

# A WINTER TRIP TO MT. HOOD ON SKIS

Portland Party Enjoys Exhilarating Sport in the Vicinity of Cloud Cap Inn.



RED TIME AT CLOUD CAP INN. Reading from left to right: Walter B. Hensman, Bert C. Ball, Dr. H. S. Nichols, Rodney L. Gilman, J. Wesley Ladd, Harry L. Corbett, John K. Kollock.

BY RODNEY L. GLISAN.

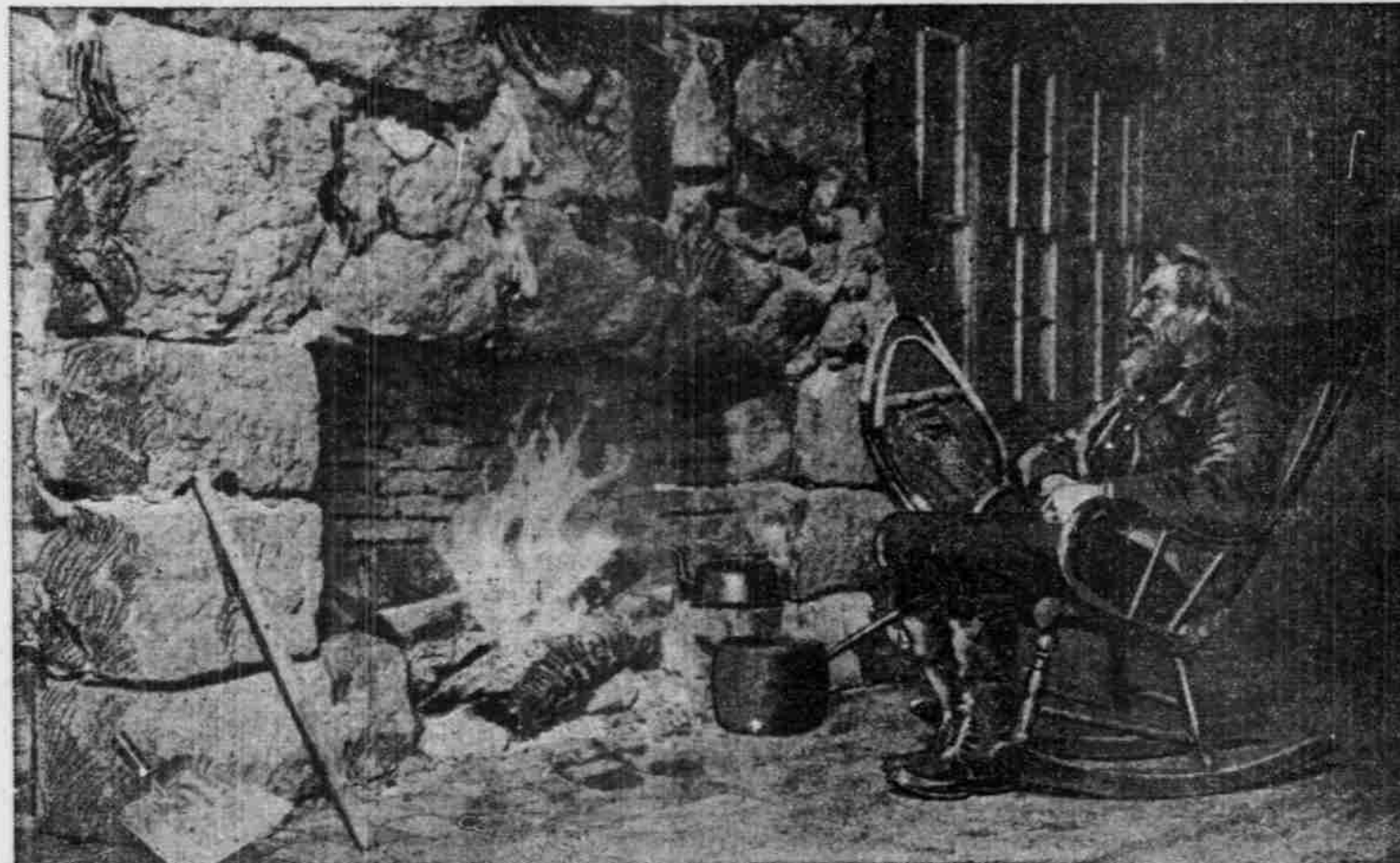
It is difficult to realize that within a few hours' ride of Portland the most exhilarating of winter sports may be indulged in, that ordinarily one would expect to see only in climates far more rigorous than ours.

