

**MOUNT RAINIER FROM
ST. ANDREW'S PARK**

A. H. Denman

The view from this little visited park on the west side of the mountain is one of the finest in the entire circuit. The Puyallup Glacier with its precipitous ice cascades split by enormous ice buttresses is particularly impressive.

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PACK TRAIN
ENTERING SPRAY PARK

H. B. Hinman

AROUND MOUNT RAINIER WITH THE MOUNTAINEERS, 1915

PHILIP F. ROGERS

*"It's a long way around the mountain
It's a long way to go"—but—
"Keep a hikin' along"—*



WELL, that's what we did, and we got there, too, on schedule time, without accident or mishap of any kind and everybody in better condition at the end of the journey than at its beginning. It was a wonderful trip, on a wonderful mountain, with wonderful weather, a wonderful commissary, and with leaders whose equals would be hard to find. Too much cannot be said in praise of the splendid work of Messrs. Weer, Gorton, and Hazlehurst in planning and preparing for the outing and then in carrying it through to the last detail, or of the valuable assistance rendered by Mr. Nelson in scouting out and conducting the main climb. It was a remarkable group of people, too, that made the circuit of the big snow king. Though many of them were strangers to one another at the beginning, they were quickly welded together into one big family, with no cliques or divisions, no laggards, no critics; each doing gladly the share of the daily tasks assigned to him, and all working toward the accomplishment of the purpose of the outing with unflagging interest and enthusiasm. And so it has come about that the grand old mountain has been circled for the first time by any considerable party, unfre-

quented valleys and ridges have been explored, many magnificent views and vistas, heretofore known only to a few, have been enjoyed to the full by a hundred people, and a trail has been opened up—partly by the work of The Mountaineers themselves—which, it is to be hoped, many similar parties will follow in the future.

A joyous crowd gathered in the depot at Seattle at seven o'clock on the morning of July 31, 1915, a big jolly, jostling, bustling, and bubbling crowd, dressed *cap-a-pic* for the mountain, boots hobbled and calked, dunnage bags stuffed fat and round—too fat in some cases, as the cold-hearted scales showed—alpenstocks in hand and spirits high in anticipation of the happy, care-free days to come. A strange and incongruous sight, was it, this Robin Hood crew, looking as though it might have been transported bodily from far-away Sherwood Forest and plumped down suddenly in a metropolitan railway station, and the few ordinary travelers abroad at that early hour rubbed their eyes and stared in mild wonderment as the tripod was erected and the dunnage weighed. It might have been thought to be some queer ceremonial performance but for the laughter and hilarity it provoked when some unlucky wight found his bag was overweight. Jests and jibes were exchanged, greetings shouted and backs were slapped with resounding whacks as friends and comrades of former hikes met for another glorious outing.

The weighing finished, dunnage bags were piled high on the car platform, "All aboard!" was called and the hikers trooped into their cars and were off. At Tacoma the contingent from that city joined us and there were more greetings and hilarity, and in a twinkling it seemed, so quickly passed the time, we were at Ashford. Here the smooth working of the management's machinery began to manifest itself, for the big auto busses, each labeled with a number on a picnic plate, were all lined up to receive us, and each member of the party delivered his bag and took his seat promptly in the machine to which he had already been assigned. Bags were strapped on behind and piled high from fender to fender over the engine, and an exhilarating run through the cool forest over the splendid government road all too soon ate up that shortest of fourteen-mile journeys and landed us at the Inn just at dinner time. After a short stop for our last table luncheon for three weeks, we were whirled away again a few miles farther up the road, where we disembarked, and after being posed and then bombarded by several photographers, started on our long pioneering hike around the mountain.

Taking the pony trail, we soon reached the foot of old Nisqually, from which point we followed the steep glacier trail up and up through mists and cloud till we found ourselves panting and perspiring about half a mile below Reese's Camp in Paradise Valley. Quarters were designated for the women on one side of a low ridge, and for the men



**MOUNT RAINIER
FROM VAN TRUMP PARK**

Chas. S. Gleason

Elevation 5,000 feet. View due north from this easily accessible park seldom visited by the tourist, showing Mildred Point in the middle distance, with Pyramid and Kautz glaciers on the left, Van Trump Glacier on the right and Peak Success rising above the clouds.

on the other, each with a little brooklet gurgling through on its way to join the torrent flowing from the tip of the glacier. Individual reservations were staked by jabbing alpenstocks into any particular spots which looked inviting, and then, to help dispel the pall of thick mist and to cheer up the tired cohorts while waiting for the packtrain to arrive with dunnage, a rousing bonfire was built. Dunnage and commissary arriving at last, a busy scene followed, Cook Tom and his assistants putting up shelter for the stoves, roping off the kitchen, and starting the preparation of supper, and every member of the party working like a beaver putting his happy home in order. Straightway Number One Camp came into existence, and when the shrill whistle announced grub, there was a grand rush of the hungry hordes to get into the line. To one unaccustomed to the life it was all cause for wonderment, the quickness and ease with which things were done, the indifference to minor discomforts and annoyances, the universal gay good nature and good fellowship—and then the luxury of the menu! Whoever heard of baking powder biscuits so delicate that they would melt in your mouth, made and baked in a trice away out in a damp, dripping forest? Before the journey ended though, this tenderfoot learned that Tom, Fred, and company are wizards, past masters in the art of turning out under any and all kinds of handicaps in the deepest and wildest forest menus that would tickle the palate of the most fastidious patron of a metropolitan hotel.

