

INDIAN HENRY'S AFTER A FRESH FALL OF SNOW

F. E. Matthes

MESSAGES OF APPRECIATION

INTRODUCTION BY EDMOND S. MEANY

PRESIDENT OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

In the years to come when visitors to the great mountain are multiplied, the following group of letters will be even more highly prized than at the present time. They tell of the first ascent and of the earliest explorations. How precious would be such a sheaf of enthusiastic messages from those who first knew the charms of any great mountain Europe!

We are blessed with the continued presence of the pioneers. The mountain is a bond of true friendship between them and the youthful climbers of today. Every such youth who loves the mountain will seize the handclasps extended in the following remarkable series of messages.

To those who have written the messages The Mountaineers, from the newest member of the club to the oldest veteran, give expression to their gratitude for these greetings of the pioneers and to the joy of being permitted to pass on to others some of their enthusiasm for "The Great White Sentinel of God."

CHANGES



On a recent visit to Mount Tahoma I was astonished to find such a magnificent road clear up to Camp of the Clouds and to learn that over 30,000 persons had visited that sublime monarch of mountains this season. When I made the ascent in 1870 it was a vast solitude. The sensations of exploring new fields were most exhilarating and when Van Trump and myself reached the summit and waved our flags and gave three cheers we felt that we had accomplished a great and gratifying success and so we named the southernmost peak, Peak Success.

I made the ascent again in 1905 and then, as likewise on my recent trip, I observed that the snow and glaciers had receded to a considerable degree since I first visited them. At that time Stevens Glacier came close up to Sluiskin Falls. Now it is several hundred feet farther from them. The small crater on the summit in which we slept in 1870 was then filled with solid ice but in 1905 it had nearly all melted out. It may be that a succession of wet seasons will restore these glaciers to their former limits.

HAZARD STEVENS.

MOUNT RAINIER'S THREE HISTORIC NATIVE GUIDES

Wapowety, Sluiskin, Sotolick—these are the names of a notable trio of native mountain guides, and the periods at which their activities were utilized constitute three notable epochs in the mountain's history. Wa-pow-e-ty was the guide of Lieutenant Kautz in 1857, Sluiskin guided General Stevens and his companion to the snowline in

1870, when the first successful ascent was accomplished, and So-to-lick, commonly known as Indian Henry, guided the George B. Bayley party in 1883, when the second successful ascent was made. Henry was employed because he declared he could take the party on horseback to the permanent snowline, a feat never previously performed by white men. Henry verified his statement to the very letter and even took our pack horse and blankets almost to the Cowlitz Cleaver, his *Ultima Thule* of climbing. Inasmuch as it has been deemed appropriate to apply human appellations to features of Mount Rainier, it is to be regretted that Wapowety's name was not given to some point on it.* Sluiskin and Indian Henry were thus honored, and their names will be associated with the mountain as long as its literature exists. The red man, original owner of the mountain, is a surely, if slowly, vanishing entity and the time is coming when he will be known to the existing white race only by the names and legends he will have left behind him.

P. B. VAN TRUMP.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES

The first white man who is known to have ascended to the snowline of Mount Rainier was Dr. Tolmie, the Hudson Bay factor at South Prairie, along about 1830. In 1833 he ascended through the forests above Wilkeson and climbing one of the northwest spurs of the mountain spent a day in exploring the snow fields that lie between the Carbon and South Puyallup rivers. Dr. Tolmie was still living fifty years later, and I have a letter from him, written in 1883, describing his ascent of the mountain. Following his description, I reached the point now known as Tolmie's lake and there found in the heather beside the lake, deeply buried among the roots, the remains of some old baskets. From this I inferred that I was camping on the spot where he also had camped fifty years before, and gave the name of its first explorer to both the lake and the peak.

