



SCENIC CHARMES OF MOUNT ADAMS

WILD BEAUTY OF THE REGION WHERE MAZAMAS WILL PITCH TENTS NEXT MONTH



TROUT LAKE AND MT ADAMS

PHOTO BY J.A. HERTZMAN



MT. HOOD FROM THE TROUT LAKE ROAD

HICKS CHATTEN PHOTO

TROUT CREEK FALLS PHOTO BY F.A. SHOOFER



MOUTH OF THE ICE CAVE

HICKS CHATTEN PHOTO



ROAD ABOVE TROUT LAKE HICKS CHATTEN PHOTO

MOUNT ADAMS is, perhaps, less known to Portlanders than any other principal mountain peak in this region; nevertheless, as she raises her head 12,000 feet above the surrounding country she may look down upon scenes of unsurpassed beauty and interest. It is manifestly difficult to give more than a brief review in this short article of the points of interest which that vicinity presents to view. Nature has been lavish in her gifts to man, but in no section has she been more so than in the regions lying about Trout Lake, on the shores of which the Mazamas will pitch their tents July 14 to 21 for the outing for 1902.

The old mountain rears her head many thousand feet above the lake, and the water seems fully to appreciate her beauty, accentuating it by the additional reflection of her magnificent outlines, and the fringe of green timber along the shores adds another gift of nature to the beautiful picture. Great fields of lava, belched forth from the bowels of the earth, have spread over the country, and in the cooling thereof many beautiful caves were formed; one known as the Great cave, some 25 feet in height and 20 feet in width, with a floor as level as the street, has been explored for the distance of half a mile, and I doubt not if one would undertake the inconvenience of crawling through the smaller openings, he might traverse the country under ground for many miles, without any particular danger, but with an increasing interest in the phenomena. Some of these caves, lying at a higher altitude, say about 3000 feet, are known as the ranchers' "ice houses." The freezing current of air which seems to come from high up on the side of Mount Adams, traversing the distance through these subterranean passages causes the dripping water to form beautiful ice stalactites and stalagmites many feet in length, and a floor of ice in addition thereto. Some of these caves are very large, and are used as refrigerators the year around. The bright sunshine but a few feet away seems to have but little effect upon these great crystal caves, and they, as well as the lava caverns, are well worth a visit. Enormous pine trees grow above, and but a few feet away the "father of the forest" rests his bleaching bones upon the thin crust which forms the roof of one of these vaults of nature.

Romantic lovers may find a beautiful path along the shores of the lake, an inviting vista for the honeyed words and lavish promises made. "The old water wheel is there," the sight of which carries one back to the Egyptian deserts lying along the banks of the Nile and which marks the age of the Pharaohs.

"Nor are the pleasant pastoral scenes wanting," the contented cow babbles her feet in the pool below the water wheel, nor wishes not that mortal man must work.

An Invitation.

The roaring canyon is there, and the log stretched across makes a bridge which has been supplemented by a more modern one, some 75 feet in height. Beneath the tall pines on the banks of Trout Creek, the tents of the Mazamas will spread their white wings, and from this quiet spot the view of the mountain through the trees is one not to be surpassed. With all this, lying but a brief journey from Portland, why not all ye who are wearied with ungratified aspirations for office throw all behind you and join the Mazamas as they wend their way to these scenes of matchless beauty? An outing of 10 days is not a long time from business, and that 10 days of rest and recreation may add 10 years to your life, a price not dearly bought. A journey up the Columbia, along whose shores lie scenes of matchless beauty, always new and always refreshing; passing by Vancouver Barracks, the most beautiful of Uncle Sam's military reservations, by magnificent farms whose waving grain bids you Godspeed; great pyramids of rock look down upon you, and high cliffs over which dash the water of the beautiful Multnomah, Horsetail and Latourelle Falls. Onseona Gorge, the scene of Sheridan's battle with the reds; Rooster Rock, Castle Rock and Larch Mountain, then the romantic city of Hood River, and finally White Salmon; then a 27-mile ride in a comfortable conveyance, over a splendid road, along the banks of the White Salmon, over hill and dale, and by White Salmon Falls; a few minutes for refreshments, then the journey resumes; a plunge into the mighty forest, whose giant trees rear their heads many hundred feet above you, the cooling shades and the invigorating odors, a multitude of perfumes such as only nature can furnish; thence onward and gradually upward until the fir trees are left behind, and the pine tree introduces herself to you, presenting charms of her own; still onward, the banks of the White Salmon on the right, the precipitous cliffs, fringed with green, on the left; onward, still onward, until suddenly you find yourself in the magnificent valley of the Upper White Salmon; across it, many miles away, outlined before you, the mountain sepulcher which received the sleeping nun; nature sometimes furnishes us with more solemn subjects with which to illustrate her peculiar art work, and presents to our view the outlines of one who seems to have tired of all these

beauties and lay herself down on the crest of the high mountain, turning her face to the eternal region above, and toward which mortal man must sooner or later wend his way.