As the subject of camp fires is to be treated in a separate article, this narrative of the days' doings will naturally end with the sunset, and there wasn't any sunset that first day. We went to our downies decidedly under a cloud. The cloud lifted during the night, however, and we rose to greet a glorious new day and to get our first view of His Majesty, the Mountain. It seemed so near and looked so inviting in its beautiful white mantle, one felt tempted to run up to the summit before breakfast just to work up an appetite, but on second thought one realized there wasn't time for that, and by the time one got into his clothes and washed his face, breakfast was ready, and so was the appetite.

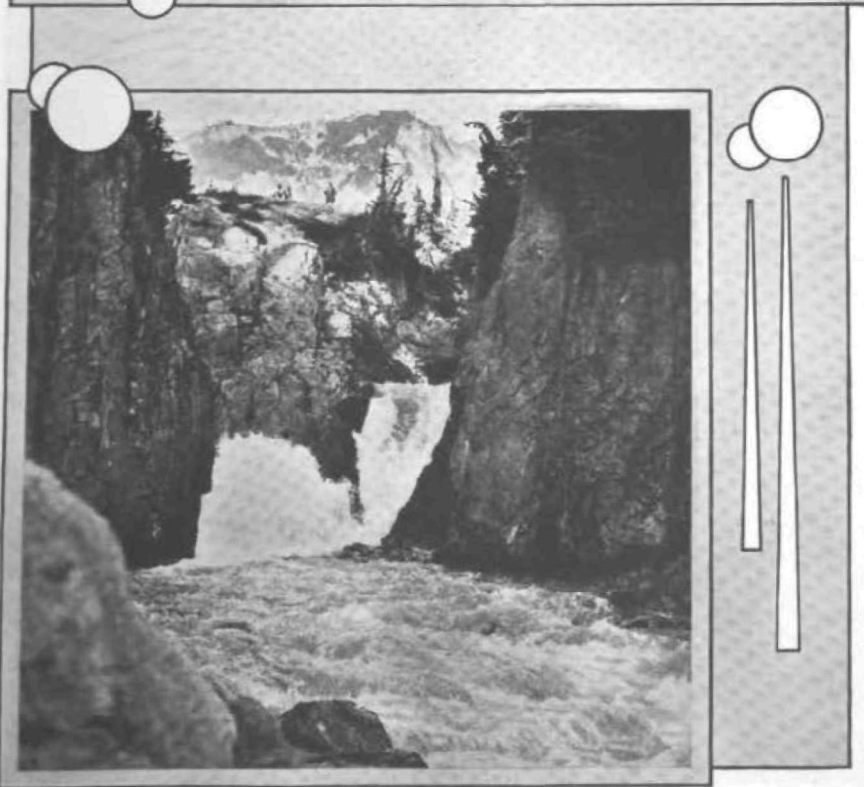
This was Sunday, August first, and a trip up Pinnacle Peak was the order of the day. It was "follow the leader" down the valley to Paradise River, across this and up the steep ridge on the other side, then down again to Reflection Lake. Here, after a rest, companies were formed, and captains were appointed and for the rest of the climb it was company formation. Lunch was taken beside the cascades of Pinnacle Creek a little below the glacier, and I never knew before how good a lunch could be made of hardtack and cheese, nuts and raisins, with fresh-laid glacier water to wash it down. After a good rest—which I confess some of us chechakos welcomed—we resumed the ascent, in due time reaching the saddle by way of the glacier. Here some of the party remained, while the rest of us, thirty-seven in number, pushed on

along the trail on the south side of the peak and finally up the steep rocks to the tip top. The atmosphere was fairly clear, Adams and St. Helens stood out beautifully but Hood was obscured. It was an inspiring panorama and made one wish to linger and feast his eyes on it, but after a brief stop and an inspection of the government bench mark, 6,562 feet, we wrote our names in the club's register and descended.

It was a stiff tryout, that first day's climb, and a tired crowd that straggled into camp that evening, but the next morning found everyone rested and refreshed and ready for the work of the new day, which was to land us in Van Trump Park. We were whistled out of our warm nests at the ghostly hour of four, dunnage was packed, breakfast served, and we strolled leisurely up to Reese's Camp, where we were objects of curiosity to the sleepy guests of that hostelry as they tumbled out to see the invaders. A mile or so above here on the high bank of the glacier the line formed in companies and the descent was begun for the crossing of the Nisqually. This to many of us was a novel experience, and although on account of the very numerous crevasses it occupied over three hours, it was most interesting. The scouts were kept busy hunting a way out through the sometimes intricate tangle of crevasses, and sweaters and extra wraps were called into use during the long waits. The crossing was safely accomplished at last, and a halt for lunch was called part way up a steep ice slope on the opposite bank beside the usual dashing torrent. From here we were led up to well over 7,000 feet, at which altitude we crossed the Van Trump Glacier, now in sunshine, and now in swirling masses of cloud. Numerous signs of goats were seen, tracks in the snow and wisps of wool on the bushes lower down, but the wily creatures themselves kept well out of sight.

The long descent into Van Trump Park took us deeper and deeper into the mist, and on our arrival there one could see no mountain and no park. The pack train was not all in and commissary was short, but Tom managed to deal out to each a cup of hot clam broth, hardtack, a small slab of pressed beef and a cup of tea, and no seven-course banquet ever tasted finer. By nine o'clock dunnage arrived, Camp Two was soon completed, and after a jolly time around the big fire, the warmth of which was much appreciated, we turned in. The roar of the creek close by was so loud that one of the men wakened with a start during the night and thought an avalanche was descending upon us.

