

CHAPTER TWO. CAPTAIN BARNES'S NARRATIVE¹

IT IS DIVIDED FOR CONVENIENCE INTO THREE PARTS

Following is the narrative by Capt. Charles A. Barnes, historian of the party. For convenience of the readers the narrative is divided into the following three parts:

- Part One—From Seattle to Geysers Valley
- Part Two—From Geysers Valley to the Water Shed
- Part Three—From the Water Shed to Lake Quinalt.

Part One

The party starts from Seattle for Port Angeles—By boat up the Elwha River—Experiments With Sledges—Packing Through Heavy Snow—Cutting a Trail Through Fallen Timber—Snowbound In the Mountains—First Glimpse of Mount Olympus—A Field Day for Game In Camp—An Exploration of Goblin Canyon—Return for the Mules—Jennie Lost Over the Devil's Backbone—Arrival at Geysers Valley.

The Press exploring expedition left Seattle for Port Angeles by steamer on December 7, 1889. It was thoroughly equipped with everything necessary for making a complete exploration.

¹ Charles A. Barnes, *Seattle Press*, July 16, 1890. Assistant editor of the *Seattle Press* Edmund S. Meany was actively involved in preparing the Press's report of the expedition, as was Barnes. Certainly Meany, and probably Barnes as well, had a hand in editing both Barnes's and Christie's journals for publication.

² For a listing and analysis of these supplies, provisions, and equipment, see the Appendix to the Press Expedition Report (excerpted from *Northwest Discovery*) at the end of part 1. "Since the amount of food initially brought along amounted to about 100 days of full rations, this indicates that the Press Party set out with the expectation of spending a minimum of three months in the Olympic Mountains." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Feb. 1981): p. 126.

³ "The fact that the Press Party carried the necessary tools for mineral prospecting, and that they frequently prospected or panned for gold and silver during the expedition, suggests that the sponsor of the party, William E. Bailey, was interested in the potential mineral deposits of the Olympic Mountains. It is entirely possible that the men of the Press Party had instructions to stake claims to any promising mineral deposits they might find during the course of the expedition, with the understanding that these claims would then become the property of Bailey, who, in effect, was grubstaking the expedition out of his own pocket." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Feb. 1981): p. 126.

⁴ "This fifty pounds of colored fire" became just another piece of useless baggage that had to be packed from camp to camp. It no doubt became an object of imprecation among the men who had to pack it, for they desistively referred to it as the hellfire. "One of the plans hatched in Seattle was that, on a pre-designated day during the expedition, the men would ascend a peak, light a huge bonfire at night, and then toss in the fifty pounds of colored fire—hoping that the resulting pyrotechnics would be visible in Seattle."

⁵ "As things turned out, while crossing the Devil's Backbone by the Elwha River on March 9, the mule (Jenny) carrying 150 pounds of flour and the 50 pounds of 'colored fire' slipped and fell 100 feet to her death. Christie and Sims descended to the lifeless pack animal and retrieved the precious flour. As for the 50 pounds of 'hellfire,' this was unceremoniously cut loose and, with the assistance of a good kick, it plunged 300 feet more straight down to the turbulent waters of the Elwha River."

⁶ Meany alerted the people of Seattle to watch for the fire, in a now vanished issue of the newspaper (Edmond S. Meany, "Watch For The Signals," *Seattle Press*, December 20, 1889). (No copies of the *Seattle Press* have survived from October 1889 to July 1890.) However, as Meany later recalled, part of the program of that expedition was the sending of signals from the highest peaks. At the Seattle end, on the agreed night, I climbed to Seattle's highest building, the old University (near the present Olympic Hotel), and, with the fine telescope loaned by Arthur A. Denny, kept watch all night. There were no signals! (Meany, "The Olympics In History and Legend," *The Mountaineer Annual* 1913, vol. 6: 51-55, cit. p. 52.)

⁷ The chemicals that comprised the 'colored fire' likely included the chlorides, sulphates, and/or carbonates of copper (blue, green), potassium (violet), barium (yellow-green), lithium (red), and sodium (yellow). Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Feb. 1981): pp. 126-27.

tion of the Olympic mountains. Game was depended upon as the principal means of subsistence, but flour, bacon, beans, coffee and other provisions were supplied to subsist the party until it should reach the game country, and afterwards to supplement the game supply. These provisions amounted to about 1500 pounds.² Winchester rifles, plenty of ammunition, a tent, canvas sheets, blankets, fishing tackle, axes, a whip saw for cutting out logs, a few carpenter tools, the necessary tools for mineral prospecting,³ rope, snowshoes, a small but well selected assortment of cooking and other utensils, comprised a part of the general outfit.

All necessary instruments for topographical surveying and scientific observation, a camera with films for 250 exposures were provided. Fifty pounds of colored fire were taken along for the purpose of illuminating, if possible, some peak visible from Seattle.⁴ No expense was spared in fitting out the expedition with everything that could contribute to its convenience or its chances of success.

By those who claimed knowledge, the difficulties in the path of the explorer were represented as being so great, the obstructions so varied in character, and failure foretold as being so certain, that many useless things were provided in order that every possible contingency might be met.

Mr. Christie's sole instructions were, "Succeed!"

On account of representations made to us at Port Angeles it was determined to build a boat on the Elwha, about four miles above its mouth, and to ascend as far as practicable in that manner.

The outfit was hauled from Port Angeles by wagon to the terminus of the county road, a distance of about five miles. Mr. Philip Meagher of Port Angeles tendered the use of his unoccupied farmhouse at this point to the party while preparing for advance. A vegetable garden, a cow, a wood pile, a farm well stocked with hay for the mules attest the hospitality of this gentleman and the comfort of his guests.

Cutting Out a Trail

The ranch was admirably situated for the purposes of the expedition. From it a trail leads through the woods nearly to the river, and over this trail the expedition had to pass, packing its outfit. The trail was rough and circuitous, over hills, gulches and canyons. Great trees lay across it so that for pack animals it was impassable, and even for a man it was little better than no trail at all. From the trail to the nearest point the river is distant about three-quarters of a mile, and across this interval a trail had to be cut through dense underbrush and fallen timber. Repairing and clearing the old trail and making the new one occupied a week, and for the most part it was ax work.

Sudden Rise in Horse Flesh

Great difficulty was met with in getting suitable pack animals, every person in the country round about having available animals, imagining that they had the expedition in a tight place, raised the price of their beasts several hundred per cent. For the meanest cayuse, that was worth at an honest valuation \$25, \$60, or \$70 would be asked, and good animals were held in proportion. Even the Indians were posted and wanted fabulous prices for some broken down quadrupeds.

It was at last determined to try the country up the coast, back of Dungeness. We heard that about 12 miles south of Dungeness, in the foothills, lived one William Fogle, who had two mules to sell, and that at an Indian village near by some kind of animals might possibly be obtained. Mr. Fogle was found to be a worthy and hospitable man, got a fair price for his mules, and the Press two useful additions to its exploring staff. They arrived safely in camp after a hotly contested drive of two days, and were warmly welcomed by the whole party.

Meanwhile the trail was finished, and Thursday morning, December 19, the packing began. The mules—Jennie and Dollie—after several shrewd kicks, delivered with accuracy and precision from practice horn of experience, and several unex-

pected attempts to bite, submitted to be "cinched up" to the tune of 250 pounds each, Mr. Christie, a veteran and connoisseur in these matters, reving the diamond hitch with most artistic grace. Each man seized his 60 pounds, the dogs bounded ahead and moving camp to the river had begun.

In a Swamp

In half a mile was reached a swamp, upon which had been bestowed a world of pains in trying to make it passable for the mules. Brush, bark, rotten wood, everything that came handy had been tumbled into the trail, and there was some hope that the mules could get through it. But a dozen steps demonstrated the futility of the hope, and soon the wretched mules were floundering about in the bottomless morass.

Packs were unloaded, and after much tugging, pulling and prying the mules were pulled out and reloaded. Several yards and in they went once more and unpacking had to be gone over again. Another trail with a lighter load produced similar results, this time the mules adding plaintive protests to the general tumult. Jennie in mud to the tail, beans, pork, snow-shoes, frying pans, tobacco, and other bric-a-brac scattered about in profusion, joined her voice to Dollie, who, in her attempt to jump a log, got only half way, and hung there between wind and water, filling the air with lamentations. Christie and Barnes, their custodians, hatless and coatless, mud to their thighs, were struggling about, tugging at bridles, slacking cinches and calling for assistance temporal, and, it has since been affirmed about camp, spiritual. The splashing and plunging, the shouting and braying of man and beast was a spectacle for men and philosophers. The others of the party, who had got some distance ahead, hearing the outcry, came back. The animals were extricated, the bric-a-brac fished out, the mules recinched, and the caravan once more proceeded. But the swamp was attempted no more with the animals. Everything was packed on the backs of the human members of the party from the ranch through the swamp, and the mules packed there. It is extraordinary how the sure-footed animals will get over a trail like this one. When they come to a fallen tree three or even four feet through the brutes will rear and lift over it themselves, 250-pound pack and all, as lightly as a deer. But there is risk of their straining their backs and thus depriving us of their services, so we generally lightened them of their load or which is better and involving no more work, where we passed over a trail so often, cut the log out.

One virtue of the mule must be noted, they will live and grow fat upon anything that grows in these woods—Greenstuff—to wit, ferns and cedar boughs—are devoured

by them with a great appetite. Grapevines twigs, and, in short, everything that can be chewed, furnishes them with sustenance. The only hay they ate for two weeks was what we packed through the swamp from the ranch, and that was necessarily very little. Oregon grape also furnished them with excellent feed.

A canyon about 200 feet in depth, with precipitous sides, tried their mettle. The trail cuts down one side and up the other in a zig-zag fashion. Soaked with water and with cut feet it became so slippery with mud that a man had to walk carefully to avoid sliding off. The mules passed it each time safely but it required much care on the part of both man and beast.

Canyon Camp Is Reached

The evening of December 23 saw all our outfit packed to Canyon camp, the name with which we christened our new camp. There remained only the lumber for the new boat, and this had been packed over the swamp. But that night it began to snow and by daybreak next morning there was a foot of snow on the ground. The storm continued all the next day and the night following, and while it continued we had all we could do to keep our camp from being snowed under. But Christmas morning broke cold and clear. We started out early with axes and mules, expecting to find the trail blocked by timber, brought down by the weight of snow. We were not disappointed, but the greater part of the trees across the trail were small trees, eight inches and under in diameter. Breaking the trail was laboriously performed.

By noon we commenced dragging the lumber for the boat, and by 4 o'clock we had it all—some 600 feet of lumber, for the most part 32 feet boards—at the gulch, both men and animals working hard. In dragging it along the crooked and tortuous trail, the lumber was sometimes bent like the letter "S." The first day both pack saddles were broken, rendering the animals useless, so that from the gulch we had to drag it all ourselves. The lumber, when it finally arrived in camp on the evening of the second day, was as smooth as if planed and the edges worn round. But for the snow we could never have transported it in so short a time.

Our pack-saddles we made while at the ranch, and are the ordinary Rocky mountain pack-saddles, consisting of two cross-trees of maple, shaped like the letter "X." They are easy on the mule and are very strong and serviceable.

Great Trees Falling Around Camp

Camp was situated on a little bench on the precipitous banks of the Elwha, about 100 feet above the river. It was a wretched place to camp, but we had to camp as near as

possible to the only good place on which to build our boat. There was a flat sand bank below. The distance over which to carry water, the scarcity of seasoned timber for camp fire, involved much extra work. During the night of December 23 we could hear great trees falling all around us, and one tree, a spruce, fell so near the camp as to be uncomfortable. So the next morning we went to work to get rid of another monster fir tree, six feet through at the base, which overhung the camp in a threatening manner. It struck another great tree in its fall, and for a few moments the whole forest seemed to be going down like a lot of ten pins. When the crash ended and the snow settled enough to see the result, we found four lying about the camp, one of them so close to the tent as to bury the side ropes, but gave us magnificent back-logs, and we sawed up much of the remainder and kept a monster fire going day and night.

The place selected for building the boat was the low bench of sand at the foot of a bluff immediately below the camp. There was a piece of ugly rapids at the point of launching, but this inconvenience could not be avoided, as suitable level banks are few on the Elwha.

Building the Boat

The boat was 30 feet in length, 5 feet beam, 2 feet in depth; flat bottomed, rounding up gradually at the bow and stern. Her sides were built with an out fall of six inches—that is, she was one foot wider at the tip or gunwale than the bottom or floor. She was decked forward and aft to afford a footing for the bowman and steersman. A "covering-board," 10 inches in width, extending along the side and connecting both decks, gave footing to the polemen. The hold or stowage space for cargo, occupied the entire portion between these decks and the sides—about twenty feet long by five wide. Strips of 2x4 scantling and sawed knees, constituted the framework of the little vessel, upon which was bolted the planking of inch cedar. We added a capstan for heaving her over heavy rapids, and a 50-fathom tow line. Good spruce poles and an 18-foot steering oar comprised her furniture.

The snow, which covered the ground to the depth of about a foot, was first removed. Each piece of lumber had first to be thawed out before being put into its place. The green lumber, from its long exposure on the trail, was sodden with water, and frozen hard and stiff. Cutting and packing in fuel, tending the fire and turning the lumber, required the services of two to three men. The weather was so cold that the thawing process was slow work, and after hours of cooking, and a plank became limber, it would freeze again before we could get it on the boat. The proper curvature was given

them at the stem and stern by heaving them in with a lever arrangement.

Our stores furnished us with oakum and pitch for caulking her. The former we spun the evening before using. We caulked her as well as the wet and unseasoned condition of the wood permitted, but we awaited the result after launching with great anxiety, which the sequel well justified. We were four days building—four days of frosty fingers and frozen wood—constantly interrupted by flurries of snow.

The Launch

On December 31 she was ready for the launch. After the last touch, all hands clapped on, and she slid easily over the ways into the boiling water of the rapids, and was steered into the smooth water below by means of a line handled from shore. As she struck the water she was christened the "Gertie." No burst of music or libations of wine celebrated the launch of the "Gertie" but for all that it was considered about camp as being the most successful launch ever made, and we proceeded to make it as successful as the resources of the camp would permit. Pea soup, boiled ham, baked beans, corn bread and prune pie garnished the board, the roaring fire battled with the falling snow, and in deep potations of Java best, the "Gertie" entered upon her career.

Breaking Camp

This duty performed, the signal for breaking camp was given. In a moment all was bustle. The tent was struck, bags and boxes swung over the cliff by ropes, and Gertie was freighted with her cargo. But alas! as her upper seams came below water she began to take in water like a thirsty fish. But it was evident that with recaulking Gertie was a success. If she had no paint on her sides, at least she floated her cargo like a duck. It was determined to haul her out and give her green boards a thorough drying and try her again. We would drive oakum into her until her sides ached, and boil tar till the government interfered to save its timber, but Gertie must be tight.

Recaulking the Boat

The place selected for hauling out and recaulking the boat was a little bench about 10 feet above the river. To reach it we found it was necessary to haul the boat over a low bank of gravel 150 feet, then over a narrow arm of the river strewn with boulders, and up this bank to her resting place. The ground was covered with snow to a depth of four feet, bright, sparkling, glorious to look at, but to work in quite the re-

verse. We first made a passage through it by shoveling and trampling a lane about 12 feet wide. We cleared the little bench of a thick growth of young alder and maple that was upon it, and laid skids or ways 30 feet in length across the little water course and up the bank to the bench. This being done we laid hold of the Gertie and by hard work we got the ice-weighted little vessel out of the water and as far as the skids. All this consumed January 4th. The weather was still cold and frosty. The following day we rigged up a contrivance known to seamen as a Spanish windlass, and by its aid

hove Gertie over the skids to her berth on the bench above. We turned her over and built fires under her and, in order to keep off the falling snow, with which we had constantly to battle, as well as the avalanches which descended from the overhanging firs, spread awning over her fore and aft. We moved camp to the riverside adjoining her, and for several days and nights we kept her hot. The ice dropped away, the sap stewed out. By day we cut and packed in wood, by night and day we smoked her by the watch. Through the long hours of the night the heavy masses of foliage above swung gently in the firelight. The heaps of snow around us, reaching up the great bluff on one side and sloping gradually away on the other to the river below, were lighted up by the ruddy glow. The swift-flowing flood of dark water and the towering wall of darker foliage beyond, bounded the circle of light, at the center of which was a poor Press explorer stoking fires, his eyes full of smoke, filling himself ever and anon with coffee—with the Gertie meanwhile getting as light as a cork.

The Gertie Once More Afloat

The boat was once more caulked and pitched, and once more launched. This time she behaved in a manner worthy of her name, and, we may say, creditable to her builders.

For the events of the next few days there are here given a few extracts from the journal of your correspondent.⁵

Extracts From a Diary.

Monday, January 13, 1890, weather clear and cold. After an early breakfast, commenced preparations for ascending the river, making portage of entire outfit from camp and cache to a point above first rapids. At 11 A.M. all was ready for this start, rowline ran along left bank. Mr. Christie took the bow pole, assigned me to the steering oar and the other boys to the rowline on the shore. She went over the rapids "like a Dutchman on a holiday," as Jack said. She made a pretty tough drag, empty too. Above the rapids we reloaded her

and had dinner, after which we started again. From there to the camping place of this evening, about one mile, the river winds about a bluff with deep water on one side, and on the other alternately a gentle sloping shore of great boulders hidden beneath the deep snow. The fall of the river is great and the current swift, with rocks churning the water to foam; and in another place deep and swift like a mill race. The tow rope was manned on our side of the river, and the other alternately where foothold could best be secured.

During the afternoon Mr. Christie, stepping off the deck, took an involuntary header. He reported that the water was cold. All hands were nearly or quite as badly off, for every boot being leaky, the first step in the water filled them full. The boys on the rope are in over the tops about half the time, however, so it does not matter so much, a leak or two. Near the end of the day's trip the boat swung on a rock by the force of the current, and Mr. Christie and I had to jump overboard to save her. At 3 P.M. we hauled along shore to make camp, all hands suffering. Started fire under the lee of a great pile of drift timber. Cleared away snow and got a fire going, many of the logs joining in the conflagration. Night clear and cold, and the boys are rolling themselves in their blankets under the blue vault of heaven.

The Distance Honestly Won

Tuesday, January 14.—Cloudy and slightly warmer. Another good day. We have made today not more than a quarter of a mile, but every foot was worked for and honestly won. We have passed two series of heavy rapids, and cut out a big log lying across the stream. This log lay partly under water, and though only two feet through, took us an hour and a half to clear it away, making two cuts. The second series of rapids passed was quite difficult, the water being white for 150 yards and full of boulders. We made portage of the cargo. The snow is our greatest difficulty, as we are not able to get good foothold on account of it. Between the boulders, which are also partly covered, a man will frequently sink out of sight. We

had today a short but swift and difficult fall of rapids to drag through. We made three attempts to get over by towing, but the snow furnished such poor foothold that it was found impracticable to get her over that way. Finally the doctor was sent ahead to take a turn about a tree with the tow line while the rest of us plunged to our belts into the water filled with floating ice and snow, and gradually, foot by foot, we dragged her over. It was terribly cold. The air registered 16 degrees when we looked at the thermometer after it was over.

As we managed to get out of the freezing water the air changed our garments to ice in a moment. At one time we thought Crumback was going to faint, and all of us were of a livid blue for some time after it was over, until we got circulation started again. The sensation of having feet and legs as ours were is a very peculiar one. They were utterly devoid of sensation; so much so that we could scarcely preserve our balance to stand upright. We might have struck a pin an inch into our legs without feeling it.

Over the Rapids

But we got Gertie over the rapids just the same and made her fast at the place for hauling her out the next day. What made her so hard to handle was the ice which she carried and the deep snow on the banks of the river. It was 4 o'clock when we had finished, and, after we had recovered a bit, supper was over and the boys were gathered about the glowing fire, all care was laid aside, and many was the joke that passed and pitiable was the state of the man who could not find something to laugh about in the day's adventures.⁶ It seems marvelous that some one, if not all, were not crippled for life with rheumatism, or laid up with some of the afflictions guaranteed by works on hygiene and common sense. Not a man suffered from so much as a common cold, and with the exception of passing cramps in the legs, not one has suffered any of the consequences of this rashness.⁷ Made camp tonight on terrace 15 feet above the river left bank at foot of second rapids.