Last February Mr. J. W. Ladd invited several friends to go up to Cloud Cap Inn, on the northern slope of Mount Hood, and this year the invitation was repeated. Profiting by last year's experience, the trip was made a month earlier, after consultation with guides living on the Mount Hood road.

The party, consisting of J. Wesley Ladd, Herbert S. Nichols, John K. Kollock, Harry L. Corbett, Bert C. Ball, Walter B. Hensman and Rodney L. Gilman, left Portland Friday evening, January 20. From the train we secured fleeting glimpses of the Columbia River Gorge in a winter evening setting of snow and ice. Reaching Hood River at 8:30 we were soon at The Oaks, where summer visitors to Cloud Cap Inn stop on their way to and from the mountain. The evening was spent in delving into the mysteries and intricacies of snowshoes and skis, and discussing the various merits of appropriate footwear, milled leather packs, heavy moccasins and Eric boots, or rubber shoes, each owner declaring his particular footwear to be the best suited for the purpose, lack of actual experience being no drawback to the argument.

Promptly at 5:30 the next morning we left in stages for the mountain, the road being too soft and cut up for sleighs, although 15 inches of snow had fallen at Hood River only a few days before. Passing through strawberry and fruit farms, loaded down with snow instead of fruit, we soon left the lower levels, securing increasing vistas of scenery all ways attractive but doubly so in winter garb. About eight miles from Hood River, as we slowly made the top of a high ridge, we met the sleighs on their way down to meet us, a welcome change, as the snow was making hard work for the stage horses. Another five miles and about 9 o'clock we dropped at the half-way house of Bill Edlick's, one of our guides, where we ate a hearty meal and changed horses. We bundled into the sleigh again and from there to the top of China Hill we enjoyed the most blissfully delightful sleighing possible to imagine. Of course, it is generally conceded that a cosy cutter, a fair companion and a moonlight night is the ideal, but this came very close to doubly discounting the ideal. With four fresh horses to the sleigh, we fairly flew along the level stretches over snow just packed enough to make the runners glide as though on air; through forest scenery of fir and pine, down to the raging river, across the bridge and up the other ridge, through open, half-cleared stretches, covered with chinkapin, rhododendron and deciduous trees and bushes, every twig and branch heavily encased in clear ice, ablaze with prismatic hues, and here and there a cluster of evergreen, with room to spread their branches, loaded down almost to breaking point with new snow, the time passed all too quickly.

**Up the Grade on Snowshoes.**  
Going up China Hill, the stiff grade and increased snow commenced to tell on the horses and made further progress by sleigh impracticable. The choice of Canadian web snowshoes of long narrow Norwegian skis presented itself, and this settled what promised to be a lengthy discussion and time-killing series of experiments by ordering all to take to the snowshoes and carry the skis. We mostly submitted to his superior knowledge and complied with the order, or rather spent the remaining portion of the day endeavoring to do so. Canoe, catenae, coat or extra sweater, pole and snowshoe are sufficient unto themselves, but take these and start off up grade on a pair of obstreperous snow-



MOUNT HOOD'S HERMIT TRAPPER BEFORE THE FIREPLACE AT CLOUD CAP INN.

shoes, taken unbroken from the wilds of Canada, and the novice has enough to keep him busy. After an hour of ups and downs, we reached the Elk Beds, a little knoll where an open burn in a state of imminent collapse sheltered us long enough to take a bite, etc., readjust our packs, tighten the straps and rawhide thong that held, or were supposed to hold, half of the foot in place on the snowshoes. The success of snowshoeing depends on keeping the foot attached to the shoe and yet leave plenty of leeway for the free movement of the foot, as the heel is raised or lowered. Leaving the Elk Beds about 2 o'clock, we pushed on up the grade, getting steeper with every step, until the inn was reached between 3 and 4 o'clock.

