

SHOWING ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN LOOKING SOUTH FROM CRESCENT MOUNTAIN OVER THE SLUSKINS. AUG. 6, 1912

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THE MOUNTAINEERS' OUTING ON THE NORTH SIDE OF MT. RAINIER*

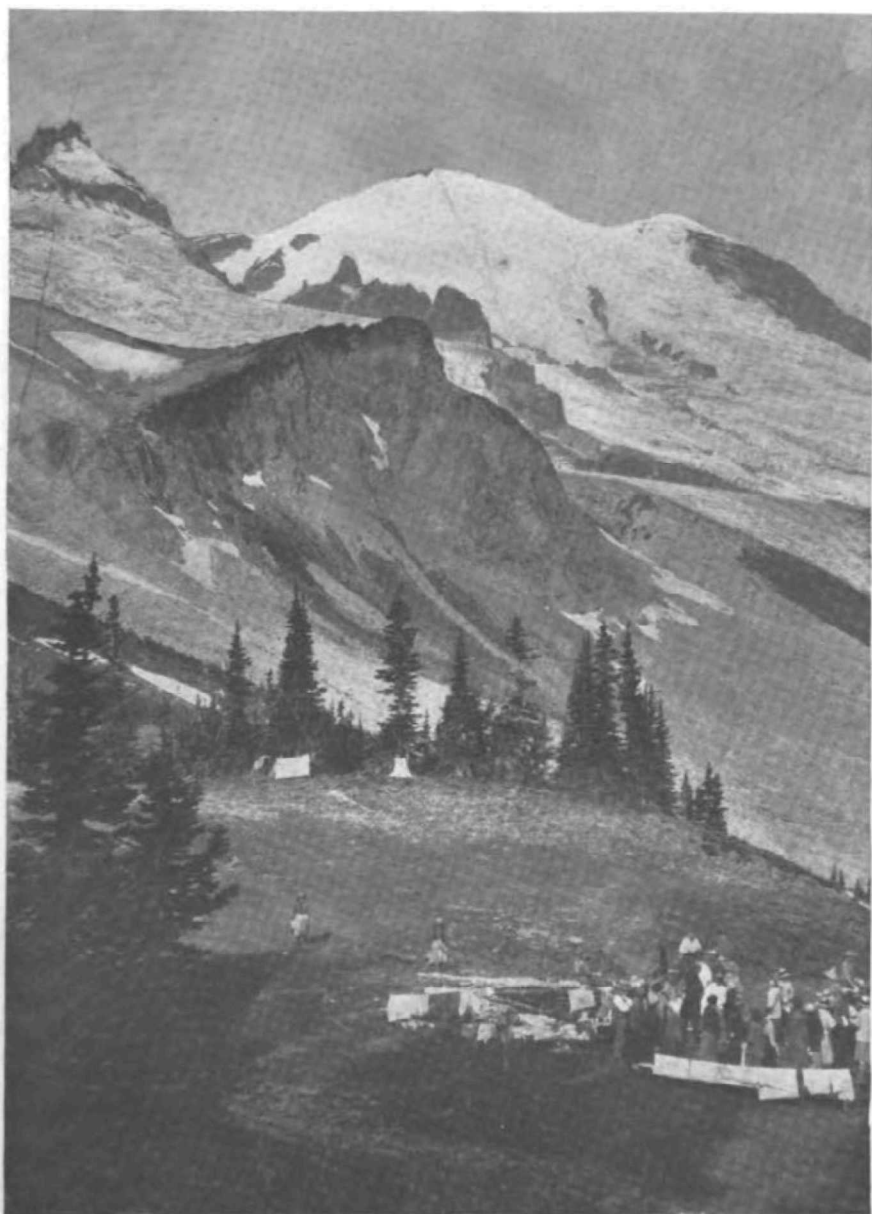
MARY PASCHALL

Briefly, the plan for the 1912 outing of the Mountaineers was to skirt the highest mountain of the State along its eastern and northern slopes, to explore there its least-known parks and glaciers, and finally to scale the great peak itself. All this sounded most alluring to the fifty-five club members, under the leadership of William H. Gorham, who left Seattle on the morning of July 20 to spend three long weeks where the breezes blow fresh from the snows of Rainier (Tacoma).

