acres of terraced mountainside to its original beauty. It is an ideal place where we hope we may entertain many members of The Mountaineers and other mountaineering clubs.

The Club has made splendid progress with its City Museum, located at the Town Club House. Its collection now contains thirty species of birds, as well as deer and smaller animals.

The Club's Mount Angeles Lodge has been completed and furnished this past year. We also secured the building of a four-mile Forest Service trail from the Lodge to the summit of the mountain and the rebuilding of the six-mile road to the Lodge.

With all this, we have found time to take week-end trips into the mountains and to the Hot Springs, and have held monthly social and men's meetings.

MAZAMAS

Alfred F. Parker, Vice-President

On their thirty-first annual outing, August 2 to 17, 1924, the Mazamas made a circuit of Mount Adams, Washington. Consecutive camps were established on each of the four sides of the mountain, at Burnt Rock, Killeen Creek, Avalanche Valley and Bird Creek Meadows.

Successful ascents were made from both the north and south sides. The south side climb was rendered somewhat more difficult than usual by stormy weather and scarcity of snow. Three men made the ascent by the west side, a feat never before accomplished.

At Avalanche Valley, the Mazamas spent two days and three nights in close proximity to the camp of the Cascadians of Yakima. Joint trips and campfires were held, and were much enjoyed.

The Lodge at Twin Bridges, on the Mount Hood Highway, was formally dedicated on December 29, 1923, on the occasion of the first winter outing held there. The annual climb of Mount Hood was made from Paradise Park on July 5.

Local trips were taken every Sunday or week-end, several of them being to new and interesting country.

In spite of a slight increase in the annual dues, the membership has shown no loss, and the club is in a healthy and active condition.

APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

Harry H. Whitney, Chairman Excursion Committee

During 1923-1924, the Club conducted Saturday afternoon walks, Tuesday evening walks during July and August and January and February, besides several all-day Saturday walks and holiday outings. An additional feature was week-end camping parties. In the early summer of 1923, a successful Canadian Rockies trip, utilizing ponies, was carried out. In the fall, a Saguenay River Trip (Canada) was conducted, an entire steamer having been chartered which permitted our exploring points which could not otherwise have been done. In January of 1924, for the first time, we invaded Canada in search of snowshoe activities and new fields. The popularity of the trip demonstrated the possibilities of winter sports in close proximity to a city hotel, and the trip will be repeated in 1925.

The regular annual snowshoe trips were held in February of 1924 at Randolph, New Hampshire, with shorter trips to Henniker and New London, New Hampshire.

A very successful western trip has just been completed and was in charge of the writer.

Two cars of members visited the Canadian Rockies, Paradise Valley, California, Yosemite Valley, Grand Canyon, Colorado Springs (Pike's Peak), with plenty of hiking and climbing.

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

Frank N. Waterman

The Annual Encampment of the Alpine Club of Canada was held from July 22 to August 5 on the shores of Berg Lake beneath the northerly face of Mount Robson, the highest, and in Alpine splendor, perhaps the most magnificent of all the Rockies of Canada. About one hundred and fifty members and guests attended, and auxiliary camps were established on a shoulder of Mount Robson at timber line and in Moose Pass near Calumet Peak.

Three ascents of Mount Robson were made and three ladies gained the top. Mountains Resplendent, Lynx, Ptamrigan, Mumm, Gendarme, Maurice, Rear Guard, Calumet and Pam were ascended during the Encampment and two subsequent ascents were made of Mount Robson and one of Mount Bess by Club members who lingered in the region.

The Mount Robson region is notoriously rainy, but the Encampment was

favored with unusually good weather, and Mount Robson was in as good climbing condition as could be hoped for. It is a dangerous mountain at best, and each of the parties making the ascent found in descending that the route of ascent had been swept by numerous avalanches during the day.

The Club is to be congratulated upon so successful a Camp at so great a distance from its base at Banff. It was held at a great expense of effort and was in all respects a success of which the Club may well be proud.

