

# CLIMBING ST. HELENS and CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN

## "UNOFFICIAL" CLIMB OF THE SNOW PEAK INVOLVING HARDSHIP, DANGER AND WONDERFUL ENDURANCE

BY FRANK BRANCH RILEY.  
IN THE enjoyment of vigorous sport there is never quite absent the zest, or the morbid, or the pleasure, of sudden and real peril; and it is in the unusual adventure that the unusual courage is revealed. Mountain climbing is not the most dangerous of Summer diversions; neither is it the mildest, and the annals of the Mazamas-Oregon mountaineering club are crowded with situations startling and critical. And it is recorded that in none of them was there a failure of that bravery and daring that go with the playing of the game.

The Mazamas outing this year was really remarkable for the sensations, the thrilling episodes, the nervy performance of the intrepid climbers, on the two ascents of Mount St. Helens from the north side, called "official" climbs because they were planned by and executed under the direction of the club leaders. But the narrative of an "unofficial" ascent, undertaken for the saving of a life, by certain members, is the one that will be longest remembered. It is a story big with heroism and with unselfish and successful endeavor. It will be retold with campfires and listened to with breathless interest as long as men and women go to the mountains.

On the evening of the first Tuesday the Mazamas, after a day of excursions, were lying lazily about the permanent camp located in a forest of stately fir about the shores of Spirit Lake. Suddenly from out of the shadows closing in about the camp fire, there staggered a stranger, a messenger, haggard and weary by some great effort. He proved to be one of three men encamped at some distance from us on the lake shore. This was his story:

He and his two partners—Swedish saw-mill men—had made the ascent of St. Helens from the north early that day. Though inexperienced and imperfectly shod and outfitted, they had gained the summit and had just begun the descent and exploration of the south slopes when a plunging rock, loosened by the melting snow near the summit, came zigzagging at frightful speed down through the steep snowfield, striking one of the men and breaking both bones of the right leg. Alone with their now helpless and stricken companion in the wilderness of St. Helens, they did the only thing which seemed reasonable. Strapping with their belts the dangling leg to his sound one, they dragged him down the long miles of snow to the first shelter of timber. One remained by his side, while the other began to encircle the peak to the north side for the aid of the Mazamas. There were no trails and the way was puzzling and strange, but he had accomplished it.

Electrified, the camp sprang to its feet. Organization of a relief was the matter of less than 10 minutes. Precipitously a party of seven sturdy men flung itself into the black night. They were burdened only with nourishment for the wounded and a canvas sleeping bag for his litter. All through the long night these men of the rescue struggled feverishly down and up out of numberless canyons, waded mountain torrents, scaled ridges after ridge, slowly, bravely fought their way over the wild and rugged buttresses of the peak toward the south side, where somewhere in the mountain fastness lay a man in agony. It had happened on that day the peak had also been climbed by two young Mazamas who, upon reaching the summit, had noticed the new tracks in the snow leading down the south slope, and believing that they led to a well-provisioned camp which would prove a hospitable base for their exploration next day, the young men, eager for adventure, followed the trail till it led them, amazed, to the side of the stricken Swede. Sensing at once their share in the relief, they



Members of the Mazamas Dragging a Wounded Man Up Mt. St. Helens.

pushed forward and upon the highest wooded shoulder of the peak built a monster signal fire. About 3 o'clock in the morning, into the light of this fire the men of the rescue, eager though wearied, dragged themselves. Pushing on without rest and by direction of the two fresh

guides, they stood a little later by the side of the sufferer just as the first faint light of the dawn appeared.

It was impossible to carry the man of 170 pounds back through the wild and broken country around the peak. Below the first cabin of the Lewis River country lay beyond a most forbidding canyon. Above slanted the smooth slopes of Mt. St. Helens. Unhesitatingly the amazing plan was determined. Placing the injured man upon the litter of canvas and alpine stocks they began audaciously to make the ascent of the mountain with their burden. The day dawned and grow old and still these men crawled upward in frightful, body-breaking struggle. Twelve hours passed and they had no food and no sleep save as they fell unconscious face downward in the snow, as they did many times, from fatigue and lack of nourishment. At 4 o'clock P. M. Anderson, the injured man, was again on the extreme

summit of what appears from Portland the smooth, modest white cone of St. Helens.

Then, without rest came the descent to the north. Down precipitous cliffs of ice they lowered him, as tenderly and gently as might be, down vast snow slopes scarred with bottomless crevasses some of which were crossed by spans of ice, some by bridges of alpine stocks, while others were encircled. On downward, shielding the man from the death-dealing rocks which often came plowing down through the snow fields, over ridges of ragged lava, often dropping him from sheer exhaustion, valiantly they made their way until in the deepening darkness of the second night they found themselves again at timber; but in the network of canyons, they had selected the wrong one and were lost. Here at 3 o'clock the following morning they were found by a second relief party and guided over a painful and trail-less five-mile journey home.

