

11 August 2014

Seattle Mountaineers  
7700 Sand Point Way  
Seattle, WA 98115

Ladies & Gentlemen:

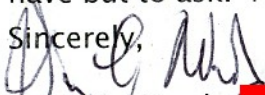
Enclosed is a 38-page, collection of photographs, documents, & memorabilia from the 1925 Summer Outing for 58 members & friends of the Seattle Mountaineers. This collection was put together by my mother, Lynda Rosalia Mueller of Spokane, Washington, (who married Don M. Woods of Cottage Grove, OR, a well-known western mountaineer himself, in 1927 I think). Mom was a long-time science teacher at North Central HS in Spokane specializing in biology. They moved to San Jose, CA where I was born in 1932.

Mom is listed on the roster on page 47 along with two other close Spokane friends -- Bertha Boehme & Harriett Taylor, I think Harriet was later maid of honor at Mom's Spokane wedding. I suspect the 3 are pictured on the bottom of page 57, at least I know that is Mom on the left -- dark hair & a bandanna. Note the alpine stocks! I suspect Mom also wrote the periodic typed notes. She was known for poems & camp fire skits, & now & then a song. Other enclosures are more formal & official but cover the outing fully. I think Mom is also in the top photo on page 4 in hiking boots, & is also in the middle of the 3 women in the photo on the bottom of page 46.

I'm impressed by some of the mountain scenes, such as the pair on page 49 -- particularly the shot with the climbers -- in contrast to the one below without them. In any event, I think there is a wealth of solid historical material in the book. Mom was not artistic & did not name folks in the photos. She was a Un of Minnesota grad, though.

In addition to the Mountaineers, she later toured with the Mazamas of Portland (my Dad's home group), & they both actually meet in the Canadian Rockies on a Canadian Alpine Club summer camp I think at Maligne Lake. I know Dad arrived a night or two late, & was mistaken by Mom for a bear. In the 40s, I accompanied them to one CAC camp in the Bugaboos & Mazamas in at Lake O'Hara & the Yoho Valley. Dad was a guide & Mom cook in Yoho, & they frequented such gatherings many years. Both were charter members of the Loma Prieta Chapter of the Sierra Club which boasted close friend Ansel Adams as a member. My wife & I just attended an exhibition of Adams work in Hagerstown, MD's art museum last Saturday. If there is anything further I can offer, you have but to ask. I may find some other items in this recent mine of heirlooms.

Sincerely,

  
David L. Woods,

To Seattle Mountaineers

There may be tourists on a train  
Who think you're not so gran'.  
But that's not what we think about  
Mountaineers in old Spokane.

"A bunch of mighty fine good sports  
And very good providers,  
With the nicest kind of treatment  
For those who are outsiders."

So from the East we send this praise  
Of Western folk and mountains.  
Our feelings of deep gratitude  
O'erflow like bubbling fountains.

Now when the sun in old Spokane  
Forgets to shine some day,  
We'll just bring out our memories  
And in the mountains play.





<sup>middle sister</sup>  
This is my earliest climbing costume.  
High boots with hob-nails, alpenstock,  
burned charcoal sun protection. Maybe  
too big now to use. Is faded badly. 1926.









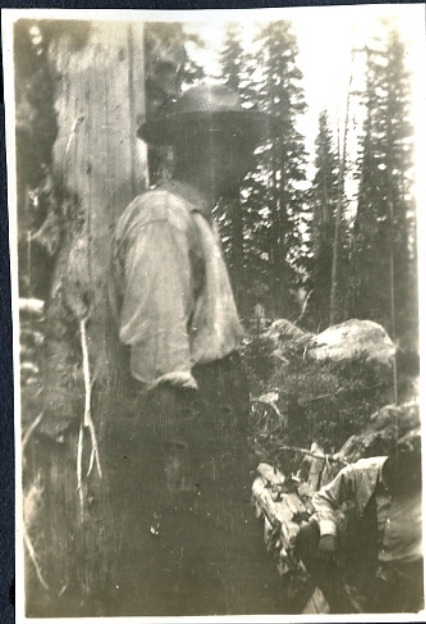












### THE IRON CAP CLIMB

That dreadful black hole of Calcutta  
That Joe led his Iron party through,  
The things that it did to my knickers  
'Twas only the rear guard that'b knew.

Bring some, Bring some  
Oh bring some new knickers to me ,to me,  
Bring some ,Bring some  
Oh bring some new knickers to me.

Oh had I the spine of an angleworm  
'Tis oft on Joe's Parties I'd climb,  
I'D wriggle thru roots and thru treetops,  
And hang onto both at one time.

Give me ,give me  
OH give me an angleworm's spine, worms spine,  
Give me, give me  
Oh give me an angleworm's spine.

Patience

There was a young lady named May  
Who forgot she was Dean for a day.  
So she curled up her locks  
And rolled down her socks  
Her pink dimpled knees to display.

Ms

When mountain mornings waken  
And the trumpet bids us rise,  
Hills a tale 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 wear mystic power;  
We kiss a tender prayer.

The campfire embers glowing,  
Our hearts obisamer make,  
We'd love scout trumpet blowing  
Plaintive taps across the lake.

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

Edmund S. Wherry

Autographed  
for my friend,  
Lynda R. Mueller  
9 August, 1925



THE MOUNTAINEERS, Inc.

Lynda R. Mueller Oct 22, 1927 Seattle, Wash.

Your application for membership, together with your remittance of \$ 6.50,  
including \$2.50 initiation fee, and \$ 4.00 subscription to publications and dues  
for the year beginning Oct 1, 1927 is received with thanks.

Your name will be published in the November Bulletin, and voted upon  
at the November meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Until further notice you are privileged to attend all meetings and outings of the  
organization.

Mrs. L. S. Lewis

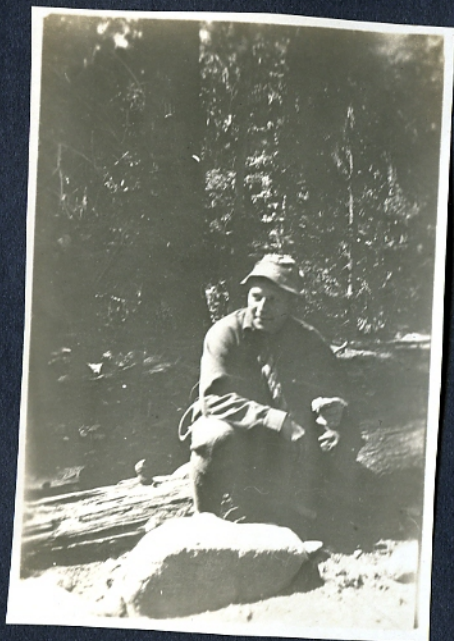
Financial Secretary.



I've a shirt so red that it glows,  
Harry's pants are as red as a rose.  
But I've heard it said  
For a thing that's real red  
There's nothing can beat Bennie's nose.



Danesville Cabin; Bears Breast Mountain, about one-half mile to the east; Dutch Miller Gap at the extreme right.



'Tis Glen our good leader of hikes,  
He waks along well on his spikes.  
When he comes to a creek,  
He carries the weak,  
But only the ones that he likes.





