

Shadows of the Past

Longmire Living History Program (rev 2014)

Theme: the late 19th and early 20th century was a crucial time period both in the development of the Mount Rainier area and in the nation.

Included: Private and recreational development, establishment of MORA and the NPS, changing social climate. You will meet historical characters that represent these themes.

****each stop (including intro and conclusion) will have approximately 3-5 minutes of talking time****

The greeter will gather people in front of the main steps of the National Park Inn.

After the greeter gathers a group in front of NPI she will pass them off to the lead Ranger east of that area and begin gathering the next group.

Introduction

Lead Ranger (Open area east of NPI steps or just northwest of Transportation Exhibit)

Introduction: 1st walk leaves at 8:30 p.m., then others at 8:50 p.m., 9:10 p.m., and 9:30 p.m.

Lead Ranger: Welcome to Mount Rainier National Park and to our "Shadows of the Past" program. We are presenting this program in August in celebration of the creation of the National Park Service on August 25, 1916. The park service will be **98 years** old this year. Mount Rainier National Park is **115** years old, so Mount Rainier was a park before there was a park service! Tonight we'll be meeting some people from the past who were influential in establishing Mount Rainier as a National Park in 1899 and we'll also learn about the events that led to the creation of the National Park Service in 1916.

Logistics: Lead Ranger (*present this information in your own words*): Trail of the Shadows, 0.7 mile, approximately 80 minutes. There will be lantern bearers helping to light the characters so everyone can see them. Use flashlights for walking, then when we stop or a character appears, turn off your flashlights until we begin walking again. Kids, make sure your parents turn off their flashlights at the right time. You're going to have to pass on any safety information single-file to the person behind. So if I tell you to watch out for rocks on the right, please tell the person behind you so that everyone gets the message.

We believe that native people have utilized the Mount Rainier area for at least 8500 years. The first Europeans visited in the 1800's. As we go into the past, think about what you would do if you came to this area and no one was living here. Let's travel back in time to see what ideas people in the past have had for how to use Mount Rainier.

(Walk group to Longmire spot)

Stop #1 - James and Virinda Longmire, 1887 (*first stump at south side forest entrance*)

Theme: Development of Mt. Rainier area for tourism, private exploitation of resources

Lead Ranger: Imagine it is 1883 and you just arrived in this beautiful place, so, what would you like to do with this area? (Let visitors give answers. If they're not responsive, you could ask questions like, "Who would build a hotel? Who would set up a hot dog stand? Would anyone build a house? Would anyone make it a preserve?") Just as you all have many different ideas of what could be done with this area, people long ago had lots of ideas too.

Among the many people who explored this area were James Longmire and his family. The Longmire's settled in Yelm, then began exploring the surrounding areas. In 1883 James Longmire discovered the mineral springs...

(James interrupts from behind and steals the show)

(Virinda is introduced by James, then James concludes)

James Longmire: "Now hold on there, Miss! I would like to take credit for discovering this grand place but some of that credit has got to go to one of my horses, Old Shot. I was coming back from climbing to the top of the mountain with Mr. Bailey and Mr. Van Trump. It must have been about four years ago...back in 83. Now we were heading back to Yelm. That's now my winter home and where our pack-train started. Well, we had camped out over by the river not too far from here. Old Shot turned up missin'. I went lookin' for him, started followin' a deer path. Sure enough that path led right to the meadow beyond the trees here and there was Old Shot drinkin' from a bubblin' spring! Now I got kind of excited because I got an idea right then of the potential that this place held. As soon as I got back to Yelm I sent a sample of the water all the way to Chicago for testin'. They told me that there was all kinds of healthy minerals in the springs around here! Since then my family has got us a mineral claim, built up the cabins and the soakin' pools and just two years back we put up the Inn on the other side of the meadow where you'll all be stayin' tonight. It is a fine Inn for sleepin' and relaxing!