⁵This comment by Barnes, at the end of the most difficult and trying day thus far experienced, indicates that the sociologic crux of the expedition had been passed. After a month of close association under adverse conditions and within a hostile environment, the six men of the Press Party had psychologically adjusted to their environment and to each other, and they had become a compatibly functioning unit. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Mar. 1981), p. 185.

⁶Today's entry displays the extraordinary physiological adaptation and stamina of the men of the Press Party. They had spent an entire winter's day prowling through snow, sometimes head deep, and wading up to their waists in a river "filled with floating ice and snow," with the air temperature at 16° Fahrenheit—sixteen degrees below freezing. The minute they stepped out of the water (which was 32–33°F), their clothes instantly froze solid. Yet, no one suffered from frostbite, and none of the men succumbed to hypothermia. . . . Several factors probably contributed to their survival in so hostile an environment. First, they were young men in the prime of their lives, and likely, in superb physical condition. Second, they almost certainly were wearing wool clothing, which provides a degree of warmth and insulation, even when wet. Third, in performing such heavy work today as cutting through the snow, and having to haul a heavy boat, a considerable amount of thermal energy for their bodies was being generated in the body. For so many degrees below freezing the ambient air temperature was, the moving fluid water of the river would always remain at 32° Fahrenheit before it would undergo a phase change to the solid state. Since their clothes were already wet, it was "warmer" to be wading in the river than to be standing on shore in those same wet clothes." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Mar. 1981), p. 185.

⁷This sentence is obviously an editorial insertion, by Barnes or Meany." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Mar. 1981), p. 185.

Another Day of Rapids and Wet Clothes

Wednesday, Jan. 15.—Cold and clear in morning, snow in afternoon and evening. A day of rapids and wet clothes. At 10 o'clock we stretched our tow-line and started over the rapids next following—between which and that of yesterday afternoon intervened smooth water for about 200 yards. With the windlass we succeeded in getting half way up with one half cargo, when the Gertie swung on a rock; her stern catching the water, she filled and lay with her after parts below water, which was swirling and boiling all around. It was all hands overboard in water to the waist, and cold. By much exertion we saved her entire cargo and passed it ashore, safe but wet—all our sugar, coffee, flour, tea, somewhat the worse for a quarter of an hour under water. When lightened we hove her stern up with the windlass, bailed her clear of water and completed the passage of the rapids. Then we made portage of the cargo around the rapids, 200 yards, loaded the boat and poled up stream as far as we could make headway in that manner. Made camp tonight behind a pile of driftwood, and a comfortable supper of pork and beans—those dear old standbys—made us forget the miseries of the day. Oh, for a day's hunt and some fresh meat. We will soon be among the elk and deer.

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Entertained by a Lonely Settler

Thursday, January 16.—Clear and cold; warmer in the afternoon.⁸ The whole forenoon was spent in drying cargo and camp outfit, which were soaked with water yesterday. The boys appreciated the occasion of rest, on account of the poor sleep of the night. We have sore bones this morning. After shoveling and melting out the snow last night for a bed place, the floor was found to be boulders the size of a man's head. No boughs available. Blankets made thin mattresses—hence, sore bones. While resting up we put in our time making portage of the cargo from the next rapids. These rapids are shoal, otherwise not formidable. We had much work forcing the boat over the stones in the river bed. At the head of the rapids a great, seven-foot tree lay across the stream, but this we were fortunately able to squeeze under, and we took in the cargo just above it. About 200 yards above the log we nearly had another shipwreck. The boat swung around in the strong current, striking a rock broadside. We recovered ourselves purely by the grit of Crumback, who managed to hold on to the towline after it had thrown everybody else off.

Dr. Runnalls was dragged over the rocks about 15 feet, bruising him badly. Half a mile further on we were hailed from shore by a settler, Lutz by name. His invitation to lodge with him was accepted, and we packed our camp utensils up the steep bluff to his cabin, 300 feet above the river. In his comfortable log cabin we are taking turns at his rocking chair and tasting the luxury of potatoes, and are about to roll ourselves up in our blankets on the floor of the first house we have slept in for six weeks.

A Day of Tiresome Wading

Friday, January 17.—Snow during night and morning, turning to rain in the afternoon. At 11 a.m. we loaded the boat and again started up stream. We cut away a fallen tree from the channel and made several hundred yards in smooth but swift running water, which required heavy hauling. A quarter of a mile up stream we passed heavy rapids. We tried the boat first with half cargo, but midway up became unable to force her further, but running her into the opposite shore, lightened her entirely and then got over with comparative ease. The portage this time was very laborious, being nearly all wading for 200 yards over round, smooth, slippery stones. These rapids have a fall of ten feet in a distance of 100 yards. Gertie is behaving well now, is comparatively water tight and has stood many severe strains without injury.

Above these rapids the river broadens to about 200 feet and breaks into shallow rapids, tumbling down among loose boulders, so that a man can wade across with ease. We hauled in immediately below them and discharged cargo on the left bank. It was almost dark and all of us wet to the waist and exhausted. Made camp and a good fire on a shelf 60 feet above.

The Settlers' Bridge Preserved

Saturday, January 18.—Clear and cold. All hands felt well this morning, resulting from a good night's sleep. Starting early. Began by clearing a channel among the boulders in the rapids. Made it about 15 inches deep and seven feet wide. Hauled boat through by wading and portaged cargo. This took most of the day. Again we manned the towline and at about 4 o'clock we arrived at the mouth of Indian creek,⁹ through swift water and several minor rapids, encountering much sludge ice. Just above the mouth of the creek for a distance of 100 feet, are rapids having the character of a cataract, rather than of rapids. Above them another hundred feet

of quiet water frozen over, and then a jam of logs. This jam is used by the settlers in Indian valley as a means of crossing the river, so Mr. Christie decided to avail himself of the fact to obtain assistance from the settlers sufficient to carry the boat over and avoid the immense labor of cutting it. Word was sent up the valley therefore to those nearest requesting them to be on hand at noon on Monday to help us make the portage. In the meantime we unloaded Gertie below the rapids and hauled her up empty with labor and difficulty through the rapids and made her fast above them. Then we made camp. Evening cold and chilly, and at dark commenced snowing. We are sitting very close to the fire.

Slow But Steady Progress

The journal of the trips during the next few days is nearly a repetition of the foregoing. Considerable snow fell and progress up the river was slow. On Monday, January 20, we had five settlers and two Indians to assist us in crossing the jam of logs. The jam is six or seven feet out of the water. We placed inclined skids on each side, and with a good pull the 13 men hauled her over without difficulty. We had the visitors to dinner with us, and in the afternoon we made portage of the cargo. For the next three days we spent much time in the bone-chilling water, making progress slowly but steadily upward.

On the evening of the 23rd we arrived at McDonald's clearing, which is the outpost of civilization as well as the head of practicable navigation with a boat on the Elwha. As this was the last day with Gertie, as well as a memorable one for the hardships undergone, the journal for that day is here given entire:¹⁰

Last Day With the Boat

Thursday, January 23.—Cold and cloudy. At 11 a.m. loaded boat and hove her into the current; towline taut. As she swung out from shore it was to begin our most severe experience with her. The rapids here are not heavy but so shoal and strewn with boulders, and the channel for the most part

so far from shore, that we were soon compelled to relinquish the use of the towline and to resort to wading. We were in the water continually for two hours, at one time to our armpits. As we would emerge from the water in the more shallow places our clothes would freeze in the air. We suffered terribly, and when we got to McDonald's and tied up to his landing place a sick-looking lot we were. But half an hour put all that right again. Hot coffee and blankets and a roaring fire in the old Scotchman's fireplace made us feel as though cold water had never been.

*From McDonald's to Expedition Valley*¹¹

From January 24 to February 4 the expedition was detained at McDonald's by stormy weather. On the night of January 24 snow began to fall, and for three days it continued falling heavily and without cessation. At times the flakes, as large as an after-dinner coffee cup, filled the air so that it was scarcely possible to see 10 yards from the window. Meanwhile the air was so mild and warm that the depth of snow increased but little, and on the 27th there was barely five feet upon the ground. On the 27th the snow turned into rain, and all hands cheered themselves with the notion of a night frost, hard snow and good travel. But the night frost did not come until we had been at McDonald's for nearly two weeks. Intermittent rain, or a flurry of snow with a thawing temperature, kept the snow so soft and rotten that it was impossible to transport the outfit and supplies of the expedition.

The extraordinary depth of snow would prevent the use of the mules upon the next stage, and to take their place we built sledges and travis. The idea was that if the snow should go away we could use the mules; if it formed a crust the sledges would be useful; if it remained soft then, as a last resort, we had snow shoes and could pack.¹²

Experiments With Sledging

Every man built his own vehicle after the fashion which suited him best. Mr. Christie decided upon a sledge as his means of

⁸ "Not only does this sentence indicate the presence of an editorial hand, it also implies that not all portions of Barnes' original field journal were actually published in the newspaper narrative." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 2 (Mar. 1981): p. 187.

⁹ "This is the only occasion on which the term Expedition Valley appears in the narratives. It most likely is not a true Press Party name, but one that originated with the editor (probably Meany) who supplied this headline." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 2 (Mar. 1981): p. 196.

¹⁰ "The boat, intended for hauling supplies on, were to be the third folly of the Press Party (after their winter departure, and the ill-advised boat venture) which would permit a snow pack suitable for this means of transportation. However, the mushy, barely freezing snow of lowland western Washington, combined with the frequent periods of rain and the unpeaked nature of the early snowfall, rendered the use of sleds impractical both in this respect, as well as at this time of year. Christie belatedly became aware of this situation, for he wrote that 'judging from the weather of the past few days, and the rotten state of the snow, I have little faith in anything beyond the pack route.' In other words, the best means of packing was still a man with a backpack on snowshoes. However, the construction of the sleds maintained the interest of the men during their days of confinement, and thus the Press Party may have been aware of this, for he noted that 'Cooped up in rather close quarters the party feels much like caged lions.'" Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 2 (Mar. 1981): p. 197.

⁸ "Barnes' weather entries are among the earliest meteorological observations made in the Olympic Mountains." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 2 (Mar. 1981): p. 185.

⁹ "Today U.S. Highway 101 crosses the Elwha just above this point. It is impossible to explore the area below Indian Creek, where the struggles with the boat occurred, for it now lies beneath the waters of Lake Alwell, a power reservoir." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 50.

transport. Procuring from a neighboring slough two good pieces of vine maple he formed the runners three inches broad, bent upward at each end. The deck and stanchions he made of cedar. The sledge when completed was five feet and twenty inches wide, and had a tongue by which to drag it.

My vehicle was a travois. A travois¹¹ is somewhat like a wheelbarrow on runners and is very simple in construction. The runners are bent into the form of a bow. A stout stick is lashed in place of the cord. The runners being placed side by side a suitable distance apart, the deck is built upon the cord-sticks. The runners extend forward four or five feet and form shafts, between which a man takes his place. Such fiery speed was expected of this product that it was christened the "go-devil." Mr. Christie named his the "Carry-all," a tribute to its supposed strength and capacity. Sims and Comstock settled upon a travois which they might manage jointly. It was large and strong and received the name of "the go-cart."

A Sort of Snow Buggy

Lastly,¹⁴ the "buggy," a nondescript contrivance, was built by Hayes. Light and airy, seemingly constructed from pleasure rather than for heavy hauling it deserved its name. More like a travois than a sledge—more like a toboggan than a travois, it defied all attempts at classification, and must be regarded as a new invention, too fearful for description.



The go-devil as it was expected to act.

¹¹Probably February 4, 1890" (Majors, vol. 2, 141)

¹¹ Travois.
¹⁴ "Before he departed to visit his sick wife, Dr. Runnalls selected a travois as his vehicle, but it is not clear whether he completed it before leaving, or in fact, ever started its actual construction. Although he had been expected to return about February 4, he did not rejoin the expedition and the dates are henceforth silent concerning his activities." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 60.
¹⁵ "Barnes' comment that both Christie and Hayes built separate sleds is in direct contradiction to Christie's own statement, 'Chris Hayes and myself joining in for a light sleigh.' Perhaps Hayes and Christie initially worked on a sled together, and then Hayes later decided to build a sled on his own." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Mar. 1981): p. 198.

At last on Tuesday, February 4, the early morning found a thin crust on the snow. There had been heavy frost during the night, the air had cleared, and as the sun rose over the eastern tree tops and painted the old man's cabin a rosy hue, the expedition was astrive.

Christie's Double-Ended Carry-All

Sims and Comstock pooling issues first came out. The "go-cart," their nondescript vehicle was warranted to carry 300 pounds. Next came Mr. Christie with his "carry-all." This double-ended product of human ingenuity was expected to surpass all estimates of its strength and endurance. Then came the "go-devil," light, airy and graceful. Lastly Hayes, who after many experiments and alterations exhibited to an astonished camp his completed "buggy."¹⁵

The train halted at the cache to load up. Three hundred pounds went aboard the "go-cart." Crumback seized the traces. Sims behind prepared to hold her back lest she should go too fast. A start was made. By using a stout sapling for a crowbar they got her several feet. Her load was reduced to 100 pounds, and by dint of great pulling and hard pushing the "go-cart" made a quarter of a mile. When last seen Sims was jumping with both feet up and down upon the wreck of the ill-fated "go cart" and Crumback was calling for an ax wherewith effectually to end its short but troubled career.

Forerunner of Mary an Upset

Meanwhile Mr. Christie tossed upon the "carryall," bag after bag of flour and beans. A hand-pull and all but 100 pounds of this burden came off and she forged ahead. Two lengths and the "carryall" turned over on her side. This was the forerunner of many upsets, until finally at a distance of one half mile from the cache she went to join the angels. Her bones lie by the trailside, and the night wind mourns her untimely end.

Holding Back the Go-Devil

When these disasters were occurring your correspondent had loaded the Go-devil with 150 pounds, and with this he expected to have to hold him back by force. He soon found however, that a 50 pound sack could be hauled easier than 150 and he lightened the load accordingly. He also found



The go-devil as it really was.

¹⁴Probably February 4, 1890" (Majors, vol. 2, 141)

that the stem rope for easing the Go-devil down hill was superfluous, and might better have been employed as a tow rope with a good span of mules ahead. However, with the reduced load, the Go-devil managed to get half a mile.¹⁶

Going Back to Snow Shoes

The "buggy" still remains by the cache. It is its glory that it did not fail—it never started. Hayes, like a prudent man, profited by our experience and packed his load on his back. The fact was that the snow was too soft. The thin crust of the night had proved a delusion. The light crust disappeared before the sun was two hours high. The runners sank into the soft slush to the deck. There was nothing for it but to pack. With snow shoes some progress might be made, though slow.

We rigged up the pack straps, and each man shouldered

ing his fifty pounds, the actual start was made. With fifty-pound packs even the snow shoes sank six or eight inches into the snow. By nightfall we had packed 800 pounds a mile and a half into the canyon. This over a trail that was not only rough but deep. The expedition returned that night to the ranch, quite tired from the first day's packing. It was the first of many days of similar labor. It was hard, but it was honest.¹⁷

Another Sharp Frost

During the night there was again a frost, so that the snow-shoe trail became quite firm, and we were able to do without snowshoes and pack in moccasins. We made this day three trips to the cache of the day before. Although the trail was good and packed hard by trampling, a mis-step over the side meant a plunge of five feet into soft snow. We used moccasins because our boots cut the trail and broke the crust. Moccasins, however, are little better than bare feet, so far as protection is concerned, and most of us began to suffer from "mal de moccasin," or foot lameness, from the unevenness and hardness of the icy trail.

Moccasins Give Way to Shoes

At the end of the second trip we substituted shoes for the moccasins, and managed to hobble over the third trip. But we were pretty well crippled up by night. The trail this day went through a bad country for packing. It wound about the base of a hog-back mountain,¹⁸ steep and broken. Sometimes one had to scramble up on all fours, then slide down a distance on the slack of his pantaloons; a means of locomotion hardly more satisfactory than the toboggans.

It is easy enough when one has no pack, but with a pack there is no telling beforehand what the end will be. I am quite sure that if we had not been so carefully reared in childhood that we would at times use hasty expressions.

Sims Takes a Tumble

As I was plodding along one day thinking that if I was accomplishing nothing else, I was at least hardening my muscle

¹⁶ On page 10 of the July 16, 1890 Press Party issue of the *Seattle Press*, accompanying Christie's narrative, are two crude drawings entitled "The go-devil as it was expected to act" and "The go-devil as it really was," which are both reproduced herein *in. l. e.*, in *Northwest Discovery*. The coarseness of the initial R.C. (for R. C. Cook), staff artist of the *Seattle Press*) appearing on the latter view, all strongly indicate that these two pictures were sketched by the staff artist of the *Seattle Press*, rather than being taken from actual photographs. These two sketches probably represent the activity on February 4, the day when the sleds had their first good workout and were soon abandoned as useless." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (Mar. 1981): p. 198.
¹⁷ This marks the first day of extensive back-packing of supplies by the Press Party, without assistance from the two mules. Barnes' entry also provides a rough estimate of the packing capability of the five men: five men packed a total of 800 pounds for 1 1/2 miles in three round trips; this being equivalent to packing a single 50-pound pack for 20 miles.
¹⁸ The sketch of the mountain is the western spur of MacDonnell Mountain, which at this point descends directly to the bank of the Elwha River about 1/2 mile north of the mouth of Madsen Creek." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (May 1981): p. 320.

and acquiring sore feet, I was suddenly shocked by hearing sundry strong expressions loudly and forcibly delivered. Upon looking about I found them to proceed from beneath the upturned roots of a great spruce tree. Sims had carelessly stepped outside the trail and in an instant had gone down and out of sight into a deep cavity formed between the snow and the roots. His cries were so appealing that I assisted him and his pack, which consisted mainly of bacon, to solid footing again, and he excused himself for his outrageous language and promised not to do so again, or until the necessity arose.

Extracts From Journal¹⁹

February 6.—Packed from McDonald's to a halfway cache, three loads each, and our bedding and kitchen kit clear through to Smith's cabin, two miles further on. My left foot is still quite painful so that I could not wear snowshoes, and had to wear leather boots, which made packing difficult. Smith's cabin is of logs with spaces between the logs from one to three inches with a loose sheathing inside of cedar shakes, a breezy and well ventilated cabin for this kind of weather. The cabin is uninhabited.

February 7, Smith's cabin.—Hard frost last night and I tried the go-devil again. She went well on the level places, so I used it as much as I could with a load of one hundred pounds, making portage of cargo and sledge over the rougher places. In the afternoon Mr. Christie went back and restructured the "carry-all," patched up, and used it to good effect. From McDonald's to Smith's are packing two thousand pounds, which makes forty packs, of fifty pounds each.²⁰

February 8, Smith's cabin.—Another fairly hard frost last night, so that all hands started out with snow shoes. Long before noon, however, the crust softened and then packing became very laborious. But by hard work we got everything to the cabin. As we were bringing up the last loads we were overtaken by four Indians from the mouth of the river, on the way up to kill elk. We had them at supper with us. The band of elk the Indians were after was a band which we our-

selves had planned to go for tomorrow, but this knocks all our plans in the head in all probability. We had been with our fresh meat since leaving Port Angeles, and our poor dogs are almost starved. With a crowd of Indians chasing the elk we have precious little chance of overtaking them. We are getting into the game country now, however, and should get plenty of it from now on. Not fifty yards from Smith's cabin, where we now are, is a perfect stable for elk.²¹ A band of 100 have evidently been wintering there and they left it only on our approach.

February 10, Smith's cabin.—This morning Mr. Christie, Sims and Hayes went up the river, reconnoitering with two days grub. I went down the river to McDonald's for the purpose of getting some river courses for the map. The morning was crisp and sparkling with sunlight. The snow was hard and in perfect condition for the snow shoes. Leaving McDonald's on the return in the afternoon I followed the trail along his bottom land for nearly half a mile before striking the rugged hill side.²² From there to camp steep side hills, dazzling white with snow, alternate with little level patches of land, overgrown with maple, alder and cedar. The soil in these bottoms, which occur occasionally on both sides of the river, is excellent and easy to clear. The hill sides are covered with a heavy growth of fir and spruce. Some of the cedar trees along the river measure 30 feet around—great giants, which were probably growing 2000 years. I cut a chip from one of them with my ax, and found 35 rings to the inch, which would have given the tree an age of 2100 years.²³ On my return to camp I found Crumback baking some beautiful white loaves of raised bread from yeast. We are using bark from the red fir trees for cooking. This kind of bark, which is in thickness from two to eight inches is full of pitch and makes a fire not unlike bituminous coal. It burns freely and with a bright blaze, with much heat.

