

The Mountaineer

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Early morning view from Mazama Ridge.

E. L. Bickford

THE SUMMER OUTING OF 1919 "A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES AROUND RAINIER"

By E. L. BICKFORD



HE Glacier National Park Outing of 1914 had proved so enjoyable, despite all the handicaps of the Outing Committee, that we were anxious to visit the Mt. Rainier National Park, with which the Mountaineers are so familiar, and of whose beauties we had heard so much.

The morning of Saturday, July 26th, found us, therefore, with other adventurers known and distinguished amid the turmoil of the city by their alpenstocks, sliding with our calks over the glaciated pavement of the Tacoma Union Depot, awaiting the arrival of the main outing party from Seattle.

The trip from Tacoma on the Tacoma Eastern Railway after their arrival was none too long to renew old acquaintances, exchange reminiscences and meet new friends before we arrived at Ashford at 11:30 a. m., and disembarked for our walk into the Park.

This eight and a half miles over the hard macadamized road, with fifty-seven varieties of autos and flivvers throwing dust in one's face, was kindly punctuated by lunch at shady springs and water-courses en route, and it was not long before the advance guard was registering at the Park Entrance and purchasing the different maps and pamphlets of the Government relating to the Park.

The first night's camp was not made, as expected, at the Big Trees on Tahoma Creek, but in the forest by the side of the automobile road near the Tahoma Creek Bridge, where the green banner of The Mountaineers was displayed to the edification and wonder of the passing tourists.

Although a part of the pack-train had not as yet arrived, the party started promptly the next morning for Indian Henry's Hunting Ground.

The very words even had an alluring sound after the dusty road of the day before. And the trail was no less alluring. Winding through the woods, crossing a beaver-dam where the traces of the little workers were plainly to be seen, through beds of twin-flower, bordered by kinnikinnick, princess pine, clintonia and Canada dogwood, it finally took its way up the old bed of Tahoma Creek, and brought us face to face with The Mountain over the great moraine of Tahoma Glacier. Then climbing up the north side of the ridge over drifts of snow, we came to the lovely beds of avalanche lilies, which escorted us into the snow-banks and flower-fields of Indian Henry's.



THE TOADSTOOL

Lloyd Smail
Rock on ice pedestal, Success Glacier.

Camp was made near Mirror Lake. When the pack-train arrived, it was found that all the horses not having arrived for "the grand start", only the girls' bags had been sent up, and the masculine contingent commenced their preparations for a night by the camp-fire. A great impromptu pot-latch ensued. Middies, tent-flies, sweaters, shirts, socks and dunnage-bags arrived without number, for the use of the "unfortunates".

The fairer sex wondered what the men looked like arrayed in these habiliments, and would have been much edified could they have seen the uses to which the different garments were placed. Suffice it to say that the night was spent very comfortably (?) around the great fire, and although one of the party (who was snatching a cat-nap when he probably should have been tending the fire) exhibited a much scratched eye in the morning and talked mysteriously about defending the camp from wild-cats, it transpired that nothing more thrilling had occurred than a bombardment by a flying stick from the fast diminishing wood-pile.

The next day, Monday, the 28th, was spent in side trips from this beautiful camping ground. A large party left for the base of Crystal Moun-



**MOUNT RAINIER FROM
VAN TRUMP PARK**

View from camp showing Success and Kautz Glaciers to left with Success Cleaver on the skyline beyond.
Gibraltar Rock is on extreme right.

Mabel Furry

tain, where they divided, the party under the leadership of Mr. Weer climbing to an elevation of 7,500 feet on Success Cleaver, and Dick Wainwright's party scaling Pyramid Peak (6,987). The remainder of the Outing Party emulated that grand old man, Noah, in resting upon Mt. Ararat, where they found more varieties of wild-flowers than Noah ever dreamed of.

The pack-train was now complete, our bags all in, and the leaders—and every one else—were happy. Billy produced "good eats", the lights on Sunset Amphitheater and the sunset reflections in Mirror Lake were lovely—what more could be desired?

The trip to Van Trump Park on Tuesday, the 29th, offered a choice of routes. The "High-line" party went over Pyramid, Success and Kautz Glaciers, and reported the snow conditions on the glaciers to be all that could be desired. The balance of the party enjoyed a forest walk, saw the storm over Pyramid Peak from the anemone-bordered trails, watched the pack train struggle with the snow-bridges over Kautz Creek, and found it hard to believe they should have gone by any other way.

