



LINE UP FOR DINNER

AT CAMP OLNEY



KERN CANYON



TOP OF WILLIAMSON



MT. WHITNEY FROM WILLIAMSON

TO THE TOP OF MOUNT WHITNEY

AN OREGON MAZAMA ASCENDS THE HIGHEST PEAK OF CALIFORNIA

There are two well-known mountain clubs on the Pacific Coast—our Mazama Club, with headquarters at Portland, and the Sierra Club, centering in San Francisco. The clubs were organized "to explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountainous regions of the Pacific Coast; to publish authentic information concerning them; to enlist the support and co-operation of the people and the Government in preserving the forests and other natural features of our best mountains."

The Mazamas have thus far confined their efforts to the mountains of Oregon, Washington and Alaska. The Sierras to the Sierra Nevada Mountains. While the Sierra Club is a larger and older club than the Mazama Club, they have only begun, the last three years, to make the "general outing" a feature of the club, and this year held their third outing in the High Sierra.

It is a tremendous thing for any club to take such a large party to a camp situated four days' travel from a railroad; to provide pack trains for all luggage, to make a good commissary for a five weeks' outing. This work was done by a most efficient committee of three members, William E. Colby, chairman; J. N. Conte, and E. T. Parsons, all of San Francisco. The mountaineers who were entertained at Camp Olney, the permanent camp, selected in two divisions, the first one numbering 110 and the second about 50 people, here was an advance party of 25, and after we reached camp there were smaller parties coming and going every few days, that the largest number in camp at a time was 250.

The first division left San Francisco the evening of June 25. A happier party could be hard to find. No one who has ever enjoyed a mountain trip could look at the beaming faces and wonder why they were so happy. This division was taken by a special train of Pullman sleepers via Southern Pacific to Visalia, where we met the friends from Los Angeles, San Jose and other points south of Visalia, and had come to join this division. Here we left the railroad and after a hearty breakfast were ready by 6 A. M. to take the trail for the mountains.

It was a lively scene for the town of Visalia. All now appeared in the town in togs. The clothes worn on the train were left at the hotel to be donned on return.

In San Joaquin's Valley.

Most of the men wore khaki or corduroy, high boots, large hats and red bandanas around their necks. The ladies were dressed much like the men, only they wore skirt and blouse made of khaki, corduroy or some stout material.

There were 12 stages, some hauled by men and others by four horses, and our drivers were the typical stage drivers in appearance, men of importance, who by their careful driving and genial company, had not a little to the pleasure of the

our drive of 45 miles that day was through the great San Joaquin Valley, a valley made beautiful by irrigation. We passed wheat and barley fields, then fruit orchards of peach, apricot, pear and plum. In the upper part of the valley we passed orange, lemon, fig and olive groves, and a hot day, and the food lemonade

served at Lemon Cove and Three Rivers was a surprise and a delight.

Some of the stages began to arrive at Kane's Flat soon after 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and by 8 o'clock all stages had arrived and all baggage was in.

It was our first night out of doors, and it was not a laborious task to make ready for it. Each got his sleeping bag out of his dunnage bag, selected a place for it, and the task was done. The dunnage bag was required to be 18 inches in diameter and 26 inches long. Those who attended the outing were required to pack all the belongings they wished to take in such a bag and the weight could not exceed 50 pounds. No baggage except in this form was taken by the Sierra Club. A large carry-all made of some stout material and containing numberless pockets was packed with everything necessary for the trip and rolled up in the sleeping bag, thus making one roll, and then put into the dunnage bag. This arrangement sounds very simple, but at 4 o'clock in the morning, with stiff, cold fingers, the roll is very apt to be 20 or 30 inches in diameter instead of 18. Then comes the mathematical problem of putting the 30-inch roll into the 18-inch bag.

The ladies solved the problem by asking the men to "please tie up our dunnage bags." By 8 o'clock the next morning we were off again. As we got higher up into the mountains the roads became steeper, the horses had to take more frequent rests, and so only 15 miles were made that day. We, however, reached Mineral King early in the afternoon. This was the end of our stage route. The next two days we went on horseback or walked.