February 12, Smith's claim.—Heavy rain and snow followed by clearing weather. Snow soft. Mr. Christie returned from up the river. He killed an elk, and brought back with

him the liver and tenderloin. This is our first fresh meat for two months.

February 13 to 16, Smith's claim. These four days at Smith's claim were spent resting up and waiting for good weather. Weather variable, light flurries of snow, rain, and generally thawing weather by day, and a light frost at night. On the 13th, while resting and waiting, packed several loads and made cache in a valley on the river two miles above. On the 17th and 18th, taking advantage of night frosts, slightly harder than usual, the expedition finished packing the entire outfit to this point. Here we made camp on the little flat near the river. This packing was the hardest we have yet had. Through the deep snow with its thin crust of ice, one would often break through to his waist. There was many a struggle between Smith's claim and "little flat" camp. The angels in heaven shed many a tear before little flat camp was reached.²⁴

February 19, Little Flat camp. Half a mile above camp a steep mountain comes down to the river, forming a deep canyon there. Mr. Christie took Sims and Hayes today and went ahead to overcome the engineering difficulties, and to make a passable trail if possible. This they succeeded in doing by cutting out much brush and digging out a shelf occasionally. While Crumback and I were in camp the dogs heard barking nearby. Thinking that the dogs had seen a squirrel we paid no attention. As we sat, Jack stirring the fire, and I preparing to go out, we were suddenly startled by a magnificent elk, who came into view followed by Tweed and Daisy, barking and nipping his heels as he ran. Distracted by the dogs the animal did not appear to notice the camp, but trotted across a little open space within thirty yards of where we were sitting. Jack and I jumped up and the way we looked for guns would surely have found one if there had been no elk in sight. By the time we had dragged a rifle out from under the stack of flour and beans, the elk had disappeared in the bush. I followed and caught sight of the elk just in time to see him disappear into the timber on the opposite side of the river. I crossed the river by fording and followed this elkship two miles, but the chase was fruitless. The elk was fresh and thoroughly alarmed. On my return to camp I found that the reputation of Jack and I as sportsmen was none the better for the elk passing camp without getting a shot. There was great fun in camp.²⁵

February 20, Little Flat camp.—Moved our camp and outfit one-half mile, to the foot of the ridge, which is called by the settlers below the "Devil's Backbone."²⁶ Made camp this we made our fire. The cedar was dry and soon took fire. Rolling up in our blankets we passed a comfortable night. For three miles below the Devil's Backbone our trail has wound through broad bottoms, covered with timber, here and there with alder and maple, easy to clear and having a gentle slope from the mountain to the river. Several small tongues or spurs from the mountain breaks this valley land into pieces, each of which is large enough to make an excellent claim.

February 21 and 22.—Packed entire outfit over Devil's Backbone. Over the trail which we had made on the 19th we had no trouble in packing. In several places the mountain is quite steep, and in these we had to cut a little shelf in the side. By cutting out brush and a log here and there we had made a good trail. While making the first trip we were treated to the sight of a deer chase by the dogs. The dogs started a deer some distance below us and all four gave chase. He struck down the river, and at a distance of about half a mile from us he emerged from the trees upon the river bank and plunged into the stream, followed by two of the dogs, Bud and Dike. The current was very strong at that place and full of rapids, and we became rather anxious as they were all—deer and dogs—swept down by the current. Fortunately for the deer he managed to get out on the opposite side some distance below, while the dogs crawled out on this side. But they showed spirit and pluck in staying with the chase so long.

In Camp Over Sunday

The 23rd was Sunday, and the expedition remained in camp. Christie went out for a reconnaissance, taking Hayes along. They killed a deer while out, and the evening was spent in eating liver and bacon and deer tenderloin.²⁷ The day had been pleasant, but during the night we had the pleasure of getting an addition to our bed clothes in the shape of five or six inches of snow. The snow we did not mind at all, but the air was warm and the snow melted, and the water soaking through our blankets made a rather uncomfortable camp.

¹⁹ This headline indicates that today's entry is a verbatim quotation directly from Barnes' original field journal, with no editorial alteration, rewriting, or additions. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (May 1981): p. 320.

²⁰ A complete transfer by the five men from one camp or cache to another would thus involve eight round-trips per man. If the distance from one supply cache/camp to the next one was 1½ miles, then two days of packing were required to complete the transfer of the entire ton of material. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (May 1981): p. 320. "The expedition left Seattle with about fifteen hundred pounds of supplies, but additional items were evidently procured at Port Angeles." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 63.

²¹ This marks the first appearance in recorded history of the famed elk herds of the Elwha Valley. The specific variety found here is the Roosevelt or Olympic elk (*Cervus canadensis roosevelti*). Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (May 1981): p. 320.

²² This distance of nearly half a mile enables us to approximate the location of the Macdonald cabin from the point (near elevation marker 741 feet) where the northwest spur of Macdonald Mountain first reaches down to the Elwha River. Macdonald's cabin would thus have been located just north of the mouth of Little River. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (May 1981): p. 320.

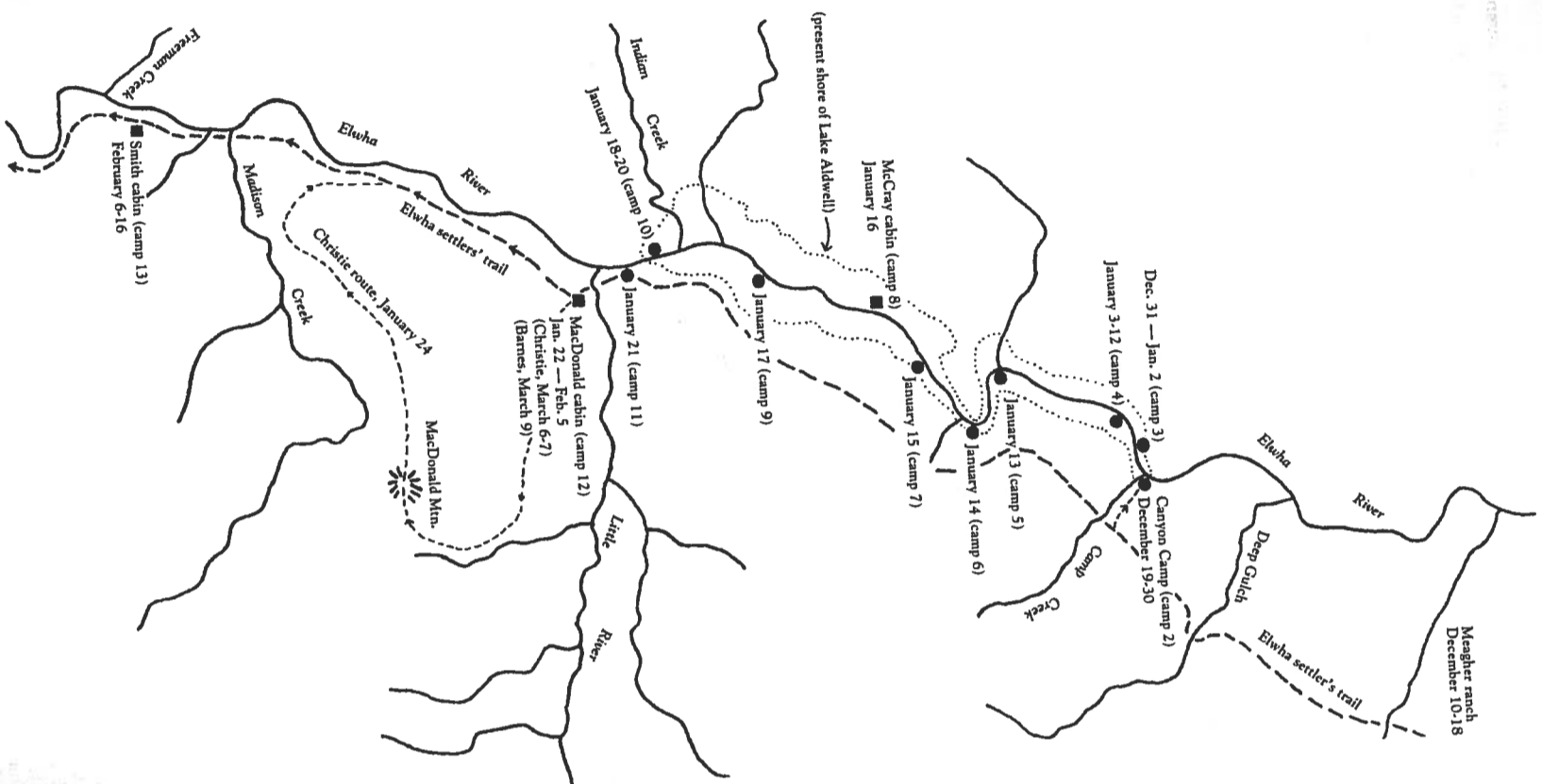
²³ The current estimate for the age of the oldest living western red cedar trees is about 1000 years. Barnes' overestimate for the age of this particular tree may be explained by the fact that the annual increase in trunk diameter tends to decrease with age, thus the annual growth rings near the bark of older trees tend to be more closely spaced together than those present near the center of the trunk. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (May 1981): p. 321.

²⁴ This is a discrete (i.e., discreet) reference to the profanities that today's difficult packing occasioned. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981): p. 472.

²⁵ The great fun was made by the other three members of the party at Barnes and Crumback having missed the opportunity to bag an elk a mere two miles from camp. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981): p. 472.

²⁶ The term "Devil's Backbone" thus originated with the local Elwha settlers, within 1888-1889, and not with the Press Party. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981): p. 472.

²⁷ The deer was some killed since the elk of February 11, as well as being the first deer killed during the expedition. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981): p. 472.



The People's Ultima Thule

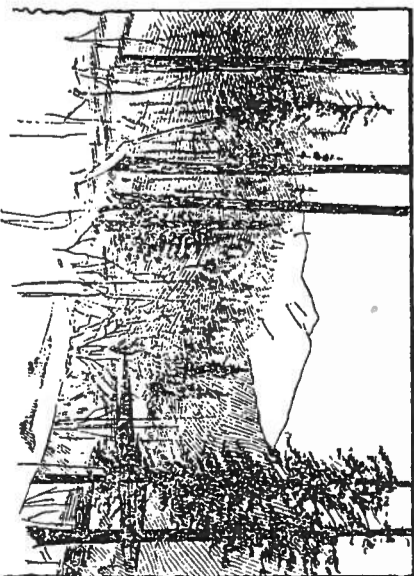
It took us half the next day to dig out. In the afternoon we moved a load four miles up the river to a point called by the people below "The Forks."²⁸ This is the *ultima thule*²⁹ of their exploration. But if their exploration is no better than their reports it is well that it went no further. The only fork we could find was a little creek that a man could jump over. The country passed over by us this day consists of some excellent bottom land. This bottom land alternates from one side of the river to the other. Many good claims can be had along here. The soil is good, and the clearing for the most part easy.

On the 25th we shifted camp to the "Forks," making one trip in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. The remainder of our outfit we temporarily cached at the "Backbone Camp." For this purpose we cut off four small trees, which were growing close together, about seven feet from the ground. On them we built a platform, piled our provisions, etc., upon it, and covered it with a tarpaulin.

At a point about the middle of our day's journey we had an excellent view of Olympus and obtained a photograph of the monarch. As seen from here it is a huge, spreading mountain, bell shaped, covering a great area. In the center rises the peak, snow crowned, regular in outline, clear cut against the dark blue sky beyond.

In the afternoon the sky became overcast; a cold raw wind began to blow from the southwest, chilling us to the very bone when we stopped to rest. Before we reached the "Forks" on the second trip, it was snowing furiously, the wind sweeping the flakes into one's face and clothing most unpleasantly. It was with hands chilled and blue that we made camp that evening, and the greatest fire we could make in that wind hardly took off the edge of discomfort. We pitched the tent and in the shortest possible time got into our blankets.

Following are more pages from the journal:



SCULPTURE BY WYMON FROM ELWHA RIVER.
 "February 25, 1890. This view depicts the distant Mount Carrie massif, with the Elwha River in the foreground. It was taken somewhere near the mouth of Boulder Creek." (Majors, vol. 2, 142)

A Big Spruce Bridge

February 26.—We felled a large 200-foot spruce³⁰ today for a bridge across the river. It stood upon the bank and fell at right angles to the current, its topmost branch lying well upon the snow-covered beach opposite. This bridge is to enable us to explore the country lying west of the river. The day was for the most part devoted to the homely and necessary task of repairing clothes. The rough travel of the river has already begun to tell upon the clothes of the party, and a patch of canvas here and a piece of blanket sewed on there already gives the clothing a picturesque effect.

February 27.—Mr. Christie, accompanied by Crumback, made a trip up river this morning by the eastern side to reconnoiter.³¹ He killed an elk about five miles up and left it for future use. I climbed the mountain back of camp for topographical purposes and was rewarded by obtaining an excellent view eastward and westward.³² Mr. Christie returned late in the evening.

²⁸ The precise location of The Forks—another term that originated with the local Elwha settlers within 1888-1889—is nowhere specified in the Press Party account. . . . However, what the local Elwha settlers referred to as The Forks was most likely the confluence of the Elwha River with Boulder and Car Creeks—the first two substantial streams encountered above Indian Creek and Little River." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981), p. 472.

²⁹ The Latin expression *ultima Thule*, meaning 'farthest Thule,' has come to signify the utmost limit of geographic knowledge or exploration. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981), p. 472.

³⁰ The Press Party 27 was another significant day for the Press Party, as Christie and Crumback's reconnaissance represents the first exploration by the Press Party beyond the limits (The Forks) of previous journeys by local Elwha settlers. From this point onward, the Press Party was engaging in a true exploration of unknown territory." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981), p. 473.

³¹ The Press Party's reconnaissance represents the first exploration by the Press Party beyond the limits (The Forks) of previous journeys by local Elwha settlers. From this point onward, the Press Party was engaging in a true exploration of unknown territory." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981), p. 473.

³² The Press Party's reconnaissance represents the first exploration by the Press Party beyond the limits (The Forks) of previous journeys by local Elwha settlers. From this point onward, the Press Party was engaging in a true exploration of unknown territory." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981), p. 473.

Field Day for Game

February 28.—Today was a field day for game. While we sat at breakfast about the fire, we caught sight of two large gray wolves on the opposite side of the river. The guns were handy and one of the wolves caught a bullet through the heart. The other trotted into the underbrush and escaped with a piece of lead somewhere in his carcass, for several drops of blood indicated the point of his disappearance. The dead wolf was brought over and skinned.³³ While the skinning was going on, Sims caught sight of a good sized wild cat also on the opposite side. It was a beautiful sight for a moment to see it stand as it did, surprised, wondering what kind of animals we were. Sims was the lucky man, and got it with the first shot. Tom made one jump of about five feet into the air and then doubled up in a heap. As Jack was fetching him across our tree bridge he seemed almost as large as Jack himself, but by actual measurement the cat was three feet nine inches in length from the front of the nose to the root of the tail. The tail measured eight inches. He was a dim color on the back, with grayish spots in stripes on the sides. We saved and stretched the skin.³⁴

But this was not the end of the day's shooting. Wolves and cats are not grub, and the camp was almost out of meat. So in the afternoon Hayes was sent out to kill an elk, of which there were numbers on the hills around. He returned to camp after a couple of hours, having left a dead elk about a mile from camp, on the mountain side above. All hands were called, and with pack-straps and gunny-sacks we started off to fetch down the meat. We found a magnificent specimen of elk lying with his throat cut and a ball through his head, which accounted well enough for his death. We removed his hide for preservation,³⁵ and his tusks for mementos, and brought away all we could carry of the meat—some 300 pounds. We got many a tumble and roll in the soft snow before we reached the bottom of the 1500 foot slope, and were wet to the skin when we arrived in camp. But that is something we are accustomed to by this time. The weather is frosty and cold, but providing there is not wind blowing it is easy to be comfortable.

A Day at Drying Meat

March 1.—The day was spent in drying meat. The snow continues soft and deep. Almost impossible to travel in its present condition.

Goblin Gates Discovered

Record of Adventure in One of the Most Curious Canyons in the State

On March 2 Mr. Barnes was sent out to prospect for a trail ahead. He went up by the west bank of the river and returned by the east. The trip is interesting from the discovery of "The Goblin Gates." The following account is from his journal:³⁶

March 2nd to 5th, inclusive.—Left camp³⁷ after an early breakfast. Carried gun, camera and some provisions, consisting of tobacco, coffee, bread and a handful or two of beans. Fifty yards above the crossing comes in a branch of the Elwha, which drains the northern sides of Olympus. This we called Car creek, in honor of the cat killed March 1st on its banks. Opposite this torrent is another creek, which we called Wolf creek, from the wolf we killed on the same day. At this point, immediately above the two streams, the river issues from a canyon.³⁸ A steep climb of 300 feet took me to the top of the canyon walls. The walls are of broken rock, quite steep, gradually increasing in height as I traveled on. The hill side above me was overgrown with small fir, sufficiently dense to make it quite gloomy beneath them. After half a mile of tolerably good travel the mountain side is suddenly broken by a deep ravine, in the bottom of which is a stream, milk white from the melting snow mass which crowns the summit of Olympus. The ravine occupied by this little Al-pine stream was filled with soft melting snow and a vast quantity of fallen timber, and I was quite a time getting across it.

A Large Wolf Killed

Just as I got up the other side I suddenly caught sight a little below where I was of an animal running swiftly. As my dog

"Dike" had followed me half way across the tree bridge when leaving camp, it was my first impression that the moving animal was the dog. But the next instant it came into full view—a large gray wolf. He caught sight of me, stopped at the same time, double the size of Dike, although Dike was as large as a good-sized Newfoundland. I unslung my rifle and shot him through the lungs. As he jumped I gave him another one which laid him out. As he lay dead on the snow with his long tongue hanging out he was a horrible sight. I got a photograph of his carcass.

A River Madly Rushing

A third of a mile farther on, I found another and larger milky torrent, plunging down into a deep cut or gorge in the solid rock. After many minor cascades, a final grand plunge of a hundred feet amid much spray and foam, the torrent sank into a quiet pool and thence flowed noiselessly into the river. From a little point of rock on its right bank can be had a glimpse of the river below, at this point flowing in its canyon, deep, green, and quiet.

I found the canyon to continue and deepen all day. The eastern side of the canyon could be seen occasionally through the thickets, and it as well as the side upon which I was, was almost perpendicular for from nine hundred to a thousand feet. From the bottom came up the sounds of mad and roaring water, sometimes deafening. From the top of the cliff the mountain side slopes back at an angle of about forty degrees, broken by ravines and canyons and rough beyond description.

Camped at the Foot of a Tree

All day I clambered along this mountain side, sometimes through deep snow, and sometimes over little patches of bare ground protected by the foliage overhead, but always over fallen timber. Progress was slow and I was quite fatigued, when I at last found a suitable camping place, toward sundown. I chose a bare spot at the foot of a great fir tree on the mountain side, whose spreading roots made a capital fireplace, and enclosed a little shelf about ten feet square. Abundance of dry wood lay about, and all around was snow for water. So I made my pack and placed it in a dry place, with gun and photograph gallery. Then I gathered a quantity of wood.

Cutting up some of it with my ax—as much of it as I judged would keep the fire going through the night. I made a fire, put on a pail of snow to melt, and in a very few moments the aroma of coffee filled my solitary camp. After a frugal supper—for I had been disappointed in killing game today—I gathered an abundance of spruce boughs for my bed, and, having prepared my fire for the night and lighted my pipe, turned in just as it was beginning to grow dark.

A Science in a Spruce Bed

By the way, there is a science in laying spruce boughs,³⁹ if comfort is desired. Throw them down carelessly and the sensation of lying on a gridiron will be the result. They should be laid in shingle fashion, the bushy foliage of one layer covering the sticks and stems of the lower. Given plenty of depth it rivals any bed that panders to the demands of luxurious civilization. The yielding springiness and aromatic odor of the spruce will transform a tired man into a fresh one in the shortest possible time. And how pleasant one's pipe tastes under such circumstances. Poets have sounded the glories of the chimney corner, the easy chair and comfortable dressing gown, but they know nothing of the roaring camp fire and the bed of boughs spread within its circle of warmth. Around about the fire-lighted snow, and, beyond and encircling all the gloomy blackness of the woods, encloses one like a cozy room. Soon the wet clothing is dry, the hard day's work contrasts with the present comfort, the burned-out pipe is refilled and one can drop into the pleasantest of dreams. The fire, replenished once or twice during the night lasts till morning, and at the first gray signs of dawn one can spring to his feet with the elasticity of boyhood.