With the usual joyous good-bys at the depot the trip began, our special car continuing to hum like a bee tree all the way to Lavender, where the dunnage was put off with us to await the coming of the pack train. Through a cloud of dust, at the turn of the road a half hour later, came the rhythmic beat of many hoofs mingled with the clamor of neck bells, chiming to our ears a very paean of delight. Presently they appeared shaking their manes, and a cheer went up to greet as valiant a band of little horses as ever bore pack saddles. In front rode Anderson, powerful even in repose, while "Brud," on his beautiful bay, dashed here and there meeting old friends. Four other packers, rounding up the stragglers, gave promise of what might be expected of them on the day to come, when twenty burden bearers would struggle up the fearful rock stairway of the Frying Pan, leaving our littlest wobbly colt beside the ford. But we were all unconscious of dangers ahead, it was enough for us to be going back to the hills.

Up the Granite Canyon trail, camp was pitched near a spring at the headwaters of Tanenum Creek, and every member of the party straightway began looking for a room in the only inn that is never full. Half the joy of the march is in the magnificence of these bedrooms roofed by the sky. At Summerland it was possible to reach out of one's sleeping bag and pluck

*Outing Committee: Wm. H. Gorham, A. H. Brackett, Fred Q. Gorton.



**MOUNTAINEERS'
CAMP IN
SUMMERLAND**
Chas. S. Gleason

Elevation 6900 feet. View looking west from "men's quarters," showing Little Tahoma and Mt. Rainier, on the sky line; the Fryling Pan glacier flowing from Little Tahoma north and joining the White glacier, in the middle distance; the nose of the middle fork of the Fryling Pan and the site of Mountaineers' Camp No. 7, July 27-30, 1912, in the foreground.

the flowers; on the heights of Spokwush meadows, one could almost reach the stars.

Following the backbone of the Manastash ridge next day, night brought us to Quartz Creek, where the first Sunday service was held. The second was in Summerland, the last in Grand Park, each temple of worship more beautiful than the last.

The main highways among the mountains, pursued alike by animals, railroads, and mountaineers, are the water courses. Most of the trails, indeed, have taken their names from their river companions. Winding down the southern slope of the ridge through the mottled trunks of the yellow pines, one instinctively looks for the Naches, and dropping into the valley, emerges suddenly from the timber into an open meadow knee-deep in flowers. Beyond runs the river, clear-eyed, singing its way toward the sea; from rift to cataract, from pool to dreaming pool, it flows among the rock-ribbed hills. Where is there a spot where larkspur nods a deeper blue or berries hang heavier? The ford that July morning witnessed the approach of both divisions of the army at once, the horses emerging suddenly from the copse, rushed eagerly to quench their thirst, then splashed on not to lose their places in the brave calvacade; while slowly winding along the rocky palisade above moved "the line," an iridescent ribbon of color.

One can not think of a summer's outing without recalling the camp-fires, yet how is it possible to picture the spirits that enter into the fire-lit circle? The lost art of story telling here returns and brings with it original verse and song to fill to overflowing this breezy chapter of life's out-door holiday. Sitting on the ground at the Forks of the Trail, the gathering place of forgotten tribes of Indians, we listened to their simple stories of earth and sky; heard again their footfalls by the river; and watched the fires that glowed and died before our own was kindled. Through the closing songs of those star-lit nights ran the old, old melody of comradeship, filling all the dark till the very trees clapped their hands and the surrounding hills took up the strain and broke forth into singing.

The Crowe Creek trail, leaving the Naches, rises steadily for nearly three thousand feet. Through the silvery trees of the ghost forest the majestic Fifes Peaks can be seen for many miles. Near Echo Lake we were joined by the Caesar party of

Tacoma, and continuing through Bear Gap found Mr. Brackett and Mr. Corey with thirty-five hundred pounds of provisions. Filing through the rocky portals of an unnamed pass, the party made a rapid descent toward the east fork of the White, rumbling mightily far below. There is an exhilaration of motion in these glacial rivers always fascinating and we were glad to be camped near by for a day, while our "trail gang" slashed a way by which the pack train might reach Summerland.