On the way up we met Pete Peldenhau, the other guide, who had taken provisions to the inn the day before. One at a loss for adjectives or superlatives to describe the attractiveness of the road, converted into a pure white pathway between high green walls of closely standing fir and pine. As we advanced the snow became deeper, until we were looking down at the tops of telephone poles, emerging like the steeple of Munchausen's tower through the snow. For fear of unintentional exaggeration it might be stated that the poles are not as high as their city brethren. The elements evidently had it in for the poor telephone wire, as it was broken, bent and twisted the entire length of the line up the mountain, and in revenge was coiled up across the path to trip or lasso the unwary. At the inn we dropped the our packs, shook our webs and gathered around the huge fireplace, and soon had supper ready, prepared by willing though untrained hands,

but served with the best sauce ever made, hunger resulting from our afternoon climb. Placing wire mattresses on the floor in front of the fire, with other mattresses and blankets we were soon comfortable for the night. The wind did not lull us to sleep; we did not need it; but it came later, drove the door in several times and nearly blew us off the floor, and how it howled and shook the inn! Heavy cables over the roof and anchored to the rocky ribs of old Hood were all that saved us from rivaling the alrghip's flight. Sunday we spent in repose, practicing on skis, going down to the spring and visiting a gray-haired trapper, whose picturesque cabin we discovered in a near-by ravine.

**Down the Slope on Skis.**  
The following morning we started on the downward path. Our troubles with snowshoes paled into utter insignificance when we ventured down the slope on skis. A pair of Norwegian skis in the hands of a novice is about the most animated inanimate object ever known. They are like the proverbial government mule; you never know what they will do next. The Federal Grand Jury would certainly indict us, if they followed our tracks and saw the trees upturned by the roots in our vain efforts to stay our progress. To make it all the more aggravating, when you did come to a stop, your carter would come swinging over your head and smite you in the nose, as if trying to draw a reserve supply of water from your eyes; your camera would get in an upper cut on your cheek, as if desiring to get a snap shot at your left ear, while the abandoned snowshoes strapped on your back, under

the mistaken impression that you were trying to go down hill on your head, would adjust themselves to the new position. Just as we were getting discouraged we commenced to grasp the situation instead of the trees, and then commenced a slide down the road and around the curve that will go down in our memory as the smoothest thing we ever tried. Sleigh, snowshoes, skates will all have to take a very distant back seat. We were down at the sleigh all too soon and night found us at Hood River hardly realizing that the trip, with so much crowded in, was only a memory.

**BASEBALL AT PACIFIC.**  
Ray Williams Elected Captain and Professor Woods Manager.  
PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, Forest Grove, Or., Jan. 23.—The baseball team has elected Ray Williams captain and Professor Woods manager for the coming season. Williams is one of the most enthusiastic fans in college, and Professor Woods was formerly a member of the team at Northwestern University, and is much interested in the sport.  
It is customary for all sports at Pacific to come under the management of the student-body, but this organization refused to recognize baseball this year, as it interferes with track athletics, wherefore the baseball players have taken the matter up, and will personally be financially responsible for the season's expenses.



A PART OF THE TRIP BY SLEIGH.



A DREARY TRUDGE ON SNOWSHOES.



A PAUSE BEFORE THE CAMERA. Reading from left to right: R. L. Gilman, B. C. Ball, J. W. Ladd, J. K. Kollock.