Fresh Venison at Hand

March 3.—Yesterday I saw but one animal, a wolf, which treated me with scant ceremony by disappearing before I could get a shot.⁴⁰ I had seen numerous tracks of deer, but the game itself gave me not so much as a whisk of its tail, and that is rather short. I had brought no meat, as I had expected to kill all I required. For this reason I warmly welcomed a happy affair which occurred after breakfast. I had packed my kit and was just about to make a start when I was startled by a slight rustling in the bushes near by. I reached for my gun and waited. Presently another rustle, and, as I stood there

³³ "This was the first wolf sighting by the Press Party. It resulted in tragedy for the wolves, for the two animals shot were probably a mated pair. The gray wolf (*Canis lupus*) is now regarded as being extinct in the Olympic Peninsula, and the Press Party report represents one of the few confirmed sightings of this species in the Olympic Mountains." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981): p. 473. "Apparently the pelt was taken down to MacDonald's and sent to Seattle by way of Port Angeles. On June 6, 1890, Edmond Meany received a bill for twenty dollars from a Seattle furrier for dressing and mounting the skins of a deer, an elk, and a timber wolf." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 73.

³⁴ "This was the only bobcat to be seen by the Press Party." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981): p. 474. "At another point in his narrative, Barnes states that the wildcat was shot on March 1." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 74.

³⁵ "It was likely this same elk skin that was sent to Edmond S. Meany, along with the wolf skin and a deer skin." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 2* (July-Aug. 1981): p. 474.

³⁶ "This obvious editorial insertion, probably the work of Edmond S. Meany (assistant editor of the Seattle Press), presents direct evidence that the original field journals of Barnes and Christie were subjected to the editing process in Seattle prior to publication." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Aug. 1984): p. 247.

³⁷ "Barnes' camp for March 2, 1890 was 0.4 mile southeast of FitzHenry Creek at elevation 1000 feet." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Aug. 1984): p. 247.

³⁸ "Goblin Canyon, they later called it, but today it is known as Rika Canyon." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 75.

emerged from the thicket as beautiful a doe as ever leaped a mountain stream. I raised my gun. I had her sure and was in no hurry to shoot. I caught her eye for the first time and she stopped, her front half concealed by the clump of laurel not 20 yards away, and stood gazing from curiosity. As she stood I could not help admiring her—the light-brown coat, the graceful neck, the gentle eye—it seemed like murder to kill her. It was too bad. I felt sorry for the beautiful animal, but I needed meat. After what seemed a long time, but which was actually about a minute, she turned half around and I shot her through the heart. One spring and she was dead. I was at her side in a moment and cut her throat. Then I removed the liver and as much of the best meat as I could comfortable add to my pack and hung up the remainder of the meat for future camp use. It was still early when I got started. I blazed the trees as I went so that I might find the cache again.

Swimming a Mountain Torrent

Three quarters of a mile brought me to a large mountain torrent where I ticked the end of my blaze in the ground, so to speak, for it could be picked up easy here. Following the torrent down some 200 yards to where it made a bold jump into the river, I found a good place to climb up on the other side. The river was still a deep gorge below. I climbed up the other side of the torrent ravine. Here was little snow, the ground being protected seemingly by the dense foliage of the trees. For the next mile the mountain was a veritable elk pasture. The ground was bare of snow and covered with Oregon grape, affording excellent grazing, and it would be difficult to find a spot large enough to place a camp kettle which did not have the impressions of hoofs. Some of the tracks were not over a couple of days old. It was evident that a large herd of elk was not far off, so I proceeded carefully, looking out continually for still fresher tracks. It was slow work on this part of the journey, owing to the unevenness of the ground.

Surprised by Night and Rain

The slope gradually became less, however, and I began to expect the end of the canyon, and an improvement in the travel by finding valley or bottom land. But before I reached it I was surprised by the coming on of dusk. So dense had been the shade that I had scarcely all day caught a glimpse of the sun. Besides the gathering darkness it was beginning to rain. I had barely half an hour of dusk to find and make camp, and to prepare for a rainy night. I had to choose the spot where I

was,⁴¹ there was not time for choice of place. The available wood was rotten and wet, and it was not until I had fumbled about for some time in the dark that I was able to boast a camp—and a wet camp at that. I potted the nearest patch of snow for coffee and had venison for my supper. A hazy thatch of cedar boughs shed a part of the rain, which was now falling in torrents. A good fire dried one side of me and then the other alternately as I would wake up and turn over during the night. Nevertheless I was quite wet when morning came.

Morning Breaks Clear and Bright

The morning broke clear and bright, so I dried out and folded my effects and stole again to the southward. A short distance brought me to the end of the canyon. I could see through the trees a lovely valley below. I followed downward a charming little ravine, radiant with the glories of this spring-like day, and reached the bottom after a descent of five or six hundred feet. It was at the bottom of the ravine that I caught the first glimpse of Goblin Gates, which must become famous among the natural marvels, not alone of the Olympics, but of the whole continent.⁴² Along one side of a little valley the river thundered in great rapids, with a volume of sound, which, echoed by the bounding mountain walls, became almost stunning. The water of the river suddenly comes to a standstill in a deep, green pool,

or basin. On the opposite side of the pool the mountain is sheer perpendicular rock, smooth and bare. This rock is broken at right angles to the direction of the river, and down this cleft the water of the pool glides as noiselessly as a serpent. It is like the throat of a monster, silently sucking away the water. The whole river enters this canyon through portals not more than 12 feet in width.

Guarded by Two Heads

These portals are guarded by two gigantic heads of rock. It requires no imagination to see the features in the faces of these two heads, which are 15 feet in height.⁴³ About 30 feet inside of these heads is another pair of heads, making a kind of inner gateway, with a vestibule between the outer and inner. Upward and backward from the gateway, the canyon walls rise to a height of several hundred feet, as far as can be seen down the canyon, a multitude of faces appear in succession near the water's edge. One could conceive in them tortured expressions, which, with the gloomy and mysterious character of the whole, justified us in giving it afterwards the name of "The Goblin Gates."

Tilted Strata

The geographical strata here is tilted on edge and consists of alternate layers of hard slate and soft sandstone. The sandstone has worn away, leaving alternating slate projecting into the canyon and forming in profile the heads as they appear from the entrance.⁴⁴ The spectacle is one which alone would well repay a tourist for the trouble of a trip to see.

The little valley is about forty acres in extent, nearly enclosed by the slopes of Olympics. It lies well to the sun, is bright and warm. The soil is a rich sandy loam. It is covered partly by a growth of maple and alder, and partly by fir trees.

Picking Out a Trail

From the Goblin Gates bottom land appeared to continue up the river some distance, affording good travel. The object of my trip, which was to find a trail, being therefore accomplished, I prepared to return to camp. Two hundred yards above the gateway the river is quite broad and shoal. At this

point I determined to ford. So I removed my clothing, packed everything on my shoulders, and with a pole in each hand, started carefully across. It was cold!

I gradually felt my way across, and reached the other side without mishap. In mid-stream the water reached above the waist. I then commenced the ascent of the hill. The stone wall of the gateway here broke into a steep hill side. About eight hundred feet in height, for the most part a sliding mass of thin, shaly, stones. But by dint of hard climbing and swinging to an occasional bush, with now and then some scrubby trees to rest in, I reached the top. The view was excellent. It was now four o'clock, and as dry wood was plenty I camped there exactly on the summit.⁴⁵ A good fire and some boughs made a very comfortable camp, and I boiled down some snow as usual and had venison stew for supper.

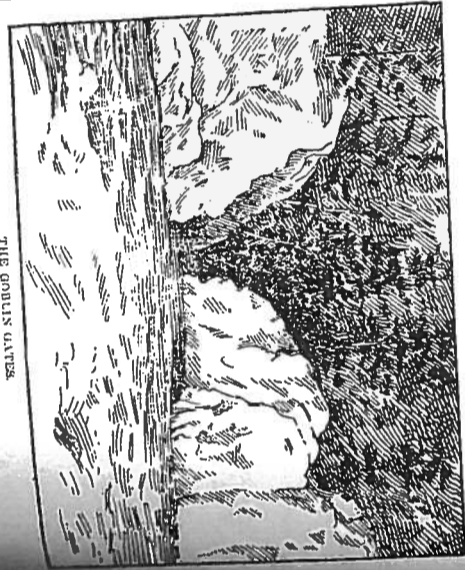
Return to Camp

After a good night's rest I made the trip to camp, down the right of the river, along the edge of the canyon. Half a mile from my camp of the night I killed a deer and hung him up for expedition use, when it should come along, which must be in a few days at most. The distance to camp on this side was not above five miles, being the chord of the arc made by the river. The snow was trying in places, deep and soft. Often I had to struggle out of holes into which I slid. I reached camp in about seven hours. This side was by far the best for travel. There are no cross ravines to scramble down and clamber out of.

In Camp Again

March 6 and 7, Camp at "Forks." Day clear and warm until evening. Colder weather and rain during the night. Snow soft and slushy. Impracticable to move camp. I returned to my eagle's nest camp⁴⁶ above the Goblin canyon to get observations. Arriving there in the afternoon I shifted my camp a few yards for a new backlog. About dark it came on to blow a steady gale. Rained and blew incessantly during night. Protected myself against it as well as I could. Cut a number of small fir saplings, stacked them up and weighted them with stones and sticks of wood for a windbreak.

In the morning, observing that the weather had signs



THE GLOBIN GATES

"March 4, 1890. This photograph was taken by Barnes on the west bank of the Elwha, looking downstream at the upper entrance to the canyon. The profiles of three 'goblin' heads are visible in the engraving that appears in this newspaper. The engraving is, on the whole, faithfully reproduced, as will be seen by a comparison of it with a modern-day photograph taken from the vantage point. However, the profile that was once present on the lower part of the large boulder on the right has since eroded away." (Majors, vol. 2, 140)

⁴¹ Barnes' camp for March 3, 1890 was on the west side of the Elwha River, about 0.2 mile northwest of the confluence of Haggerty Creek, at the foot contour, on the crest of this small spur or ridge." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 247.

⁴² "This is an undervaluedly sweeping judgment which may be a later insertion." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 247.

⁴³ "The head profiles are evident in the engraving of the Goblin Gates (made from a photograph by Barnes) that appears on page 2 of the Seattle Press, Vol. 18, 1890." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 247.

⁴⁴ "The rock at this point consists of a series of resistant micaceous sandstones interbedded with softer micaceous slates, the latter being eroded away. The rock at this point consists of a series of resistant micaceous sandstones interbedded with softer micaceous slates, the latter being eroded away. The rock at this point consists of a series of resistant micaceous sandstones interbedded with softer micaceous slates, the latter being eroded away." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 247.

⁴⁵ "The camp for March 4 and 6, 1890, was at elevation contour 1275 feet, about 0.05 mile from benchmark 1300 (Benchmark Rock), on the east side of the Elwha River." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 248.

⁴⁶ "The present day 'elk overlook' just south of Whiskey Bend, near the Elwha trail." Wood, Across the Olympic Mountains, p. 83.

of holding bad for several days and that I would be unable to carry out the object for which I had come, determined to return to camp. I therefore cached my outfit under a log and covered them with an oil skin coat and canvas sheet. I went down the hill intending to cross the river and return to camp by the west side. Found river risen a foot and ford impassable. Returned up hill and traveled down the river by the east bank. Snow very rotten with rains and thawing. Laborious work tramping through it. Arrived in camp and found everybody gone down the river for the mules. Lighted fire, roasted some venison, and turned into the blankets to write some letters⁴⁷ and dry out. Still raining. Rain and snow all day and night. Built small fire this morning and rigged up teepee over it. Clothes drying all day under teepee.

March 9, Camp Forks.—Snow all day until evening. Turned out at day break. After breakfast started for McDonald's to mail letters. Still thawing and snowing. Two hundred yards below Devil's Backbone met the party returning to camp conveying the two mules laden with provisions. Arrived at McDonald's, 14 miles down the river, at 4:30, pretty well knocked out with heavy travel. Snow deep and too soft for snowshoes.

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Sad Fate of the Mule Jennie

March 10, Camp at Forks.—Snow in early morning. Left McDonald's at 7 A.M.⁴⁸ and after a tiresome day's travel arrived in camp at 3 P.M. Here I learned that a sad accident had overtaken Jennie, one of the mules. It seems that about half an hour after I had passed them, they ascended the Devil's Backbone

and reached a point on the "bone" where the trail had been cut by us in the face of the precipice, a mere narrow ledge or shelf over a chasm 400 feet in depth. As they were passing, Mr. Christie in advance, followed by Crumback leading Jennie, a sudden slipping of earth occurred under the mule's hind feet. She made a spring to save herself, but with 200 pounds on her back she was dragged down. A plunge and all was over with poor Jennie. She struck the cleft between the cliff and a tree about 100 feet below. Here she struck, her back broken and her head smashed to jelly. Christie at once rigged up a rope from a tree growing above the trail, and by means of it he and Jack Sims swung themselves down, and in a few moments stood beside her. One cut of the knife and Jennie was parted from her pack. Another plunge straight downward for three hundred feet, a far away splash, and the body of poor Jennie was seen no more. It had plunged into the river below. One hundred and fifty pounds of flour and about fifty pounds of material for colored fire composed her load. The flour was hoisted to the trail by a rope. With a kick the "fell fire," as it was familiarly known in camp, was sent after Jennie and Mr. Christie and Sims ascended to the ledge above. The loss of poor Jennie to the expedition is greatly felt by us. She was the heaviest and strongest animal. Upon her we depended largely for the transport of our supplies. Without her we must do that work ourselves, so that the accident will result in great loss of time and expenditure of labor, which might be devoted to the objects of the expedition. After struggling through this long hard winter surrounded by mountains of ice and snow and seeing at last the snow disappearing and before us a practicable route to the other side,—after all this, is it any wonder that we all feel blue. Poor Jennie—*requiescat in pace*.

⁴⁷The letters which Barnes left with William D. MacDonald on March 10, 1890, to be forwarded to Seattle, mark the last word the outside world would hear of the Press Party until their arrival at Aberdeen on May 21. The opportunities of communication for the Press Party are as follows:

⁴⁸December 12—Meany arrives at Port Angeles to visit Press Party at Meagher ranch.

⁴⁹December 14—Meany leaves Port Angeles; he publishes an article on December 17.

⁵⁰December 22—Captain Barnes in camp at correspondence.

⁵¹December 27—Barnes and Rumlals visit Port Angeles on mules; return December 28.

⁵²January 26—Received our first mail per Mr. Warriner E. J. Smith.

⁵³February 21—Rumlals receives word of his wife's illness.

⁵⁴February 3—Rumlals departs for Seattle and Puyallup.

⁵⁵March 6—Christie returns to the MacDonald cabin.

⁵⁶March 7—Barnes writes some letters.

⁵⁷March 8—Christie leaves the MacDonald cabin for the last time.

⁵⁸March 10—Barnes leaves the MacDonald cabin on March 10, the Press Party had no communication with the outside world until their meeting with Frederick S. Antrim on May 18, 1890, along the Quinalt River, just above Lake Quinalt. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 248.

⁵⁹With Barnes' departure from William D. MacDonald's cabin on the morning of March 10, 1890, . . . the Press Party had now reached the point of no return. It is significant that none of the five men chose to return to Seattle. It is of interest to note that thus far, three months had been spent on the short distance from Port Angeles to the mouth of Wolf Creek—the limit of exploration up the Elwha River previously reached by settlers. . . . a distance hardly 20 miles from Port Angeles. . . . However, it was to the advantage of the Press Party that so much time was spent on lower Elwha River, within the confines of civilization, for this fortunately delayed their entry into the deep Olympic Mountains until spring. . . . time up until mid-March 1890, there was little danger of the men starving, because food and help at William D. MacDonald's cabin were so close at hand. . . . Had winter storms in January and February caught the men somewhere near the headwaters of the Elwha River, the expedition would have perished. . . . John Franklin's ill-fated venture in the Canadian Arctic in 1847-1848, may very well have ended in disaster. As it was, the Press Party were saved from starvation by the timely emergence of bears from hibernation at the Low Divide. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 251.



Loss of the Mule Jennie Over the Devil's Backbone

March 9, 1890. This engraving is not based on a true photograph, but . . . was rather made from a hypothetical drawing made by the newspaper staff artist, R. Caddy. (Majors, vol. 2, 142)

Mount Eldridge Christened

The mountain above the Devil's Backbone we named Mt. Eldridge, in honor of Mr. William Eldridge, of Washington, D.C. It is snow-capped, and is connected by a ridge with Mt. Angeles.⁴⁹

From March 11th to 14th the expedition made one round trip each day from the "Devil's Backbone" to the forks, packing up the stores cached there. On the 14th, on the return from below, camp was struck and moved to the bench 500 feet above, and about one half mile distant.⁵⁰ Then we packed up another load, all hands, and made camp there.

Heading Dolie Off

On the last trip up, Dolie broke of the trail and made down hill for home. With cries of "head her off" from those on the trail above, Jack and I, who were behind, rushed down packs and all, as Jack said, "to beat" his satanic majesty "on tan bark." We headed her off but in the tumble I tripped over a vine and went heels over head down the slope with my 50 pounds pack on my back. I went over three times to the consternation of all hands before bringing up in a heap under a fortunate log. On extricating myself I found that my stock of worldly possessions had been increased to the extent of a severe sprain in the groin. We are all ill at the present time caused, we think, by drinking the melting snow with the water of which the streams are swollen.⁵¹

March 15, Camp No. 16.—Day cloudy with occasional showers. Heavy clouds hanging low in the gulches and canyons. Today we packed up the hill to camp two loads each and an extra mule load comprising the entire remaining outfit. We are all more or less "decomposed," as Sims put it, from our illness, and I additionally so from my sprain, so that it was a toilsome and laborious day and we are all glad for the coming rest tomorrow, Sunday. From the number of deer we call this bench and mountain side "Deer Range."⁵²

March 16, Camp No. 16.—Christie and Crumback off for the day up the river reconnoitering; returned at dark

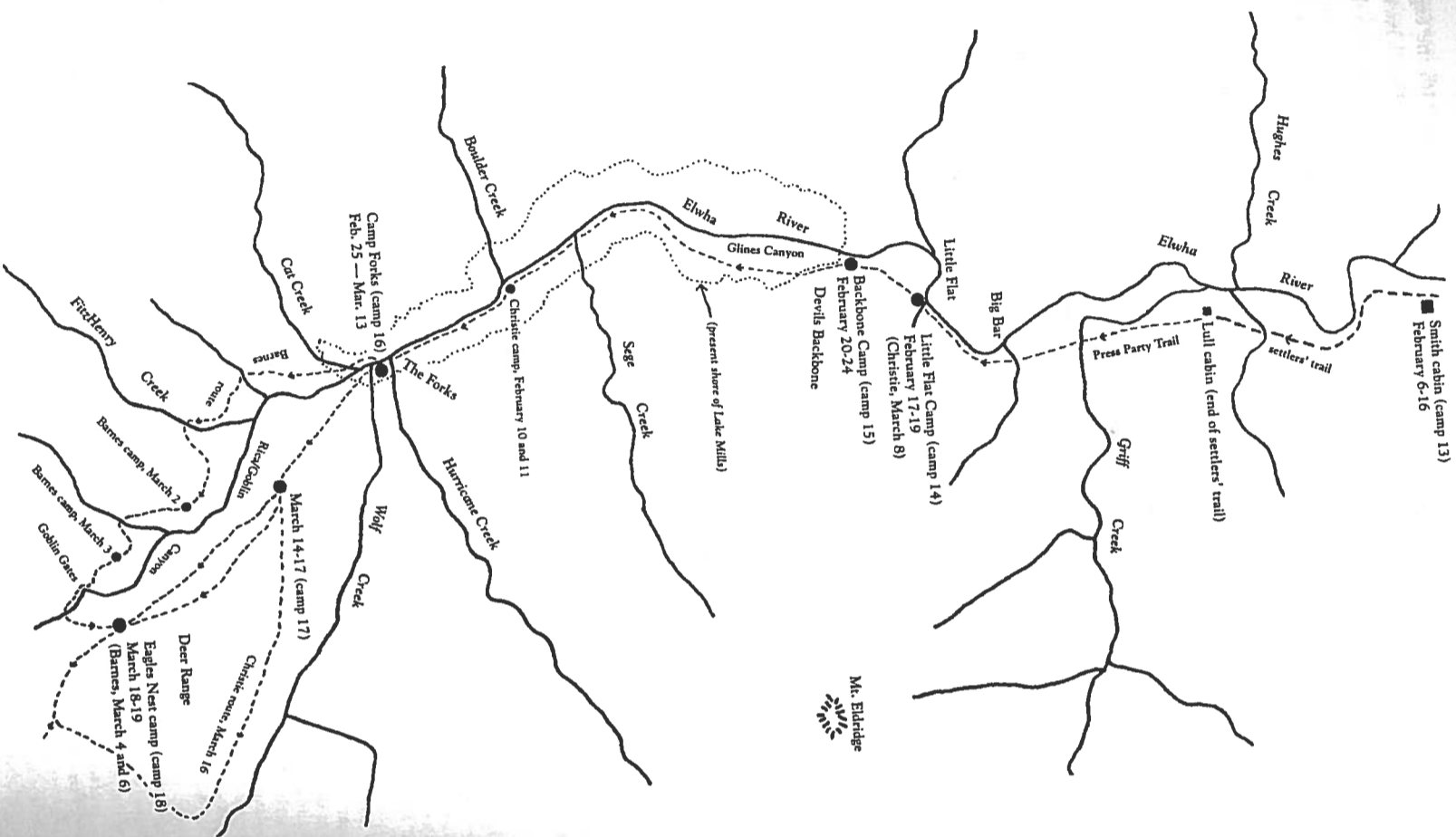
⁴⁹This is the first newspaperman's type of geographic name to appear in the Press Party narrative, probably the self-serving creation of Edmond S. Meany. As with all such names of this type, they occur only in Barnes' narrative report. Nearly all of these are highly suggestive of being later editorial insertions by Meany. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 251.