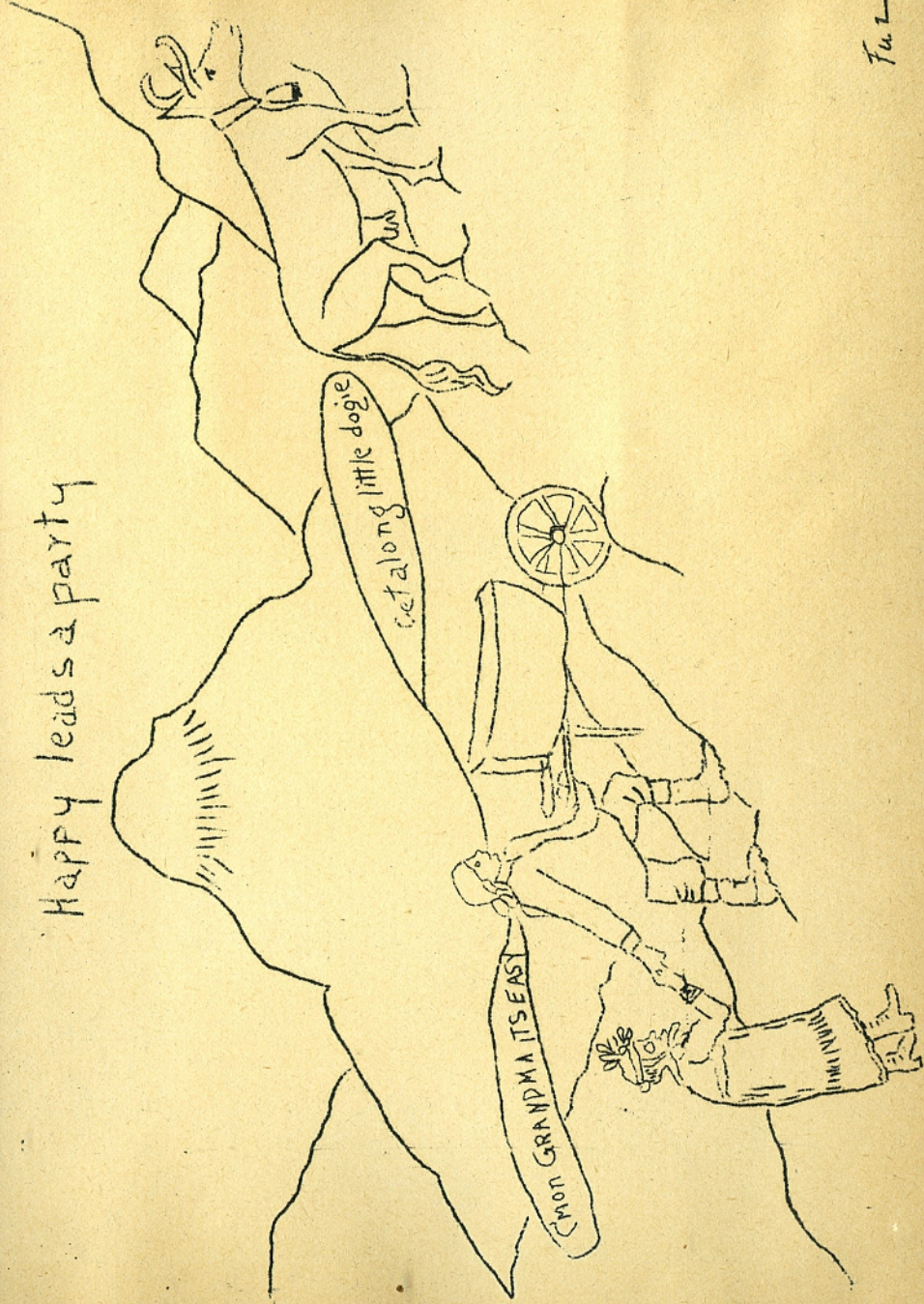


A poor little runt as a sailor,  
Yet nothing seems ever to ail her.  
With smiles and no pouts  
She hikes with the scouts  
This red-hatted, red-shirted Taylor.



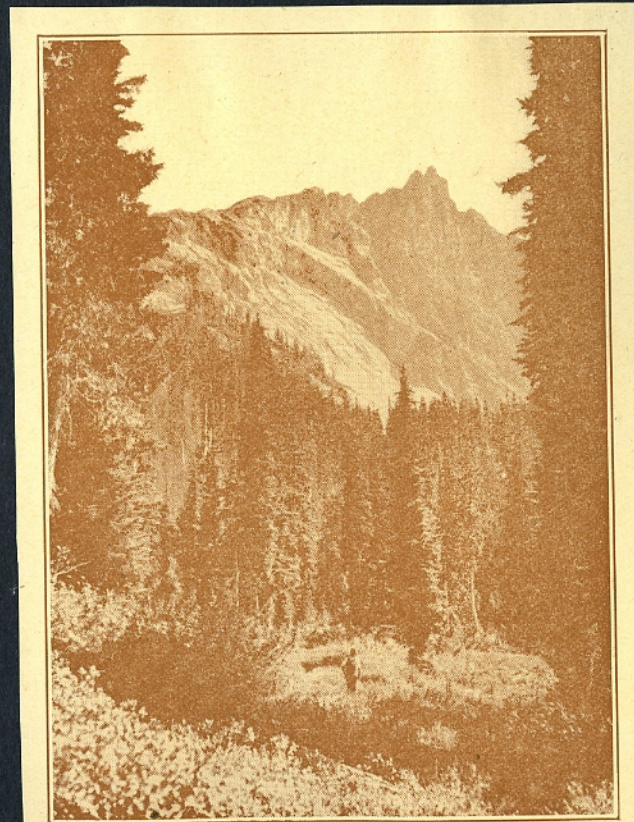
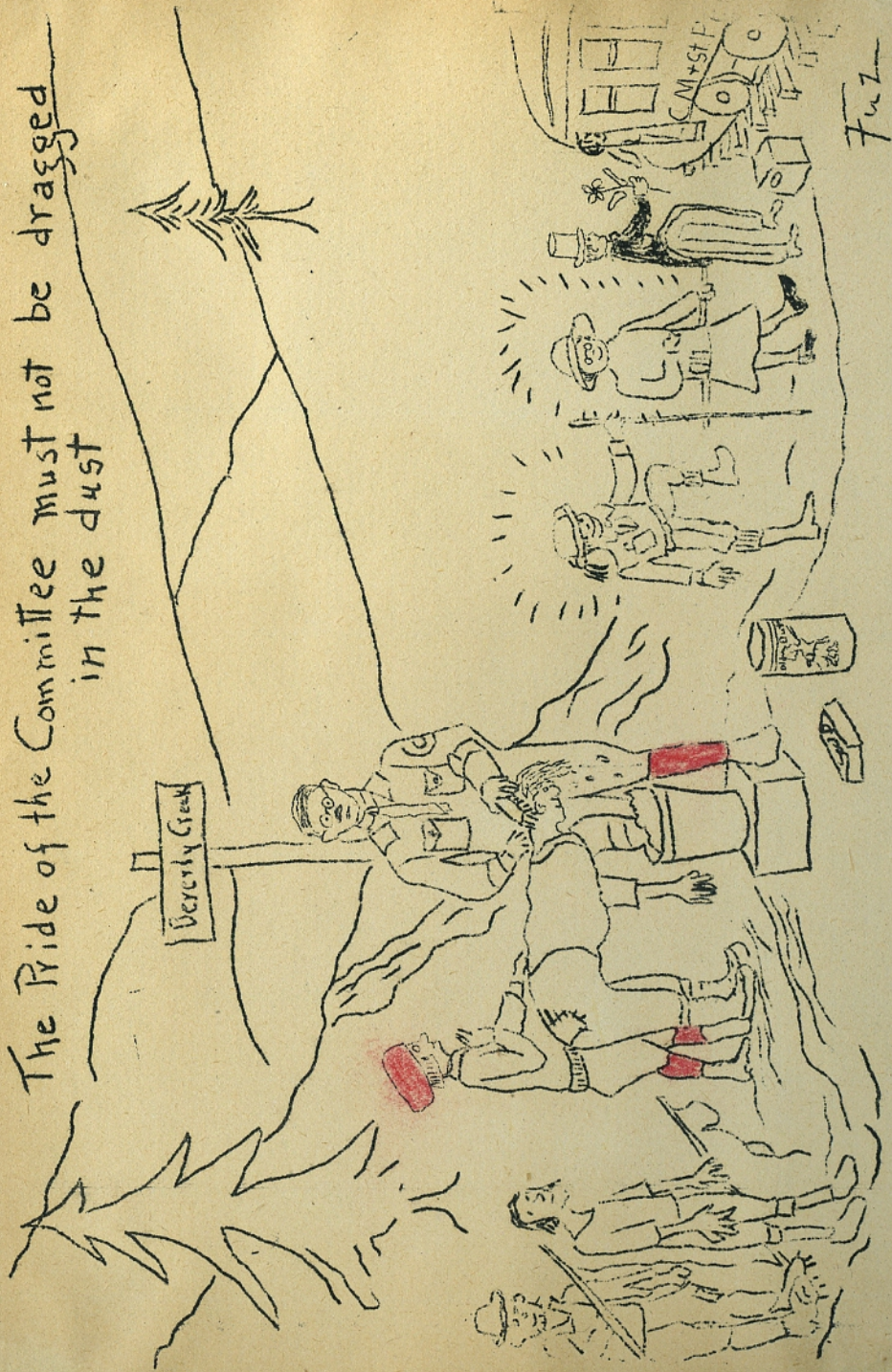


