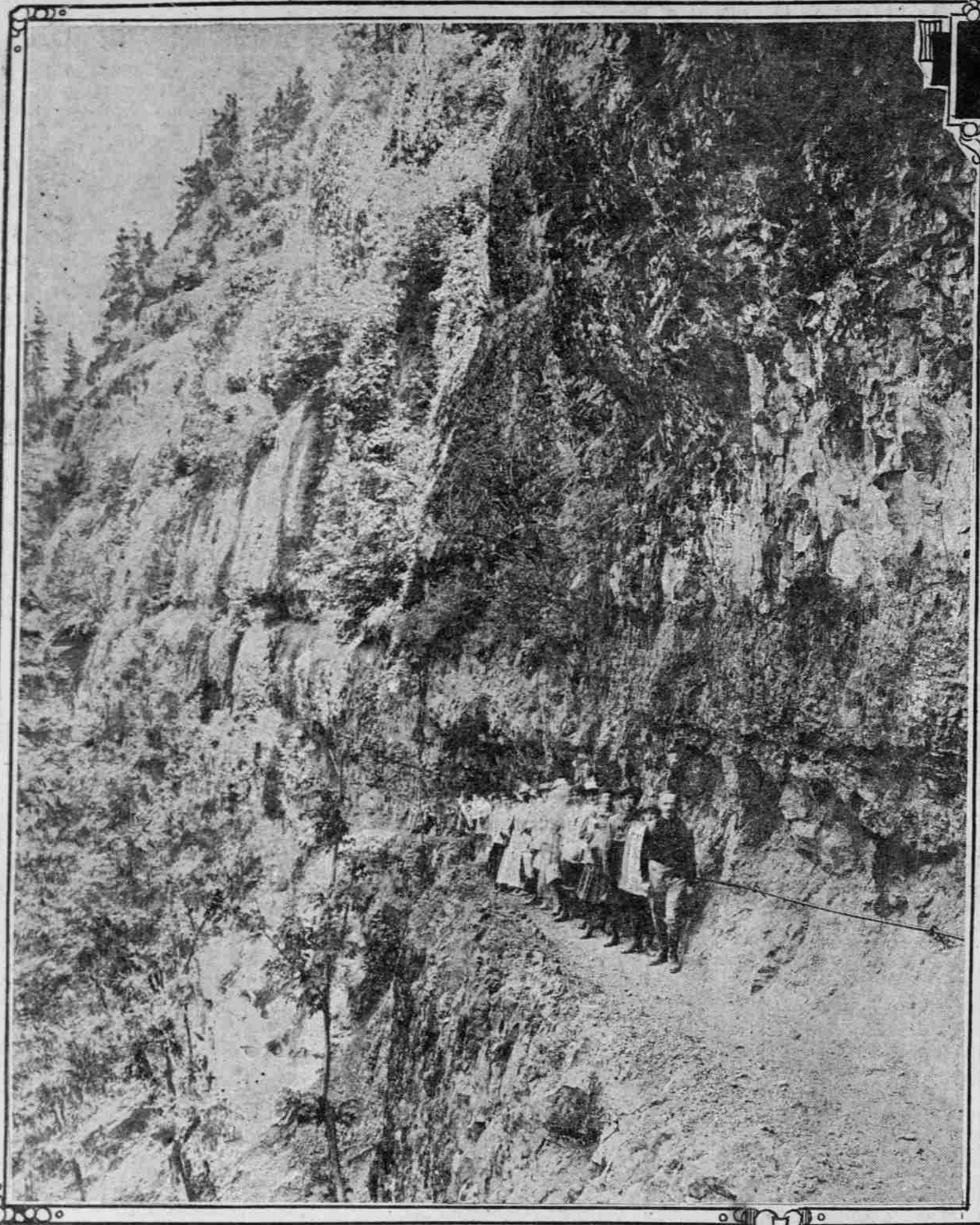




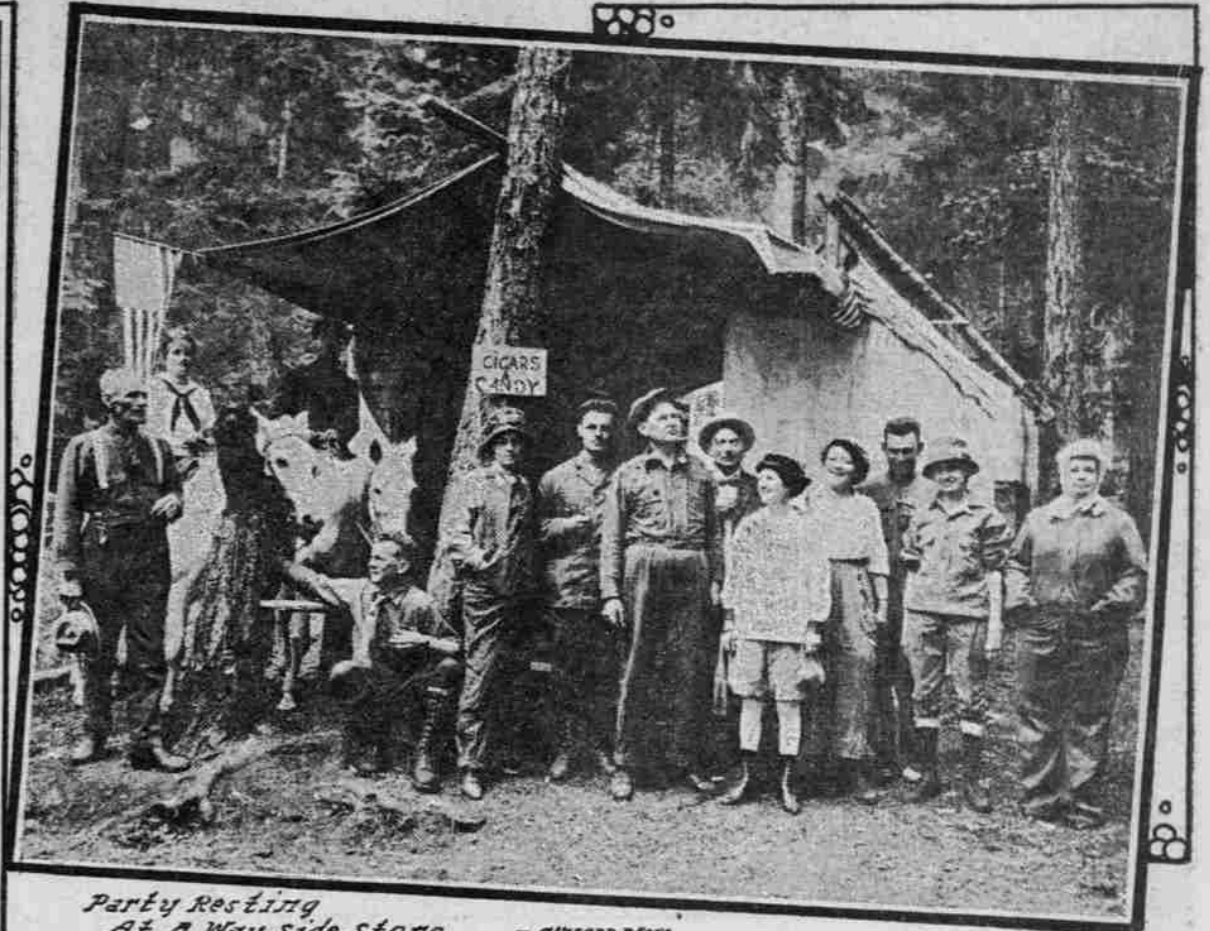
ZESTFUL PLEASURES AFFORDED BY WEEK-END HIKING TRIP

Portland Situated Conveniently to Give Its People Access to Best Mountain Trails in the West—Larch Mountain Best Short Jaunt.