On the morning of the eighth day hope ran high. The whistle blew the signal to start and "the line" filed away on the Glacier Basin trail to the junction of the White and the Frying Pan rivers. Crossing the turbid stream, the ascent began up a rugged valley, closed on one side by a sheer wall of rock, on the other by close-set trees, while far above and beyond loomed our mountain, dazzling, wonderful. The Frying Pan River, scarcely started in its headlong race, chanted still the songs learned in subterranean galleries under the blue ice of the glacier. Up and higher up toiled the little company. It was hard to hold us back now with the breath of the hills in our nostrils and the hill flowers pressing against our feet. After a final scramble up the last hundred yards, the miniature park itself burst into view; its jutting headlands guarded by turrets of living green were spread for us with carpets of crimson and violet embroidered in gold. We were home at last in Summerland. Here Carr made plans to kill for us the fatted calf, and here also came the first try-out on snow, when the che-cha-kos, standing at the top of a dizzy white slope and told to coast down, balanced first on one foot and then on the other in an agony of indecision whether to try it standing or sitting. They made at last a bold effort, one and all, started scientifically as instructed, using the alpenstock as a rudder and a brake. but missing the trick somewhere, capsized desperately and reached the foot of the declivity rolling like animated boulders from an avalanche.

Among the most striking impressions of these altitudes are the sky-line pictures. Sometimes it is a silhouette pack train or a nodding company of plumed anemones, and occasionally a band of mountain goats drifting upward along the horizon of a ridge. On the tenth day out while we were halted for lunch on the margin of a snow field, there appeared across the deep valley a solitary messenger. It proved to be the man detailed



RURAL FREE
DELIVERY IN
THE MOUNTAINS
S. V. Bryant

On July 29, 1912, the Mountaineers were met on the snow fields near Urania glacier by Park-ranger Longmire with mail from Paradise Park.

by the park superintendent to meet the party and bring them word from the great outside world. With breathless interest his progress was watched as step by step he moved down the slope. "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." Could it have been the altitude that set our hearts to beating as the precious mail bag was unstrapped and one by one we heard our names as one hears in a dream? Standing upon the snow, each with his news from home, there was no spoken word, the silence wrapped us as a cloak, those enhungered were satisfied.

Breaking camp the following morning, the opportunity came for a brief study of the great White glacier, the longest in the United States. The sweep of its tremendous body and its grip on the mountain made one think of some prehistoric reptile. Of especial interest were the balanced rocks and the ice needles, scarcely less striking than the seracs on the Winthrop.

Arriving at Glacier Basin a most unique try-out was made to Camp Curtis under the leadership of Professor Flett. We had volunteered to carry fagots above timber line, in order to have a commissary fire when on the main climb; some of us were inwardly sorry of our bargains before we were through. In fact, those sticks had a fashion of increasing in weight every few hundred yards. But who can forget the glimpse of heaven

and earth from that eerie camping spot above the clouds or the delight of the descent into Glacier Basin across the face of Inter-Glacier?

Northeast of St. Elmo Pass and directly opposite the point where the glacier changes suddenly to a river and goes roaring and foaming down the mountain, stands a small pyramid of irregular rocks. It was at this spot that the seeds of the cherished edelweiss of the beautiful Bavarian Alps were planted with appropriate ceremony on August first by the women of the 1912 outing of the Mountaineers. In the Mountaineer Bulletin of April of this year will be found a copy of the letter from Mr. Anton Lang, the donor, together with a short sketch of the traditional significance of this courageous little flower of the Alps, that dares to bloom upon the mountain tops. In improvised costume, the spirit of Bavaria in the name of her country presented the seeds which were graciously accepted by the spirit of the mountains of America, after which they were gently laid away in the brown mould, awaiting the time when the sun in heaven should wake them into life. There is a charm, an atmosphere, that surrounds all planting, from the grain of wheat to the oak tree; here was the added dignity of a mountain clothed in perpetual snow, standing guard over a treasure almost intangible yet associated with all that makes life significant. The few spoken words and the simple verses on the edelweiss, expressed the hope of a people whose freedom rings indeed from every mountainside!

