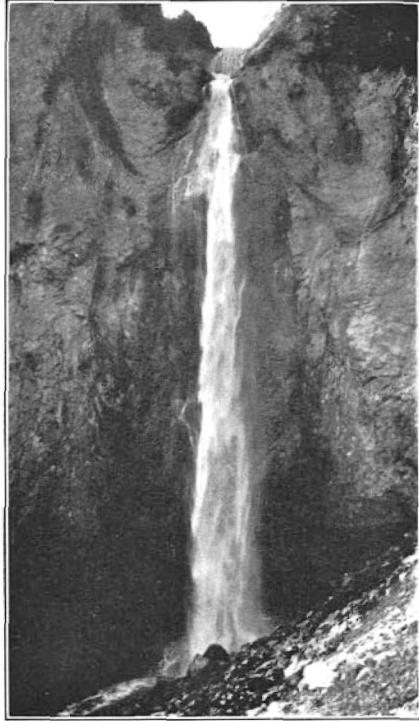


MEANY CREST

Mabel Furry

On August the thirteenth, 1930, by unanimous vote, the members of the Summer
Outing party gave to this rugged dome overlooking Summerland,
the name, Meany Crest.



COMET FALLS C. A. Garner
On the trail to Van Trump Park.

The Mountaineer

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IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN

ELISABETH WRIGHT CONWAY

*"Mika tumtum pe nika tumtum kwahnesum cooley yahwa;
delate kloshe tillicums, mika pe mika."*

*"Your heart and my heart always run together so;
very good friends, you and I."*

RAY mists were idling in a neutral atmosphere. Fog was dripping softly from wet fir branches. Shifting groups tarried near a table decorated with dish-towel mountains rising from fir twig forests. Around the table sat the graduate and alumni six-peakers, and at its head Professor Meany, gracious and beloved, conducted the commencement exercises, carrying the crowd on the tide of his own emotions. The scene was the auto camp in Paradise Valley; the time the last breakfast together of the 1930 annual outing; and above are Chief Joseph's words to Dr. Meany as they were about to part after a strenuous time of visiting and public addresses. The two friends were seated, and as the Indian spoke he looked Dr. Meany straight in the eye and rubbed together his gnarled index fingers.

"Your heart and my heart always run together so," he said, "very good friends, you and I."

To me the old Chief's words with the accompanying gesture were an epitome of our vacation together in the shadow of Mount Rainier. For three weeks we had lived the life of our pioneer forbears. Cut off from civilization, isolated from the artificiality of our work-a-day lives, we had been entirely dependent upon our own resourcefulness for comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, we had brought with us our food, our essential equipment, our cooks, our packers and pack-horses, fifty strong, but during our pilgrimage we had developed from our own numbers and definitely assigned to his or their duties a cobbler, a bugler, a minstrel, a song leader, an orchestra, a postmistress, a keeper of lost articles, a doctor, several nurses, an official water bearer, two official photographers, an editor, reporters, cartoonist, fog chaser, fire-makers and funmakers—in fact, we have evolved a complete and mobile community. For three weeks we had rubbed together as the old Chief rubbed together his gnarled index fingers; we had eaten, washed dishes,



VAN TRUMP PARK

One of the chain of upland meadows that girdle Mount Rainier. In the brief summer season these meadows are richly carpeted with brilliant mountain flowers.

R. L. Glisan

slept, worked, sung, and occasionally suffered together, and we had emerged that misty morning at Paradise "very good friends, you and I."

The trip around Rainier is dominated by the haunting presence of the Mountain. Each evening, with one exception, we camped in full sight of his majesty. Along the trail we digressed for glimpses through forest openings; we arose at dawn to see him in his morning garb; at sunset, we climbed the hilltops to watch the alpine glow fade from the glaciers. Our camps were made in flower-carpeted meadows at an approximate elevation of 5,500 feet. The day's march usually offered two alternatives, a descent of several thousand feet over woodland trails and a climb into the evening's camp at timberline, or an early morning's ascent to the glaciers, with a drop into camp in the late afternoon.