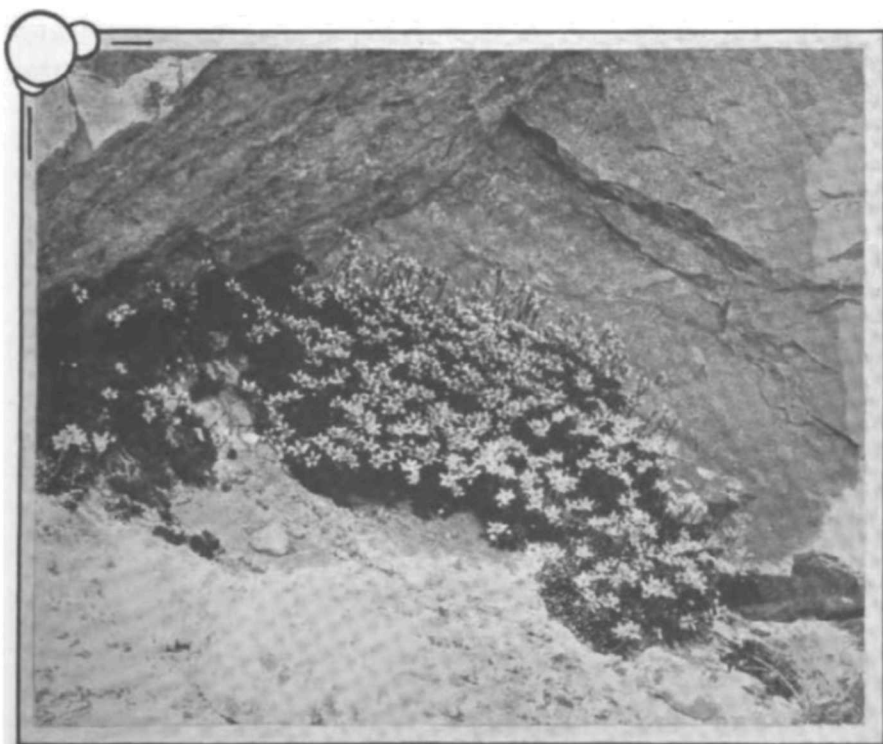
My own first approach to the mountain was in April, 1882. The snow still lay deep on its flanks and in the valley of the Carbon River, and it was with difficulty that we made our way to the foot of the Carbon Glacier and ascended the peak immediately north of the lower end of it. The whole region was then a virgin forest and wilderness. Wilkeson was a little mining village beyond which prospectors' trails extended two or three miles into the forest, but the great trees had neither been burned nor cut and under them the luxuriant vegetation formed a dense thicket, through which it was difficult to make one's way. It was a day's trip, with your pack on your back, to reach the Carbon River at the point where Fairfax is and beyond that, between the Carbon River and the Nisqually, all was an unknown trackless wilderness. In the succeeding

*The new map of Mount Rainier National Park by the U. S. Geographical Survey gives the name Wapowety to the cleaver between the Kautz and Van Trump glaciers.—Ed.

years, from 1882 to 1884, we explored and prospected that country for coal and built the trail from Wilkeson to Busy Wild Creek. Our object, of course, was to explore the coal fields, but we also had in view the opening up of the mountain to tourists, and the trail we built was one designed for tourists' use.

My companion in the exploration of the region was an Irishman named Billy Driver. He was short, athletic, quick, and merry. I remember we were lost once and ran out of grub, on the headwaters of Mishall Creek. We had with us a man of rather melancholy temperament, whose spirits were depressed by the fact that he was lost. The forest shut us in; we were wet and hungry. Our melancholy companion threw himself down in despair, but Billy danced a jig in front of him, laughing and saying: "Ah, me biy, ye'll niver see yur mither agin, niver, niver!" Today, the automobile road passes not far from the place where we were lost.