Happy leads a party



Tul-

The Pride of the Committee must not be dragged  
in the dust



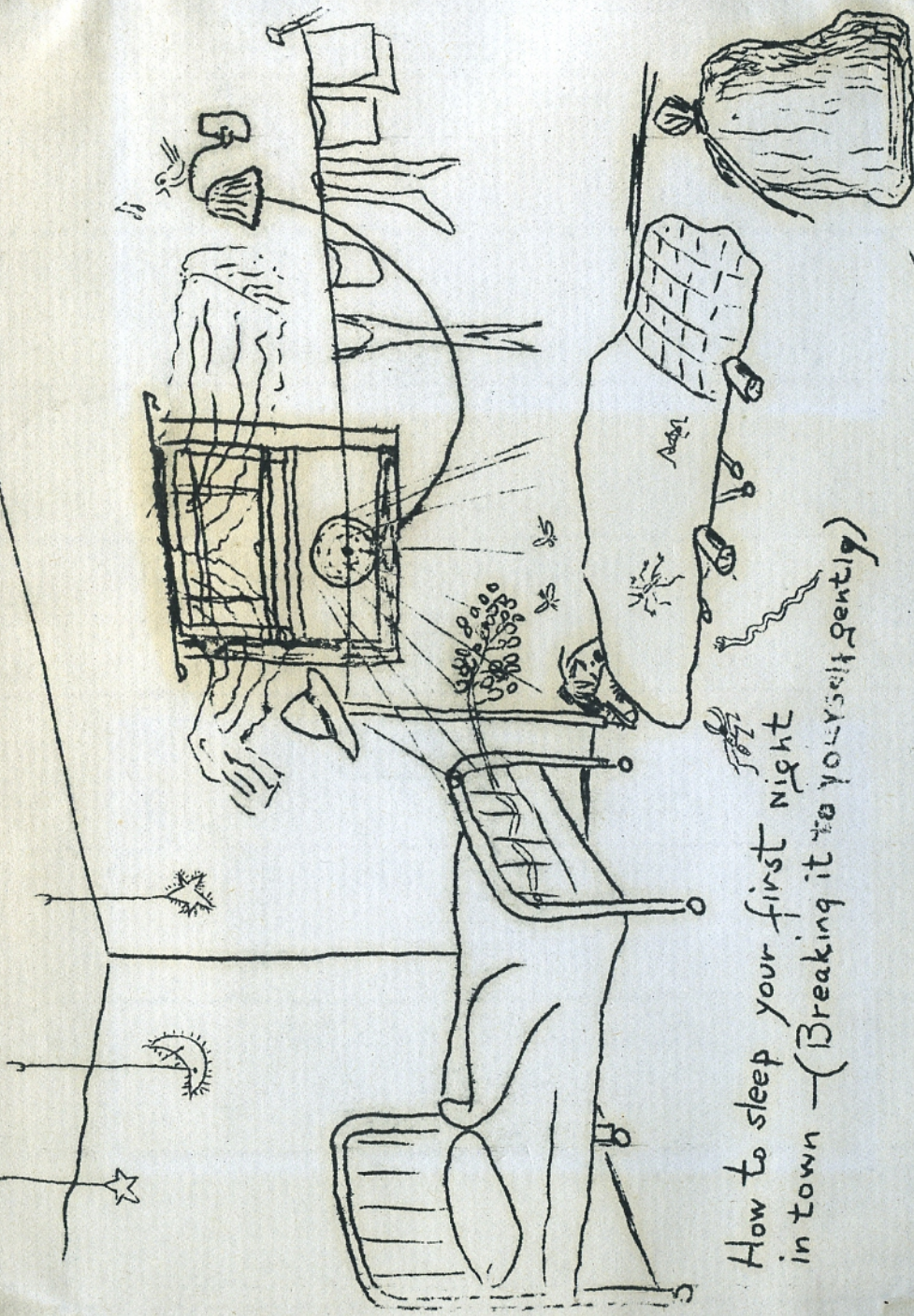
One of the Peaks of Summit Chief From Trail Below  
Dutch Miller Gap.





How to sleep your first night  
in town — (Breaking it to yourself gently)

Fur

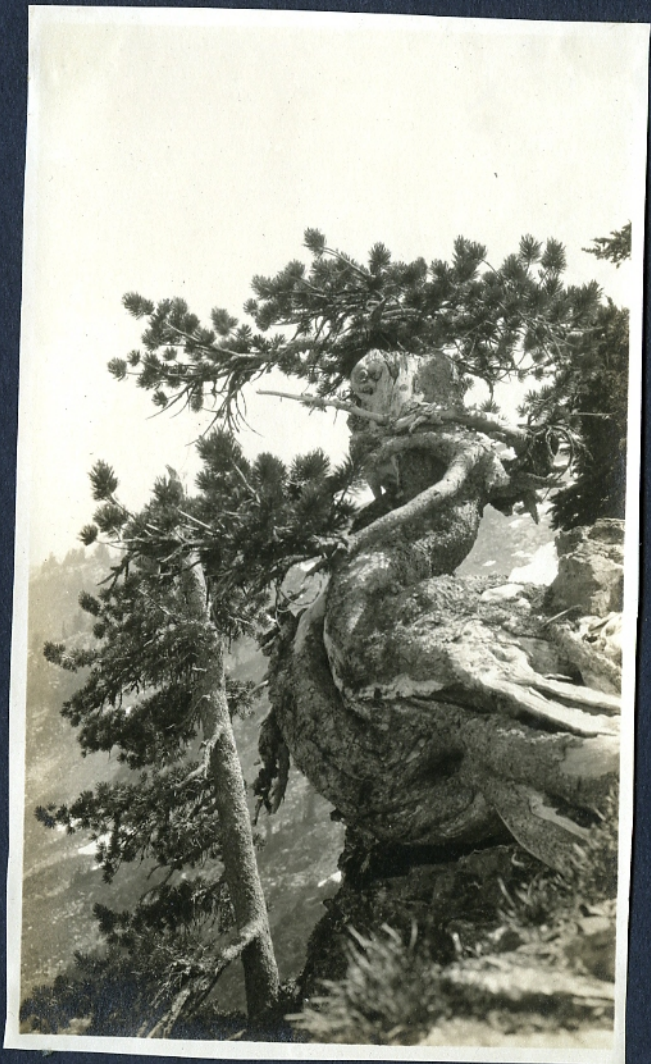
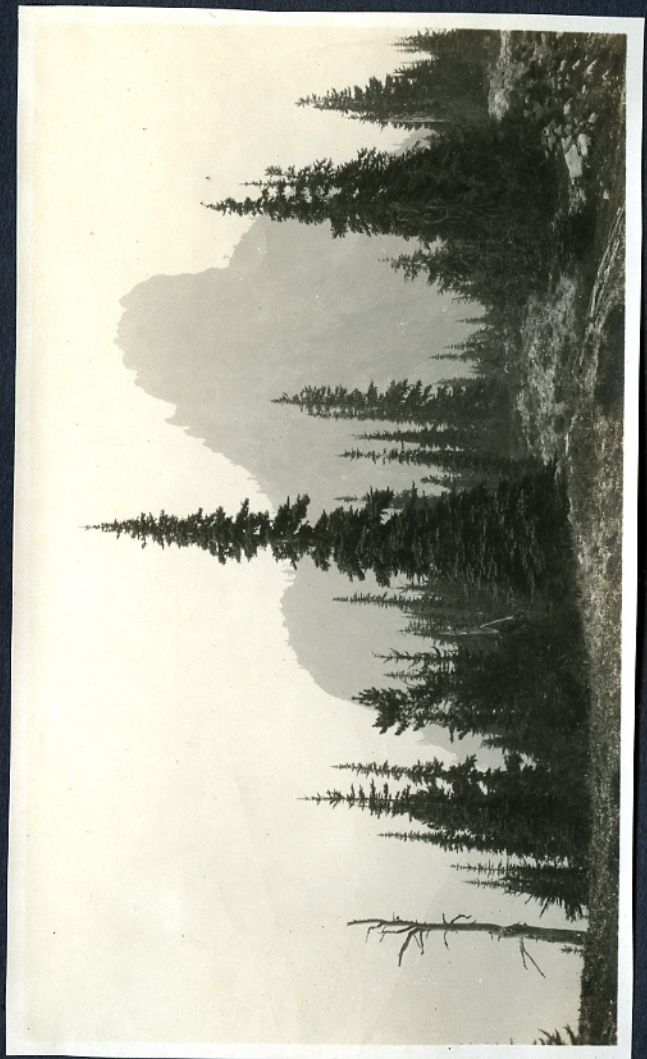