Mineral King is a deserted mining town, which has become quite a Summer resort



ENTERING THE TOP OF CHIMNEY



IN THE CHIMNEY ON MT. WHITNEY

We had reached an elevation of 7000 feet, while the mountains which surrounded us were from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high. It seemed strange to us who live in Oregon to see so little snow on these mountains—some having snow only on the north side. Snow here with us is between 9000 and 10000 feet, while our glaciers extend much below that. Here there are no glaciers and there seems to be no snow line.

By 5 o'clock the next morning we were ready to begin our first day's tramp. We had to go over Farewell Bend, a mountain pass 1975 feet high. There was a good trail and little snow. By the middle of the afternoon we reached Bullion Flat, which is situated between Farewell Bend and Coyote Pass. It is a very dreary place, with high winds and cold nights. A good part of the afternoon was spent in making windbreaks and preparing for the night.

The cry, "Everybody get up, get up, get up," rang out on the frosty air at 4:30 the next morning. One of the party, who is not fond of early rising, was for a few minutes sorry she had come.

We were soon on the trail, for we had 18 miles to make, and over Coyote Pass (11,500 feet). We reached the top of the pass about noon and were still many miles from camp. By 10 o'clock that night all were in permanent camp, though they had begun to arrive about noon.

The trip had not been a hard one. We had passed through magnificent forests and grand mountain scenery, and were now at Camp Olney.

On our arrival we were served hot soup by the ladies of the advance party. Nothing could have been more refreshing, and all who came in tired and dusty were grateful to those ladies.

The advance party had been in camp two weeks, and as tents and provisions had been sent ahead, camp was well established. Before dinner time many of us had chosen our camping places, had our tents pitched, our pine needles gathered to sleep on and were at home in Camp Olney. It was an ideal spot for a camp, situated at the mouth of Coyote Creek, where it empties into the Kern River, just at the base of Kern Dome, a magnificent cliff which rises above the other cliffs along the Kern. We were near one of those beautiful meadows for which this part of the country is so remarkable. The beach about

the meadow was heavily timbered with large yellow and sugar pines, and numberless flowers dotted its surface. Perfect weather, excellent fishing, soda springs near by, a lake not too far away, with water just the right temperature for a swim—a good commissary, congenial company—what more could be desired?

Camp life now was a continued round of pleasure. Fishing parties went every day to Volcano Creek, Coyote Creek, Kern River and Kern Lakes. The largest trout caught measured 24 inches in length. There were many caught that measured 20 inches and more, though the average was about 12 inches. Trout were served every meal in camp. There were card parties, picnics, boating on the lake, afternoon teas and receptions, campfires and suppers after campfires.

Breakfast was served every morning from 5 to 9, lunch from 12 to 2 and dinner from 5 till the last fisherman was in.

Varied Amusements.

Once a day the entire party gathered around the campfire in the evening. Many and varied were the entertainments. We had instructive and interesting lectures on the glacial period, the formation of our mountains, our canyons, rock composition, the flora and the fauna of the range and on other kindred subjects.

Mr. Wedemeyer, with his glorious baritone voice, charmed us every evening. No matter what other entertainment was furnished no one was satisfied without a song from him. Other talent also furnished us songs and recitations, theatricals, original poems and a circus.

It would take a volume to describe that circus. Mr. Gibson (Los Angeles) made a singer that Barnum would have envied while it would be impossible to find a match for Mr. Miller, whose spelling kept all in roars of laughter.

The Sherwood quartet, consisting of Mrs. Sherwood, a son and two daughters, gave us sweet music.

There was an enthusiastic Fourth of July celebration. The camp was hung with Chinese lanterns and American flags. In the evening patriotic speeches were made and patriotic songs sung and the celebration closed with fireworks. Early the next morning the first detach-

(Continued on Page 20.)