

YOUTHFUL FIRE FIGHTERS FIND WOODS HOLD MANY SECRETS

Battle With Flames Only One of Trying Experiences and Hiking Over Steep Trails Takes Away Some of Joy Derived From Scenery.

BY WILLIAM BOLGER AND EUGENE KELTY.

"FIREFIGHTING? You'll like it!" These were the words sarcastically flung at us by the "initiated" as we came in from our work that hot afternoon of Thursday, July 10.

In the afternoon word had been received that there was a fire near the Bull Run reserve and that we were to hold ourselves in readiness to go at any time.

There were 36 of us working at Bull Run lake to protect the water supply of Portland. We weren't looking for any forest fire, however, and no one was pleased (to put it mildly) when the final word came that we were to leave in the morning.

Later in the day the government Lost Lake train of eight horses, Floyd Hess in charge, came to help us with our supplies and bed rolls. Then came our own pack train under Alton Phelps, with eight horses more.

Night came and the morning dawned with a cloudy sky. After an early breakfast plans were made for an early departure.

We tenderfooted were at a loss to know just what personal belongings we should take. Upon inquiry we were told that our blanket would be sufficient, especially as plenty of room would be needed for food and other supplies.

Playing the role of the kind-hearted Samaritan, we each brought a thin cotton blanket forth and this led to plenty of room for each of the blanket rolls of five blankets that the more experienced men had.

Believe us, when we say that if ever there is another fire in which we participate we personally insist upon having one pack horse to carry our blankets and nothing else.

They told us we could "double up" in making our beds and the first night the cold doubled us to do.

"Oh, you'll like it, boys, you'll like it!" The packers were busily engaged filling pack saddles with food which the cook had prepared in the course of the night.

Bill Walker, who was to act as cook, certainly overlooked nothing in this department.

First in the line of march went the trail gang. There were 12 of them, they carried axes and shovels. They were to clear the trail sufficiently for the pack train to trot it.

Snow Causes Much Trouble. Ours was the first party to go through for some years and the wind-falls and the snow combined to see which could give us the most trouble.

Both were very successful. We managed to keep ahead of the pack train, however, and all went well during the morning. The rest of the party followed with the pack train. The trails were beautiful.

Zig-zagging and seemingly perpendicular, the trail led us to the summit. Many already began to show signs of distress. A heavy fog, which later turned to a drizzling mist, robbed us of the scenic beauties of the crests of the Cascades.

The fog lifted very soon, however, and an unimpassable sun beat upon our weary band.

We circled the base of Preacher's peak, passed Devil's Pulpit and later at Buck's peak as we climbed higher and higher, scenes of incomparable beauty ever unfolded before our vision.

At the summit we gazed upon the rivers and vast areas of snow which lay at our feet. Six snow-capped peaks could be seen from here, Mount Adams, Mount Rainier, Mount St. Helens on one side and on the other Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters.

At another place we took our farewell glance at Bull Run lake and Lost Lake, this being the only place on the trail where both lakes could be seen at one time.

As we journeyed on the bracing and invigorating mountain air, the winding trails, shady nooks and swift, cool streams seemed to give renewed strength to our dejected looking crowd. My, how refreshing and invigorating was an occasional breeze.

Both sides of the trail were dotted with yellow daisies, purple snapdragons and the red of the Indian paintbrush, forming a striking contrast to the less vivid colors of the wild violets and the white of the deer-tongues or dog-toothed violets found along the trails of the morning.

"Time after time our progress was delayed by deep snow drifts and wind-falls, which had to be removed to make room for the pack train which was to follow.

Many Peaks Are Viewed. Our steady march brought us in sight of Lookout mountain, with Indian mountain and springs in the background. Here we left the timber belt and the trail led us through the open.

Just before reaching Indian springs we decided to take a short cut over the hill, which was lined with a 40-foot strip of snow. Here we saw for the first time why a shovel was essential.

Sitting upon the shovel, with the handle pointing up, we slid down the snow. Many of the party went so rapidly that they did not stop at the edge of the drift and tumbled head over heels down the mountain.

A cool drink at Indian springs awakened our slumbering spirits once more and we stopped at the unoccupied ranger cabin for lunch. A fire was built and soon the pack train could be seen along the ridge in the distance.

At noon Bill Walker had his first chance to try his culinary art on us and from the amounts consumed he had a right to feel highly elated. Most of us enjoyed that meal more than we would have enjoyed a banquet at an ordinary time.

Our brief rest was cut short by the restless ones, who were anxious to push on to the scene of the fire.

We felt much better after that noon meal, the only trouble being the vision of the mass of smoke boiling up from behind Benson plateau. Again the 12 men of the trail gang set out ahead of the rest, but for some distance there was little work for them to do.