THE SIERRA CLUB

Aurelia S. Harwood

This year's outing to Glacier National Park was one of the most noteworthy and delightful that the Club has ever undertaken. It was the second one outside the State; and to transport a party of two hundred ten to the Park and care for them and the fifty additional persons managing the Commissary and the pack train, was no small achievement. The National Park Service through Superintendent Kraebel and Assistant Superintendent Hutchins and each ranger at the ranger stations en route did everything possible to make the trip a success. The pack train rendered wonderful service. The weather was fine except two brief storms. The party had three weeks in the Park and was taken through the least frequented portion, crossing six of the high passes and seeing a glorious and magnificently wild region, reached by few.

The Club is greatly interested in several legislative measures. Of towering importance is the one for the enlargement of Sequoia National Park. This region will be visited by the 1925 Outing. It will travel over the famous John Muir Trail, through the Kings' River region, over Muir Pass and down the South Fork of the San Joaquin.

COLORADO MOUNTAIN CLUB

Lucretia Vaile

The Colorado Mountain Club continued to lead its members via lecture, photographic exhibits and hiking trips, over important sections of the earth's surface, and to add up imposing totals of miles covered by its pedestrians. The Boulder Group has not only continued its trips with the summer school students of the State University, but has been called upon by the city to lay out municipal trails through the local mountains. All groups are carrying on work co-operative with the local and national agencies for nature protection. The winter schedule of skiing trips, by the Denver Group, is almost rivaling the summer schedule in popularity, and the Winter Outing in Rocky Mountain National Park is including more and more long cross-country trips. A Pueblo Group seems probable in the near future. A club house is under construction.

PRAIRIE CLUB

Mary Bate

The outstanding event of the year was a western outing party conducted by Miss Edna V. McClelland. Its objective was the Lake Chelan country and Mount Rainier in the State of Washington. The party returned on the 17th of August, enthusiastic over the scenery and the many courtesies extended them by members of western mountaineers. Auto trips were provided through the Washington and Oregon orchard country by citizens of Wenatchee, Chelan and Hood River. At Portland, the party was royally welcomed by the Mazamas, a number of whose members accompanied it all the way down the Columbia Highway to Hood River. The most thrilling experience was that enjoyed by nine members of the Club who reached the summit of Mount Rainier.

BOOK REVIEWS

Edited by Margaret W. Hazard

Eight books have been obtained during the year through our membership in the Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America. The reviews of the following books have been printed in the Bulletin:

BEAUTIFUL AMERICA. By Vernon Quinn. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Reviewed March Bulletin, 1924.

IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By Sir James Outram. The Macmillan Co. Reviewed March Bulletin, 1924.

FISHING IN THE OLYMPICS. By E. B. Webster. The Evening News, Port Angeles. Reviewed August Bulletin, 1924. This book was presented to the Club by the author. Mr. Webster is a member of The Mountaineers.

Six books obtained from the Bureau will be reviewed in an early issue of the Bulletin. They are:

SHANK'S MARE. By Charles Coleman Stoddard. Doran.

THE MAKING OF A MOUNTAINEER. By George Ingle Finch. Arrowsmith, London.

DOWN THE GRAND CANYON. By Lewis R. Freeman. Dodd, Mead & Company.

SEEING CANADA. By John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott Co.

BEAUTIFUL MEXICO. By Vernon Quinn. Frederick A. Stokes.

TALES OF A WESTERN MOUNTAINEER. By C. E. Rusk. Houghton-Mifflin.

CAMP GRUB: An Out-of-Doors Manual. By Elon Jessup. E. P. Dutton.

As soon as the reviews are printed these books will be added to The Mountaineer Library.

CHANGE IN AWARD OF THE ACHESON CUP

To the Board of Directors of The Mountaineers:

The Committee on the award of the Acheson Cup met Monday evening, November 24, and discussed the award for 1924.

It is the feeling of the Committee, and approved by the donor, Thomas J. Acheson, that while the cup was given to encourage initiative in mountaineering, it is not desired to encourage the risk of human lives in hazardous ascents for the sake of its possession.

We further feel that the words, "notable achievement in mountaineering" may be interpreted to include that fine unselfish service which paves the way that others may follow to the heights, which trains scouts to carry on the traditions of the Club, and the unselfish devotion to the great sport of mountaineering.

We therefore ask the approval of the Board of Directors to our decision to award the Acheson Cup to Joseph T. Hazard for the year 1924, as a culmination of years of devotion to the best type of mountaineering.