⁵⁰Camp 17 of the Press Party, for March 14-17, 1890, was located at or very near Whiskey Bend, on the northeast side of the Elwha River, at about 1180 feet elevation. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 251.

⁵¹In his journal entries for March 15 and 30, 1890 (note also April 1 and 2), Christie specifies "All hands suffering from dysentery." Several waterborne organisms could have produced this illness, particularly if the sanitary precautions necessary at an extended campsite were not well adhered to. Neither we know the men themselves, or from the washed down pollution of animals upstream. Among the diseases the Press Party might have been susceptible to are dysentery, salmonella, and perhaps *Giardia lamblia*. However, it is highly significant that one of the many symptoms of malnutrition is diarrhea, which in Victorian times would have been euphemistically referred to as dysentery. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 252.

⁵²Over Range refers to the lower southwest side of Hurricane Hill, the gentle slope and benches immediately south of Wolf Creek. This is a genuine Press Party name, credited in the field by the men of the expedition—as opposed to such "newspaperman" names as Mount Eldridge, which were most likely the invention of Edmond S. Meany after the Press Party returned to Seattle. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 252.

⁵³The map used for evidence to substantiate such a claim, but abundant proof exists to the contrary. Barnes specifically mentions naming by the explorers of the mountains, as well as other geographic features—trails, creeks, rivers, waterfalls, lakes, and plateaus. Moreover, his map does not appear to have been drawn with the manner in which the hachure marks were drawn indicates the names were printed first as is customary in cartography. . . . The map was published, Edmond Meany wrote Joseph Pulitzer, advising him that a copy of the account was being sent to him, and nothing further. . . . It is called in the fact that the Press explorers named a mountain peak in your honor. . . . The map shows the expedition's nomenclature. Obviously the explorers themselves did the naming, but where did they get the names? The Seattle Press provided them with a list of names (publishers John Franklin's ill-fated venture in the Canadian Arctic in 1847-1848, may very well have ended in disaster. As it was, the Press Party were saved from starvation by the timely emergence of bears from hibernation at the Low Divide. Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 251.



having shot four deer and an elk, leaving, as Christie said, venison on every stump. This gives us meat and will save the provisions of the pack.

A Camp on Eagle's Nest

March 17 to 20, on Deer Range—Weather warm, with occasional showers on the 18th. Snow melting and very soft.⁵³ Expedition employed packing up the mountain side back of camp. Moved camp⁵⁴ to head of Deer range, five miles up the river, on a bluff overlooking the valley at the head of Goblin canyon. The trail follows old elk and deer runs and is over some considerable hills, but quite devoid of fallen timber, entirely free of underbrush and partially clear of snow. The ground is covered for the most part with small manzanita, ground laurel and Oregon grape. Timber medium size, fir, spruce and hemlock, averaging 2,000,000 feet per quarter section. We saw many deer and the dogs were frequently heard running and barking at others. These hills are literally alive with them.

The bluff on which we camped is 870 feet in height by the aneroid above the valley below, and 1950 feet above the camp below the canyon. The fall of the river in the canyon therefore is about 1100 feet in a distance of four miles.⁵⁵ This bluff is crowned by a kind of eagle's nest of jutting slate and shale. On this eagle's nest we made the camp. The view is glorious. Mount Olympus, with many new crags and spurs unseen before, visible to the southward.⁵⁶ Many new and unnamed peaks bounded the horizon all about. At our feet lay a large valley extending to the southward and eastward.

Part Two

From Geyser Valley to the Watershed—John Crumback Takes Up a Claim, and the Event Is Celebrated in a Backwoods Feast—Making Remnant—Exploration of

Elwha Pass—Evidences of Ancient Indian Life—An Old Wringing Post—Convulsion Canyon—Exploration of Belle River—A Cougar Hunt Backwards—Observations of the Geysers—Making a Temporary Base of Supplies—No More Spirits—A Substitute for Tobacco Discovered—Rough Starting—Scarcity of Provisions—Stalking the Elk—A Tame Cow—"Where Is Christie?"—An Ancient Indian Village—Exploration of Press Valley—Good-Bye to Dollie, the Last Surviving Mule—On Snowshoes Up Goldie River Canyon—Description of an Avalanche—Snow Getting Deeper—"The Quinault?"—First Glimpse of Mount Seattle—A Glorious Panorama—A Dangerous Camp—On Deception Divide—Press Valley Again—Scaling a Precipice—A Beautiful Lake—The Summit Reached at Last.

March 20, Geyser Valley.—Clear and warm. Cut trail down the side of the bluff through logs and young fir, and then packed down camp outfit. It took us one hour to make the descent without taking a rest. Made camp in valley, twenty yards from the river in a dense growth of large trees. Near camp⁵⁷ the river receives a large tributary from the south, which runs around and drains the eastern slope of Olympus, while the main stream extends in a southeasterly direction, evidently draining the eastern watershed of the Sound range.

From Deer Range can be seen to the westward a magnificent range of snowclad peaks, having a general direction east and west. The three notable peaks in the range we named mounts Hunt, McClure and Agnus.⁵⁸ Mount Hunt, after the Mr. L. S. J. Hunt, proprietor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer is the most easterly, and rises abruptly from the Elwha river, and has its head in the clouds. West of it is Mount McClure, in honor of Col. A. K. McClure of the Philadelphia Times, has a triple-peaked summit, and is equally imposing. Mount Agnus, after Gen. Felix Agnus of the Baltimore American, terminates

⁵³ "This is the first weather entry that indicates spring is at hand," Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 277.
⁵⁴ "Camp 18 of the Press Party, for March 18-19, 1890, was at the Eagle's Nest, a promontory on the east side of the Elwha River, 0.9 mile southeast of Whiskey Bend at elevation 1275 feet, about 0.05 mile south of benchmark 1300 (Benchmark Rock). This campsite cannot have been at Elk Overlook (about 1050 elevation), 0.5 mile southeast of Whiskey Bend, because: (a) Elk Overlook is not a ledge of rock overlooking Geyser Valley; and (b) on March 20, the Press Party descended from Eagle's Nest directly to the floor of Geyser Valley in 'one hour.' These conditions correctly apply only to the true Eagle's Nest, at or very near benchmark 1300," Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 272.
⁵⁵ "The aneroid barometer readings here are grossly inaccurate. The mean elevation of the floor of Geyser Valley is only 750 feet above sea level, above the elevation of their Little Flat camp of February 17-19 just below Glines Canyon was at about 375 feet. The total fall of the Elwha River from the Glines Gorge (650 feet elevation) to the embouchure of Glines Canyon (400 feet elevation) is only 250 feet, not 1100 feet," Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 272.
⁵⁶ "The peaks seen here would include those in the northern Bailey Range, Mount Carrie, as well as Ludden Peak and Dodger Point—all above 5000 feet above sea level," Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 277.
⁵⁷ "This is the first of Capt. Barnes' land claim of March 21, 1890," Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 277.
⁵⁸ "The name of these peaks," Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 277.

the striking series to the westward and has the shape of a long thin white wedge, in a north and south direction.

Formation of Goblin Canyon

The mountain sides east of Goblin canyon are of slate and sandstone formation. The exposed ledges of slate are excellent and accessible, rock strong and cleaving into thin plates of the best quality. The exposed sandstone frequently occurs in large measures and is yellow and brown in color, but apparently free from oxide of iron. The side hills are undulating, containing large benches, covered with strong clayey soil, and are suitable for agriculture.

To this mountain [Hurricane Hill 5757'] we gave the name of Mt. Brown, in honor of Mr. Amos Brown, of Seattle. It is a high mountain, its peak bare and covered with snow. Upon its long western slope is the succession of benches which were called Deer range. Goblin canyon [Rica Canyon] bounds it on the east and Geyser valley on the south.

Christening the Valley

The valley in which the expedition was encamped is about four miles long and one mile wide in its broadest part. To it we gave the name of "Geyser valley," for the reasons which will appear. We spent nearly two weeks in the valley. All hands needed rest, and an opportunity to repair clothes as well as physical fiber. We needed time to explore the surrounding country and to discover the best route or pass through the mountains to the southward. In addition to these causes Mr. Christie desired to add some pemmican to our stock of provisions. The elk, which he had killed while reconnoitering a week before, still lay undisturbed on the opposite side of the river near our present camp, and would furnish us with abundance of meat to dry for that purpose.

Poor Dollie, the survivor of the excellent pair of pack animals with which we started, had also suffered with overwork. So for a week she chewed the succulent Oregon grape in peace, and her sides took on flesh. Oregon grape and ground laurel are excellent food for fattening, and support the herds of elk and deer that cover the hills, but for a hard working mule they are a poor substitute for oats. But we had no oats for Dollie; she had to live on faith in the "bunchgrass coun-

try" ahead, of which we had heard so much and seen so little. We worked her as lightly as we could when packing, never loading her with more than 150 pounds, but even this she sometimes found difficult to lift over logs.

The little valley nestling in the mountains, an oasis in the desert of snow, won the affection of us all. So much so, in fact, that at least two of the party determined to return to it after the expedition had finished its labors, and to hold down a claim upon its fertile bottoms.⁵⁹ Peaceful and happy, covered with mammoth trees, through whose interlacing boughs gleamed the golden sunshine lighting up the long trailing vines, the creepers and mosses of many hues, it seemed a little paradise in contrast with the snowy peaks around us.

The enclosing mountains rising steeply on every side were alive with game animals, tame in the happy ignorance of the gun. The river, here broad and rippling, teemed with salmon, and its deeper pools were filled with trout.

"John Crumback. His Claim."

Crumback was one who determined to make this his home. The land is of course unsurveyed government land, and could only be held by "squating" upon it and waiting for a survey. Undaunted, however, he decided to drive his stakes and lay the foundation of his cabin. So one afternoon we all lent a hand to start him. Each man took his ax and proceeded to the spot selected for the cabin. A few yards from the river, in the midst of a heavy growth of timber, four trees each a foot in diameter were selected. In a couple of minutes the four were on the ground. In 15 minutes from the first ax-cut, the four logs were of the proper length, saddles were cut in the ends, and the foundation of Crumback's log cabin was in place—dimensions 25x30 feet.⁶⁰ This was the first cabin in the Olympic mountains. A big blaze on a neighboring fir was made to bear the following notice to all comers: "John Crumback, his claim." An "expedition blaze" upon the opposite side of the tree was carved to give notice to all would-be claim jumpers and world in general, that behind "John Crumback, his claim" ready to make good the same, were five men, four dogs and a mule, armed with five guns, four rows of teeth and a pair of heels—let him on "jumping" bent beware! These founda-

concluded, feeling that we had just had a hand in an event which might some day become historic in the annals of the Olympic mountains, we returned to camp to celebrate the occasion. Crumback was host, for we were now his guests, and on his claim. It was a royal banquet, and Crumback earned a lasting reputation for his hospitality.

The Important Event Celebrated

Elk tail broth, fresh trout⁶¹ and roast venison comprised the menu as served. But some of the boys, not satisfied with these delicacies, said that, although it was not Sunday, we ought to have an extra allowance of bread, because the occasion was important enough to justify the indulgence and we needed something unusual to remember it by, and besides, they asked, what was a celebration without dessert, anyway. These reasons were deemed cogent, and we had bread with our coffee on this happy and memorable occasion.

For the benefit of history it may be well to state that the foundations of Crumback's cabin were laid with the ceremonies and festivities above mentioned on March 21, the opening day of spring, 1890.

Speaking of banquets, we were now living like princes and kings. For two months while in the lower country, the formula for meal calls came to be something like this: "Gentlemen, dinner is ready; pork and beans are on the table, venison on the hills and quail on the fence." But now we had plenty of game of all kinds. Elk, deer, quail,⁶² grouse,⁶³ chicken and salmon trout⁶⁴ in plenty. The mountains were a game preserve. There was really no sport in shooting; the deer stood and gazed at the unaccustomed sight of man, until one could hit them with a stone. It was

no unusual thing to see a band of deer comprising 30 or 40 deer grazing on the hill side within sight of camp.⁶⁵ Hayes went out one day hunting and returned an hour afterwards having killed five deer out of such a band. They stood and gazed wonder, and he could have killed half of the band but for the rules strictly enforced in camp of killing no more than we actually needed. Mr. Christie returned to camp on day during the absence of all hands and killed a doe as it stood with its head inside the opening of the tent, probably wondering what kind of a cave it had found. One started them up singly or in pairs from behind every knoll, like jack rabbits on a desert. Owing probably to the severity of the winter, few bears were out of their hibernation as yet. We had seen none although we frequently came across traces of them in this valley where they had been feeding upon the kinikinnick berries.⁶⁶ In consequence of the plentifulness of game, we were living now largely upon fresh meat, and with large camp appetites a vast quantity of it was consumed. It seems almost incredible and we could hardly believe it ourselves, when we calculated up the amount of venison consumed for six days ending on Saturday night while in Press valley. Four deer including one unusually large buck, had been hung up in camp during that period, and eaten besides all the salmon that was desired and a certain quantity of the provisions of the pack. The dogs meanwhile lived upon the bones, fish heads and other refuse.

Delicious Salmon Trout

A most delicious salmon trout abounded in the river. Mr. Christie, one day took out 14 from a pool adjoining our camping place in less than half an hour. By actual weighing the

⁵⁹ "John" Jack, Henry Crumback (1856-date unknown) and John William Sims (1861-1909) never returned to their proposed homestead in the Valley. Crumback is reported to have settled near Lake Quinalt in or shortly after 1890. However, Geyser Valley did later serve as the home for such pioneer upper Elwha settlers as Kruse, Addison "Doc" Ludden, William "Billy" Anderson, E. O. Michaels, and the two Huchel Grant and Will. This pleasant site represented the absolute limit of human settlement on the Elwha River." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 273.

⁶⁰ "Five months later, on August 6, 1890, the foundation (four logs) of Crumback's cabin was seen by George A. Pratt's party of prospectors. Christie's camps were passed on this day's march, and the party camped where Jack Crumback had staked a claim and put up the foundation house." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 273.

⁶¹ This is the first reference to fish being eaten by the Press Party." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 273.

⁶² Two species of resident quail would have inhabited the Olympic Peninsula in 1890, both of which had been recently introduced by man into the Puget Sound area from California. The California quail *Lophortyx californicus* was first brought to Puget Sound in 1857, when a shipment of these birds from San Francisco was let loose near Olympia. The California quail was also independently introduced several years later at Fort Townsend, and by 1861 was thriving due to the receptive environment and mild winters. The other quail species, now a permanent resident of the Olympic Peninsula, is the mountain quail *Oreortyx pictus*. This bird was introduced into Washington State from California during the 1880s. Due to the late introduction of this species on the Elwha River in 1890." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 273.

⁶³ The species of grouse that inhabit the Olympic Peninsula, both of which are natives and permanent residents. The varietal Olympic ruffed grouse *Bonasa umbellus* is relatively common throughout this area, and can readily be distinguished during the mating season by the loud drumming or thumping that it makes by the tail. The mating process, with its accompanying drumming, can occur so early as March, and . . . it was this noise that gave rise to the name "Olympic Valley." The sooty blue grouse *Dendragapus obscurus fuliginosus* is found throughout the Olympic Peninsula, from the coast up to the highest peaks during the winter their food consists largely of the needles and buds of fir trees. The mating call consists of several loud hoots, and is a term commonly applied to the steelhead or sea-run rainbow trout *Salmo gairdnerii*. This is the first reference to such migratory fish in the Press Party narrative. The Elwha River once held some of the greatest runs of salmon and steelhead on the Olympic Peninsula. These runs have been virtually obliterated by the construction of the Lake Aldwell and Gilnes Canyon dams." Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 274.

⁶⁵ This is the first reference to the abundance of wildlife within the Olympic Mountains—a region now protected by Olympic National Park. . . . Kinikinnick or bearberry, *Arctostaphylos uva-ursi* . . . is an evergreen shrub favored by bears. . . . The berries are eaten by both bear and grouse. Indians would use the dried leaves as a form of substitute tobacco. Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 274.

catch amounted to 42 pounds, and average weight of three pounds each. They measured from 22 to 26 inches in length. These, by the way, were the first fish we had caught.⁶⁷ They were the first of the season to ascend the river. But from this time on while we remained in Press valley we had abundance of them.

In order to have some fish when we should next move camp, which would take us away from the river, we partially smoked a quantity, splitting them down the back, and stringing them on poles behind the fire where they would dry and get an occasional whiff of smoke. About two days of this treatment made them ready to stow away for future use, and lightened them of considerable weight for packing. Toothsome as the fresh fish were, we were unanimous in preferring these half smoked fish to the fresh, and after the first trial hung up all we caught, if there was time, for a little touch of smoke before cooking.

Venison is also improved by being hung where the smoke can get at it now and then. It becomes dryer and more tender and takes on a new flavor, and when put into a pan with a bit of good bacon over a hot camp fire, it becomes a tid bit for an epicure.

The elk which lay on the other side of the river was packed into camp for pemmican. To make pemmican the meat is cut into strips as long and thin as possible and suspended on a rack near the fire where it will dry. It requires from two to three days to thoroughly dry it. When hard the meat is pounded into a kind of coarse meal and put into sacks. Into the sacks is then poured hot grease and it is slated to the taste. The mass hardens and makes excellent food. When one leaves camp for a day or two he puts a "chunk" of this into his pocket and off he goes. It can be eaten raw in its smoked condition, or cooked in almost any manner.

Bear grease is the proper fat to use in making pemmican, lacking that we were fortunate enough to obtain a moderate quantity from the elk himself, to which we added bacon fat. Three or four pounds of fresh meat will make one pound of pemmican. As the weight lost is the water evaporation, pemmican is much better to pack than meat. We

obtained from our elk about 100 pounds of good pemmican.⁶⁸ Meanwhile exploration was made of the adjoining region, with most interesting results.

Picking Out a Trail

An Exploration of Elwha Pass From "Geyser Valley" to Head of Convulsion Canyon.

On March 24, while the expedition were encamped in "Press Valley,"⁶⁹ Mr. Christie and I, accompanied by Hayes, left camp to explore a trail up the pass. We took with us two days' provisions, a gun, two axes, our blankets and the camera. We followed the river by the west bank for one mile along the valley. Then to avoid the river, which for half a mile washes the mountain side, we climbed the side hill for that distance. Then our course took us again along the bottom lands through tangled thickets and fern, through which in some places we had to cut our way, so dense did it become. At this place also we found a large tract of old brule or burnt timber. The burn had occurred so long ago that around the fallen trees young trees had grown in a thicket almost impassable. The logs lay



"March 24 or 25, 1890. This illustration depicts a tree, supposedly killed by Indians, near the head of Geyser Valley. Since Barnes was the photographer of the expedition, the man depicted in this photograph would be either Christie or Hayes." (Majors, vol. 2, 142)

⁶⁷ "The precise date when the first fish were caught cannot be determined. Obviously it was some time in the latter part of March, shortly after the arrival in Geyser Valley. According to Christie's diary, on March 26 he caught the fourteen 'salmon trout,' his first on the Elwha. Barnes also mentions this particular catch as being the first fish taken by the party, but he also states that 'fresh trout' were served at Crumback's dinner on March 21. This further confuses things by twice mentioning the expedition being in Press Valley at this point in his narrative, when he must have meant the Northwest describing the process whereby pemmican is made." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery*, p. 95-96.