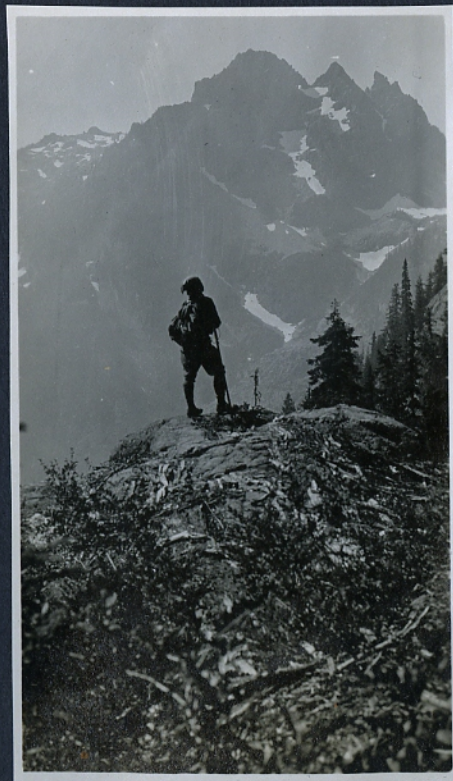








Wishing you a  
Merry Christmas,  
and  
A Happy New Year.  
Bruce Hizer.



If you can but remember back about a year or so,  
You may recall a motley gang who started out to go  
Clear through the bloomin' Cascade Range and over the  
divide,  
Till they should finally ascend Mt. Stuart on the  
East Side.

And, on this selfsame trip, you met, or passed, perhaps,  
in line,  
As we were plodding down the trail, or rushing in to dine,  
One, who was called by wagging tongues, - Heh! hell,  
but what's the use?  
If huckleberries you recall, you may remember  
Bruce.

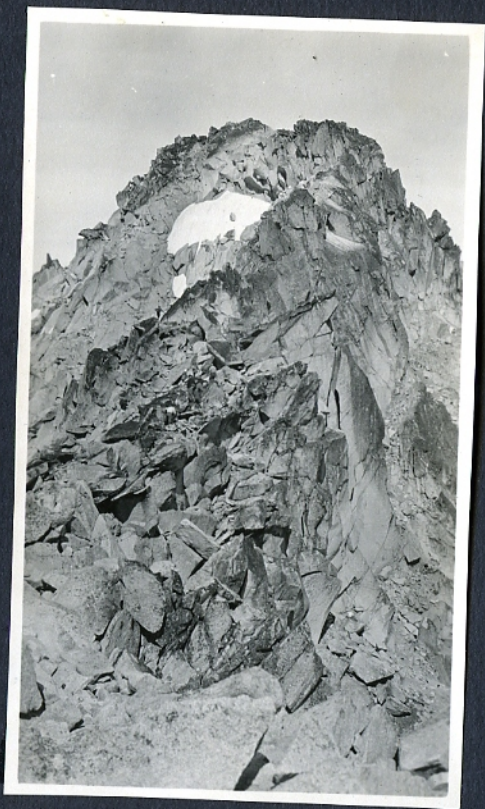


Wishing you a  
merry Christmas  
and may the New  
Year have a grand  
trip in store for us  
mātha.

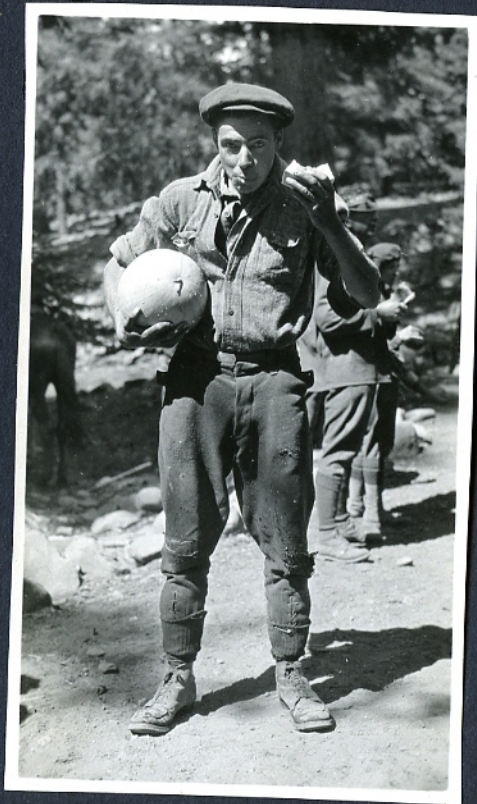














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THE MOUNTAINEERS

Members of the 1925 Summer Outing

Anderson, C. L.	Seattle	Larson, B. M.	Pittsburg, Pa
		Lungreen, C.E.	Seattle
Bennett, Edith Page	Seattle		
Boehme, Bertha	Spokane		
Bremerman, Glen	Seattle	Morgan, W. P.	Seattle
Brown, Margaret T.	Seattle	McGregor, P.M.	Seattle
Barrows, Miss	Missoula, Mont.	Meany, E. S.	Seattle
		Meany, Jr. E.S.	Seattle
		Mueller, Lynda R.	Spokane
Coleman, Linda M.	Seattle	McCulloch, Emma	Seattle
Copeland, May	Seattle	McComb, Florence	Seattle
Clark, Irving	Seattle	Myers, Harry	Seattle
Cameron, Crissie	Tacoma	Mooers, Ben C.	Seattle
Densmore, Cora	Everett	Paschall, Patience	Charleston, Wn.
Denman, A. H.	Tacoma		
Dodge, Florence F.	Tacoma	Roundtree, Harry	Seattle
		Reedy, Frances	Seattle
		Ruddiman, Ronald	Seattle
Furry, Mabel	Seattle	Reid, Robert W.	Seattle
Fuller, H. A.	Seattle		
Fisher, C. A.	Bellingham		
Fitzgerald, Roy G.	Dayton, Ohio	Streator, Gertrude I.	Seattle
Fitzgerald, Dorothy	Dayton, Ohio	Scott, Edith	Seattle
Farrer, Charles M	Seattle	Smith, Ilo	Seattle
		Stenholm, Alice	Seattle
		Shelton, Mary E.	Seattle
Gilley, Emily	Seattle	Seymour, Mrs. W.W.	Tacoma
Granger, Mildred	Seattle	Seymour, W.W.	Tacoma
Geithmann, Harriett	Seattle		
		Thompson, Nan	Everett
Harwood, Aurelia S.	Upland, Calif.	Thomas, Edgar A.	Seattle
Hazard, Joe	Seattle	Taylor, Harriett	Spokane
Hudgdahl, Paul	Bellingham	Thomas, Margaret	Missoula, Montana
Irick, Matha	Seattle	Wagen, Alma	Mankato, Minn
Josenhans, Sarah E.	Seattle		
Jenkin, Ellen	Everett		
Kizer, R. B.	Tacoma		
Kretek, Ann	Seattle		



Garda Fogg

NORTH SIDE OF MOUNT STUART.

"Doubly happy," reflected John Muir, "is the man to whom lofty mountain-tops are within reach, for the lights that shine there illumine all that lies below." If this be true and all Mountaineers know that it is, then you, who know where and how and when the NINETEENTH ANNUAL OUTING OF THE MOUNTAINEERS is to be staged this year, ought to be "doubly happy" if not thrice happy. Just across the green threshold of the Puget Sound country waits a wilderness of "green aspiring forests," of matchless Alpine meadows, of rocky spires that needle the blue, ice-crowned mountain-tops, ambitious rivers, industrious glaciers, inviting lakes and exulting waterfalls, all—here lies the charm of this wilderness—more or less unexplored waiting to be claimed by the unflinching, joyous spirit of The Mountaineers. Here, indeed, in this pathless wilderness will the lofty ideals of The Mountaineers, "to explore and study the mountains, forests, and water courses of the Northwest; to gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region; to preserve, by protective legislation or otherwise, the natural beauty of northwestern America;" be realized in a big way.