I hope the road wasn't too rough on you. We've been improving it little by little and it sure is a lot better than when we first got here! Now the yellow jackets are often quite bothersome and we've been trying to burn them out and we'll keep at it.

In any case you're all going to have a fine stay here. There is all you want of my wife Virinda's cookin' and there isn't a finer cook in the whole northwest."

Aside to Virinda, James yells, "Virinda, the horse train is in! Come on and meet the guests."

"There is all you can soak in the mineral pools here. And of course, if anything at all ails any one of ya, drink from these waters and they'll do you good. There's medicine in ever one. A doctor told me so, no matter what ails you! Now it's all prepared in Nature's own Laboratory here at Longmire Mineral Springs Resort."

James sees Virinda approaching on the trail from the direction of the Inn and says, "Virinda, look...the horse train is in. Meet the folks."

Virinda Longmire:

"Welcome, folks, to our resort! We'll be doing our best to help you have a fine stay. And quite often many of our guests decide to stay on for at least an extra week. For only eight dollars for a whole week of these pleasures I'm sure that many of you will decide to stay on too. There's plenty to do besides just eatin', soakin', and drinkin' the curative waters. You might want to walk up to perhaps the most beautiful meadow in the whole world! My family has named it "Paradise" and my grandson Ben will lead you up there or on any other explorin' trips you might want to make. Quite often there are guest expeditions up wildflower gazing and off huckleberry picking and lots of other places if you wish. There is all kind of game that I'll be cookin' up for you and wild game to see as well. There are mountain lions and mountain goats and just right over there in the meadow there is a pond with a family of beavers that is hardly scared of us at all."

Virinda continues: "Now I trust that you stopped at Indian Henry's farm and ate dinner and met his wives? Good! I'll head up to the Inn and get some of my Rolly Polly's ready. Nice meetin' you folks!" (Virinda turns and returns up the trail towards the old Inn site.)

James Longmire:

"She's gonna make up a dessert. Fresh picked huckleberries rolled up in biscuit dough and she serves it up in a nice thick cream! So what you have gotta do now is take the horses up to the barn just up the way here. My boy Elcaine is there and he'll put them up for you. Head on past there to the Inn where I'll meet you and we'll feast on the finest dessert that you'll ever eat! It's gonna be a pleasure getting' to know each and every one of you and I know that you will have a fine stay here! See ya soon! (*James walks up the trail in the direction that the "guests" came in from.*)

Lead Ranger: (*After James concludes*): "What did Mount Rainier mean to the Longmire's?"
(Business opportunity)

There were other people who lived during this time who held very different views. There was one person in particular who was very influential in the conservation movement. He founded the Sierra Club while studying glaciers, and visited most of the highest peaks in the US. Any ideas about a person who was very influential in the US conservation movement?

John Muir first came to the Mountain in 1888. He was a tremendous advocate for wilderness who traveled to several of America's future national parks. Let's meet him!"

(*Walk group along trail as if passing the Rampart Ridge junction. John Muir will stop the group at the appropriate time and they will turn and face him on his natural stage above the trail junction.*)

Stop #2 - John Muir, 1888 (*Rampart Ridge Cutoff*)

Theme: Beginning of the conservation movement

Muir: "Whoa, ye traveling lads and lasses! We all travel the Milky Way together, trees and men; trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys, extensive ones, it is true; but our own little journeys, away and back again, are only little more than tree wavings—many of them not so much.

I see by your togs you are civilized folk. Might I share with you a few thoughts on parks, forests and the like?

The making of gardens and parks goes on with civilization all over the world, and they increase both in size and number as their value is recognized. Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play and pray in, where nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike.

If in the making of the West, Nature had what we call parks in mind, this Rainier region must surely be one of them. Specimens of the best of Nature's treasures have been lovingly gathered here. The forests reach a height of a little over six thousand feet and above the forests there is a zone of the loveliest flowers, so closely planted and luxuriant that it seems as if Nature, glad to make an open space between woods so dense and ice so deep, were economizing the precious ground, and trying to see how many of her darlings she can get together in one mountain wreath—Altogether this is the richest subalpine garden I have ever found—a perfect floral Elysium.