The camp at Van Trump Park offered fine views of the mountain, on this trip (contrary to the 1915 Outing) and gave a sunrise view above the clouds, with the Tatoosh Range and Mt. St. Helens thrusting their heads out, as an accompaniment to breakfast.

Wednesday, the 30th, the party moved to Mazama Ridge. The High-line trip went above the clouds across Van Trump and Nisqually Glaciers, with Mts. Adams, St. Helens and Hood all towering on the skyline. The glaciers were in good condition for crossing, in marked contrast to the difficult three-hour trip across the crevasses of the Nisqually in 1915. The only excitement on this trip was furnished by Jack Tusler, who saw his hat cart-wheel about a thousand feet down Van Trump Glacier, and who immediately followed after it, sliding down amid much encouragement and volumes of advice as to how to get back. No one did a sliding act on the stiff little piece of zig-zag work down a steep snow-slope on to the Nisqually Glacier, although there were volunteers who desired to. The "Low-Lifers" (as "Abe and Mawruss" might call them) had meanwhile descended by Nahunta Falls and had followed the tourist-trail up by the nose of Nisqually Glacier to the pie at Reese's Camp, and the lemon-drops and picture-post-cards of Paradise Inn (no calks allowed!). Mazama Ridge proved a foggy, wet camp, and the fires looked and felt good. Important baggage was here temporarily missing, to-wit, one President's bag and one band-leader's ukelele, and great was the joy over the final return of the wandering pack-prodigal. At the camp-fire Dr. Wilbur narrated the circumstances which led to the naming of McClure Rock when the Mountain was first climbed by a large party, of which he was a member; and the Mountaineers were pleased to greet as visitors their fellow-members L. A. Nelson, Lillian Voll, Fairman Lee, Harry Buckley, Jasper Gould and Mr. and Mrs. Hazard. Professor Meany narrated the story of the first ascent of the Mountain from this spot

by Van Trump and Stevens in 1870, and described the memorial seat to be erected by the Mountaineers and Mazamas near Sluiskin Falls in commemoration thereof, to which each member of our 1919 Party had contributed a stone. Side trips were made from this Camp on July 31st to the Tatoosh Range and Plummer Peak, as well as to Anvil Rock and Camp Muir.



"High-line" party crossing Nisqually Glacier below the ice cascades.

H. C. Hitt

August 1st, Friday, was an eventful day. The pack-train and "Low-liners" had the prospect of a long and not particularly interesting trip in the fog down between Reflection Lake and Lake Louise, on and down through a big burn, over the Canyon Bridge and up—up—up—the Cowlitz Divide. It was with high spirits, therefore, that the high-line party started that morning in full grease-paint across the Paradise Glacier, via the Stevens, Williwakas and Cowlitz Glaciers to Cowlitz Park, whence they would strike the Cowlitz Divide trail from the east, and join the main party near the summit of the Divide. Everything went according to program; the clouds lifted from Cowlitz Glacier while the party was on the medial moraine, and gave some wonderful views; evidences of goats,—goat hair in abundance and goat-wallows,—led us to expect great possibilities in that direction; lunch on Cowlitz Rocks by a little glacial stream never tasted better; the party bedecked themselves with white ptarmigan feathers which they found, and a great eagle quill came out of the clouds for one lucky feminine hiker. And then, almost in sight of our next day's camp at Ohanapecosh Park, the fog fell on the party like a blanket, cutting off all landmarks, and compelling a cautious course, feeling along with compass and barometer. About 6 p. m. our leaders decided that we had missed the ridge we had been heading for, and that the only thing to do was to drop down until we struck Nickel Creek, following that down to the Bridge, and thence up the Cowlitz Divide Trail whence the main party had preceded us, to camp. Had the "Ptarmigans" (as they called themselves) had about five minutes more of daylight, moonlight, or any other kind of light, they would have reached the old Nickel

Creek camp of the 1915 trip. But at 10 p. m. the impenetrable, pitch darkness of the forest halted them, and the women, as well as the men, had the pleasure of sitting around a fire until morning, when they rejoined the wondering camp, after having been twenty-four hours out, none the worse for wear, but yelling loudly for soup and coffee. Valiant deeds of rescue were under way, and the noble party of two who carried twenty-nine lunches ahead, and then (it was rumored) had to eat all of them, was immortalized in the annals of the Club.

