

Mt. Rainier (from page 3)

come back without any as it went down a deep chasm. We have, however, been much more successful than I anticipate when we left Steilacoom.

17th Friday. This morning the Indian was snow blind and had evident inflammation of the eyes. An examination of our stock of provisions showed the men to be out and we had barely sufficient to take us back to camp with the greatest economy. The hope of getting something to eat is pretty well cut off by the Indian's misfortune, and we found it necessary to commence our return about ten o'clock.

I made a cap of red flannel shirt to replace my hat. We came down much more rapidly than went up. We traveled until dark and passed two of our camps made going up, and encamped where we had found a great many blackberries.

We lighted a dead tree, which afterwards proved a great annoyance as it had us moving about out of the way for a long time after night. The Dr. was exhausted with today's march and had much difficulty in keeping up.

18th Saturday. We breakfasted on blackberries and set out again about six o'clock. We passed only one of our camps today and continued on to where we found an old Indian lodge about six o'clock and encamped. The Dr. is again very much fatigued. He has carried his pack now for two days on account of the Indian's blindness. The weather promises to be bad again, which we also anticipated in considering our return.

19th Sunday. We still kept on the Nesqually today, going five or six miles below where we came upon the river coming up to a point where the hills come down very close. Here we will leave it in the morning and go across the hill.

20th Monday. We had but little to eat today and a very hard march. We picked berries by the way. We were pleased, however, to be able to reach the Mishawl by dark. We lay down



Mount Rainier as seen in sketch of Fort Steilacoom before 1857 by William Birch McMurtrie.

without any supper. We hoped to make camp, but it is still two miles off. The Dr. has traveled better in the two days past as he has no pack to carry.

21st Tuesday. This morning thinking we were too low down on the Mishawl we started up the stream but soon discovered our mistake. We returned and found that we were nearly two miles above the point where we had crossed before. The Mishawl is low, showing it to be a short stream and not coming from the snows of Mt. Rainier.

We reached camp by 6 o'clock. We found Doneheh and Bell still asleep and all the horses on the prairie. We were very hungry and made all haste to breakfast. I, however, cautiously ate a half cracker with a little butter and afterwards took a more substantial breakfast. I suffered much from costiveness owing to the astringency of black berries that I have eaten.

The Dr. and I started at half past nine for Steilacoom where we arrived at dusk having ridden steadily all day. The men were left behind to come on at their leisure. We found our friends somewhat anxious about us. They talked of sending some provisions for our relief. They

gathered about us to hear our story, and laughed heartily at our tattered appearance. Nothing occurred on the road except that the Dr. was quite used up. I suffered all day from the piles for the first time in my life. All well in the garrison.

22nd Wednesday. ...The doctor and I rode to town, and attracted some attention by our reduced appearance. I have lost fourteen pounds and the Dr. 20 during the trip....

End note: *Kautz was quite proud of his accomplishment. But there were lasting consequences. "...The soldiers went into the hospital immediately on their return...and for the remainder of their service they were in the hospital nearly all the time." The Indian guide became snow blind and had "an attack of gastritis and barely escaped with his life after a protracted sickness." Dr. Craig "was taken with violent pains in his stomach, and returned to his post quite sick. He did not recover his health for three months." Kautz, himself, suffered for the rest of his life from exposure and the lack of adequate food during his climb of Mt. Rainier.*

Fort Steilacoom

Vol. 34, No. 4

Fort Steilacoom, Washington

Winter 2017

Climbing Mount Rainier

by August Valentine Kautz

In July 1857, August Valentine Kautz, his Indian guide Wapowety, Dr. Robert O. Craig, and four soldiers set out to climb to the summit of Mount Rainier. They started up the Nesqually River and set up a camp at the base of the mountain. Of the soldiers, Nicholas Dogue and William Carroll attempted the climb as Privates Doneheh and Bell remained at the base camp. For many years it was assumed that Kautz had only gotten to the 12,000 foot level, but now it is believed that Kautz himself actually reached 14,000 feet and only had a few more hundred feet to go to reach the top, making him the first white man to achieve that feat.



Kautz and his party made camp at the base of Mount Rainier, leaving the horses and two privates there as he, Dr. Craig, Dogue, Carroll and their Indian guide, Wapowety, ascended the mountain.