Wander here a whole summer, if you can. Thousands of God's wild blessings will search you and soak you as if you were a sponge, and the big days will go by uncounted...the time will not be taken from your sum of life. Instead of shortening, it will infinitely lengthen it and make you truly immortal.

The axe and the saw are insanely busy, chips are flying thick as snowflakes, and every summer thousands of acres of priceless forests are vanishing away in clouds of smoke while, except in the national parks, not one forest guard is employed. Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run

away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed---chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides or magnificent bole backbones.

Surely out of all the abounding forest wealth of this country a few specimens might be spared to the world, not as dead wood but as living trees. A park of moderate extent might be set apart and protected for public use forever. Happy will be the men who, having the power and the love and benevolent forecast to do this, will do it. They will not be forgotten. The trees and their lovers will sing their praises, and generations yet unborn will rise up and call them blessed.

The grandest excursion of all to be made hereabouts is to Mount Rainier, to climb to the top of its icy crown. Only good climbers should attempt to reach the summit, led by a guide or proved nerve and endurance. This summer I gained the summit from the south side, in a day and a half from the timberline, without encountering any desperate obstacles that could not in some way be passed in good weather.

The view we enjoyed from the summit could hardly be surpassed in sublimity and grandeur; but one feels far from home so high in the sky, so much so that one is inclined to guess, that apart from the acquisition of knowledge and the exhilaration of climbing, mere pleasure is to be found at the foot of the mountains than on their frozen tops. Doubly happy, however, is the man to whom the lofty mountaintops are within reach, for the lights that shine there illuminate all that lies below.

I saw another party of tourists today. Somehow most of these travelers seem to care but little for the glorious objects around them, though enough spend time and money and endure long rides to see this famous place.

My friends, be not contented to spend all your time tied to the routine of daily life. Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drip off like autumn leaves. My peace I give to you!"

Lead Ranger: *(after Muir finishes):* You can see that what the mountain means to John Muir is quite different from what it means to the Longmire's. Others have come to this mountain for recreation and to climb it. The first woman to summit was Fay Fuller, who climbed Mount Rainier in 1890. She was a 20-year-old school teacher from a nearby community called Yelm. Let's move ahead to 1890 and see if we can find Faye.

(Walk group to Fay location - Stop #3, 25 ft before nurse snag by interpretive sign...Ranger stops so middle of group is near Fay)

Stop #3 - Fay Fuller, 1890

Themes: early climbing history, Progressive Era social change

Fay:

"Welcome, my fellow adventurous souls to the sweet forested hillside of the great Mount Tahoma! Perhaps some of you have heard the account of my ascent which I have recently written for the Tacoma Ledger, and of which some of the more delicate members of our society have spoken ill, on account of my being unchaperoned in the company of four male companions, and of the nature of my climbing costume. But no matter, I trust that hearty citizens like yourselves appreciate that

the lure of the mountains are by no means limited to the men folk in such changing times as these, nor the possibility of a young woman such as myself attaining such a grand physical feat as the summit of Tahoma.

I first dreamed of this feat while teaching school in the hamlet of Yelm at the tender age of 18, when my class was visited by the brave Mr. P.B. Van Trump, who, along with Mr. Hazard Stevens had made the first successful known summit in the year of my birth. Mr. Van Trump's lecture put the desire for the summit in me for sure, so when he returned two years later to tell me of a party wishing to attain that great and snowy peak, I hastened by horseback to the foot of Mount Tahoma in the hopes that the climbers would let me join them in their attempt, and was filled with great joy when they agreed.

