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Chimney Rock to Mount Stuart

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FROM

CAPTAIN ALBERT H. MacCARTHY

Leader of the Mount Logan Expedition

KARMAX RANCH
WILMER. B. C
CANADA

Mountaineers:—

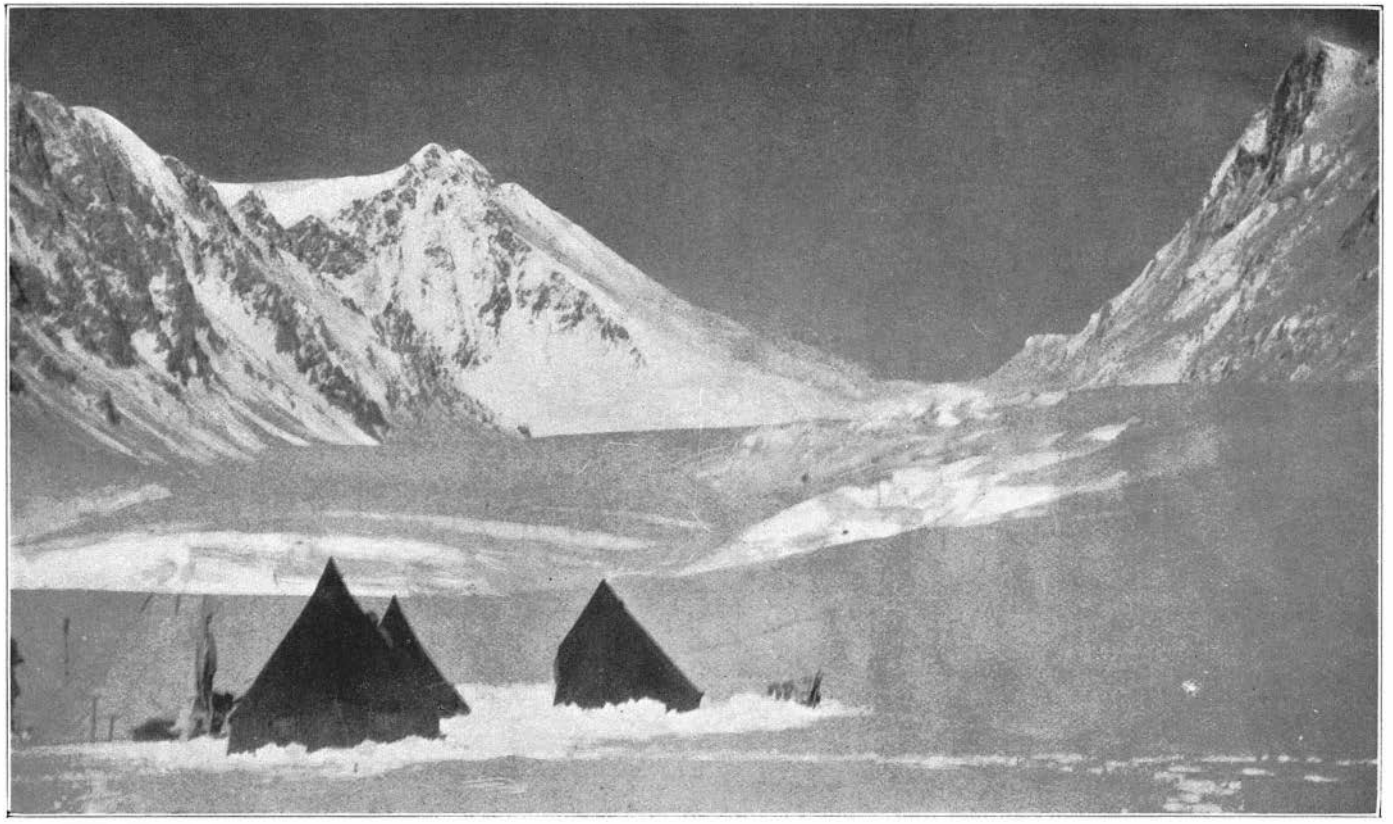
How many of you realize the big part you played in the Mount Logan Expedition?

Your whole-hearted reception to members of the Expedition in February, 1925 clearly showed the strong interest you all felt in the undertaking and by it you evidenced the enthusiasm of all real Mountain lovers for the venture.

With such a host of staunch supporters, our party simply had to make the top of Logan and thus justify your faith in us and fulfil your expectations.

For the inspiration and resolution you gave me that night to pass on to other members of the party we all are most grateful.

Albert H. MacCarthy.



OBSERVATION CAMP View taken looking up to King Col. King is an outlier on the right of Mount Logan whose summit is some eighteen miles from this spot.

Photo by H. F. Lambart,
Courtesy of the Alpine Club of Canada

The Mountaineer

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THE EXPEDITION TO MOUNT LOGAN

(Copyrighted by W. W. Foster)

Foreword: To contribute an article to The Mountaineer Annual is a very pleasant task as the great interest taken in this expedition by The Mountaineers of Seattle, and the hospitality shown upon many occasions by their President, Secretary and other members will always be gratefully remembered.

It is still too soon to be able to record the trip in dispassionate form, for the glamour of supreme examples of nature's craft still overshadows all else, and emphasizes the futility of word or photograph to depict the wonder of it all, so a simple sketch is submitted which those who love the trail and beckoning peak, may complete in their own way.

LOGAN recalls an evening around the camp fire at Mount Robson in 1913 when the Director of the Alpine Club of Canada, after reference to the successful ascent of Robson, the highest mountain in British Columbia, said "And now for Logan, the highest in Canada." Then came long years of war and it was not until 1922 that Professor A. P. Coleman of Toronto University, the veteran geologist, and a former President of the Club, reintroduced in concrete form the subject of "Conquering Mount Logan," whose tremendous elevation, mighty bulk and outstanding grandeur of design was first discovered by Mr. I. C. Russell of the United States Geological Survey when attempting to climb Mount St. Elias in 1890, and the first protograph of which was taken by members of the Duc D'Abruzzi's party from the same mountain in 1897, but whose snow plateaus and ice-clad slopes had so far been immune from human intrusion.

A committee to organize the expedition was appointed consisting of Lt. Colonel W. W. Foster, D. S. O., A. D. C., chairman, Colonel F. C. Bell, C. M. G., and Messrs. A. H. MacCarthy, H. F. Lambart and A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., whilst technical advisers to this committee were Major E. O. Wheeler, M. C., a member of the first Mount Everest Ex-

pedition, and Mr. Belmore Brown of Banff, member of the first Mount McKinley Expedition.

The selection of a leader was a matter for much anxious thought, but, from the moment Captain A. H. MacCarthy, whose rare qualities and distinctions as a mountain climber preeminently fitted him for the position, accepted the task, the utmost confidence prevailed.

Preparations for the climb were thenceforth steadily carried on. From photographs in the possession of the Dominion Government of Canada's Survey Department, maps had been prepared, and were of great value in all preliminary discussions. The action of the Department of the Interior in giving to the Expedition the services of Mr. H. F. Lambart as Deputy Leader, and chief of the topographical work, was in itself a fine contribution, and, coupled with the unstinted cooperation of the American Alpine Club and the English Alpine Club, together with the support of the Royal Geographic, and other scientific bodies, and generous assistance from corporations and private individuals, launched the expedition under most favorable auspices.

A reconnaissance in the field was carried out by Captain MacCarthy during the summer of 1924 to establish a route, and obtain that information as to equipment and food, which later on was used to such good advantage. As a result of this reconnaissance it was found essential to take in all heavy supplies during the winter of 1924-1925, thus permitting the use of dog teams to advance the main cache to a point as near the base of Logan as possible. This work was in itself, an outstanding task — with one four-horse team working in the preliminary stretches of the Chitina Valley and three dog teams on the glaciers beyond, under the most severe Arctic conditions with extremely bad weather and often a temperature 50 to 60 degrees below zero.

To MacCarthy and his assistants on this winter trip, the greatest credit is due, as their efforts made possible the success of the expedition assembling at MacCarthy (a little town in Alaska named after a pioneer engineer) on May 12, 1925. The winter trip had succeeded in establishing caches for their use en route, and in addition had located a main cache on the Ogilvie Glacier within seven miles of the point selected for an advance base camp, i. e., Cascade, a magnificent camp site at the head of the Ogilvie, where a fine cascade of ice flowing between King Peak and Logan, discharges on to the Ogilvie Glacier.

To give some idea of the size of Logan,—if a section was cut just above the Advance Base Camp at an elevation of 9,000 feet, the upper portion would be a plateau containing over 100 square miles and carrying a complete system of glaciers with ice and snow-clad peaks, many exceeding 18,000 feet in height, this massif being the centerpiece of the greatest glaciated Alpine Area known to the world.

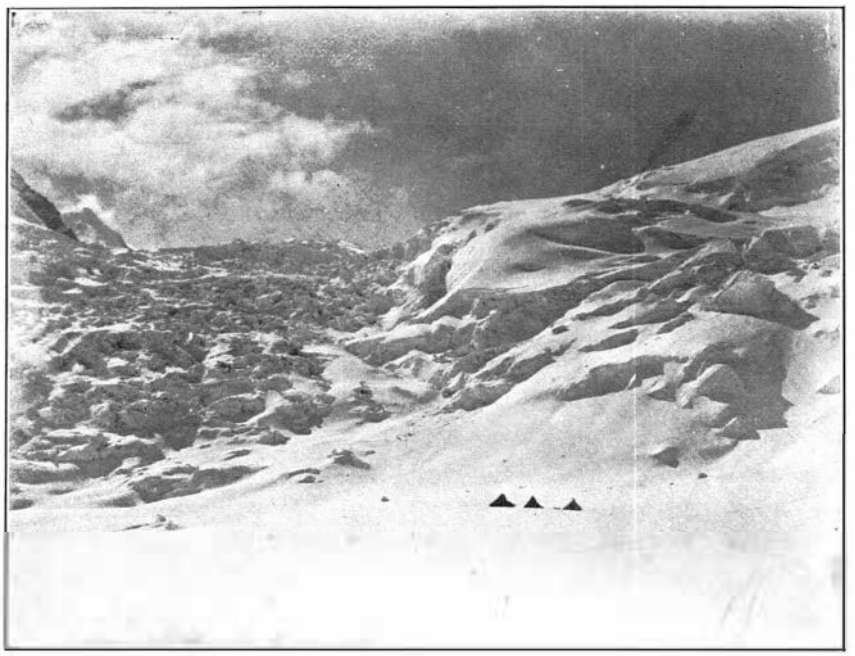


Photo by H. F. Lambart,
Courtesy of the Alpine Club of Canada

CASCADE CAMP — The advance base camp was here, at the head of the Ogilvie Glacier, and at the foot of a fine cascade fed by a glacier originating between King Peak and the southerly walls of Logan's massif.

The route in was via the Valley of the Chitina to Hubricks, 88 miles, traveling on the sandbars and benches of the river. At Hubricks "good bye" was said to the pack train, which had to return immediately owing to the danger from high water, and also to the Natnralist, Mr. H. M. Laing, who established a camp at this point as the last, where any investigation of animal or plant life could be undertaken.

On May 18 the party of eight, Captain A. H. MacCarthy, leader; F. M. Lambart, representing the Dominion Government; Allen Carpe, of New York, the American Alpine Club; Henry Hall, Jr., of Boston; N. H. Read, Manchester, Mass.; R. M. Morgan, Boston; Andrew Taylor, Ottawa; and Colonel W. W. Foster, Vancouver, B. C., started across the ice at the junction of the Chitina and Logan Glaciers and for the next few days experienced travel of the roughest character over the accumulated debris of numerous moraines, then reaching the main supply taken in during the winter, a cache and carry system was evolved which resulted in all necessary food and equipment being relayed forward to Cascade, consolidation being completed at that point on May 31.

Weather conditions so far had been splendid, the views from Cascade Camp, both in the cirque itself, where six fine glaciers discharge upon the

Ogilvie, and magnificent cliff and hanging glaciers are seen in every direction, or down the Ogilvie across the Logan to where the clear white peak of Lucania is a feature in the north, were a source of daily wonder, and more than compensated for the hard work of relaying and packing, which in all entailed the equivalent of each member of the party carrying a pack of 70 pounds 200 miles.

The next step was to Observation Point, 2,000 feet above Cascade, where in the summer of 1924 MacCarthy and Taylor waited day after day for an opportunity to look up the long ice trench lying between King Peak, which is an outlier of Logan, and the remainder of Logan's massif, hoping in vain for a vision of the Col between—i. e., King Col—finally being driven back by shortage of food; but, the weather was still in a generous mood to the party of 1925, and upon their arrival at Observation a clear view to the Col above, some nine miles distant, was obtained and the route appeared quite feasible.

Again supplies were relayed forward until on June 6 the party stood on King Col itself 14,000 feet above sea level, but alas the maps and photographs which hitherto had served so well ignored the fact that from the Col wonderful cliffs of ice formed by glaciers on the heights above pouring down and over the vertical side of the massif, bar the way, the depth of the Col between Logan and King being obscured from view in the photographs taken on Mount St. Elias from which the map of this section was plotted.

Then came a delay whilst a small party of reconnaissance, MacCarthy, Read, and Foster, sought a route up the cliffs of ice to the apparently less formidable slopes above, and the remainder brought up from Observation the balance of food in reserve there.

This reconnaissance with snow and ice in perfect condition for crampons and a clear blue sky overhead, gave one of the most enjoyable climbing experiences of the trip and when just a failure to find a route seemed inevitable, a gateway was discovered through a cliff in a tremendous block of ice, and through this portal it was possible to pass to the heights above,—hopes ran high indeed for a route was now established to 17,000 feet elevation, with a mountain ahead 18,500 feet high, behind which it was known the main peaks of Logan would be found.

That night reunited on King Col all thought the strenuous work of the past weeks was about to receive an immediate reward. Nine miles still to go, but provisions enough under ordinary conditions for the task, the weather still good, and all fit for an immediate advance.

Then Logan gave battle in earnest. Snow, cold, wind and cloud combined to offset further encroachment upon its domain. The glass dropped to 14 below as a hint of what might be expected and for four long days, using up provisions brought up with such an expenditure of energy, a weary watch was kept.

On the fifth a start was made with slightly improved visibility, but toiling upward on the steep icy cliffs, now covered with drifting and falling snow, was extremely tedious and indeed dangerous as compared with conditions a few days before, and when after a long day only 2,000 feet had been accomplished and the storm renewed in violence a bivouac was made just above MacCarthy's gap on Ice Cliff Avenue. The following day all movement was out of the question, but on the third, with the intense cold and elevation becoming serious factors to contend with, Windy Camp was established at approximately 17,500 feet above sea level. On the evening of this day the glass dropped from 12 below zero at 7 p. m., to 26 below at 8 p. m. and the following day reached 32 below. Seventeen days had now elapsed since leaving Cascade; seventeen days on a mountain and its main peak still five miles away. Some of the party were feeling the effect of elevation very severely and this combined with several bad cases of frost bite, usually obtained when adjusting snowshoes, crampons, or putting up the tents, was having a very bad effect. Furthermore, there were only provisions for one more day on hand, and worst feature of all was the weather, poor visibility being added to other detrimental features of high winds and low temperature.

Photo by H. F. Lambart,
Courtesy of the Alpine Club of Canada

ON RIDGE ABOVE CASCADE

Far down the Ogilvie is seen the Logan Glacier running east and west.

The summit of the 18.5 peak loomed ahead and as there was a bare chance that from it a not too difficult connection would be found to the higher peaks beyond, this was attempted on the 17th, but the party was beaten back by the severity of the weather. That evening, attended by all possible, a council was held, the unpleasant facts being pointed out that an "impasse" had been reached—provisions were exhausted—the road obscure and the strain upon personnel a fact which could not be ignored.

The following day, with improved visibility five returned to the cache below on King Col to bring up the last reserve of food and the same reconnaissance party as before set out to climb the 18.5 peak and pave the way for a final try at the main objective.

Both missions were successful, but the temperature dropped lower than even before and very reluctantly Hall and Morgan, whose good work and fine spirits had contributed much toward the success of the climb, were forced to give up. Hall's unselfish decision being a fine demonstration of the thought that the objective, rather than the individual, must be considered, and as the limited food supplies would spin out a little longer if he went down with Morgan whose badly frozen feet precluded any further effort, his choice was made accordingly.

The following day, June 21: a weary climb terminated in a high Col between two peaks, one the 18.5 already referred to, and the other a peak about 18,750 feet high, and here amidst a little outcrop of rock kept bare by the ever raging tempest, two little tents were pitched and the night spent at 18,500 feet, probably the highest camp ever pitched on the North American Continent.

June 22 was occupied in moving down a few hundred feet to a little plateau of snow in the general direction of the final objective which was still obscured by storm. Then after another night of storm came *the* day with a clear sky and bright sun. Using snowshoes and then crampons as conditions required, by four o'clock in the afternoon (23rd) good progress had been made up steep slopes of snow and ice and on the final stretches steps cut in clear green ice leading to the summit, and shortly after, the great double peak of Logan was conquered.

From Blackburn on the west across the mighty St. Elias Range now appearing as hazy mountain tops just escaping from a sea of cloud below, southward to the sea, and then northeast across the hitherto unseen and unknown areas to Kluane Lake the eye could roam and the feeling of awe and reverence was accentuated by the knowledge that this wonderful scene of beauty and grandeur was disclosed from a point to which the human foot had never before aspired: but southeast was a spectacle which inspired other emotions, an even higher peak arising its single icy spire being obviously higher than the peak whose summit had been attained.

Already weak, some of its members with little resource other than an unfailing spirit to carry them along, the party descended 1,000 feet, fol-

Photo by H. F. Lambart.
Courtesy of the Alpine Club of Canada

THE COMFORTS OF CAMP

From left to right Colonel W. W. Foster, Allen Carpe, Captain A. H. MacCarthy.

lowed by a climb involving more step-cutting up steep icy slopes leading to a knife edge arch arete along which they traveled until this arete expanded to a little plateau a few feet wide and two or three hundred in length and then by great good luck was seen that unusual phenomenon the "Spectre of the Brocken"; in this case the shadow of each of the party being reflected in a cloud lying against the summit which terminated the plateau.

It had taken 23 days actually on the mountain to reach this point, and then came what was the hardest test of all, the return of the storm with increasing violence. So dark did it become that any movement would invite disaster. A little shelter was obtained by digging into the snow and then for twelve hours at 19,000 feet, anxious vigil was kept. The blizzard did not abate, and to remain longer with the intense cold working havoc, now became out of the question, and so at noon the following day, still in impenetrable fog and drifting snow, the descent recommenced. One rope of three reached the shelter of the two little tents on Plateau that evening after36 hours away, whilst three members on the other forged through another night alternately lying down in depressions in the snow for rest and to get out of the wind, or groping slowly down; but fortunately by degrees getting nearer home, which they reached on the morning of the 25th after spending 44 hours on the final peak.

A day's rest and then came another battle of 24 hours' duration fighting through the blizzard down to King Col.

The story of Hurricane Mountain, where the heroism of MacCarthy and Taylor averted certain disaster, must be told elsewhere. King Col, and the camp at Cascade, reached at midnight on the 28th after five days trying to get off the mountain, were welcome stopping places. The slow trip down the glaciers and the joy of getting on green growth again after 44 days on ice will suggest many episodes to those who know the trail but 50 miles of this with frozen feet and hands to care for emphasized that to walk out from Hubricks, a further 88 miles to McCarthy, was a physical impossibility for some, so two rafts were built, one the "Logan," successfully making the trip down the river, but the "Loganette" having essayed to run the swifter main channel of the Chitina, overturned and her three passengers walking the remaining 70 miles, were somewhat behind the scheduled time of arrival at McCarthy.

But every experience was worth while. In the beauty and grandeur itself was ample compensation, and the expedition has added greatly to the store of geographical and meteorological knowledge, has given by means of films and still photos further proof of the wonders of a little-known alpine area, made a distinct contribution to mountain knowledge; through its natualists procured both a report upon and a collection of the fauna and flora of the Upper Chitina Valley, and best of all was done in that spirit that loves adventure and exploration as a means of revealing the masterpieces of creation.

Steaming down the coast line some weeks later, a very rare view was obtained of Logan, its finely carved and massive icy domes being clearly discernible behind the mountains of the St. Elias Range. The battle was over, hardships forgotten, and in the minds of those that gazed upon these peaks, some perchance for the last time, nothing remained but admiration for the greatest of them all whose ice-clad summit, shining in the summer sky, smiled back farewell.

GUARDING OUR SCENIC HERITAGE

By William B. Greeley
Chief, Forest Service U. S. Department of Agriculture.

IT IS NOT strange for a forester to be interested in preserving natural beauty spots, in protecting wild life, and in providing wholesome outdoor recreation for everybody. Some hundreds of years ago the first foresters were given the job of protecting the game animals on the crownlands of Europe. The first state forests were primarily game preserves and the first foresters were gamekeepers, and the economic development that made the forester primarily a timber-grower did not divorce him from his original interest in game culture and outdoor recreation. Indeed, I believe it is true that the successful forester today is almost always a lover of nature, keen to appreciate the beauty of forest and mountain, lake and stream, and ready at all times to make the most of the opportunities to preserve that beauty in the management of forest lands.

Timber growing and watershed protection are the chief purposes of the national forests and occupy most of the attention of the Forest Service, but the interests of the sportsman, the naturalist, and the enthusiast of the outdoors are not neglected. In our steady endeavor to make the best use of every forest resource, the fish in the streams, the game in the woods, the wild flowers on the mountain side—all things in the forest that contribute to making life more worth while are recognized as a national asset worthy of all the care and attention that may be bestowed upon them. Preservation of scenic beauty and of wild life and development of recreational resources, are necessarily by-products of good forest management. As such they are entitled to their proper place in any state or national forest program.

In 1905, when the "Federal Forest Reserves" were made into the national forests as we now know them and the Bureau of Forestry was changed into the Forest Service and placed in charge of the national forests, "Tama Jim" Wilson was Secretary of Agriculture. In outlining the principles on which the forests were to be administered, Secretary Wilson's orders were brief and to the point. They may be summed up in a single sentence. All the resources contained in these public properties, said he, must be managed with an eye single "to the greatest good to the greatest number in the long run."

Secretary Wilson's original order has been the guiding principle of the Forest Service from that day to this. At first the young Forest Service was engrossed in bringing the national forests, which now number 160 and comprise over 158,000,000 acres, under administration and proper management. The first years were filled with struggles which many of

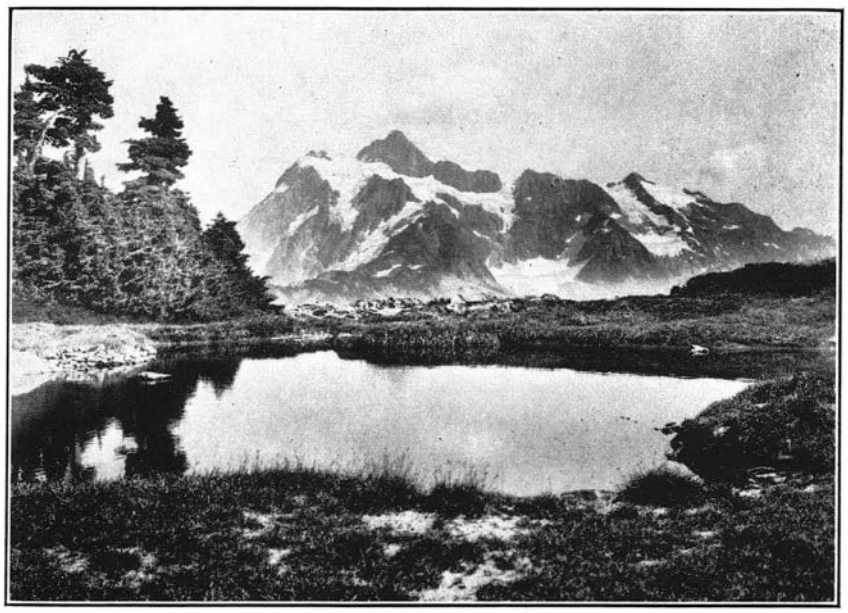


Photo by Leslie R. Corbett,
Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

MOUNT SHUKSAN — Picture taken from the highest point of Table Mountain near Austin Pass, Mount Baker National Forest, Washington. In the foreground is seen a shallow pool on Table Mountain.

us shall never forget. We had but little time to think of the more pleasant resources of forest lands. Fighting forest fires, regulating livestock grazing, and helping Mother Nature to reforest cut-over and fire-swept areas were the jobs that absorbed our attention and energy.