The sky line course to Indian Henry's had been planned for the next day, but owing to the prevailing dense fog it was decided to take the valley trail through the forest, and the go-as-you-please was started soon after breakfast. We arrived at Camp Three beside Mirror Lake in brilliant sunshine, and the most magnificent view yet seen was spread before us. The Hunting Ground itself was charming, and a ptarmigan and chicks seen by some of us gave significance to the name. An abysmal gorge, at the unseen bottom of which the roaring Tahoma



**CROSSING
NISQUALLY GLACIER**

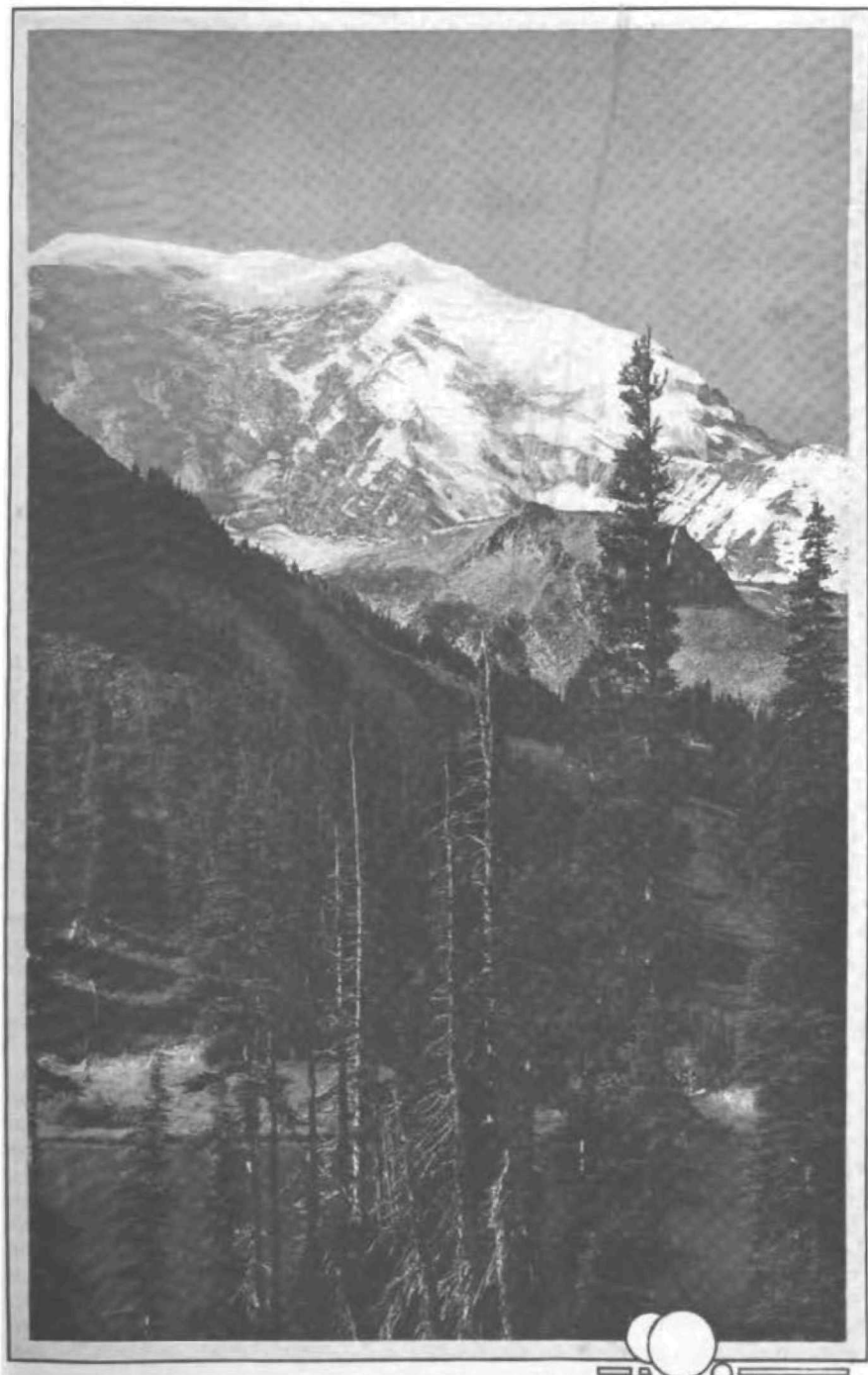
C. R. Corey
The glacier was about a mile wide at this point (elevation 6,200 feet) and badly crevassed toward the western side, necessitating great care by the party.

**WAUHAUKAUPAUKEN
FALLS**

T. C. Smith
The first of a series of many beautiful falls in the Ohanapecosh below Indian Bar.

could be heard, separated the park from the dome which was so near, however, that as one sat on the brink and attempted to write a letter the cold emanating from the vast glacier field opposite benumbed the fingers, while the afternoon sun roasted the back. From here one looked across to the great rock mass of Glacier Island rising high above the immense fields of ice surrounding it, which it splits into the South Tahoma and the larger Tahoma Glacier proper. To the right was Pyramid Peak and reaching up toward the summit from it the rugged rocky Success Cleaver, terminating far aloft in the snowy Peak Success, while to the left, as far as one could see, stretched the abyss. Some of the more ambitious ones climbed the Pyramid during the afternoon, and a few, Mount Ararat in addition, but most of us were content to be lazy and we slept, wrote letters, and basked in the warm sunshine while drinking in the marvelous views.