And so it came to pass that the morning of Saturday, August 9th, five of us bade goodbye to those who remained in camp and started. I donned heavy flannels, woolen hose, warm mittens and goggles, blackened my face with charcoal to modify the sun's glare, drove long caulks and brads into my shoes, filled two single blankets containing provisions for three days and strapped them from the shoulder under the arm to the waist, the easiest way by far to carry a pack, shouldered one of Uncle Sam's canteens, grasped my alpenstock, and was resolved to climb until exhausted. The going was rough on account of the cold and increasing altitude, but without incident until we reached the great rock Gibraltar, that rocky cliff about 1,000 feet high which blocks the passage to the summit of the mountain. For half a mile the route lies around that cliff on a shelf along the edge with that great wall around you and the Nisqually glacier stretching away mile below. If this shelf, scarcely three feet wide, were only level, it would make the traveling on it much easier, but it slants down toward the glacier and is composed of nothing but loose sand and rock. There is no way of fastening one's pike firmly and there is only occasionally a solid rock to cling to. Here the rope was useful, and they tied me with two men ahead and two behind to help me safely over. In crossing one unusually ticklish place Mr. Parrish's bundle, which he had taken off to throw over first, went whirling through space down, down the glacier and out of sight.

We were saddened, but by no means dissuaded by this mishap, and struggled slowly on across the ice and snow until at last at 4:10 p.m., we stood on the rim of the big crater, where the wind was blowing so strongly we could hardly keep our footing, and oh it was bitter cold. Several times someone or other slipped but marched on. The middle peak was some ways off, and for fear anything should happen we hastened on the great high knoll and at 4:30 p.m., August 10, 1890, we stood on the tip top of Mount Tahoma.

It was a heavenly moment; nothing was said—words cannot describe scenery and beauty, but how they can speak for the soul! Such sensations can only be known to those who live within sight of its lofty pinnacle. Spend a few weeks here on its hillsides this summer, if you want to fall in love with the world again. The beauty and grandeur you will find here will add new life. As for me, I am satisfied, for I have accomplished what I have always dreamed of and feared impossible."

Lead Ranger (*after Fay concludes*): Fay Fuller became a leader in the establishment of Mount Rainier National Park. She was the first female reporter in Tacoma, and wrote a column in her father's newspaper, entitled "Every Sunday." In her column she frequently discussed the campaign to establish Mount Rainier as a National Park.

Fay Fuller and John Muir were both strong advocates for the establishment of Mount Rainier National Park, along with many community members, congressmen, the cities of Seattle and

Tacoma, and others. On March 2, 1899 President McKinley signed the legislation establishing Mount Rainier as the country's fifth national park.

To visitors: What did this mean for the land? (Protection from poaching, logging. Recreation access)

Stop #4 - Grenville Allen, 1908 (first MORA Supervisor)

Theme: Establishment of MORA as a park

Lead Ranger:

(Walk to Grenville Allen who is sitting on a log writing (just before the wooden walkway).

Introduce Grenville with the following:)

People had diverse and conflicting opinions about what should be the focus of a national park. People such as John Muir advocated preservation; others, like climbers, were interested in recreation in the park, while business people, like the Longmires, were interested in development. Grenville Allen was the park's first **supervisor and acting superintendent**, and he had the job of balancing all these issues. He began his job in 1901. It's now 1908. Let's see how things are going with him.

(Grenville Allen rises from seat where he's been writing and addresses the group.)

Grenville Allen: *(Walks out of woods towards audience, pondering the future of MORA and what to do with four certain situations.)*

"Well, hello, I didn't see you all coming up the trail. How are you all doing this fine evening? Oh, my manners! My name is Grenville Allen and I am the acting superintendent of this magnificent park. I came here to Mount Rainier in 1901. Over the years I have seen several changes take place here at Mount Rainier, but let me take you back to a time when this park was in its infancy. This being the first National Park in the northwest, the idea of a park was new to the local patrons. Enjoyment is the goal, with preservation and conservation slowly creeping into the back of our minds. The possibilities are endless when dreaming of the uses of Mount Rainier. That is what makes my job so hard. I am responsible for preserving this resource, but at the same time making it available for the public to use. In the first years that I was here, there were four major areas of concern that I had to deal with.