These are still our principal jobs. In the meantime, however, the American public has discovered the outdoor recreational possibilities of the national forests; and as the number of visitors to the forests has grown, the Service has endeavored to the best of its ability to cope with the increasing responsibilities involved in providing for their needs. Members of The Mountaineers are fairly well posted, I fancy, on the management of national forest properties in the Pacific Northwest. We have long regarded The Mountaineers as true friends of the forest and have welcomed your excursions into Federal lands. But perhaps it will not be out of the way for me to summarize some of the things the Forest Service stands for in this matter of preserving outstanding spots of natural beauty.

Belts of uncut timber are reserved along well-traveled roads, around camp-grounds, and as a setting for groups of vacation homes. Lake shores and other areas of special scenic beauty are guarded from any form of use that would mar their natural charm. A long-standing edict of the Forest Service protects from the ax every living Giant Sequoia within its domains. Stretches of canyon or mountain meadows or upland basins dotted with

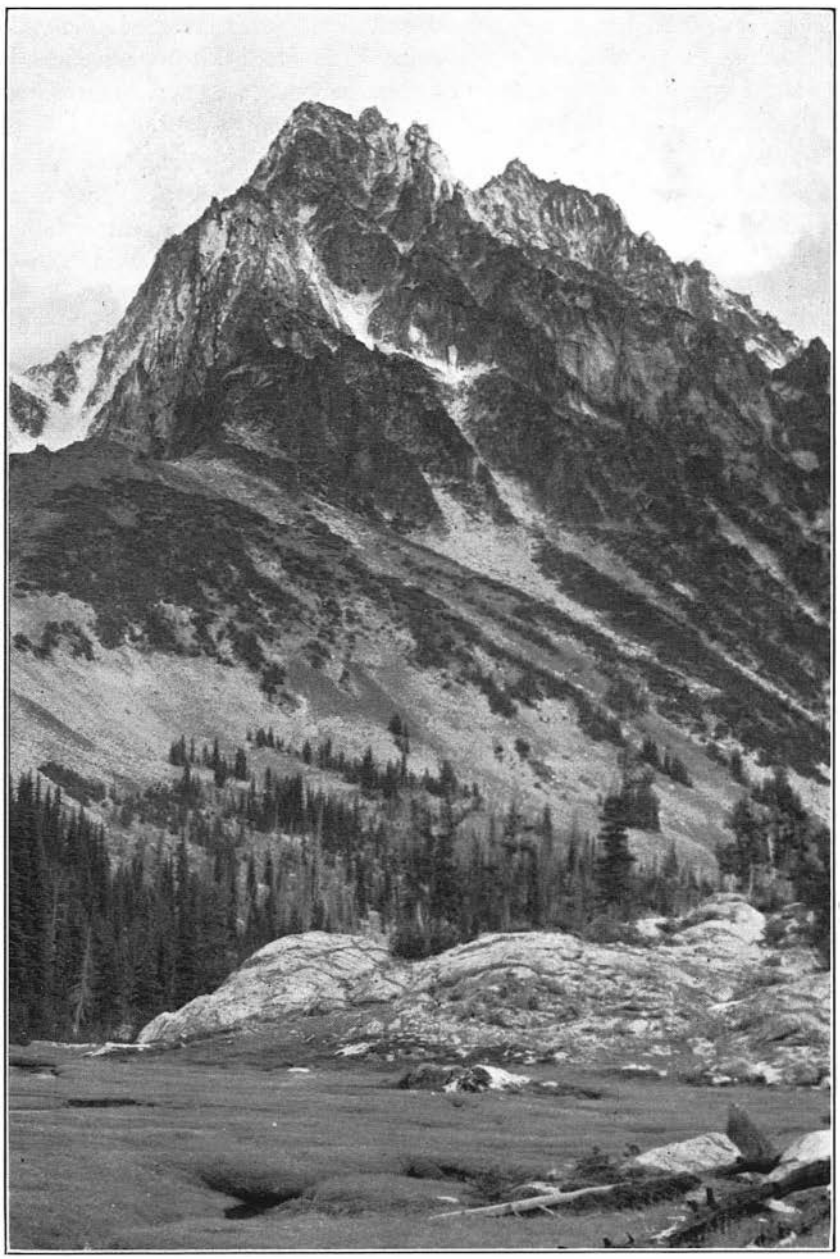
lakes, which form the playgrounds of local communities or gathering points for outdoor folk, are often reserved exclusively for recreational use. On a hundred ranges the grazing of domestic livestock has been reduced or wholly eliminated so that herds of game animals may obtain the forage they need.

Recreation has become well established in the management plans of the national forests. It is a resource that must be correlated with other forms of land use and assigned to its proper place. The starting point is to find out what particular form of use represents the greatest public benefit which can be derived from any given area. For every tract of land there is some dominant use, or group of uses, which represents the greatest public value. The use may be strictly economic. Over the greater portion of the national forests economic needs must dominate—the growing of continuous timber crops, and the providing of forage for domestic livestock must ever be kept in the immediate foreground of any management plans.

But the land which contains a third or more of the nation's remaining virgin timber includes of necessity a thousand and one woodland spots of special value for recreation, because of their own attractions or their nearness to routes of travel or urban populations. And here and there, scattered like jewels on Nature's regal robes, are areas of great natural beauty. Proper public service demands that such recreational areas be protected and that their use be reserved for those who shall find solace in their restful beauty, wholesome sport in their streams and mountains, and health-building energy in their eternal forests.

P. M. McGregor

FORDING THE WAPTUS RIVER — Boots and socks came off and the party waded through in high glee.



A. H. Denman

MOUNT STUART
FROM INGALLS LAKE

Mount Stuart (8470 feet) is one of the greatest single masses of granite in the United States. The main summit is the one to the right, the climb being made along the right sky-line.

CHIMNEY ROCK TO MOUNT STUART

W. W. Seymour

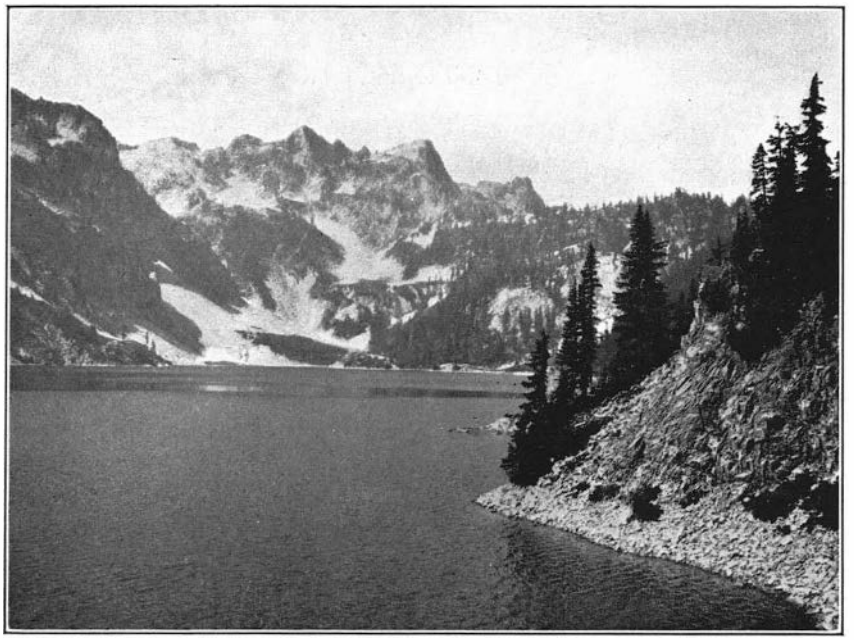
> Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike. John Muir.

From experience and interest in mountaineering covering some forty years I believe that no section of our country offers the wildness, combined with the unexplored, undeveloped, and at the same time accessible ranges, peaks, valleys, lakes, and flowered meadows, as does the western portion of our State. These advantages combined with a mountaineering organization remarkable both in personnel and leadership offer to the strong, the nature-loving, the socially inclined, an enjoyable, wholesome vacation that lingers long in one's memory.

The beginning of the 1925 Outing was made in automobiles to the summit of the Cascade Range at Snoqualmie Pass. There the pack-train under the leadership of that popular veteran, Henry A. Loss, was waiting to join the party. There was a busy interval of final arrangements, adjusting of boots, and tying of lunches, before the thrilling moment of the start. And a real thrill it was to each member who realized that he was about to venture into a region seldom visited before and to assail peaks hitherto unscaled. They made a gay assemblage as they started off up the trail, alpenstocks in hand and knapsacks on back, all bedecked with tinkling cups and colorful bandanas.

The first day's tramp was over the familiar ground of the Snoqualmie Lodge region, but it was nevertheless enjoyable for the memories aroused and for the opportunity of pointing out to the new members all the favorite peaks, lakes, and rivers. Largely because of such memories Snow Lake, with the summits of Mount Wright and Bryant Peak reflected in its blue depths, was a particularly impressive camping spot. To the older members of the Outing that first night's camp seemed to be on sacred ground. George E. Wright and Sidney V. Bryant, loved leaders of The Mountaineers, in whose honor the mountains have been named, have both gone over "the Great Divide."

One delightful feature of summer outings has always been the instructive and scholarly talks given around the camp-fire by our president, Professor Meany. Never was a camp-fire program more absorbing than on this first night at Snow Lake when Professor Meany interpreted in turn the spirit of the camp, the enthusiastic work of Sidney Bryant in establishing Snoqualmie Lodge, and the splendid, unselfish service to the Club of George Wright. With this introduction he launched into the romantic history of pioneer days in the Snoqualmie region; of prospectors' tales and



C. G. Morrison

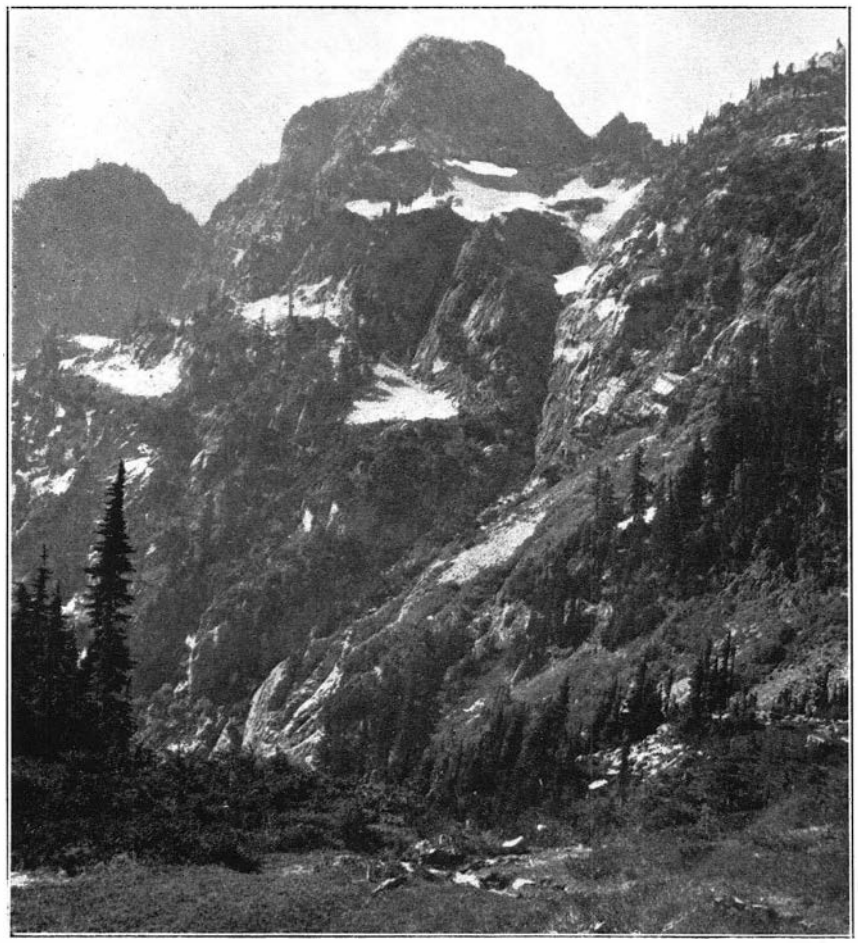
MOUNT WRIGHT AND SNOW LAKE

To the older Mountaineers this lovely spot will always be sacred ground for Mount Wright, named after the late George E. Wright, and Bryant Peak not far away, will stand as monuments to two beloved members.

Indian wars; of Chief Patkanim and his braves who fought on the side of the white man; until his listeners were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of those rugged days of 1855.

Something of the old glamour seemed to pervade the atmosphere when on the following morning we bade farewell to the surrounding crests and took the northeastern trail for Dutch Miller Gap—stated in our prospectus "thirteen miles." Distance is measured in various ways; English-speaking people alone estimate it in "miles"; in many countries it is by "meters"; in certain portions of the South, so many "whoops" and "hollers." Clarence had a new measure, namely "sweat hours", and our committee apparently still another, because thirteen miles turned out to be about eighteen and, incidentally, about as many of Clarence's "sweat hours." The trail was interesting although the day was hot. Four miles west of the Gap at the Ranger's cabin stood Clarence, to most of us "like a ministering angel", serving tea.

There is one never-failing topic of conversation on a Mountaineer summer outing, viz.: the cooks and the commissary, and the older members at least await with eager curiosity the success of the first dinner in camp. On this occasion the cooks not only proved themselves with an excellent dinner but earned everlasting popularity by shortening the trip



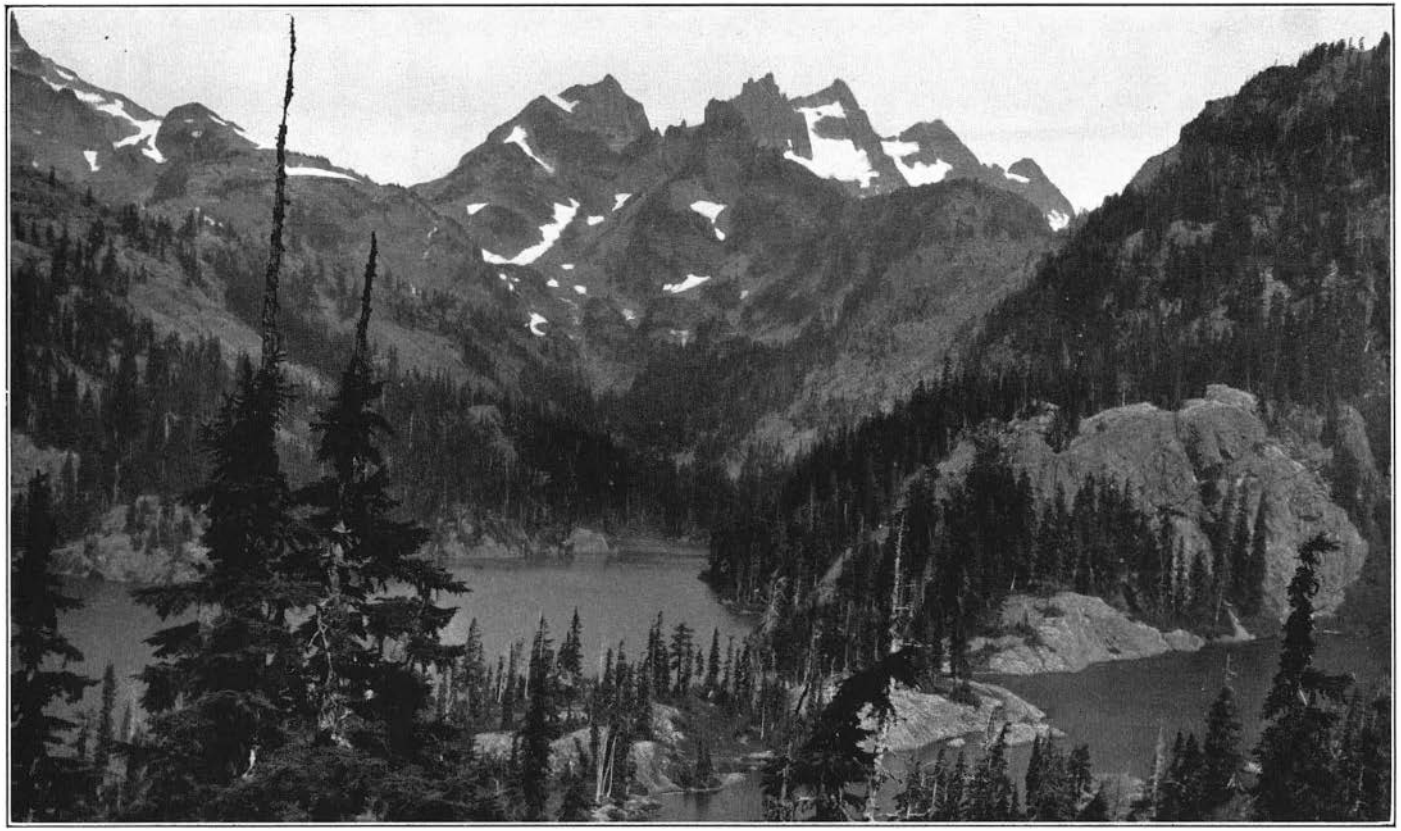
C. G. Morrison

BRYANT PEAK FROM SNOW LAKE RIDGE — This peak has been named as a memorial to the late Sidney V. Bryant, who was a prime mover in the construction of Snoqualmie Lodge.

by a mile. They had gone ahead of the party, found the real camp-site unsuitable, and retraced their steps to a more likely spot. Inasmuch as some members of the party did not reach camp until 9 p. m., this merciful act earned undying gratitude.

From Monday to Thursday our party encamped at the Gap and enjoyed the panorama, both north and south, of rocky peaks extending as far as the Snoqualmie and the Wenatchee national forests. It was here that one of Summit Chief's rugged neighbors to the south was christened "Little Big Chief" in honor of L. A. Nelson.

In the region of the Gap both the "valley-pounders" and the "peak-grabbers" found much for entertainment. Three rugged peaks were scaled: Iron Mountain, 6400 ft. elevation, under the leadership of Joe Hazard; Overcoat, 7550 ft., under the leadership of Glen Bremerman and Harry



Mabel Furry

SPECTACLE LAKE

Across this granite-bound, forest-fringed lake, a mountain mirror of great beauty, rise Iapia Peak and the Four Fingers of Lemah Mountain.

Rowntree; and Summit Chief, 7500 ft., under "Happy" Fisher's guidance; while Bear's Breast, 7500 ft., was scouted, and but for lack of time would have been conquered.

Many interesting tales of the day's happenings were told at night around the camp-fire: "Uncle Charley" Farrer's trophies from the summit of Overcoat; the description of those who climbed Iron Mountain; of Joe's guiding them through "the Black Hole of Calcutta" (a tunnel of storm-beaten trees), and the return of Joe and "Happy" from Chimney Rock with their description of its sheer and inaccessible summit, and Joe's announcement, greeted with a howl of derision, "I will climb it if someone will go ahead and plant iron spikes in the rock." However popular these contrivances may be in Switzerland and other well-known mountain regions, one of the happiest features of this entire area of mountain architecture is the fact that there are as yet no iron spikes, no modern aids to mountaineering.

On Friday, the 31st, up and over the heathered pass continued the climbers. The trail circled high above Summit Lake and finally dropped down to camp on Shovel Creek, another bivouac with huckleberries, high and low, to recommend it, also individual bath-tubs along a shady creek, plus rejoicing waterfalls in the neighborhood.

From Shovel Creek to Camp Four at Spectacle Meadows was a ten-mile tramp through fragrant forests of Douglas fir, western red cedar, hemlock, and spruce. On the banks of Waptus River, boots and socks came off and across the party waded in high glee. From the Waptus, the trail led persistently up and over Polallie Ridge and down to Spectacle Meadows. On the way they were introduced to Pete's Lake in the heart of a jade-green forest where Clarence was again established with stimulating tea.

From Sunday to Tuesday the Mountaineers sojourned at Spectacle Meadows beneath the craggy spires of Mineral Mountain. From this fair vantage point three more peaks were scaled: Mineral Mountain, 6700 ft. elevation, climbed by a party of eight under the leadership of Glen Bremerman and "Happy" Fisher; Lemah-Thumb, 6970 ft., climbed by a party of twenty-four guided by Joe Hazard; and Lemah's Middle Peak, 7512 ft., climbed by seven under Bremerman's leadership.

One of the most interesting trips from the Meadows was over the intervening ridge to the granite-bound, forest-fringed Spectacle Lake, another of Charley's "mountain mirrors", that defied all tongues and pens, so beautiful was it.

At Spectacle Meadows the valiant cooks and packers trailed off a-fishing and returned with one hundred and six mountain trout. Mountain trout and purple huckleberries—a feast indeed for mountain lovers!

Wednesday the party moved on eight miles to the lower end of Waptus Lake and there bivouaced for the night under the shadow of Bear's Breast.

So dry was the vegetation that the evening camp-fire had to be abandoned. Around a flashlight glowing beneath an orange bandana the family gathered for the evening's theatricals.

Next morning the Mountaineers again forded the Waptus River and tramped in a northeasterly direction up and over wooded ridges, linked together by alpine gardens aflame with August flowers, to a little lake in the shadow of a rugged ridge, etched against the sky. While the "highliners" climbed the ridges, the "lowliners" were promised a "helluva" trail by Charley. The "highliners" called on Deep Lake and went a-swimming, and the "lowliners", condemned to heat and dust, not only feasted on huckleberries but brought into camp that night thirty quarts of huckleberries picked along the trail. Eight of the "highliners", under the guidance of Charley, climbed the Buttress, 6800 feet elevation.

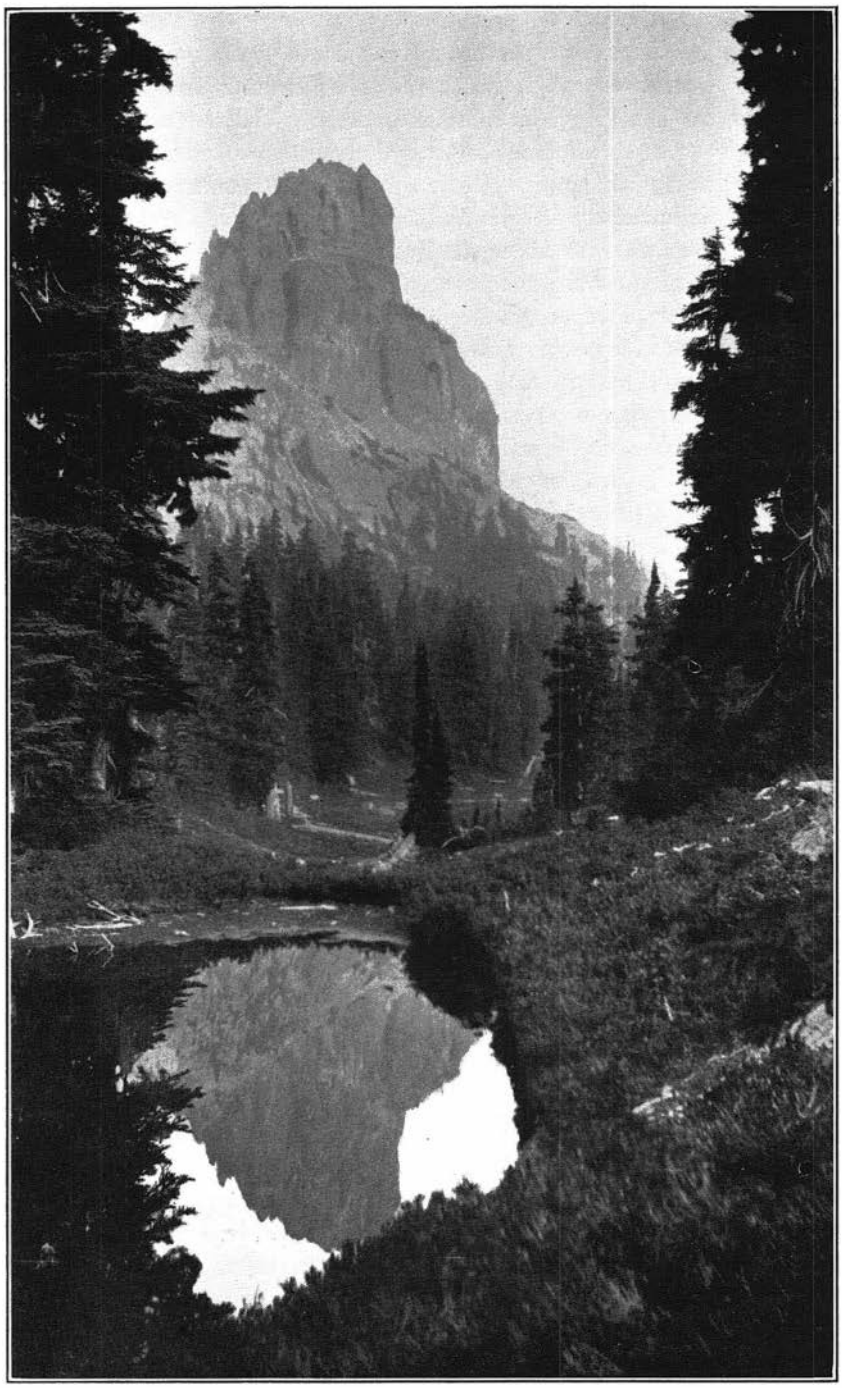
Four days of combined strenuousness and serenity were spent in this camp. At the Sunday evening camp-fire President Meany named the friendly camp "Matha", in honor of our efficient and popular secretary; the lake "Ben's Lake" after the able leader; the springs (dug out and rock-lined by thoughtful members of the party) "Glen's Springs", and the overshadowing ridge after "Uncle Charley"—the four tireless members of the Outing Committee. Later "Camp Matha" was formally voted the most attractive camp of the outing.