A short trip over the snow on Saturday, the 2nd, brought the party to Indian Bar. The low-hanging fog cut off the fine views that would otherwise have been possible on this trip, and hid the Ohanapecosh Glacier, and the little waterfalls of Whitman Crest. The far-famed huckleberries, expected here, did not materialize. But Wauhaukaupauken Falls and its stone bath-tubs were there, the flowers were lovely, (with yellow avalanche lilies mixed with the white), and the Alaska cedar burned splendidly in the various fires. So why should we worry? Scouting for the ascent was to have been done from this camp, but the weather did not permit it. Professor Flett and Mr. W. P. Taylor of the U. S. Biological Survey were with the party at this camp, where two nights were spent, one of them having been made memorable by the efforts of the "Lost Chord Quartette", who so inspired our chorus that they nearly made a night of it singing in the mist.

Monday, August 4th, we climbed up by the side of the Ohanapecosh Glacier wishing that the fog would lift, as it tantalizingly suggested that it might, giving faint glimpses of the vista beyond. The botanists of the party were interested to find here the charming purplish cones of the white bark pine, as well as an occasional tight-packed green cone of the alpine fir which had not yet seeded, to leave but its spike-like skeleton as the proof. And then it rained in real earnest, and the party crossed a whole string of small "Fryingpan" glaciers, explored Panhandle Gap, and came into Summerland in the storm. Those who saw Indian Charlie leading his pack-train string through the dim, snowy mists, with one of the Indian boys singing a wierd Indian song as they mushed along, will not soon forget the picturesque appeal of this day's trip.

Summerland lived up to its name. Tuesday, August 5th, brought full sunshine, with fine cloud effects nevertheless, on the Mountain. The "Two-week" people joined the party here from Enumclaw. Side trips were taken to Goat Island Mountain, and back across the Fryingpan Glacier for views that the storm had hid the day before. The list had been signed up for the main climb, packs were being weighed for that great event, boot-greasing was a popular occupation, and the various styles of pack-boards and packing devices all had their ardent advocates. The scouts, Messrs. Weer, Wainwright and Smail, left for Camp Curtis, whence their route was observed with interest through a telescope ingeniously mounted on a tripod of alpenstocks. (Any true Mountaineer is always endeavoring to find a new use for an alpenstock.)

The whole party left Summerland on Wednesday morning, crossing an icy tip of the Fryingpan Glacier, and then across the Emmons Glacier, with its many glacial rivulets, running into their hidden reservoirs. The shoulder of Mt. Ruth was climbed, our scouts met, and then the main climb party



Little Tahoma and Mount Rainier from Summerland camp.

E. L. Bickford

took leave of the "Mystic Lakers", who continued on their long hike into Glacier Basin, up the St. Elmo Pass, across the Winthrop Glacier by devious routes, and then over "just another ridge" around the east side of Mineral Mountain to Mystic Lake, where the pack-train finally found them at 10 p. m.

The climbing party pulled up over the Inter Glacier, with their packs on their backs, to "Camp Curtis", where the rock apartments, tombs, or bath-tubs, (as you may prefer) were soon preempted. The American flag and the Mountaineers' banner were planted on the ice of the Winthrop Glacier, and the interest of all was soon focussed on the rock corral where the presence of Billy the cook and Dick Wainwright, with a number of husky-looking Sterno alcohol stoves proclaimed the presence of Commissary. An excellent cup of hot Steero was soon served to everyone as a preliminary. Then, unlike Moses' rock which produced but water, our rocks shortly gave out a supply of mush, beans, hard-tack and hot tea. Next to our downy couches, with the lines of the Mountaineers' goodnight song—