- 1) The question of how to limit and permit concession companies in the park.
- 2) How to handle camping and overnight use in the park.
- 3) Determine whether or not hunting should be allowed.
- And 4) The permitting of automobiles in the park and how far they should go.

The first of these concerns was the hardest due to the fact that companies were already operating in the park at the time it was established. Mainly, that was the Longmire Springs Hotel and Eastern Tacoma Railroad Co. The Longmire's had been in this area since the 1890's. They had a hotel and camp set up, right over there (point to the area). It was on a mineral claim filed by James and his wife. Unfortunately the family and I didn't see eye to eye on expansion. In fact they opened a saloon, which I had to close because it could possibly have been a nuisance. They were housing cattle and horses in the meadow, clearly causing damage to the resource. All this came to a head when Elcaine was evicted in 1907. The other company, however, was easier to manage, since they leased their land from the government. But an understanding was reached and both companies were willing to operate under strict guidelines of use. I simply asked that the companies operate on the existing developed land and display a clean and professional appearance for their guests and not to cause any more impacts.

The second problem of camping arose around 1905, when the Camp of the Clouds, now what you call Paradise, was becoming a local's haven. Visitors flocked to the area. Use of the area was unregulated and damage was caused. Regulations had to be set on how to enjoy these areas and at the same time protect it. Why, even in 1905 I had to arrest people for cutting green trees down. The charges were later dropped, but it sent a strong message to the public. Even the Sierra Club needed guidance. That same year about 150-200 members came up here and were found to be cutting timber in order to put up tents. They thought it was all right, because they were allowed to do this in Yosemite the previous year. I said "Absolutely not! I put my foot down. Regulations have to be set, if these very special and fragile areas are to endure. Their actions were not from outright maliciousness, but from ignorance. Parks are special and in being so, must be treated differently than any other forested area. The public has to understand this. At first the public had questions about the set regulations, but now that their purpose has been explained, they seem more understanding.

The 3rd problem was local ... the question of hunting in the park. We had what were locally called "pot hunters." After the tourist season, hunters would come up to the park and hunt game to use for their winter food supply. This was outrageous. This park was established as a refuge and preserve, not only for the mountain, and the trees, but for the wildlife as well. I quickly outlawed any hunting in the park and stationed 2 rangers; one at Nisqually and the other here at Longmire. Hunters, to my surprise, are actually handling the law pretty well. This is because what they hunt, deer and elk move out of the park into the surrounding forest during the cold winter months. The hunters simply wait outside the park, which is legal, so I can ask no more of them. At least the animals have a safe refuge available to them. Problem solved.

The last of the ordeals, and one of the biggest to grapple with, is the use of motor cars here. Horse-and-buggies are being phased out. The Longmire's have already helped put in a decent road from Tacoma and Eatonville here to Longmire. And for several years there have been well developed trails to the Camp of the Clouds. Most of America is now traveling by auto, so what am I to do? My first impulse to allowing cars in was NO. I wanted to be able to research more to find out how autos would affect the park and the natural experience. To my dismay, however, the Secretary of the Interior thought otherwise and authorized auto permits. This past year of 1907-8 we issued 117 permits, the first Nat. Park to allow cars in. Who knows, by 1950 we may have to issue 500! My major role was to set regulations for autos in order to safely protect both visitors and the resource. If autos are to be permitted, they have to follow strict rules, especially speed limits and respecting the right of way for carriages.

2 incidents stick out in my mind. The first was a gentleman not following our 6mph speed limit, who drove his auto off the road, injuring his arm. The 2nd was when an auto collided with a wagon carrying six people. The wagon got overturned, but luckily there were no major injuries reported.