On August first, after hearing the reports of the Major Ingraham party and of the four scouts sent on the preliminary climb, to the effect that snow conditions were extremely bad on the north side of the mountain this year, the main party took the trail for Grand Park by way of Lodii basin. The ascent of the mountain was made by nine men.

Judged by almost any standard one can not be disappointed in Grand Park. A tableland six thousand feet high, it contains more than one thousand acres where the clean winds sweep across the levels and play forever in and out among the perfect groups of alpine firs. To look at sunset across this immense flowery plain at Mt. Rainier is to know it as a new peak and rejoice in the acquaintance. He is fortunate indeed who has thus seen it crowned in the gigantic cloud hood that promises storm. We fully realized the warning that was given us on



GRAND PARK
Kathleen Gorham

This beautiful natural park lies ten miles northeast of the summit of Mt. Rainier on a plateau, elevation 6000 feet, and contains about 3000 acres of mountain meadow with groups of alpine fir and mountain hemlock. View taken Aug. 4, 1912.

Plate V.



VIEW FROM SUMMERLAND
Chas. S. Gleason

Taken from elevation 6800, showing on the left the nose of the south fork of Frying Pan glacier, to the right center, the middle fork, with Little Taboma and Mt. Rainier on the right sky-line. July 23, 1912.

Plate VI.

leaving the park, when three days later the hood became an umbrella and we were just beneath the drip.

Down the Winthrop and up Van Horn Creek to Spokwush meadows, one is surrounded with vistas. Toward the west from the divide across the torrent-scarred ridges, appears the snowy line of the Olympics, a mile below stands the gray arch of the great stone bridge, while to the south of the valley rise the rich red turrets of the ruined castles of the Sluiskins. Before the blazing campfire, one of our geologists interpreted part of the story from the great stone book that for many days had been spread before our eyes on the rocks and glaciers of this typical volcanic peak, a story as old as the hills indeed, yet ever new and full of interest. Morning came in one saffron sheet, unrolled beyond seven ranges of foothills. Reluctantly we packed and started to breakfast. The women had been asked to bring down their dunnage and there immediately ensued a wild scramble as the bags were released on the heights above commissary. Rolling, bouncing, hurtling downward, they made straight for the fire or the stream. Shouts rent the air at every fresh catapult from above and cheer upon cheer for the hero who dared to stop the missile.

From Chenuis Mountain to Spray Park is not far horizontally, but we alas, measured the distance up and down, so there was but time for an afternoon's acquaintance, a last look at our mountain of mountains, a last rest on our beloved heather, a last race across the snow, and we were off down the trail toward the Carbon river.