Respectfully submitted,

LULIE NETTLETON, Chairman.

The above report was accepted by the Board of Trustees, December 4, 1924. The cup was formally awarded at the regular meeting December 5.

RECORD OF TROPHIES

The Acheson Cup.....Joseph T. Hazard, Seattle, Wash.
The Harper Cup.....Alex Fox, Seattle, Wash.
Women's Skiing Trophy.....Edna Lass, Seattle, Wash.

RECORD OF THE SIX MAJOR PEAKS

Two members have completed the ascents of the Six Major Peaks of Washington during the past year: Mrs. Edward R. Heilig (Mary Mudgett) and Lars Loveseth. These two members are among the very few who have made all of the six peaks on scheduled Mountaineer trips. Mr. Loveseth made five of the ascents on Summer Outings.

The records now show twenty-eight members who are entitled to wear the Six Major Peaks Pin.

To be eligible to wear this pin one must have made the ascents of Mount Rainier, Mount Baker, Mount Adams, Mount Saint Helens, Mount Olympus, Glacier Peak. Two of the ascents must have been made with The Mountaineers on scheduled outings.

LULIE NETTLETON, Chairman, Record of Ascents.

The list of members who wear the Six Major Peaks Pin is given on Page 88 of the 1923 Annual.

MEMBERSHIP AWARD FOR BOY SCOUTS

To show the appreciation of The Mountaineers of the splendid work being done by the Boy Scouts of America, memberships in The Mountaineers will be awarded to three Scouts each year beginning with the year 1924 in accordance with the following plan:

All Scouts of 17 years and over who have attained to the grade of Star or Eagle Scout shall be eligible, and from such the executives of the Seattle Council, in November of each year, shall select six or more who, because of their standing as Scouts and of their interest in the activities of The Mountaineers, shall be deemed most worthy of the distinction. In addition to these any others may apply to have their names considered.

These names shall be passed upon by a Scout Award Committee of which two shall be members of The Mountaineers, appointed by the President of the organization, and one appointed by the President of the Seattle Scout Council.

This committee shall select, from the names proposed, the three to whom memberships are to be awarded, and such awards shall formally be made at the December monthly meeting.

Membership dues for these appointees shall be remitted for three years.

Each year the committee shall go over the Scout memberships then in force, and should there be any who have not availed themselves of their membership for any reason, they may be dropped from membership.

In accordance with the above, Lloyd Barclay, Taliesin Guppy, and Harold Johnson were selected for the 1924 awards.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

Several developments of importance have been brought about this year and the way has been paved for ever-increasing interests and activities in the years to come.

The Summer Outing around Mount Rainier will go down unchallenged as one of the most successful in the history of the Club. Our summer outings are a very important phase of our Club life, and a successful one has a decidedly more far-reaching influence than merely that of personal satisfaction and benefit to those who take it.

The decision to take next year's Outing in the beautiful Chimney Rock-Mount Stuart section is momentous, as it indicates a certain raising of our standards to truer mountaineering, in its broadest sense, rather than over-emphasizing of the sensational "major peak" appeal. True mountaineering and the enjoyment of its glories, as was so amply demonstrated at Mount Garibaldi last year, should not be limited to outings wherein are included the feat of attaining the summit of one of the six Washington peaks we happened to choose as "majors."

Our other outing activities, including the Lodge, Cabin, Local Walks,

Special Outings, and Winter Trip, have progressed satisfactorily. Activities for those of our members who are unable to take the outings have been given an increasing amount of attention, and our sphere of influence and service is ever broadening. Unselfish service to others is a fundamental principle with mountaineers.

Another development of great importance was the adoption this year of the Membership Award for Boy Scouts. Not only is the cause most worthy, but at the same time it is a most unusually desirable source of membership material.

RALPH L. DYER, Secretary.

THE TACOMA BRANCH

A. H. Denman

The happiest times are not the best for paragraphers. The Tacoma Mountaineers have nothing to report which will startle the world, yet the good work done by faithful committees has had the happiest effect on our organization.