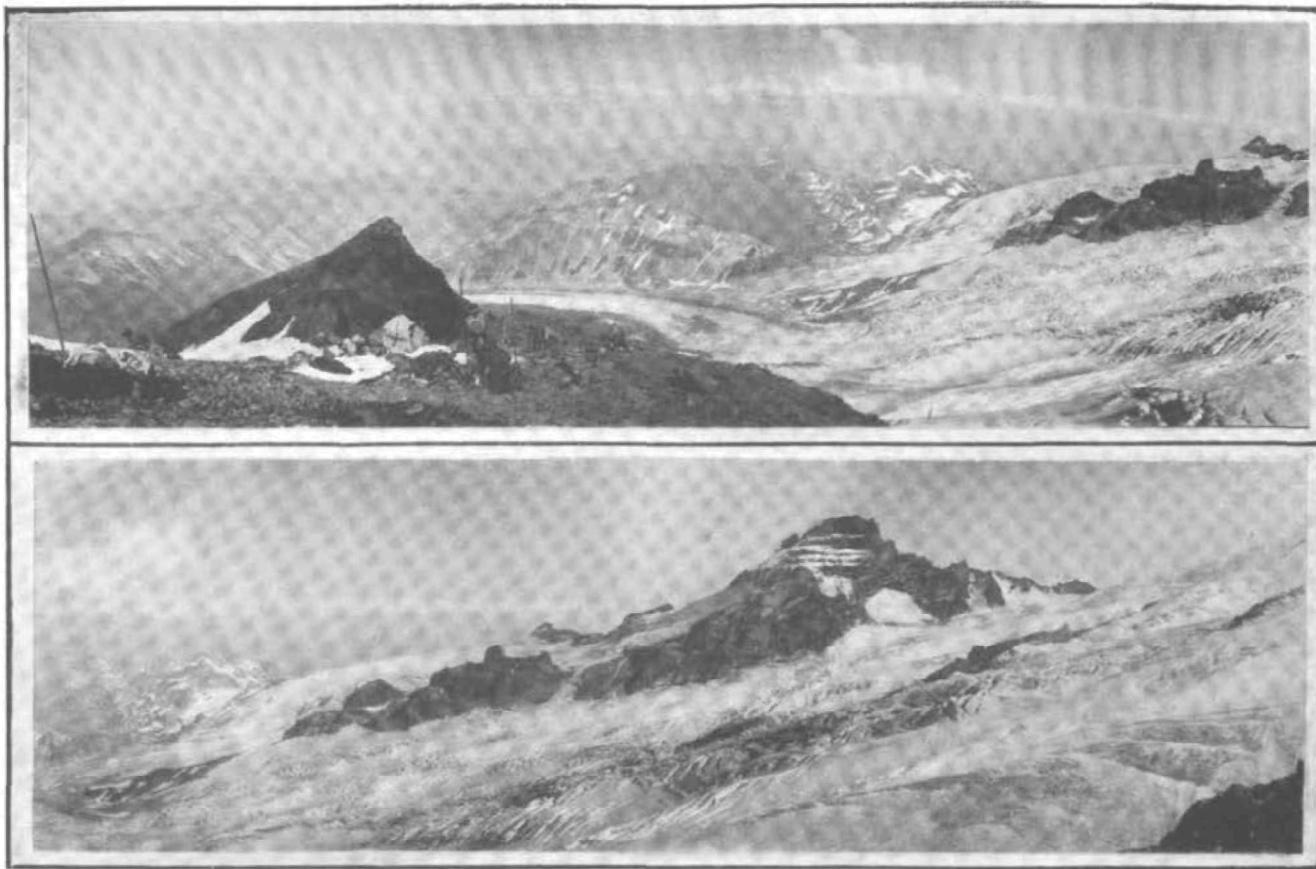
"Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me: my rest a stone;"

ringing appropriately in our ears. The stars seemed unusually near and clear to the pilgrims, and probably few better places than that wedge of pumice rock between the great glaciers could be found for sensing the descriptive truth of old Omar's line which speaks of

"that inverted Bowl they call the Sky."

The night was a comparatively calm and favorable one (we were told) and our early call the next morning showed us the dim lines of the "seals" sticking up their heads from the rookery below (as one of the party phrased it) long before we were greeted by a fine cloudy sunrise.

The start was a tardy one, and not as early as could have been desired, but with the scouts ahead and Peter McGregor as pacemaker, good time



ON THE BIG CLIMB

Upper—Temporary camp (Camp Curtis) and Mt. Ruth in foreground. "We were greeted by a fine cloudy sunrise."

Lower—Across the crevasses of Emmons Glacier to rugged Little Tahoma.