From Ben's Lake, Cathedral Rock, 6750 ft. elevation, a rock climb of unusual interest, was achieved three times under the leadership of Harry Rowntree.

Monday morning a party of twenty, under Ben's leadership and "Happy's" scoutship, left Camp Matha for the East Peak of Mount Daniels, 7900 ft. elevation. For those who enjoyed ice and snow work the ascent of Daniels over the Lynch Glacier offered keen sport. From the summit a far-flung view of lakes, rivers, forests, and peaks piercing the blue August haze rewarded the climbers. Returning, the party divided into the "steppers" and "sliders." Glissading down the long white slopes the rollicking "sliders" were soon joined by the "steppers." From the foot of the glacier Charley returned to the summit for "another view", and *his elusive knapsack*. That return from Daniels to Camp Matha, around sleepy little lakes, past a prospector's lonely cabin on the rim of a wooded cliff, was a "fine, free, sauntery, scrambly, botanical, beauty-filled ramble." Two of the party climbed Citadel Mountain on the way.

One of the most impressive of sunrise services was conducted by President Meany in the neighborhood of Camp Matha. In this mountain temple the Mountaineers gathered at 4:45 a. m. in a spirit of worship and listened to Mr. Denman's reading of the 103rd and 104th Psalms in poetical form.

Tuesday morning, the 11th, the party tramped down the valley of the Cle Elum through meadows of giant hellebore, past log cabins of patient prospectors, and on up Fortune Creek to Camp Seven in the neighborhood



R. B. Kizer

CATHEDRAL ROCK — This spectacular peak (6750 feet) was a rock climb of unusual interest and was conquered three times during the outing.

of Van Epps' gold-mine. Late that afternoon everybody trailed into camp which was located over a network of gold-promising tunnels. In the shadows of the lofty Engelmann spruce, sleeping quarters were soon engaged. In the tree-tops Steller's jay cawed a raucous welcome.

The following morning, with Ben Mooers in command, twenty-two "highliners" followed a southern trail, and, with the aid of scouts Rowntree and Bremerman, reached Ingalls Peak (8000 feet), the highest climbed on the outing, except Mount Stuart. Here they were rewarded with the first real view of Stuart's granite bulk looming up through the smoke. Ingalls Peak, with its tawny rocks painted with orange and lemon- colored lichens, was highly picturesque. At its base lay Ingalls Lake, bounded by masses of igneous rock of unusual geological significance.

In the meantime the "lowliners", led by Anderson, enjoyed a fine forest trail, generously guided for several miles by our host of the Van Epps' mine. The last portion of this trail was blind and difficult.

At Ingalls Creek among the spruces, 5500 feet above the sea, Camp Eight was pitched in the shadow of Stuart and preparations for the ascent were soon under way.

Thursday morning, at one o'clock, lights gleamed among the trees. Sleep vanished. After a candle-lit breakfast a line of thirty-one Mountaineers formed in three companies with Mooers in the lead and Pete McGregor as pacemaker. Fifteen minutes after two the column of climbers zigzagged up through the evergreen girdle of Stuart. By bug-light, candlelight, flashlight, and starlight the column climbed. On ahead in the dusk mounted the scouts, Glen, Harry, "Happy" and Lars. In the first flush of dawn all the candles and flashlights were cached on a granite boulder. In the glory of the morning light Mount Rainier and Mount Adams dominated the southern horizon. Several small snowfields were encountered but most of the climb was over steady blocks and slabs of granite, gray granite painted with black lichens. After one of the most interesting of rock climbs, the party, one hundred per cent, reached the summit at nine-thirty. There on the crest of one of the greatest single masses of granite in the United States, rising 8470 feet above sea level, in the geographical heart of the state of Washington, the Mountaineers signed the register and returned it to the granite cairn. Again were they rewarded with inspiring views of forested ridges, rugged pinnacles, spangling lakes, arrowy rivers, alpine parks, and, above all, the lofty peaks of Rainier, Adams, Glacier, and Baker. Battalions of clouds soon marched across the sky, adding still more beauty to the panorama. The descent was made in good time, especially across the belt of powdered dust, an area denuded by over-grazing. Fifteen minutes after two that afternoon they swung into camp where the faithful "valley-pounders" were ready with hot tea. "Strolling up Stuart" was voted an unqualified success, much of which was due to the fact that three leaders, Hazard, Bremerman, and Mooers, scouted out the southern approach with the Cascadians last May.

Friday, the 14th, the first and only misty day on the Outing, was spent in a leisurely fashion in and around camp, in the production of biscuits, prose, and poetry. That night the last of many happy camp-fires was outstanding, especially in the presentation of the annual camp "newspaper," this year called "The Mt. Stuart Bugler."

Saturday, August 15th, the twenty-second day of the outing, a good gray morning, the Mountaineers, happy as you please, followed the trail up and over Turnpike Pass—the end of a hundred-mile-trail trip. After one last view of Stuart smiling through silver clouds from the top of the Pass, they swung down Beverly Creek, homeward bound. Behind them stretched a friendly country, scouted in 1924 by the pathfinders, C. G. Morrison and Charles Farrer, a region of unnamed peaks, lakes, and waterfalls, a region veiled in the mysticism of Indian traditions, all in all, a region that invites exploration and offers rich rewards to the explorer. Behind them stretched a chain of Arcadian camps surrounded by huckleberries and swimming holes, a chain of camp-fires and musical programs, strains of a bugle, glimpses of "Bugler Ned," and inspirational poetry, legends, and history contributed by the club's poet-president, Professor Meany. At these camp-fires were kindred folk, the fine, free companionship of one big family reflecting the spirit of its head. Many of the newcomers in the club were swift to recognize that intangible spirit of "one for all and all for one" that animated the group, the spirit of service in camp and on the trail, and the freedom from narrowing cliques and clans.

The chief factors that contributed to the success of this 1925 Summer Outing, the vacation of seventy Mountaineers, will not soon be forgotten. There were the packers, alert, efficient, reliable. There were the cooks who knew the art of satisfying grizzly appetites in a spirit of cooperation that money can not buy. There were the leaders and the scouts who spared neither time nor energy in their efforts to make this pilgrimage into a new territory successful and the pilgrims happy. Then, last, but not least, there was the committee of four, who kept their eyes single to the purpose, met together every week from November, 1924, to September, 1925, animated by one desire, the success of the outing. It was this committee, tireless, unselfish, who ordered the efficient transportation, the surprising commissary, the able leadership, and the bonnie weather.

But to return to Beverly Creek: when the Mountaineers assembled at the bridge at ten-thirty that morning, who should arrive but the Princess Beautiful herself, Mrs. W. J. Costello, with powdered doughnuts, watermelon, peaches, grapes, and tomatoes. After this refreshing feast the party continued to Cle Elum by stage. At the depot they enjoyed still another feast—first, seconds, and thirds, of ice cream—and then they entrained for Seattle. Home they traveled with brains "packed full of images from the wealthy past", images that put the shine on life. And when they arrived in Seattle at seven that evening one of the thoughts that arrived with them, whether expressed or unexpressed, was, "When can we go back?"

GEOLOGY OF THE MOUNT STUART REGION

E. J. SAUNDERS

ONE of the beauty spots on the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains is the section around Mount Stuart, the snow-clad sentinel of the Wenatchee mountains. This range or spur extends southeastward from the main range of the Cascades north of Snoqualmie Pass and forms the divide between the Yakima and Wenatchee drainage basins.

The trip from Snoqualmie Pass to Mount Stuart, across or around the head of the Yakima River basin, covers a part of the Cascades remarkable not only for its striking and varied scenery but also for the interesting story it tells of the geological history of the range. The valleys above Lakes Keechelus, Kachess, and Cle Elum all show evidences of having been occupied during the glacial period by large valley glaciers. In the Cle Elum valley a glacier thirty miles in length was joined by two smaller glaciers at Big Salmon Lasac and pushed on down the valley to the lower end of the present Lake Cle Elum. The steep canyon walls, the small lakes found at the heads of many of the valleys, and the terminal moraines holding the larger lakes in deeply gouged basins behind them are evidences of the work done by the ice.

Eastward from the Cle Elum valley, an unnamed triangular peak 8000 feet high separates the deep amphitheatres (glacial cirques) of Fortune Creek, north of Hawkins Mountain, the North Fork of Teanaway River, and Ingalls Creek, a tributary of the Wenatchee River. A small lake occupies part of the Ingalls Creek amphitheater at the elevation of 6600 feet. A low ridge 6500 feet in elevation separates this valley on the north side from the amphitheater at the head of Jack Creek, one of the main tributaries of Icicle Creek. From this divide a ridge extends eastward to the summit of Mount Stuart, 9470 feet high. The precipitous slopes of the Jack Creek amphitheater on the west are 3000 feet high. The south wall of Mount Stuart descends steeply to Ingalls Creek, 5000 feet below the summit. On the northeast side of the mountain deep amphitheaters are occupied by remnants of once larger glaciers at an elevation of 8000 feet, and small glacial lakes drain northward into Eightmile Creek. A ridge 8000 feet in elevation separates this basin from the head of Jack Creek.

A ragged divide slopes off more gradually toward the east, and on the north side of this ridge, about three miles from the Mount Stuart summit, is to be found the largest glacier of the mountain. It is two miles in

length and extends from an elevation of 8500 feet to the lower limit at 8000 feet. It feeds the Twin Lakes lying in a cirque 6000 feet in elevation. A rock knob (Nunatak) protruding through this glacier is a striking feature.

To explain the geology of this interesting mountain region we must go back and trace the history of it by the rocks shown in the surrounding country. We find the oldest rock in the district is called Easton Schist, a silvery, greyish-green mica schist, from old Paleozoic sediments. It is seen in the small island in Lake Kachess and in the cliffs east of Little Kachess Lake, also in the ridge rising northwest of Cooper Lake. Another very old formation is known as the Peshastin formation. It is a black slaty rock with some small limestone lenses. This is common on the North Fork of the Teanaway and on the Blewett Pass road down Peshastin Creek. These older formations were broken through by an early series of lava intrusions and flows known as the Hawkins formation. It causes the peculiar rough topography of Huckleberry and Hawkins mountains and the ridge to the east of these.

A large area immediately surrounding Mount Stuart shows a greenish serpentine or a rusty weathered product. This rock is called peridotite and in some cases it is found in huge blocks, in other cases it is found as a fine soil, flaky in nature. This large mass was intruded as a lava mass into the older rocks. The head of Ingalls Creek is eroded in this rock. It was into this older lava mass that the Mount Stuart granite was intruded. This occurred as a huge batholithic intrusion which, cooling slowly, gave rise to the grayish granite (granodiorite) of which the Mount Stuart massif is composed. Small offshoots of this rock may be seen here and there piercing the surrounding peridotite rock. It extends northward beyond Lake Wenatchee and is one of the large batholithic intrusions that occurred during the Mesozoic Era along the Cascade Sierra uplift. Later by river and glacial erosion, the covering rock mass has been removed and the large granite mass has been exposed to erosive agents and sculptured to its present form. Huge blocks have been broken off by frost action along joint planes, and in some places a fine soil has been produced by complete breaking up of the rock fragments.

Lapping up over these older rocks is a series of beds of sandstone and shale known as the Swauk formation. These sediments were laid down in a lake basin surrounding the older rock mass during the early Tertiary or Eocene period. This formation is easily distinguished from the older rocks by its stratification and light color. The slopes of Goat Mountain, the eastern wall of Cle Elum valley, and the upper part of the North Fork of the Teanaway valley show large areas of this rock. This formation is interesting because it is cut by hundreds of dark-colored lava dikes which were the feeders for the immense flows of lava that later covered this series of rocks. The edges of these lava flows are seen in the cliffs on either side of the northern end of Lake Cle Elum.

Above the Swauk formation on the summit of Goat Mountain is a series of andesitic lava flows and ash beds similar to those found near Lake Keechelus which are known as the Keechelus andesite.

A study of the relations shown by these rock masses tells a story of many changing conditions of sedimentation, lava intrusions, surface flows, uplifts, and erosion through which the Cascade mountains have passed before coming to their present elevation and rough topography. The range has been subject to several uplifts followed by long periods of erosion. The last uplift occurred at the close of the Tertiary period and was followed closely by accumulation of snow to form the glaciers which have been such an important agent in producing the deep trough-like canyons now occupied by lakes and rivers. The higher peaks and ridges are remnants of more resistant rock that have been able to withstand the onslaught of the erosional agents that are working to reduce the whole mass to sea level.

The story in tabular form follows:

Cenozoic Era	River erosion Glacial erosion Lava flows and dikes Swauk sandstone	
Mesozoic Era	Mount Stuart granite Peridotite	Intrusions
Paleozoic Era	Hawkins formation Peshastin formation Easton schist	

HISTORY OF MOUNT STUART AND VICINITY

EDMOND S. MEANY

THE portion of the Cascade Range from Snoqualmie Pass to Mount Stuart has an interesting history though rather difficult to assemble in compact proportions. Human contacts have been unequally distributed and the chronology has been sadly interrupted.

The story of Snoqualmie Pass tempts the use of the entire space to that one locality. In 1853, Captain (later General) George B. McClellan, in charge of that part of the Pacific Railroad survey, was turned back by the depth of snow. Governor Isaac I. Stevens was disappointed. He sent back word for Abiel W. Tinkham to come through. He did so with two Indian helpers, measuring the snow and declaring a road feasible. Captain McClellan had in the meantime failed again when sent to the western side of the pass from Olympia. Tinkham's success rather angered McClellan who revealed his pique toward Stevens during the Civil War. McClellan's unsuccessful efforts were honored by the naming of McClellan Butte. Many years afterward (1916) through the efforts of The Mountaineers, the United States Geographic Board gave the name of Tinkham Peak to a mountain, 5356 feet high, in that same vicinity. This gave belated honor to the one who made the first successful survey of Snoqualmie Pass.

The name Snoqualmie is derived from that of a tribe of Indians. Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, who worked for more than thirty years among these and other Indians at the Tulalip Reservation, declared that the native word is *Sdoh-kwahlb-bhuh,* having reference to the legend that their people came from the moon. *Sdoh-kwahlb* means moon. White men have modified the word to its present form. The Snoqualmie and Skykomish rivers join near Monroe forming the Snohomish river which flows into Puget Sound at Everett. Up those tributaries to the mountains the Indians hunted in prehistoric days.

Beginning in 1854, Governor Stevens concluded treaties with the Indian tribes of Washington Territory in which was included the ceding of lands to the United States. The treaty which involved the Snoqualmies was signed at Point Elliott (now Mukilteo) on January 22, 1855. Chief Patkanim was the principal signer for the Snoqualmie tribe.

The ten treaties concluded by Governor Stevens were hardly signed before the Indian war of 1855-1857 broke out. Prospectors were the first to encounter hostilities and then pioneer settlements were threatened. Complaints were uttered that Chief Patkanim and his Snoqualmie braves were among the marauders. Arthur A. Denny denied these rumors and sent a messenger for Patkanim who returned to Seattle with hides, horns and

other trophies of hunting in the mountains. He had been up the Snoqualmie River, probably to Snow Lake or up the Middle Fork. Undoubtedly The Mountaineers camped in the same mountain region traversed by that historic hunting party. Before the war ended Chief Patkanim and his braves organized a company and fought on the side of the white pioneers.

Guye Peak and Denny Creek are geographic reminders of the mining hopes and efforts in the Snoqualmie Pass section of such pioneers as F. M. Guye and David T. Denny in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

Goldmyer Hot Springs bear the name of William Goldmyer, a Virginian who settled in Washington Territory in 1863 and became a well-known pioneer, first of King County and later of Thurston County.

Cabins, tunnels, and portions of machinery, surprisingly large when the nature of the trails is considered, all speak of ambitious mining efforts in days past. That region is now known generally as Dutch Miller Gap. Andrew Jackson Miller had been nicknamed "Dutch" when a small boy. He liked the name and when he located his mine he called it "Dutch Miller Mine". The gap or pass through the Cascade Range by which the mine was most easily approached received the same name. Mr. Miller is now living somewhere in British Columbia. If he were accessible he would probably relate another of those interesting stories of mining camps such as have developed in other parts of the Cascade Range.

Towering above Dutch Miller Gap is the mountain called Summit Chief. Its nearest and unnamed neighbor was christened by The Mountaineers, "Little Big Chief", a name often used for L. A. Nelson, one of the leaders of the Club. Near these peaks another is charted as Overcoat Mountain, from the fact that about 1893 Mr. Sylvester, now forest supervisor, left an overcoat on the summit while on a surveying trip.

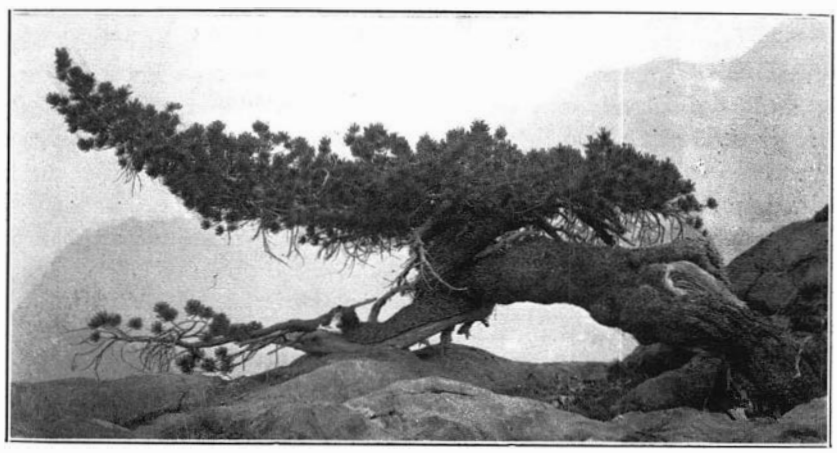
People from Ellensburg and Cle Elum, approaching from the eastern slopes of the Cascades, have for years found this section an attractive playground, attractive also as a region for prospecting and in late years for lumbering. Cle Elum River and its tributaries are familiar to travelers in that vicinity. The name is an Indian word said to mean "swift waters". John Lynch was one of the most interesting characters found in those hills. He has lived there for forty years, winter and summer. He has a mine, some cabins, a spring of fine cold water and unquenchable hope. Though now an old man he seemed as brown and rugged as the pine trees near his cabin door.

Van Epps Mine and Van Epps Creek are still the scenes of some mining work. The first inference was that the name was derived from a well-known pioneer of Olympia who was known to have had mining interests on the eastern slope of the Cascades. Inquiry of the present workmen brought the information that the original locator, Van Epps, had died. The Olympia pioneer, T. C. Van Epps, is now living in Los Angeles, California. The original locators and prospectors are scattered. It is almost impos-

sible to glean information about them. One neat, well-equipped cabin is said to have belonged to an Austrian reservist. He went home on the outbreak of the World War and nothing has been heard of him since. A respectful visit to his cabin brought uppermost thoughts of tragedy.

C. E. Rusk has called Mount Stuart the "Mountain of a thousand thrills". There are sides from which that many thrills might be experienced but the number is greatly reduced when the ascent is made from the long slope rising from Ingalls Creek, near the mouth of Turnpike Creek. That it is a well-beloved mountain is evidenced from the fact that in Ellensburg there is maintained a Mount Stuart Club whose members visit the peak often, and the Cascadians of Yakima schedule an annual ascent on Decoration Day.

On September 20, 1853, Captain George B. McClellan made this entry: "A handsome snow-peak, smaller than Mount Baker; as it is not to be found on any previous map that I know of, and had no name, I called it Mount Stuart" (See *Pacific Railroad Reports,* Volume I, chapter 18, page 196.) McClellan's Diary reveals the Stuart thus honored. The entry for December 4, 1846, says: "Jimmie Stuart came down to take care of me when I first got there [Mexico], and after doing so with his usual kindness was unfortunately taken with fever and had to stay there anyhow." Later without entry date McClellan wrote: "On the 18th June, 1851 [1854], at five in the afternoon, died Jimmie Stuart, my best and oldest friend. He was mortally wounded the day before by an arrow, whilst gallantly leading a charge against a party of hostile Indians. He was buried at Camp Stuart, about twenty-five miles south of Rogue River [Oregon], near the road, and not far from the base of the Cision (Siskiyou) mountains. His grave is between two oaks, on the side of the road, going south, with J. S. cut in the bark of the largest of the oaks."



A. H. Denman

WHITE-BARK PINE AT INGALLS LAKE

This sprawling shrub-like tree frequents ridges of bare rocks and disintegrated granite in the Cascades, exposed to fierce winds and heavy snows.

MANY WERE THE FLOWERS AND TREES OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR
A. H. DENMAN

MOUNTAINEERS of the 1925 Summer Outing in the Cascade mountains were greeted at every turn by a wealth of flowers of great variety and interest. Lowland and open places were bright with fireweed (epilobium), goldenrod, asters, veronica, false dandelions, and speedwell. On forest trails were ferns, mosses, lichens, pyrola, wapato, and Indian-pipe.

Berries were abundant and beautiful. There were the bright red berries of the devil's-club and elder; these were admired but not touched. Strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries—black, blue and red—were abundant and contributed much to the pleasure of the trail and to the supply of commissary. Tiny alpine huckleberries were found high on mountain sides.

Unusual were the extent and variety of the flora ranging from plants living in swamps or meadows, on rocks, or at the very edge of the snow on the mountains. In swamps were yellow water lilies, cat-tails, sedges, and violets—yellow and blue. There grew the sundew or Drosera. Sometimes it is called the flycatcher because of a curious little habit it has of closing its circinate, glandular, hairy leaves upon the unsuspecting fly or insect which is attracted by the tiny flower or by the beautiful red color of the leaves. When the plant has digested its prey the leaf rests, then opens, and is ready for another meal.

Finding the peat moss (Sphagnum moss) growing about commissary at Camp Matha was a surprise. Peat moss is usually found in peat bogs and swamps. But there it was growing near the blue gentians and yellow mimulus with rocky hills, Ben's Lake, and Glenn's Springs for neighbors.

For many years peat moss was thought of as fuel to be burned when properly dried, or as young coal which if left undisturbed would finally become coal. During the World War another value of sphagnum moss was recognized, as the absorbent property of the moss is from five to twenty per cent. This is greater than the absorbent property of cotton. Many were the boxes of sphagnum moss pillows, hospital pads, and dressings sent to France by The Mountaineers working in conjunction with the University of Washington and the Red Cross.

One of the most characteristic of the open-meadow plants was the Spiraea rosa. Competition among flowers to attract insects to aid in the distribution of pollen is very great. The Spiraea has learned by long experience to arrange its tiny blossom at the top of the flower stalk. The wild buckwheat is a close rival of the Spiraea as it has not only pollen but also an abundant supply of nectar to attract the visitors. In one of the little open meadows near Cathedral Mountain there was a field of wild buckwheat humming with busy insects.