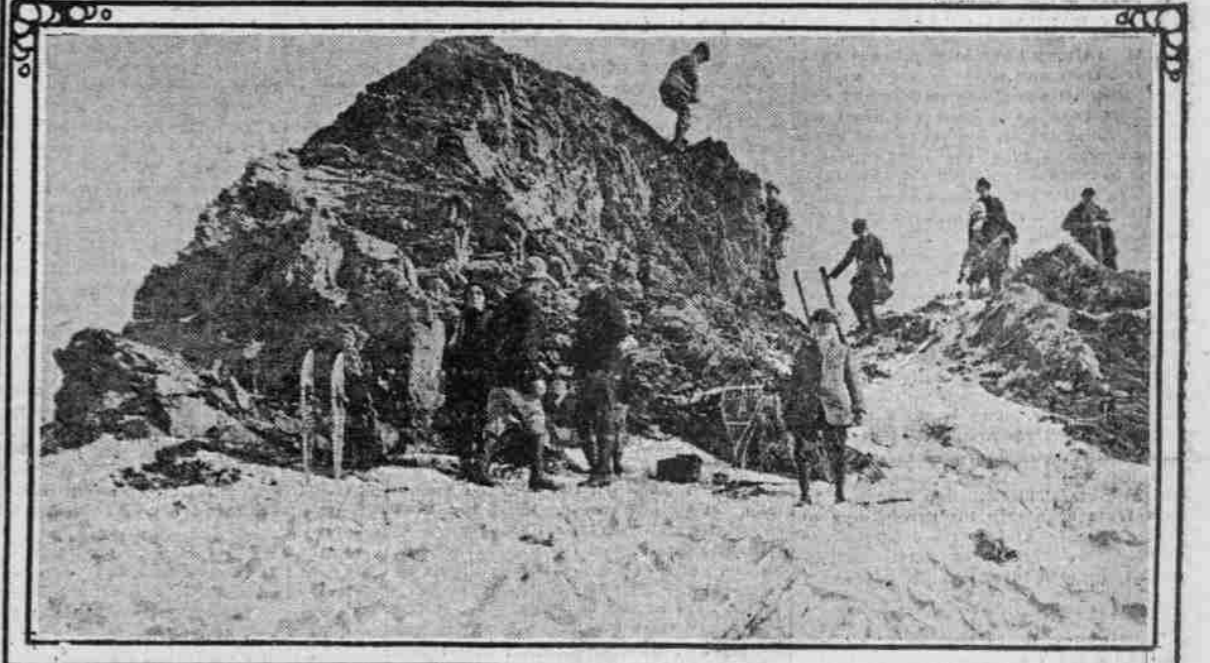


Hikers On Eagle Creek Trail.

— GIFFORD PHOTO.



Party Resting At A Wayside Store. — GIFFORD PHOTO.



Summit Of Larch Mountain In May.

— GIFFORD PHOTO.



Map Of Larch Mountain Trail.

By SETH L. BAILEY.

THAT far too few Portlanders know, as yet, the zestful pleasures afforded by a week-end hiking trip none can controvert. That this recreational diversion is fast becoming more popular is evidenced by the increasing numbers of those who join in the hikes and the greater number of parties taking to the wonderful trails leading out from Portland to fairlands of nature.

On the fourth of July several parties put on their alpine socks and went hiking. The snow-capped crest of Mt. Hood was no barrier against the aspirations of some 40 members of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic club's hiking division; the grilling trail trip of 25 miles over rough country to and from Wahtum lake kept back no hiking members of the Mazamas. And last Sunday saw the Trails club headed for Beacon Rock and Wabolella park.

All of which is substantial evidence that this year, more than ever before, both men and women have chosen hiking as a popular diversion to that of the half-false magic of the beaches and are seeking the fairy realities of the high mountains. To these people a mountain climb is like a trip into Cinderella's fairyland and a long, winding trail is like a ribbon of satin spread across the radiant summer world.

To some a trip into the mountains over Sunday is like throwing up the curtains of a dark room. A week's work in a stuffy office and then the abrupt transition into fairyland, where Nature, hiding somewhere in a secret nook, reaches out her wand and playfully touches one—that's enough to make one say "Why worry about tomorrow?"

Some people have yet to forget where they can purchase gasoline. The steering wheel still has that old familiar tingle which excites the driver and coaxes him on and on. Unfortunately, indeed, are these as compared with those who have tasted the joys of the leisurely hike along a trail that leads through the glorious scenes of forest, vale and mountain steeps. Few who have tasted the delights of the hike but eagerly await the opportunity to make another trip.