The most notable of the early visits to Mountain Rainier was made in 1883, by members of the Villard party, which celebrated the completion of the Northern Pacific Railway. Seven of the visiting foreigners



T. C. Smith

TOLMIE'S SAXIFRAGE
(*Saxifraga tolmiei*)

Named for Dr. W. F. Tolmie, physician and botanist, the earliest explorer of Mount Rainier. It grows as a low mat on otherwise barren soil close to the snow line in the Cascade and Olympic mountains.

detached themselves from the company at Portland and accompanied me to Wilkeson. Thence we rode over the Willis trail to the Palace camp on the Puyallup River. After spending the night there in the great 30 by 40-foot log cabin, which was afterwards burned by timber rangers, we ascended over the trail along the spur that leads to Tolmie's peak and went up over the snow slopes of the mountain between the Guardians to the high heads of the glaciers under the great cliff. Among the party were James Bryce, who had climbed Mount Ararat and has since been British ambassador to Washington, and Baron Von Bunsen, a distinguished adviser of the Emperor William. Bryce, I remember, was much put out because we could not reach the summit and was eager to remain to climb the southern side. The party wrote a memorial to Mr. Villard in which they recommended the setting aside of the mountain and its surrounding forests as a national park, and this was, I believe, the first suggestion of that idea.

Having left Washington in 1884, I did not again return to the old mountain until 1896, when I visited it with I. C. Russell, Professor Landes of the University of Washington, and George Otis Smith. It was on that trip that some of us climbed the eastern slope of the mountain, starting from the cleaver, just above the peak of Little Tahoma, about 8 a. m. and reaching the summit about 4:30 p. m. In the ascent, two of the party lost their footing and went over the edge of a crevasse. We were roped together and I, being next in line, was immediately doubled up and buried in the snow where I served as a sufficient ice-anchor. Otis Smith and Russell were above me and like myself were seated awaiting the ascent of our comrades. They did not get much of the jerk, but Russell was unwilling to continue among the ice-cliffs with men who could not stand up and he wanted to return. We, however, over-bore him and finished the ascent to the crater. It was too late to descend the mountain after we had reached the summit, and we spent the night in the caves on the side of the crater, alternately thawing and freezing one side or the other between the icy wind and the hot steam. The next day we descended to Paradise Park and completed the eastern circuit of the mountain by passing again over the cleaver above Little Tahoma.

The inspiration gathered in these early days of exploration about the great snow fields and glaciers, and beneath the towering peaks that crown the superb scenery of the Cascades has never left me and is still a source of joy as I recall the wonderful beauty of the virgin forest and the fascination of the ice-world. I have seen the glories of Switzerland, the grandeur of the Andes, and the grace of the beautiful cone of Fujiyama, but among the most renowned scenery of the world, I know of nothing more majestic or more inspiring than the grandeur of my own old camping ground, Mount Rainier.

BAILEY WILLIS.

A PIONEER FAMILY

My grandfather, James Longmire, was one of a party who made the second ascent of Mount Rainier August 16, 1883. On their return they camped in a little valley at the foot of the mountain, and while exploring the valley grandfather found the springs now known as Longmire Springs. He lived there fourteen years, until his death, September 17, 1897. In 1902 my father, Elcaine Longmire, took charge of the place and lived there summers until June 21, 1915, when he passed away.

My first trip to the mountain was in 1887 and I have been on top of every little hill around the mountain hunting for cougars, wild cats, and game of all kinds. In 1911 Edward S. Hall, the Park Supervisor, put me in as Park hunter. Perhaps he was afraid I might kill something that was branded U. S. and took that way to protect the game. In 1912 I was made a ranger and filled the position the best I could.

Mount Ararat I named because I found there some long slabs of wood that had turned to stone and I thought they might have been part of old Noah's boat. I also found a stump with a ring around it as if his rope might have been tied there. It was all stone. I named Martha Falls after my mother. I never named anything after a girl. Bill Stafford named some falls, Sylvia Falls, after his sweetheart and she has not spoken to him since. I named Ethonian Falls after the Supervisor of the Park in 1914, and Denman Falls after the Mountaineer.

BEN LONGMIRE.