E. L. Bickford



SERACS ON THE WINTHROP GLACIER

Roger W. Toll

was made. The day was clear and windy, and a wonderful view was obtained across to Mt. Baker, Glacier Peak, and the Monte Cristo Range as we ascended higher and higher. At about eleven o'clock, when an elevation of 12,000 feet had been reached without difficulty, the scouts returned, and after a consultation, Mr. Weer announced, to the intense disappointment of all, that on account of ice conditions above, it was deemed wisest to turn back. Mountaineer loyalty accepted this decision without a murmur, remembering that Mountaineer leaders have never yet lost a man. So the climber's "special" lunch was therefore promptly enjoyed near a great crevasse, and then returning to Camp Curtis another cup of hot beef extract was once more enjoyed, and the party took up their packs, felt their way cautiously over the Inter Glacier in a thick cloud, and climbed up the St. Elmo Pass and over the Winthrop Glacier to Mystic Lake for a royal welcome and a good camp on Thursday night.

Friday, the 8th, was certainly enjoyed at Mystic Lake. The swimming, the flower meadows, the wonderful view of The Mountain and Willis Wall, and the interesting bird life around the lake, all combined to make a pleasant camp,—some said "The best"—a statement always fruitful of debate. "The Carnival of Nations," which Miss Paschall's Program Committee produced here, was enthusiastically received.

Saturday's trek took everyone over the rocks, gravel, and moraines of the Carbon Glacier, up through Seattle Park, and over to Spray Park, where the party became much scattered. The lower Park below Spray had so many involuntary visitors that it was dubbed "Stray Park." However, everyone had an opportunity to get in aeons before the poor pack-train, which arrived at 1 a. m., after it had long since been given up, and the party had supped frugally on tea and hardtack with beans en can, and was keeping

vigil around the fire, after the silver moon had majestically sailed up over the snow wall of the mountain.

The "One-Weekers" came in here from Fairfax, and found a wealth of choice apartments awaiting them in Spray Park, with heather, hemlock shelter, little lakes, flower carpets and friendly streams. A pleasant Sunday was spent here, with only a few strenuous souls making a side-trip to Faye Peak and Observation Rock on Rainier; a greater number preferred merely to stroll up to Hessong Rock for the sunset.

Monday, August 11th, was an eventful day. The low-line party hit a bunch of waterless switchback trail for their last seven miles, and went into a damp camp below Sunset Park which suffered by comparison with the last camp in Spray. Crater Lake and Spray Falls were side attractions on their trip. The "High Liners" chose with deliberate joy the most strenuous hike of the trip: over the Mowich Divide, via N. Mowich Glacier and S. Mowich Canyon. The crevasses on the N. Mowich were wide enough to be exciting, and the climb up through Barnes Pass, and a descent of 3,000 feet over rocks and through brush and waterfalls, made it clear to some of the party why this was the least-visited part of the mountain. At a stream-head, Mr. Weer, leading over the route formerly traversed by him with Flett and Barnes, found the box with their names left there seven years before on their exploration trip. The rocky way down to the Mowich River was done with extreme caution, a ford was made with great difficulty, and the climb up the other side made in the moonlight shadows, with boot-calks striking sparks from the rock. The camp-fire and answered whistles finally brought them to ministering night-capped angels who purveyed food, and to their beds at midnight.

Sunset Camp will be remembered by the Outing Party of 1919 for wet, frozen dunnage, steep hillside beds, the bear, and the circus. The bear was not in the circus, although it was not for want of an invitation. But he preferred to stick around and take observations at the girls' bathing-lake for an hour or two, when hearing that the photographers were coming on his trail, he unceremoniously beat it, without consulting Miss Jones in any wise. But he was not needed, for strange animals had been taking shape during the day. A calliope was assembled under the expert hand of Miss Furry. The lady bareback rider (Peyton Farrer), Sandow the Strong Man (Mr. Thornburg) ably assisted by the Tumbling Clown (Mr. Sheldon) Wallace the Savage Lion (Mr. Richardson), the Trained Zebra (Miss Noel) and the Gold Dust Twins (Mr. and Mrs. Spring) in high class vaudeville, all shone under the expert tutelage of the awe-inspiring ringmaster (Miss Cameron). But the sensation of the evening was the Educated Giraffe (Otto Voll and Jack Tusler) with his fondness for Bevo and his aversion to water.