Simple social pleasures and entertainment have characterized the monthly meetings under the leadership of Clara Scott. Many members have also enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Heilig, Marion Hale and Mary Macek, who opened their homes to the limit of their accommodation. The monthly meetings more than in former years followed dinners at churches and community houses. There we sang Sunday-school songs that did not have to be censored for the occasion. This dining together has proved a great success and will be continued. Perhaps most notable among these meetings was the fine illustrated lecture by Dr. Beekman on the subject of the formation of mountains.

Local walks continue to be the most important function and the same well managed affairs they have been for years, this year under the direction of Rial Benjamin, John and Leo Gallagher, Richard Wainwright, Clarence Garner and W. W. Kilmer. Attendance has varied from twenty to sixty, usual attendance being about thirty. For week-end outings we have had bivouacs on Henderson Bay, Mashel River and at Little Mashel Falls. Fine weather made very enjoyable the Labor Day Outing occupying three days on Mount Wow. This mountain afforded good practice and involved a laborious climb of 4,000 feet or more, then the traverse of a narrow rocky ridge to a point where the party descended to a delightful camp site on Lake George. The party climbing Beljica a month later had bad weather, thus missing the marvelous view which makes this climb most worth while.

The Winter Outing party at Paradise Inn encountered the coldest weather ever experienced on any such outing—12 degrees to 14 degrees below, but with the coldness came bright weather and the glory of it. This did not interfere with sport either indoors or out, indeed one did not realize how cold it really was until hands were bared to handle straps or camera. The party came home declaring it to be the best ever had, as they have declared every other such outing, and as we hope they will in future declare every succeeding one.

BREMERTON LOCAL WALKS

David I. MacDowell

The Bremerton Branch of The Mountaineers conducted fifteen hikes or cabin parties during the year ending October 31. During the summer there were also two informal meetings, and during the early spring a number of ski parties. On the regular hikes there were 152 persons with an average attendance on each of ten. Sometimes there were as few as four and sometimes as many as twenty-one, but the walks were always made according to schedule.

REPORT OF EVERETT LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

Harry D. Love, Chairman

Our walks were conducted twice a month during the winter, spring and fall, the average being about sixteen members per walk, which is a creditable showing. Sunday morning has its charms for other things, hence great credit is due the member who sets forth with cup and spoon, especially if the weather be inclement.

The best attended walks were those to Sultan watershed and Olney Creek, the attendance on these being well over thirty. The walks in the neighborhood of Granite Falls are always pleasant, also Lake Riley was a fine trip and well attended.

Mount Persis was climbed in June, nobody regretting the climb over the loose rock below the meadow. We were joined on this trip by Mountaineers from Monroe and Seattle and several climbers from Index; some of the Seattle members came in over the trail, new to them, late in the evening.

Several of our members went on the summer outing; many were in the great outdoors in the mountains or at summer camps.

Let every member attend the walks during the coming year!

REPORT OF SPECIAL OUTINGS COMMITTEE

The attendance on the three special outings was very gratifying, considering the many other attractions offered to our members. The activities of the Club and its branches offer such a varied program that plans must be made for smaller parties in the future.

The boat trips to Hood Canal and San Juan Islands were well attended, even though camp was made at 3:00 o'clock in the morning. Much praise for the success of these trips must be given to the crew of the steamer "Dart" and Capt. John Anderson of the Lake Washington Ferries, who deserve the future patronage of the Club.

Very much credit is due Matha Irick, who as secretary of the committee handled all the financial and secretarial details in a very satisfactory manner.

NORMAN HUBER, Chairman.

GLACIER BASIN

Rampart hills face northern star,
Above their valley slender,
And, looking far through scarp and scar,
Behold our mountain splendor.

Roaring floods from ice-torn cave,
Atune with rumble-boulder,
Lift requiem brave o'er miner's grave,
Alone on valley shoulder.

Warmth of radiant garden glow
Of alpine tree or flower,
Quaint smile may throw at miles of snow
Or lofty summit's glower.

Tiny vale, how well you wait
The end of glacial thunders,
For soon or late through crystal gate,
Thy glory path of wonders!

