

Aug. 17<sup>th</sup>

Richtofen the terrible, Richtofen the difficult, Richtofen of the dangerous rockslides, was the order of the day. Many who wanted to make the climb but were doubtful of their ability were scared out of it, so only about twenty “fire-eaters” set off at about 7:30 for the 18,581 ft. peak. About half and half we wet, Mr. Sherman leading our crowd, which was ahead. A pretty good pace was set, and we all kept together. Over the trail of yesterday we went, to the place where the road crossed the ditch. I was unencumbered, as I left my camera at camp, more from fear of being burdened on that fearsome climb, than from lack of films. Even the weather threatened us, and bad us to refrain from the climb. But we headed it not.

We were told that little water would be found, so canteens were filled and scrupulously guarded at the last watering place. Whoever got out of breath set example for the rest by dropping on a rock or stump, and the others were not slow in following suit.

Soon timberline was reached, and we climbed a long shoulder, bare except for short grass, and on its level reached the foot of the mountain. Here was the worst part of our climb, for the rock slides made careful picking of the way imperative. We had to go one at a time, and no one was allowed to cross above another’s path. We had to go one at a time, and no one was allowed to cross above another’s path. Down the slope every few minutes some rock plunged, loosened by our feet, and we heard the sound of its rolling reverberated back from the mountain slopes, in the breathless stillness. But although harrowing tales had been told us of the dangers of the climb, I at no time felt my heartbeats quickened with fear, and kept well in the front ranks as we did some strenuous rock climb, and ere noon, as side of their rock cairn, to escape the biting wind and thick hail-stones, which had begun to fall, and made slippery our rock trail before the top was reached. Mr Evans, the saint, was the first at the top, although he had never before done any climbing. We thought all praise was due for him for that. Some close cuddling was done around that rock cairn, and many were the pictures taken of us as we sat on one another’s feet, and huddles together to keep warm. Lunch can be eaten, though, under any conditions, and lunches were promptly forthcoming there.

...