St. Andrews Park, to which we moved on Wednesday, the 18th, was one of the loveliest of our camp-sites, and could easily have polled a



Puyallup Glacier and the mists surging around Weer Rock.

Glenn Bremerman.

large vote for the most popular camp. The party who reached it first over the Puyallup Glacier were not the heroes of the day, but the humble low-liners who built trail all afternoon that the pack-train might get up, and who, under the leadership of Otto Voll, said, "We can and will." The Park trail-builders worked like demons; Mountaineer women chopped trees; Mountaineer men sweated with shovel and mattock, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Anderson lead his string up over the Ridge.

St. Andrews was a two-night camp. It had fine flowers in great variety; luxurious heather-beds, and an inspiring view of the great Puyallup Glacier hanging over the tremendous gorge, with Weer, St. Andrews and Tokaloo Rocks above. To see the ice-tongues of the glacier break and crash down the gulf from the tip of Klapatche Ridge was one of the compelling views of the trip.

The last high-line jaunt was on Friday, August 15th, from St. Andrews over the North Tahoma Glacier, dropping from an elevation of about 6500 feet, where we had a fine distant panorama of Pyramid Peak, Indian Henry's, Mt. Ararat and Mt. Wow, and the topography of the initial part of our trip, and following over the glacier down past Glacier Island to the nose of the South Tahoma Glacier. One could never persuade this party that it is not dusty oftentimes on a glacier! A portion of the party went back to Indian Henry's, where they found the snow had gone and the mosquitoes had come.

The remainder of the expedition followed the South Puyallup River to Round Pass, and by way of Fish Creek joined the Indian Henry trail to our last camp in the shadowy trees on Tahoma Creek. The last camp-fire was honored by the presence of Mr. Roger W. Toll, the Superintendent of Rainier National Park, and favored by an address from him. Representatives of the Sierra Club, the Prairie Club, and the Rocky Mountain Outing

Club extended the greetings of their several organizations, and spoke their appreciation of the splendid work of our leaders, Messrs. Weer, Wainwright, and Voll, and the efficient co-operation of Miss Chapman, the secretary of the Outing Committee. And then the Mountaineers joined hands and reluctantly sang their Farewell Song, to go out on Saturday morning amid dust, heat, and the smell of burnt gasoline. Huckleberry pie and ice cream at the end of the road were but poor consolation for Paradise Lost! But still,

“My memory hath a secret pack
 Wherein I store the loveliest things;
 And in my heart, not on my back,
 My dear and guarded treasure swings.
 With every passing year it grows,
 And as it grows, life fairer gleams;
 And lesser weigh my daily woes,
 And brighter, rarer shine my dreams.”



MOUNT RAINIER
 FROM ST. ANDREWS PARK

E. L. Bickford
 “An inspiring view of the great Puyallup Glacier banging
 over the tremendous gorge, with Weer and St. Andrews Rocks
 above.”

MEMBERS OF THE 1919 SUMMER OUTING

OUTING COMMITTEE

J. H. Weer, Chairman
Otto Voll

Effie Chapman, Secretary
R. S. Wainwright

For convenient reference the Committee adopted titles to apply to the different periods of the Outing, as follows:

Outing No. 1—Full 3 weeks	Outing No. 4—1st week
Outing No. 2—1st and 2d weeks	Outing No. 5—2d week
Outing No. 3—2d and 3d weeks	Outing No. 6—3d week