Indian paint brush, tiger lily, larkspur, monkshood, columbine, lupine, squaw-grass, shooting stars, lousewort, potentillas, buttercups, saxifrages, mullein, and teazels—all these and many more were friends of trail or open road.

The teazel with its flower-head covered with hooked bracts has long been used in older countries in dressing cloth. But not until the days of the World War did American boys learn its usefulness. When nights were cold and blankets not too many, the woolen blankets were scratched or combed with teazel heads, thus raising the nap and making the blankets warmer.

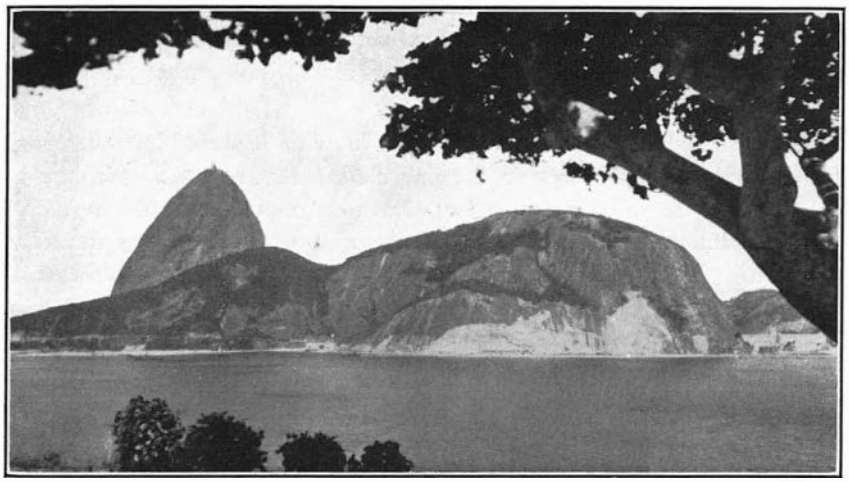
On the upper slopes were heather—red, white, and yellow,—mountain phlox, sedum and alpine ferns. Seed pods of the erythronium gave evidence of the great number of flowers which adorned the hills earlier in the season.

On the eastern lower slopes the handsome, drooping, elongated purplish-black berries of the bush honeysuckle were common. In the upper valley of the Cle Elum River was found the hellebore growing to a height of seven or eight feet, a size greater than we had ever before seen. It was hardly recognizable at first sight as the veratrum of the mountain slopes. The stalks closely resembled corn with their terminal plumes and veined sheathing leaves, and growing in fields all over the bottom lands gave the appearance of a promising corn crop for the settlers. To the few pioneers in that valley it must have been a mockery—a weed, growing where no corn could ever be raised.

Ingall's Lake was set in rocks bare of soil and vegetation except struggling, picturesque white-bark pines, but the rocks contained a few small, brilliant flowering plants growing in handfuls of soil in pockets and crevices. Here was observed for the first time the yellow gilia. Here also the golden aster, an exquisitely pretty small flower was seen at its best, and rather more abundantly was found a small plant bearing blossoms in bunches of a deep, rich, reddish-purple color.

Differences in the trees were more noticeable and on the eastern slope of the mountains the Engelmann spruce became common. The miles we traversed crossing the region between Lake Waptus and Pete's Lake contained few or no other trees. Our camp at Spectacle Meadows was among large white mountain pines, almost the largest of this kind that we have ever seen. The groves of the upper Cle Elum valley were mostly of lodge-pole pine and our camp at Lake Waptus was among trees of this variety.

On the south side of the pass on the way out from our Mount Stuart camp and down Beverly Creek, we began to enter a forest of merchantable timber containing, mixed with Douglas fir, western yellow pine and larch, and some exceptionally fine specimens of the latter trees were noticed. If we had gone into the mountains south of Cle Elum we would have found forests of the western larch.



R. L. Glisan

SUGAR LOAF,
RIO JANEIRO HARBOR

From Reservoir Hill where this view was taken, as well as from many parts of Rio Janeiro, Sugar Loaf is one of the most prominent features of the most beautiful harbor in the world.

THE CIRCUIT OF SOUTH AMERICA

RODNEY L. GLISAN

Last January I crossed the Continent buried under a sheet of snow, arrived in New York in zero weather, and sailed as the sun went under a complete eclipse, a weird, uncanny gloom. As we progressed southward to Havana the weather moderated and furs and heavy garments were discarded for the lightest of summer wear.

From Havana we sailed down through the Caribbean Sea and into the lower portion formerly called the Spanish Main, our next objective being Cartagena, the leading city of Colombia, the scene of many a bloody conflict when it was the coveted prey of Drake and other sea-rovers.

The tongue of land framing the outer harbor of Cartagena is still called Drake's Spit and protects a magnificent harbor now put to insignificant use, as Cartagena has dwindled into insignificance in spite of Colombia's untold mineral wealth and undeveloped water-power. The usual small boys dove for coins in the harbor.

The market was a most fascinating place with its shifting, shiftless, care-free, dark-skinned crowd, fishermen and fruit mongers offering a grand medley of assorted odors and noises. A monastery occupies a commanding site overlooking the town, the old city wall and moat protecting the town are still traceable, and in the fortress on the shore are dungeon cells where prisoners were immersed waist-deep with every rising tide.

The following morning we entered the Panama Canal and after a fifty-mile voyage we emerged into the Pacific, east of where we started west, always confusing even after studying the map. We passed through

the Gatun Locks, the electric mules on either side guiding us forward as we rose through three successive locks eighty-five feet to the lake level, steamed twenty-four miles through Gatun Lake between palm-crested islands covered with heavy tropical foliage, and entered a narrow canal—so narrow our large steamer apparently left no room for approaching vessels.

We went out to Old Panama, located by Royal Decree in 1521, growing in wealth from the toll of treasure passing from Peru to Spain until it was sacked by Morgan in 1671, now a crumbling ruin.

Sailing southward through sunny seas we crossed the equator with appropriate Neptune ceremonies and cast anchor in the harbor of Callao, Peru.

Callao was uninteresting but Lima, eight miles inland, with its half million of assorted complexions, its teeming markets, cathedrals, and public squares, proved intensely entertaining. We toured the town and some of us attended the bull fight, enticed there to see Belmonte, the pride of Madrid, fight the fiercest bulls the Peruvian hills could produce. Three bulls bit the dust, their hearts pierced by Monte's keen sword thrust, but the fourth bull, black as night, deep shouldered, with long curved horns, a demon of fury, made sad havoc with the order of procedure, upsetting toreadors, goring several horses, and finally tossing Belmonte aside, incapacitating him so that the gates had to be opened to let the bull out. I went out at the same time but by a different exit, as I had a feeling that bull wanted to be left alone.

In the huge cathedral, in a side chapel, we peered through the glass side of the casket at the shriveled corpse of Pizarro, who attacked the peace-loving Incas, held their chief captive until a large room was filled with gold as a ransom, and then killed the chief on a flimsy pretense, our feeling of repugnance changing to admiration when on our train journey later to Arequipa we followed a portion of his path over desolate heights where forage, food, and water were exceedingly scanty, and realized his superhuman effort in leading his small band of soldiers and horses up twelve thousand feet elevation and defeating a nation reputed to outnumber a million.

The Spanish conquest was a queer contrast; the army plundered a defenseless people; the priest then followed and preached the Gospel to the survivors, built imposing and enduring cathedrals, educated the people, and spread the Spanish language over the southern continent.

From Callao we took the Central Railway of Peru up the Rimac Canyon, passing Lima. This road, begun in 1870 by an American engineer, is the highest railway in the world, rising to the crest of the Andes at 15,000 feet, with a spur road to the copper mines, 17,500 feet elevation, the side walls rising almost sheer, and the railroad becoming a series of switchbacks, the locomotive hauling the train up one steep grade, then reversing to back the train up the next.

We could see the remains of the wonderful irrigation system of the

Incas, who maintained a series of gardens rising to 4000 feet above the river, and we passed bands of llamas, the native beast of burden, who carry heavy packs over the steepest trails.

We went as far as Rio Blanco, 11,500 feet, the canyon walls, devoid of trees, rising thousands of feet above us shutting out any view of distant peaks.

Leaving Callao, our next stop was off Molendo, Peru, where we went ashore in barges and were lifted up in baskets by donkey engines and deposited on the dock. We boarded the train, went south a few miles, and then up an endless grade curving in and out of ravines, over barren slopes, until at an elevation of 4500 feet we came out on a broad plain, the tops of lofty snow peaks showing like clouds in the distance.

On this plain were Mendonos, large crescent mounds of white sand, all shaped and curved exactly the same way and driven by the prevailing wind at the terrific speed of 75 feet a year, until they dropped into the gorge, where the river swept the sand down into the ocean and the tides drove it back on the beach to be picked up again by the wind and driven up on the plains once more.

Beyond the plain we skirted the edge of a Grand Canyon, entered an alpine valley, and soon reached Arequipa, at an elevation of 7500 feet, at the base of El Misti, an 18,000-foot volcano, on whose slope Harvard has an astronomical observatory with self-recording instruments on the summit.

Some of us had signed up for a side trip to La Paz by Lake Titicaca, whose shores border on Bolivia, Peru, and Chili, at an elevation of 12,500 feet, the highest lake in the world to boast steamer transportation, but the worst rains in 40 years had carried away several bridges and prevented our going beyond Arequipa.

Our next port was Arica, where we dropped anchor off-shore in an open roadstead. We took boats to the small pier and a train up the coast to Tacna over a barren plain where lies an inexhaustible supply of nitrate, very valuable as fertilizer. The large quantity of nitrate is due to the lack of rain, as the average rainfall is once every ten years. This stretch of coast between Arequipa and Tacna is disputed territory claimed by Peru and Chili.

This day proved one of the warmest of our cruise, the shimmering heat creating deceptive mirages. Tacna was a veritable oasis, water from the Andes converting barren soil into green fields of alfalfa, corn, cotton, and cane, while the town was shaded by palms and eucalyptus, and the hotel menu included corn, watermelon, peaches, and grapes.

We enjoyed the mild climate and attractive beaches of our next port, Valparaiso, Chili, the town extending several miles along a slightly curved bay.

From Valparaiso we took a train with modern steel coaches drawn by

hydroelectric-propelled locomotives on a four hours' run to Santiago. We passed through green fields and many vineyards, the latitude here being far enough below the equator to furnish ample moisture. Santiago, 600,000 inhabitants, the largest city on the west coast of South America, is located in a fertile valley in sight of a range of snow-capped peaks, and presents a cosmopolitan appearance, with its broad avenues and many attractive parks.

Here some of the party left us to continue over the Andes, at an elevation of 12,000 feet, then down to the Pampas Plains and on to Buenos Aires, where they waited for us to join them.

We continued our journey down the coast and four days later, at daybreak, entered the Straits of Magellan.

The Straits are 334 miles long and average two to three miles in width; the cliffs rise from the shore about 4000 feet, are steep and bare of vegetation on the Pacific side except for a few slender birches at intervals at the water's edge. The upper peaks are snow-tipped and glaciers curve down to the water's edge.

The weather is so stormy with fog, rain, sleet, or snow that there are only about thirty-six days in the year when a fair view is obtainable, and we were most fortunate to strike one of these good days. It took us as many hours to negotiate the passage as it took Magellan days, and his leading ship had less tonnage than the weight of one anchor and chain which we dropped in the Valparaiso harbor.

About mid-afternoon we anchored off Punta Arenas, two-thirds of the way through the Straits, where the channel widened to seventeen miles and the shores were low and covered with vegetation, affording pasturage for large bands of sheep. This is the most southern city in the world. Formerly enjoying considerable importance when the whaling ships gathered here and it was port of call for all vessels going through the Straits, it is now quite dejected.

Early next morning we entered the Atlantic and another four days brought us into the yellow water of the Plata River up which we steamed 200 miles to Buenos Aires. The shipping here is stupendous; large steamers lined the docks which extended for miles along the water front.

Buenos Aires has over 2,000,000 inhabitants; the city is cosmopolitan, the public buildings the equal of any city, the hotels commodious and modern, the parks, squares, and avenues unrivaled, while the race-course with three encircling tracks is claimed to be the largest and best equipped in the world. We were there during Mardi Gras week and enjoyed the night parade along the spacious Avenue de Mayo, ablaze with lights, the crowd masked and in festival costume.

The principal retail shopping street is Florida, a narrow thoroughfare lined with jewelry, curio, and other stores, and every afternoon at the hour of four all vehicular traffic vanishes and the street is used for several hours as a promenade. We visited La Plata, capitol of the Argentine, where the

large government buildings are grouped around an ideal civic center, and also visited the watering place at El Tigre, where summer residences line the canal banks, with lawns reaching to the water's edge, which is fringed with drooping willows and other trees.

Argentine has unlimited grazing territory and supports large herds of cattle, the source of wealth of the Argentine millionaires. The large American packing plants are represented at Buenos Aires.

The horses, both heavy draft and riding animals, are without exception the best in South America, and every horse used by the Mounted Police is worthy of entry in any horse show.

From Buenos Aires we steamed downstream to Montevideo, capitol of Uruguay, at the mouth of the Plata River.

The first Brazilian port we visited was Santos, the largest coffee export place in the world, and from here we took the costliest railway known, across a level country buried in vegetation, until at the foot of a steep grade our train was split into two cars each, and they in turn were drawn by cables up a series of five steep inclines with a power-house at the head of each incline, and the train was then reunited at the head of the grade 2600 feet above.

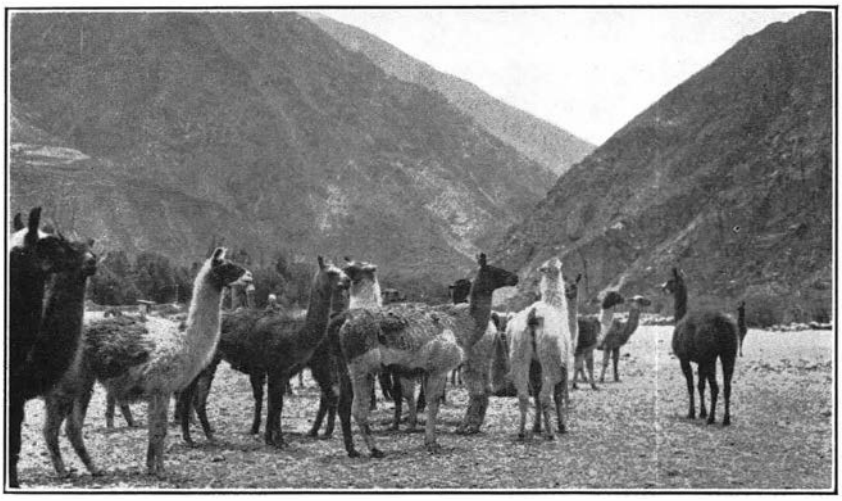
From this point we went on to Sao Paulo where the temperature is cooler than at Santos and where the rich coffee planters have some very attractive residences. Here is located the Government snake farm where rattlers and other venomous snakes are kept in moat-protected, stone-fenced enclosures. The venom is extracted, converted into a serum, and every plantation must have one or more persons skilled in handling the serum, the mortality from snake bites having been thereby greatly reduced.

A night's run by steamer brought us into the port of Rio de Janeiro, the world's most scenic harbor, a landlocked gulf twenty miles long, dotted with many verdure-covered islands.

Rio stretches for five miles along the south shore, the waterfront broken by promontories and backed by high hills. Sugar Loaf, on the edge of the bay, 1500 feet high, is reached by an aerial car drawn over dizzy space on skyline cables, and a wonderful panorama is secured from the observation tower on top. Corcovado nearby, twice the height of Sugar Loaf, rises further back and an electric cog railway takes passengers to within 100 feet of the summit, the latter reached by an easy trail. Niemeyer Avenue along the bay is a fascinating marine driveway.

Rio boasts one and a quarter million inhabitants and its shops offer more to the tourist at less cost than Buenos Aires, the chief attractions being the semi-precious stones and marvelous large blue butterflies for which Brazil is famous.

We stopped at Port of Spain, on the island of Trinidad, a British possession, and went out to Pitch Lake, from which most of the asphalt for blacktop pavements the world over is supplied. The lake is 112 acres in



R. L. Glisan

LLAMAS

The llama, the beast of burden of the Andes, will carry a heavy pack up the steepest trail. Here a group of them are seen grazing in Rimac River Canyon, Peru.

area, but the asphalt is taken repeatedly from the same spots, close to the narrow-gauge track, and the holes made during the day fill up over night, a remarkable performance, as the asphalt is taken out in hard thirty-pound chunks, so hard it is carried on the negroes' heads to small cars and from there to the refinery on the lake's edge.

The roads in the vicinity of Port of Spain pass through tropical vegetation where every tropical tree, wild and cultivated, is represented.

From Trinidad we went to La Guaira in Venezuela, facing the sea on a narrow strip of coast under the shadow of high mountain walls. Landing in launches, we took the train, climbing 5000 feet through a forest ablaze with yellow, purple and red blooms. Rising above the forest the track edged its way around and under sheer cliffs, through tunnels, curving in and out around gorges, every turn a glorious vista, until we reached the summit, 5000 feet, and then down a slight grade to Caracas, "City of Eternal June", in a mountain-encircled vale.

This is the center of the cocoa bean cultivation, Caracas chocolate being one of the best chocolates known.

Our last stop was at San Juan, Porto Rico, where we lunched at the Vanderbilt Hotel, several miles out of town, on a narrow strip between lagoon and sea, and from there took a seven-hour auto drive through the mountainous country back of town, every available spot being devoted to tobacco raising, the substantial white barns where the tobacco is dried and stored being a conspicuous feature of the valley landscape.

We returned to New York after a delightful and instructive cruise of approximately 15,000 miles, not counting the round trip across the United States.

FROM THE MACKENZIE TO THE YUKON

LAURIE R. FRAZEUR

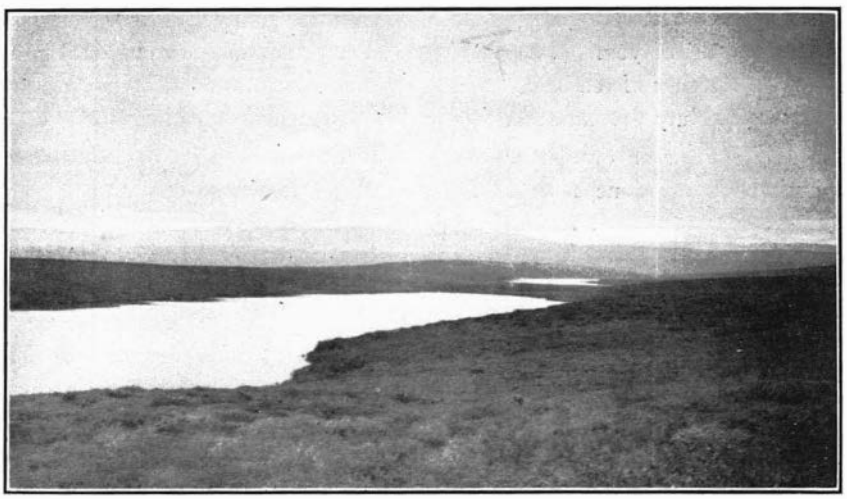
MY DESIRE to learn something of the country bordering upon the Arctic Ocean, both in Alaska and Canada, led me to plan a possible combination of these two journeys.

I had read of traders and explorers crossing the northern divide up from the Mackenzie River and down on the other side by way of the Yukon tributaries, and finally I entered into correspondence with the Arctic and Alberta Transportation Company located at Edmonton. Everything immediately took on a roseate hue. Letters came from a fur-trader who had crossed the divide both in summer and in winter. He could not especially "recommend it to a lady," but I had become interested and eventually my plans materialized into a well constructed itinerary. I went by rail from Chicago via Edmonton to Peace River Landing. There I boarded a stern-wheeled river boat and reached Great Slave Lake with the aid of a gas boat and a flat-bottomed barge which conveyed us over some difficult rapids, another river boat, and two land portages which we made by horse and motor power. North of Athabasca Lake the Peace River becomes the Slave, entering Great Slave Lake at its southern point. This beautiful lake compares in area with Lake Superior. Its waters are clear and cold.

From its northwestern corner the great Mackenzie flows on a thousand miles to the northern ocean where it spreads out into a network of rivers known as the Delta. But it is not a *frozen* North, as is generally supposed, during the summer. It is true that the ground is frozen solid at a depth of three or four feet from the surface. But the upper strata is lush and green with a liberal growth of grass, moss, and flowers of all kinds down to the mud flats bordering upon the Arctic. Beautiful forests of spruce, poplar, birch, and willows cover the vast expanse of country for thousands of square miles. Over an area of our old earth which would seem to afford ample room for all the inhabitants of a continent or two, a blessed peace and silence reigns.

While crossing into the so-called frigid zone we were comfortable in thin summer clothing, and I was informed by supposedly competent authority that there are over two hundred species of flowers north of the Arctic circle.

Since we arrived the latter part of July we were too late for a glimpse of the Midnight Sun. However it set at midnight and rose again at two,



Mrs. L. R. Frazeur

ONE OF THE DELTA STREAMS
OF THE MACKENZIE

This picture was taken about seventeen miles from the Arctic Ocean, and shows the last stretch of hills with almost no vegetation.

so we enjoyed perpetual daylight with the softness of a beautiful twilight for a few short hours.

All along this long river course we found only small posts established by that great monopoly of trade, the Hudson Bay Company. Some boasted a Catholic or Anglican church with its mission and school for the Indians and a few little cabins and tents. Oil derricks here and there proclaim the existence of a new and undeveloped wealth which may rival the "pay dirt" of Klondike days.

Aklavik, a new Indian and Eskimo town with rival Anglican and Catholic hospitals now under construction, marks the end of steamboat navigation. From here one must take a small schooner to reach the ocean. Unfortunately for us the Eskimo had gone from the town on their summer sealing expedition and we saw only the lame, halt, and blind left behind. His Excellency Lord Byng, governor general of Canada, who was a fellow passenger on our boat, found a small schooner which took him to a village further along the coast where he found about eighty Eskimo and was entertained at the Chief's house upon his arrival at the hour of 3 a. m. Then as one man they all ran out and pulled his boat off a sand-bar where it had been stranded in a dense fog. The rest of us being virtually reduced to second class, by reason of His Excellency's presence, after much frank American protestation secured a mild specimen of gas boat and set out for Shingle Point. On our return an accident to the engine made us the prey of hordes of vicious mosquitoes but we survived to swap stories with the Governor.

In Northwest territory you meet the mounted policeman in all his glory and a fine set of young men they are. They maintain law and order by the mere presence of red coats and striped trousers as much as by the prompt execution of duty over an unbelievably wide stretch of desolate country.

An inspector on our boat was much inclined to prevent my attempt to cross the divide alone with Indian guides. The whole company divided itself into two parties, for and against, the latter being an overwhelming majority. On no account would the inspector permit it unless I had a definite understanding with a reliable guide, which he believed impossible.

But I did secure one who came on the boat at the entrance to the delta to welcome his child returning from a mission school. He promised to secure a friend. Then a man representing the Pathé film company became interested in the trip and together we procured a canoe and food to be ready for us upon our return from Aklavik. This man later found a way of sailing around through Bering Strait and basely deserted me. I tried to keep his defection a secret from the inspector, but as we returned to the Peel River and stopped for the absorbing task of taking on wood, my guide appeared all dressed up in a clean shirt and citizen's clothes for the journey. The inspector renewed his objections but we got off, canoe, duffle, and all, paddled away to the Indian's camp, and pitched a tent for the night. As the boat sailed by with fluttering handkerchiefs of farewell and disappeared around the bend for another year, the flat shores with their willow fringes looked a bit lonely and the grimy Indian tents, spruce-bark tepees, and fish-racks very squalid.

I was just realizing that I was a hundred miles north of the Arctic circle with a very flat wad of money in my forestry-cloth pocket and—well, nothing else in sight! Then some squaws made formal calls, it rained all night, the dogs at their stakes howled dismally, and it was a very long twilight!

But the sun shone feebly again, thin smoke rose from the tepees, the Indians emerged to inspect their fish nets, and when I got the memory of that boat out of my system, I had no more misgivings.

We paddled north down the sluggish Peel into the Husky under lowering clouds and rain, picked up the second guide and the grub, visiting other fishing camps along the route. I noticed that we always arrived in good time for a meal of fish and tea which was served in the center of the tent on the floor. Everywhere I was hospitably received and shook hands with each one from the old grandmother to the babes in shawls. Many marvelled at my coming and at my dress and said, "White womans must be hard"!