The camp was awake at five o'clock clustered about the newly-erected "hospital" tent. In front of it, in blue shirt, khaki trousers and high boots, an eager young surgeon awaited his patient. Beside him, in sweater and bloomers, there waited also an alert and sympathetic young nurse who had come into the wilds to forget her vocation for awhile. Under the direction of these two, the day before, the little surgery had been equipped with all the emergency supplies to be

found in the individual dunnage bags. Within all was scrupulously neat and chemically clean. Blankets and clothing had been stripped into bandages and enough splints had been whittled to bind a hundred fractures. The kitchen had been raided and the cook's tin wash boiler made over into an ingenious "outer case for the foot and leg."

A lurch fell upon the camp as silently the little column came up the rude trail and laid Anderson, haggard but smiling bravely, upon the operating table. The stolid hero had made only exclamations of thankfulness and cheer. With incredible nerve he had never, in all the 40 wretched hours, allowed a groan or a complaint or a sign of discouragement to escape his set, white lips. And now after he had at last enjoyed the first relief of soothing hot applications, the surgeon and his muscular assistants stood over him for the last ordeal. There were a few moments of skillful manipulation of the limp leg, while spasms of pain came and went over the features of the conscious sufferer, and then at last, when the doctor looked up radiantly, and announced a perfect reduction, the long pent-up cheer outside the tent echoed through the great forest.

During the operation, the nurse said tenderly, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Anderson, that you suffer so."

"Oh, don't mind," he said smiling, "Ay has all right. The leg feels fine." One of the rescuers, looking into the tent, reminded him huskily, "Ah, Anderson, but that's just what you told us all last night, and all the day and night before!"

The leg was encased in the forest-made splints and wrapped with bandages, and its brave owner laid in a comfortable wagon bed for the long journey of 40 miles to the village of Castle Rock, where the Northern Pacific train should carry him to Portland. Struggling to a sitting posture as the start was about to be made, he searched long through blurring eyes the faces of the crowd about the wagon.

"Ay, don't want ever to forget how you look," he said brokenly; "you who have done all this for me!" Here in a Portland hospital, his leg mending rapidly, he now lies to tell you in his own way, simply, but graphically, the wonderful story.

It remains for me only to name the actors in this drama of the mountains. The injured man was John Anderson, and his two friends, Perry Oleson and John Hanson, all of Little Falls, Wash. The two young Mazamas who built the signal fire were Francis Benedict and C. W. Whittelsey, both of Portland, and those of the rescue party who made this "unofficial" ascent were: C. E. Forsythe, of Castle Rock, Wash.; Charles A. Pennington, of Seattle; Rev. William J. Donaghy, of Portland; Herman E. Doering, of Portland; Raymond Cassebeer, of Castle Rock; E. George Williams, of Spirit Lake, and Luther H. Dickson, of Tacoma. And the doctor and the nurse into whose care they delivered their burden were respectively, Dr. Otis E. Akin and Miss Emma Harding, both of Portland.

**That Laughter Cure.**  
Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.  
A little trick of laughing.  
When skies are blue and gray,  
Will make your life worth living  
And you'll be getting on the way.  
It isn't hard to learn,  
Since all you have to do  
Is just to believe and  
That joy will follow you.  
A little trick of laughing  
When all your plans go wrong,  
Will turn a fit of growling  
Into a cheerful song.  
Good friends, why don't you try it  
For practice once or twice?  
"Well, change life's dress to yellow gold  
And do it in a jiffy."  
A little trick of laughing  
Will drive away the pain,  
And drive it just the way  
You'd like to come again.  
It makes the prospect brighter  
And helps us to get on.  
There's nothing else in all the world  
Just like the laughter cure!

# Conversations with an Old Sport.

IN WHICH HE TALKS AT LENGTH UPON PHILANTHROPY.