8th July Wednesday. It was after twelve before the Dr. and I could get started. I had a great many things to order and all my preparations for the trip. Leshi volunteered some information towards the last that determined me to go up the Nesqually (sic) and the Dr. and I rode to the Nesqually reservation whilst four men with pack animals went on to Wrens. I found Wapowety, an old Indian, who had once been up the Nesqually when a boy with his father. He agreed to go with us as a guide. We supped at Wrens. The weather was showery all day but the evening promised to clear up.

9th Thursday. We got off by seven o'clock and without much delay rode through by the little prairies to Tanwut and on to Mishawl Prairie where we camped for the night.

Here we are to leave our horses. The weather is fine today. The trail is not so bad as when we scouted over it fifteen months ago. We saw no Indians by the way, and but little game. I killed three grouse with my pistol.

10th Friday. We got started about eight o'clock. We took twenty-four crackers each and a few pounds of dried meat. We each took a blanket and I had several other things besides for making observations, consisting of a field glass, a prismatic compass, a thermometer, a spirit lamp besides a large revolver. One of the men, Dogue, carried a coil of small rope and Carroll a hatchet.

We all started each with his pack and crossing the Mishawl river ascended the ridge which overlooked the whole country. By three o'clock

the Dr. was exhausted and turned over his pack to the Indian who is to carry it up the mountain and back for ten dollars. We continued on the ridge four or five miles farther and camped without water except what we had in our canteens. We find the way much obstructed with sticks and fallen timber. The Indian does not know much about the road. The weather continued fine and very warm. I perspired very freely, and drank much water. The Dr. had some whiskey but soon poured it out for water.

11th Saturday. This morning we changed to southeast course which we had been following for an easterly course, but it soon brought us to a sink in the ridge, and there being another immense hill before us, we changed our course down to the

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Publication funded in part by City of Lakewood Lodging Tax Grant.

President's Message



Like most of you, I am sure, I find it hard to believe that yet one more year is winding to a close.

The Holidays are now fast upon us, keeping each of us running around like that proverbial chicken. I hope that each of you will do two things for yourself before this next year arrives.

The first thing, and perhaps the most important, would be to simply take some time. Take some time to be with your family. Take some time to slow down. Slow down, or maybe even stop for an hour or two, or even for a day, and reflect upon what is important and lasting in your life. Build for yourself a "Vertical Alignment." By this I mean, that you should place the most important thing in your life on top, followed by the next most important thing, and then so on to the next and the next, until you have an ordered list. This will make it so much easier for you to decide for yourself which, from among all the varied things that vie for your attention each day, you should focus on at any given moment. Always do the most important



Courtesy Stephen Neufeld

A new monument commemorating Fort Steilacoom has been placed on the fort grounds under the direction of Glen Spieth (far left) of the Lakewood Historical Society. Attending are Joe Lewis, Bernard Bateman and Carol Stout.

and lasting things first, and the least important thing last.

Secondly, I pray that somewhere near the top of your list, you will make time to come out to relax at old Fort Steilacoom. Yes, I said relax. Too many organizations clamber for your labor, or your money, or your time, all wanting an investment of some kind from you. What we would like to have, is simply to see you enjoying yourself at this historic site that each of us hold so dear.

There is no better way to do this than to mark your calendars for the evening of December 9th. This is the night when we will once again be holding our annual party that is "Christmas at the Fort." Come out and have a cookie and a cup of hot cider on us, your friends, and share a story or two. While you are enjoying yourself, please look in on a time past, when many things were so much simpler. See the soldiers and their ladies "taking time." Watch them dance and sing, decorating the

tree with candles and bobbles, and otherwise enjoying themselves in nineteenth century style. This is our big night of the year and it just won't be as much fun if we don't see you. Treat yourself to Christmas, it will be time well spent!

Gideon Pete

Next program November 19



Alan Archambault will speak about **William Archbold**, who served at Fort Steilacoom from 1853 to 1868. Qtrs. 2 at 2 p.m. Please Join Us!

Mt. Rainier (from page 1)

Nesqually river where we arrived about three o'clock. We ascend about six miles and camped on the bank of the river.