—EDMOND S. MEANY.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF COMMITTEES

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

SNOQUALMIE LODGE COMMITTEE

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

	Receipts	Disbursements
Advance from treasurer for winter commissary	$ 268.82	
Lodge and commissary fees	1,007.55	
Donation	30.00	
Balance due R. E. Leber Oct. 31, 1923		$ 49.03
Equipment		219.68
Committee expense		48.90
Phonograph		50.00
Ground rent to Forestry Service		10.00
Wages to caretaker J. M. Carpenter		87.50
Horse feed, etc.		55.28
Supplies and commissary		686.53
Refund to treasurer		99.45
	$1,306.37	$1,306.37

Attendance at Lodge for the year, 700.

A new range and complete plumbing with hot water and shower baths were installed.

CHARLES L. SIMMONS, Chairman of Snoqualmie Lodge.

SPECIAL OUTINGS COMMITTEE

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

	Receipts	Disbursements
Advance from treasurer	$100.00	
Receipts from trips	637.48	
Commissary		$164.76
Refund		13.25
Scouting		22.00
Transportation		383.02
Cooks		41.00
Miscellaneous		13.45
Refund to treasurer		100.00
	$737.48	$737.48

The Lake Washington Ferries allowed a refund of $16.98 on transportation.

NORMAN HUBER, Chairman of Special Outings.

KITSAP CABIN COMMITTEE

For Year Ending October 31, 1924

	Receipts	Disbursements.
Advance from Club Treasury	$ 50.00	
Fees and Charges	459.11	
Sale of Commissary	4.70	
Appropriations	550.00	
Donations and Miscellaneous	11.00	
Total Receipts		$1074.81
Commissary and Supplies	222.24	
Hauling	52.00	
Caretaker	75.00	
Labor	70.50	
Equipment	6.24	
Permanent Improvements	511.82	
Taxes	50.16	
Removing Obstructions in Kitsap Creek	19.88	
Miscellaneous	3.65	
Pageant Expenses	15.00	
Balance to Club Treasurer	48.32	
Total Expenditures		$1074.81

Attendance for year—1128.

HARRY McL. MYERS,
Chairman Kitsap Cabin.

SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

	Receipts	Disbursements
Balance from treasurer	$ 40.00	
Receipts for the year ending Oct. 31, 1924	460.95	
Transportation		$310.95
Scouting		2.95
Commissary		40.26
Equipment		8.50
Miscellaneous		4.80
Refund to treasurer		40.00
Paid to treasurer		93.49
	$500.95	$500.95

Attendance for the year, 1,727.

L. I. NEIKIRK, Chairman of Local Walks.

OUTING COMMITTEE, 1924

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

		Receipts	Disbursements
Total receipts from members		$5,910.05	
Loan from treasurer		100.00	
Meals from transients		61.05	
Shoe box sales		16.90	
Sale of commissary supplies		15.20	
Sale of stamps, etc.		2.10	
Sale of alpenstocks		10.00	
Refund on transportation tickets		2.05	
Refund for returned commissary		37.77	
Prospectus advertising		161.00	
Currier's advertisement in Bulletin		10.00	
Anderson's advertisement in Bulletin		2.00	
Seattle Tent & Awning advertisement in Bulletin		6.00	
Pack train			$2,508.50
Freight			75.00
Commissary			1,388.33
Transportation			716.65
Cooks			450.70
Outfit			172.87
Scouting expense			55.32
Refund to members			362.50
Miscellaneous—			
Return treasurer loan	$100.00		
Paid to treasurer for Bulletin ads	18.00		
Purchase of alpenstocks	10.00		
"Account closed" checks	2.10—		130.10
Committee expense—			
Prospectus	137.52		
Envelopes and postage	24.93		
Final announcements	8.40		
Reunion expense	9.77		
Premium on bond	10.00		
Stationery and postage	25.60		
Miscellaneous	56.40		
Photos and slides	35.05		
Box for same	3.75		
Album	5.00—		316.42
Profit refund to treasurer			157.73
		$6,334.12	$6,334.12

GLADYS S. BURR, Secretary 1924 Outing Committee.