This great valley is interspersed with dairy farms, owned chiefly by the Swias, and those hardy people, mindful of their own beautiful country, the oldest republic in the world, lying high up in the mountainous region of Europe, have cast their lot in this, until recently, the youngest of the republics, and where the mountains would remind them of their childhood days. Great quantities of dairy products are made here, and Mazamas will have their appetites satisfied with delightful bits of cheese, delicious butter and genuine cream. Nature, in other ways, will contribute to the renewing of your tired self, back to your old-time strength.

Trout and Bears and Things.

Trout Creek, White Salmon and other streams are well stocked with frisky, elusive trout. This member of the plebeian family is not aching to be caught, on the fly, but the sportsman never returns home, after a day's fishing, without a basketful of the finny tribe, and these, too, whether he had a pocketful of money or not. Perhaps, ye fishermen, the trout is too swift for you; if so, turn your footsteps toward Trout Lake, from the depth of which you may take his more sluggish, but not less vigorous brother, the bass and other fish. Perhaps the gun appeals to you more; if so, he yourself to the rivers and lowlands beyond the lake, and the growling bear will give you a reception equal to your best skill as a marksman, for he was not of civilization, nor does he deal with man of his own free will or accord, but visit him in his native heath and disturb him while he is regaling himself on the wild berries of that region and he will require of you such an accounting as will compel you to respond quickly and accurately, or you will get an affectionate hug, one like that which you, yourself, in your more effusive moments, might be willing to administer to your bear friend. Many deer there are, and elk as well; the mountain goat looks down upon you from the high cliffs, but the law protects it. The mountain lion is there, too, far back in the higher mountains, and an occasional one well repays the hunter for the extra exertion, and adds to his collection the skin of this wild denizen of the forest.

For Mount Adams itself, much might be said; with her double crown, the Ridge of Wonders, Red Butte, from the top of which the grandest view in the world may be had; the great flowing Spring coming out of solid rock, which may have been struck by another Moses,

and where the Mazamas will camp the night previous to their ascent; the glaciers at the head of Bird Creek, the splendid glaciers, the precipitous. One can wish for but little with which to satisfy his scenic appetite.

Professor H. W. Reid, who was with us on Mount Hood last year, and later on visited Mount Adams, made extensive researches as to the glacial formation and geological phenomena. Glaciers there are on all sides of the mountain, grand and subtle in their power. The Ridge of Wonders, above mentioned, lies on the southeast of the mountain, at an elevation of 800 feet, and between the Mazama and Klickitat glaciers; on its slopes, toward the east, and about two miles from the upper end, is Red Butte, a parasitic cone, with a well-formed crater, at an elevation of little more than 7000 feet. It is from the top of this butte that the grandest panoramic view may be had.

Where Indians Got Inspiration.

The Indians had great respect for this mountain, and it was to the top of this butte that the medicine men wended their way, there to meet the Great Spirit, with whom they communed and from whom they gathered their inspiration and knowledge with which to perform their marvelous cures; here, their spirits were finally to gather and be received by the Great Spirit, and from thence, transported to the happy hunting grounds where all good Indians are supposed to go, and where game is a plenty.