On the trails we were turned loose each to follow his individual taste and speed. Some who liked to stretch their legs in seven league strides arrived in camp hot and perspiring at noon day, but the majority preferred to photograph, and botanize, and collect mushrooms, to lunch by some cool, fern-banked stream, or sitting against a log, to gossip and philosophize and reminisce.

The climb, however, and the highline trips must perforce be rigidly organized. Scouts worked in advance of the party. There was a leader with the signal whistle, rear guard, and definitely assigned places in the line. The glaciers on Mount Rainier, although they follow a general course of recession, vary considerably from year to year, depending upon the winter's volume of snowfall and the early or late arrival of summer weather. This year the snowfall had been very light and the summer an early one, so that although the leaders had previously traversed the country and many in the party were familiar with the route, conditions were much changed from those existing on former outings. Glaciers were more open than usual at this season of the year; snow had very nearly disappeared from their surface; and crevasses were many and terrifying. Where former parties had walked from the moraine directly onto glacial snow, we encountered drops of forty or fifty feet chiseled by the ice in its inevitable progression. Scouts must be sent in advance of the main party to familiarize themselves with the territory and discover the easiest and most practical route; and as these scouting expeditions necessitated a trip to the advance camp and return in one day, the enthusiasts for such double portion narrowed down to three or four ardent travelers. More power to our scouts! They labored hard and long to spare us a few minutes' time in waiting, an extra effort to regain lost elevation, needless steps amidst the glacier's maze.



**MOUNT RAINIER FROM
MOUNT ARARAT**

W. L. Huber

Showing Glacier Island, between Tahoma Glacier on the left and South Tahoma Glacier.

The first day from Mist Falls to Van Trump was a pleasant leisurely affair. It was good to greet old friends and meet new ones, best of all to see Professor Meany pass on faithful Andy, and to realize that even the encumbrance of a stiff leg could not keep him from our midst. The trail led through shady woodland, over some rocky pentstemon-covered slopes, past lovely Comet Falls shining in the sunlight, through meadows riotous with squaw grass, lupine, and Indian paint brush, to camp in upper Van Trump Park, where we had ample time to establish ourselves and recuperate from our four-mile walk before partaking of one of those dinners for which the cooks later became famous. At Van Trump we had visitors with taking ways. A mother bear and her two cubs carried off our flour and sugar. After this experience the cooks slept with the provisions to discourage overbold marauders.

Sunday's was another leisurely woodland walk to Indian Henry's, where we spent two nights and all of Monday. These were days of getting acquainted, days when lazy folk might be lazy and strenuous ones strenuous. There were tea parties on Ararat, swimming parties in Reflection Lake, washing parties in the creek near camp, sketching parties, photographing parties, and an organized climb of Pyramid. When an alternative highline trip to Klapatche was announced, there was much discussion of this or that person's fitness to join the high-



KLAPATCHE PARK

Many a pilgrimage is made by Mountaineers to the George E. Wright Memorial on the top of Aurora Peak, outlined in this picture against Mount Rainier.

R. L. Glisan

GEORGE E. WRIGHT
1867 — 1923
CITIZEN MOUNTAINEER
FRIEND CLIMBED HERE
ON HIS LAST VISIT TO
THE HILLS
THIS MEMORIAL PLACED
BY THE MOUNTAINEERS