The ascent of the river is very laborious, except occasionally where we can travel on a bar in the river. We make about ten miles per day, and are exceedingly fatigued at that. Already our diet begins to disgust us. It is with much difficulty that anything will go down. I chew away at the dried beef, but it is with the greatest difficulty that I can swallow. We get wet wading the Nesqually in some places where the stream divided and small enough to permit us to do so; generally the stream is not fordable.

12th Sunday. We got a good start this morning, but the Drs. appetite having failed him, his strength did also and before the proper time we were compelled to camp. We cannot make more than ten miles per day. Our course was east along the river. We met with no streams of any size putting into the Nesqually. There may be one of some size on the opposite side of the river; our course has been on the north side mostly.

The hills opposite our camp indicate a large branch opposite our present camp. We have seen no game so far. We saw a large red wolf yesterday, but he got out of the way as soon as possible. We see plenty of signs of deer and bear, but met with only one or two grouse. The Indian and men get along very well so far. The Dr. does not bear the fatigue well.

13th Monday. We were all much gratified that the Indian killed a deer this morning which he brought in and of which we eat plentifully. We spend the morning in drying the remainder of it and by eleven o'clock were on the march again. The valley of the Nesqually has narrowed down very much, the hills come clear to the river. Our camp was immediately at the foot of one of the spurs that came down to the river. Mt. Rainier is in sight and seems very close. The weather, however, promises to become bad tomorrow.

14th Tuesday. As was expected, the sky became overcast and we could not tell how we were approaching the mountain. Immediately above our camp a muddy branch poured down and we were in doubt whether we had not better follow it up, but finally followed the main stream up to where it seemed to issue from the mountain. As we ascended the stream, the current became more rapid, the bed of the stream presents an inclined plain of boulders of basaltic and granite rocks. It rained in the evening and I fear we shall have an unfavorable time for ascending the mountain. Our camp is in a narrow canon at the foot of an immense glacier from which the river emanates in a muddy torrent.

15th Wednesday. The weather was very unfavorable this morning, foggy and rainy and occasional snow and hail. We, however, started up the glacier and traveled until nearly noon. But surrounded by immense chasms in the snow and ice, enveloped in fog, unable to see our course, we with some difficulty made a camp up on the side of the mountain among some scattered pines. The glacier seems to be very large, several miles in length and half a mile to a mile in width, with immense furrows, and a ridge of boulders on each side. The whole thing seems to move at times. Loud reports and crushing and grinding of rocks is often apparent. Our camp seems about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. Water boiled at 199° and the thermometer stood at 36° when we went to sleep.

16th Thursday. This morning it snowed until eight o'clock. Our blankets were covered with snow when we awoke. By eight we started up the mountain as the wind and the lifting of the clouds showed a clear-up. I had gone up the mountain a long distance yesterday afternoon and at a favorable time saw the top of the mountain and thought we should have no trouble in ascending the mountain. I estimated that I should not require more than three hours to go to the summit. I was much

mistaken. We traveled very constantly until six and were still not at the highest point. The morning was cloudy, were enveloped in clouds until near noon, when we got above them.

Towards evening the Dr., the Indian, and Carroll began to be behind. I saw that it was necessary to hurry in order to reach the summit and return before dark. Dogue followed me closely to a point which he supposed was the top, and said he could go no further.

I was now alone and none of the others were in sight. I continued on for half an hour or more. A strong gust of wind carried away my hat. I saw that if I visited the top, I should be in the night returning, and there was one point where it was exceedingly dangerous at any time and which I could not pass in the night. I determined to return and if the weather promised fair try it again tomorrow.

When I got back to where the man Dogue was, I was surprised to see the Dr. coming on. He told me that the Indian and Carrol had given out and turned back. We had discussion about what to do. To stay on the mountain without blankets was impossible on account of the cold wind; as ice was forming in my canteen, and we had not time to go to the peak unless we traveled after dark and to return after dark was impossible. We saw how much I had been deceived and that we had started too late. We turned back and it was nine o'clock at night before we reached camp. We found the Indian evidently very anxious about us.

I was not much fatigued and would have traveled many hours longer, but the others are undoubtedly much fatigued. I fear we shall not be able to try it tomorrow again. I could not make any observations with the thermometer as it was too cold and the wind too strong to build a fire. Besides, we had no wood except what the Dr. brought, a single stick of pine that would have made a cup of water boil in a quiet place but not in the wind. I lost my hat and had to