On Wednesday, August 4, rising call sounded at 4:30 and we awoke to find ice in our drinking cups, and sleeping bags white and stiff with frost but across the valley was a fairy scene, long to be remembered, a most charmingly beautiful moonlight illumination of the mountains. The day soon warmed. A forest trail led to St. Andrews Park, twelve miles (so the leaders said, though it seemed nearer twenty before we finished it), first down and down to the bottom of the bottomless gorge, across Tahoma Creek on a huge fallen tree, then up and up and up on the switchbacks, past the three lovely falls of St. Andrews Creek to the snake trail leading into the park. This faintly marked way we followed for a couple of miles when we were halted to wait for news of the pack train. A refreshing swim in the ice cold creek, a big fire and songs whiled away an hour or two delightfully. Then came orders to retreat a mile to meet the pack train which was delayed and would not be able to get into the park that night. Camp Four was made in the forest primeval and the softest of beds were found on the thick moss in the hollows between fallen trees. This was a two-night camp so that most of the party took the opportunity the following day to visit St. Andrews Park proper. The lower bench of this park is a beautiful meadow with deep grass, alpine firs, and a crystal stream. The upper bench is filled by a little lake which later in the day made a fine swimming pool. Its outlet is subterranean by way of a big hole under a log into which the discharging waters rush with a deep throaty roar. Climbing the great cleaver between the Tahoma and Puyallup glaciers, the stupendous west side view was before us, Tahoma and Glacier Island on the right, the Puyallup glacier with its spouting serpent's tongue tip hanging far down the cliff into the vast and rugged gorge to the left, and over all, that marvelous dome! It was a sight to make one gasp and gaze in silent awe and wonder. The might, the magnificence, the splendor, the titanic proportions of it all must be seen to be appreciated.



**WILLIS WALL
FROM MYSTIC LAKE**

This wall of rock rising above the head of the Carbon Glacier is over 4,000 feet high. The vertical cliff of névé snow at the top is about 200 feet high. From time to time beautiful avalanches are seen breaking away.

A. H. Denman

August 6, a fourteen-mile jaunt over the recently completed government trail brought us to Camp Five at Elbow Lake in Sunset Park, a beautiful amphitheatre dotted with the usual tall conical fir trees and partly surrounded by a high forested rocky ridge—the lower portion of the cleaver separating the Puyallup and South Mowich glaciers. This was a fine camping ground with several small lakes. Here another two-night camp was made, and on Saturday a large party climbed the cleaver to its apex where the government bench mark, 6,965 feet, was found, but owing to a dense fog which prevailed no views were obtained. A roster of the climbers was cached here in a celluloid tooth brush holder, the only weather-proof receptacle found in the party, and the rest of the day after returning to camp was spent in loafing.

Camp Six was at Crater Lake which was reached the following day after a rather strenuous sixteen-mile grind, involving the loss of several thousand feet of elevation which had to be made up—and then some. A one-night stay here and then a short hike past the lovely Spray Falls brought us to Camp Seven in the upper part of Spray Park, with Hessong Rock on one side of us and Ptarmigan Ridge on the other. Here again small lakes provided opportunities for swimming, and after lunch one small party climbed Hessong Rock and another Echo and Observation rocks, but most of us loafed and did our washing. Messrs. Gorton and Hazlehurst left us here to go ahead and do some scouting for the big climb, the time for which was approaching. From Spray Park on, for several days, we were glad to leave the trail to the pack train, while we took to the rocky steeps, the snow banks, and glaciers. August 10 took us across the great Carbon Glacier, with its monstrous load of rock and gravel dumped upon it by the frequent avalanches which plunge from Willis Wall, through Moraine Park, and down into the lovely little valley of Mystic Lake where we made Camp Eight. It was here we began to get on intimate terms with the festive and seductive huckleberry, which from that time on for the rest of our journey proved a serious obstacle to anything like steady and soldierly marching. Here Mr. Gorton returned and reported that Mr. Nelson and Mr. Albertson had come into Glacier Basin and would make the preliminary climb the next day with Mr. Hazlehurst.

A second day was spent at Mystic Lake but no trip could be made on account of dense cloud. Boots and packs were made ready for the summit climb and the whole camp began to take on a certain tenseness of atmosphere in anticipation of the coming ascent. This was increased in the evening when Hazlehurst, Nelson, and Albertson came down from the heights and reported all sunshine above so that they had been able to scout a good route to the saddle, 13,500 feet. Above that it had not been necessary to go because the rest of the way is almost all bare ground. Had August 12 been a clear day it would have marked the beginning of the big climb but it dawned dark and threatening, so it

was deemed unwise by the leaders to attempt it, and the whole party went over into Glacier Basin via Winthrop Glacier and St. Elmo Pass. The Winthrop was most interesting with its huge crevasses and seracs and its lateral loads of rock derived from Russell Cliff on one side and Steamboat Prow on the other. The clouds cleared away and a magnificent view was obtained from the pass. Camp Nine was well down in the Basin, a clear drop of 1,500 feet from the pass which would have to be made up next day and added to 1,500 feet more in reaching Camp Curtis, from which point the ascent was to be made.