TREASURER'S REPORT

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand November 1, 1923	$ 776.11	
Interest on bonds	313.13	
Initiation fees	378.00	
Dues—Seattle	3,063.70	
Tacoma	416.00	
Everett	181.00	
Bremerton	96.00	
Refunds—Tacoma		$ 98.00
Everett		47.00
Bremerton		24.00
Surplus from Local Walks	93.49	
Surplus from Kitsap Cabin	48.32	
Surplus from Snoqualmie Lodge	99.45	
Loan to Special Outing Committee		100.00
Outing Committee Surplus, 1924	177.73	
Return of Special Outing Committee Loan	100.00	
Outing Committee Scouting Expenses, 1925		98.28
Loan Snoqualmie Lodge, Winter Commissary Supplies		268.82
Donations	71.78	
Kitsap Cabin Water Supply and Fence		225.00
Kitsap Cabin Caretaker's Cabin		250.00
Salaries—Kitsap Cabin caretaker		75.00
Snoqualmie Lodge caretaker		687.50
Assistant secretary		165.00
Kitsap Cabin Pageant expenses		15.13
Snoqualmie Lodge Donation—Tacoma Mountaineers		25.00
Kitsap Cabin Donation—Tacoma Mountaineers		10.00
Local Walks Refund of Loan	40.00	
Sale of Annuals	56.12	
Advertising in Annuals	264.00	
Cost of Annual, 1923		1,003.32
Cost of Bulletin		585.42
Bulletin Advertising	90.50	
Entertainment		118.02
Rental Lantern Slides	9.00	
New Chairs, Club Room		69.25
Insurance		238.50
Miscellaneous expense		146.69
Outing Committee 1923—Add profit	100.00	
New Pins		17.46
Sale of Pins	5.25	
Stationery, printing and postage		185.36
Postage sale of Annuals	.12	
Rent, Club Room M. E. Church	40.00	
Club Room rental		604.00
N. S. F. checks		20.00
Cash on hand October 31, 1924		1,342.95
	$6,419.70	$6,419.70

ASSETS

Cash in Washington Mutual Savings Bank	$ 691.98
Permanent Fund Investment	3,725.85
General Fund Bonds	995.20
Cash in National Bank of Commerce	1,342.95
Furniture and Fixtures, Club Room	336.72
Kitsap Cabin	2,013.26
Advance to 1925 Outing	98.28
Pilchuck Camp	131.94
Snoqualmie Lodge	3,339.22
	$12,675.40

CAPITAL

Permanent Fund	$ 4,359.12
Surplus	8,316.28
	$12,675.40

PERMANENT FUND

November 1, 1923	$3,981.12
Initiation Fees	378.00
	$4,359.12

R. E. LEBER, Treasurer.

I have reviewed the financial reports of the various Seattle Committees, and the Treasurer, and certify that they reflect closely the results of The Mountaineers, Inc., for the fiscal year ended October 31, 1924.

Seattle, November 24, 1924. ROBERT PORTER, Auditor.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF THE BRANCHES

THE MOUNTAINEERS—BREMERTON BRANCH

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand in checking account at beginning of year	$15.91
Refund on membership dues	12.00
	$27.91

DISBURSEMENTS

Flowers	$ 4.00
Commissary	2.13
Stationery, etc.	3.17
Picture framing	7.00
Hall rent	4.50
Miscellaneous	5.00
Cash on hand in checking account October 10, 1924	2.11
	$27.91

RESOURCES

Cash in checking account	$ 2.11
Cash in savings account	38.15

W. C. DUCKERT, Secretary-Treasurer.

NOTE.—In addition to the amounts shown above there is $6.81 in the hands of the Local Walks Chairman as a Local Walks Fund.

THE MOUNTAINEERS — EVERETT BRANCH

For the Year Ending October 31, 1924

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand October 23, 1923	$106.26
Local Walks	22.75
Special Trips	16.79
Refund Membership Dues	22.00
	$167.80

DISBURSEMENTS

Local Walks	$ 9.60	
Social	15.78	
Miscellaneous	17.05	
	$ 42.43	
Balance cash on hand	$125.37	$167.80

RESOURCES

Cash in checking account	$125.37
Cash in savings account	71.49
Liberty Bonds	200.00
	$396.86

NAN THOMPSON, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS — TACOMA BRANCH

For the Year Ending October 16, 1924

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand October 12, 1923	$ 27.95
Refund membership dues	42.00
Refund Local Walks	362.85
Refund Winter Outing	275.00
Profit Winter Outing	160.14
Profit and Refund Labor Day	34.40
Interest Liberty Bonds	14.90
Interest Wheeler Osgood Bonds	32.50
	$949.74