DENMAN FALLS H. B. Hinman

THEN AND NOW

Having been defeated by weather conditions in my attempts to reach the summit via the northeast slope of Mount Rainier in 1886 and 1887, in the summer of 1888 I decided to organize a party to try the ascent from the south side. About the time I had completed my arrangements, John Muir and William Keith arrived at Seattle on a tour to get subject-matter and pictures for Mr. Muir's "Picturesque Pacific Coast." Mr. Muir expressed a desire to join the party, very much to my delight. We proceeded to Yelm, the nearest railroad station to the mountain at that time. There we met Mr. P. B. Van Trump, who helped us complete our outfitting. We obtained pack ponies from Mr. Longmire, who placed Joe Stamfler, a lad of fourteen, in charge of the cayuses. We spent the first day in Yelm. Before night the microbes that bring on the mountain fever had taken such hold of Van Trump that he expressed a desire to join our party, so when the pack train started from his store the next morning, Van, with his blankets strapped on his black pony, was with us. Following a trail winding over Yelm Prairie and into the forest, we reached the home of Indian Henry by night. The third day we followed a forest trail past the site of the present town of Eatonville, over the Machel Mountain to Succotash Valley and spent the night at Mr. Carnahan's. At the end of the fourth day we entered a little clearing and were welcomed to the Springs by Mr. and Mrs. Longmire with true backwoods hospitality. During the fifth day we ascended to Camp of the Clouds and made our permanent camp. At that time there were but few local names: Paradise Valley, Sluiskin Falls, Camp of the Clouds, Tatoosh Range, and Bear Prairie were about all. Gibraltar was thought of as an immense cliff that we had to skirt in our ascent. It received its christening by my party the next year.

In our ascent we established a custom that was followed by climbers until professional guides came into existence: we climbed to Muir Camp the first day, spent the night there, made an early start in the morning, reached the summit by noon, and returned during the afternoon.

After resting a couple of days at Camp of the Clouds, I decided to return via the east and north slopes. I induced Charles Piper and Norman Booth to accompany me. The first day we swung around to a beautiful park on the east slope, which I called Summerland. The second day we crossed the Emmons, Winthrop, and Carbon glaciers, making camp just after crossing the Carbon. The end of the third day found us in camp on Meadow Creek about two miles below the meadows. It required another day and a half to reach Seattle.

Then it took nine days to go and come from Paradise Park, excluding the stay there. Van Trump, who left the main party at Camp of the Clouds to return ahead, lost his way and had to return to camp to take bearings.

Now late one Saturday afternoon in August of this year, my wife, a friend, and myself left Seattle in our auto, reached Canyada at early candle light, spent the night there, and at ten o'clock the next morning greeted friends at Camp of the Clouds. After spending several days there, we turned our machine homeward and at the end of seven hours' delightful ride arrived in Seattle. But the old way for me!

E. S. INGRAHAM.

A CAMPING EXPERIENCE ON TOLMIE PEAK

In October, 1894, C. B. Talbot and I had a somewhat unusual experience while in camp just below the summit of Tolmie Peak in the Rainier National Park. We had made the ascent of the peak on the seventeenth in order to secure some photographs of the northwest side of the mountain, but finding it too cloudy had made a camp there. The eighteenth was still cloudy, and towards evening a cold dense fog settled down upon us, so that when the time came, we were glad to turn in. About midnight I was awakened by Talbot who had gone out of the tent to replenish the fire. He told me to come outside, which I did, and found the night a real winter night. The air was clear and cold, the stars very bright, and a nearly full moon shone over the west shoulder of the big mountain, making the night almost as light as day. But to our surprise the entire landscape was as white as if covered with snow. Upon examining the nearby shrubbery we found that it was covered with frost crystals. It seems that the fog of the evening before had condensed on everything it had come in contact with, then had frozen and formed the crystals, completely covering every object to the depth of three quarters of an inch. In order to see more of it, we climbed the ridge back of our tent and went along it toward Crater Lake for some distance, finding the same condition on both sides of the ridge. It apparently extended over a large area. We returned to camp about three in the morning planning to photograph it later, but by the time daylight came it had entirely disappeared.

