



THE SCOUTS

P. M. McGregor

ENCIRCLING MOUNT RAINIER

RICHARD W. MONTAGUE

FOR the third time in their history The Mountaineers this year made a complete circuit of Mount Rainier at timber line.

To tell in a few pages the tale of three crowded weeks of activity so intense that it might be said of most of the party — as of one of its liveliest members — that he broke his record when he was idle for three consecutive waking minutes; of a racing panorama of crag and canyon, of snow field and glacier, of tarn and torrent, of deep forest and tumbled moraine, of flower-decked meadow and barren waste, all on the grand scale, and all enlivened and enriched by joyous and open-hearted human intercourse — is to rush in where even archangels might fear to tread. Accepting the proverb at par, we proceed, undismayed.

The outing began with a ride in "chartered stages," to use the handsome language of the prospectus, up the Naches Pass Highway to a point beyond White River Camp, where a bridge spans the turbulent flood of White River and the trail dips at once into the welcome "coolth" of the forest, crossing a low divide to the valley of Fryingpan Creek which it ascends for some miles, part way in a defile between tremendous cliffs, affording toward the end occasional glimpses of the Mountain's "Most Excellent Majesty" with the afternoon sun on its far-shining snows. At last the trail emerges from the defile into a green, lush meadow which had been described and believed by the innocent to be the end of the day's tramp. Thence, not without protest from muscles not yet inured to the inevitable one last climb after the end, the trail switchbacks steeply up to the high and breezy open

of the Summerland Camp. Here, as always on later days, the gallant pack train which served us through the outing beyond praise, came trotting in ahead of all late-comers on the trail. The one fault that could be found with these noble beasts was their naughty indifference to curfew regulations. Their unlicensed nightly wanderings through the ladies' sleeping quarters aroused no little alarm in fair bosoms, and gave rise to a legend — afterwards embalmed in doubtfully immortal verse — that the ever kind but scrupulously truthful "Gorty," seeking to comfort a terrified damsel who had appealed to him, assured her that "horses didn't step on people — much."

A Sunday excursion to Goat Island Mountain on the other side of Fryingpan Creek and looking down on the mighty Emmons Glacier, was very pleasant in itself and helped towards the necessary "conditioning." The creek was high and boulders thrown in for stepping-stones, declared by one startled observer to be as big as a bushel basket, were instantly rolled out of sight in the rushing waters. The crossing was effected, however, with some engineering skill and a display of gallantry in assisting the ladies, perhaps a shade beyond what was absolutely needful.

Next morning over the Panhandle Gap in a fog, which thinned away as we filed down a long ridge into the valley of the Ohanapecosh and revealed the brae on one side set thick with Indian paint-brush of crimson or cerise and on the other side of orange or salmon, in charming contrast. A day on the wide cliff-encircled flat of Indian Bar in warm and welcome sunshine, the official fog-chaser having performed his sacred office well, was devoted by a large party to climbing the Cowlitz Chimney and the adjoining crag of Banshee; and by others to more leisurely walks, over the ridge or down to a bathing pool sculptured out of the solid rock, and beyond to the wonderfully pretty series of falls with the terrible name which the orthoepists insisted the Creator intended to be pronounced Wau-hau-kau-pau-kan. Then we were off again on the longest leg of our journey, to Mazama Ridge in Paradise Valley. The route was by "high line" across Cowlitz Park, getting noble views of Adams and other peaks of the Cascades; past the arresting beauty and wonder of Basaltic and Margaret Falls where the water slides hundreds of feet down perfect and unbroken basaltic columns which spread at the bottom into a sudden and graceful outward curve; down to the Cowlitz Glacier where the "cool silver shock" of the wind that blows down these great ice streams brought refreshment after the long, hot tramp; below the foot of Cowlitz Rocks; across the Williwakas, Stevens, and Paradise Glaciers, where under the guidance of the Hazards, who had joined us above, we visited one of the most remarkable and beautiful scenes of the whole outing, a long corridor under the Paradise Glacier with a swift river rushing along its floor. Above, the roof was of groined and mullioned arches of clear ice through which the sunlight found its way as through the stained glass windows of a cathedral, but this was of the exquisite glacier blue which no painter's palette has color to match.