## Great Coach in Murphy

Portland Rowing Club Has Secured a Leading Oarsman for Instructor.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Jan. 19.—Dan J. Murphy, of New London, ex-amateur champion sculler of America, has been engaged to coach the crews of the Portland Rowing Club during the coming season. Murphy will leave New London early in March to take up his duties. Besides being a champion oarsman, Murphy is a coach with a national reputation. This is not his first visit to the West, as he has already coached one crew in Oregon.  
Murphy's ambition in accepting the position in Portland is to develop a crew to compete in the Henley regatta in England. Mr. Murphy maintains that the speed, form and endurance manifested by the oarsmen of the Pacific Coast would surprise men in this section of the country with their watermanship and general style of rowing. He intends to develop a crew which can compete for the Stewards' cup at the Henley regatta.  
Should Mr. Murphy be successful in his ambition to take a crew to England, this will not be his first trip across with an eight. In 1897 he coached the Winnipeg four and entered his crew in the Henley regatta. One of the members of the four was a mechanic. Owing to English rulings which provide that all competing in amateur regattas must be gentlemen, mechanics are barred, and Mr. Murphy was compelled to replace his star oarsman with an inferior substitute. In spite of this fact, the Winnipeg four held its own in the preliminaries, was entered for the

finals and were beaten by a narrow margin. The showing of this crew has convinced Mr. Murphy that the idea of taking a Western eight to England is feasible, to say the least.  
As an oarsman and a coach, Mr. Murphy has had abundant experience. He began his career with the Shawmut Rowing Club, of Boston, in the Spring of 1883. During that summer, in a field of several junior scullers, he had no difficulty in winning the club's championship medal. The following year, with six competitors against him, he succeeded in carrying off the senior scull honor.  
In 1882, with 15 others, he severed his connection with the Shawmuts and built a clubhouse on the banks of the Charles River, organizing the Crescent Rowing Club. This organization, comprising the cream of the Shawmuts, prospered to such an extent that within a year its roll call included more than 100 names. From the start the charter members, who were always imbued with racing spirit, supplied the club with speed boats of every description, singles, doubles, fours and eights.  
Dan, as he was generally called by his clubmates, took upon himself the task of defending and upholding the laurels of the club in all outside single scull events. His first year in this undertaking brought him six first prizes, and each year until 1885 he added to the number already won.  
In 1885 the National Rowing Association of America voted to hold its regatta that summer on the Charles River in Boston. The members of the Crescent Club immediately took steps to furnish their club with a new single scull shell, built by John Blakey, of Cambridge, Mass. With such encouragement there was nothing left for Dan but to condition himself for the fray, which would bring together the best men from all over the United States and Canada. The club also supplied him with a partner, James H. O'Neil, for the double scull race.  
Two weeks prior to the opening of the

National regatta, Dan and his mate, in order to get the best results, went to Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, Mass., to prepare themselves for the greatest races of the year. How well they succeeded was fully demonstrated when they lined up for their respective races. The single sculls contest had an unusually large field of entries that year, comprising 15 of the speediest men to be found. Two days' racing was on the programme, and each race was pulled off in haste.  
The first day Murphy, who was in



Dan J. Murphy, Portland Rowing Club's New Coach.

prime physical condition, won against three opponents in his heat with perfect ease. There were four heats, and the following day the four winners were out for the finals to decide which should hold the title of champion of America. The race was one mile and a half, straightaway. Each man came to the line watching the others, in order to seize any opportunity to take any advantage that might be given to him. At the report of the pistol all four men dug their skulls into the water and the battle began. For over a mile the four contestants raced as one man. Experts who witnessed the race from steamers and thousands who lined the river banks testified that the men were so close that it was impossible to pick a winner.  
After passing the mile mark the pace, which up to this time had been terrific, began to tell upon two of the men, and they gradually dropped to the rear. The real contest now began in earnest, with Murphy and Mulcahy, of Albany, N. Y., who was coached by Ned Hanlon, formerly of Columbia, fighting for the lead. Mulcahy gradually forged ahead. At the end of the next quarter mile he led by three lengths. Murphy was not uneasy, however, but applied himself with all his reserve energy, and not only cut down Mulcahy but beat him in by clear water. The finish of that race is remembered to this day by all old-time oarsmen in and around Boston.  
An hour after winning the single scull championship, Dan with his partner rowed up the river to try their hand at the double scull race. They, with three other teams, were given their positions. From the start Murphy and O'Neil rowed like clockwork. They jumped to the front and had no difficulty in showing their rivals that they were outclassed, and took the double scull championship.  
In 1887 Murphy decided to leave the amateur ranks and take up professional coaching. In this line of work he has

been very successful, having coached some of the fastest crews in this country. Notable among his winning crews have been the Winnipeggers of Manitoba. He has also coached crews in St. Paul, Minn., and Portland. Last Summer he was coach of the West Philadelphia Boat Club, which won the junior eight-oared race at the People's regatta in Philadelphia on July 4.  
In going to Portland this Spring, Murphy has two objects in view. One is to take up a permanent residence there, and the other is to pick and coach a crew