(After Allen concludes)

Lead Ranger: Grenville Allen worked hard to make decisions that would both preserve this wilderness and provide opportunities for visitors to enjoy it. As we walk forward to 1911, think about some of the ways the National Park Service provides opportunities for visitors to enjoy the parks."

Stop #5 – Asahel Curtis, 1911

(Walk to the Longmire's cabin and stop group in front of cabin. Asahel Curtis comes out from behind the cabin and will stop the group and begin gathering them for a photograph). Asahel Curtis is staying at Longmire springs resort and preparing to lead a group up to Paradise and beyond later in the week. He greets the group as if they had recently arrived at the springs to stay.

Asahel Curtis: "Hello fellow visitors! *(Asahel briefly positions the group and pretends to snap a photograph)*. Welcome to Mount Rainier and thanks for posing so well. I wanted to welcome you and let you know of our Mountaineers club made up of private citizens like yourself. We Mountaineers started up five years ago back in 1906. We love recreating here at this majestic mountain. We also have the ear of the park administration on many important matters involving making this park easier to use while we preserve it.

Later in the week I'll be leading a group up to Paradise and beyond and any of you are welcome to join us. He is a poor Mountaineer indeed who has returned to his home the better for the many lessons learned in the solitudes! It is as if one heard from out the solitudes a voice: "why all this haste? Why all this fret and care? If you would like to get involved with our club, just let me know. We Mountaineers often lead our adventures from horseback for the start of climbs or sightseeing trips to great places like Paradise meadows.

Our advisory committee is just now finalizing our recommendations to the park for making things safer and better! We want to get a permanent superintendent position established. We also want to see a shelter built up on the mountain as a base for climbing expeditions, and we're going to ask the park to license guides so tourists are safer on expeditions. Being both a photographer and a climber, I believe we can make it easier to use this great place while we work to keep it beautiful. I'd like to see the park accessible from all parts of the state. We Mountaineers had a special trip up to the northwest part of the park a couple years back just to publicize that goal. Tourists should be able to get here from all directions!

We have definitely helped make things a lot better here since we started. Back then getting anywhere in the park was more difficult and the average person could hardly afford the time away from home just to get here. There were a lot of other guides who didn't care about preserving this place. They hunted, mined, sold liquor and all other manners of unsavory things. Things are getting much better now as we, along with the Park leaders, work together.

Well that is enough on us Mountaineers. If any of you want more information just catch me around the springs this week before I head on up to Paradise on Thursday. Of course if your family wants a photograph portrait, I'll be available for that as well. Just let me get a couple more photographs (he positions people and takes photograph(s))."

(Asahel exits up the trail where the group had come from)

Lead Ranger: Throughout the history of the National Park Service, private citizens like Asahel Curtis have been active in shaping the parks' policies. Some private citizens so influenced by their adventures in the park would be forever changed by it, and retell their life changing adventures often. Mountain climbers have played an important role in the history of Mount Rainier National Park. The first to make a document ascent to the summit were P.B. Van Trump and Hazard Stevens in 1870. James Longmire climbed with Van Trump in 1883, and stumbled across the mineral springs on his return trip. John Muir stayed at Longmire's inn when he climbed the mountain in 1888, guided by Van Trump, who soon afterward made one of the first proposals to set Rainier aside as a National Park. The idea spread, and in 1899, Mount Rainier National Park was formed, the fifth in the nation. Another prominent supporter of the idea was Fay Fuller, who

had climbed the mountain in 1890, having traveled to Paradise with—you guessed it—P.B. Van Trump.

In 1913, Van Trump returned to Rainier yet again, this time as a seasonal park ranger stationed at Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, a few miles north of here. He was a master story teller, and visitors loved to hear his stories of climbing the mountain in the early days. Two such visitors were Joseph Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and Franklin K. Lane, the Secretary of the Interior. Let's visit with P.B. Van Trump as he prepares for his visitors.

Stop #6 – P.B. Van Trump, 1913

P.B. Van Trump will be out patrolling the area when he meets a group of visitors.