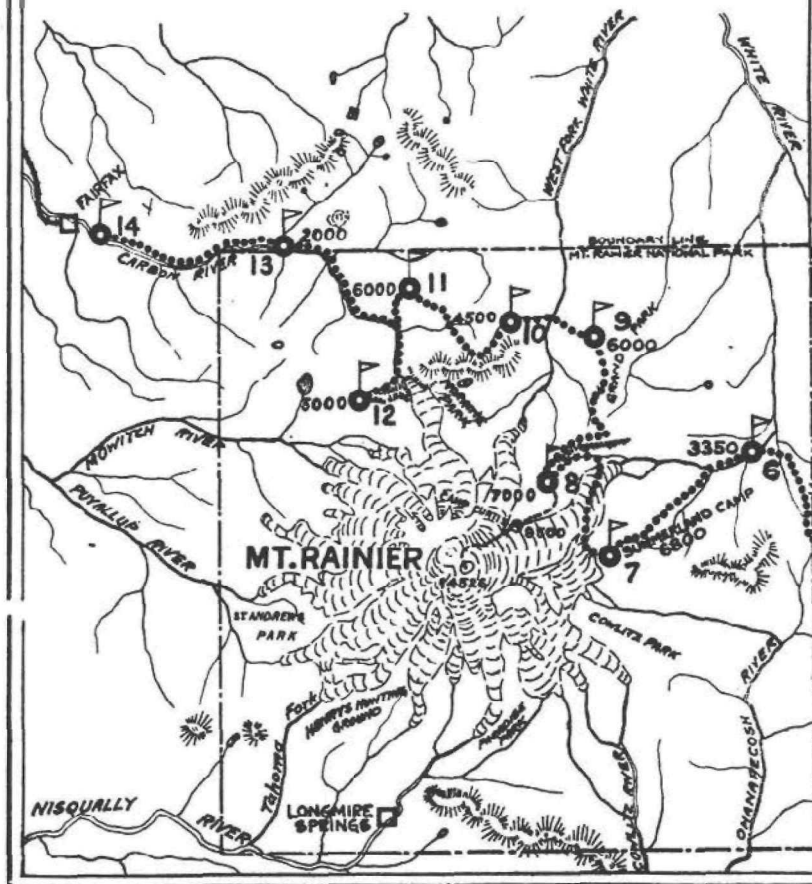
The very heavens wept at our departure, and such a down-pour! Yet despite the soaking, it was a right jolly company that gathered that night in Ranger O'Farrel's hospitable cabin to celebrate Christmas in August, with a real illuminated tree and a most real Santa Claus in a fur coat to distribute the gifts.

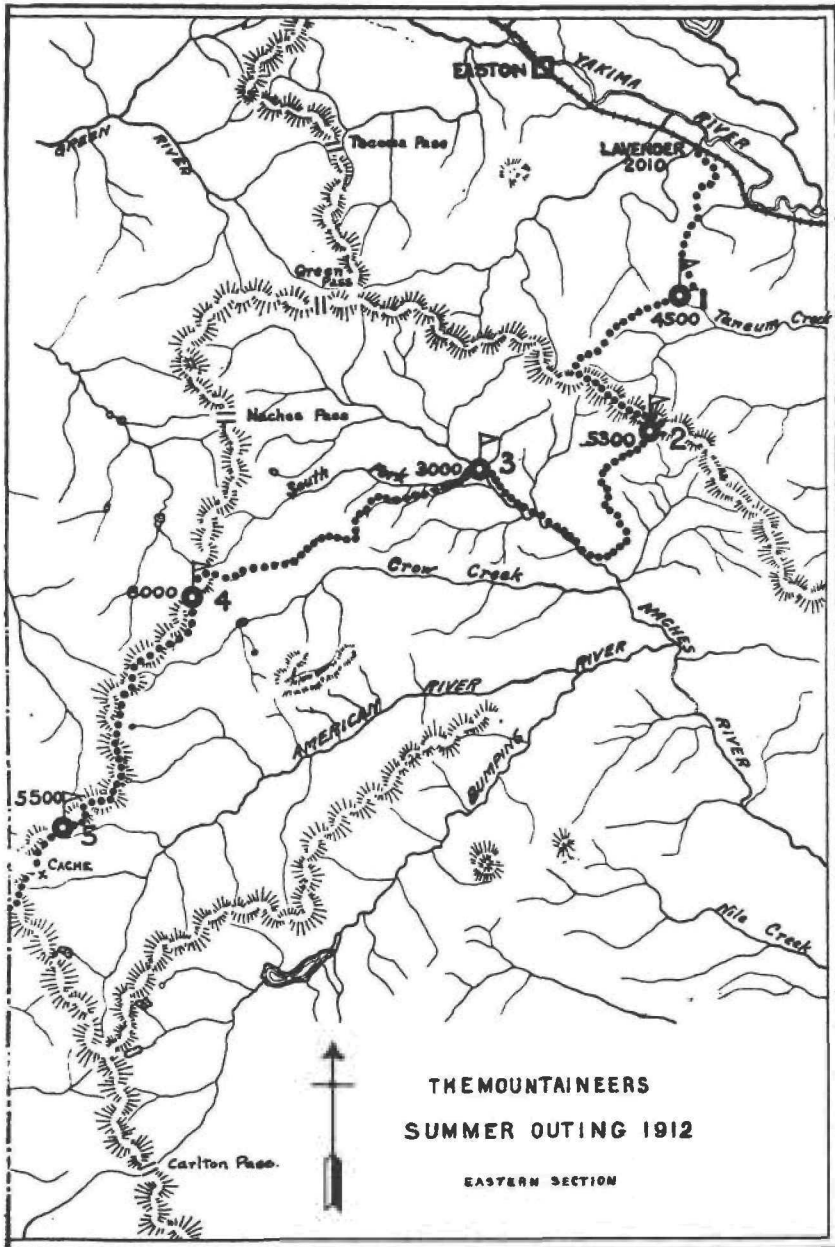
One more campfire, ending with a "hob-nail dance" in the deserted mining town of Hillsboro, a coveted opportunity to study the coal mine now being actively operated at Fairfax, and we boarded the special car. This time the hill mud clung visibly to our shabby and beloved boots and with it the joy of all that we found, in those wonderful playgrounds among the eternal peaks.