⁶⁸ "Barnes has here given one of the best accounts in the Northwest describing the process whereby pemmican is made." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery*, p. 274. See Christie's journal in part 1, chapter 3, for his March 23 account of pemmican. ⁶⁹ "This slip—referring to Geyser Valley as Press Valley—occurs twice, in Barnes' narrative report, on March 21 (see March 28), and March 24 (Aug. 1984), p. 274. See Christie's journal in part 1, chapter 3, for his March 23 account of pemmican. This earlier precedent use of the term 'Press Valley' is not until April 14 that Barnes mentions, for the first time, the naming of Press Valley. This earlier precedent use of the term 'Press Valley' constitutes further evidence that Barnes' original field journal was rewritten at a later date, prior to publication. As of March 21 and 24, the party were still encamped in Geyser Valley, and had yet to enter Press Valley farther upstream." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984), p. 274.

upon the ground in every direction. This brule, seeing no way to avoid it, we clambered through. We found that it would be necessary to cut a number of the logs to let the expedition mule through and to make a good trail. Passing this we found a magnificent grove of curly maple,⁷⁰ each tree of which was worth hundreds of dollars.

Rich Carpet of Moss

Here, as elsewhere in this lovely valley, the ground is covered with a rich carpet of moss inches thick. Bright green with the sunshine of spring. This is a cozy spot and the warmth of spring was calling out the buds, and tender leaves were bursting on every tree. A lovelier valley cannot be in the mountains. Immediately beyond the valley into two nearly equal parts. As we neared the bluff we were so fortunate as to strike an elk trail leading up the steep ascent. Fresh tracks were visible, all going up. Elk had evidently preceded us by several days only. A steep climb of 300 feet took us to the summit of a ridge or spur, extending from the mountain to the river. Beyond this we could see a succession of similar ridges crossing our trail from the mountain on our left to the river on our right, and there forming a deep gorge, from which we could hear sounds of roaring waters. The rolling upland formed by these spurs is easy and gradual in its slopes, suitable for tilling, and with an excellent soil, strong with clay.

As we went on we found this entire upland to have been formerly burnt like that which we had before passed, and like it grown up with a dense growth of young timber.

First Signs of Old Indian Tribes

The elk trail held on over and under logs (for the beggars have long legs and can jump the side of a house), and continuously through the dense growth of young fir. Many times we had to cut to allow our passage. About one mile and a half of this brought us to noonday and we stopped and made coffee, filled our pipes and again went on. A few hundred yards further we made our first discovery of the former presence of man. It was that of a tree double-blazed, after the Indian fashion. Old friend Cuscoe, when he discovered the blazes in the sand could not have been more surprised than we. It was the first evidence of the old Indian tribes who once hunted upon the happy hunting grounds, who once hunted

and lived in the fastness of these mountains, and whose memory is now a legend. The tree, a spruce, twenty inches in diameter, bore two trail blazes, made when the tree was a sapling. The surrounding wood and bark of subsequent growth had grown to such a degree as to almost meet across the blazes. Mr. Christie was of the opinion, from the shape of the blaze, that it could have been done only with one of the old Hudson Bay hatchets, which were shaped after the fashion of the Indian tomahawk, such, for instance, as the general reader will remember in the pages of Fenimore Cooper. This opinion was strengthened later in the day further on. By cutting the tree down and examining the rings and the blazes in cross sections it would be easy to arrive at the exact age of the blaze, but we were reluctant to destroy this ancient relic of a pre-historic race and besides, since we had found one, it was probable that we would fall in with others in the future, upon which we could carry our researches. The spruce of these mountains grows slowly, its rings at this period of growth averaging in number 30 years to the inch. This would make the tree 300 years old. The blaze must with certainty have been made before the tree was four inches in diameter, more probably less than three inches; hence we conclude that the blaze was made over 200 years ago,⁷¹ a conclusion which we had opportunities to verify afterwards.

An Old Wringing Post

Half a mile beyond the blazed tree we came upon further and still more interesting evidences of ancient Indian life. Upon a little knoll a few feet to our left, as we followed the old elk trail, overhung by firs of enormous growth and wide spreading foliage, stood a post about six feet in height and 12 inches in diameter at the base. The base was about two feet high and covered with the decayed remains of what was once bark. The upper part of the post had been hewed down to a diameter of seven inches. This was at once identified as an Indian wringing post for dressing skins. The post bore signs of great antiquity. Although standing in a dry and sheltered place it was extremely rotten—so rotten it was that a hard blow with the back of an ax would have shattered it, and a hunting knife could be driven into it to the hilt. Further investigation was postponed until we should pass it while moving camp, for we had work of another kind on hand and hoped to make a number of miles before nightfall. It was proposed that we should

⁷⁰ "The presence of 200 years for the age of the blaze (dating it as 1690) would not agree with Christie's assertion that the blaze 'could have been done by one of the old Hudson Bay hatchets.' The first physical contact of the Indians of Washington State with European man took place only in 1805 with the Lewis and Clark expedition. The actual contact of the Hudson Bay Company in Washington State dates only from 1824, when it assumed control of the former North West Company fur territory." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984), p. 274.

⁷¹ "The presence of 200 years for the age of the blaze (dating it as 1690) would not agree with Christie's assertion that the blaze 'could have been done by one of the old Hudson Bay hatchets.' The first physical contact of the Indians of Washington State with European man took place only in 1805 with the Lewis and Clark expedition. The actual contact of the Hudson Bay Company in Washington State dates only from 1824, when it assumed control of the former North West Company fur territory." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984), p. 274.

photograph it in place⁷² and then remove and cache it nearby so that we could recover it for the benefit of antiquarians. The immediate surrounding would repay investigation and probably yield interesting results. Here the Indians, who are now gathered to their fathers, were accustomed to resort, for the purpose of dressing the skins taken in the chase, and the little knoll and its surroundings had furnished them with a camping place.⁷³

A Talk With Indians Remembered

While on the subject it may be interesting to mention, that while we were at the mouth of the river we had an opportunity to converse with the Indians who have settled there. We were unable to gain from them any information regarding the interior of these mountains. Their fathers hunted the same foothills, and so far as we could learn, handed down no traditions, which would indicate more extended travel by their immediate ancestors, or any better knowledge of the country by them than is possessed by their living descendants. The only traditions, so far as our present information goes, relates to long ages ago, similar in character to those related by ex-Governor Semple in his article printed elsewhere in these columns. Therefore we were justified in believing that we were treading passes and gorges long accustomed to the presence of man.

An Excellent Hunting Ground

Two miles further over rough country and through the dense new growth brought us at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon to an elevated point overlooking the river, which here makes a slight bend to the southward. The higher portion of the valley through which we had just passed was literally alive with deer. Although we did not see the animals themselves, owing to the constant noise which we made with our axes, fresh tracks were constantly seen in the snow and mud. As a hunting ground this end of the valley is as good as Deer range. At the point which we had now reached, opposite the bend of the river, the river receives the waters of a branch stream of considerable size, which we named Lillian river.⁷⁴ The triple canyon here is deep. Its almost perpendicular sides are 500 feet in depth. We followed the friendly elk trail some distance up the Lillian river and then down, fording its cold

waters to the knee, and then with much labor and shortness of breath, clambered up the opposite side to an altitude of eight hundred feet. "Poor Dollie" we thought "how she will suffer." It was evident that over this canyon we would have to pack everything on our backs. Dollie would get over, if at all, as the elk do, light. Once over, however, we found an excellent trail skirting the mountain, firm and even, and for the first time since leaving the maple trees free of snow. Fresh elk tracks were visible, a large band of fifty or sixty having passed ahead within a recent period. No fresh deer tracks were seen, however. This mountain side was timbered with a comparatively small growth of mountain fir, the first of this variety that we had seen. The slight underbrush consisted chiefly of Oregon grape.

Hearts Gladdened by a Little Discovery

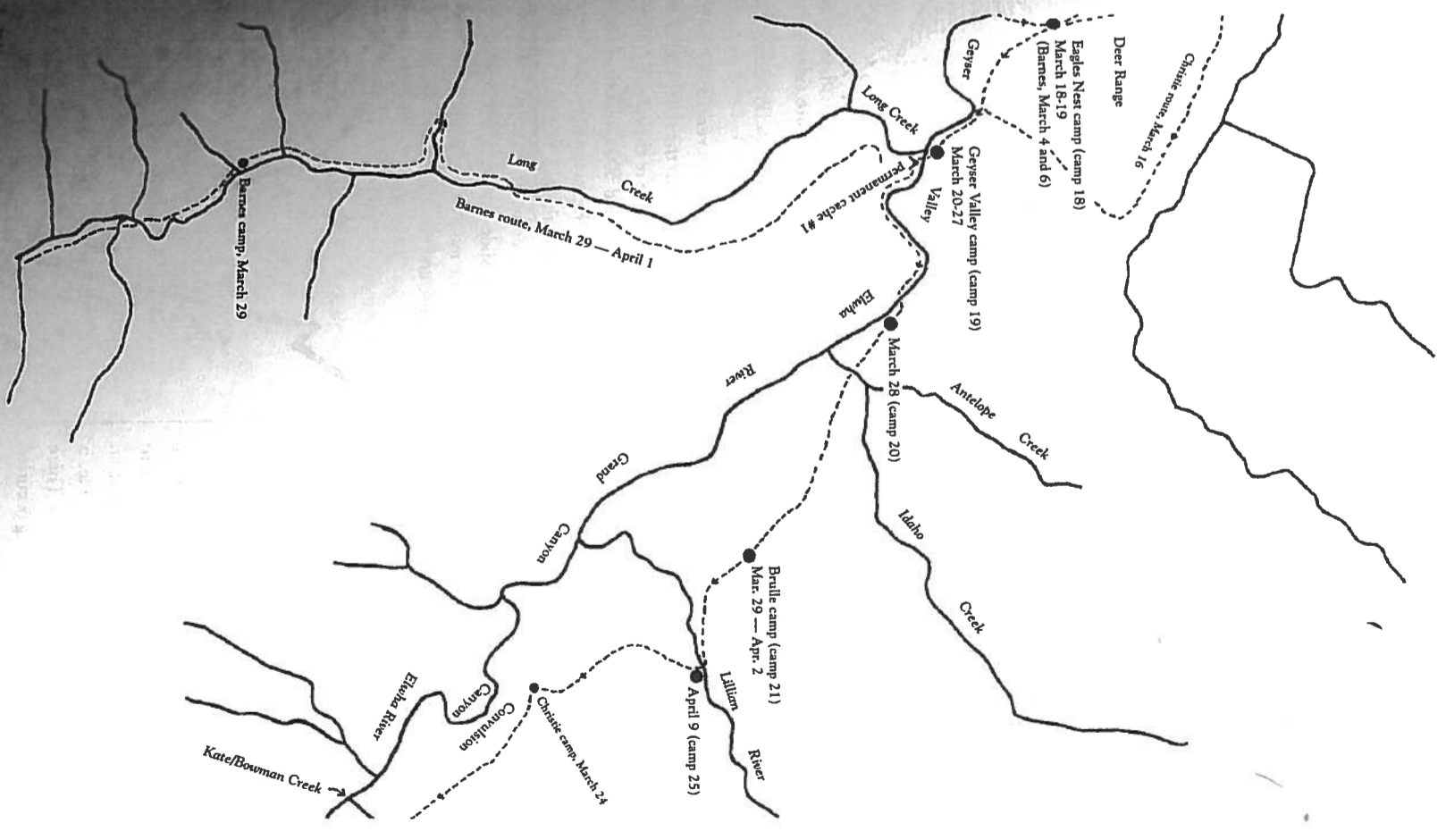
One little discovery we made here, which we knew would gladden the hearts of the boys in camp. We had brought with us 48 pounds of tobacco. The unexpected delays which we had met incident to the extraordinary winter, and the difficulties apparent ahead, were beginning to create an apprehension in camp that our tobacco would not hold out. This worried the boys not a little. On this side hill we found, growing, beds of kinnikinnick, in some places covering the ground as a trailing vine for many square yards. The leaves of this plant, when fried, furnish an excellent substitute for tobacco. When smoked it has a peculiar flavor not at all unpleasant.

The elk trail here was three or four feet wide, cut deep into the steep slope of the mountain side. The elk had followed it for centuries. Two miles of good traveling on this excellent trail brought us to sunset, and we halted and hunted about and presently discovered on a little bench some 200 feet below a good camping place, with abundance of dry wood. We made ourselves comfortable, and after supper rolled up in our blankets and were soon asleep, with the stars beaming for a tent.

A Gorgeous Scene in a Mountain

This mountain, on whose side we now were, we called Fritzen,⁷⁵ in honor of Mr. Dubose Fritzen of Seattle.

⁷² "Neither a print nor an engraving of the 'wringing post' have survived." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Aug. 1984): p. 274.
⁷³ "What the Press Party was observing here was likely the remnant of a former temporary summer elk hunting camp of the Elwha Indians." *Northwest Discovery 5* (Aug. 1984): p. 274.
⁷⁴ "Neither of the diaries mentions relatives of expedition members (other than the one reference to the illness of Dr. Rumnall's wife). When feminine names to natural features, they never indicated whether the name was given to honor a specific person or merely used in a general sense." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 100.
⁷⁵ "The name does not appear on present-day maps, but the peak they intended to be so designated was probably the high point on the ridge of Windfall Peak." Wood, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 101.



stream ended there. There was an appearance as of a pass⁸¹ making to the westward between Olympus and the range containing the peaks observed, through which we might reach the watershed of the Quinalt. To settle the doubt I determined on the trip. Besides this reason it was reported that Olympus cradled a glacier on its eastern sides.⁸² We had examined every stream draining its northern slopes without finding in their waters any evidence of its existence.⁸³ By this stream, then, if by any, the glacier must drain, and I wished to examine it.

Off With a Blanket and an Ax

Saturday morning, March 29, I left camp with my blanket and an ax and four day's provisions. Half an hour later I entered the canyon, and there found fairly good deer trails leading up the eastern side to a height of 700 or 800 feet. The canyon at its lower end is wild and rocky. On the left, looking up from the entrance, is a great rock towering up and overhanging the stream below, giving one the sense of its being about to roll out of its place. It bears a remarkable resemblance to the head of an enormous buffalo, the hill side as it swells upwards behind it resembling the hump on the shoulders of that animal. The stream is of considerable size and at this point is most romantic in its scenery. Little bridal veil, cascades leap into from 100 or 200 feet above, sparkling and bright, against the deep green of the mosses and ferns. The entrance being so near the river and so easily reached, is well worth the turning aside for half an hour to see. Scrambling along the mountain side in this way, many times holding on for dear life to keep from slipping, I arrived late in the afternoon at a large mountain torrent, which came down between the two great eastern spurs of Olympus. This was the only possible glacial stream. Its waters were clear as crystal and gave no evidence of a glacial origin. I ascended the stream for about 300 yards over a bed buried in logs and snow.⁸⁴

The Press Blaze

It may be interesting to future explorers to observe that in cutting the blaze, which is the sign manual of the expedition, and which consists of three blazes, one above another, I took care to cut the lower one on a level of the surface of the snow. Future explorers will be able to note the depth of the snow and understand, as well, how the blazes came to be so far up the trees when I had no ladder. In some places the lower one will be found ten or twelve feet high. I made a practice of thus blazing the trees on the entire trip.

Crossing the tributary stream, I again climbed through much snow and reached a great land slide, down which was constantly falling fragments of rock and gravel, detached by the frost. I had to descend nearly to the bottom to cross, and when I did cross it, it was quickly, and with my heart in my mouth, for the falling rock made it ticklish business across a space of about two hundred feet. The sun by this time was down, and hastening up the mountain side again to a little space clear of snow I made camp for the night⁸⁵ and dried my clothing as well as circumstances permitted. The formation of the canyon and mountain sides observed during the day was mainly slate and sandstone, twisted and contorted to an astonishing degree, with here and there deposits of gravel and clay.

I had seen two deer and numberless tracks, including those of a bear. I was away again the next morning before the sun traveling up the west side of the canyon. Sometimes at a considerable height, and at other times ascending to avoid heavy snow or jutting walls of rock, but the west side I found to be cut up by side gullies and small torrents that I crossed the first to the east side.⁸⁶

Fatigued With Travel

This day was a repetition of the preceding but worse toward evening I found myself painfully struggling around the

face of the mountain side at the head of the canyon overlooking a little basin encircled by Olympus and the peaks of the Bailey range. I was so fatigued with travel through the heavy snow that when at last I found a spot from which the wind had blown the snow I could scarcely stand. I sketched the main features of the scene before me, took several observations for my chart and then made camp for the night.⁸⁷

There was no pass here to the southward or westward. Across the little basin, which formed a head of the watershed of the stream up which I had been traveling, rose a solid wall of rock 5000 feet high,⁸⁸ with great precipices here and there of a thousand feet. The peaks formed at their base a little amphitheater, crescent-shaped, with one end touching Olympus and the other sweeping around the mountain, from the side of which I viewed it. From its seemingly narrow wall towered the pinnacle, and more conspicuous still was a thin wall-like peak, shaped like a great eagle's beak, clear cut against the dark blue sky. This remarkable mountain is visible from Deer range. We had first seen it from there and gave it the name of Mount Squire, after Senator Watson C. Squire of the state of Washington.

A Cougar Hunt Backwards

The next morning I arose very early. I had a down hill road homeward, and by starting on the early morning snow crust, I hoped to get out of the snow by noon before it should become softened by the sun. By the time it was light enough to see I had had my breakfast and was homeward bound, and here came my only advantage of the trip. As I followed back my trail of the night before, 50 yards from camp, I suddenly came upon the tracks of a large cougar. The tracks measured six inches across, and the animal had been following my trail fifty yards from camp, the animal having evidently sighted me, had left the trail, going up the mountain, apparently circling around my camp. The tracks, when made, were in soft snow, showing that they had been made before the night had hardened it, probably shortly after I had passed. Here was a mystery, and I challenge any man to find in the morning that a great cat probably five or six feet long has been prowling around him during the night, without twinges of conscience.

Arrival Back at Camp

After some hours of down hill traveling I arrived in camp at about 3 P.M., glad to be once more in more lively society. On the western slope of the mountain, which lies east of the lower end of the canyon, I found at an elevation of 500 feet an excellent bench about two miles long and a mile wide, with excellent soil, and with running streams of water. The ground under the snow was covered with grass, and in patches, with Oregon grape and ground laurel.

On the western side of the canyon I discovered a stream, whose bed was full of a deposit of lime. The mosses and ferns which were exposed to the spray were covered with beautiful white concretions of the same material.

The formation is for the most part slate. The strata, like all observed before, is tilted almost to a vertical position. Several out-croppings of granite occur at high altitudes. There are good prospects for silver.

⁸¹ "This . . . was likely the saddle in the Bailey Range between Stephen Peak and the north peak of Mt. Ferry 6157." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 284.

⁸² "This is a remarkable statement, for the eastern slope of Mount Carrie 6995' does indeed hold a substantial glacier. This information derived ultimately from the trapper William Everett, or from the Elvha (Callam) Indian Boston Charlie. Everett reportedly visited Carrie in 1885. Everett is known to have used both the Boulder Creek and the Cat Creek approaches as early as 1893." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): pp. 284-85.

⁸³ "Glacially fed streams do not normally present a milky appearance in winter or early spring, for it is still too early in the season for the FitzHenry and Haggerty creeks (crossed by Barnes within March 2-4) do not." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 285.

⁸⁴ "It is this very stream that drains the largest glacier on Mount Carrie, situated on its eastern slope." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 285.

⁸⁵ "Barnes' camp for March 29, 1890, was on the west side of Long Creek, 0.8 mile above the Carrie Glacier tributary, at the south edge of the

Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 285.

⁸⁶ "Barnes' camp for March 30, 1890 was on the east side of Long Creek, about 2.3 miles northwest of Dodger Point, at about 2700 feet

Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Aug. 1984): p. 285.