Friday, the thirteenth, was a lucky day. The climbing party, fifty-seven in all, after an early lunch loaded up their packs, and in strict company formation started up the Basin for Camp Curtis at twelve-thirty, going part way up the pass trail and then on the Inter Glacier. The Basin was sizzling hot and the packs felt like ton weights, but little by little, with short stretches and frequent breathing spells we gained the glacier, and from that on it was more comfortable. Camp Curtis, a mere barren ridge of rock at 9,000 feet elevation separating the Inter Glacier from the great Emmons, was reached in the very fair time of three and one-half hours. Soon a strange spectacle presented itself; the women were assigned quarters on the lower part of the ridge and the men higher up, and forthwith every mother's son and daughter was working like a beaver, literally scratching gravel to find a soft spot to sleep on. Dug down to a reasonably fine grade of gravel, the areas were leveled and buttressed and surrounded with boulder walls to keep out the keen wind that blew over the ridge from the glaciers close by, and in the course of an hour one might have thought he stood in the midst of an ancient cliff dweller's settlement. Apartments, single, double, and multiple, sprang up like magic, and some of the more enterprising builders began to advertise apartments to rent. Meanwhile Tom and company had built and covered a kitchen, and presently announced supper, which consisted of a cup of hot soup, made on a diminutive oil stove, one spoonful of beans immersed in the soup, and two pieces of hardtack. It was powerful good and tasted like more, but that was the limit. After supper a half grown goat wandered up to the edge of the camp and secured a good deal of attention, especially from the photographers. Good views were obtained at about one hundred feet, and then the pretty creature scampered over the rocks and disappeared across the glacier. Taps was sounded at seven, and every one, having first donned all the clothing he had with him, crawled into his sleeping bag and rested as well as he could on his stony mattress.

Rising whistle sounded at four and everyone was up in a trice. Some delay was experienced owing to difficulty in getting the water to boil, but it was finally accomplished, and after a cup of hot tea and a bite of zwieback, the line formed and we were on the march at five, descending immediately to the Emmons Glacier, on which practically



CLIMBING MOUNT RAINIER

The men ahead are kicking steps in the snow to make traveling easier and safer for every one in the line. The Mountaineers do not rope members of the party together, but in dangerous places a lifeline is stretched, anchored at intervals with alpenstocks. Used as a hand hold this gives sufficient aid and protection.

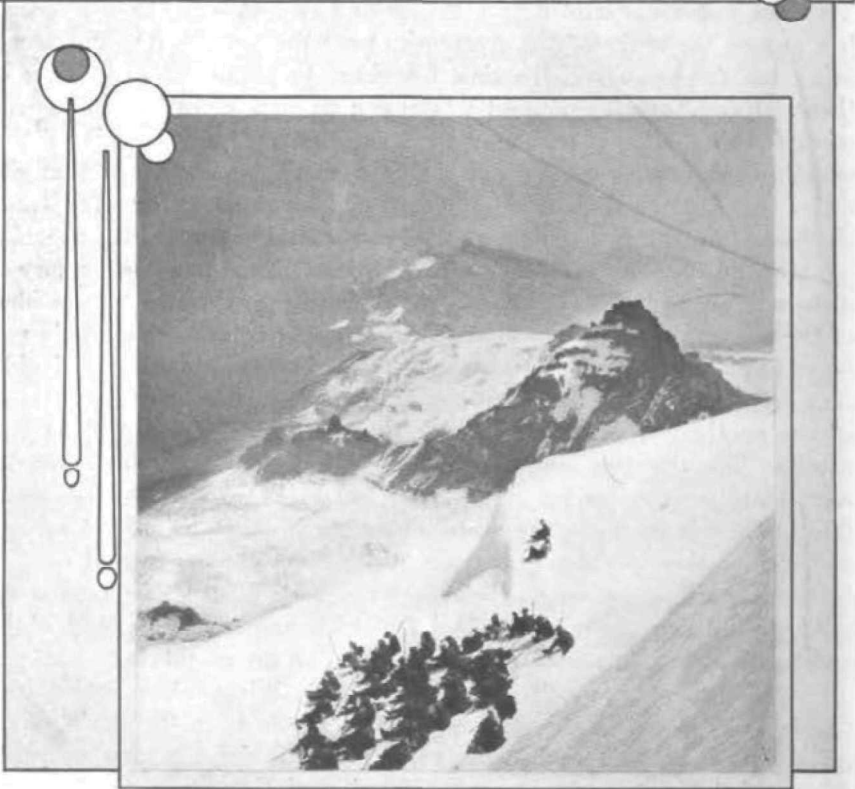
J. M. Gould

the entire ascent was made. Scouts and step kickers went ahead. Dr. Hinman set the pace, and the rear guard looked out that there were no stragglers. It was a wonderful climb, painstakingly planned, masterfully paced, and doggedly put through by everyone in the line with cheerful patience and unflagging determination. The sunrise was gorgeous and so was the ever widening horizon of scenery in spite of a faint haze that filled the air. Much might be said of this and of the fantastic, weirdly beautiful snow and ice formations with which we met, but lack of space prevents. Suffice it to say that with frequent brief breathing spells and two longer stops for rest and lunch, our zigzag line of march at length took us over the saddle, up the loose rock and pumice side of the old volcanic cone to the edge of the crater, and at last, after nine hours and forty minutes, at 2:40 p. m. we stood on the top of Columbia Crest.

The party at once posed itself, the United States flag and the Mountaineers' banner were unfurled, and the photographers got busy. Then the roster was signed by everyone and cached in the bronze record box among the rocks of the crater rim near the Crest,* Register Rock being too far away and the time too short to permit of depositing it there. Reluctantly the descent was begun at three o'clock, only twenty minutes being allowed on the summit, because on the east side of the mountain the upper slopes are early in shadow and the cold might make the downward journey difficult and even dangerous for tired climbers. An eager scanning of the horizon and survey of the summit, however, during those few moments served to print upon the memory a picture never to be forgotten. I was especially anxious to get an idea of the topography of the summit itself, and a rough sketch made in my note book at the time shows the huge truncated cone to lodge a double crater on its top, the two openings lying approximately east and west of one another, separated by a rock ridge and sloping away from one another like the two sides of a low-pitched roof. Each is nearly completely surrounded by a rock rim, and each holds a great concave field of snow in its lap. The eastern opening is about 1,600 feet across, and the western perhaps 1,000 or 1,200. On the north end of the separating ridge, converging air currents have piled a big mound of hard packed snow, several hundred feet wide and some fifty feet high, and this is Columbia Crest, the highest point on the mountain.