Portland, fortunately, is situated conveniently to give its people access to the best mountain trails in the west. The Larch mountain trip, on a clear day, is the best short jaunt out of

Portland. Next comes the Mt. Hood trip, which requires the better part of three days. Parties are usually taken out by auto to the government camp on the south base of the peak. A rest over night is made at the timber line camp or at the hotel four miles below the timber line.

Here one samples the high altitude, and at about 3 o'clock the following morning the would-be mountain climber has an opportunity to test out his wind by climbing a distance of five miles to Crater Rock, which is reached about 9:30 A. M., providing shanks' horses has no trouble with his propelling apparatus, which sometimes happens. Here a rest is called until noon, during which time refreshments are served. Leaving at noon the party crosses the famous hog's back and on one side looks down upon the Sandy glacier, one of Nature's glittering jewels that she displays with such haughty defiance. Down on the other side looms the White River glacier as defiant as her sister.

From the hog's back to the summit it is a climb of 1100 feet. Ropes and pikes are employed as well as strength and endurance. Sometimes, as a Frenchman once described the climb, "the nose is bleed and the head becomes like one leste feather." But this is a minor ailment which is usually easily remedied.

The trip from the camp to the summit requires nine hours, while the return trip is made in three hours, and some have been known to make the return trip in less time than that, but not without bruised shins, however, and sometimes worse ailments.

The Wahtum lake trip is a two-day journey. That is, a party may go in by way of Herman creek, a distance of 11 miles from the point where transportation is no longer available, and return by way of the Eagle creek trail, a distance of 14 miles, or vice versa. To those who seek the harder tasks first, as some do, and leave the easier task to be done last, it is best to go in by way of Eagle creek.

If one can afford the time, he should at least spend an entire day at the lake, for Wahtum lake is a place which cannot be described by words of pen. Only the picturesque Cobb himself could touch on the borderland of its beauty, and then the lake wishes would curse him for his negligence.

There are many other hikes out of

Portland, almost in any direction one cares to turn. Heading in any of the four directions of the winds one finds plenty of hiking ground, and as a usual thing it is not overly crowded. The best hikes of course are those mentioned above, and two of the best authorities on hiking, especially over those routes, are Thomas Griffin of the M. A. A. C. and Richard J. Grace, vice-president of the Trails club. Mr. Griffin has made 11 trips to Mount Hood.

Larch Mountain Easy Trip.

When asked about the Larch mountain trail Mr. Grace, by whom the valuable trail guide presented herewith was prepared, said:

"Hardly a week passes but that I am asked about the trip to Larch mountain, what to wear, how to go, and if it is strenuous. The trip is not strenuous if the tourist will remember that a pace of two miles an hour is good going on a trail, and will not exceed that rate. The next requisite is a pair of heavy soled comfortable shoes, worn with wool socks. With this footwear and observing the speed limit, anyone may make the trip and enjoy it," he said.

"The Larch mountain trip, on a clear day, is the best short trip in the state. If you go up in the evening the lights of Portland, Oregon City, Camas, Vancouver and Washougal are all visible as you come into the open on Squaw Creek ridge, while at your feet are the lights of Bridal Veil and a few in the lumber mill at Palmer. The sunrise next morning will reveal, in a riot of color, the peaks of Mount Rainier, Mount St. Helens, Mount Adams and Mount Hood standing unbelievably close, and further south, Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters. At your feet is the gorge of the Columbia. In a purple haze, the river at the bottom is 4000 feet below you, and it is nine miles across to the ridges on the Washington side. It is the Grand Canyon of Oregon. Anyone who has seen this always returns and brings others.

Start at Multnomah Falls.

The trail starts at Multnomah Falls station and crosses the Benson bridge, then zig-zags up the ridge to the east of the falls, and crosses the saddle and down a slight slope into Multnomah creek gorge, which it practically follows to the top. A side trail leads to the top of the falls.

