

DEDICATION OF KITSAP CABIN

November 23 1917 (really 1918)

To the party arriving at Kitsap, cold and hungry, through the dusk of last Saturday evening, the little cabin in the woods, all its windows alight and twinkling, beckoned a most enticing welcome; and the sense of hospitality and cheer was heightened by the warmth and glow of the blazing hearth fire and the savory odors of supper, being prepared on the new range in the brand new kitchen.

The time until supper was employed by some of the most industrious in preparing decorations for the room. Art was called to the aid of nature, since nature had failed in her duty, and handsome large pine-cones were wired to the branches of feathery white pine; and the artistic results of these efforts were then used to decorate the room by a very "Abel" person, with most pleasing effect.

In the midst of these operations the door literally burst open, a crowd "blew" in; there was a chorus of joyful squeals and greetings. Almost simultaneously a half dozen voices began to sing, "Turn around your own self", to which the object of this attention obligingly responded by "turning around" several times in rapid succession. It was the bunch from the 5 o'clock boat who had arrived, including Jan Kool, Ronald Ruddiman, Mr. McGregor and several other old friends who had not made their appearance for some time.

We were fortunate in also having Prof. Meany present, and he of course, presided at the dedication exercises which took place immediately after supper. The cabin was presented with what was designated as a "king's chair", the handiwork of Mr. Reamy, and in acknowledging it Prof. Meany remarked, it being an open season for kings, he felt a little insecure in taking his place therein. Mr. Reamy returned that it might be bad times for kings, but it certainly was a great day for presidents, whereupon Prof. Meany gracefully "took the chair" and opened the dedication program.

Mary Paschall first told us of the maiden appearance of the Mountaineers in their "neck of the woods"; how the Paschalls were peacefully dining one quiet Sabbath in the spring of 1909, when a queer buzzing sound seemed suddenly to fill the air, and looking out of their windows they beheld a long line of strange people descending the hill. This line was led by Mr. John Best, and there were present many of the well-known older Mountaineers (older in Mountaineering, not in age); among them Mr. Southard, Miss Lydia Lovering, Miss Nancy Jones and Dr. Eaton. (Mary's first meeting with Fuzzie Furry, who was present, was quite informal. Fuzzie was eating her lunch. When introduced she looked up between mouthfuls just long enough to say "Howdy-do" -- munch, munch, "my name is" -- munch, munch, "Mabel Furry", whereupon she again turned her entire attention to her lunch.)

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Mr. Peter McGregor told of the negotiations, stretching over a space of several years, whereby the Kitsap property was finally acquired by the Mountaineers. The land was owned by a lumber company in the east, who had taken it over for a bad debt. They held it at a value of \$1800 to \$2000. The Mountaineers finally bought it, in December 1915, through a series of negotiations in which Mr. McGregor took the initiative, and the price they paid was \$371.00. The cabin, the work of many hands, was built at a cost of \$600.00. Reckoning the cost if all the material had been bought and all the labor hired, it would have amounted to about \$2500.00.

Mr. McKee was then called upon to describe the trials and tribulations encountered in running the lines around the place. It was freely intimated by all concerned that he fully lived up to his well-known reputation in conducting this work, and his crews were small and frequently changed. They literally "fought and bled" for

the cause. One working party was composed of the Misses Marie and Martha Grassner. "You see", he said, "my crew was very thin!" He told of a tree marking the northeast corner of the land, originally blazed in 1879, when it was a mere sapling. Now it is a 14 inch tree, but by cutting through to the heart he found what was the original blaze made nearly forty years ago, and it can be readily seen by anyone who visits this corner.

*He mentioned
name several
times as well*

Prof. Meany read a resolution from the Board of Directors thanking Harry McL. Meyers for his indefatigable work in the construction of the cabin, also Otto Voll, whose efforts have been untiring, Peter McGregor, the redoubtable 'shaker', Louis Svarz, Arthur Loveless, and the entire Kitsap Cabin committee. And our good friends, the Paschalls, to whom the Mountaineers owe so much, were not forgotten in mentioning those to whom the success of the cabin was due. He read an interesting and appropriate selection from John Muir's "Our National Forests" and a beautiful poem of his own, "In Rhododendron Time", which I wish there were space to quote.

Miss Winona Bailey told us of an interesting plant, a cross between the Manzanita and the Kinnikinnick, which was discovered near the cabin by Mr. Paschall. It is mentioned in an old botany, but since nobody had ever seen it, it was thought the botanist had had a dream, and there was "no sich animal." However, once pointed out, one can see plenty of it out in front of the cabin, and it is to be found all through that section. She also spoke of the Pinus Monticola, the emblem of the Mountaineers, whose name means, "a dweller in the Mountains."

Prof. Meany then read a little poem written for the occasion and spoke a few words of formal dedication.

We were next regaled by a playlet, "Per Telephone", in which Inez Craven and Mr. Riggs shone as the leading (and only) man and woman, and Fuz Furry shone, not less brilliantly but more fitfully, as the Irish maid; at least presumably she was an Irish maid, if red bangs, suddenly and mysteriously acquired, are any indication. (Question: "Who belonged to the bangs?")

A little song composed by Mary Paschall was then rendered by the Village Choir (in close agony) and then several of the more gifted in our midst sang solos or performed clever stunts. After that, Fuzz got her 'uke' and everybody sang.

The mystic hour of midnight was fast approaching, and though some of the young and giddy chose to sit by the fire and continue the festivities, most of us were ready to follow Mary Paschall's lead and "hit the hay", to the tune of the raindrops pattering on the roof overhead, and Genevieve, (alias Liberty Bell, Guiding Star, etc., etc.,) munching contentedly below.

Dagmar Georgeson.