(Lead group up trail to where you meet P.B. Van Trump near the open area above the pond).

P.B. Van Trump: Oh – hello! – Excuse me. Has Secretary Daniels or Secretary Lane arrived yet? No? Well, good. I was afraid I might be late. I declare, that road gets worse every year! I had to stop and help three automobiles out of the mud. That's why I prefer to travel on foot, or horseback.

But pardon me, I'm forgetting my manners! My name is Philemon Beecher Van Trump—P.B., for short. I'm meeting with the two Secretaries when they arrive. Superintendent Allen wants me to tell them all about Mount Tahoma, and my climb to the summit with General Stevens back in 1870.

There I go again – I say Mount Tahoma, and you all look at me like you don't know what I'm talking about. And why should you? To your generation, it's always been Mount Rainier. But it wasn't so long ago that a great many of us tried to get the government to give the mountain its rightful name.

As everyone knows, Captain George Vancouver "discovered" and named Mount Rainier in 1792, after his friend Peter Rainier of the English navy. But Captain Vancouver failed to recognize that the mountain had already been discovered, and named, by a people who had lived so long beneath its shadow that their origins were hidden in the mysteries of the past. They called the mountain by names far more appropriate than the name of a man, one who never saw the mountain, and who never climbed it! I am opposed to applying the names of men – even great ones – to mountains, rivers, glaciers, or any of the sublime things in nature.

And how about you, my friends? Are you here to climb the mountain? More and more people do so every year. A few years ago, the Mountaineers made it to the top with almost a hundred people at once! I wouldn't be surprised to someday see a thousand people a year climbing to the top. I climbed it in 1870, with General Hazard Stevens, the son of Washington Territory's first governor. After nine days through the wilderness, we made camp in Paradise Valley. The next morning we climbed up the broad snowfield and along the backbone of rock extending up the mountain to the immense cliff now called Gibraltar Rock. When we reached the cliff, we discovered a narrow ledge that seemed to extend along the entire west face of it. We crept slowly and cautiously along the ledge, clinging to the rock with fingers and toes, almost in mid-air, then made our way up a narrow chute sloping upward toward the summit. There we encountered a crevasse that seemed to extend across the entire face of the mountain; but the General, after frequent attempts, finally succeeded in lassoing with our rope a pinnacle of ice on the far wall of the crevasse, then climbed the rope hand over hand to reach the upper wall.

We reached the top after 11 hours of unremitting toil, and with darkness falling, saw ourselves obliged to spend the night on the summit. Fortunately, we smelled sulfur, and saw steam rising from a gap in the crater rim at the mouth of an ice cave. We spent a miserable night huddled around the sulfurous steam vent, roasted on one side and frozen on the other!

Despite the hardships of the climb, I returned to the summit four more times, and have led countless others up into the permanent snow, including my daughter Christine, who climbed to 10,000 feet at the age of nine, the highest point that had yet been reached by a lady. My good friend Fay Fuller became the first woman on the summit the following year. To those of us who have climbed to the top, or made the attempt, this is the meaning of the mountain. It is the ultimate challenge, the highest peak, the final test of our character. We face such a challenge the same way we face any challenge in life: by having the nerve to begin, and the courage to never give up.

And, of course, we all climb mountains – some made of ice and stone, others built of our own imperfect hopes and dreams, and the narrow expectations of those around us. They in no way reflect what we are truly capable of.

So, what about you? What mountains do you face in your life, and how will you overcome them? Well, my friends, it's been a pleasure chatting with you, but now I need to go look for Secretaries Lane and Daniels, who I'm sure are probably stuck in the mud somewhere along the road. If you get up to Indian Henry's Hunting Ground this summer, look me up and we'll talk some more around the campfire. See you on the mountain!

Lead Ranger:

It was the road that paved the way for more visitors to access the beauty of Mount Rainier. As P.B. Van Trump and Granville mentioned, the first automobiles were permitted in this park in 1907. Let's move forward to 1914 to see what happened when automobiles were more prevalent in the park.