BY JIM NASUM.  
"HERE'S gratitude for you," said the president of the team, laying down the evening paper as the Old Sport sauntered up. "Here we've gone and risked our hard-earned coin to give this old dump town a good ball team, we've spent big money to buy stars in order to please the fans, and now that we're right up at the top of the heap and having something to say about the place the flag is going to fly, we never get a line of credit in these dinky newspapers and the fans are slobbering all over the players who are getting big salaries for their work and handing them the credit for our fine showing and never even think of the men who risked their coin to bring this winning combination together. There's the gratitude that exists in your world of sport, old man. That's how it pays to be a philanthropist for the good of the game."  
"That's right, old man," replied the Old Sport, "but you can take my tip that there are a thundering lot of philanthropists in this old dump of a world who wouldn't be casting their bread upon the waters if they weren't blamed for that tide would cast up a roast beef sandwich in return. There's blamed little charity in a good investment, and I guess if you guys had to take all your pay in credit and praise instead of the shekels that are rolling in at the box office as returns on your investment, you'd kick like a maverick under the branding iron."  
"It's all right enough to hand out a spiel about your efforts to give the people what they want, but away down under your vests you guys know damned well that it was business instinct and not a feeling of philanthropy that prompted you to do it. You fellows have enough hard-headed business sense stored in your garrets to be hep to the fact that if you want to get the public's money you've got to give

the public what they want. You're getting the public's money now, and you can't hand me the bunk that it doesn't tickle you a blamed sight more than if they stayed at home to sing your praises in the highways and byways."  
"And you can take it from me, old man, that that's the way with a thundering lot of tightwads loafing around here who are getting credit for being philanthropists when they are only blamed good business men. Simply because some old money-grubber has a cellar full of money that he can't use, and spends a shovelful of it for a million dollars' worth of publicity that he can use, doesn't make a philanthropist out of him by a long shot. Giving away a thousand bucks for ten thousand dollars' worth of publicity and advertising space is a blamed good investment and not philanthropy."  
"The guy who slaps up a public library at his own expense or endows a knowledge factory may be doing the public good, all right, and I've a good-sized hunch that a thundering lot of them are doing the public blamed good. The guy who could cop the credit for philanthropy is the one who, when he casts his bread upon the waters, doesn't loaf along the beach looking for a sandwich to be cast up by the tide."  
"So you'll pardon me, old man, if I fall to see the philanthropy in your case, but I'll hand it to you guys for being good business men."  
"Oh, Dad," said the president of the team, "you're too much of a skeptic. You're one of these guys who would a blamed sight rather rubber at a thundering cloud and talk about the big storm case, but I'll hand it to you guys for dwelling on its silver lining. Just because the front of it is black you're ready to swear that it's black all through and the silver lining is a nature fake. You see the possibility of

a certain condition existing, and you take it for granted right off the handle that this condition really does exist. You're always chewing the rag about knockers, Dad, and you're the most confirmed knocker that ever came down the pike. Simply because you see a few people in the world who don't take much stock in the dope that 't is more blessed to give than to receive' you think that the whole blamed world has its hooks out to grafting."  
"Now, don't jump your governor belt, old man," replied the Old Sport, "you know blamed well away down in your system that this dope I'm handing you is straight goods. You know that the world in general takes this dope that 't is more blessed to give than to receive' just like they take a lot of this literary dope that is handed to them. They swallow it only when it tastes good. You can take it from me that about the only thing most guys think 't is more blessed to give than to receive' is a blamed good thumping."  
"These literary masters who can dish out the fancy gab with their pens have handed the world a lot of good material for bedroom notions, but you won't find many of these old maxims being overworked in the business world. There's a thundering lot of these old literary spasms that butted into the world just like we select the name for the first kid that comes into the family. Not because they are suited to the occasion at all, but because they sound well."  
"You know as well as I do that we copy these old bunches of literary dope in our school days till we get the writer's cramp, we parse them and diagram them all through high school, and then we curse them all through college, and about the only use we make of them after we go out to stab the world in the face is to hand them to our kids when we want to give them a little fatherly advice. If we

ever tried to make any practical use of the dope that comes bottled up in maxims we'd get a slam in the alats that would put us down for the count in jig time. Not because the dope mightn't be straight goods all right, but this old dump of a world has never contracted the habit of living by any set rule."  
"No, you can take it from me, no literary guy can dope out rules for a man to live by any more than he can dope out a guide book to Kingsport, Coma. What's one man's meat is another guy's poison, and it's a blamed good thing for the world that it doesn't take this literary dope too seriously."  
"I suppose the wise guys who ripped off this slush away back in past ages hugged the dope that they were doing a thundering lot to better conditions in this old dump of a world, but you can take it from me that you won't see many monuments of success built upon the foundations which they laid. This practical old world has got hep to the fact that you can't carve any niches in the hall of fame by working according to a prescribed formula like you cure a case of measles, but you've got to do a little thinking on your own hook. That's what the gray stuff is planted in your roof garden for."  
"Now the guy who plugs along through life trying to follow the dope that 't is more blessed to give than to receive' may aspire to be a philanthropist all right, but you can take my tip that in this age of graft he will be nothing more than an easy mark. And the guy who gives indiscriminately and without judgment is contributing a thundering lot more toward putting the world on the bum than he is to the betterment of conditions. But you can take it from me that in this practical age you'll find most guys have a good strong hunch that 't is more blessed to give than to receive' only to the guy who gets it."

