

*The
Mountaineer*



Seattle, Washington

1954

1954

The Mountaineer

Volume 47

December 15, 1954

Number 13

Organized 1906

Incorporated 1913

EDITOR.....Morda C. Slauson

ASSISTANT EDITOR.....Myron V. Judd

COVER ART.....Jo Anne Feringer

PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSISTANCE.....Bob and Ira Spring

MEMBERSHIP EDITOR.....Loretta Slater

EVERETT EDITOR.....Gertrude Schock

TACOMA EDITORS.....Tacoma Chairmen

PROOF READING

Margaret Hazard
Katherine Wichman

TYPING

H. V. Abel
Robert A. Hall
John H. Van Patten

Published monthly, January to November, inclusive, and
semi-monthly during December by

THE MOUNTAINEERS, Inc., P. O. Box 122, Seattle 11, Washington

Clubrooms — 523 Pike St., Seattle

Subscription Price — \$2.00 yearly

Entered as Second Class Matter, April 18, 1922, at Post Office in
Seattle, Washington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COPYRIGHT, 1954, BY THE MOUNTAINEERS, Inc.

"Where to Go" - "What to Do" Edition

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THREE SNOHOMISH GENTLEMEN—by <i>Aubrey L. Haines</i>	5
IT'S OUR MOUNTAIN AND WE LOVE IT—by <i>Florence S. Winship</i>	9
THE OLD, OLD TRAIL—by <i>Patience Paschall and Abigail Brooks</i>	13
A GOAT ROCKS WEEKEND—by <i>Jean D. Ripley</i>	14
LET'S USE THE CASCADE CREST TRAIL—by <i>Joseph T. Hazard</i>	16
OVER THE WHITE MOUNTAINS THE CARIBOU CAME—by <i>Lois Crisler</i>	20
TRAIL TRIPPERS ENJOY MANY TRAILS—by <i>Winifred Mullane</i>	23
MOUNTAINEER STARS SHINE AT KITSAP—by <i>Evan K. Sanders</i>	25
WANDER EASTWARD TO MONTANA—by <i>Maxine Hagen</i>	27
THROUGH INLAND PASSAGES—by <i>Joseph T. Hazard</i>	29
NO ONE TO LOOK TO—by <i>Richard J. Brooks</i>	33
WHITE APRIL AT O'HARA—by <i>Bill and Stella Degenhardt</i>	36
RESEARCH ASKED ON MOUNTAIN GOATS—by <i>Philip H. Zalesky</i>	37
MOUNTAIN RESCUE COUNCIL UNDERTAKES SAFETY PROGRAM—by <i>Ome Daiber</i>	38
GLACIERS REFLECT CLIMATE—by <i>Kermit B. Bengston and A. E. Harrison</i>	41
IF YOU COULD ONLY PAINT IT—by <i>Harriet Walker</i>	42
SEATTLE CLIMBERS ATTEMPT PEAK—by <i>Paul E. Gerstmann</i>	43
PARADISE GLACIER VANISHES—by <i>Walter Rue</i>	45
CENTURY OF CLIMBING STATE'S HIGHEST PEAKS—by <i>Stella Degenhardt</i>	47
TRAIL TRIPPER'S CLAM BAKE—by <i>Andy Bowman</i>	51
MOUNTAINEER TAKES TO THE AIR—by <i>Vincent Millsbaugh</i>	51
THOSE SUMMIT REGISTERS—by <i>Paul Wiseman</i>	53
IRISH CABIN HAS A PAST—by <i>Keith D. Goodman</i>	54
MANY CLIMBS POSSIBLE FROM SNOQUALMIE—by <i>Stella Degenhardt</i>	57
FIFTY SEVEN YEARS AGO IN THE YUKON—by <i>Charles Farrer</i>	60
WEST FACE OF MOUNT INDEX SCALED—by <i>Don Claunch</i>	62
CLIMBING NOTES FROM MANY MOUNTAINEERS	56 to 74
MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS—by <i>Victor Josendal</i>	70
MOUNTAINEER LODGE REPORTS	79 to 83
POEMS—by <i>Fred A. Corbit</i>	69 & 85
EARLY HISTORY REMEMBERED ON SNAKE RIVER HOLIDAY—by <i>Loretta Slater</i>	86
SPECIAL REPORTS FROM SEATTLE, EVERETT, TACOMA	87 to 97
MOUNTAINEERS OWN LARGE LIBRARY—by <i>Sophie Laddy</i>	98
RECENT DECISIONS ON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES—by <i>Peter McLellan</i>	100
MESSAGE FROM RETIRING PRESIDENT—by <i>William A. Degenhardt</i>	102
OFFICERS, TRUSTEES AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN	103
FINANCIAL REPORTS	104
MEMBERSHIP ROSTER	107

Frosty splendor on a winter day at
Artists' Point, Mount Baker.