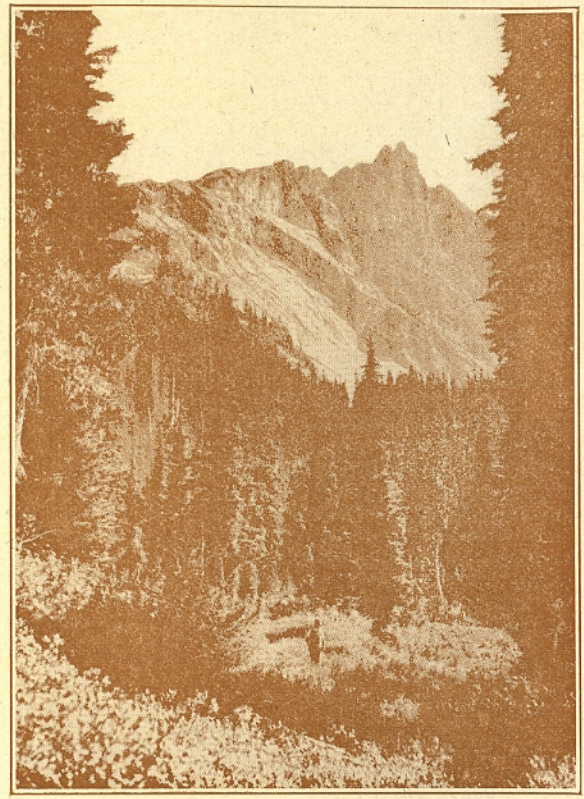
Think of it; this wilderness, inviting 1925 exploration, waits just over your threshold, on the magic rim of the Cascades, a league or two to the East! It is the home of the jagged and ragged Chimney Rock and the picturesque yet rugged peaks, Daniel and Stuart and a score of others well over 7,000 feet. The more you listen to the enthusiastic pathfinders, C. G. Morrison and Charles Farrer, who scouted the wilderness last summer, and to members of the 1925 Outing Committee, head over heels at work already, the more you will be "sold" on the entire expedition. The idea will creep into your blood and challenge your imagination.

This particular outing not only presents twenty-two days of exhilarated climbing and merry loafing but a wealth of opportunities to add to your knowledge of the mighty Cascades and the rugged mountainous heart of Washington. You, who are interested in the mysteries of geology, will discover much in this glaciated region to study, story after story of earth-making forces written in volcanic rocks and glaciated canons. You, who are interested in botany, will find a wealth of Alpine flowers in fragrant meadows and along the fringe of rocky cliffs, flowers that rival the glorious gardens of Mount Rainier.

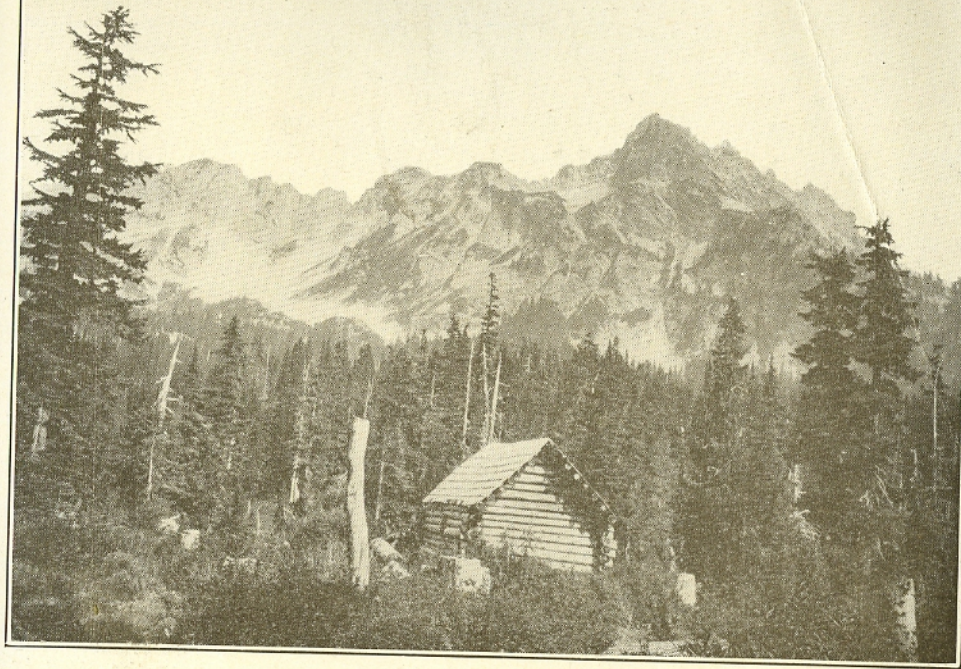
You are promised one thrilling climax after another all the way through the wilderness ending with the climax of climaxes, the ascent of noble Mount Stuart at an altitude of 9,470 feet. That the climax! Twenty-two days of bivouacing under August stars! This invasion of the wilderness east of the Cascades promises to be an outing of far-reaching influence. Three outstanding features characterize it:

First—This comparatively new and trackless region invites the pathfinding spirit of The Mountaineers and it promises several first ascents, new trails to be blazed and rich Indian lore and legends to be harvested for the future.

Second—It guarantees in advance either rough or easy going, as you please. There are the "smoothest levels and roughest mountains." There are hot strenuous days as well as cool loafing days. There is work for the experienced climber as well as the inexperienced climber. There are thrilling "scootchers" for the daring followers in



One of the Peaks of Summit Chief From Trail Below Dutch Miller Gap.



Danesville Cabin; Bears Breast Mountain, about one-half mile to the east; Dutch Miller Gap at the extreme right.

### THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL OUTING—1925

(Continued from February Bulletin)

"The eye sees what it wants to see, and the ear hears what it wants to hear," mused John Burroughs. "If I am intent upon birds' nests in my walk, I find birds' nests everywhere. Some people see four-leafed clovers wherever they look in the grass. A friend of mine picks up Indian relics all about the fields; he has Indian relics in his eye." Particularly is this true of the NINETEENTH ANNUAL OUTING OF THE MOUNTAINEERS, beginning the 25th of next July and ending the 15th of August. Ye climbers all, anticipating the boundless opportunities offered on this expedition, will discover all along the trail, that which is in your own eye, whether it be four-leafed clovers, Indian relics, dancing water ouzels or clumsy bears. It is all there for your eye and ear to recognize as you hike along under the blue.

As you know, this year's outing promises to be irresistible from many a point of view. It is to be staged in two of your Uncle Sam's National Forests of which he owns over a hundred and forty. Beginning in the Snoqualmie National Forest west of the Divide and ending in the Wenatchee National Forest to the east, this outing offers a wealth of variety in scenic architecture as well as mountaineering experiences.

The deer trails enjoyed by mountain goats and shaggy bears and the trails built by hopeful prospectors in the early days are being re-opened for The Mountaineers by their forest friends, W. G. Weigle, Supervisor of the Snoqualmie National Forest, and A. H. Sylvester, Supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest, and his District Ranger, James McKenzie. Thanks to these foresters, you will find these "highways of the gods" openly awaiting your eager feet.