DISBURSEMENTS

Loan Winter Outing Committee	$325.00
Kitsap and Snoqualmie Expense Fund	35.00
Printing and stationery	51.33
Flowers	19.00
Entertainment	25.06
Cash on hand	494.35
	$949.74

TOTAL ASSETS

Wheeler Osgood Bonds	$500.00
Liberty Bonds	400.00
General Fund	494.35
Cabin Fund	233.43
Loan Winter Outing Committee	325.00
	$1,952.78

ELSIE HOLGATE, Secretary-Treasurer Pro Tempore.

TACOMA LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE
For the Year Ending October 16, 1924

RECEIPTS

From all sources	$92.70

DISBURSEMENTS

Expenses, supplies, etc.	$53.97
Check to Treasurer	38.73
	$92.70

The Labor Day Outing was under a Special Committee. Their report has been included in the annual report of the retiring secretary. Combining their report and this report shows an aggregate profit of $62.73 for year.

Total attendance on walks	817
Total men guests	35
Total women guests	80

RIAL BENJAMIN, JR.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

JANUARY, 1924 — DECEMBER, 1924

Gertrude Inez Streator, Historian

January 4, Y. W. C. A. The Four Seasons, moving picture film, by Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of the New York Zoological Gardens.

February 8, Y. W. C. A. Illustrated lecture: Mushing from the Arctic to Mount St. Elias. Asa S. Baldwin.

March 7, Y. W. C. A. Illustrated lecture: Cedar River Water Supply System. George F. Russell, Chairman of the Board of Public Works.

April 6, Y. W. C. A. Illustrated lecture: How Mountains Are Made. Dr. W. S. Beekman, geologist and lecturer.

May 9, Y. W. C. A. Illustrated lecture: 1924 Trip Around the Mountain. Fred Q. Gorton, Chairman of the 1924 Outing Committee.
No meetings: June, July, August.

September 5, Chamber of Commerce Rooms, Arctic Building. Nominations for the Board of Trustees.

Lecture: Four Years Migration Service in Europe, Alida Bigelow.

Illustrated talk: Wild Life Conservation in the Northwest, W. D. Young.

October 9, Evergreen Hall, Arctic Building. Lecture: Beauties and Resources of the Northwest and the Seattle Port Facilities, illustrated with moving pictures. H. D. Davies, Assistant Secretary, Seattle Port Commission.

November 7, Y. M. C. A. Illustrated lecture: The 1924 Trip Around Mount Rainier. Fred Q. Gorton, Chairman of 1924 Outing Committee.

December 5, Y. W. C. A. The Chase, a moving picture of Alpine Skiing. Illustrated lecture: The Snoqualmie Lodge Country, Joseph T. Hazard.

SUMMARY OF SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS — October 31, 1923, to October 31, 1924