Photograph by Bob and Ira Spring

MOUNTAINEER STARS SHINE AT KITSAP

By EVAN K. SANDERS



Photograph by Alfred Brunell

Assembled for the grand finale of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," Mountaineer Players bring a splash of color and pageantry to Forest Theater. Despite cold, rainy weather almost 1,500 persons attended the three performances.

A spectacle of much interest to Mountaineers and their friends was produced last June at Forest Theatre when a number of "Stars" lined up to produce Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." "Stars," in this case, does not mean necessarily just the members of the cast. It includes all who had a hand in the production—director, costumer, play chairman, set designer—each a star in his own right.

An unbeatable combination that: Earl Kelly, Dotty Lahr, Ray Puddicombe, and Bill Lahr. Add to that a cast of some sixty tried (and untried) but true Mountaineer Players and the concoction is bound to produce a glow.

"Androcles and the Lion" was unique in many ways. Somewhat of a departure from all previous successes at For-

est Theatre, being primarily a subtle conflict of ideas rather than of gags and guffaws, "Andy" presented some tough problems in direction, character interpretation, and staging. If the reception the three performances received is any criterion, it would seem that these problems were dealt with successfully.

It has been said that G. B. Shaw was aided and distinctly abetted by one Earl Kelly, who naturally understands Forest Theater possibilities and limitations better than G.B.S. could have—even in his youth. Indeed, it became habitual with cast members to refer to the play's author as a hyphenated person—Shaw-Kelly.

One unique feature of the production was the increased number of human

males in the tryouts. This has been attributed to a rumor—started Jupiter only knows how—that service in Caesar's Praetorian Guard could be substituted for service in the National Guard. This was later proved to be baseless.

The tryouts themselves were unique, bringing added interest in Mountaineer clubroom activities by the Pike Street Boulevardiers. For those were the nights when Mr. Kelly could have been heard saying, "Now, you, will you **Roar** a little for me, please? Hm, not bad. Maybe with a little more practice . . . Next!"

And before the Pike Place Uplift Society had figured that out, it was to be puzzled—twice a week—by the Grand Spectacle known as The Perils of Puddicombe, starring Bob Adams as Androcles, Marg Landweer as The Lion, Ray Puddicombe as Caesar, and Ray's coat-tails as Caesar's toga. The paying audience of loyal Mountaineers and general public witnessed Caesar's "taming" of the Lion but once; the Pike Street bums were treated to it dozens of times.

When the time came to move production over to dear old Kitsap, another unique note was struck. This was the induction into the cast of a statuesque newcomer, destined to become the toast of the Mountaineer Players. The newcomer, indubitably a female, was a gorgeous Etruscan beauty, some seven feet tall and built like an Etruscan bric-a-brac. Although her voice was quite inaudible, as she stood in the pool pouring water from her urn, even Director Kelly never denied that her projection left little to be desired, and that her charm "just seemed to leap out at you," as one cast member put it. "Mamie"—for thus was she baptized on the spot by the entire company of players—was the artistic work of Dotty Lahr and the saw-and-hammer work of Bill Lahr.

A distinct shock was registered on all seismographs in the region when the Players' first work party at Forest Theatre saw the havoc wrought by winter's ravages—in short, saw the hades raised by a big blow. It was suspected that the

place had been used by some movie mogul filming "Battleground" or "Hurricane." One tall tree clung to life only by leaning tiredly against the Players' spacious clubhouse-and-lounge backstage—known to the impious as "the dressing shack." A board of strategy, some thirty in number, was still debating Ways and Means, Tree Removal Of, when Rick Didion brought it down with his rusty saw.

Under Chairman Puddicombe's watchful eye and bullwhip, the stage was brought back to its natural beauty, by sweating, straining players who kept one eye on the ferns they were transplanting, one on the dark clouds overhead, and one on Puddicombe's whip.

When sun peeked through on opening day, just long enough to reveal a fair sized crowd trickling down into the seats, it was generally agreed by the Entire Company that it had all been worth while—this Work that's known as Play.

The 1954 production finally took its place in the annals of Forest Theatre—a high place, we like to believe. Our audiences seemed to enjoy the show almost as much as did the cast, which is saying a lot, for the cast loved every minute of it. The 1954 crew left behind many traditions it had created on the spot, with the hope they will be perpetuated. One thing it created, made great use of, and hands on to the 1955 crew, is The Work Song, which probably sums up best the spirit that engenders—and is engendered by—the annual Mountaineer Play:

"Off we go, into the valley yonder,
Out of sight—out of the sun;
Here we come, loaded with Props and
Plunder,
Then pound away, knocking the bark
asunder,
Till the Play's ready to go—
We live in pain, and fear of rain, but
Nothing can stop the Mountaineer
Show—NO!
Nothing can stop the Mountaineer
Show!"