EXPLORING THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS

Observation of the Geyser

A Puzzling Phenomenon Which Gave a Name to the Valley

While camped in Geyser valley we heard, at intervals, certain sounds, which we attributed at first to snow or land slides, but on Saturday, March 29, early in the morning, these sounds were heard more distinctly, the wind being light. They were first heard in camp at about 8 A.M. On crossing the river at 9 o'clock, as I was starting out to explore Belle river, I could hear them much more distinctly than in camp. The sound was so remarkable that I returned to camp, and with Mr. Christie, crossed the river again to note them with greater care. After listening a while it was suggested that the sounds might be from a geyser. We timed the intervals between the reports and found them to be about four minutes. We were unable to remain at the spot long. At 10 o'clock, when I took my final departure for Belle river, the sounds still continued, and it was half an hour before I lost them as I entered the canyon.

On my return the following Tuesday I found that camp had been moved up the valley in my absence, but as I passed the place where the sound had been heard most distinctly, on the preceding Saturday, I heard the sounds once more. It was then 11 o'clock. I remained until noon, noting the characteristics, apparent direction, etc., hoping thereby to obtain some clue to its whereabouts, as well as to identify this particular geyser if we should afterwards find more than one. The wind was light and variable. The clouds overhead drifting slowly west-southwest; weather clear.

Intervals Between Reports	Interval (minutes, seconds)
Time (hours, minutes, seconds)	4:11
11:00:00	4:00
11:4:11	4:30
11:8:11	4:03
11:12:47	4:16
11:16:50	4:12
11:21:06	4:32
11:25:18	4:36
11:29:30	3:30
11:34:06	6:18
11:37:36	4:06
11:43:54	5:45
11:48:00	4:55
11:53:15	
11:58:10	

The sounds lasted exactly eight seconds, beginning slowly like the clicking of a ratchet on a cog-wheel, gradually increasing in rapidity, and at the end becoming too rapidly for the ear to distinguish, and ceasing abruptly at the end of a few seconds. The direction seemed to be southeast—the direction of the head of the valley—but the high mountains by which the valley is surrounded rendered the real direction of the sound extremely uncertain. At noon I went on to camp, intending to return after dinner and observe the phenomenon until it should cease. As I departed, the sounds gradually became fainter, until half a mile away, at "Bule creek," they died out altogether. It was evident that the sounds were reflected to the spot where they were most distinctly heard from a considerable distance. I returned at 2 P.M., but the sounds had ceased.

The geyser was therefore in action on March 29 from 8 to 10:30 A.M., or two and one-half hours; and again on April 1 from 11 to 12:15, or one and one-quarter hours, with an interval of about three days between. Whether it were active within that three days could not be known, nor could it be known how long it continued in action, if more than two and one-half hours.

At our camp at the upper end of the valley nothing had been heard. Upon the next and the following days, while we were packing some supplies into camp which still remained below, during which we passed the point where the sound could be heard, the geyser was silent. On the third day it was again heard, this time by Crumback.

The geyser has therefore an interval between its times of activity of about three days. Acting upon the knowledge thus gained, we were particularly on the alert thereafter on every third day. At length, on April 13, we again heard the geyser between the hours of 4 and 5:30 in the morning. We were then in camp opposite a large island on the Elwha four miles below Lillian river. On April 4, 7, and 10, it is probable that we would have heard it if our position had been favorable. We did not hear the sounds again. Owing to the necessity for constant travel, we were unable to make any explorations for the geyser and were compelled to leave it for future explorers.

Camp Moved Up the Valley

While the explorations were in progress, camp was removed from the lower end of the valley, up the hillside to a new camp on the rolling upland toward the head of the valley. Here much cutting of logs and clearing of brush was necessary to make packing at all feasible. The growth of small trees covered the ground held in its protecting shade a

city of snow. In some places the snow was three feet deep, and extremely soft. We had showers nearly every night, so that while working, and afterwards while packing, through this portion of our route we suffered great discomforts. These small trees held the weather; upon every needle point trembled a tiny drop, and a touch would precipitate a quart of water upon us. Thus constantly drenched to the skin, and in snow which held water like a sponge, it was like a continual bath.

On April 2nd we commenced packing from the upper camp to Lillian river, and on the next day we struck camp and packed up the remainder. We had less difficulty getting Dottie over Lillian river than we anticipated.

A Cache at Lillian River

At Lillian river Mr. Christie decided to cache all of the supplies of the expedition for the present and to go on up the Elwha canyon, to reach the valley ahead and gain more knowledge of the country before moving up the supplies. If game were as plentiful above as it were below, we would have no difficulty in living upon the country. On March 25th, while on the exploring expedition whose history has been already narrated, we had observed, some 15 or 18 miles above the junction of the Lillian with the main stream, a valley larger by far than Geyser valley, and from which four passes or gaps appeared to radiate like the spokes of a wagon wheel. This valley seemed to be the key to the mountains, and would make an excellent base of supplies and center for exploration. This then was our present objective point.

Of the stores with which we started we now had remaining 250 pounds of flour, 60 pounds of beans, 30 pounds of bacon, 20 pounds of tea, 15 pounds of salt, 5 pounds of prunes, 7 pounds of tobacco, 20 pounds of sundries, with 50 pounds of pemmican, a total of provisions of over 400 pounds.

Besides the provisions we had remaining four Winchester rifles, 40-65, one shotgun, plenty of ammunition, fishing tackle and reloading tools. One tent, 12x14, two large canvas boxes, Kitchen outfit, comprising a nest of sheet iron camp kettles, one large and two small frying pans, tin plates, one fork. Several light carpenter's tools, two 6-pound axes, one 4-pound axe, one shovel, one spade, one pickax, one rock hammer. A 4x5 inch dry plate camera, one Kodak camera, one field glass, an aneroid barometer, etc. A few medicinal supplies and a good individual was provided with a good, comfortable.

able pair of blankets, cartridge belt, sheath knife, etc. The weight of this outfit was about 800 pounds.

No More Spirits

It will be observed that although greatly reduced in amount by the winter's consumption, we still had, with proper economy, provisions to last a considerable period. Our supply of ammunition would provide us with meat as long as we chose to stay or the meat consented to be killed. The sugar had been gone some time. We used the last of the coffee in Geyser valley, but we still had tea. We started with 50 pounds of salt, now reduced to 15, more by shrinkage than by use. Last any evil minded person should imagine that "sundries" in the above list means wet goods it may be just as well to state that it does not. We had some excellent whisky in the medicine chest on starting, but during the first two or three weeks so much palliative was required for cramps in the stomach, nausea, sore thumbs, etc., that it was all consumed. Fortunately all recovered from these diseases and the camp has since had no necessity for the remedy.

Carrying Sour Dough

Baking powder was out, so that we relied upon raised bread, and carried with us from one camp to another a small lump of sour dough. We made bread whenever the opportunity presented, baking a large quantity at once. It was difficult at times to raise the bread as well as could be desired, out of doors, with cold weather and other unfavorable conditions, but once raised, our loaves, baked before the fire, made bread that was not to be despised. At other times, when unable to spend the time required for raising bread, we made thin cakes of flour and water, unleavened, and baked them in frying pans. These are familiarly known as "gillettes."

On the reconnoitering expedition upon which we now started we took with us the necessary camping outfit and provisions for a week. This consisted of 25 pounds of pemmican, 25 pounds of flour, some beans and bacon. A canvas shelter, guns, axes, cooking utensils and blankets completed our outfit.

Dottie went up the hill "Difficulty,"⁹⁰ eight hundred feet above the Lillian, with less trouble than was expected. Reaching the old elk trail we skirted the mountain side, passed above the great land slide in Convulsion canyon, and late in the afternoon went into camp at Kate creek.⁹¹

⁹⁰ See the Hill "Difficulty" in the great Christian allegory by the English Puritan author, John Bunyan (1628-1688). *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Part II, Chapter 17, "The Difficulty." This is also the name of a mountain on the "Tree Party," Major, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Sept. 1904), p. 306.

⁹¹ See the name of a mountain known today as Bowman Creek. *Wood*, *Across the Olympic Mountains*, p. 116.

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Dollie Takes Many Headers

The next morning we were early astart, and our course took us over rougher country. We traveled until noon over rolling spurs, heavily timbered and deep in snow. The land is not too rough for farming, and if cleared would be excellent land, as the soil is good and upon a high bench, about 200 feet above the river, and well watered.

Finally, however, blocked by the deep snow that lay under the shelving trees, we could lead Dollie no farther on the bench, and were compelled to climb the mountain side behind. Reaching an elevation of about 1000 feet above the river we found better traveling for some two miles. This brought us to a deep gorge, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent was wearing still deeper its bed. It being impossible to cross this we descended, and finally reached the river one mile away. But the last 300 yards! Logs, snow and debris of the woods lay so heavy and deep toward the bottom that it was extraordinary how Dollie ever got through. A rough and headlong tumble and roll would carry her down 100 feet and land her over head and pack in a snow drift. We would dig her out—fortunately we had the shovel to do it with—and another tumble would put her down a level space farther, until at last we reached bottom with a level space to camp.⁹² But such a camp for April! Snow waist deep and no feed for Dollie after her exhaustive struggle. As for ourselves we were no less exhausted. But the shovel soon produced wonders. We shoveled out space for camp, spread our shelter, cut logs and made a fire. We managed to gather a handful of ferns for Dollie, and gave her a pound of our precious beans, but she got most of her provender that night by munching spruce boughs from our bed—filling, but indigestible.

"We'll Call This Sunday"

During the night it rained in torrents and continued during the forenoon of the next day. As we were all of us, including Dollie, badly knocked out by the preceding day, we called this Sunday and rested. Up the hill side we gathered some Oregon grape for Dollie, and so we were all comfortable. We were now out of meat, not having seen a deer for two days, except two which the dogs gave chase to, and which therefore we did not get. Mr. Christie tried the fishing in the river

today, but evidently the fish have not ascended so far, for he did not get a bite.

Along the river bottoms the next day we found travel still bad for a mile and a half. We camped⁹³ in the first of a succession of little bottoms, which terminate in the large valley about six miles above.

More Penmanic Made

Below the Lillian we had plenty of game. Deer and trout were easily gotten, and we lived for the most part on fresh meat and fish. The greatest economy began to prevail at this time in camp with regard to reserve stores. When we left the Lillian we had expected to find game as easily as before, and had brought with us as meat only the pemmican already mentioned. But our experience at this stage of our exploration is illustrative of the vicissitudes of a hunter's life. With the exception of the two deer chased by the dogs we had not seen so much as a fresh track of any kind of animal since crossing the Lillian.⁹⁴ Pemmican was made to last us two days, so that when we reached the present camp we had been two days without fresh meat, and the intruders into the more valued provisions of the pack had been unfortunately great. Our stores were valuable—valuable from the amount of toil and hardship borne in getting them in, and also because they were dwindling to small proportions. Flour and bacon were a luxury not to be eaten as common food.

Nero's Famous Luxury Outdone

Nero's dish of nightingales tongues seemed less extravagant to us than one of bacon and beans. As Jack said, as he dangled to us a couple of the succulent beans upon his fork preparing to masticate the same, "Many a millionaire has no beans for supper tonight." Until we reached the camp in the bottom we had no time for hunting, unless the animals were considerably hurt our feelings, this extravagance, but there was not to be had for it, and we punished the stores with vigorous sport. The result was that we must all go hunting the next day, it was hunting for grub, no fancy sportsmanship. Men must have, for even of the precious company stores. But the but two days' supply left in the advanced camp. On the many a slip in hunting. During the night five inches of fall in the bottoms where we were encamped.⁹⁵ On the

rain side the snow was found to be still deeper. The morning grew warm and by 8 o'clock water was dripping from the trees and little pats of wet snow fell from the branches as they became heavy in melting. It became impossible to distinguish or follow any tracks and the hunters returned empty-handed toward evening. Not a single animal had been seen during the entire day. This was a state of things we were not used to, and as we looked at each other and the small amount of flour in the bag and thought of the distance back to the cache, the conviction came home to every man that tomorrow it must be an "elk or bust."

Starting on a Determined Hunt

So next morning early we got a good start with injunctions to shoot everything in sight from a herd of elk to a jay-bird on the fence. Two of the boys were sent up the mountain side back of camp and one down the river with fishing gear with letter of marque and full authority to catch fish. We had tried the fishing near camp the day before but without success. Mr. Christie and your correspondent took the river upstream. Climbing the lower slopes of the mountain we came upon a long and narrow glen about one mile from camp running up the mountain side. Sweeping this with the field-glass from above we saw in its lower part, about 800 yards distant, an elk.

He was lying upon the ground apparently asleep in the sun. His wide branching antlers lay against his back; his feet drawn up. That we had surprised his majesty asleep seemed certain. It was long range, but the wind was right for a successful stalk. I dropped behind a log, covered him with my rifle, while in an instant Christie divested himself of unnecessary hamper and disappeared in the bushes on the right. I waited, and the elk seemed entirely unsuspecting of our presence. Presently I saw Christie emerge from a clump of undergrowth and glide as silently as an Indian to the shelter of a fallen log. Now and then I could see him slowly and cautiously getting nearer and nearer until he reached a big stump covered with mosses and vines within easy range of his gun. Ten minutes had passed and I began to feel the tension of my hand. I saw him take careful aim through the vines. A steady headed streak and marrow bones seemed to greet my eyes. Presently his gun slowly dropped and his body slowly appeared as he seemed to survey the animal. Then he came out from his hiding place, walked toward me, and beckoned to me. Was he dead? I asked. He said that I slackened my speed some-

what. In fact, it became evident that he had been dead some time! As he lay upon the ground we could not but admire his mammoth proportions. It was a bull, and his antlers, which we saved, measured 5 feet 6 inches across, and the animal when alive must have weighed 600. He had evidently died of starvation—that was the conclusion we arrived at. With the hill side buried beneath the unusual snows he had starved to death.

Visions of marrow bones were more shadowy as we turned and climbed the hill once more. Half a mile further on we struck fresh elk tracks not an hour old, leading up the river. We resolved to stalk.

One of the Most Interesting Sports

Stalking the elk is one of the most interesting of sports. Wary, the animal is difficult of approach; fleet and tireless of foot, pursuit is impossible; watchful and timid, he is ever on the alert; armed with wide branching antlers and sharp cloven hoofs, he is a dangerous foe if brought to bay. Hastily preparing ourselves for what might prove a long trail we began the stalk. Absolute silence was necessary for we might at any moment come upon his lordship. For two hours, over ridge and spur, climbing logs and through the dense shade of the woods, we patiently followed his tracks, sometimes easily seen in the snow, and at others with difficulty as we passed over grassy or stony places. Then we became aware that it was after noon and with sharp appetites we sat down beside a tiny rivulet to lunch sparingly upon what we hoped would be the last gillettes we would be compelled to eat for some time. Quenching our thirst at the rivulet we again set out. Climbing the ridge bordering the stream we became aware that the hour old trail had suddenly become fresher. At the tip of the ridge and down the other side the animal had traveled with great leaps, going down twenty feet at a jump. We must have surprised him upon that very ridge, and he had gone down the other side as we approached the rivulet. Blaming ourselves for stopping to lunch, we hastened on, now hot for the game, but with little hope of seeing him again. At the foot of the ridge water was still trickling into the foot track he had made in the soft mud of a spring. Presently we saw where he had been joined by two other elk and they all traveled on together. It was probable that they were the scours of a band which they were traveling to join. Now their tracks lay straight ahead as near as the nature of the woods and hills would allow. Instead of now and again stopping to take a bite from a tempting sprig of laurel, they hurried on with great strides. All our exertion seemed to bring us no nearer our supper. We had little hope now of getting anything better

⁹² "Camp 23 of the Press Party, 'Deep Snow Camp,' for April 4-5, 1890, was located at the confluence of Prescott Creek and the Elwha River on the north side of Prescott Creek." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Sept. 1984): p. 306.

⁹³ See footnote on April 6 entry in Christie's journal in part I, chapter 3.

⁹⁴ "Game was to remain scarce for the remaining six weeks of the expedition. The men never again encountered the abundance of elk and trout which they had seen in the Geyser Valley. It was still too early in the season for the Elwha elk herds to move up valley from their wintering grounds in the Geyser Valley. It was still too deep to allow easy travel and grazing." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

⁹⁵ "This was the next to the last substantial snowfall of the winter." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery* 5 (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

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than a snap shot, for the animals were on the alert, but even that was desirable in the reduced state of the camp larder. At last the trail struck the river bottom, and passed over a wide space covered with cobble stones and boulders. We wore spikes on our boots, a necessary precaution in these log bestrewn forests, against slipping, for one is nearly half the time running along logs. In spite of the most careful stepping our spikes made a slight noise. We also found difficulty in tracing the trail here, which might lead across the river or up the mountain side at any point, and this necessary care delayed us.

The Famous Stag Sighted

Finally we reached a wooded tongue or low spur running quite to the water, and as we crossed this, bringing to our eyes a large valley beyond, we got just one glimpse of golden yellow disappearing in the brush, not 100 yards away. It was an elk and he had been on the alert. It was too bad. Those elk hopes of elk now we seated ourselves on a log. Those would probably travel 10 miles now without stopping. Several minutes passed as we gazed up the river and in the direction of the disappearance. Suddenly there emerged from the thicker and quietly stepped down to the river's bank four or five hundred yards away, a magnificent elk—a stag as artists attempt them. But no brush can picture the splendor of that animal, as with head erect and wide branching antlers he appeared to be searching for his enemies. Carelessly I had leaned my gun against a tree four or five yards away. Mr. Christie's was in his hand, however, and hastily sighting his gun for the distance, fired. The shot seemed to strike the animal turned, and with one bound was in the thicket again. Meanwhile I had got my rifle to bear as he started to leap and simultaneously Mr. Christie and I each gave him a snap shot without, however, at that long range, bringing him down. We hastened around to his tracks and followed them for some time up the mountain side. From the manner in which the

animal turned after the first shot we were sure he had been hit, but his trail showed no blood. At one place the animal lay down for a moment. Several times he stopped and made tracks as if trying to lick a wound. So we were convinced that as he stood head toward us, the shot had entered his shoulder and passed inwardly, in which case he might not drop blood for miles.⁹⁶ As it was growing late and our devils' track had led us seven or eight miles⁹⁷ from home we were compelled to give up the hunt. So we comforted ourselves with the thought that the boys had had better luck and that liver and marrow bones were awaiting us in camp. But as we entered camp tired and hungry from our exertions of the day we saw no meat hanging from the tree. Not a living thing had they seen all day, not a bird, beast or fish excepting one poor solitary duck.⁹⁸ We had this poor duck, together with our last handful of beans,⁹⁹ for supper. Our fisherman was out of luck, for after patiently fishing all day and smoking fifteen or twenty pipes,¹⁰⁰ he had not had a bite. It appeared that the salmon had not got up so far although in Geyser Valley, they are plentiful. Having but a handful of grub in camp, we started back to the cache the very next morning.

Return to the Cache

Although compelled by lack of food to return to our cache the day after the unsuccessful hunt, it was only hastening matters by a day or two. For in the hunt up the river Mr. Christie and I had incidentally found that a fair trail for travel could be had, and that the valley ahead was what we expected and desired. The place at which we shot at the elk was the lower end of the valley, and we could see as we climbed the hill side searching for the wounded animal, it broadened out above to a considerable width, with gaps leading into the mountains. Here then was the place for a cache and base of supplies, but had on the morning of the return nothing for breakfast, a little flour and some tea.¹⁰¹ The flour we mixed with water,

we had with us nothing to lighten it with, and baked it into gillettes before the fire. We made an insufficient meal of these, put by a remnant for lunch on the road, and started back. By good traveling, having no loads but a half blanket for each man and an ax and a rifle, and having now a knowledge of a better route to avoid the heavy snow, which we encountered on the second day coming up, we could make the cache in a day, for the real distance was not great.

Dollie's Rebellion

The day was marked by only two incidents of interest. The first incident was Dollie's rebellion. About two miles from camp while floundering through some heavy snow drift, she broke out of the path, which we were tramping for her, onto the river bank, and in spite of the honeyed and seductive promises swam across to the opposite side, and there stood regarding us with a "what are you going to do about it" expression in her peaceful eyes. The promises and threats, which we sent across, were alike disregarded, so that one of the boys had to ford the cold stream to his waist and catch her. Dollie has fewer tricks since the demise of her companion, but what they lack in number is usually made up in coarseness.

