

HERE ABOUTS THE ASHES OF THE PHANTOM BRIDE  
OF GOAT ROCKS ARE SCATTERED. THE LEGEND  
OF THE PHANTOM BRIDE STARTED IN 1928 WHEN  
SHE WAS NO MORE A PHANTOM THAN YOU OR ME.  
IN 1990 SHE PASSED AWAY. NOW SHE WILL  
TRULY BE THAT PHANTOM BRIDE THAT WAS  
JUST A LEGEND FOR ALL THOSE MANY YEARS.

PLEASE READ THE ENCLOSED STORY AS IT WAS  
WRITTEN BY THE BRIDE. PLEASE RETURN TO  
ITS RESTING PLACE SO OTHERS MAY READ IT.

R E S T I N P E A C E

G R A N D M A

WE MISS YOU!



~~THE~~ Phantom Bride, written by herself

There was a tall tale going around the Rainier National Forest in the 1930s about a honeymoon couple who spent the summer on the look-out station on Hawkeye Peak in the Goat Rocks. Maybe due to a quarrel or an accident, the bride fell to her death off the cliff and on moonlit nights her ghost, naked and with streaming blonde hair could be seen floating over the Tatoosh Range:

My husband Charlie and I were the honeymoon couple, and this is the true story. I was the only woman ever up there.

Spring, 1928, Charlie worked in the woods around Packwood in eastern Lewis County, waiting for the fire season to open when he was to go into the Goat Rocks on the south east side of the mountain on a forest look-out station. We would be the first on the new station, <sup>at that time</sup> in the wildest part of the wilderness area. I could go, too.

The call came the last part of June and I ~~went up from Tacoma~~ and <sup>we</sup> stayed at the Packwood Hotel so we could get an early morning start. We were ready to go and waiting for the pack train by 8: a. m. <sup>and</sup> we waited around in the rain for ~~several~~ hours.

The pack train was a string of 6 or 8 beautiful little cream colored donkeys, but the packers had evidently never packed before. They did everything wrong and had to try again, made the donkeys nervous and they bucked the loads off. They were to carry all our summer supplies, canned goods, and staples, and any ~~supplies~~ the Forest Service wanted to send.

Nearly noon, and the packs not on, Charlie said he and I would have to start out to get there in the daylight. I rode a horse and Charlie led the way on foot. <sup>we</sup> wore all the clothes <sup>we</sup> was taking: long john underwear, work shirt, <sup>and</sup> bib overalls, boots, wool coat and red hunting hat. Charlie wore his ordinary logging clothes and a cruiser shirt. Anything more that we carried was in the back of the cruiser shirt, and that included a couple cans of sardines and some soda crackers for lunch on the trail. We had a Bible, Brownie camera and two decks of cards.

It rained a steady drizzle all day. About 3 miles below Packwood we left the Hiway and went onto the trail brushy with devil's club and elderberry bushes where we were smacked by many a wet branch, then onto a narrower trail in the big timber and started to climb. The trail was narrow and the trees on both sides <sup>had</sup> were gouged out by pack trains saddlebags. About an hour up the trail we stopped under a big fir tree out of the rain and had our lunch. Charlie whittled a couple of forks from sticks and we had our sardines and were on the way again.

I dismounted and walked a little now and then; Charlie had to all but carry me and the horse too. Our first destination was the Berry Patch Smoke Chaser's station, 16 miles up. Charlie always made the climb in four hours. With me

(me) and the horse, it took 6 hours.

Late in the afternoon we came out of the timber into a mountain meadow near Lake Catherine, of many acres of wild flowers, waist high and of many colors: A shimmer of yellow and white daisies, blue lupin, pink Indian paint brush, like a pastel sea. We went through this and across a little creek and into the woods again. There, under the big trees was our home: a log cabin, padlocked and the door was raked from top to bottom by bear claws. There was no key, so Charlie broke the lock. A one-room cabin, the roof was leaking on a pile of blankets on the floor; there was a little wood stove and a single bunk built onto the far wall. We were soaking wet. Charlie built up a hot fire and hung the bedding and our wet clothes on a line to dry. No food, no packtrain, it was getting dark, so we got into the bunk and went to sleep hungry.

About midnight we were wakened by the jangling of the telephone wire that was attached to the cabin. The pack train had come and were hitting the wire that was laid along the trail. The packers were both very drunk. (I made supper for everyone.) There had been trouble with the packs on the trail and they had had to stop and repack several times. Much of our supplies were broken and wasted, probably 1/3 of what we started with. My broom was broken beyond using.

C + D We were at the Berry Patch for two weeks. I don't know why "Berry" or "Patch". Charlie worked all day every day building trail to Hawkeye, our destination, 7 more miles up, and another 3,000 feet higher. I stayed close to the cabin. Our water supply was from the little creek nearby, but there were cougar tracks around it and I did not go for water alone.

One morning very early we heard a cougar scream near the cabin. In a half-asleep state I thought, "There's the factory whistle, it must be 7 o'clock". Charlie got out his rifle and gave me a lesson in using it, with the admonition, "If you ever have to shoot a cougar, or a bear, or a man, don't try anything fancy. Aim for the middle. You can hit that, and it will slow up anything."

The 4th of July we put dynamite in tomato cans and had fireworks. Charlie wrote the poem about the owl (I hope to find it.)

On the 13th of July the pack train came up early and with it came the ranger who would be stationed at the Berry Patch for the summer, one Curly Griffin. These packers knew what they were doing. They loaded our supplies, and an oil 2-burner cook stove, cans of kerosene, telephone, fire-finder, tent, many rolls of telephone wire and the minimum of anything for making-do in the wilderness. There was a pretty little black saddle horse for me to ride.

Charlie had made trail all the way up, now there was the telephone wire to lay. He carried a quarter-mile of wire at a time on his shoulder, and fastened it as high on the trees as he could reach. I don't remember that anyone helped him a lot.

The big timber was dark for about 3 miles. It was dark, but we were in the just before the trip.

Suddenly we were out of the woods, above the timberline and in the bright sunshine. There was the Mountain, so huge, so close and so brilliant. It was distinctly a once-in-a lifetime experience for me, coming on it so suddenly. While I marvelled, the men and horses kept plodding on, working and sweating.

The mountains were now steep slippery shale. The sun was hot and getting hotter; the switch-backs higher and higher. The trail was just a niche in the mountain-side, with a steep bank on one side and a couple thousand foot drop on the other. I was afraid to look sometimes, especially on the turns. The horses moved steadily on their sure-footed way. This was the Jordan Basin Trail.

Late in the afternoon we came in sight of Hawkeye Peak. There was another steep ridge and a snowfield to cross. I was afraid to ride on the snowfield, so I dismounted and Curly rode the horse down it and I walked and took pictures of our approach. Everything that was not snow, was rocks and sand. The little unfinished tower was on the highest point of the far end of the highest ridge.

We stopped about 400 yards below it where the ridge was flat enough to accommodate a tent. The packers off-loaded and headed back down the trail, leaving us in a high and desolate spot, sitting on a rock on top of the world eating a cheese sandwich. We named this <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>highest</sup> ~~highest~~ <sup>ridge</sup> ~~ridge~~ Flat.

~~isolation~~  
shining up  
against it  
the  
the  
the

the ridge

the highest ridge