Continuing from Dutch Miller Gap, where you were loitering in the February Bulletin, on to the gossipy mouth of Spade Creek, again will you bivouac for the night under the same roof with singing waterfalls. On the way, you will pay homage to Summit Lake, a gem among mountain lakes, flashing with sapphires in the August sun, guarded by granite boulders and entertained by several cascading orchestras that never grow weary. In the neighborhood of both Shovel and Spade Creeks, eternally reminding you of hopeful prospectors trailing after golden nuggets along the heights, you will have an opportunity to explore the eastern face of Bears Breast rising to an altitude of 7,500 feet. There seems to be no record of this bold peak having been conquered. Shovel Creek Gorge, rugged and picturesque, will also inspire you to new endeavors. On an energetic climb to the north of Spade Lake, you will stumble across another Alpine lake of bewitching beauty called Venus. There Venus basks in the sun on her glacial-carved

(Continued from March Bulletin)

The most vivid of Mountaineer Bulletins and the most vivid of Prospectuses of Summer Outings are "only hints to incite good wanderers to come to the feast." In this instance, the rugged heart of Washington, one of the most stimulating wildernesses of the world, surrounding Mount Stuart in the Wenatchee National Forest, is the feast. Here, indeed, you will find on the NINETEENTH ANNUAL OUTING OF THE MOUNTAINEERS, lasting from one to three weeks, from the 25th to July the 15th of August, a feast that promises to satisfy all degrees of mental, physical, and spiritual hunger.

When you crawl out of your snug, little cocoon on the heathery banks of Ingalls Creek, 4,500 feet above the sea, you'll find Mount Stuart, outlined against the sky, nodding an August welcome to you over your coffee cup. Shouldering your knapsack, your faithful alpenstock, you will follow the timberline trail to your temporary timberline camp where you will bivouac for the night at an altitude of 7,000 feet.

Long before the banners of Friday's sun flare across the purple valleys to the east, you will be abroad, for "those who lodge with Nature find early rising quite in order." You'll accept the challenge of Stuart and start blithely out for the "top of the heap." By three or four o'clock you will be climbing summitward.

Up the southeastern face of the "Mountain of Thrills" as C. E. Rusk in his "Tales of a Western Mountaineer" calls Stuart, you will climb up and over blocks and slabs of granite that know how to cooperate with your desire for safety. Stuart's granite slabs have a wholesome reputation for standing by. Mounting skyward, you'll find an average grade of 45 degree and even 90 degrees at certain spots. Even the golden eagles with their lofty ideas may offer you inspiration as they swirl around rocky cliffs and spires.

"Stuart," says C. E. Rusk, "is the culminating peak of a rugged range that stands like a great saw with its teeth pointed to the sky."

On its granite crest you'll feast again on the enchantment of far and near views, the radiant alpine meadows far below, the glistening glaciers, the black peaks of the Wenatchee Range, the white-enameled domes of Adams, St. Helens, Rainier, and Baker, the green forests to the west, the purple valleys to the east and the blue lakes all around. As you loiter on the highest pinnacle of granite, embroidered with tawny-brown lichens, 9,470 feet above the sea, you'll discover that Stuart's northern face drops perpendicularly thousands of feet to the blue-gray trenches of the glaciers below. On the summit of Stuart there will be pictures for your mind as well as your camera to register and the cloud-effects will dazzle your eyes.

After leaving your name in Stuart's granite-cairn you will lose no time traveling down the friendly couloirs, rocky chimneys, past wistful cul-de-sacs, tobogganing over August snowfields and wading through lush meadows, blue with lupine, purple with heliotrope, yellow with arnica, crimson with the flaming Indian paint brush and amber-white with avalanche lilies, back to camp on Ingalls Creek. All along the trails you'll discover "beauty ever changing,—lavish profusion" and floods of color changing from amber to garnet red. You will find yourself wishing that John Muir's "soft and succulent travelers" might see what you have seen from the roof of the world.

An awkward lump will fill your throat as you try to join in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" around the flickering camp-fire on the following morning just before you start homeward and civilization-ward. A deep respect will fill your heart for the chivalrous morale, the fine esprit de corps of your hiking comrades, The Mountaineers, an intangible spirit that Mr. Paschall of Hidden Ranch says "is as old as humanity, and is the common property of mankind."

Saturday morning, the 15th, with your mental knapsack bulging with peaks and the visions belonging to peaks, you will swing along the trail up Turnpike Creek and down the trail of Beverly Creek to the stages on the banks of the North Fork of the Teanaway River. At Cle Elum you'll entrain for home. And when you reach home you will not be hungry after twenty-two days or even less of feasting with the gods of the open air in the wilderness just over the rim of the Cascades.

(To be concluded in July Bulletin)

### NOTES ON THE 1925 SUMMER OUTING

For the benefit of those who are unable to attend the outing more than one week, and are in doubt as to which week would be most desirable, the Outing Committee recommends the first week. Those who wish the most variety will probably find it during the first week, which will be spent mainly near Dutch Miller Gap. Those who are more attracted by big peak climbing will be most interested in the third week, when Mount Stuart will be climbed.

The Outing Committee would be glad to send extra copies of the Prospectus to anyone who might be interested, provided their names and addresses are sent to Miss Matfa Irick, 903 Summit Avenue, Seattle.

Any Mountaineer who has ever trudged along the trail, snowbound, rockbound, or forest-finged, behind the sturdy heels of Joe Hazard, guide, explorer and mountaineer, knows that when Joe talks there's an idea in every word. And Joe says that the coming NINETEENTH ANNUAL OUTING of THE MOUNTAINERS promises from a pathfinding point of view to be one of the most interesting, irresistible, variable, and valuable of all Summer Outings. Regarding Mount Stuart, 9,470 feet of phantom-gray granite, the monument of Central Washington, the climax of climaxes, Joe, who scaled it the other day with Ben Mooers, and Glenn Bremerman, on The Cascadians' annual climb, says: "Stuart offered the best and most exhilarating rock climb I have ever experienced."

"It was a more interesting climb than even Rainier," says Glenn Bremerman.

Even conservative Mountaineers admit that the character of Stuart's rock formation offers an infinite variety of interest, so different is it from the peaks of Western Washington.

The chief characteristics of the 1925 Outing can be briefly summed up as follows. All the way from Snow Lake and Dutch Miller Gap in the Snoqualmie National Forest to Mount Stuart in the Wenatchee National Forest this Outing offers The Mountaineers wide opportunities for exploration, for the acquisition of knowledge, for splendid examples of mountaineering including the bagging of peaks and the making of several first ascents. It offers a new field of distinctive mountain architecture. It offers the botanists shimmering alpine meadows and fragrant forests of spruce, hemlock, fir, pine, and cedar. It offers the geologist the mysterious depths of cool, glaciated canyons and the hot crests of volcanic peaks. It offers picture prizes for the amateur photographer. Not the least of the major attractions of this Outing are the Indian traditions that envelop the region in a cloak of mystic charm.

W. D. Bruton, an old-timer of Taeneum Ranch in the vicinity of Thorp, has a wealth of Indian lore stored away in his brain. For the following quaint old legend of Iapia or Chimney Rock, we are indebted to Mr. Bruton.

Long, long ago, according to the legend, the wise men of the Northwestern tribes gathered together every summer and built their council fires in the fertile basin shadowed by Chimney Rock. With them came the warriors and youth, the women and children. From the north came the Chilkat, the Okanagan, and the Skagit. From the east came the Spokane, the Nez Perces, and the Palouse. From the south came the Yakima, the Klickitat, and the Klackamas. From the west came the Nisqually, the Quinault, the Snohomish, and the Kitsap.

For one moon each year they lived in the peaceful valley. For a long time there was no war. In the great grove at the head of the valley, the wise men held council. The valiant hunters brought in quantities of meat and skins. Wild game was plentiful. The women and children harvested the roots and berries for the coming winter. The young men and maidens made love. Many marriage feasts were held.

One summer Iapia Pe-nair, a beautiful Nez Perce maiden, came to the council basin. Like many beautiful women, Iapia was not content with the adoration of one brave. With her wiles, she enslaved all the unmarried men of the tribes and all the other maidens had to go without sweethearts or husbands. In desperation they appealed to the Council and the wise men decreed that before another year Iapia must choose a husband. Iapia promised.

The following year Iapia came again with her people. She was still unwed and as before all the young braves made love to her. Again her Indian sisters appealed to the Council. Iapia was called before the tribunal, where the eldest medicine man told her that Socala Tye was angry with her. As before, Iapia promised that she would choose a mate before she came again.

The third year Iapia was still unwed. Again the Council met. After much deliberation they prayed to Socala Tye for help. The Great Spirit called Iapia and in spite of her tears commanded her to leave the valley without looking over her shoulder at the braves whom she had beguiled. Under penalty of death, none should follow.