The descent was swift, many short cuts being taken, and Camp Curtis was reached in three hours. Here friends from the Basin camp greeted us and served hot bouillon and hardtack which was most welcome. After a brief rest packs were shouldered, and the return to the main

* Mr. Jasper M. Gould, who placed the record box, makes the following statement: "The location was on or near the rim of the crater on the highest point of ground, about 300 feet from where we lined up to have our pictures taken and sign the record. The chain of the record box was wrapped three times around a stake, or post, about 2½ inches in diameter and 3 feet high, around which was piled a heap of rock. I also covered the record with more rock but the post still sticks up through the rock at least 18 inches."—Ed.



**SNOW PYRAMIDS ON
THE EMMONS GLACIER**

LUNCH ON THE CLIMB

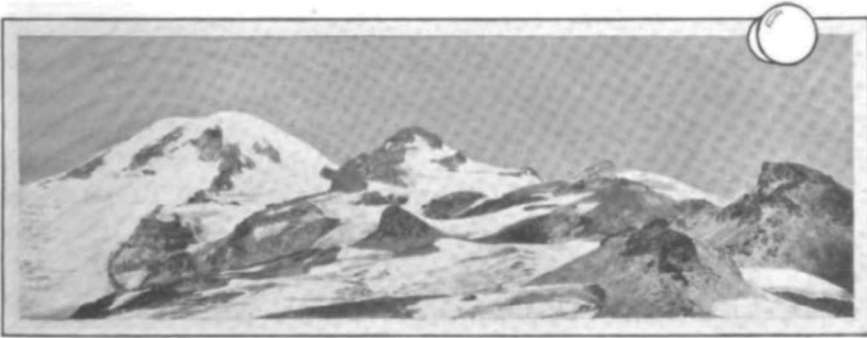
L. A. Nelson
Four of these pyramids formed by the action of the wind were found close together. They were symmetrical in form and very beautiful.

T. C. Smith
Little Tahoma (11,117 feet) to the right. Only three rests other than standing ones were taken on the climb.

camp was made in another hour and a half. Strange to say, by the time we reached it our weariness had largely disappeared, supper was dispatched with the usual eagerness, and most of us were ready for the camp fire fun. Thus ended a great day.

A third of the trip still remained, but while the days were as full of enjoyment and the scenery as magnificent as during the first two weeks it must all be touched upon briefly. Crossing the great Emmons and Frying Pan glaciers the day after the climb, we made camp in beautiful Summerland. Here an extra day was allowed for rest. Two climbing parties started out for short trips but were caught in a thunder storm—the only one of the entire outing—and had to return without reaching their objective points.

On the seventeenth we hit the sky line for Ohanapecosh Park, crossing another portion of the Frying Pan and taking the pack train with us. On one steep hill alongside the glacier, we had to make a long piece of trail for the horses. It was interesting work but the astonishing



MOUNT RAINIER FROM COWLITZ PARK

L. F. Curtis

thing was to see the pack animals make the climb and then cross the ice and snow-fields far above. Some very fine views were obtained and Camp Eleven was made in an imposing setting, deep in a valley surrounded by cliff, glacier, and forested ridge, torrents leaping from every side and joining to swell the wild boisterous Ohanapecosh River with its picturesque falls, Wauhaukaupauken, and the convenient rock bath tub a short distance below camp. And oh, the huckleberries!

Many declared that Ohanapecosh Park was the most attractive camp site on the trip, and the vote was practically unanimous that the extra day our time schedule allowed be taken here instead of in Paradise Park. This allowed a side trip up the south wall of the valley and over into the Cowlitz country where magnificent views of Cowlitz Glacier and part of its basaltic side walls were obtained from a ridge high above. Adams, St. Helens, the Tatoosh, and Gibraltar were reminders that we had nearly completed our circuit of the mountain. The same day two of the men made the difficult climb of Cowlitz Chimneys. Leaving

Ohanapecosh an old, deeply worn Indian trail led southward along the ridge of Cowlitz Divide, joining at last with a more modern trail that dropped down to Nickel Creek, where Camp Twelve was made in a deep somber forest, similar to the one in St. Andrews Park.

The trail of the next day took us across the wonderful rock gorge through which, two or three hundred feet below the surface roared the Muddy Fork of the Cowlitz River, then up the hot and dusty burn of Stevens Canyon, past Lake Louise to the top of Mazama Ridge, close beside Sluiskin Falls. This was Camp Thirteen, and reaching it, the circuit was really completed, as it took us back into Paradise where we had started. The views from here by daylight were magnificent and by night enchanting. The full moon to the south of the Tatoosh threw that rugged range into a weirdly beautiful silhouette, while it flooded the noble old dome of the mountain with the "light that never was on land or sea."

Saturday, the twenty-first, we hiked down to Longmire's following beautiful Paradise River, thence to Tahoma Fork near the park entrance. Here Camp Fourteen, the last, was made, once more in a Robin Hood forest amid the giant firs, and the next day we were whirled down to Ashford in the big autos, singing like mad to keep our spirits up, thence by a commonplace, prosaic old railroad train to Tacoma and Seattle, where we were promptly swallowed up in the surging crowds of ordinary mortals who know not the mountains, the glaciers, the big forests, the roaring cataracts, the thrilling climb, the soul-expanding view, and who never lived for three glorious weeks above the clouds.