In two days we reached the mouth of the Rat and paddled up that stream now swollen high with continuous rain. It flows down from MacDougall Pass which I planned to cross. About twenty miles from its source we found a group of dilapidated cabins known as Destruction City where unfortunate Klondikers upon the wrong trail were marooned. Above this

point the stream was supposed to become shallow and flow swiftly over a stony bed. Here canoeists begin tracking. However the rains had caused the Rat to rise up on its hind legs and lash its tail in fury The rapids were roaring torrents and it was impossible to handle the canoe. We made camp on a green point of marshy land and it continued to rain. The water goes down rapidly when it starts but there seemed no likelihood of its ever making a start. It continued rising. After a sleepless night I decided to return to Fort MacPherson, pack-dogs and guides and take the land trail known as the Peel River portage. Very few white people cross it in summer on account of the marshes, muskeg, and insect pests. It is an Indian trail of a moccasin's width, from one to two feet in depth, with water at the bottom, and winds its sinuous way between millions of "nigger heads", which are high, matted, grassy knolls, flexible as India rubber, and affording no foothold.

This one torture Job escaped! From their slimy depths rise myriads of large mosquitoes and small gnats. Like the Camels and Fatimas, if one doesn't get you the other must! Then there were other varieties of tall water-grass, bog-moss, and mud-bottomed streams peculiar to the tundra country. On the third day we reached the blessed high and dry country with its beautiful blue and misty mountains and crossed the divide. This range is not very high, I should say not over five thousand feet, and there were only a few small patches of ice and snow in August, but the coloring was very soft and lovely. It is called the Davidson Range and meets at right angles the Endicott Range, the most northern mountains on the coast. Here the caribou were ranging everywhere nipping the abundant reindeer moss which grows over the high slopes. One of the guides shot one right in our camp the third day out. From that time on we had fresh meat and it was most delicious. Large companies of Indians were roaming through these mountains on their fall hunt and I acquired two more men and ten lean and hungry dogs on my expedition. I didn't care for so many but decided not to express my feelings on the subject.

Then came the descent through more tundras to the Little Bell river whither we arrived in six and a half days.

Sixty-five miles from its source lies an old Hudson Bay post called La Pierre House. At present two stalwart Swede fur-traders, Frank and Jim Jackson, have built two log cabins. They own a small gas-boat and make trips down the Bell and Porcupine rivers to Fort Yukon at the junction of the Porcupine with the Yukon. I hoped to find them at home and for once luck was with me. They were starting the next morning for Fort Yukon. I dismissed my Indians and dogs and embarked on the small "Moose" for the long journey of four hundred and fifty miles to the Yukon.

The Porcupine river is a very beautiful stream. For a hundred miles along its banks lie vividly colored ramparts rivalling the Dolomites in

grotesque carvings and lovely tints. The high-cut banks, long, glistening sandbars, and fresh green forests stretched along endlessly in dreamy beauty. At night we camped on the clean sands and cooked our wild game.

There were myriads of wild geese, duck, and ptarmigan. I enjoyed glimpses of foxes, coyotes, moose, muskrat, and bald-headed eagles. No sound at night but the swish of the current and the cry of the loon or owl. We visited grizzled old trappers with their Indian wives and children, picked up cargo along the way, and entered the Yukon with a motley array of squaws, dogs, children, mounted police, buckets of blueberries, shanks of caribou, and, above all, mail from the villages along the way.

Fort Yukon, the metropolis of the mighty Yukon, is a straggling little Indian village where I was royally entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Burke who are at the head of the hospital and mission there. I missed the bi-monthly boat which plies between Tanana and Dawson, and being already late, I decided to reach Fairbanks by air.

Almost all the Alaska towns now have wireless. A fur-trader here also wished to go "outside", so we sent a wireless for the plane at Fairbanks. They have two but the large plane seating four passengers was being repaired. The small, tippy one came promptly and in the midst of great excitement we were crowded into the small front cockpit. In a flight of two and a half hours we crossed the Yukon flats, a whole range of mountains, had a first glimpse of Mount McKinley from a height of a mile, and drifted down to Fairbanks in the heart of Alaska. Here my sister coming north from California met me on the following day and we came out together.

There is so much to say of the great interior of Alaska, its stupendous distances, its possibilities, and the great need of its development, but that is another story.

A GLIMPSE OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLES FROM THE AIR

LeRoy Jeffers, F. R. G. S.

IT IS always an especial pleasure on my vacation trips to renew my acquaintance with Seattle. Its summer verdure with brilliant flowers everywhere, its many hills and beautiful residence parks, the variety of its lake and seascapes, and above all its fascinating views of the mountains, combine in memories which inspire an Easterner for the remainder of the year. How ethereal is the great cone of Rainier so delicately painted in white and rose upon the sky that it can scarcely be distinguished from the softest cloud; and from the heights what sunset views unfold above the purple Olympics across the Sound!

Doubtless the most comprehensive view of Seattle and its surroundings may be obtained from the air; and we believe that before long aviation in this country will prove of great value to the traveler as well as to the explorer. The topography of a region is seen at a glance from the air, and one may become acquainted with the leading features of city, country, or mountains in a surprisingly short time. Consequently, I readily accepted the opportunity of a flight afforded me by the Army at Sand Point Field.

Our plane was a De Haviland D. H.-4 with Liberty motor and we had no difficulty in rising over 10,000 feet in a little over half an hour. As we traveled back and forth over the city its great buildings resembled the play blocks of a child. We were above the haze and the gigantic white cones of Rainier, Adams, and Baker seemed near at hand, but none save a mountaineer who has conquered their difficult miles of snow and ice can appreciate their real elevation. Rank after rank of glistening, snowy Cascades rose in the east, while beyond Puget Sound on the west were the rugged Olympics. By air it is less than half a day's trip from Seattle to Portland and return, while a ride of only seven hours lands one in San Francisco.

In Seattle the planes were being constructed for the Navy's valiant attempt to reach Hawaii by air.

Proceeding to Honolulu by a steamer of the Matson Line, I visited the Government's great plant at Pearl Harbor. Here is an enormous dry-dock for the largest ships and repair shops of all descriptions. I viewed the Langley, our unique aircraft carrier, whose high, flat deck enables aviators to land and to take off wherever the ship may be at sea. In this extensive inland harbor with its many lochs, a convenient island is shared by the Government air forces, the Army headquarters being known as Luke Field and those of the Navy as the Naval Air Station.

The Commander of our naval air forces on the islands invited me to fly with him over the sea on a visit to Hawaii, the largest island of the group. As I had already arranged to return to New York, he offered to give me a bird's-eye view of the islands at once. Putting on an aviator's suit with close-fitting head cap and goggles, I filled my ears with cotton to deaden the sound of the engine. Then a folded parachute was strapped to my back for use in case it should be necessary to leave the plane head first in midair. Testing the propellor sent back such a powerful current of air that it was not advisable to remain in the immediate vicinity. When the plane is near water, a minature storm is awakened on its surface. Just as I climbed into our Vought VE-7F plane in front of my companion, we were warned of dangerous air conditions by an aviator who had returned from a battle with storm winds and low temperature above.

Immediately we were off, rising from the field with ease and then flying back and forth over a small area as we climbed directly upward. For days it had been rough weather on the ocean and we found the air very "bumpy" up to 10,000 feet. There are dangerous waves in the air as well as on the sea, with ascending and descending currents that may easily prove fatal. Sixty-miles-an-hour gusts threatened to send our plane on a nose dive through the clouds, but the Commander is an expert airman and we steadily rose. From 4000 to 7000 feet white clouds hovered over the mountains and we passed through their sunlit mists. Frequently we had entrancing glimpses through these cloudlands of verdant mountains and foam-flecked sea. Then we soared above the clouds until the island of Oahu grew small beneath us and the others of the group seemed floating in a universe of sky and sea.

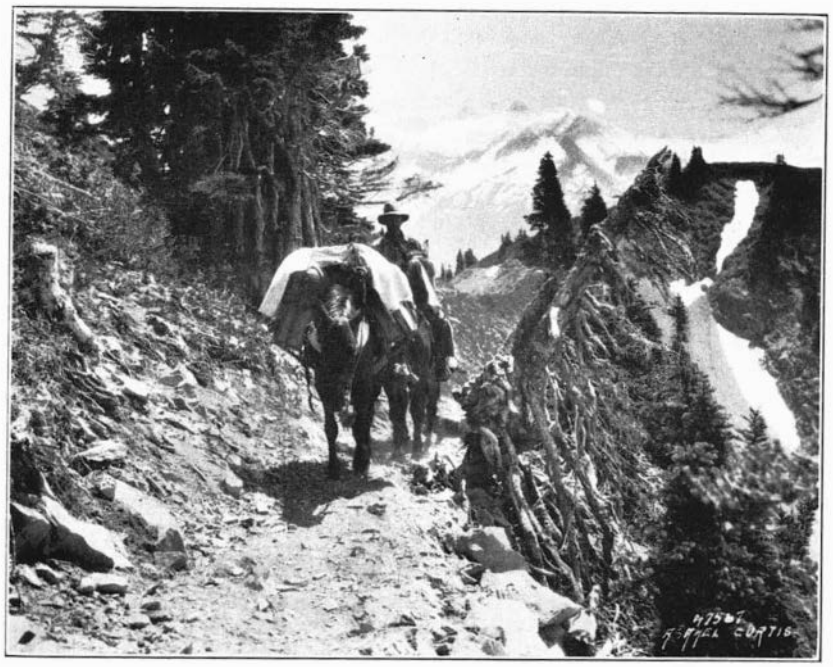
We were flying at a hundred miles an hour and the force of the wind was so great that I could scarcely hold my arm out against it; but at high elevation it is difficult to realize the speed. Looking upward from the ground, an airplane is seen to move swiftly; but looking down on the earth from above, one's progress appears far less rapid. Likewise, elevation is often gained with such apparent ease that after a few thousand feet, one may underestimate his true height. Conversation is of course impossible on account of the noise of the engine and the pressure of the wind, but instrumental readings are passed on by the pilot, who may open and close his hand to indicate 5000 feet and then show each additional thousand with his fingers.

We were far above the volcanoes of Haleakala, 10,032 feet on Maui, Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet, and snow-crowned Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet on distant Hawaii. We were rising like a bird, but far beyond the flight of any. The mountains on our island seemed but ridges on a relief map and to us the precipices of the Pali were but tiny. At 15,000 feet I turned to see my companion thrice open and close his hand, but above he marked each thousand feet with his fingers.

We paused for a moment directly over the ancient crater of Diamond Head and then looked down on Waikiki Beach and the Moana Hotel, which appeared in miniature. At this height the streets and buildings of Honolulu merged in a general plan; but outlying areas of green indicated sugar cane, and those of red earth, pineapple fields. We sped for many miles out across the Pacific, enjoying the green and white of the sea near the shore, and the deep blue of its vast silent spaces beyond.

I had climbed many of the highest peaks in the United States and the Canadian Rockies, but they do not exceed 14,500 feet, and we were climbing for thousands of feet above them. The air grew scant and chill, while the things of earth had lost their interest. We seemed apart from man, and felt as if we were about to find freedom in another world of experience. Upward! I continued to point; but under these conditions our plane had about reached its "ceiling" at an elevation of nearly three and a half miles. My companion kissed his hand to the sky to indicate good-by, and we fairly slid downward through the air. At this angle the landscape curiously seemed to curve upward in a sudden effort to reach us. I have always descended mountains with especial rapidity, but this was falling thousands of feet in a few seconds. After a time I noticed that we were circling a little, for our ears had registered the sudden change in atmospheric pressure. As we reached the vicinity of the earth, its heavier atmosphere and tropic heat were very apparent. There is a comradeship among those who pursue this high calling and they seem always to delight in adventurous flight. Once and forever an aviator!

At dinner we discussed my previous flights in Southern California and the one which the Army had recently arranged for me at Seattle. As we talked, an evening paper was delivered with an account of the thrilling rescue effected under direction of the Commander on the previous night. He had received a telephone call asking that search be made for three men who were lost at sea in a twenty-foot launch. In ten minutes a seaplane started, and in half an hour the men were located seven miles off Pearl Harbor, lashed to their boat, which threatened to overturn as it was swept by the seas. Their engine had refused to work and they faced death for twelve hours in a forty-mile gale, while they watched the sharks play about their disabled craft. The aviator immediately notified a naval tug, which steamed out and brought the launch to harbor in safety.



AN OLYMPIC TRAIL — For miles along this trail over the Sol Duc-Bogachiel-Hoh Divide, one of the most spectacular panoramas of the Olympics is visible with Mount Olympus dominating.

RIDGE-RUNNING NORTH OF MT. OLYMPUS

MARY PASCHALL REMEY

HEADED for the less known high-line trails to the north of Mount Olympus, seven Club members left Kitsap Cabin in mid-August for ten care-free knapsack days.

Staging to Port Angeles, Elwha River was reached the first night. Morning unravelled the first loop of the trail afoot to Olympic Hot Springs, and on the summit of Boulder Creek divide the following day, two packhorses dropped our beds and provisions with a sigh. We also sighed, for night and a storm came on apace and did their worst to our frail shelters. A new day found the entire party still able to look Nature straight in the eye, so she relented and rolled back the curtains of the hills, revealing the azure waters of the Straits, fifteen miles to the north. Behind the divide the garments of the storm whirled through the canyons until night and the moon looked into the smoking depths, and lo! they became a lake unruffled, limpid, a strangely colored inland fjord.

Dropping steeply into the valley of the Sol Duc, through the slender masts of an unspoiled forest, across the bridge above the falls, and up Canyon Creek trail, two days' march brought us easily to Deer Lake, hidden in a timbered valley.

An hour's climb and the way led into the still pastures of the high-lands; smooth-turfed, tree-planted, and jewelled with lakes. Higher still we suddenly stood under the very dome of Heaven upon a poet's carpet of nodding harebells. Beyond, lay a world bathed in sunshine.

A perfect contour, then, for ridge-running, hour after hour, a moving panorama of mountain ranges and river valleys. We peeped into Seven Lakes Basin, one for each of us; then onward wound across acres of high-slanted wild-flower gardens, vivid with paint brush and flashing gold of mimulus and sunflower, and cooling our eyes with blue of lupine. We swung out on rocky shoulders, marked on the skyline where the far thread of trail disappeared, and somehow guessed that on the other side of nowhere young rivers were saying goodbye to their mother mountains.

It was late afternoon on the shoulders of Bogachiel Peak and our feet would go no further. Below were lovely sheltered parks, yet we chose to risk a night on the heights rather than miss a moment of this promised land. The sleeping bags were fastened in tiny hollows such as an eagle might choose for nesting-place. The reflecting oven fell to work in earnest, fed with alpine fir branches, our fire like John Muir's "gladly giving back the light slowly sifted from the sunbeams of centuries of summers." Behind six ridges the sun sank in a coppery splendor scarce noted for our gaze had traveled beyond the blue valley of the Hoh, up the bearded ridges to the silver snow-fields, resting at last on the noble face of Mt. Olympus at peace with all the world. Many a mile had we tramped for this one look! The home trail then was easy as we slipped from peak to forest, from forest to civilization.

Pastures of elk and deer, ridges of red and amber and purple, blue-eyed lakes, heather beds beneath the Milky Way, forests deep and cool, laughing waterfalls, all these count, but no picture is so clear, so lasting to the mountain lover as his first close meeting with so majestic a piece of the Creator's handiwork as a snow-clad mountain at set of sun.

GLACIER BAY NATIONAL MONUMENT

EDWARD W. ALLEN

UNCLIMBED mountain peaks, untrodden miles of glaciers, thousands of icebergs, islands of marble, fiords with prismatic walls—a profusion of beauty and grandeur—such is the region set aside on February 27, 1925, as a national monument. The Ecological Society of America, is to be congratulated for taking the initiative to preserve this unique museum of nature.

The monument embraces much of the peninsula between Lynn Canal on the east, and the Pacific ocean on the west, in the northerly part of what is commonly termed Southeastern Alaska. It includes Glacier Bay, made famous by the ramblings and writings of John Muir, the Brady Glacier, a gigantic stream of ice flowing into Taylor Bay, the Fairweather Alps, with their monarch Mt. Fairweather a thousand feet higher than Mt. Rainier and famous in the days of the clipper ships as the beacon point for the greatest whaling fleet ever assembled in the history of the world, and Lituya Bay, a scenic gem in a land of scenery, a veritable congestion of natural phenomena and a place rich in history and wild romance.

Best known of all of these is Glacier Bay. It occupies that part of the former bed of a once enormous glacier which has yielded thus far to the onslaught of the elements. The combat is still waging—beneath the influence of wind and wave, frost and sun, the icebergs are still hurled headlong into the chill waters; glacial torrents still rend and recast the ever-changing land.

Let it not be thought that the retreat of the grand old glacier which once filled the entire bay has left but puny tributaries unworthy of esteem. Muir Glacier still presents its mile-wide perpendicular wall from which huge masses of ice crash down into the inlet. Cushing Plateau still stretches its snowy level into the obscure distances miles away to the north. Casement, Wright, McBride, Carroll, Rendu, Grand Pacific, Johns Hopkins, Reid, Hugh Miller, and a host of other glaciers still contribute to the bay their turbid waters or glistening bergs.

A laboratory of world mutations is this region.

Here is presented the negative process—destruction. The relics of mighty forests wrecked by glacial onslaught lie scattered about among moraines; ghastly white stumps, brittle and infiltrated with sand, protrude to the south of the Morse torrent. On the north bank, the old surface level with its streak of soil and ancient trees presents itself clear cut in

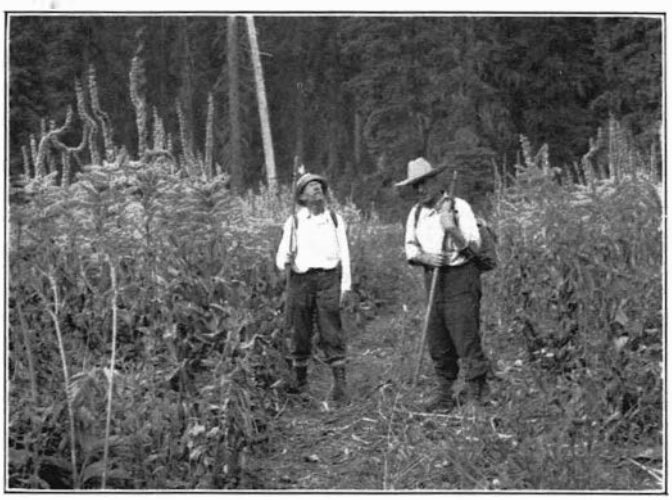
the perpendicular fall beneath millions of tons of detritus from the now receding glacier.

Here also appears the affirmative process—world building. The abandoned valleys, the moraines and walls of dead or dying glaciers, picture their stories so clearly that no technical knowledge is required to understand them. The broken rocks, the rounded boulders, the pulverized detritus, the scorings of granite faces, and the gouging of couloirs, all bear witness to the dynamic power of the now diminishing ice sheets. The aggressiveness, the spontaneity with which vegetation follows in their wake, evidence the recuperative powers of organic life.

First appears the soilless, barren, and uneven waste. Then come the mosses, weeds, and flowers seizing upon such most inhospitable homes. Next follow willows, cottonwoods, and alder, each in turn finally to yield at lower altitudes to the all-conquering spruce. Each and every stage is found at Glacier Bay.

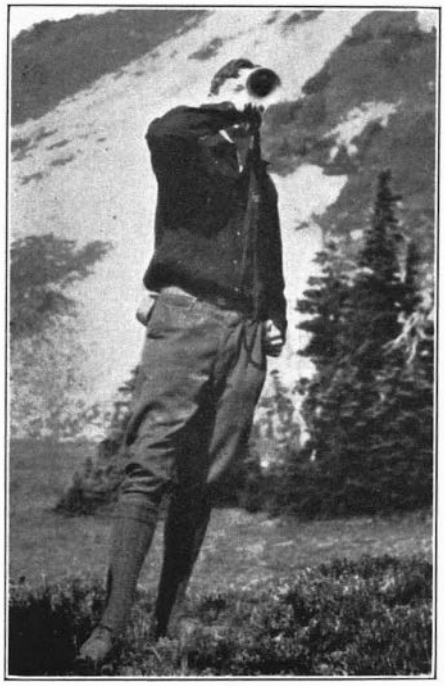
About the bay to east, to north, and west, peak upon peak appears. But the greatest of these comprise the little known Fairweather Range, the sharp ridge of Mount Crillon to the south, the huge mass of Mount Fairweather to the north, D'Agelet, La Perouse, Lituya, and dozens of unnamed pinnacles presenting an array of bristling summits no one of which has ever felt the foot of man.

Scientist, tourist, historian, fisherman, mountain climber, or sea-dog—each can find a congenial haunt in this land of change and variation. Nature with impressive majesty here bares her processes and surrounds them with scenic grandeur that man may gaze, ponder, admire, and revere.



A. H. Denman

WHITE HELLEBORE The trail led through fields of white hellebore. Plants, like men, flock to spots where conditions suit their taste.



TAPS *Lulie Nettleton*

NED

When mountain mornings waken
And the trumpet bids us rise,
Like a tree by clean winds shaken,
I thrill with a new surprise.

Away from burden and bother,
At end of long forest tramp,
I know the joy of a father
With son for a chum in camp.

Each mountain bird and flower,
Old friends yet ever rare,
Again weave mystic power;
We live a tender prayer.

The camp-fire embers glowing,
Our hearts obeisance make,
Ned's boy scout trumpet blowing
Plaintive taps across the lake.

In far-away December,
When winter tempests break,
I think I may remember
Echoed taps across a lake.

—Edmond S. Meany.

LODGE AND CABIN

FLORENCE MCCOMB

THERE is a rapidly increasing group of The Mountaineers to whom Autumn no longer represents the "melancholy days" but rather a season of joyous anticipation. These are the skiers, who are counting off the days until the snow comes to the lodge country. Skiing is decidedly in the ascendancy for the long winter season at Snoqualmie Lodge and the snow-shoe is as much out of style as the "covered wagon," though it still has a few staunch supporters who like to plant their feet firmly and know that they will stay put. This past winter has been a banner one for snow sports and Jim Carpenter has developed an agile wrist turning over hot cakes for the crowd each week-end.

"Peak Grabbers" are gaining more adherents, too. The numerous additions to the climbing record chart bear this out even if, as one member grumbled: "Those mountain tops certainly do recede as we approach them!" New and interesting angles of these familiar peaks burst upon us this year on our peregrinations during the summer outing, giving us an increased sense of friendliness toward them.

Hot and cold running water in women's quarters, comfortable beds for all, wonderful new kitchen cupboards, rumors of hot and cold shower-baths—can you recognize the Lodge of olden days? Shall we become so effete as to install an escalator service from the station?

Kitsap Cabin is a very lovely complement to the Lodge. The program is more varied and perhaps less strenuous than that of the Lodge. The well-planned scheduled trips and the little, informal parties are more popular than ever. The latest addition is a volley-ball court in front of the Cabin, where fierce battles are enjoyed by both the players and on-lookers. Games have played an important part in this year's program, including a thrilling polo game, where the participants' costumes and the marvelous home-grown horses vied for first place.

The most important feature of Kitsap's program, however, is the annual play given by The Mountaineer Drama Club in the out-of-door theatre. This year it was "The Clay Cart," a translation from the Hindu, produced under the able direction of Mrs. Robert Sandall. The high standard of work of the Drama Club was again evinced.

The one unfortunate drawback to the production of these plays has been the very poor accommodation for the large audiences. Moreover, the location is not on our property. This past summer those most interested in dramatics have chosen a satisfactory site for a permanent out-of-door theater on our own land. As there is a great deal of work to be done in improving this theater, every member may look forward to some week-ends with the fun of working to create a beauty spot for permanent use.

P. M. McGregor

THE MOUNTAINEER CHIEF
AND THE CHIEF PACKER

THE PACK-TRAIN

CHARLES M. FARRER

THERE are pack-trains and pack-trains and the variety usually in evidence on a short outing might better be called a trouble and misery train, the trouble and misery being about equally divided between the animals and the party. Usually a few strong and tractable animals are mingled with a number of spoiled or abused and consequently fractious horses whose furtive backward glances when being packed, seem able to estimate to a second the most favorable moment in which to dump the partly hitched pack, placing one hoof through the can of baking-powder and another in the coffee-pot. This usually results in a storm of blows and also language from the average garden-variety of self-styled packer which, if written here, would be deleted by the editor. And this combination of a fool horse and a fool man is unexcelled in its capacity to spoil the pleasure of any outing.