Shortly after noon we came to a place where the trail forked with the Eagle creek trail. The party was here joined by a government guide, who had been sent from the fire that morning to lead us in. He brought the "cheerful" news that the fire was a bad one, that the trail to it was almost impassable and that another crew had been trying for two days to get through.

Our guide proudly boasted that the yellow painted handle of the government axe which he carried had never been scratched during the two years he had carried it. He was "fired" and welcomed the chance of an early arrival. We were just above Wetun lake at this time and the short cut led past the lake.

We followed the guide until the trail ran out. He was almost certain, he said, that the way we wanted to go was either northwest or directly west. So we circled for the while and finally came back to the main trail that we had started from. Then our guide was sure that it wasn't the same trail at all—but why go into the agonizing details?

We found that the pack train had passed us and were stuck at a log jam and that we had lost an hour and a half.

The saws were then taken from the neck and we started to cut our way through the last and worst part of the trail to Benson plateau. We found the

other men that our "guide" (he still had the nerve to say he was one) had told us of. They had come around the Bierman creek trail to get back of the fire and were still working their way through. To make a long story short, we arrived at the plateau at 9:30 and after another attack on the provisions cut enough grass for our beds. Here came our first experience of sleeping at 5000 feet altitude with one blanket. Tossing restlessly upon an "oatmower" of rock and having horses tied at the foot of your bed may be delightful to some.

Bed of Rock Leaves Party Stiff. It seemed that we had but crawled under our lone blanket when breakfast was announced. Stiff to every joint, shivering in the cold, sick at heart and the prospects of an 18-hour day ahead of us was not in the least pleasant.

Glen MacIntyre, one of the men at Bull Run lake; Carl Neal, assistant supervisor of forests, and Barney Conlon, a forest ranger, started out early to size up the situation. While they were circling the fire the remainder of the crew, in charge of Henry Larsen, made a fire path on the ridge of the plateau. If necessary this would be used to backfire, but served as an excellent trail. This fire path was 30 feet wide and three miles long and it required the entire day to cut it through.

At the completion of the work we were told that our new camp site had been located and we were to move at once.

Once more we cut noble fir boughs upon which we would rest our weary selves at the close of each long day.

Sunday dawned cold as usual and as we were anxious to get our work started before the hot sun came up, we rolled out at 5 A. M. We were considerably cheered when we found that Henry Larsen and Bill Walker had been up since 3 A. M. preparing hot doughnuts for the crew.

When we started down the canyon carrying axes, shovels, saws and all sorts of tools, which on top we thought that the canyon looked deep and after we started we knew it was. The actual depth was later found to be 4169 feet.

On the way down we crossed back and forth, up and down, putting out small fires, getting closer and closer to the larger one.

At last we reached it and our real work commenced. Tall snags were blazing all around, some at the roots, some higher up the tree. Once in a while one of these would fall, crashing down the canyon like a bolt of thunder, causing us to look apprehensively at those near us.

At the end of 14 hours of shoveling, sawing and chopping we were thoroughly fagged out and we started the long climb to the top. Some said the wall was about 140 per cent grade. We finally arrived back at camp, weary and footsore and bruised shins and other numerous cuts put a damper upon all hilarity. The worst sufferer of all was Lyle Bain, who had lost his gold watch.

After supper we went to Lookout point to get a view of the surrounding country. This point is 4169 feet above Cascade Locks and commands a view of some of Oregon's most beautiful scenery. Both sides of the valley the blue of the Columbia, paralleled by railroad track, and the highway looked like a mere ribbon in the distance.

There the boats and trains tantalized us with their whistles and automobiles ran along the road seemingly unconcerned that a crowd of homesick firefighters was on the ridge above. With difficulty we drew our eyes from these reminders of civilization and focused them upon the blazing snags and underbrush, which reminded us of our work yet to be done.

Fire at Last Checked. Monday morning we rose again, but this time we were much happier, for this time we were to leave on the morrow and spread rapidly. The fire was to be under control and we were to take a final glance at the smoking snags before our departure.

Ray Murray, a woodsman of vast experience, and Lyle Bain were sent over the ridge to make a report on the fire near the creek. Bain went down in hopes of finding his watch, but later developments made him abandon this desire.

Part of the crew under Henry Larsen was sent to cut the fire path through to the Red bluff. The task was completed about 11 o'clock and, armed with shovels, axes and mattocks, we started back to camp, but our journey was short.

An east wind had sprung up during the morning and the fire had been fanned to a veritable inferno. With a roar the blaze went over Lookout Point and around the camp. The crew we had been sent off from, under the able guidance of Carl Neal and Glen MacIntyre, succeeded in saving almost everything in the camp. Some articles of Floyd Hess' pack equipment were lost and a few cooking utensils.