19



24



WRIGHT MEMORIAL

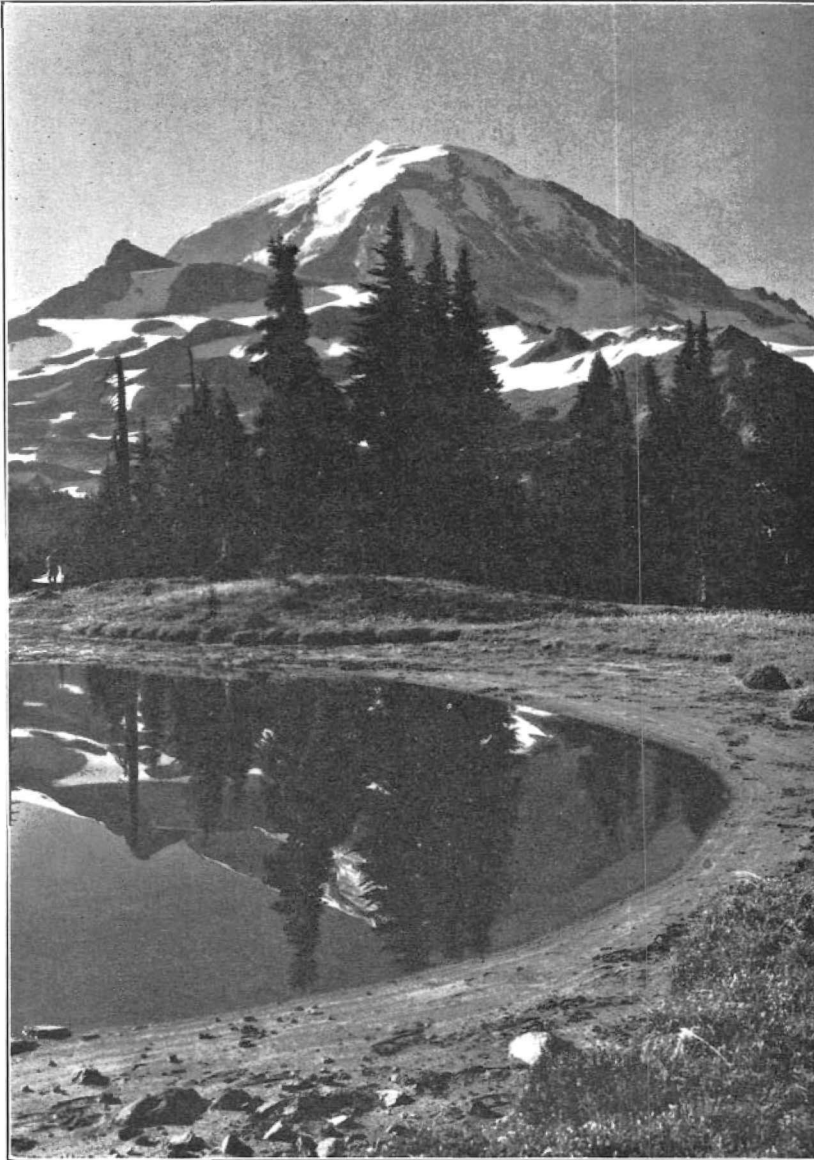
A. H. Denman

line group, the cobbler brought forth his calks, those who had previously made the trip appraised its difficulties to the initiates, and camp began to teem with mountaineering atmosphere.

The highline to Klapatche was notable principally for the sight of some twenty mountain goats on the snow near Glacier Island, and for the tea so courteously served by Boy Scouts camped near St. Andrews Lake. Klapatche itself with its intimate foreground of horses grazing on the far side of Meadow Lake, and its stupendous background of the Mountain buttressed by Elephant and Weer rocks, was voted by many our most beautiful camp. To some this gemlike meadow set amidst such awesome surroundings had a special significance, for on Aurora Peak The Mountaineers had erected a memorial to a dear friend. To this memorial at various times came groups large and small, but the outstanding expedition was that one on which Mr. Paschall and Professor Meany, two of the club's veteran and most loved members, lunched together near Aurora's summit. The host of almost over-eager assistants who accompanied Professor Meany and Mr. Paschall to the lunching place attested the loyalty and affection with which they are regarded.

Two days seemed all too short a time to linger in lovely Klapatche, but the gypsy trail was calling and we must set out once more by highline and low for Sunset Park, though on this occasion the highline proved quite the most popular. The route led through St. Andrews Park, along rocky ridges to where Tokaloo raises its shaft-like column, then down onto and across Puyallup Glacier. Though we set out in sunshine, fog soon began to fill the valleys, leaving lesser summits like small boats floating on its downy surface, now swallowing us completely in opaqueness, now drifting through canyon and pass, trailing scarfs of mist in its departing wake. There were frequent pauses while leaders conferred as to our probable location, or waited to catch sight of the scouts lost up ahead in the clouds. The effect was eerie and lent that faint tinge of apprehension and adventure which makes some days stand out in memory.