A Wonderously Tame Cow Elk

The second incident was one more worthy of note. The little caravan had passed the snows and was winding quietly and with quickened footsteps around the sloping mountain side above Convulsion canyon. Mr. Christie, with the only gun in the party,¹⁰² was on some distance ahead hoping to kill a deer. Suddenly those of us behind became aware of a rustling in the bushes below the trail, as of a deer. The dogs pricked up their ears. They were all fortunately at once held and prevented from giving chase. Almost at the same moment there came into sight not twenty-five yards away a great cow elk. Here was meat—but by all the angels where was Christie and the gun. The animal stood still and silently sized us up, imagine our feelings. No meat for almost a week and here was three or four hundred pounds of it waiting to be put out of our misery. We were afraid to stir—almost to breathe. If we had a club or a rock we could have struck her with it. We had, however, we expected, "For God's sake, where is Christie," the intended feelings of each of us.

Great as my anxiety was I could scarcely refrain my laughter as I perceived our ridiculous situation. Here were hungry men and an elk quietly chewing her cud and waiting to be killed. After a couple of minutes, which seemed like hours, one of the boys could stand it no longer and uttered a half stifled cry—"Christie." Still the animal did not move. She was undoubtedly regarding us with curiosity and as we made no effort to molest her she appeared to feel no alarm. Encouraged by the continued standing of the animal another man called for "Christie," and the call was repeated by all hands several times with full strength of lung. But no answer came. Mr. Christie was some distance ahead. I was in advance of the party and nearest Christie, and as the only chance of getting the four-legged meat was to get the gun at any hazard, I laid down the ax which I was carrying and slowly crept away a few feet, then a few yards, and finally gaining my feet whipped over a knoll out of sight and ran, it need hardly be said, break neck up the trail. I soon got within ear shot of Mr. Christie, called out to him and together we hurried back. The cow was still there. As the boys crouching upon the trail holding the struggling dogs caught sight of us we could see their excitement. With wild but half concealed gesticulations they indicated the direction of the elk, and with breathless lips formed the words "there—there—there." From a place within easy range Christie got in an excellent shot, and as she turned gave her another one. The logs were loosed in chase, but one hundred yards down the hill she fell dead. The first shot had entered the neck and passed out behind the right shoulder; the second had gone through her lungs.

Picture of a Band of Elk in Flight

Exciting as all this was, however, it was not quite the end of it. While the boys were skinning and cutting up the dead elk, I took the gun, ascended to the trail and arrived at the place where Dollie was standing just in time to see a small band of elk coming up from down the mountain side, but quite removed from the point where the dead elk lay. I dropped behind a fallen log, but I could see that the leader had my wind and the whole band crossed the trail and were traveling up the hill side as if forty devils were after them. One old bull, the leader, and 18 cows comprised the band, and as one after another they leaped up hill and crossed the

⁹⁶ "From the amount of space devoted in the Barnes and Christie narrative reports to detailed and lengthy descriptions of elk hunts, it is evident that this constituted the single most important activity of the men. Since supplies were short, and because the cold and strenuous physical activity required large amounts of phosphate-bond energy to sustain the various life processes of the body, it is easily understandable why elk hunting was favored by the men's minds." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

⁹⁷ "The direct distance from Stony Point to camp 24 (at the mouth of Evergreen Creek) is only 0.9 miles." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

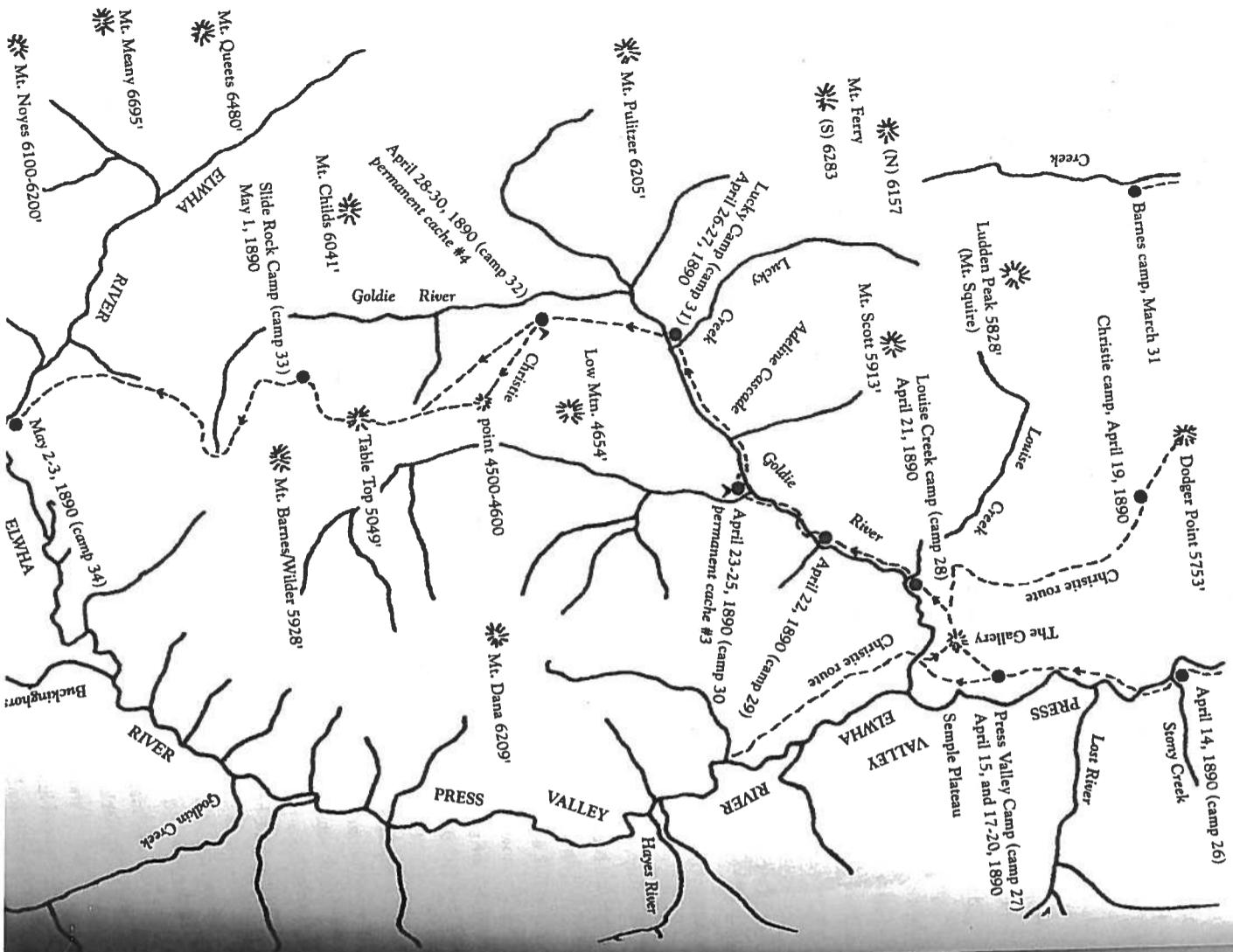
⁹⁸ "This was likely the common merganser *Mergus merganser*, which is a permanent resident of the Olympic Peninsula, and which frequents rivers and lakes. It may also possibly have been a harlequin duck *Histrionicus histrionicus*, which at this time of year would be starting to migrate from the Strait of Juan de Fuca." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

⁹⁹ "The rest of the beans (an excellent source of protein) were at the Lillian River cache, in one person in one day, particularly since supplies were so short at this point." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

¹⁰⁰ "This is a rather large amount of tobacco to be smoked by one person in one day, particularly since supplies were so short at this point." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

¹⁰¹ "This was the Press Party's first real experience at food shortage. In this instance, the situation was not serious, due to the proximity of their Lillian River cache. However, in the days ahead there now would always loom the specter of starvation. As is evident in the Press Party from this point onward, it was imperative that the men complete the exploration as soon as possible." Majors, ed., *Northwest Discovery 5* (Sept. 1984): p. 308.

EXPLORING THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS



CHAPTER TWO. CAPTAIN BARNES'S NARRATIVE

plunging over the precipice. The canyon between the two mountains was buried in snow, even trees, if there be any at all, were covered.¹⁵⁴

Two Little Lakes Discovered

After half a mile of the first really good travel of the trip upon the hard snow, we came upon a beautiful little lake, frozen and snow covered. At the north end of the little lake, which was about 400 yards in diameter, the ice and snow were melted, affording us a glimpse of the water as we passed. We called this Lake Mary. Its outlet was northward. From its southern shore rose a little swell of ground, not 50 feet in height. Attaining this we looked down upon the other side and there lay another little lake. The little swell formed a complete barrier between them, and was evidently the divide, or height of land.¹⁵⁵ As we paused a minute there we felt that we had now attained the object of the expedition, and we could now say "homeward bound" in earnest. Crossing the second lake, which was quite similar to the first, and which we called Lake Margaret, we continued down the canyon. The canyon is from two to three hundred feet in width below Lake Margaret, the sides sloping gradually, with a broad sweeping curve up the mountains which form its sides. The snow covered everything and there was no obstacle to our

progress. After an hour's travel we came, at about 6 o'clock to a great rock on the right hand, shaped like a vast cathedral, with spires and entrances. Through a hole in the snow at this point we caught our first sight of water running south. As we stood looking at it, after having tasted its virtues—and it seemed to taste better than the Elwha—one of the dogs began to give tongue in a clump of trees about 300 yards down the canyon. The other two dogs were away like a shot.

An Exciting Bear Hunt

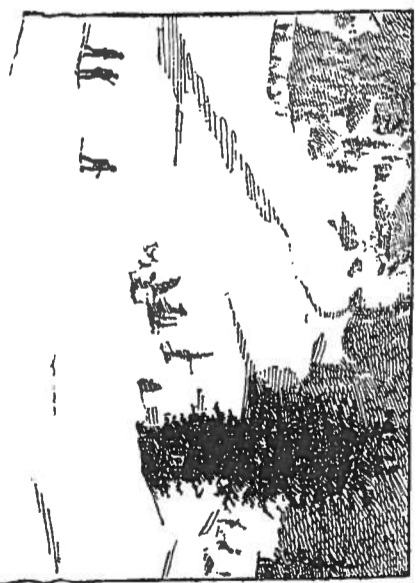
It Is Photographed From Beginning to the Finish

"A bear!" cried someone, and at that moment there emerged from the trees a bear, sure enough, worried by the three dogs.¹⁵⁶ We all seized our guns and started in chase. By a lucky thought, however, I dropped my gun and took instead the camera. By the time I got the camera out of its case, the others had gone over half the distance and I had to travel pretty hard to get there.

The bear was fighting the dogs, sometimes sitting back on his haunches and snapping at them and trying to reach them with his paws. Then one of the dogs would nip him behind and he would be off again. No sooner would he be off



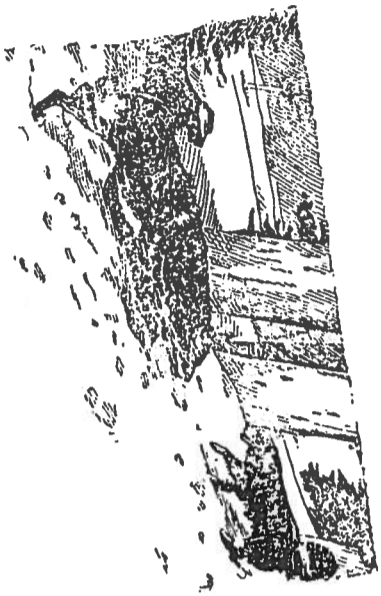
THE GREAT BEAR OF VALLEY RUNNING SOUTH.
The probably depicts the stream that drains from an icefield of Mount Seattle. One of the three dogs is evident in the foreground. (Magdon, vol. 2, 147)



"A BEAR"

"May 5, 1890. This was the providential bear that saved the Press Party from starvation at the Low Divide. Three men (two with rifles) appear advancing in the foreground, but the dogs and bear are indistinct in the engraving." (Magdon, vol. 2, 148)

EXPLORING THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS



THE FINISH

"May 5, 1890. This is the first of a series of three photographs taken, as identified by the two confiers on the left. The three dogs are engaged in worrying the ill-fated bear, which appears to be partly stumped over in its death struggle, having been shot by Christie through the kidneys." (Majors, vol. 2, 148)

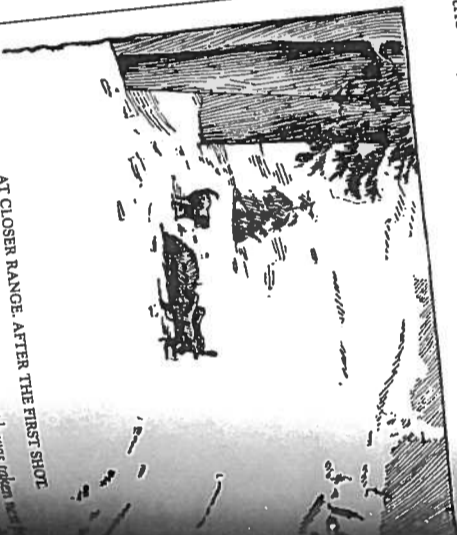
a few steps than one of the dogs would nip his heels, and that would bring him up all-standing once more, and the fighting and snapping would recommence. Meanwhile, the bear and dogs were nearing a little clump of trees, and to this we all hurried. I got three exposures while hastening toward them. The others were some distance ahead of me and I was afraid they would shoot him before I got there, but they were not afraid of hitting the dogs and did not, so that I got there in time to get several good negatives before the finish. A shot by Mr. Christie through the kidneys finally finished him. The bear made several rushes before concluding to give up the argument, one of which was made in my direction, which made me retire very quickly behind a tree, for I was not armed in precisely the right manner to cope with his bearship. At last he laid down and gave it up and a bullet through his head ended his sufferings.

After it was all over we could hardly believe our luck. Here was fat! It is impossible to convey an idea of the craving we had for fat at this time. After having lived on plain flour for a week and little besides flour for several weeks, except a little that, plenty of meat,¹⁵⁷ but not an atom of fat, except a little dole from our precious bacon, for months, the prospects of grease seemed a delicious dream. It was not 15 minutes before

we had that bear skinned and dressed and his liver and slabs of fat frying over a fire. No food ever tasted so good to starving men as that fat tasted to us, for we were indeed starving for fat. So we sat around the fire and kept the frying pans going and drank the grease as fast as we could fry it out.¹⁵⁸ Mr. Christie decided right there to adopt the Indian custom of camping alongside of our game and remaining there until it was all eaten. We made camp by the little south flowing stream. It seemed as if this little stream had brought us good fortune.

Plenty of Meat Changes Things

The killing of the bear made a great change in our plans. We now had meat and could take time to explore. As soon as it was settled that we should remain several days, I began to make preparations at once to ascend Mount Seattle.¹⁶⁰ I took the camera, instruments for topographical purposes, a blanket and meat enough for two days. On snowshoes I skirted the eastern base northward for one half a mile to a practicable canyon and then removing my snowshoes I commence the ascent of the canyon in bare moccasins. The ascent was easy for about four hundred feet, gradually becoming steeper until I passed the timberline at seven hundred feet. After that I had to zig-zag the steep slope, which generally had an angle of 55 or 60 de-



AT CLOSER RANGE. AFTER THE FIRST SHOT "May 5, 1890. This [second bear hunt] photograph was taken in same position, for the wounded bear has managed to crawl closer to the trees." (Majors, vol. 2, 148)



THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL BEAR HUNT.

"May 5, 1890. For this final [bear hunt] photograph Barnes has now moved closer in to the northward bear. The two trees evident on the left in the previous two photographs appear here from a different angle." (Majors, vol. 2, 148)

grees. The snow was extremely soft and yielding so I sank to my knees at every step, and sometimes sank bodily to my waist, and then had to struggle to extricate myself. As I got higher and could look down the long slope of a thousand feet or more at such an angle it was calculated to make a man proceed slowly and with caution—slowly, however, he had to.

At two thousand feet above the base, or sixty-three hundred feet above sea level, as indicated by the aneroid it was becoming late in the afternoon and I was greatly fatigued. So I determined to camp and go on in the early morning to the summit a thousand or more feet above. I had reached the back of a ridge and looking over the southern face I was gratified to find it an almost perpendicular rock wall with little shelves upon which grew stunted mountain pine, entirely free of snow



"This is a photograph looking northeast. . . . taken . . . by the account of Mount Seattle. . . . Judging from the horizon line, the very high peaks were not taken on the crest of the mountain. The very high peaks were not taken on the crest of the mountain. The very high peaks were not taken on the crest of the mountain. The very high peaks were not taken on the crest of the mountain." (Majors, vol. 2, 148)

"This is a view of the more prominent peaks at the head of the Elwha River. Though Barnes did not actually scramble the last 200 feet of the ascent, this climb nonetheless constitutes essentially the first ascent of this peak. Barnes' route lay up the valley and basin on the west side of the mountain, and finally the 6000-6100 foot saddle between the two summits of Mount Seattle. The second ascent of Mount Seattle occurred on August 4, 1890, by Asahel Curtis, Lorenz A. Nelson, and Grant W. Humes." (Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Oct. 1984), p. 397)

¹⁵⁷ "The last game of the Press Party prior to May 5, was the elk killed on April 21 at Semple Plateau. Thus 14 days had elapsed without any meat without any meat at all. . . . By May 5, the five men were understandably famished, and perilously close to death by starvation. . . . one week without any meat at all. . . . By May 5, the five men were understandably famished, and perilously close to death by starvation. . . . emergence of this bear from hibernation had clearly saved the Press Party from disaster." (Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Oct. 1984), p. 397)

¹⁵⁸ "This reference to the Press Party's craving for fat. . . . reveals the presence of a fundamental nutritional deficiency in their diet for weeks. Fats and oils contain three known unsaturated fatty acids that are essential to the metabolism of a healthy animal: linoleic, linolenic, and arachidonic acids. . . . a severe deficiency of linoleic acid. . . . can result in fatal damage to the kidneys." (Majors, ed., Northwest Discovery 5 (Oct. 1984), p. 397)

¹⁶⁰ "Camp 36 of the Press Party, 'Bear Camp,' for May 5-8, 1890—one of the most historic sites in the Olympic Mountains—was located on the upper east slope of Mount Seattle, at a point 0.3 mile southwest of benchmark 3602, probably on the crest of the mountain. Three months later, on August 2, 1890, the remains of this camp were seen by George A. Pratt's party of prospectors. Christie's journal states that the captain ascended Mount Barnes, but this is obviously an error." (Wood, *Around the Olympic Mountains*, p. 397)

and exposed to the warm sunshine. After hunting along a little I presently discovered a suitable place to camp, about four feet below. The little bench there was three or four feet wide, and upon the margin grew several of the little pines, which branching inward, formed as cozy and snug a nook as can be imagined. My feet were wet and cold with the snow and the hot afternoon sun pouring upon my head for hours made me welcome the good fortune. Drooping into it and breaking from the pines a few dead branches I had a fire going in a very few minutes. I put dry duffels on my feet and soon had meat frying and tea brewing, and was as comfortable as in a drawing room. I spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening frying meat.

Breakfast on Mount Seattle

On Mount Seattle, Tuesday May 6.—At the first streak of light next morning I was up, made a fire and had breakfast. The snow was a little harder by the frost of the night than it had been in the afternoon before, and although the upper ascent was the most abrupt I had less difficulty in getting along. It was a ticklish thing though to plow along the face of a soft and yielding snow bank, which has its base half a mile below. I was glad when I approached the summit—or rather a kind of thin ridge or saddle, which connected two sharp unscalable spires of rock, which constituted the actual double summit of the mountain.¹⁶¹ As I approached this saddle, the question of what was on the other side became of absorbing interest. This range, together with the Bailey range, divided the Olympic mountain region into two parts. Their height had shut off from us the view of anything beyond, so that the western portion was a *terra incognita*. Therefore at this height I anticipated a glorious view unless a range provokingly near should shut me off beyond. A final step brought my head above the sharp wedge like saddle and the curtain rose from before the unknown region.

The rising sun at my back swept over mountain ranges as far as the eye could reach and the view was all that I could have hoped for. At a distance of about two miles extending north and south was a range of mountains lower than the one upon which I stood. It was a range of solid rock nearly naked of soil and vegetation. The sides were so steep and precipitous that even snow could scarcely lodge, and it lay piled in sweeping curves from the base far up toward the summit.