"Say," interrupted the president, "you can gamble that if I had known that I was going to start you off on a lecture I'd be blamed if I wouldn't've spoken to you when you came in."  
"Well, you see," replied the Old Sport, "when I see an empty tank I can't resist the temptation to dump something into it. The trouble with a lot of you guys who were born with a silver spoon in your mug is that you think that you're a blamed sight better than the poor slob who has to work like a sucker before he can get his lunch hooks on a pewter spade."  
"If there is one thing that is putting

this old world on the bum more than anything else it is the fact that a lot of sapheaded slobbs who couldn't swim a stroke on the stream of life if they had to are floating on the current without any effort of their own in a glided bark heven out by their ancestors, and hugging the dope that they are a superior sort of creation to the poor slob 't'n has to paddle down the stream of life, upon to paddle down the stream of life, swimming dog-fashion."  
"Is this the introduction to another lecture, Dad?" asked the president.  
"No," replied the Old Sport, "it's only a tip. But it's a tip that will be a thundering big help to a lot of you

guy if you'll only keep it handy where you can grab it when the occasion arises. When you begin to dream that you are a philanthropist and the world owes you a lot of credit and praise that you're not getting, just bump your elbow against the door jam of common sense and wake yourself up. Whenever you hear a guy letting out a spiel about the world not giving him credit that is due him, you can gamble that he isn't giving the world all that he owes it. So I'd advise you to look up your accounts and get them straightened out."  
"The lecture is over now, old man, and I'm going to beat it to the hay, so good-night."

## After All, Who is a Gentleman? Some Kings Cannot Lay Claim to the Title.

Major Charles E. Woodruff in the New York Times.  
IN discussions as to what are the characteristics of a gentleman, I have been somewhat surprised that the original meaning of the word has been ignored. Several dictionaries show that it is the same word as the French gentleman and the Spanish gentilhombre, both of which were originally used to describe men of the gens of clan as distinguished from outsiders who were not blood relatives, gentilis meaning "of the clan or gens." This was a vital matter in primitive times, when a man's survival depended upon his membership in a clan, and by ties so strong that we can scarcely understand them now. Nothing in modern times, not even the self-sacrifices in war, at all equal the manner in which these gens folks would defend each other, even at the expense of their own lives. They all believed themselves descended from the same god and under the protection of a god who was probably at eternal war with the god of another gens. Consequently a person of another gens had no rights they would respect to kill him was often a moral duty. Primitive ethnology is full of illustrations of the compactness of the gens and its religious bearing. When a clan migrated and conquered

another territory all the inhabitants were put to the sword or became the chattels of the gens-men, who were far from being "gentle" men; indeed, their survival depended on the reverse of gentleness. The only characteristic of a primitive gens was blood relationship to the gens. It was a greatness born of the gens, and no one could achieve it or have it thrust upon him.  
As civilization progressed, its refining effect was of course greatest in the ruling classes—the conquering type or military caste. The outsiders were slaves, serfs, peonants, or what not, who had sunk into their positions because they were more gentle than the fierce gens-men. Thus the gentleness of culture being cultivated by those who had been fierce, became in time a characteristic of the upper classes. They were now more refined than the lowest uncultured types, and the word gentleman took on a new meaning—that of culture as well as birth.  
Nevertheless the old meaning still held for many centuries, and referred to a class between the peasant and royalty. Indeed, the kings were often not gentlemen, or gens-men, at all, not blood relatives, but imported by the clan or nation. The king is now, of course, the first gentleman in the land, but it wasn't so long ago that he wasn't a gentleman at all—neither by blood nor gentle man-

ners. He often seized his position by the aid of trained retainers, and he could not be a gens-man at all. Indeed, the English nation many a time looked on its kings as outsiders and the same feeling even now crops out occasionally. In like manner it was no disgrace for a man to declare he was not a gentleman any more than it was to say he was not a Frenchman or Saxon.  
As the spirit of democracy welled the race more men became gentlemen, but even yet there are whole classes which make no claim to being of the gentlemen class, yet they are gentlemen in the modern sense. In America the spirit of democracy has welded the race into one large gens, and every man is as good as his neighbor. The word has therefore taken on a new meaning among the uncultured Americans, a meaning curiously like the old clan meaning. No matter how crude, of course, and ungentle he may be, the free-born American citizen is a gentleman in his own mind, and by that he means a member of the Nation and on an equality with all others.  
It is thus curious that the word is used in so many different senses, and that a modified primitive meaning is adopted for members of the new American democratic Nation and that this meaning has no relation whatever to the general acceptance of the term as applied to one of culture and gentle manners.