The penitent Iapia, in tears, started on her way, but she could not resist the temptation to look over her shoulder at the sorrowing young men. She smiled and one after another, four of her most stalwart lovers followed. This so angered Socala Tye that he turned Iapia and the four warriors to stone. They stand today, Iapia in the lead and the others in their order as they stood many snows ago. When Iapia saw the wrong she had done, her grief was so great that her tears, like crystal lakes, forever flow from the river to the sea.

Therefore the great valley was called the Iapia Basin and Chimney Rock, the Iapias. The Indians called the lakes, Iapia's Eyes and the stream flowing to the sea, the Whinnimic.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thanks to the Supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest, A. H. Sylvester, the

Extra-Extra

Ah-le-a-ho, ye-hoh!  
O climb to the mountains, ye sons of the West,  
Climb, climb, climb to the hills;  
O joyfully climb to the star-sprinkled crest,  
Climb, climb up to the hills.  
When pinnacles beckon with uplifted flags,  
Uncovered, salute ye the old friendly crags,  
And shout back their welcome, ye-hoh! Ye-a-ho! Ye-a-ho!  
Ah-le-a-ho, ye-hoh!

# Extra-Extra

## THE OLYMPIC OUTBURST

Vol. 1

September 11, 1926

No. 2

### MOUNTAINEERS HOLD ENJOYABLE REUNION

Mountaineer veterans of the 1926 campaign have assembled in the D. A. R. Hall tonight where they are renewing friendships made on the trails through the vast wilderness of the Northwest and reviving the strenuous days spent on the attack of Mt. Olympus.

A most delectable banquet, reminiscent of bivouac and camp, is being served and the evening is being dedicated to song, stories, and pictures.

This Reunion practically closes another chapter in Mountaineer history, the Twentieth Annual Outing and ten months of faithful service in the interests of this Outing by the Outing Committee.

### MISS HONOLULU STAYS TO REMINISCE WITH US

"Miss Honolulu", alias Miss Ella Barton, has remained in Seattle in order to attend the Summer Outing Reunion. She intends, however, to swim back to her Hawaiian home shortly.

### "LINDY LOU" HERE

Miss Lynda Mueller of Spokane is another "foreigner" drawn to Seattle today by the Reunion's gastronomic appeal and ???

### "FLAMING YOUTH" TO LEAVE

Harry Rowntree, scout leader, and wearer of carmine clothing, leaves soon for Ohio State University where he will sometimes teach and oftimes ramble gaily o'er Ohio's sandy hills!!!

### PROGRAM, 1926 OUTING REUNION TOASTMASTER--PRESIDENT E.S.MEANY

- "ANNOUNCEMENTS"-----Glen Bremerman
- "IN DEFENSE OF RYE CRISP"---Wilford Playter
- "US GRADUATES"-----W. W. Seymour
- "WILD HORSES I HAVE KNOWN"----Mabel McBain
- "CAMPFIRE REFLECTIONS"-----Ernest Fitzsimmons
- "TRIALS OF A MOUNTAINEER"----O. B. Sperlin
- "EXCESS DUNNAGE"-----Harry Rowntree
- "OLYMPIC TRAILS"-----Lynda Mueller
- "THE TOREADOR TWINS"-----Ted & Ned
- "THE MOUNTAINEER MELTING POT"---H. Woolston



Lynda Mueller





# The Spirit of the Mountaineer

## THE MOUNTAINEERS

*The objects of this organization are:  
To explore and study the mountains,  
forests, and water courses of the  
Northwest; to gather into permanent  
form the history and traditions of this  
region; to preserve, by protective  
legislation or otherwise, the natural  
beauty of Northwestern America; to  
make expeditions into these regions in  
fulfillment of the above purpose; to  
encourage a spirit of good fellowship  
among all lovers of outdoor life.*

## The Spirit of the Mountaineer

In the mountains and the great out-of-doors is a broad and enveloping spirit, which reaches out to all who fall within the magic circle of their charm. Poor indeed is he who does not feel the throb of interest in all forms of nature, and the desire to clear the way that others, too, may share the delights that he has experienced.

Under the leadership of The Mountaineers, peaks have been scaled, trails have been built, areas of wonderlands have been preserved for future generations, splendid individual mountain climbers have been developed and the spirit of exploration fostered, but taking a cold and unbiased view of The Mountaineers, the quality that stands out against the sky most clearly is the spirit of cooperation to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number and for the cultivation of the most sportsman-like attitudes for The Mountaineers.

How has such a situation developed? In the first place the Club was most fortunate indeed in having excellent and farsighted founders and leaders at the very beginning of its career, who with firm hands and high ideals established certain traditions that have stood the test of two decades. While the happy spirit is always noticeable, beneath it is a strong organization. This consists of a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer and board of directors with committees to care for each branch of club activities. But it is on each individual that the club must depend after all, and certain precepts have developed that are deeply respected by a good Mountaineer.

## ON LOCAL WALKS

The chairman or the appointed leader is in charge and a good Mountaineer leaves the responsibility to him and helps by keeping with the party, cutting down his rate of speed to at least keep behind the leader, and to give a cheering word to anyone who is a bit fatigued.

It is a question of honor to leave a lunching place in better condition than it was found. A good Mountaineer burns his papers and other debris, or buries it. Speaking of lunch places, no self-respecting Mountaineer will leave his campfire until every infinitesimal spark of fire is out and then examined again. That is why the Mountaineers rank high in the estimation of the Forest Service.

Perhaps an uninformed rancher may tremble for his fruit and berries when he sees a long line of hikers headed his way, but when the joyous company has passed and his orchard and garden have been carefully avoided he realizes that each member is trying to preserve the out-of-doors of civilization as well as of the wilds.

Friendliness is synonymous with The Mountaineers and to new members every courtesy is always extended. New members are desired and while the endorsement of two members is the rule, anyone who is not acquainted in the Club, but who feels the urge to join, may apply to the membership for endorsement.

When planning for a walk any Mountaineer will see to his footwear. Absolutely nothing but sensible boots with enough socks to fill them comfortably would be considered. However, a little adhesive in the pocket or pack is sometimes a life saver.

It is really very bad form for a Mountaineer on a local walk to get lost. It is etiquette in keep with the party, but if

one does fall behind it is well to remember that a branch always blocks a wrong trail and the open one leads to his companions.

On summer, winter and all special outings the good Mountaineer signs up in good time so that the management may not be inconvenienced. He brings only what is necessary and keeps his pack to the minimum. A prospective member of an outing reads every detail of the directions so that unnecessary questions will not be asked. The committee appreciates it.

When a member joins an outing party he works for its success; he holds himself in readiness to do anything within his power to help along.

If any member has a talent for entertainment he can find an appreciative audience at the evening campfire.

A desirable member of an outing regards the word of the leader as final and by word and deed accepts that word, even though his opinion may differ. New leaders are being developed all the time and to be a good leader one must first learn to take directions.

The Mountaineers have two lodges—an alpine cabin near Snoqualmie Pass with accommodations for sixty people. Easily accessible are ten fine peaks for the climbers. However, Snoqualmie is rapidly becoming tremendously popular for winter sports, the ski run being especially popular.

Kitsap Cabin is in the heart of the rhododendron preserve and is the center of delightful week-end trips all of the year. As club headquarters the club room in the Court Building is very popular and taken all in all, its members believe that for wholesome enjoyment and sporting spirit there is nothing quite like The Mountaineers.