MOUNT RAINIER FROM SPRAY PARK

A. H. Denman

From the camp at Mazama Ridge an ascent of the Mountain was made by way of Gibraltar. There were some forty in the climbing party which was divided into two companies under the direct charge respectively of F. Q. Gorton, chairman of the Outing Committee and general chief of the outing, and Joseph T. Hazard. All reached the summit save one, who had exhausted his strength in a tremendous race far down the Mountain and up



Mabel Furry

A SISTER TO
THE GOD PAN

of the always serviceable Pete McGregor, and all of them were away next morning as brisk as bees.

To Van Trump Park, whither we moved next, was a long descent, and then a longer climb up the trail. Of the reputed beauty of that Park we saw only what we stepped on, owing to another blanket of fog so dense that some of us who were not gifted with a sense of direction had to take a compass bearing to get from the campfire to our sleeping tents. Even fog has its compensation, however. On the way we passed Comet Falls, which, through the mist, seemed to come from the sky and disappear into the void profound, a shimmering column of water dimly seen and weirdly without beginning or end, and when the mist began to break away and the sun sent down long streamers amongst the trees, there was about their tops, which seemed to lean together, an iridescent halo among the alternating bands of mist and golden sunshine, very strange and very beautiful. The "low line" trip, which the fog made necessary, took us through noble forests and amongst a wealth of plants and flowers peculiar to the lower zones, which enlarged our botanical acquaintance and gave ground for much high discussion and debate over habitat and genus interesting out of proportion to its scientific thoroughness. They brought us to great armfuls of coral

again after an extra rope for use in helping four members of the party out of a crevasse into which a falling snow bridge had precipitated them. Only one was much hurt and all, despite the nervous and physical shock, pluckily went on and made the summit. Visits from Major Tomlinson, superintendent of the Park, and Mr. Schmoe, Park naturalist, were interesting features of this camp. Mr. Schmoe took a group of the stay-at-homes on a botanical excursion to their great pleasure and profit. More than fifty distinct species of flowers were identified by him and his worshipful disciples. The climbers, who had been all day above the fog which filled the valley, had to dip into it on their way back and returned late and tired, but were warmed and cheered by pails of hot soup which met them some distance from camp under charge



HIGHLINE PARTY ON THE
TAHOMA GLACIER

R. L. Glism

mushrooms which made a toothsome addition to the evening meal, for the trustful, and they showed us how admirably made and kept were the many miles of Park trail we had to traverse.

Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, where we made our next sojourn, is too well known to need description. The magnificent view of the Mountain from thence, fronting the impressive cliffs of Glacier Island with the parted streams of Tahoma Glacier encircling it and the vast semi-circle of Sunset Amphitheatre looming behind it, cannot be forgotten. At the campfire that night there appeared a cleverly made relief model of the Matterhorn done in mud with flour for snow, which made the account of the ascent of that terrible peak very real. The rare white lupine was found still blooming here, and Mirror Lake yielded a delightfully refreshing bath to the swimmers.

From Indian Henry's we went down through the woods to the snout of Tahoma Glacier, followed the outer edge of its westerly branch in front of and beyond Glacier Island, crossed it, coasted along a side hill wondrous steep, thence over the crest of the ridge to St. Andrew's Park and down into the pretty meadow of Klapatche Park. This was voted the favorite camp of the series on a referendum taken at the end of the outing. The view looking up to the summit along the Puyallup cleaver and past the tremendous ice fall of the glacier, between Weer Rock and Elephant Head is of unsurpassed splendor, and on our left and below lay the seemingly immeasurable depths that descended to the north Puyallup River. Here, on Aurora Peak, a fine eminence fronting the Mountain, a cairn was built and dedicated by President Meany to the loved and revered memory of George E. Wright, whose last visit to the Mountain was at this spot. A bronze

plate fitly inscribed will later be set into the living rock at the foot of the cairn.