I have not mentioned Tum-Tum, a well-rounded butte of about 500 feet elevation, on the top of which lies an Indian burying ground. White man, for a wonder, has respected this, and the bones of the departed Indians the still resting there, waiting for their final summons to join the other Indians in the spirit land, across the great vale which divides the present from the future. Great Indian trails worn deep in the soil, still mark their lines across this region; to the blueberry swamps lying along the west fork of the White Salmon, in Skamania County, a little to the southeast of Mount St. Helens. For many ages, annually, the Indians gathered in this region, coming from all parts of the country. The race track is still there, and one needs no great stretch of imagination to recall that at these annual feast gatherings, the bow, the arrow, the hatchet were laid aside, the wampum bag brought out, the klunkinik passed around; and while the brave Indians enjoyed all the pleasures of the pipe of peace, the squaws were busy preparing food for the feast which continued for many days, to be followed with return of the tribes to their own hunting grounds, there to take up their implements of war,

and again to fight their brethren, with whom they were a few days previous dwelling in peace. All this and more, too, lies about the region wherein will camp the Mazamas, and may this communion with nature, this annual getting a little closer to nature, be fruitful of results, and remind man that there is something beside the strife of business and the din of battle and that this something lies in the direction of living and enjoying those things which nature has given us and which exist at our very doors.

Mountains in General.

Thousands of Oregonians wend their way annually to the seashore, but just why they should prefer the water side to the mountain tops is beyond my reasoning. Those who take their way to the hills and the mountains are brought into contact with the wonderful gifts of nature, the portrayal of which has invited the highest skill of the most gifted artists. There, cast your summer outing by the seaside, turn your attention to the beautiful mountains which lie about Portland. Nowhere within the realm of Uncle Sam's domain have the upheavals of nature produced such truly magnificent peaks and ranges as in this region.

I have not touched upon the Bridge of the Gods which has invited the attention of our most scientific people, but as you sail up the Columbia and approach the locks, allow your mind's eye to wander, and imagine yourself riding beneath the mighty stone arch on the upper surface of which great trees are growing, and over which the wild beasts and the savage wandered. Imagine, if you will, the bloody battles which may have been fought between the

various tribes for control of this highway over the river. Imagine, if you will, the usefulness of this great rock bridge provided by nature. Stimulated by the recent upheavals of the West Indian volcanoes, imagine that while the din of battle between these savage hosts was at its height, old Mount Adams and Mount Hood echoing the bloody sentiment which these Redmen displayed, belched forth a great volume of lava; the earth shook, its surface rent in twain, and amid the cries of the contending foes the bridge falls with a crash. The mighty Columbia rushing on finds its flow suddenly stopped, and a great lake is created, that which now exists only in valleys and rivers was then a mighty lake whose shores kissed the most high pinnacles of the surrounding mountains. The cooling mass of lava touched by the overflowing water seethed and boiled, the steam rushing heavenward formed a cloud which drew a kindly mantle over the carriage, which the mighty effort of nature had created.

One need not be an idealist to see in his mind's eye the transformation which nature has undergone to bring herself down to that which is now portrayed before us, for all these hills, dales and mountain peaks lie within a few hours journey of the beautiful city of Portland. Many books have been printed, pages have been written on this subject, but the best book is the book which nature itself has given you; and which he who runs may read, especially he who runs to the mountains, and from its high pinnacles looks down upon the many colored scenes which lie below. Men's hair grows gray as old age creeps on, his strength decays; entebled by sickness and bodily infirmities, he lingers on until death closes his eventful day. Hazy is he if the setting splendor

of a well spent life closes his day in peace, harmony and brotherly love. It is not so with the old mountains; they linger on forever, their hair has grown to a white. Nature has not found fatigue in old age, nor does nature manifest therein any particular changes, except it may be a slight wearing away of its rocky surface, but the green fringe which skirts the border of these mountain peaks adds new lustre to it, giving a youthful charm to its appearance which reminds us that the "sere and yellow leaf" does not come to the old man in the mountains.

The Mazamas invite all to join them. Those taking part in the outing are not required to be members of the society. However, if you wish to get the benefit of the special rate which they have secured, it will be necessary for you to make arrangements relative thereto with them.

ALBERT J. CAPRON.

The Aisles of the Wood.

He is not wise who would shun the joy
Of the life that is called alone—
To roam the wood, with the heart of Spring
Soft beating against his own.

To watch the clouds as they form or fade,
By the breath of the wind-tide kissed
On the ocean blue of boundless sky,
With its filmy veil of mist.

To hear the minstrel of high degrees
Outpour from their eager throats
In lyric rapture, divine and deep,
Their current of golden notes.

To touch the blades of the keen, soft grass,
And flowers that star the sod—
Children of bloom who can only speak
In the verbal tongue of God.

He is not wise who would shirk his part
In the Master Gardener's plan,
And shun the aisles of the silent wood
To follow the ways of man.

—William Hamilton Haynes