Members of the Outing are designated by numbers opposite their names.
State is Washington unless otherwise specified.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Naomi Achenbach, Everett | 1 | Blanche Noel, Seattle | 1 |
| Edith Bennett, Seattle | 1 | June Oakley, Seattle | 1 |
| Hortense Beuschlein, Seattle | 1 | Mary Oakley, Seattle | 1 |
| *Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bickford, Napa,
Cal. | 1 | Mary Paschall, Chico | 1 |
| Emily Blakeslee, Sandusky, O. | 1 | *La Verne Pennington, Elma | 1 |
| *Mary Blakeslee, Medina, O. | 1 | Mary J. Pretteggiani, Seattle | 6 |
| Glen Bremerman, Seattle | 6 | *Agnes Quigley, Seattle | 1 |
| Crissie Cameron, Tacoma | 1 | Lulu Raper, Seattle | 1 |
| Isabel Chalmers, Portland, Ore. | 1 | *Wm. B. Remy, Washington, D. C. | 1 |
| *Effie L. Chapman, Seattle | 1 | *J. Belden Richardson, Seattle | 1 |
| *Linda Coleman, Seattle | 1 | Frederick T. Rouse, Seattle | 1 |
| *C. W. Connell, Tacoma | 2 | *Edna C. Sawyer, Everett | 1 |
| May Copeland, Seattle | 3 | *A. E. Scheer, Seattle | 3 |
| Inez Craven, Seattle | 2 | *Sophie L. Schneider, Tacoma | 1 |
| C. F. Davidson, Seattle | 5 | Josephine Scholes, Tacoma | 1 |
| Lillian Davidson, Evanston, Ill. | 1 | Stella Scholes, Tacoma | 1 |
| Mabel Engebretsen, Tacoma | 2 | *Mable Shaver, Seattle | 1 |
| *Sarah M. Farley, Chicago, Ill. | 1 | *Clifford D. Sheldon, Everett | 1 |
| *Peyton Farrer, Seattle | 1 | *Anna Simmons, Seattle | 1 |
| *Mabel Furry, Seattle | 1 | *Lloyd L. Small, Seattle | 1 |
| *Harriet Galbraith, Seattle | 1 | Ellen Garfield Smith, Walla Walla | 1 |
| *F. R. Gerstmann, Puyallup | 2 | *Gladys Smith, Seattle | 1 |
| Mildred Granger, Seattle | 1 | O. J. Smith, Seattle | 1 |
| William T. Ham, Auburn | 2 | Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Spring, Chicago,
Ill. | 1 |
| *Joseph T. Greenleaf, Seattle | 1 | *Gertrude I. Streator, Seattle | 1 |
| *Henry C. Hitt, Bremerton | 2 | *W. P. Taylor, U. S. Biolog. Survey | 2 |
| Elsie Hubert, Seattle | 3 | *Nan Thompson, Everett | 2 |
| Mary B. Hunter, Seattle | 6 | Mr. & Mrs. D. A. Thornburg, Seattle | 1 |
| Nancy E. Jones, Seattle | 1 | *Luella Todd, Seattle | 1 |
| *Susanna Kellett, Seattle | 3 | H. S. Tremper, Seattle | 2 |
| *Mrs. J. T. Keppel, Seattle | 1 | *Henry Tusler, Seattle | 1 |
| F. L. Kerzie, Seattle | 6 | Jesse A. Varley, Everett | 3 |
| Elizabeth Kirkwood, Seattle | 1 | *Otto Voll, Manette | 1 |
| *O. H. Kneen, Seattle | 2 | *Gile H. Walker, Tacoma | 1 |
| *Edith Knudson, Seattle | 1 | *R. S. Wainwright, Tacoma | 1 |
| Martha G. Lane, Walla Walla | 1 | Winifred Washburn, Seattle | 2 |
| *Carrie M. Lewis, Seattle | 3 | Marie Weeks, Everett | 1 |
| Winifred Macfarland, Tacoma | 1 | *Mr. and *Mrs. J. H. Weer, Tacoma | 1 |
| *Peter M. McGregor, Seattle | 1 | Emily J. Widdcombe, Kent, Ohio | 1 |
| *Earl B. Martin, Tacoma | 1 | Marie Wiegman, Seattle | 1 |
| Edmond S. Meany, Seattle | 1 | Myrtle Wiegman, Seattle | 1 |
| *Mary H. Mudgett, Tacoma | 1 | *Mabel Zimmerman, Everett | 1 |

COOKS AND HELPERS

- * Wm. C. Schroll
- Robert Felke
- Louis Hynus
- Wm. Robinson
- Odlon Dugas

PACKERS

- John Anderson
- L. V. McWhorter
- Ben Ulsund
- Rhyl Higgins
- William Charley
- Pete Wannemle
- Henry Shaw-Way

* Packed sleeping bags and provisions from Summerland via Ruth Mountain to Camp Curtis where night was spent. Following which start was made for ascent to summit of Mount Rainier via Emmons and Winthrop Glaciers. After reaching altitude of approximately 12,000 feet, icy conditions on day of climb made it advisable, in judgment of guides, that climb be abandoned, and from that point descent was made via Camp Curtis, Inter Glacier, St. Elmo Pass, and Winthrop Glacier to Mystic Lake.