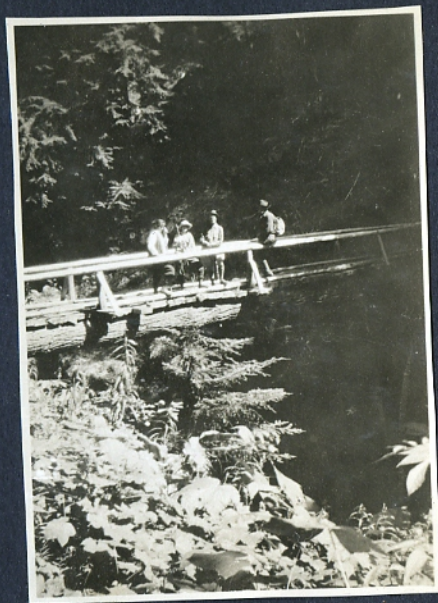
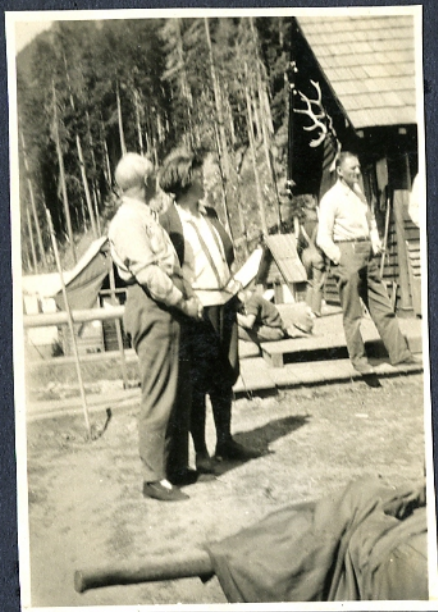


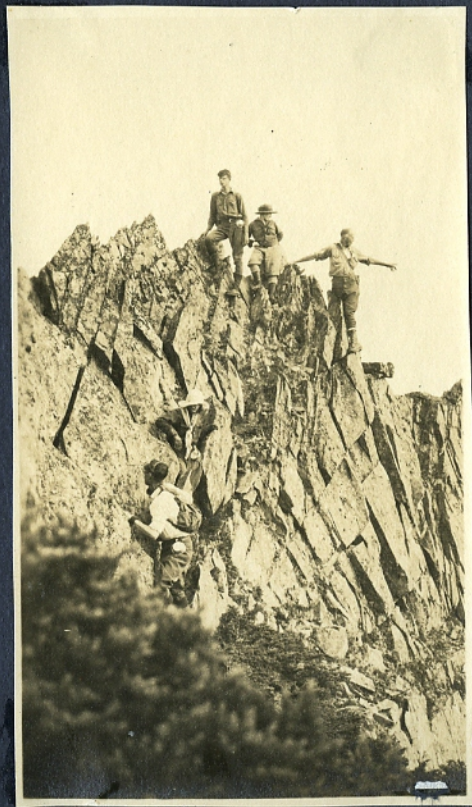














# Customs and Regulations of The Mountaineers

(For the Guidance of New Members and Prospective Members)



## THE MOUNTAINEERS

The objects of this organization are: To explore and study the mountains, forests, and water courses of the Northwest; to gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region; to preserve, by protective legislation or otherwise, the natural beauty of northwestern America; to make expeditions into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes; to encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.

### QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

Any one over seventeen years of age, and of good character, who is interested in the objects of this organization is eligible for membership in The Mountaineers.

#### GENERAL

All Mountaineer outings are under the direction of a committee; all persons participating in them thereby signify their agreement to comply with any regulations made by the committee.

A leader, acting under the committee, is in charge of each outing and arranges the details of that particular trip. His directions carry the same weight as those of the committee.

Members are encouraged to bring guests, particularly prospective members, on walks and outings but are not expected to bring the same guest more than twice in a year. Children under the age of seventeen are not allowed to attend. For the summer outing, however, membership in The Mountaineers or some kindred organization is required.

All committees reserve the right to bar from a trip any member or guest who, in their judgment, lacks the requisite strength, experience or equipment.

Guests and new members have repeatedly commented on the splendid spirit of cooperation displayed on Mountaineer outings and this spirit has undoubtedly been one of the biggest factors in the uniform success of these outings. It leads everyone to do willingly everything he may be called upon to do, anything his strength, knowledge, or skill enables him to do, be it acting as leader, cooking, serving, cutting wood, carrying burdens, entertaining or what-not.

The Mountaineers take special pride in leaving all places through which they pass in as good or better condition than that in which they found them. To this end all papers, cans and other refuse are either burned or buried before a lunch place is left.

The rights of private property are scrupulously observed. Possibly the one thing above all others that has made friends for The Mountaineers wherever they have gone

is the care that has always been taken to avoid even the slightest injury or annoyance to owners through whose property it was necessary to pass.

Signals employed on all outings are: one whistle, stop; two whistles, go ahead; three whistles, close up; four whistles, assemble.

At trail intersections a branch or stick placed across a trail blocks it.

Members should learn to follow a blazed trail. The habit of carrying a compass and the constant use of a map are to be encouraged.

Fire-arms are prohibited on all trips.

Dogs are not allowed.

On local walks anyone smoking is asked to keep at the rear of the line. At the lodges members are asked to refrain from smoking in the house, except in the case of small parties where there is no objection on the part of any one.

## THE LODGES

(The word lodge is used herein to apply to Snoqualmie Lodge, Kitsap Cabin, and Pilchuck Camp.)

A fee of twenty-five cents for each twenty-four hours is charged every person visiting one of the lodges.

Members are encouraged to make use of the lodges for parties of their own, but in such cases at least fifty per cent of the party should be members of the Mountaineers.

The chairman of the committee in charge of a lodge should always be consulted in arranging private parties and the key obtained from him.

Any party or group visiting a lodge is requested to appoint a leader, who will be held responsible for the use and care of the premises and equipment.

A register is maintained, which each person should sign, the leader indicating his position.

When leaving, a party should so dispose of commissary that rats and mice will not be attracted by it; matches should be placed in their containers; all fire-wood and kindling should be replenished, and lamps should be filled.

Individual shelters may be constructed on the Kitsap Cabin property, subject to permission of the chairman. All cabins so constructed are the property of the Club, and when owners are not present, the cabins are at the disposal of the chairman. In case owners wish to keep cabins locked, the chairman is to be provided with duplicate key.

## EQUIPMENT

Opinions vary as to the details of good mountaineering equipment. All, however, concede that proper shoes are of first importance. They should be stout and well-oiled, with broad flat heels and large enough to permit wearing two pairs of socks. A few hob-nails in shoes and heels are advisable.

The consensus of opinion favors woolen clothing for this climate.

In buying new equipment such as sleeping bag, snowshoes, etc., it is best for new members to ask advice of older and more experienced members.

Adhesive tape (zinc oxide), promptly and generously applied at the first symptoms of a blister is the best preventive and should always be carried.



*Photographed by Charles S. Gleason*  
IN THE OLYMPICS: A VISTA OF MOUNT SEATTLE

## *Salutation of the Dawn*

*Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn!  
Look to this day!  
In its brief course lie all the verities  
and realities of your existence;  
The bliss of growth,  
The glory of action,  
The splendor of beauty;  
For yesterday is but a dream  
And tomorrow is only a vision;  
But today well lived makes  
Every yesterday a dream of happiness  
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.  
Look well therefore, to this day,  
Such is the salutation of the dawn.  
From the Sanskrit.*

## Sunrise Service in the Hills

by

The Mountaineers



## Order of Service

INVOCATION—"The Lord's Prayer."

RESPONSIVE READING.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?

*He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

*Psalms xxiv: 3-4*

In His hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is His also. The sea is His, and He made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

*O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.*

*Psalms xcvi: 4-6*

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

*Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.*

*Psalms xc: 1-2*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

*Psalms cxvi: 1*

*Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.*

*Psalms cxvii: 4*

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever.

*Psalms cxv: 2*

*And I have also established my covenant with them, to give them the land of Canaan, the land of their pilgrimage, wherein they were strangers.*

*Exodus vi: 4*

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

*Psalms lxxii: 3*

*For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.*

*Psalms xcv: 7*

## Rock of Ages

Words by Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776

Music by Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1830

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

\* \* \*

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SERMONET.



### *Prayer*

We lift our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help! From the silence of the valleys and the majesty of the mountains we draw solace and strength! The strong battlements lift their heads in power for the faint. The upper summits shine with snowy peaks in glorious white and dwell in silence there alone! If the glory of the Eternal dwells anywhere upon the earth, it must be in these regions that rise higher till they are lost in cloudless blue above the mists below! Could not these mighty fastnesses be some eternal playground for spirits of just men who love them because they are like Thyself, high and strong and true? If the eternal hills be more glorious than these, we wait with bated breath the moment when our feet shall stand amid their radiant summits and we shall see Thee face to face!

—From George A. Miller: *Some Outdoor Prayers*, pages 29-30

### *Jesus Lover of My Soul*

Words by Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740  
Music by Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.