Plate VII.

THE MOUNTAINEERS SUMMER OUTING

1912
JULY 20 TO AUG 10 INCLUSIVE





Drawn by R. E. McKee and Arthur Nation

ITINERARY OF 1912 OUTING

- July 20. Seattle to Lavender, elevation 2100, via C. M. & P. S. Ry. S. 10 miles to Camp 1 on headwaters of Tanenum creek near summit of Manastash ridge, El. 4500.
- July 21. S. W. 12 m. to Camp 2 on headwaters of Quartz creek, El. 5300.
- July 22. S. to Naches river, W. up old McClellan trail to Camp 3 at "Forks of trail," El. 3000. Distance 11 m.
- July 23. W. up Crow creek trail, 14 m. to Camp 4 on summit of Cascades $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of Arch rock, El. 6000.
- July 24. S. 12 m. along summit trail, passing Bear Gap, to Camp 5 near head of Morse creek, El. 5500.
- July 25. S. to cache at head of Rainier fork of American river, thence to summit on E. boundary of Rainier National Park. thence N. W. down fork of White river to Camp 6, El. 3350. Distance 13 m.
- July 26. At camp while "trail gang" of men of the party cut out trail to Summerland, and packers returned to cache for supplies.
- July 27. S. W. 9 m. up White and Frying Pan rivers to Camp 7 in Summerland, El. 6800.
- July 28. Try-out on Frying Pan glacier.
- July 29. Try-out to Urania glacier.
- July 30. Across Frying Pan and White glaciers and around Ruth Mt., 7 m. to Camp 8 in Glacier Basin, El. 7000.
- July 31. Try-out up Ruth Mt. to Camp Curtis, El. 9500, and return across Inter-Glacier.
- Aug. 1. Try-out through Elizabeth pass and across Winthrop glacier.
- Aug. 2. In camp.
- Aug. 3. Ascent of Mt. Rainier by nine members. Party crossed Sourdough range and through Lodii basin N. to Camp 9 in Grand park, El. 6000. Distance 9 m.
- Aug. 4. Explored Grand park.
- Aug. 5. W. 9 m. descending 3000 ft. into Winthrop canyon and up Van Horn creek to Camp 10 near Natural bridge, El. 4500.

- Aug. 6. N. W. 6 m. via headwaters of Van Horn and Spokwush creeks to Camp 11 in Chenuis basin, El. 6000.
- Aug. 7. S. W. 9 m. descending 3000 ft. into Carbon canyon and thence up Carbon and Cataract creek trails to Camp 12, El. 5000, with side trip to Spray park.
- Aug. 8. W. 9 m. down Carbon trail to Camp 13 at park ranger's station on N. boundary of National Park, El. 2000.
- Aug. 9. W. 8 m. down Carbon trail to Camp 14 at Hillsboro.
- Aug. 10. Two m. to Fairfax on N. P. Ry. and to Seattle by train.
- Distance walked exclusive of try-outs and side trips, 139 m.
Total ascents and descents, 50,000 ft.

CHARLES S. GLEASON



M. F.