From Sunset by woodland trail to Spray, our home for the following three nights. Towards noon the day turned cool, and though a swim in Mowich Lake had been the principal topic of the morning's conversation, hot tea proved more popular than cold swims when we stopped near Mowich ranger cabin for lunch. Spray is on a vaster, less perpendicular scale than Klapatche. The park itself is large and uneven, containing within itself meadows, lakes and rocky ridges, with ranges of lesser mountains in the background. On Sunday morning we held a sunrise service in a small meadow niche with a great boulder for pulpit, a service impressive in its simplicity and its mingling of intimacy and formality. Throughout the day the memory



SPRAY PARK

W. L. Huber

Observation Rock is boldly outlined against the sky

of the frosty air, the mountains sharp against the morning sky, the crackling fire, the congregation appearing as if by magic from the stillness, each bearing his contribution to the woodpile, Mr. Denman's beautiful recitation from Isaiah, clung to us as, singly and in groups, we wandered on tours of exploration.

From Spray a large party under Joe Hazard's leadership was taken on an educational climb of Observation Rock, where in addition to experience in snow and rock climbing we were given instruction in how to conserve our energy, how to stop ourselves in the snow in case of a slip, and other matters all pointing to the main assault on Rainier itself; for our next camp, Mystice Lake, was to be the last before the climbing party should detach itself from the comforts of home camp for the rather stony hospitality of Steamboat Prow.

Three scouts left Mystic Lake a day in advance of the climbers to explore the route to the summit and discover ways around or over the myriad crevasses that criss-cross both the Winthrop and the Emmons glaciers. They spent a day weaving back and forth amidst a maze of broken ice, discovering some means of surmounting each apparently insurmountable obstacle, always striving for the most direct route consistent with safety. The route finally selected led up the junction of the Winthrop and Emmons glaciers to the saddle between Russell Peak and the summit.

The climbing party, forty-one enthusiasts to whom a mountain is a challenge, set out from Mystic Lake amidst much acclaim. "Pack-horses" accompanied them to the edge of the glacier to lighten their burdens thus far and wish them Godspeed on their adventure. The trip across Winthrop Glacier was spectacular though not dangerous, and all reached the Prow by late afternoon in time to build themselves bedrooms on that rocky promontory which Harriet Walker named the "fo'castle" though someone suggested that "steerage" would more accurately describe the accommodations. The primus stoves, barricaded from drafts by piles of stones, were at length coaxed to burn, and as a somewhat restricted dinner of tea, several raisins and a prune, took but a moment to dispose of, everyone had disappeared into his sleeping bag before darkness swallowed up mountain, glaciers and tiny icebound camp.

Rising call was at three and welcome. The moon was blotted out by heavy black clouds, there were sharp flashes of lightning in the distance, and scattered raindrops splashed ominously against our windproofs. For an hour or two we swung slowly up the glacier, silent mostly but for the signal whistle of the leader, the distant claps of thunder, and an occasional fragmentary snatch of conversation. Then suddenly beneath the storm clouds came a streak of red, the mountain changed from lifeless grey to living flame, and even as we paused to admire



STEAMBOAT PROW
STEAMBOAT PROW IN PROFILE
THE FO'CASTLE

A. H. Denman
Mabel Furry
W. L. Huber

Fo'castle is the name given in 1930 to the upper end of Steamboat Prow, the spot chosen as the best location for temporary camp before a climb of Mount Rainier on the east side.

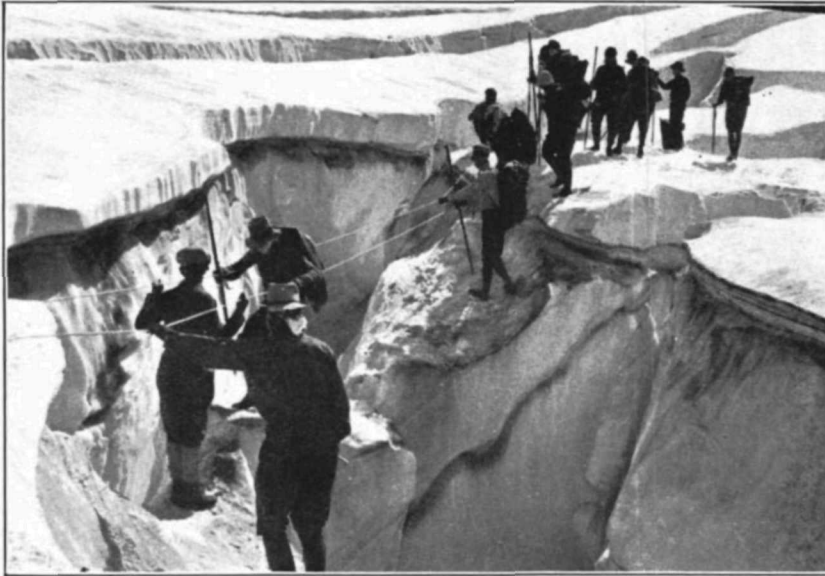
was blotted from our sight by flying mist. For several hours we bored our way into the storm, heads drawn between hunched shoulders, backs braced to meet wind and sleet. As we gained altitude the weather changed from freezing vapor to large Christmas snow flakes, and again as we approached the saddle to cutting, wind-driven sleet. At this point it was decided to return rather than take the risk and the punishment necessary to reach the summit.