The Mountaineers, however, have on several occasions, of which the recent outing was one, been blessed with the other kind of pack-train—a string of well-fed, well cared-for, and well-trained animals in charge of men who knew their business and with whom it was a pleasure to travel. This outfit is owned and managed by Henry Loss, veteran packer in the Cascades, a good business man, a good horse man, and a good fellow to be out with.

When, on moving days, the dunnage is piled ready for the horses before the six o'clock breakfast, Loss's men and animals are there to take the loads and get the early start so necessary on new, and even on old, trails, in order that when the hungry hikers arrive at the new camp, they do not have to wait around hungry and depressed for a lagging pack-train delayed by played-out, sore-backed animals and badly loaded and therefore scattered packs, but find their dunnage bags awaiting them, cheerful cooks ready with that wonderful and longed-for dinner and the horses out grazing or, if feed is somewhat scarce, contentedly munching their ration of grain. If a delicate member of the party has dallied in too many huckleberry patches, or met with an accident necessitating some other means of locomotion than his own good legs, there is always an extra horse or two for such emergencies.

Such a pack-train is a distinct acquisition to any party. It adds to the pleasure of the outing and leaves no sore spots, even on the horses' backs.

Loss packed for our late beloved member, George Wright, on his last outing with his family in Mount Rainier National Park. Together they climbed Aurora Peak and when the Club received permission from the Government to place a tablet there in memory of Wright, Loss volunteered to climb the peak and attach the tablet to the rock.

So, aside from business, Loss reciprocates the friendly sentiments of our members and is ready and willing to lend a hand with the rest when opportunity offers.

If, on any future outings, Henry Loss handles our precious commissary and dunnage, the members of the Outing Committee may well, as far as the packer is concerned, wiggle into their sleeping-bags at night with a contented sigh and

REQUIESCUNT IN PACE

MOUNTAINEER SPIRIT

RALPH L. DYER

IN REVIEWING the activities of the summer just passed, a rather significant fact stands forth in the large variety and number of outings taken by club members. The impression is gained that a greater number of members went a larger number of outings than in any previous season.

This is of course as it should be. Love of the mountains is, by its very nature, inseparably associated with service to others—helping others also to learn the love of the hills and forests. This is a fundamental object of a club such as ours. It is a foundation stone which insures an organization's permanency and strength. Proof is needless because the fact is self-evident.

It is human nature to think, as time rolls on, that new truths are being discovered, and new things invented. In each generation a new thought will appear and for a while be looked upon as a created thing. Then to our ever fresh surprise we find that same thought expressed, and its truth demonstrated, hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years ago. The cycle varies and the degree of submersion changes in different cases. To an astronomer, for example, the study of astral phenomena is a matter of routine. To the average layman an occasional eclipse, or revived discussion of habitation on Mars, will inspire a sudden interest and a soul-stirring glimpse of things which to him appear new.

Just such a truth is the age-old fact that service, intelligently applied, benefits both, but the giver more than the receiver. It is one of the unalterable laws of nature which has been demonstrated over and over again since civilization began. At times the wave surges a little and selfishness holds sway for a short while. Peoples and individuals believing their gifts unappreciated decide to live in and for themselves alone. The results are not satisfactory and two lessons are learned. First that something very valuable is lost, secondly that man can not live alone, independent and apart from his fellow creatures, and that unless he gives he can not receive.

The argument may appear ponderous in its application to Mountaineer outings. But it has a direct bearing, more so than we sometimes realize. Our Club is a peculiarly apt exemplification of the glory of service. Its very existence and welfare depends upon it. On a difficult climb our safety may easily rest upon a lift or a suggestion from someone else—or maybe his conscious efforts to avoid starting down rocks.

Sometimes we prefer to go into the hills alone, or in small groups. We like the joys of solitude and individual grappling with Nature. Perhaps

there is a little feeling of impatience with the shortcomings or inexperience of others in the large parties. But how did we learn this proficiency? A very few, from previous environment. A very few, by solitary experience —if the process was survived. Isn't it safe to say, however, that the majority have been taught on the outings of just such organizations as The Mountaineers? Hasn't the very service and guidance that *someone* on the outing gave, been the source of the knowledge?

Isn't it fundamentally true therefore that the very nature of this type of organization is such that it is a sort of school? That its basic object is two-fold, to explore, study, and enjoy the mountains ourselves, and to help others to do so? A local walk taken merely with an attitude of personal gain in health or pleasure is incomplete and not satisfying. A summer outing taken without thought of learning something new about nature—and helping others to do so—is not conducive to the fullness of rich memories.

On the other hand to go on any of The Mountaineers' outings with a spirit of service and receptivity to the beauties around us, is to gain something indefinably wonderful. In doing so we learn many things and very often so increase our desire to see yet more of the mountains that we go out at every opportunity. Having gained experience from the regular outings we form little groups of congenial friends and do so. It may be that all are Mountaineers, or guests may be included—whose confidence in our ability to properly lead the party is influenced by their knowledge that we gained our experience in an accredited school, so to speak. In short, to a certain extent the number and character of the special outings and private parties of Mountaineers who take advantage of their opportunities to enjoy the wonderful scenic attractions of the Pacific Northwest is a kind of yardstick to measure the success of the organization.

With a substantial increase in such activities this past season, the situation is wholesome and hopeful. It is a concrete demonstration that that which The Mountaineers stands for is successful, that the spirit and traditions of our wonderful organization are bearing fruit. Nor is it meant in any sense to detract from the value and popularity of the scheduled outings. We do not all have the time, ability, or inclination either to lead or even enjoy small, private parties in the mountains. The majority prefer both the sociability and the comfort of the regular scheduled outings. They are incomparable with any other form of recreation. We make lifelong friends and store up a fund of memories which are invaluable. That which is the dross of civilization disappears in the clear air of the mountains.

In whichever type of outing we take we have the spirit and service of the organization to thank, and it is well to give a thought to it. It isn't unique. Love of mountains is a world-wide manifestation of man's innate inseparableness with Nature. Mountain clubs exist in nearly all civilized countries of the globe—and in the uncivilized ones the natives often worship mountains as supernatural gods. The aims, objects, and even operations of

most of these organizations are very similar and there is a very strong bond of friendship between the members. During the war a prominent Allied officer had brought before him a captured German officer for interrogation. His insignia designated Alpine troops. In the tent also was the French commander of the adjoining French Alpine troops. In spite of the bitterest of military enmity and recent endeavors to kill each other, the German and these two other nationals forgot the war—and talked mountain-climbing.

It is something unquenchable, and indescribable for an untrained pen. The feeling of worthwhile achievement, of profound satisfaction, of intimate contact with Nature, that is felt on a mountain top partially explains it. These heights are not gained, however, by mere will alone without ability and experience. Somebody has listened to the teachings of others before him, and learned how to conduct a successful outing.

In conclusion, therefore, let us leave the thought that the spirit of The Mountaineers is service to others. Its influence through the years is helping others to enjoy and appreciate the mountains that we love so well.

W. A. Marzolf

SNOQUALMIE LODGE — The main body of the structure is the large central section, the left wing contains the women's sleeping quarters, while in the right foreground is the recently constructed caretaker's quarters.

MEMBERS OF THE 1925 SUMMER OUTING

Outing Committee

Ben C. Mooers, Chairman — Charles M. Farrer
Glen F. Bremerman — Matha Irick, Secretary

Record of Ascents

For convenient reference the letters indicate the names of the peaks, the numbers indicate the amount of ascents.

	Ft. Elevation		Ft. Elevation
A—Iron Cap	6400	F—Lemah, Middle Peak	7512
B—The Overcoat	7550	G—The Buttress	6800
C—Summit Chief	7500	H—Cathedral Rock	6750
D—Mineral Mountain	6700	I—Mount Daniels, East Peak	7900
E—Iapia, South Peak of Lemah	6970	J—Ingalls Peak, West Peak	8000
		K—Mount Stuart	9470

Anderson, C. L., Seattle				D	E	F		H	I		K
Bennett, Edith Page, Seattle	A							H		J	
Boehme, Bertha, Spokane		B			E						
Brown, Margaret T., Seattle											
Barrows, Ruth, Missoula, Mont.											
Bremerman, Glen F., Seattle		B	C	D	E	F		H		J	K
Coleman, Linda M., Seattle								H			K
Copeland, May, Seattle						F				J	K
Clark, Irving, Seattle					E						
Cameron, Crissie, Tacoma											
Densmore, Cora, Everett									I		
Denman, A. H., Tacoma	A								I		
Dodge, Florence F., Tacoma	A	B			E		G	H	I		K
Furry, Mabel, Seattle									I	J	
Fuller, H. A., Seattle										J	K
Fisher, Clarence A., Bellingham		B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I		K
Fitzgerald, Roy G., Dayton, O.											
Fitzgerald, Dorothy, Dayton, O.											
Farrer, Charles M., Seattle		B	C		E		G	H	I		K
Gilley, Emily, Seattle											
Granger, Mildred, Seattle											
Geithmann, Harriett, Seattle									I	J	K
Hazard, Joe, Seattle	A2	B	C	D	E						
Hugdahl, Paul, Bellingham								H	I		
Irick, Matha, Seattle		B			E		G	H	I		K
Josenhans, Sarah E.	A				E			H			
Jenkin, Ellen, Everett								H			
Kizer, R. B., Tacoma					E			H			K
Kreteck, Ann, Seattle											
Larson, Bernard M., Pittsburgh, Pa.	A	B	C		E	F		H	I		K
Lungreen, Clyde E., Seattle					E						
Morgan, W. P., Seattle											
McGregor, P. M., Seattle								H	I		K
Meany, Edmond S., Jr., Seattle	A	B								J	K
Mean, Jr., Edmond S., Seattle	A	B								J	K
Mueller, Lynda R., Spokane	A								I		K
McCullough, Emma, Seattle											
McComb, Florence, Seattle	A		C								
Myers, Harry, Seattle		B									
Mooers, Ben C., Seattle		B			E		G	H	I	J	K
Marks, Samuel, Los Angeles, Cal.											
Paschall, Patience, Charleston, Wn.	A							H			
Rowntree, Harry, Seattle		B2			E			H4		J	K
Reedy, Frances, Seattle					E					J	K
Ruddiman, Ronald R., Seattle					E		G	H	I	J	K
Reid, Robert W., Seattle		B	C								
Streator, Gertrude I., Seattle		B			E	F		H	I	J	K
Scott, Edith, Seattle					E					J	K
Smith, Ilo, Seattle					E				I		K
Stenholm, Alice, Madison, Wis.		B								J	
Shelton, Mary E., Seattle	A						G	H			K
Seymour, Mrs. W. W., Tacoma											
Seymour, W. W., Tacoma	A			D		F		H			K
Thompson, Nan, Everett					E				I		
Thomas, Edgar A., Seattle	A							H	I		
Taylor, Harriett, Spokane	A	B	C	D	E		G	H	I		K
Thomas, Margaret, Missoula, Mont.											
Wagen, Alma, Tacoma		B		D	E			H		J	K

Ten people visited the Outing for one or two days. Two of these visitors participated in the climb of Mount Stuart:

Loveseth, Lars, Seattle ..... K — West, Hubert, Seattle ..... K

Cooks and Helpers

Jim Carpenter										
Clarence Garner				D	E					K
John Lazzar										
Alex Miley										

Head Packer

Henry A. Loss, Carbonado, Washington.

Total number of people on climbs, 179; total ascents, 184.

C. L. Anderson and Bernard Larson made the ascent of the Citadel,, 7100 feet elevation, August 10, en route to Mount Daniels. The first recorded ascents of Summit Chief, Mineral Mountain, and the middle peak of Lemah were made this year. The second recorded ascents of Iapia and Cathedral Rock were made.

Chimney Rocks were not attempted, however a possible route was outlined by Glen F. Bremerman and Clarence A. Fisher from the summit of Lemah.

SUMMER OUTING 1926

Plans are going forward for the 1926 Summer Outing in the Olympics. The exact routing is not definitely settled. The party will go in by way of Hood Canal, most likely by way of Brinnon, although an entrance to the Olympic country by way of Lake Cushman is being seriously considered.

This latter route will bring the party into mountain country right at the beginning of the outing and will follow the range of peaks consisting of Mount Elinor, which will offer the first climb, Mount Washington, Mount Lincoln, Mount Gladys, Mount Skokomish, and several others.

If this route does not prove feasible, the trail will take the party up and into the beautiful park region at the head of the Dosewallips for a two or three days' camp. From this region climbs of Mount Constance, Mount Anderson, Mount Claywood, and a number of others will be made.

The climb of Mount Olympus will be made from permanent camp in the basin of the Elwha, knapsacking in as usual to temporary camp for the main climb. In this vicinity are Mount Meany, Mount Seattle, and Mount Queets which will offer some interesting climbing.

The party will then follow the "sky-line" trail of the Queets-Quinault divide down to Lake Quinault. This route will afford a series of magnificent views of Mount Olympus across the valley of the Queets.

Indian canoes will be awaiting at Lake Quinault to take the members of the party on the last lap of their journey—the thrilling trip down the Quinault River to the Pacific Ocean at Tahola, a fitting climax for the three weeks' trip in the beautiful Olympic country.

An outing in the Olympics has been much desired ever since the 1920 outing in that region and this outing offers much that is new and intensely fascinating to both old and new Mountaineers.

CLAIRE M. McGUIRE, Secretary of Outing Committee.

Record of the location of the thirty-six record tubes purchased in 1915 and 1919. Location of tubes No. 1 to No. 18, inclusive, published in Annual of 1918.

No.	Mountain	Year	No.	Mountain	Year
1	Chair Peak	1915	17	Vesper Peak	1918
2	Mount Rainier	1915	18	Cadet Peak	1918
3	McClellan Butte	1916	19	White Horse Mountain	1919
4	Pinnacle Peak	1915	20	Mount Anderson	1920
5	Pyramid Peak	1915	21	Mount Olympus	1920
6	Silver Tip Peak	1915	22	Mount Meany	1920
7	Granite Mountain	1915	23	Mount Seattle	1920
8	Humpback Mountain	1916	24	Mount Christie	1920
9	Snoqualmie Mountain	1916	25	Glacier Peak	1921
10	Kaleetan Peak	1916	26	Chewawa Mountain	1921
11	Silver Peak	1916	27	(In Stock)	
12	Mount Shuksan	1916	28	Cathedral Rock	1925
13	Mount Baker	1916	29	Mount Garibaldi	1923
14	Mount Del Campo	1918	30	Mount Thomson	1923
15	Mount St. Helens	1917	31-36	(In Stock	
16	Mount Adams	1917			

November 14, 1925.

BEN C. MOOERS.

A. H. Denman

LODGE-POLE PINE

The tip of a pine branch bearing an old, open cone that has discharged its seeds, a young cone still enclosing its seeds, and two clusters of staminate cones.

ACTIVITIES OF OTHER MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS

Edited by Gertrude Inez Streator.

SIERRA CLUB

Aurelia S. Harwood

"While most are interested in roads for automobiles, it is good to know that we have a few citizens who are interested in the mountain trails and in visiting the wonderful and inaccessible places." So said Governor Richardson when he signed the bill appropriating $10,000.00 for greatly needed repairs and extension work on the John Muir Trail.

Muir was president of the Sierra Club for over twenty years and after his death, William E. Colby and some of his associates in the Club formed the plan for this splendid and fitting memorial, a trail along the heights and upper canyons of the magnificent Sierra Nevadas from the Tuolumne Meadows southward to the Mount Whitney region.

Four weeks in the High Sierras, most of it spent along this Trail, brought the Outing party home more deeply impressed than ever by the

beauty and majesty of this region; more firmly convinced, if that were possible, that it must have Federal protection. It should be added to the Sequoia National Park without further delay. To this end the Club's strongest efforts in legislative work will be bent this winter.

New trails have been opened and others improved, and the Club has often lent a hand to accomplish good things for the mountains and for the outdoor life of the people.

The Outing party this summer numbered about two hundred and the whole trip was splendidly successful. The route led from Giant Forest to the South and Middle Forks of Kings River; over Muir Pass, 12,059 ft. alt.; on down to Evolution Lake and Creek and to the South Fork of San Joaquin. The weather was glorious most of the time and many fine climbs were made.

Some of the noteworthy local trips have been to Death Valley; Bryce's Canyon and Zion National Park; Lower California; Rainbow Bridge and Navajo Mountain. For the Christmas holidays an eight-day trip to the Grand Canyon is planned.

The 1926 Outing will be in Yellowstone National Park and will no doubt be as fine and successful as that of 1924 to Glacier National Park.

APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

William P. Dickey, Recording Secretary

The Appalachian Mountain Club has had a busy year. In addition to Saturday walks and week-end and holiday trips, the Excursion Committee has run numerous excursions of a week or more. About four hundred enjoyed the winter trips to the White Mountains. In September a large party spent a week in the Laurentians. A few climbers went to the Alps for the summer, climbing Mount Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, and many lesser peaks. Three permanent camps—two in New Hampshire and one in Maine—were not lacking in popularity. The August Camp (an annual wilderness camp that shifts its location each year) made it possible for about seventy to climb Katahdin. The Huts in the White Mountains—with the help of one enlargement—successfully met the demands of Club members and the tramping public. A Camera Club has been organized. The third annual Photographic Exhibition (for amateurs) is scheduled for December. Volume XVI, No. 2, of Appalachia appeared in June. A special number will appear in 1926, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Club.

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA—1925 ENCAMPMENT

Frank N. Waterman

The encampment of the Alpine Club of Canada for the summer of 1925 was held from July 27 to August 8, on the Club's own property by the side of Lake O'Hara. About one hundred and fifty members and guests attended. Features of outstanding interest were the presence in Camp of Captain A. H. MacCarthy and Mr. Henry Hall, members of the successful Mount Logan party, and of Professor Charles E. Fay who, in his seventy-ninth year, came into Camp over Abbot Pass on the anniversary of his first trip, twenty-seven years before.

At the annual meeting, Captain MacCarthy and Mr. Henry Hall gave vivid accounts of the strenuous experiences of the party that conquered Canada's highest peak and North America's second highest. Too much credit can not be given to the members of this party and especially to Captain MacCarthy who planned and led it, for the splendid manner in which it was carried out in the face of extraordinary difficulties.

The Camp was perhaps even more than usually enthusiastic in its climbing activities and Mounts Hungabee, Lefroy, Victoria, Huber, and Odaray were each ascended by two or more parties, as well as all of the lesser peaks within reach of the Camp. An auxiliary camp was pitched in MacArthur Pass and one in Paradise Valley, the latter permitting many to make the justly famous trip of the Five Passes.

The Club was particularly indebted to the Canadian Pacific Railroad in being given permission to make use of its comfortable and well-equipped hut at the top of Abbot Pass, and for the services of two of its splendid guides, Edward and Ernest Feuz. To them much of the enjoyment and success of the climbing program was due. The use of the Hut made the ascents of Mounts Victoria and Lefroy possible for many who would otherwise have been unable to climb.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Neal M. Carter

The Club has been continuing its policy of summer and winter week-end trips throughout the year and many interesting climbs have been made within a radius of twenty-five miles of Vancouver in this way. Trips are led by various capable leaders in turn and cater not only to the beginner, but also to the enthusiast looking for "stunts."

On long week-ends when Monday is a holiday, trips are always made to some more remote district; notable among these were trips to the Sawteeth mountains on Empire Day and to Mount Baker, Washington, on Labor Day. The annual summer camp was held this year at Lake O'Hara, not far from Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. Here many major peaks were climbed that call for considerable skill in rock-work, such as Mount Temple (11,626), Mount Hungabee (11,447), and Mount Victoria (11,355) just above Lake Louise. The popularity of these harder trips with the ladies at camp was particularly gratifying.

Many private trips were made by members to less accessible regions; primarily one to the Cariboo range in the interior of British Columbia, on which the second ascent of Mount Titan (11,750) was accomplished as well as the first ascent of a lesser peak. Another party penetrated into the little-known Tantalus range, only forty miles from Vancouver, and on Easter Sunday, under soft snow conditions, succeeded in getting within a few feet of its 9000-ft. summit practically from sea-level. Still another party completed the last virgin peak of the Lucky Four group south of Chilliwack, near the International boundary, and many other individual enterprises were made. These are much encouraged in the Club.

In 1926 the Club is having its summer camp in Garibaldi Park Reserve and is making a special appeal for a representative attendance with a view to advertising the district and completing its establishment as a national or provincial park.

THE PRAIRIE CLUB

Edna V. McClelland, Secretary

Three outings in eastern, central, and western Canada, offering a diversity of attractions, vied for popularity in the summer vacation period of 1925.

Michipicoten, Canada, located at the northeastern corner of Lake Superior, was the site of a permanent Northern Camp for the third successive year and drew fifty-eight campers. The country is well wooded, wild and very rugged, with mountains rising 1,200 to 1,400 feet above the shore-line. Rivers wearing through the rocky walls have formed picturesque falls and canyons. There was excellent fishing and boating, and hikes over trails that for more than two hundred years have lead the way to Hudson Bay.

The North Bay Camp, three or four miles from North Bay, Canada, at the eastern end of Lake Nipissing, was located at the top of a boulder-strewn hill sloping to a height of 150 feet or more on the north shore of Trout Lake. The site commanded a magnificent view of forests, cleared fields, silvery lakes and streams, and hillsides ablaze with a riot of color. The party of twenty-nine spent their time swimming, boating, and hiking through splendid birch forests, finding good paths in the old logging-roads.

On July 18th, the Western Outing party, equipped for real mountain climbing, left for Jasper Park and Mount Robson, Canada. The Club first visited this region in 1920, but this year much new territory was explored. From camp on the shoulder of Old Horn in Jasper Park, the party made the trip to Campus Pass, blazing a trail as they went. Their reward was a view of the most magnificent peaks in British Columbia, as well as a glimpse of the Whirlpool country and the Amethyst Lakes. Another eventful day was spent in the exploration of Ghost Glacier on Mount Edith Cavell. The party then left by train for Mount Robson and after two days' hiking through the Grand Forks Valley, past powerful Emperor Falls, they camped on the shore of Berg Lake in close proximity to Tumbling Glacier. The main glacier of Robson was traversed to Snowbird Pass, but by far the most important event on the Mount Robson trip was the storming of Mount Mumm, a rotten-shale-covered slope just under the ten-thousand-foot mark. Good fortune attended this party of thirteen, eight of whom constituted the cavalry and five the infantry.

THE COLORADO MOUNTAIN CLUB

Lucretia Vaile

The Colorado Mountain Club has continued its usual activities of hiking, providing public lectures, and initiating and participating in nature protection work. The Program Committee this year carried through a new feature which has met with a great deal of favorable comment: three-minute talks on outing and natural history subjects were broadcasted over KOA. The indorsement and cooperation of the Club is being much sought after by new nature-loving organizations and our old allies continue to express reliance on us. We have four active groups all following out their own local walks schedules and lecture programs.

Skiing this year was not successful because of non-cooperation by the weather man, but most other outdoor activities were carried on vigorously.

The annual Winter Outing was held as usual in Rocky Mountain National Park. The annual Summer Outing was in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and included six fourteen-thousand foot peaks.

As the Winter Outing repeats its setting year after year photographic albums for it are no longer collected, but through cooperation between outing participants and professional members, excellent albums are made for the various Summer Outings, including the current one. This 1925 album contains the finest pictures we know of the remarkable Colorado sand-dunes which were visited by the Club this year. Albums and other creations of the Club are cared for in the Club Rooms, where we are also steadily building up a collection of standard and notable books on mountaineering. The library now has more than 200 catalogued books and a large number of pamphlets and magazine exchanges.

"Trail and Timberline," the monthly magazine, has appeared regularly and we have also published a booklet by J. L. J. Hart entitled "Fourteen Thousand Feet, a History of the Names and Early Ascents of the High Colorado Peaks."