"The scenery in this box canyon is

wonderful, and at a point between the one and two-mile boards, are two waterfalls, that are almost twin. Both have almost similar basalt surroundings, are of the same height, about 80 feet, and in a photograph greatly resemble each other. At the three-mile board a wagon road crosses the trail, which has recently been brushed out by some families who are living in Multnomah basin to the east of the trail.

"This is the point where the famous 'figure' used to stand. This was made by some facetious trail builders who objected to being wakened during the night to give some wanderer the direction. At the 3 1/2-mile board the creek is crossed for the last time and the ascent of the final ridge is begun. At four miles the famous rock slide is crossed, and a little beyond five miles the cartons must be filled at the spring as there is no water at the summit.

Between the three-mile post and the summit the visitor finds himself in a wonderful stand of huge larch trees, distinguishable by their colored bark and their remarkably straight trunks. Rhrododendrons are now in bloom at this point, and on the ridge they give way to the beautiful creamy plumes of the Squaw grass which is now just coming into bloom. At the summit is the shelter house of the Trails club, which anyone is welcome to use. It contains a heating stove, but has been very much abused by vandals the past winter, and the roof, doors and windows are in bad shape. There is also a forest service fire lookout, with a ranger located there in a comfortable cabin.

Timber Rapidly Disappearing.

"Anyone who wants to see Larch Mountain," said Mr. Grace, "while it is a larch mountain, had better go this year. The logging operations have stripped the west slope, and the spur towards Onocota creek is also a mass of unsightly stumps and dead trees. We are informed that logging on the creek will start next year so that the trail will shortly become a track through a sea of stumps and snags.

"On the return the branch trail at the two-mile board can be taken, which goes over Looksee Point, which is higher than Crown Point and has a more comprehensive view, and leads into Wahkeena Springs, Fairy Falls and

is the most commanding natural monument in the Columbia river gorge. So far it has never been scaled, and probably never will be. There is not even a trail to the saddle connecting it to the cliffs above. There is, however, a rough scramble through the brush and over rock slides to Levens creek which will bring one to the top of the cliff above the dome. This is the trip taken last Sunday by the Trails club, and to add further zest to the outing they lowered themselves down the face of the cliff by life line to the saddle. The view from the cliff is stupendous. The mighty Columbia, dwarfed by distance and elevation, stretches away like a tiny thread, and the black streak off in the distance is the highway, and the scuttling miniature autos look like a child's playthings.

Foreign hikes and climbs, such as one might find in the Alps, seem to some far away. And, indeed, they are. But take it from one who has climbed them—climbed them greatly at the expense of the war department, else he wouldn't have climbed them—the Alps are no steeper and some of them are not near so picturesque as our own little mountains right here in Oregon. Few people of Portland realize how tremendously fortunate they are, and few people outside the clubs take advantage of their surroundings. Hiking not only assures one of a pleasant vacation, but it also assures one of good health through the exercise it provides.

The workman who chooses for his Sunday vacation a cosy spot in the park is not going to overly enjoy his day of rest, nor is he going to profit in mind and body by it. After a week of swinging a hammer or pondering over a ledger, a day's rest in the park or on a comfortable lounge at home is only temporary relaxation. Proper recreation is obtained by a change of exercise. And what better exercise is to be had than tramping over the hills where nature has prepared a dozen different exercises in a single day's trip? Did nature merely test her power of manufacturing beauty when she created the northwest, or did she mean for us to get out of it what we could when she made it thus?

WOMEN MOB SOLDIERS

German Troops Forced to Retire From Hamburg.

BERLIN—The government troops of General von Lettow-Vorbeck attempted to enter Hamburg but retired when they were met by a large mob including many women. The communists in control at Hamburg said, it is said, promised they would order no opposition to the entry of the government troops.

When the troops were met by the mob, however, it was decided to retire temporarily to avoid possible bloodshed.

The date for a definite advance on Hamburg is uncertain. The government forces include Schleswig, Brandenburg, Bavarian, Saxon and naval detachments.

the main Wahkeena Falls, and back to some unknown reason, the Perdition highway. It is a three-quarter-mile walk from Wahkeena to Multnomah Falls station along the highway.

"The new trail, inaugurated by the Trails club, and built by the city park department, from the head of Multnomah Falls to Wahkeena, is called, for