AMERICA'S CHAMPIONS FOR 1904.

Athletics.....	T. F. Kieley
Automobile.....	Barney Olden
Baseball.....	Martin Kene
Bowling.....	J. Ferdinand Posenberg
Chess.....	Frank Marshall
Cycling (professional).....	Frank L. Kramer
Cycling (amateur).....	Marcus Hurley
Golf (professional).....	Willie Anderson
Golf (amateur).....	H. Chandler Egan
Golf (women).....	Miss Georgiana Bishop
Jockey.....	Duquesne Hillsbrand
Skating.....	Richard Beebe
Skating (professional).....	John Nilsson
Skating (amateur).....	Maurice Wood
Tennis.....	Holmes Ward
Tennis (women).....	Miss May Sutton
Trap shooting.....	Fred Gillett

## Lacrosse Is to Be Revived

Indian Game Is to Be Fostered With Vigor by a Band of Local Enthusiasts.

THE old Indian game of lacrosse is to be revived this Spring by the Portland Lacrosse Club with all the vigor that band of enthusiasts can muster. At the meeting held last Wednesday evening at the Multnomah Club financial matters were fully discussed so that the sport can be begun on a fair basis. If a league is to be formed between Portland, Tacoma, Everett and one or two local clubs in this section, it will be necessary to raise something like \$2000, and it is now proposed that a stock company be formed with 200 shares at \$1 each to finance the proposition. Others think that a less sum will be required if two rival clubs can be recruited in this city.  
Anyway, Portland is sure of a strong, winning lacrosse team, as applications are pouring in from trained players residing in British Columbia who wish to live in this city at least during the continuance of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and the local players are now hardened artists at the stick-and-net game. In Dr. Baden, Charles A. and Robert Stewart and other local players, as good all-round lacrosse men are found as any city possesses. It is not always the smashing goal-rusher, and with nothing else to back him, that wins in the end. There is enough material here now to form two good lacrosse clubs, and it is suggested that a club be organized on the East Side, where many of the players live, and another club on this side of the

river. An encouraging sign is that many boys are talking about this game and have expressed a desire to learn it. Any game that boys play is sure to succeed and blossom into a popular sport. About April, lacrosse practice will likely begin for the season and there will be several great exhibitions of this fighting game on the Exposition grounds during the Fair.  
Astoria people have expressed a desire to play lacrosse, but lacrosse costs money and this is where the Astorians have fallen down. Last Summer, when the Portlanders beat the famous Victoria, B. C. club to a standstill at Astoria, the crowd went wild with excitement, and the opinion was freely expressed that lacrosse gave the regatta the best possible attraction. But it seems that everything is off for the present with a probable Astorian team. Seattle is likely to join the new league with British Columbia clubs, Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster. It is an error to suppose that lacrosse was invented and first taught to the world by Canadians. They are only the people who have perfected the game. Lacrosse was first played by the American Indians, at prehistoric times when the geographical ties of United States and Canada were not thought of. The game was often played between the warriors of two rival tribes, with goals two miles apart, and a death or two among the players only added a fierceness to the contest. But the while man came, made before long to see if the Indian boys at Chemawa will care to learn their ancestors' favorite amusement.  
The teacher of a colored school here in Washington recently asked a pupil to go to the blackboard and write a sentence containing the word "delight." Young Pinckney Jackson went promptly to the front blackboard, and wrote in large, sprawling, upright hand the words: "He win blowed so hard it put out de light."—Washington Life.