ITINERARY OF THE 1915 OUTING

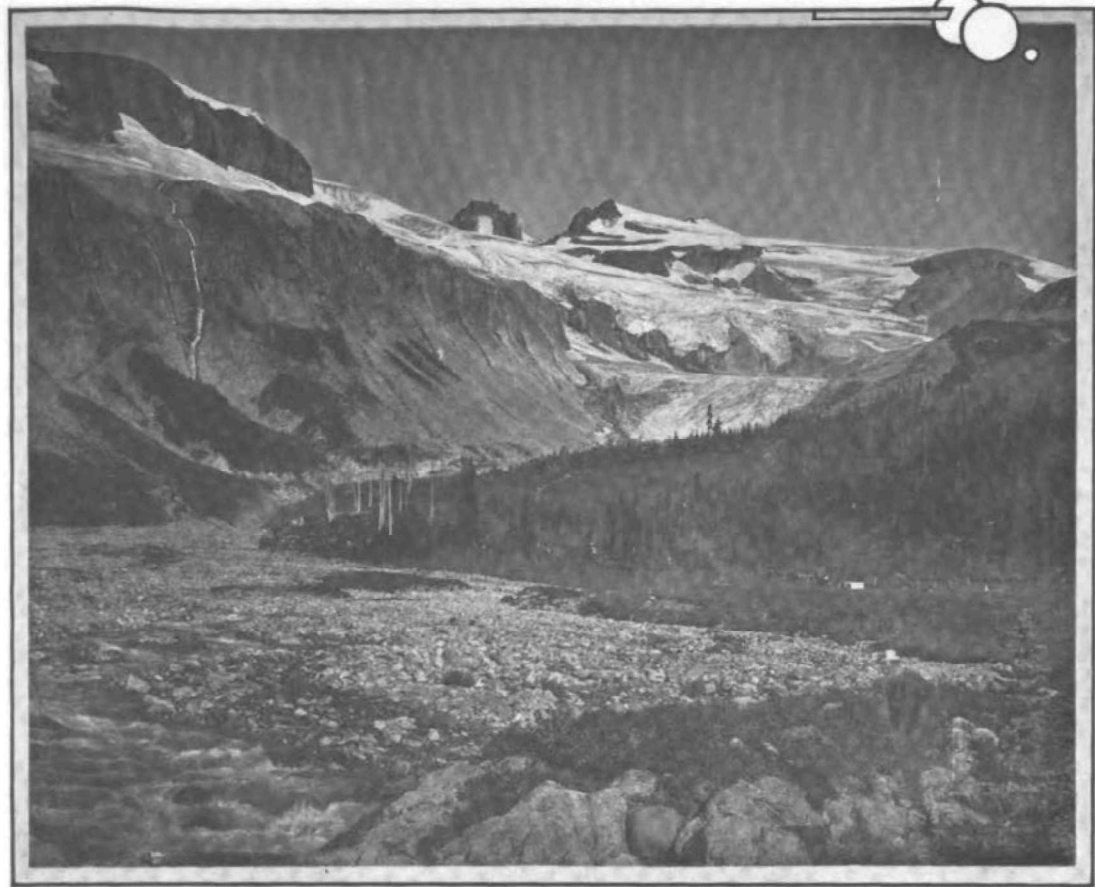
H. A. FULLER

- July 31. Seattle to Ashford via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and Tacoma Eastern Railroad; automobile to about three miles above Longmire; Glacier trail to Paradise Park. Camp 1, 5,300 ft.
- Aug. 1. In camp. Climb of Pinnacle Peak, 6,562 ft., in Tatoosh Range. Record cylinder number 4 deposited at summit.
- Aug. 2. Across Nisqually and Van Trump glaciers to Van Trump Park. Camp 2, 5,400 ft.
- Aug. 3. Trail over Rampart Ridge to Henry's Hunting Ground and Mirror Lake. Camp 3, 5,400 ft. Climb of Pyramid Peak, 6,937 ft. Record cylinder number 5 deposited at summit. Climbs of Mount Ararat, 5,996 ft., Iron Mountain, 6,200 ft., and Crystal Mountain, 6,306 ft.
- Aug. 4. West Boundary trail via Tahoma Creek, Round Pass, and South Puyallup River to St. Andrews Creek. Camp 4, 3,800 ft.
- Aug. 5. In camp. Trail to St. Andrews Park and climb to ridge above, 6,838 ft.
- Aug. 6. West Boundary trail, crossing Klapatche Ridge and North Puyallup River to Elbow Lake, in Sunset Park. Camp 5, 5,300 ft.
- Aug. 7. In camp. Climb of ridge between North Puyallup and South Mowich rivers to B. M., 6,965 ft.

**INDIAN BAR
IN
OHANAPECOSH
PARK**

A. H. Denman

Ohanapecosh Glacier in the background to the right. Sixteen cascades were counted falling over the cliffs to the left from the snow fields above. This valley has been a favorite huckleberry ground of the Indians for centuries.