(Move to Eleanor and Joanne at Gas Station). Note: Remind people at the road that the last stop is at the gas station, and be careful crossing the street.)

Stop #7 - First Women to drive in to the park, 1914

Themes: Transportation and its influence on visitor enjoyment, WWI era social change (role of women).

Aunt Eleanor:

"Oh, hello there. I just drove up to Longmire Springs from Tacoma today to pick up my niece. She and some friends have been hiking on a backcountry trail for the past three days. I'm supposed to meet her here at the gas station. Did you know that this was the first national park to allow automobiles inside the park boundaries? Well, it was--even before Yellowstone. Not only were automobiles allowed inside the park, the park was actually planned to accommodate them. Park planners laid out the roads to take advantage of the most spectacular views of the mountain scenery, and auto camps and inns were built with travelers in mind.

Of course, I myself would not have been driving here last year. Until this year, 1914, women were not allowed to drive in the park. Mind you, it wasn't written down anywhere and it wasn't a park rule, it was just "understood." You know what I mean. Well, thank heaven things are beginning to change with women petitioning to vote and all--but don't get me started on that!

Actually, no one could drive an automobile at Mount Rainier until 1907, eight years after it became a national park. To get here, you had to take the train to Ashford, then hike or ride a horse, or come by buggy or stage the rest of the way. Of course in those days, you had to be prepared to stay awhile because you couldn't get home the same day. Now, with the automobile all that has changed. The automobile divided the park into two major zones--the front country and the backcountry. I can come up here for a day visit while my niece can hike in the backcountry. Oh, there she is now. Yoo Hoo! Joanne! Over here!"

Niece Joanne:

"Hello, Aunt Eleanor. How was your drive?"

Aunt Eleanor:

"Wonderful! I had no trouble at all. Did you have a good time?"

Niece Joanne:

"Terrific! (To audience) I went to this beautiful meadow full of flowers and streams running through it that people call Indian Henry's Hunting Ground. Len Longmire led a group of us there. It was so exciting. We saw some marmots and a bear! I can't wait until the Wonderland Trail is finished. Just think--ninety miles around the mountain--how grand! And now with autos you can drive right up here to Longmire Springs and then head out to the backcountry. But if hiking isn't your cup of tea, you can just drive through, like my Aunt Eleanor, or even stay overnight at one of the comfortable inns."

Aunt Eleanor:

"Well, Joanne, I suppose we should start back to Tacoma."

Niece Joanne: "I suppose, but it's hard to leave. It's so nice to get away from the hustle and bustle of the city and enter this pristine wilderness. Don't forget, Aunt Eleanor, you promised me I could drive back home."

Aunt Eleanor:

"I did? Mercy! Well, a promise is a promise."

Together:

"We're ladies from Tacoma
Come to visit Mount Tahoma
Our car broke down
But we won't frown
We're going to push it into town
So don't you fret
We'll get there yet
For we're courageous suffragettes!"
(Ladies leave together)

Lead Ranger: Conclusion after ladies at gas station:

As we've seen tonight, people had many views about what a national park should be and how it should be used: for development, preservation, and enjoyment. Each national park was faced with these issues and in the early 1900's there was no central agency to oversee the parks and help make policies. Some parks were managed by the Department of the Interior, some by the Forest Service, or even the War Department. The parks needed an agency to focus just on parks and

their unique issues, so on August 25, 1916, the National Park Service was formed, with the first National Park Rangers. Our mission is to preserve the parks for the future and to provide ways for people to enjoy the parks. You all, as visitors, are important to us in accomplishing that mission. As visitors have opportunities to visit and enjoy this place, they will hopefully find a connection to it and want to protect it too. Thank you for celebrating our birthday with us and for supporting National parks. Our hope is that your visit here will give you even more reasons to love and protect wild and historic places.