

At the <sup>Christine Falls</sup> 410831-112 the bridge is a notable architectural structure but its position is deplorable, intercepting the full natural view of those beautiful falls. Arrived at Paradise Valley at 12:30 P.M. Have noticed one peculiarity along the way. It is the superficial layer of light colored earth superimposed upon an already existing topography as if it represented the debris from an eruption of the mountain. More noticeable as one nears Paradise Valley. At the Lodge arranged for sleeping bag and pack and headed for Anvil rock, arriving there at 3:30 P.M. Paul Macy was stationed there as fore observer. Paul is the son of Supt. Preston Macy of the Olympic National Park. The Macy family lived at Tongue River for many years, where Mr. Macy was Supt. of Rainier Nat'l Park. The last mile or less was travelled in a raging snow blizzard covering tracks with drifting snow in 15 minutes. Before the storm closed in had oriented myself in respect to Anvil rock station but as soon as storm hit, was totally destitute of landmarks. Being inadequately clothed and travelling by instinct was indeed fortunate in gain my destination without being becoming lost or suffering from casualty of the winter blast. All wind swept rocks exposed were coated with solid ice. The ice formation presenting a concentric ringed arrangement. Snow field stretches stable to foot. Absolutely no evidence of wild life and most dramatically impressed with nature's ability to adjust those animal forms to such a torturous environment. Wind and blizzard continued all afternoon and night. Paul surprised to see human being walk into cabin, a man more like a snow man than a human being. The cabin is situated on a vantage peak with an abrupt drop on north side and long steep ridges & snow fields leading up to it from the S.E. and south. Head of Mesqually glacier and ice falls to West and south. One can consider himself on the brink of the upper shoulders of Rainier. The cabin was iced and snow blasted with environs typically wintery in every respect. That evening and night developed an intimate friendship with Paul and as we had many ideals and thoughts in common were able to discuss problems until time for bed. With the blizzard raging outside and temperature below freezing and perched on top of nowhere, can say that the feeling of warmth and comfort of this cabin with a new friendship developing, was a sensation never experienced before. The cabin was of the observation type with glass windows on 3 sides. As the ice soon formed visibility was impossible. Room heated with gas from tanks. Food neatly arranged and every article in proper place. Paul mastery of cooking and his domestic ability very evident. Being alone all summer he would naturally turn to the use of the radio for comfort and amusement with