MAZAMAS

Alfred F. Parker, President

Mount Jefferson, Oregon, was visited by the Mazamas on their thirty-second annual outing, August 2-16, 1925. The party traveled by auto stages along the new Oregon Skyline Highway to Olallie meadows, whence an interesting fifteen-mile walk brought them to Jefferson Park, at the north base of the mountain. A week was spent here and the surrounding country thoroughly explored. Camp was then shifted to Hunt's Cove, on the southwest side, where more side-trips were taken and the official climb of the mountain was attempted. The latter was a partial failure, largely on account of adverse weather conditions. Only a few specially selected climbers succeeded in scaling the treacherous rock pinnacle which constitutes the summit. Otherwise the outing was highly successful.

The annual official ascent of Mount Hood was made on July 5, and the customary weekly schedule of local walks was conducted throughout the year.

The lodge near Mount Hood has been used by an increasing number of members at all seasons. Many minor improvements have been made about the building and premises and additional equipment purchased.

The Club's Research Committee has been compiling data on the movement of several of the glaciers on Mount Hood. In the course of this work a hitherto nameless glacier was discovered and the name, Salmon River Glacier, was suggested for it. The discovery was checked by the United States Geological Survey and the name confirmed by the Geographic Board.

Various lectures were held throughout the year and the Club assisted in promoting another course in geology, under the auspices of the Extension Department of the University of Oregon.

Members in Eugene, Oregon, have been conducting a series of trips in that vicinity, the most notable of which was an ascent of the South Sister on Labor Day.

THE KLAHHANIES

E. B. Webster

As a mountaineering club the Klahhanies have accomplished little this year. A few week-end outings, a few days spent on near-by peaks, an "annual" to Lake Ozette and Cape Flattery—both regions not yet made available to tourists—these have been the activities.

But in its new role as a public service club—a work taken up some four or five years since—the Club has been making good all along the line. Each week-end has seen a party of members enjoying a day or two at Klahhane Gardens on Lake Crescent, improving and maintaining the grounds. This undertaking, the restoration of eight acres of terraced mountain side, a tract carrying a splendid orchard, all varieties of berries, hundreds of rose bushes and ornamental shrubbery, as well as several modern buildings, is now about two-thirds completed.

The Gardens were presented to the Club last year by the Honorable D. E. Thompson, of Del Mar, California, to be held forever as a home for Camp Fire Girls and other children's organizations. The place was originally a sanitarium for neurotics, its former owner having invested some $70,000 in buildings, furniture, and general landscape gardening. Several groups of Camp Fire Girls held their annual outings there during August.

The Club's city museum has been materially improved, a number of fine collections of Indian and Eskimo curios having been added and an addition the full length of the Club's town club-house having been built for use of the museum. Incidentally, this work has increased the value of the Club's bungalow.

A few additions have been made to the collection of animals and fancy pheasants, partridges, peacocks, ducks, and other birds, maintained at the club-house, the aviary now invoicing over six hundred dollars.

Regular monthly meetings—social, men's, business, nature club—have been held on Wednesday each month, and the club-house also serves as a home for the Camp Fire Girls.

The regular mid-winter outing will be held at the Club's Mount Angeles Lodge when the usual game dinner will be served.

MOUNT BAKER CLUB

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

Fairman B. Lee

The present Mount Baker Club is an outgrowth of the old Club of the same name that fostered and conducted the famout Mount Baker Marathons in 1913-14-15-16, combined with the more recent Hiking Club. I might say at the outset that the Club is patterned after The Mountaineers to a large degree (there being six Mountaineers on our roster now).

At the present time we have a membership of slightly over one hundred and the Club policy is to grow slowly and get those who are really interested in God's great out-of-doors, its use and preservation.

We have just completed a $2,000 "Kulshan Cabin" near Heliotrope Ridge

on Mount Baker—elevation 4,750 feet and ten miles by trail from Glacier. The Cabin will accommodate fifty people and when completely furnished will have springs and pads, running water, etc.

The Bellingham State Normal School has materially assisted the Club in the financing of the Cabin and will make extensive use of it for scientific trips and nature study during its summer school work.

The Club also has a shelter cabin in Mazama Park, on the southwest side of Baker. Both of the cabins are for use of any who wish to avail themselves of their convenience.

We conduct Sunday trips throughout the year and will be glad to have any Mountaineers come out with us when in Bellingham. See monthly schedule in Mountaineer Club Room.

REPORT OF EVERETT LOCAL WALKS DURING 1925

The attendance during the past year was about the same as the preceding year, walks being conducted twice each month except during part of the summer.

A number of special outings were provided, most of which attracted a goodly number of our members and friends, the most popular being the Silverton trip, May 30-31, Mount Index, June 20-21, and the Glacier Peak outing July 3-8.

I sometimes wonder if we fully appreciate the many beautiful places within easy access.

> Many there are who sing of the trail, but few are the daring
> Who latch the doors of their homes and leave it, faring
> Out to the wild with the sun and dark and noon for sharing.
>
> Many there are who sing of the road, and its winds and dew,
> Few are the ones who leave all to follow it, but the few
> Have a rich and high reward—as I know, and you.

O. A. TORGERSON, Chairman Local Walks.

SUMMARY OF SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS—October 31, 1924, to October 31, 1925

Walk No.	Date 1924	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
480	Nov. 9	Sowerby Corner to High Bridge	8	Harry Meyers	58	$0.70
481	Nov. 23	Billy Schroll's Ranch to Lake Sawyer and return	10	Julia Raymond and Catherine Flood	65	1.20
482	Dec. 7	Elliott to Echo Mountain and Return	13	A. J. Ternent	58	.50
483	Dec. 14	Erland to Kitsap Cabin to Chico	5	L. W. Committee	40	.80
	1925					
484	Jan. 4	Franklin to Franklin on Mercer Island	6	Gertrude Bryant	51	.35
485	Jan. 18	Lake Washington to North Beach on Sound	9	Blanche Van Nuys	24	.50
486	Feb. 1	Pleasant Beach to South Beach	6	E. Margaretha Blank	40	.70
487	Feb. 15	Southworth to Manchester	8	Mrs. L. A. Nash	40	.70
488	Mar. 1	Green River and Flaming Geyser	4	Tacoma-Amos Hand	108	1.50
489	Mar. 15	Indianola to Apple Tree Cove	8	Theodore Teepe	59	.85
490	Mar. 22	Lemola to Suquamish	8	Dr. Theo. L. Bordsen	102	.80
491	Apr. 5	Mystery Walk—Maple Valley	8	Clara McGuire	106	.50
492	Apr. 26	Snoqualmie Falls	13	L. W. Committee	107	1.50
493	May 9	Bangor to Silverdale	13	L. W. Committee	58	1.25
494	May 24	Rhododendron Walk—Chico to Cabin and Chico	8	Howard Fuller and B. J. Otis	42	.60
495	June 14	South Park to Smuggler's Cove and return	8	L. W. Committee	24	.35
496	June 28	Colby to Long Lake to Harper to Fauntleroy	14	L. W. Committee	24	.70
497	Sep. 13	Kitsap Lake to Dickinson Falls to Charleston	10	F. O. G. Schindler	24	1.00
498	Sep. 27	Golden Gardens Beach to Piper's Creek	7	L. W. Committee	38	.16⅔
499	Oct. 11	End of Fauntleroy Line to Lake Burien	8	L. W. Committee	38	.35
500	Oct. 25	Renton to Maple Valley and return	10	Helen Wilke and Rudolph Amsler	66	.50

H. F. STANNARD, Chairman Local Walks Committee.

SEATTLE MOUNTAINEERS SPECIAL OUTINGS—May 16 to October 4, 1925.

Walk No.	Date 1924	Route	Men	Women	Cost
71	May 16	McClellan Butte	31	18	$ 4.35
72	June 13	Tatoosh Range	36	13	6.50
73	July 4	Mount Baker	13	8	15.00
74	July 17	Mount Rainier—Kautz Route	26	4	13.00
75	Sep. 5	Mount Constance	17	15	7.50
76	Oct. 3	Mount Margaret	10	14	4.50

SUMMARY OF TACOMA LOCAL WALKS—October 26, 1924 to September 27, 1925.

Walk No.	Date 1924	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
246	Oct. 26	Chambers Creek	8	Earl B. Martin	38	$0.20
247	Nov. 9	Country Club-Greendale	13	Lois Hartman	37	.97
248	Nov. 23	Billy's Cabin	10	Julia Raymond and Catherine Flood	32	1.50
249	Dec. 7	McNeil Island	9	Mary Macek	32	1.10
250	Dec. 21 1925	American Lake-Dupont	8½	Stella Scholes	31	.95
251	Jan. 11	Glencove to Vaughn	9	Christine Hermans	22	1.30
252	Jan. 18	Orchard Hill-Clover Park	7	John Gallagher	25	.39
253	Feb. 1	Dierenger-Pacific City	12	Geo. Russell Rice	20	.82
254	Feb. 15	Dash Point-Adelaide	6½	Mabel Stryker	23	.85
255	Mar. 1	Joint Walk—Flaming Geyser	6	Amos Hand	64	1.35
256	Mar. 15	Puyallup-Frederickson	9½	Claude Anderson	25	.66
257	Apr. 5	Shawnee-Kingsbury	7	Alice Fraser	36	.60
258	Apr. 19	Carbonado-Belmont	6	Lucile Seifert	24	1.30
259	May 3	Wildflower Walk—Spanaway	6	Lois Hartman	86	.50
260	May 16-17	Faraway-Longbranch	3	Elsie Holgate	36	1.10
261	June 7	Strawberry Walk—Fox Island	6	Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wainwright	34	1.15
262	Sep. 13	Dash Point-Dumas Bay	7	John Gallagher	17	.60
263	Sep. 27	Harbor Heights-Clam Cove	7	Mrs. John Pitzen	16	.55

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

DECEMBER, 1924—NOVEMBER, 1925

Gertrude Inez Streator, Historian

December 4, 1924, Y. W. C. A. The Chase, a moving picture of Alpine skiing. Illustrated talk: The Snoqualmie Lodge country, by Joseph T. Hazard.

January 9, 1925. Y. W. C. A. Auditorium. Illustrated lecture: Northwestern flowers, trees, and scenery, L. F. Murdock, of Seattle, well known for his work in the science of color photography.

February 6. Plymouth Church dining-room. Celebration of the eighteenth birthday of The Mountaineers. Host, Professor Edmond S. Meany. Guests of honor: Members of the Mount Logan Expedition: Captain A. H. MacCarthy, Colonel W. W. Foster, and Arthur O. Wheeler.

March 6. New Chamber of Commerce Auditorium. Motion pictures: Mount Hood, Paradise winter scenes, and other mountain views. Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Conway of Portland.

April 10. Chamber of Commerce. Illustrated lecture: Venice. Judge George Donworth of Seattle.

May 8. Chamber of Commerce. Talk: Mount Logan Expedition—Its personnel, its preparation for the ascent of Mount Logan, the departure from Seattle. Ralph L. Dyer. Lecture: Snoqualmie National Forest. Supervisor Weigle. Talk: Alaska. Harry Karstens. Superintendent of Mount McKinley National Park. Illustrated talk: The 1925 Summer Outing in the Cascades. Ben C. Mooers, leader; Joseph T. Hazard, Harold Hartman, Theodore Teepe, and W. D. Young.

No meetings in July and August.

September 4. Chamber of Commerce. Motion Pictures: Scenes in Hawaiian Islands. Miss Dorothy Musgrave, of the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau, Seattle. Nomination of candidates for the Board of Trustees.

October 11. Chamber of Commerce Auditorium. Illustrated talk: Mount Baker and other mountain views. R. L. Campbell, assistant forest supervisor, Mount Baker National Forest.

November 6. Chamber of Commerce. Illustrated story of the 1925 Summer Outing through the Cascades and to Mount Stuart. Ben C. Mooers, chairman Outing Committee.

RECORD OF TROPHIES

The Harper Cup.....John F. Gallagher, Tacoma, Washington
Women's Skiing Trophy.....Blanche Van Nuys, Seattle, Washington

THE MOUNTAINEERS, INCORPORATED, SEATTLE, WASH.

TREASURER'S REPORT

For Year Ending October 31, 1925

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand November 1, 1924	$ 807.96
Cash on hand previous Treas. Dep. in November, 1924	538.99
Outing Committee 1925 amount received	43.17
Local Walks surplus	18.47
Kitsap Cabin amount returned	9.31
Snoqualmie Lodge amount returned	71.46
Annual advertising	237.00
Annual sales	116.31
Bulletin advertising	55.25
Initiations	315.50
Dues, Seattle	2,771.15
Dues, Tacoma	365.50
Dues, Everett	212.00
Dues, Bremerton	72.00
Donations	160.00
Snoqualmie Lodge Committee	159.37
Local Walks return of loan	55.00
Kitsap Cabin refund of taxes paid by Treasurer	50.77
Entertainment Committee	12.80
	$6,072.01

DISBURSEMENTS

Outing Committee	$ 574.03
Annual	1,039.71
Bulletin	762.75
Rent of Clubroom	600.00
Assistant Secretary	195.00
Rent Seattle Chamber of Commerce	30.00
Miscellaneous expense	376.44
Local Walks advance	55.00
Salary caretaker Snoqualmie Lodge	745.00
Salary caretaker Snoqualmie Lodge	174.10
Salary caretaker Kitsap Cabin	183.00
Insurance premium on Snoqualmie Lodge	28.50
Kitsap Cabin mattresses	46.30
Kitsap Cabin Tacoma donation	10.00
Kitsap Cabin taxes	50.77
Kitsap Cabin insurance	13.50
Kitsap Cabin insurance caretaker's cabin	15.00
Kitsap Cabin water pipe	40.00
Rent Y. W. C. A.	44.00
Balance on exchange of bonds	84.27
Tacoma Branch refund of dues	85.00
Snoqualmie Lodge advance	208.22
Snoqualmie Lodge Tacoma donation	25.00
Entertainment Committee	39.80
Furniture and Fixtures	38.75
	$5,464.14
Cash on hand	233.18
Cash in National Bank of Commerce	374.69
	$6,072.01

J. F. BEEDE, Treasurer.

Profit and Loss Account for Year Ending October 31, 1925

DEBIT

Bulletin expense	$ 194.40	
Donations	25.00	
Entertainment	27.00	
Expense, general	1,274.34	
Kitsap Cabin operations	256.12	
Summer Outing	633.74	
Snoqualmie Lodge operations	646.26	
		$3,056.86

CREDIT

Annual	$ 75.10	
Dues: Seattle	1,843.15	
Tacoma	74.50	
Everett	44.00	
Bremerton	18.00	
Interest earned	298.77	
Profit from Local Walks	18.47	
Profit from Special Outings	25.42	
		$2,397.41
		659.45
		$3,056.86

J. F. BEEDE, Treasurer.

Balance Sheet as at October 31, 1925

ASSETS

Cash on hand	$ 258.60	
National Bank of Commerce	374.69	
Washington Mutual Savings Bank	872.33	
Bonds permanent fund	4,805.32	
Supplies at Snoqualmie Lodge	322.83	
Interest accrued on bonds and savings account	118.42	
Unexpired insurance	10.59	
		$ 6,762.78
Kitsap Cabin permanent construction	$ 2,035.04	
Snoqualmie Lodge permanent construction	3,339.22	
Pilchuck Lodge	131.94	
Furniture and Fixtures	375.47	5,881.67
		$12,644.45

LIABILITIES

Refunds of dues to Tacoma	$ 12.00	
Refunds of dues to Everett	56.00	
Refunds of dues to Bremerton	18.00	
Pledged for preservation of trees near North Bend	25.00	
Caretaker's salary Snoqualmie Lodge $55.90		
Less overpayment 11.80		
	44.10	
Lowman & Hanford	3.90	
Auditor's fee	25.00	$ 184.00

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

Permanent fund Oct. 31, 1924	$4,359.12		
Aurelia Harwood life membership	100.00		
Initiation fees	315.50	$ 4,774.62	
Library fund		25.00	
Surplus October 31, 1924	$8,316.28		
Error in bank account, 1924	4.00		
	$8,320.28		
Balance from Profit and Loss account	659.45	7,660.83	12,460.45
			$12,644.45

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF COMMITTEES

Year Ending October 31, 1925

SUMMER OUTING 1925—CONSOLIDATED REPORT

RECEIPTS

Members	$3,634.04		
Excess baggage	61.00		
Sales from shoe box and miscellaneous	7.91		
Stamps and cards	3.00		
Donation from Roy Fitzgerald	19.00		
Saddle horses	107.75		
C. C. Filson refund	5.00		
Travellers' Hotel	.25		
Depue, Morgan & Co.	3.75		
Emergency cash	10.00		
Ads in Prospectus	112.50		
Ads in Prospectus from Tacoma	15.00		
Sundry items from prior year	9.50		
		$3,988.70	
Loss		633.74	
		$4,622.44	

DISBURSEMENTS BY TREASURER

Scouting	$ 98.28		
Premium on bond	15.00		
Printing	211.28		
Postage	5.10		
		$ 329.66	

DISBURSEMENTS BY OUTING SECRETARY

Pack-train	$2,097.40		
Freight	94.90		
Commissary	697.70		
Transportation	548.92		
Cooks	411.50		
Outfit	107.22		
Scouting	40.88		
Refunds to cancelled members	213.50		
Envelopes and mailing Prospectus	14.10		
Mimeographing	2.75		
Reunion expense	5.50		
Stationery	9.10		
Slides and prints	30.98		
Album	5.00		
Miscellaneous	13.33		
		4,292.78	
		$4,622.44	

MATHA IRICK, Secretary 1925 Summer Outing Comm.

SEATTLE LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

For the Year Ending October 31, 1925

RECEIPTS

Receipts from walks	$ 715.85	
Receipts from picnics	45.00	
		$ 760.85

DISBURSEMENTS

Expense of walks	$ 697.91	
Expense of picnics	26.55	
Equipment	2.05	
Scouting	15.85	$ 742.36
Profit from Local Walks		$ 18.49
Advanced by Treasurer		55.00
Returned to Treasurer	$ 73.49	
	$ 73.49	$ 73.49

H. F. STANNARD, Chairman.

SNOQUALMIE LODGE

Consolidated Report Maintenance and Operation

RECEIPTS

Donation, Tacoma	$ 25.00	
Lodge dues and sales of commissary	59.30	
Receipts from outings	942.04	
Miscellaneous	112.70	
		$1,139.04
Deficit for year		646.26
		$1,785.30

DISBURSEMENTS

Caretakers' salaries	$1,030.90	
Less over-payment	11.80	$1,019.10
Accident insurance		28.50
Board for horse		40.00
Supplies		490.67
New equipment		112.70
Committee expense		13.50
Transportation		.48
Bank collection		.32
Ground rent		10.00
Miscellaneous		70.03
	$1,785.30	$1,785.30

RALPH LEBER,
Chairman Snoqualmie Lodge Committee.

KITSAP CABIN CONSOLIDATED REPORT

Maintenance and Operation, Year Ending October 31, 1925

RECEIPTS

Donation, Tacoma	$ 10.00	
Fees and charges	858.65	
Sales of commissary	10.30	
Appropriations	86.30	
Miscellaneous	14.20	
Total receipts		$ 979.45
Deficit for year		256.12
		$1,235.57

DISBURSEMENTS

Caretaker's salary			$ 183.00
Fifteen mattresses			46.30
Insurance Caretaker's cabin	$ 15.00		
	13.50		
	28.50		
Less unearned premium	10.59		
		17.91	
Hauling		44.50	
Commissary and supplies		420.91	
Labor		85.15	
Equipment		111.29	
Improvements		55.96	
Transportation		187.30	
Taxes		50.77	
Pageant expense		15.00	
Miscellaneous		17.48	
			$1,235.57

Attendance for year, 1398.

C. M. BIXBY, Chairman Kitsap Cabin Committee.

SPECIAL OUTINGS COMMITTEE

Financial Report—Fiscal Year Ending October 31, 1925

Balance on hand			$ .40
RECEIPTS			
Receipts for trips			570.30
			$ 570.70
DISBURSEMENTS			
Transportation		$ 292.46	
Groceries		127.21	
Miscellaneous		14.11	
Cooks		24.00	
Refunds		20.40	
Packers		58.65	
Freight and Drayage		8.45	$ 545.28
Balance			$ 25.42

PAUL SHORROCK, Chairman.

Seattle, November 28, 1925.

Board of Trustees Mountaineers, Inc.,
Seattle, Washington.

Gentlemen:

At the request of your Treasurer, I have examined his records of receipts and disbursements for the year ending October 31, 1925, and find that the balance as shown by the bank statement at that date agrees with the balance shown by the cash book.

The bonds submitted to me as securing the Permanent Fund were as follows:

King County Road Bond, No. 159	$ 500	5¼%
Four interim certificates of Kingdom of Norway Nos. 21355-6-7-8	4,000	5½%
City of Seattle light bond No. 2641	500	6%

The Chairmen's reports of the several Committees, namely, Snoqualmie Lodge, Kitsap Cabin, Summer Outing, Local Walks, and Special Outings. have all been consolidated with the Treasurer's records, and the statement reflects accurately the operations of your organization for the past year.

Respectfully,

(Signed) CHARLES E. WICKS, Auditor.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF THE BRANCHES

TACOMA BRANCH
For the Year Ending October 9, 1925

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand, October 16, 1924	$ 487.85	
Refund membership dues—1924	98.00	
Refund membership dues—1925	85.00	
Refund Local Walks—1924	38.75	
Refund Winter Outing—1924	325.00	
Profit Winter Outing—J. Gallagher	78.74	
Profit Winter Outing—R. Pangborn	2.00	
Interest on Liberty bonds	16.97	
Interest on Wheeler Osgood bonds	32.50	
Received from local membership	37.50	
Received from 10/16/25 account receivable	6.50	
Kitsap and Snoqualmie expense fund		$ 35.00
Printing, stationery, and plates		35.55
Flowers		3.25
Entertainment		2.65
Tacoma membership paid to Seattle Secretary		36.50
Refund Elsie Claussen membership fee overpaid		1.00
Investment—Tacoma Savings & Loan Association		550.00
Hansen & Rowland—bond premium Secretary-Treasurer		5.00
W. W. Kilmer expenses to Seattle as Trustee		9.00
Cash on hand, October 9, 1925		530.84
	$1,208.79	$1,208.79

ASSETS

Wheeler Osgood bond		$ 500.00
Liberty bonds		400.00
Tacoma Savings & Loan Association	$550.00	
Interest added	15.26	565.26
Cabin fund	233.43	
Profit Valentine party 2/15/25	29.45	
Interest added	7.14	270.02
Item receivable No. 1—Refund Special Outings—Amount indefinite awaiting returns of one more outing under present leadership		
Item receivable No. 2—Refund Local Walks—1925		34.61
General fund in bank		530.84
		$2,300.73

LIABILITIES

Bills payable—Todd's Letter Shop—plates	.72
NET ASSETS	$2,300.01

Certified, correct and complete,

MARY MACEK, Secretary-Treasurer.

EVERETT BRANCH
For the Year Ending October 31, 1925

CHECKING ACCOUNT

Cash on hand, October 31, 1924		$ 125.37

RECEIPTS

Refund account members' dues	$ 47.00	
Local Walks	17.00	
Special trips	61.54	
Mattresses sold	11.00	136.54
Total		$ 261.91

DISBURSEMENTS

Pilchuck Camp—		
Lock	$ .85	
Lease of site	10.00	
	10.85	
Entertainment—		
Annual meeting	$ 9.55	
Valentine party	13.15	
Dinner	7.50	
Film, "The Chase"	6.35	
	36.55	
Supplies for Local Walks, as per chairman's statements	7.78	
Trustees' expenses for 1923	5.60	
Express on mattresses to Silverton	1.00	
2 Axes and axe shield	4.50	
Pack bag	5.50	
Total		71.78
Cash on hand in checking account		$ 190.13

SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Balance on hand October 31, 1924	$71.49
Interest on Liberty Bonds deposited	8.49
Interest on Savings account	2.94
Total Savings account	$82.92

RESOURCES

Cash in Checking account	$190.13
Cash in Savings account	82.92
Liberty bonds—par value	200.00
Total worth	$473.05

BREMERTON BRANCH
For Year Ending October 31,1925

Date 1924-25		Receipts	Disbursements
Nov. 1	—On hand in checking account	$ 2.11	
	(Bremerton Trust & Savings Bank)		
	Refund on dues for 1923-24	24.00	
Feb. 7	—Post cards (official)		$ 5.50
Apr. 1	—Western Printing Co. (printing)		3.75
Oct. 30	—F. B. Schenck (picture)		2.50
	Major E. S. Ingraham (reimbursement for cancelled trip to Illahee)		5.00
	Miscellaneous (flowers and stamps)		3.38
	Total	$ 26.11	$ 20.13

RESOURCES

Oct. 31	—Balance on hand in checking account	$ 5.98
	Special fund in savings account (Peninusular Savings & Loan)	40.27
	Local Walks fund	6.37
	Total	$ 52.62
Oct. 31	—On hand:	
	Song books	5
	Emblems	8
	Post cards (plain)	9
	Post cards (printed)	369

ELVERA SUNNELL, Secretary and Treasurer.