Walk No.	Date 1923	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
454	Nov. 4	Joint Walk with Bremerton—Charleston to Bremerton	10	A. E. Smith	43	$0.92
455	Nov. 11	Clam Bake—Lemolo to Suquamish	8	Dr. T. L. Bordsen	81	.80
456	Nov. 18	Richmond Highlands to Kirkland	12	Stephen B. Jones	47	.46
457	Dec. 9	Keyport to Brownsville to Enetai	10	Emily Gilley	64	.90
458	Dec. 23	Erland to Kitsap Cabin, Christmas Greens	5	Local Walks Com.	42	.90
	1924					
459	Jan. 6	Moran School to Crystal Springs	9	E. B. Edwards	57	.65
460	Jan. 20	Cedar Mountain to Renton	11	P. M. McGregor	118	.96
461	Feb. 3	Indianola to South Kingston	8	Theodore Teepe	46	.65
462	Feb. 17	Anniversary Walk to West Point Light	6	J. Fred Blake	84	.10
463	Mar. 2	Echo Lake to Seattle	10	Alfred M. Houston	69	.38
464	Mar. 9	Fragaria to Long Lake and return	9	Edith Knudsen	70	.70
465	Mar. 23	Agate Point to Moran School	9	Louis Nash	81	.65
466	Apr. 6	April Fool's Walk—Bainbridge	6	Local Walks Com.	71	.65
467	Apr. 19	Saturday Afternoon Beach Party south of White Center	5	Local Walks Com.	51	.10
468	Apr. 27	Ravenna Park to Sand Point and return	8	Burt F. Farquharson	85	.10
469	May 4	Bus Trip to near Ames Lake	10	Ben C. Mooers	80	1.20
470	May 11	Trustees Walk—Joint Walk with Tacoma	8	C. M. Bixby	111	.60
471	May 25	Rhododendron Walk	8	Local Walks Com.	129	.90
472	June 8	Clinton to Clinton—Everett Joint Walk	7	G. A. Church	24	1.25
473	June 15	Scandia to Bangor and return	10	A. J. Ternent	54	.80
—	June 14-15	Bivouac Party at Bangor	—	A. J. Ternent	21	1.25
474	June 29	Keyport to Island Lake to Silverdale	8	Charles L. Simmons	36	.90
—	July 12	Song Section Picnic at Seward Park	5	Claire M. McGuire	57	.10
475	Aug. 22	Sunset Walk at Lincoln Park	2	Local Walks Com.	31	.10
476	Sept. 7	Indianola to Suquamish	8	Mrs. Louis Nash	47	.80
477	Sept. 21	Taylor's Mill to Georgetown	7	Matha Irick	30	.10
478	Oct. 5	Indianola to Indianola	8	Karen Olson and Fidelia Davis	49	.65
479	Oct. 26	West of Auburn	10	Edgar Royer	64	1.00

L. I. NEIKIRK, Chairman Local Walks Committee.

SPECIAL OUTINGS — May 12, 1924, to October 21, 1924

No.			Men	Women	Cost
68	May 17-18	McClellan Butte	31	16	$4.10
69	July 4-5-6	Hood Canal	11	33	6.75
70	Aug. 30-Sept. 1	San Juan Islands	17	35	6.00

NORMAN HUBER, Chairman, Special Outings.

SUMMARY OF TACOMA LOCAL WALKS — October 14, 1923, to September 12, 1924

Walk No.	Date 1923	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
226	Oct. 14	Gig Harbor to Gig Harbor	9	A. A. Taylor	42	$0.30
227	Oct. 28	McMillan to Spanaway	12	Conrad Denz	30	.80
228	Nov. 11	Silver Lake to Eatonville	8	J. Gallagher	37	.56
229	Nov. 25	East Tacoma to Auburn	10	Ruth Billings	29	1.60
230	Dec. 2	Hylebos to Buffelen's	8	R. Tugby	25	.16
231	Dec. 16	Christmas Greens	7	Ruth Moseley	48	.46
	1924					
232	Jan. 13	Hylebos to Fife	5	W. W. Kilmer	48	.25
233	Jan. 27	Puyallup to Tacoma	9	Trill Roberts	61	.45
234	Feb. 10	Meeker to Puyallup	12	Bill Grayum	24	.40
235	Feb. 24	Fife to Sumner	6	Ethel Young	8	.50
236	Mar. 9	Bald Mountain	4	Harry Bauer	35	1.60
237	Mar. 23	Old Timers'	8	A. Bassett	80	.63
238	Apr. 13	Flower Walk	9	[illegible]	115	.36
239	Apr. 27	Purdy to Wauna	6	Tony Bell	53	.80
240	May 11	Joint Walk	[illegible]	[illegible]	54	[illegible]
241	May 24	Mashel to Wauna	3	M. Martin	25	[illegible]
242	June 14	Strawberry Walk	4	Mrs. R. Tugby	38	1 50
243	Sept. 14	Maury Island	8	Marion Hale	21	.60
244	Sept. 28	Lake Bay to Longbranch	7	Ann L. McCullough	27	1.18
245	Oct. 11-12	Mount Beljica	8	Ed Heilig	27	3.50

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MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS NOVEMBER 1, 1924

	Men	Women	Total
Seattle	231	248	479
Tacoma	43	56	99
Everett	23	26	49
Bremerton	16	11	27
State of Washington outside above	36	24	60
Outside State of Washington	48	59	107
	397	424	821

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