The morning of the nineteenth was still cloudy, with a few scattering snow flakes which by the middle of the afternoon developed into a real snow storm that continued through the night, all the next day, and part of the following night, giving us a total fall of twenty inches. This, of course, stopped all thoughts of farther travel, other than to go to the top of Tolmie for a view of the lower country, which we did, and found that while the snow had not reached the bottom of the Carbon Canyon, it had extended to the Sound which was plainly visible and of a dark color. The prairies south of Tacoma were white and the intervening timbered country a little darker than the prairies.

In the afternoon we broke camp, passed through Ipsut Pass, a mere cleft in the ridge with a well defined game trail leading through it, and followed a stream leading down into the Carbon Canyon. The

next day we reached the Carbon River and traveled down it over the gravel bars to the trail at the point where Fairfax is now located.

H. M. SARVANT.

MY FIRST TRIP TO THE MOUNTAIN

In the latter part of July, 1894, a party was formed to visit the mountain by W. L. Malone. The following were the members: W. L. Malone, Rev. J. H. Woodley, Ogle Stevenson, H. H. Garretson, and J. B. Flett. Eatonville was reached the first day, Hershey's place the second, and Longmire's the third about 2 p. m. The roads were narrow and exceedingly rough. We had to help the horses in several places. The fourth day we reached Paradise Valley early in the afternoon. We took the only trail there was at that time, namely, the glacier trail. This was followed to within a quarter of a mile of the glacier. The river was forded at this point and the old switch-back followed up the steep hill through beautiful forest where now stand the unsightly ghost trees.

We watched the old pioneer, James Longmire, tie the diamond hitch and explain its virtues. In ascending this hill we were sandwiched in among the ponies. Each man grabbed a pony by the tail and was jerked over the ground at a merry pace. I looked up and saw the top near at hand and looked down and saw my companions strung out along the trail. They had let go, with one exception, and I joined them, bidding the ponies a fond farewell. We did not see them again until we reached the Camp of the Clouds.

A cold fog settled on the valley soon after our arrival. This discouraged three members who left for home. Two of us remained with ample grub for two or three weeks. The weather changed the day that the other members started for home and remained beautiful during our stay. We climbed to Camp Misery.

I never saw a finer array of deer tongues than on the present site of Reese's camp. The sight of the flower beds remained with me all winter and I can still see them as they appeared then.

J. B. FLETT.

A NARROW ESCAPE

I suppose my most vivid recollection of Mount Rainier is the exceedingly narrow escape which I had from falling into the great crevasse near the summit of the mountain. If this had happened I would be on the mountain yet. On the return of our party from the summit Mr. John Muir and I had for some reason lingered behind. When we came to the ice bridge over which the party had crossed the crevasse we were decidedly suspicious of its strength, and after consulting a moment over the matter I decided to put my alpenstock part way on the bridge and jump so as to clear the crevasse. The attempt was perfectly successful so far as I was concerned, but my alpenstock and the whole ice bridge fell into the crevasse. I have often wondered what would have happened

if I had attempted to go across the bridge in the ordinary way, as the man who had crossed it shortly before I reached it told me afterwards that he felt the bridge crack under him. It is possible of course that if I had gone across the bridge carefully it would have held all right, and that the breaking was due to the suddenness of the weight put upon it.

It was proposed to lower me in the crevasse with a rope to attempt to recover the alpenstock, but we could see down the crevasse for sixty feet and then there was a sudden bend in the crevasse, which was six feet wide even at that depth, so I respectfully declined to take the chance. No great difficulty was experienced in descending the mountain, even without an alpenstock, but on the very bad slopes a rope was used to lower me.

C. V. PIPER.