The welcome on our return to Berkeley Park was worthy of conquering heroes, but we knew that, however honorable our actions, we had been beaten, and the thought rankled. The fascination of mountain climbing is that the sufferings of one hour are forgotten in the next, and one is no sooner off one mountain than he is planning to attack another. For a day or two we joined the main party in exploration of Berkeley Park and its environs, we watched a most accommodating water ousel while she fed her young babies, we visited the construction camp at Yakima Park, and made side trips to Grand Park and neighboring hills, but in the course of a day or two a suitable excuse for a second assault presented itself. There were in our midst friends from California and Chicago who would have to travel long distances for another chance to climb, and at least they, and the scouts who had labored so diligently to discover a route should be given an opportunity to reach the summit. Plans were most carefully laid. Many, fearing to hold back the party, heroically dropped out, and when the crowd left Berkeley for Summerland a small group of nineteen again set out with high hopes, only to be again frustrated by an accident to one of the scouts. If any were disappointed, however, their disappointment must have vanished under the warmth of the welcome which greeted them at Summerland, and Summerland, well named, seemed more green, its creeks more sparkling, its flowers more brilliant, after a two-day sojourn on glacier and rocky moraine.

Among the figures closely associated with the Mountain is that of Major Ingraham. He it was who explored its many glaciers and meadows in early days and who is responsible for many names, among them that of Summerland given to the park he loved to visit. On the morning before we left this camp, L. A. Nelson called forth a unanimous vote to name the crest overlooking Summerland, Meany Crest, in honor of our president. Henceforth this alpine meadow will have a double significance for Mountaineers, for it will recall not one but two friends and leaders.

From Summerland to Ohanapecosh was a short and somewhat dusty two hours' trip, and from Ohanapecosh to Paradise a long day's journey, variously estimated at from seventeen to twenty-four miles, depending upon the weariness of the estimator. We had looked forward to a highline trip, but fog made it more discreet to follow the beaten

trail down endless miles and up more endless ones. The campsite on Mazama Ridge was found to be waterless, though there was water a-plenty in suspension, so we pressed on through thick fog to the



ON THE WINTHROP

Albert Remmen

Backpacking had its difficulties across the deeply crevassed glacier for the climbers on the way to Steamboat Prow.

lower auto camp at Paradise. And this fog proved a friend in disguise, for although we were close to civilization, the blanket of cloud allowed us to preserve the illusion of remoteness. Our cooks outdid themselves in the banquet they served that night alike to hungry travelers and guests, and if any felt unusual weariness it was not apparent at our midnight camp fire. For the last time Aura led the singing and Patience sang her songs, for the last time we sang together our good-night songs, and although the graduation exercises had been postponed until breakfast, the continuity of the outing seemed complete.

And so we disbanded, lingering yet to voice farewells, loathe to part, yet eager to have done the pain of parting, for three weeks of mountain and trail knit ties that are not easily broken, and the plunge from solitude to civilization is ever a discordant one. Yet we knew as we waved farewell to each departing carload that we should meet again in the common quest for wilderness adventure, for in the words of a very old Indian Chief, we were "good friends, you and I."

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SUMMER OUTING, 1930

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SQUAW GRASS IN
KLAPATCHE PARK

C. A. Garner