- Aug. 8. West Boundary trail by Golden Lakes, crossing South and North Mowich rivers to Mowich trail and Crater Lake. Camp 6, 4,929 ft.
- Aug. 9. Trail via Eagle Cliff to Spray Park. Camp 7, 5,800 ft. Climb of Fay Peak, 6,500 ft., and via Knapsack Pass and Mist Park to Spray Park. Climb of Hessong Rock, 6,149 ft. Climb of Echo Rock, 7,862 ft., and Observation Rock, 8,364 ft.
- Aug. 10. Through Seattle Park, across Carbon Glacier, and through upper Moraine Park to Mystic Lake. Camp 8, 5,700 ft.
- Aug. 11. In camp. Fog prevented any side trip.
- Aug. 12. Across Winthrop Glacier and over St. Elmo Pass to Glacier Basin. Camp 9, 5,900 feet.
- Aug. 13. Party of fifty-seven starting for ascent of mountain, with sleeping outfits and commissary supplies climbed Inter Glacier and remained one night at Camp Curtis, 9,000 ft. Others remained in camp at Glacier Basin.
- Aug. 14. Party at Camp Curtis climbed via Emmons and Winthrop glaciers to Columbia Crest, 14,408 ft., and returned to Glacier Basin. Record cylinder number 2 deposited in rocks of crater rim near Columbia Crest. A party of those who had remained in Glacier Basin climbed to Steamboat Prow, 9,702 ft. Another party climbed Skyscraper Mountain, 7,065 ft.
- Aug. 15. Across Emmons Glacier and part of Fryingpan Glacier to Summerland. Camp 10, 5,900 ft. Climb of Goat Island Mountain, 7,301 ft.
- Aug. 16. In camp. Climbs of Fryingpan Glacier and Little Tahoma discontinued on account of thunder storm.
- Aug. 17. Along east end of Fryingpan Glacier to a saddle in the dividing ridge between Fryingpan Glacier and headwaters of Boulder Creek, to Indian Bar in Ohanapecosh Park. Camp 11, 5,100 ft.
- Aug. 18. In camp. Climb to Cowlitz Park and a summit on Whitman Crest, 9,364 ft.
- Aug. 19. Trail along Cowlitz Divide to Ohanapecosh trail; west to Nickel Creek. Camp 12, 3,300 ft.
- Aug. 20. Ohanapecosh trail across Muddy Fork of Cowlitz River; up Stevens Canyon and past Louise Lake; north on Mazama Ridge to Sluiskin Falls. Camp 13, 6,100 ft.
- Aug. 21. Trail and road down Paradise Valley and Nisqually Valley to Tahoma Creek. Camp 14, 2,150 ft.
- Aug. 22. To Ashford by automobile; Tacoma Eastern Railroad to Tacoma; Puget Sound Electric Railway to Seattle.

Camp sites were marked by nailing to a tree a triangular aluminum plate inscribed "The Mountaineers, Camp No.,, 191....."

Distance walked not including climbs or side trips about 120 miles.

Note: Drawing to show route on Mount Rainier National Park topographic sheet done by Redick H. McKee from daily record kept by H. C. Belt.

MEMBERS OF THE 1915 OUTING

OUTING COMMITTEE

*J. H. Weer, chairman *F. Q. Gorton *Charles Hazlehurst

LEADER OF CLIMB

*L. A. Nelson

MEMBERS OF PARTY

*Acheson, Nelson H.	*Kratsch, Ida Rose
*Acheson, Thos. J.	*LaFollette, Frances
Alcott, Mary E.	Lytle, Mary
*Anderson, Wm. H.	*McBain, Mabel E.
*Bailey, Winona	MacFarland, Winifred
Baker, Mary N.	Martin, Harrison B.
*Belt, H. C.	Meacham, Alma
Bigelow, Alida J.	Meany, Edmond S.
*Bishop, Lottie G.	Mudgett, Mary
*Burroughs, Edna	*Nettleton, Lulle
*Cameron, Crissie	Noel, Blanche
Campbell, Margaret	*Olson, Karen M.
Clark, Mrs. Whit H.	Prettegiani, Mary J.
*Clark, Whit H.	*Pritchard, C. R.
*Collins, Winfield G.	*Quigley, Agnes E.
Corey, C. R.	*Reinoehl, F. L.
*Coursen, Edgar E.	*Reneau, Miss Geo.
*Curtis, Leslie F.	*Rogers, Dr. Philip F.
*Deiwert, Myron M.	*Scholes, Emma D.
Denman, A. H.	Scholes, Josephine T.
*Densmore, H. B.	*Schwedler, E.
*Dickerson, Elizabeth	Shelton, Mary E.
Dunmore, Blanche	Smith, Jessie B.
*Eckelman, E. O.	*Smith, O. J.
Engle, Lillian	*Smith, T. C.
*Evans, Alice	*Sorge, Wm. F.
*Firmin, Kate M.	Streeter, Agnes
Frake, Emily A.	Streeter, Lillian
*Frazier, Mrs. Laurie	Taylor, Helen
Freeborn, Helen S.	*Todd, Luella
*Fuller, H. A.	*Tremper, Henry S.
*Furry, Mabel	Tuthill, Frank H.
Gillette, Cora M.	*Varley, J. A.
Greenleaf, Joseph T.	*Wagen, Alma D.
*Greiner, Dr. F. W.	Wall, Florence M.
Hanna, Ruth	*Wedel, J. J.
Harford, Fred L.	*Weer, Mrs. J. H.
*Hargrave, Margaret	Weer, Mrs. Natalee
*Hinman, Dr. H. B.	Wilson, Ruth K.
Hull, Lorena D.	Withington, Wilfred
Kidd, Jessie A.	Wynn, Inez
Kirkwood, Elizabeth	Yockey, Mildred
*Kool, Jan	

*Reached summit of Mount Rainier.

Members of The Mountaineers who joined the party for the climb:

*Bremerman, G. F.

*Marzolf, H. E.

*Marzolf, W. A.

*Wainwright, R. S.

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT

*Snively, Tom P.

McCullough, Jas.

Thorpe, W. Fred

*Gould, Jasper

Litch, Norris

*Paulson, John

PACKERS

Anderson, John W.

Wright, Nip

Meloy, Joel

Sisk, Hobart

Goodwin, J. M.

Whitehouse, Art

Collier, Isham

*Reached summit of Mount Rainier.