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Edmond S. Meany, President
Edward W. Allen, Vice-President
J. Frank Beede, Treasurer
Gertrude I. Streator, Historian

Ralph L. Dyer, Secretary
937 20th Avenue North. East 9723

Winona Bailey
C. M. Bixby
Glen Bremerman
Irving M. Clark
Mrs. J. T. Hazard
Ralph E. Leber
Llewellyn Lewis
Mabel McBain, Everett
Celia D. Shelton
Ben C. Mooers
Harry McL. Myers
Lulie Nettleton
Stella Scholes, Tacoma

STANDING COMMITTEES

OUTING—
Glen Bremerman, Chairman
Harry Rowntree
H. Wilford Playter
Claire M. McGuire, Secretary
John Alden Apts. MA. 1495

LOCAL WALKS—
Llewellyn Lewis, Chairman
1126 33d Avenue. PR. 1258
Laurence D. Byington
Dorothy Shryock
May Copeland
Emma Kment
Bainbridge Yerkes
Ilo M. Smith

KITSAP CABIN—
Chas. M. Bixby, Chairman
Irene Severtsen
Frances Reedy
Claire M. McGuire

SNOQUALMIE LODGE—
Ralph E. Leber, Chairman
506 Maritime Bldg. MA. 5305
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard

ENTERTAINMENT—
Edgar Royer, Chairman
Box 87. EL. 4477

SPECIAL OUTINGS—
Paul Shorrock, Chairman
654 West Highland Dr. GA. 0136
Blanche Van Nuys, Secretary
Rt. 10, Box 777, Seattle

PUBLICATION MANAGER—
F. O. G. Schindler
Crary Bldg. MA. 1234

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard
P. O. Box 234

MEMBERSHIP—
Matha Irick, Chairman
903 Summit Avenue. MA. 7644

ROOMS—
Edith M. Scott, Chairman
Wintonia Hotel. Ma. 6640
Laurence D. Byington
Inez Craven
Helen Denecke
Rudolph Amsler

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES—
C. G. Morrison, Chairman

ACHESON CUP—
Ben C. Mooers, Chairman
523 Bennett St.

CUSTODIAN CLUB ROOM—
Clayton Crawford
408 Marion Street

CUSTODIAN SLIDES AND FILMS—
H. V. Abel
2006 Boyer Avenue

LIBRARIAN—Katherine Schumaker

EDITORIAL BOARD—
Irving M. Clark, Chairman

TACOMA BRANCH

Executive Committee

President—
Leo Gallagher

Secretary-Treasurer—
Julia R. Raymond.

Vice-President—
George R. Rice

Seattle Trustee—
Stella Scholes

Claude J. Anderson | Amos W. Hand | A. H. Denman

STANDING COMMITTEES

Local Walks—
Claude J. Anderson

Special Outings—
Amos W. Hand

Membership—
Elsie Holgate

Entertainment—
Annie L. McCulloch

EVERETT BRANCH

President—O. A. Torgerson
Treasurer—Nan Thompson
Secretary—Belle Melvin

Local Walks Committee—G. A. Church
Lodge Committee—T. Jeter
Seattle Trustee—Mabel McBain

MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS NOVEMBER 1, 1925

Seattle	470
Tacoma	90
Everett	45
State of Washington outside above	95
Outside of the State of Washington	91
Total	791

MEMBERS

October 31, 1925

HONORARY MEMBERS

Major E. S. Ingraham — J. B. Flett — S. E. Paschall

LIFE MEMBERS

Naomi Achenbach Benson
Rodney L. Glisan
Edmond S. Meany
Robert Moran
Aurelia Harwood

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

ABEL, H. V., 2006 Boyer Ave.
ABRAMS, Belle, 215 Columbia St.
ACHESON, Thomas J., Securities Bldg.
ALBERTSON, Charles, Aberdeen, Wash.
ALDEN, Charles H., 1004 Boren Ave.
ALLAN, James, 801 Securities Bldg.
ALLAN, Mrs. James, R. F. D. 7, Box 473.
ALLEN, Doris M., 4325 15th N. E.
ALLEN, Georgia V., 4325 15th N. E.
ALLEN, Edward W., 402 Burke Bldg.
AMSLER, Rudolph, 917 Cherry St.
ANDERSON, C. L., 708 E. Denny Way
ANDERSON, George, 217 Orcas St.
ANDERSON, Helen D., Mabana, Wash.
ANDERSON, Pearl A., Mabana, Wash.
ANDERSON, Maurice P., 111 Cherry St.
ANDERSON, Wm. H., 4464 Fremont Ave.
ANDREWS, Clarence F., 1806 E. 73d St.
ANGLIN, E. A., 6054 29th N. E.
ASHER, Katherine, 5017 Brooklyn Ave.
AUZIAS de TURENNE, R., 1205 Prospect St.

BAILEY, Harriet, 610 33d Ave.
BAILEY, James M., 1215 Hoge Bldg.
BAILEY, Winona, 1426 Warren Ave.
BAKER, Mary N., 93 W. College Ave., Westerville, Ohio.
BALSER, Mary A., 2124 8th Ave. N.
BARCLAY, Lloyd, 1717 Boylston Ave.
BARLOW, Pearl M., 1107 4th Ave.
BAUMAN, Barbara, 600 Madison St.
BEATON, Jessie A., 1526 16th Ave. N.
BENEFIELD, Frances J., 680 Concord St., Bremerton, Wash.
BEECHLER, Glenn., 617 Alaska Bldg.
BEEDE, Ala nF., 5206 20th Ave. N. E.
BEEDE, J. Frank, 5206 20th Ave. N. E.
BEHRMAN. Rae, 1535 Menford Place, New York.
BELT, H. C., 4733 19th Ave. N. E.
BENNETT, Edith Page, Women's University Club.
BENNETT, Prof. H. B., Maryhill. Wash.
BENNETT, Pearl M., Women's University Club.
BENSON, Mrs. Noami A., Gladbrook, Iowa.
BENTON, Mildred C., 5033 16th Ave. N. E.
BERNHARDI, Robert O., 5608 17th Ave. N. E.
BEST, Walter C., 5115 Arcade Bldg.
BEUSCHLEIN, Hortense, 2338 10th Ave N.
BICKFORD, E. L., Napa, Calif.
BIGELOW, Alida, 1 Madison Ave, New York.
BIRD, Dorothy, Spring Apts.
BISHOP, Lottie G., Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.
BISSELL, Abbie V., 4337 University Way.
BIXBY, C. M., 773 32d Ave.
BIXBY, Wm., 773 32d Ave.
BLACKBURN, Quin A., 2329 No. 59th St.
BLAINE, Fannie, 806 E. 2d St., Aberdeen, Wash.
BLAIR, Wm. J., Richmond Beach, Wash.
BLAKE, J. Fred, 2918 Magnolia Blvd.
BLAKESLEE, Dr. Emily, 258 Wayne St., Sandusky, Ohio.
BLAKESLEE, Mary, Rt. 3, Medina, Ohio.
BLANK, E. Margaretha, 1525 Snoqualmie St.
BOEING, E. Lois, 4820 14th Ave. S. W.
BOLD, Edmund C., 2502 34th Ave. So.
BORDSEN, Carl W., Joshua Green Bldg.
BORDSEN, Dr. T. L., 702 Green Bldg.
BOREN, Arthur, 907 Boren Ave.
BOWMAN, J. N., 2103 E. 52d St.
BOWMAN, Mrs. J. N., 2103 E 52d St.
BOYD, Lorraine F., 1053 Empire Bldg.
BOYLE, Cora A., 813 Allen Place.
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BREMERMAN, Glen F., 5834 Woodlawn Ave.
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BRINGLOE, Marguerite E., Waterway 9, Lake Union.
BRITTON, Hazel M., 604 Central Bldg.
BRONSON, Alice J., 620 14th Ave. No.
BROTEN, Ella R., 4338 10th Ave. N. E.
BROWN, Harold E. D., 102 Valley St.
BROWN, Margaret F., 807 4th Ave.
BRYANT, Mrs. Grace, 1914 No. 48th St.
BUELL, Jessie H., 553 Stuart Bldg.
BUERK, Louise C., 810 30th Ave.
BUGGE, Elwyn, 318 Lincoln Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.
BUNKER, Edna, 348 No. 72d St.
BURFORD, W. B., 417 Maritime Bldg.
BURKE, Edward T. ,4133 W. Othello St.
BURNS, Lillian W., Rt. 1, Charleston, Wash.
BURR, Wallace H., 8202 14th Ave. N. E.
BURTON, Clara Belle, 1426 Warren Ave.
BUSH, John K., 133 Dorfel Drive.
BYINGTON, Laurence D., 5043 15th Ave. N. E.

CALLARMAN, F. A., 824 Green Bldg.
CARNEGIE, Leonard A., care Fisher Flouring Mills, Harbor Island.
CARPE. Allen, 195 Broadway, New York.
CARR, D. M., Dupont Co., Dupont, Wash.
CARROLL, Virginia, 7565 10th Ave. N. E.
CARSON, Helen K., 1322 E. McMillan St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
CASSADY, James, Liberty Court Apts.
CHAMBERS, Ava L., 3955 Angeline.
CHAMBERS, Eva, 900 Leary Bldg.
CHAPMAN, Effie L., Public Library.
CHILBERG, Mabel, West Seattle High School.
CHILDS, Susan M., 1114 7th Ave. No.
CHUTE, Lionel. 8607 14th Ave. So.
CLARK, Irving M., Rt. 1, Bellevue, Wash.
CLARK, Mrs. I. M., Rt. 1, Bellevue, Wash.

CLARK, Leland J., Rt. 1, Bellevue, Wash.
CLAVERN, Flora A., 3941 1st Ave. N. E.
CLISE, J. W. Jr., College Club.
COE, Winifred E., 5412 20th Ave. N. E.
COLEMAN, F. R., Box 478, Weed, Calif.
COLEMAN, Morda V., 416 Cypress St., Walla Walla, Wash.
COLEMAN, Linda, 510 Broadway.
COLLINS, Dan M., 4323 Thackeray Place.
COLLINS, Lee R., 4323 Thackeray Place.
CONDON, Vera, 3210 Altura Walk, Los Angeles, Calif.
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COOK, Mrs. Carroll E., 230 No. Oak Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.
COOK, Harry A., 802 Central Bldg.
COPELAND, May, 4751 17th Ave. N. E.
COPESTICK, Edith, Wintonia Hotel.
CORBET, Darrah, 1915 Smith Bldg.
COSTELLO, W. J., 316 West 3d St., Cle Elum, Wash.
COURSEN, Edgar E., 658 Lovejoy St., Portland, Oregon.
CRAVEN, Inez H., 4719 15th Ave. N. E.
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CRAWFORD, Edward I., 6857 17th Ave. N. E.
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CROOK, C. G., 1927 Calhoun St.
CROSEN, Carl E., 900 Leary Bldg.
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DAVIDSON, Ora, 2021 4th Ave.
DAVIS, Fidelia, City Engineer's Office.
DAVIS, Hazel, 1106 No. 46th St.
DAVIS, Meryl E., 620 14th Ave. No.
DAWSON, Ernest, 627 So. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
DE MOSS, S., 1750 W. 59th St.
DENECKE, Helen L., 1523 E. 63d St.
DENNIS, Ruth A., 5800 15th Ave. N. E.
DERRY, Faye G., 1226 Bigelow Ave.
DICKERSON, Elizabeth, Woodenville, Wash.
DILL, George D., 5241 18th Ave. N. E.
DIMOCK, Dorothy, 424 35th Ave.
DOANE, Lucille J., Clarke Hotel.
DOBBS, Charlotte M., 1212 Smith Bldg.
DODGE, Natt N., 4014 56th Ave., S. W.
DOWNES, Marjory, Stetson Hotel.
DUCKERT, Wm. C., 329 6th St., Bremerton, Wash.
DUBUAR, Paul S., 903 31st Ave.
DUNCAN, Frances 2108 East 54th St.
DUNMORE, Della, 4706 17th Ave. N. E.
DUPUIS, Frederick, 1760 E. 62d St.
DUPUIS, Margaret, Stevenson, Wash.
DYER, Ralph L., 937 20th Ave. No.

EDWARDS, E. B., Commercial Hotel, Yakima, Wash.
ELLIOTT, Dorothy A., Box 775, Walla Walla, Wash.
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ENGLE, Norman, 1104 Grand Ave.
ENTZ, Ruby, 5631 15th Ave. N. E.
ERICKSON, Josephine, Marne Hotel.
ESTES, John F., 5503 16th Ave. N. E.
EVERTS, T. D., 1206 Hoge Bldg.
EWING, Clarke, 200 Alaska Bldg.

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FARRER, Chas. M., 666 Empire Bldg.
FARRER, Peyton M., Concord, Calif.
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FLOOD, George E., 6067 7th Ave. N. E.
FLUDE, Charles W., Rt. 2, Kirkland, Wash.
FORSYTH, Mrs. C. E., Wolf Creek, Ore.
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FRAZEUR, Laurie R., 1039 Hollywood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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FREM., H. H., 5517 17th Ave. N. E.
FRENCH, Boyd, 12 No. Grand Ave., Portland, Oregon.
FRIELE, Haakon B., 824 Central Bldg.
FROELICH, John F., 204 County City Bldg.
FULLER, Howard A., 920 Electric St., Scranton, Pa.
FURRY, Mabel, 1217 2d Ave. No.

GARDINER, Evelyn Gail, 713 Thompson Bldg.
GASTON, Louis, 5815 17th Ave. N. E.
GAVETT, George I., 5613 12th Ave. N. E.
GEHRES, L. F., 801 Telephone Bldg., Portland, Oregon.
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GEORGESON, Dagmar, 1219 Allen Place.
GERRY, Charles A., 5725 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
GILLETE, Cora M., 5203 1st. Ave. N. W.
GILLEY, Emily, 4414 Frances Ave.
GIRARD, Murray, 13th Naval District, Pier I.
GIST, Arthur, 835 E. 68th St.
GLEISSNER, Eva, 310 Leary Bldg.
GLISAN, Rodney L., 612 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Oregon.
GOFF, Mattie, 197 27th Ave.
GORHAM, Elizabeth H., 5717 16th Ave. N. E.
GORHAM, Wm. H., Box 263.
GORTON, Fred Q., 5012 Calivornia Ave.
GRANGER, Mildred, 507 County-City Bldg.
GRANT, George D., 4111 Wallingford Ave.
GREENE, Taylor M., 3039 15th Ave. W.
GREENLAND, Nora E., Madison Hotel
GREGG, Marjory V., 937 Henry Bldg.
GREINER, Dr. F. W., 5223 Ballard Ave.
GRELLE, Elsa, 895 Northrup St., Portland, Oregon.
GRIEBEL, Ida A., 100 06th Ave.
GRIGGS, W. J., 305 18th Ave., Olympia, Wash.
GUENTHER, Julius J., 2317 12th Ave. No.
GUENTHER, Stuart H., 2317 12th Ave. No.
GUPPY, Taliesin P., East Seattle, Wash.

HABER, Mimi F., Box 1034.
HACK, E. M., 1430 Medical Bldg.
HAGMAN, Reuben, 1120 Great Northern Ry. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
HAHESY, Cecil, 2454 55th St. S. W.
HALEY, Lucia, 226 No. 30th St., Corvallis, Oregon.
HALL, Annie E., 2017 Ravenna Blvd.
HALL, Donald R., Rt. 2, Bothel, Wash.

HAMEL, F. R., 11 Audubon Road, Boston 17, Mass.
HANNAH, Eleanor V., Box 185 Carbonado, Wash.
HANSCOM, Zac, 85 Atlantic St.
HANSON, Alice C., 260 Lakeside Blvd., Oakland, Calif.
HANSON, Helen, 4747 16th Ave. N. E.
HARBY, Horace, 1508 E. 62d St.
HARDENBERGH, George E., 3150 E. Laurelhurst Dr.
HARGRAVE, Margaret, Corinthan Apts.
HARNDEN, E. W., 617 Barristers Hall, Boston, Mass.
HARPER, Paul C., 660 Lee St.
HARPUR, Eugene A., 1806 11th Ave. W.
HARRIS, Ernest N., College Club.
HARTMAN, Harold, 306 Burke Bldg.
HARTMAN, Harry C., 3303 Denny Way.
HARVEY, George H. Jr., 3120 W. 23d Ave., Denver, Colo.
HARWOOD, Aurelia, Upland, Calif.
HAUCK, Floyd E., 5011 17th Ave. N. E.
HAUCK, Hazel M., Univ. of No. Dakota, Grand Forks, N. D.
HAWTHORNE, Rebecca, 1215 E. Lynn St.
HAYES, Rutherford B., 6328 4th Ave. N. E.
HAZARD, Joseph T., Box 234
HAZARD, Mrs. Joseph T., Box 234.
HAZEN, Raymond C., 1472 Dexter-Horton Bldg.
HAZLEHURST, Charles, Box 607, Cumberland, Md.
HELSELL, Frank P., Hunts Point, Bellevue, Wash.
HELSELL, Mrs. Frank P., Hunts Point, Bellevue, Wash.
HENLEIN, Mary, 680 Concord St., Bremerton, Wash.
HESSELDENZ, Dorothy, 1906 E. 45th St.
HEUSTON, Alfred N., Dept. of Justice, Washington, D. C.
HILL, Gladys, 1712 Summit Ave.
HILZINGER, Julia M., New Richmond Hotel.
HINKLEY, Kathryn, 5030 19th Ave. N. E.
HINCKLEY, Walter R., 5030 19th Ave. N. E.
HITT, Henry C., Box 863, Bremerton, Wash.
HOFFMAN, Frances, Frye Hotel.
HOFFMAN, Dr. W. F., 817 Summit Ave.
HOLMES, Kate M., 215 23d Ave. No.
HOLMES, W. K. Jr., College Club.
HORNING, E. Brooks, 950 No. Division St., Aberdeen, Wash.
HOUSTON, Dr. D. H., 520 Lumber Exchange Bldg.
HOWARD, Grace E., care Seattle Title Trust Co.
HOWARD, Henry C. Jr., Columbia, Mo.
HOWARD-SMITH, L., 4838 Pulaski Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
HUBER, Fred, 6239 33d Ave. N. E.
HUBER, Mrs. Fred, 6239 33rd Ave. N. E.
HUBER, Norman, 1418 E. Superior St., Duluth, Minn.
HUBERT, Else, 1522 4th Ave. No.
HUDSON, Jewel, 217 18th Ave. No.
HUDSON, Augustus H., Box 393, Bremerton, Wash.
HUDSON, Margaret L., 680 6th St., Bremerton, Wash.
HUGDAHL, Paul, 2012 King St., Bellingham, Wash.
HULTIN, C. A., Virginus Hotel.

IMPECOVEN, Helen, Wintonia Hotel.
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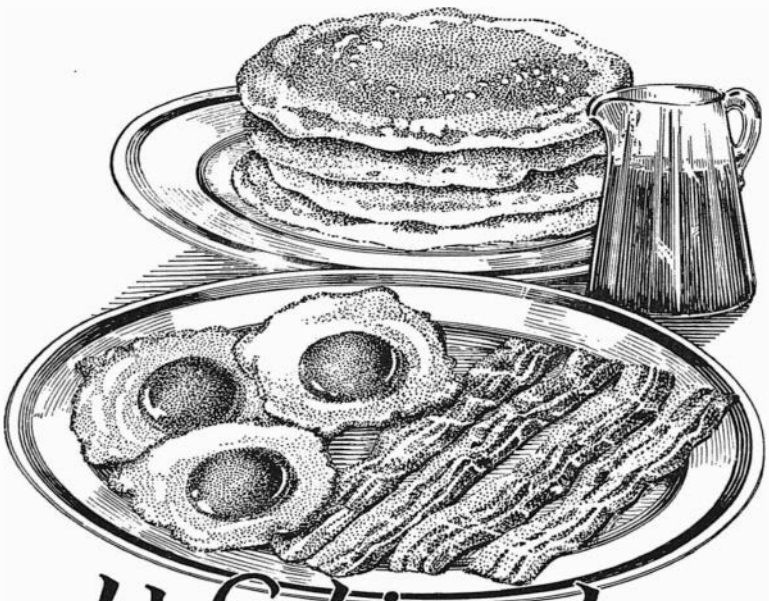
JENKIN, Edna, 4126 Wetmore Ave.
JENKIN, Ellen, 4126 Wetmore Ave.
JETER, Thomas E., 1632 Hoyt Ave.
KING, Lewis, 2125 McDougall.
LEONARD, Teresa, 2414 Hoyt Ave.
LOVE, Harry D., 1306 Rockefeller Ave.
MAAKESTAD, Emily B., 2122 Colby Ave.
MADDEN, A. J., 3301 Norton Ave.
McBAIN, Mabel E., Windsor Apts.
MELVIN, Belle, 1221 Colby Ave.
MILLS, Jane, 3909 Hoyt Ave.
MOORE, Hattie F., Rt. 2, Box 33A.
MOORE, Margaret, 1603 26th St.
NICHOLAS, Mrs. Winifred, Box 394 Monroe, Wash.
OLSON, Ellen E., Monroe, Wash.
PELZ, Irma M., 3120 Grand Ave.
RIGGS, Earnestine, 2220 Cascade View.
ROSEN, Elsie, Rt. 1, Monroe, Wash.
RUCKER, W. J., Lake Stevens, Wash.
RUMBAUGH, O. A., 1612 25th St.
SHELDON, C. G., 1431 Grand Ave.
TAYLOR, Jane E. Windsor Apts.
THEURER, J. A., 1611 Grand Ave.
THOMPSON, George D., Granite Falls, Wash.
THOMPSON, Nan, 2607 Everett Ave.
THORESON, Mabel A., 3232 Hoyt Ave.
THORNBURG, Mrs. D. A., 1631 Rucker Ave.
TORGERSON, O. A., Security National Bank.
VARLEY, J. A., 832 Hoyt Ave.
WOODWARD, Frank T., 3327 Grand Ave.



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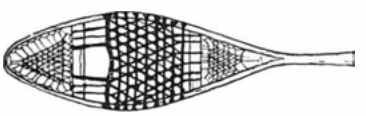
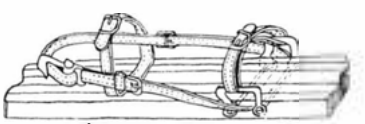
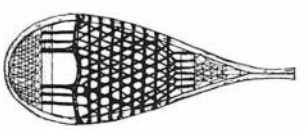


Canadian Trapper.

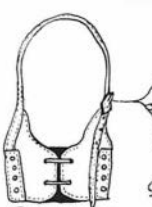


Ski Binding

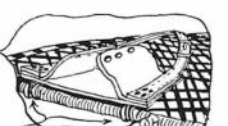


Beavertail

Bearpaw



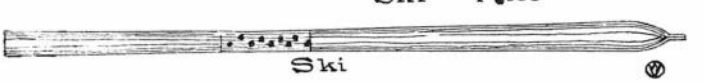
Snowshoe Sandal



Brass Swivels

"Sprague" Patented Snowshoe Sandal.

Ski Poles



Ski

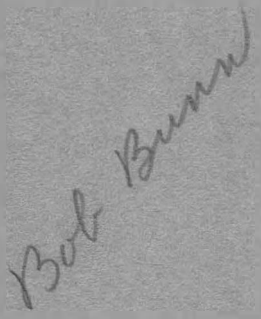
Headquarters for

Out-Door Clothing

- Parkas
- Stag Shirts
- Cruisers
- Flannel Shirts
- Socks
- Breeches
- Etc.

Equipment

- Pack Boards
- Ruck Sacks
- Sleeping Bags
- Light Tents
- Shoe Pacs
- Dunnage Bags
- Etc.


Bob Burns