The more energetic of the party went from Klapatche by high line over the Glacier to the night's bivouac at Sunset Park, coming near on the way to the herd of goats which had been seen through field-glasses from camp the day before, and, as they were pleased to report, meeting other sources of high inspiration. The less vigorous, or more leisurely, went down the long trail to the river crossing, and climbed again, not quite interminably, to their night's rest. Next day another long descent through the forest and another interminable climb brought us to Spray Park, with a visit to the enchantingly beautiful Mowich Lake as a solace by the way. Nowhere does the Mountain present a more imposing view than from Spray Park. The long ridges rising gradually from far in the lowlands toward the central dome which far overtowers them, gave a deep sense of its majestic height and the pleasant plain in the foreground lends grace to the whole.

This camp was notable for the abundance of flowers. The gentian, loveliest of the mountain blossoms, was everywhere, and along the streams the red mimulus was wonderfully plentiful. One patch was noted fully as large as a city lot and set over its entire extent with the blossoms as thick as they could stand. Here was held the solemn and impressive sunrise service of the last Sunday of the outing, conducted by President Meany with such fine dignity and attended, it should be said, by a larger proportion of the population of the camp than a voluntary service in city or town ever is. Here we constituted ourselves a branch of the Spring Builders of America and walled in a spring, naming it after Miss Gallatin, the founder of that order, and dedicated it to all who might drink its sparkling waters in the future. Here, too, the early risers were rewarded by the sight of a bear, parading across the narrow ridge of Hessong Rock west of the camp. From Spray Park to the delightful valley of Mystic Lake was but a step, over a little branch of Russell Glacier, creeping along under the face of a granite cliff, where ropes were stretched to re-assure the timid, down upon the ugly, mud-covered ice cones and hummocks of the Carbon Glacier to a grassy meadow in Moraine Park, by a pretty, clear stream which made lunch an esthetic pleasure, thence over the ridge to where the blue waters of Mystic Lake were seen to sparkle enticingly. A day here, filled with a climb to Avalanche Park, and picking and eating huckleberries more delicious than nectar, and then another frontal attack on the Mountain, this time by way of Camp Curtis and Steamboat Prow, not so successful as the first by reason of a terrible windstorm and a fog which only cleared up in time for sixteen of the swiftest to make the ascent. A night at Glacier Basin where all were rejoiced by a visit from L. A. Nelson and the Albertsons, and then to Yakima Park near Shadow Lake, with a side trip by a few to the beautiful Lodi Valley and Grand Park, and next day, after a glorious last campfire, down an endless descent to the White River and home again.

So we are come to our journey's end with hardly a hint of those things which will cause it to be so long and so fondly remembered; the wise forethought and unwearying care of the Outing Committee, thanks to which the whole expedition with its many difficulties and countless details ran as smoothly as a well-ordered household; the busy and cheerful cooks and their savory contributions to our well being; the fleet-footed scouts ranging far and wide over icy slope and rocky steep to make our paths straight, doing each the work of ten men in camp; the quaint and racy company of the packers and the easy competence with which they did their work; the music and gay laughter of the great campfires with their jolly and tireless song-leaders, the antiphonal choruses of the Airplanes and Covered Wagons, the grave sweet strains of the goodnight song, and the echoing bugle; always the heart-shaking splendors of the great Mountain above us; and more than all, and better than all, the comradeship, frank and free, high-minded and warm-hearted, unlike any other on this earth, often weaving in a few days ties of friendship never to be broken.

*P. M. McGregor*

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names of the members of the Outing with record of ascents appear on page 70.