The other crew, finding it impossible to remain at the lake for Clyde Hon's ranger station to await orders.

Down the dizzy heights we went and through underbrush, over rock slides, by creeks, at a breakneck pace.

Upon our arrival at Hon's camp we were royally dined through the kindness of Mrs. Hon.

Henry Larsen, who was in charge of the party, at once made preparations for our return to Benson plateau. About 2 o'clock we started back, fully equipped, expecting to join the right at the four-mile camp. Just beyond the three-mile post we met the pack train and Elton Phelps told us the fire was so fierce that further progress would be impossible.

We retraced our steps and about half way back saw a beautiful fall. Here we had our first time in our new vests of ourselves of our clothes and enjoyed a real bath. Previous to this time we had gone three days without washing our faces and hands.

About 5 o'clock we arrived in Cascade Locks and after much difficulty were able to get a meal. The ice cream parlors were then invaded and about 10 we retired in our suite of rooms above the lower pool hall.

After waiting for supplies we started out over the same trail we had started on the afternoon before.

We had lunch at the four-mile camp and walked the other 1 1/2 miles to Benson plateau, arriving just in time for supper. Camp had been moved back to Williams creek, near an old Indian camp. Here we found one of the old Indian legendary swam oaths near a creek. A frame of limbs of a tree had been made in a semi-circular shape. Blankets would be placed over this frame and hot rocks placed inside with water poured over would give forth a steam, causing anyone inside to perspire freely. When a certain temperature had been reached the sick Indian would dive into a deep place in the creek. The usual result would be a better Indian, that is, a dead one.

On Wednesday we again went down over the hill, armed with our shovels, axes and mattocks, and the fire seemed to be fairly well under control. Re-forestation reached camp on Thursday and the work consisted in patrolling the fire line.

On Friday rumors of returning home or rather to the lake were again reported. The boys worked like men possessed that day and by noon the fire was almost extinct. Small fires smoldering in the snags received our attention from then on and that night the fire was so nearly out that the new crew felt capable of patrolling it from then on. Mr. Neal and Glen MacIntyre,

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after a consultation, decided we would be able to start for the lake in the morning.

Honolulu to Get Building. HONOLULU, T. H., July 19.—(Special.)—Ground will be broken before the end of the year as commencement of operations to erect a federal building in Honolulu. This is the statement of Malcolm A. Franklin, collector of Washington, D. C. The building will cost \$1,750,000 instead of \$1,250,000 originally estimated. This is an account of the rise in the cost of building materials.

28,000 BALES IN HOP CROP Yakima Valley Harvest Estimated as Worth Near \$3,000,000. YAKIMA, Wash., Aug. 2.—(Special.)—Twenty-eight thousand bales of hops will be produced in the Yakima valley this season, according to the estimate of Richard Strobach, secretary of the Yakima Hop Growers' association. This quantity of hops would be worth about \$3,000,000 at the present market quotations; but growers will not receive so much by far, as most of them contracted their product at 18 to 24 cents. Later contracts, however, have been made at prices ranging from 25 to 34 cents.

Superfluous Hair DeMiracle DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, operates on an entirely different principle from any other method. It robs hair of its vitality by attacking it under the skin. Informants reached camp on Thursday and the work consisted in patrolling the fire line.

THE HAZELWOOD Sunday Dinner This week is an especially delicious one. It offers you an abundance of the season's delicacies most excellently prepared and daintily served.

MENU Cream of Chicken Soup Pickles Radishes Celery

Roast Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce Stewed Chicken with Noodles Roast Veal with Dressing Roast Sirloin of Beef au Jus Roast Spring Chicken with Giblet Sauce

Mashed or Baked Potatoes Stringless Beans Stewed Summer Squash Buttered Beets New Peas

Shrimp Salad Combination Salad Fruit Salad

Ice Cream, Pie, Pudding or French Pastry Salted Nuts Tea Coffee Milk

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For the first time in a hundred years a genuinely effective method of removing unsightly hair growths has been discovered. The new phenolins process does not merely take off the hair-ends; it actually removes the roots! It does this quickly and painlessly. It does not act anything like the depilatory, electrical, or other methods. Phenolins is non-odorous, non-poisonous, non-irritating. Get a stick of it from your druggist, follow the simple instructions, and have the satisfaction of seeing the roots themselves removed at last—Adv.

Advertisement for Enke's City Dye Works, featuring a menu for a Sunday dinner and a product advertisement for Superfluous Hair DeMiracle. The menu includes items like Cream of Chicken Soup, Roast Spring Lamb, and Stewed Chicken with Noodles. The DeMiracle advertisement describes a method for removing hair roots.