



Over Mount Hood's Unbeaten Trails

◆ ◆ View From Elk Meadows, East of Cloud Cap Inn ◆ ◆



Photo by H. W. Lyman

BY H. W. LYMAN.

OLD Dobbin may be considered a back number for the city streets and the paved country thoroughfares, but if anyone thinks that the old fellow is down and out for good, let him make the trip to the north side of Mount Hood, to Mount Hood Lodge or Cloud Cap Inn, and then let him drive his automobile on as far towards the mountain as is possible, to the very end of the road, where the double track of the wheels merges into the single mountain trail. There let him leave his motor car and transfer to the back of a mountain pony and with this new means of transport push on up the trail to mountain fastnesses of a hitherto undreamed beauty.

The motor car every day is proving itself one of the most useful and necessary agents of transportation, but old Dobbin is still the faithful friend of man despite the progress of his rival and he is ready to prove his usefulness on any of the hundreds of miles of mountain trails leading from the ends of Oregon's mountain roads into some of the most splendid of the state's vast playgrounds.

But every mountain trip nowadays has its prelude by automobile and this is the excuse for bringing in the mountain pony, now but a feeble rival to the automobile, as the hero of our tale. The prelude was the easy run from Portland by automobile to Mount Hood Lodge, south of Hood River, the great play itself was one of the finest one-day horseback rides it is possible to take in America, to Elk Meadows and thence across a mountain glacier up the great backbone of Mount Hood to within 2700 feet of the summit, and the heroes of the drama were Patsy, Maxine, Blue

and Buck, the four sure-footed and willing little mountain ponies belonging to Homer A. Rogers, host at Mount Hood Lodge and Cloud Cap Inn.

Motor Trip is Prelude.

Put to begin at the beginning. It was Friday noon when we clambered into the motor car, stepped on the starter and began the drive to Hood River and on to Mount Hood Lodge, to be the week-end guests of Homer A. Rogers, for what he characterizes (and we second the motion) the finest one-day horseback trip in the northwest. Roads were in excellent shape all the way, paved or coarse to Hood River, and thence to Mount Hood Lodge, gravelled or well graded most of the distance, and it was just supper time when we shut off the gas and clamped on the brake in front of Mr. Rogers' artistic and homelike hostelry at the base of Oregon's mountain. After a splendid dinner, eaten in the lodge's glassed-in dining room while the setting sun was casting its red rays on Mount Adams, Mount Rainier and Mount St. Helena, all visible to the north, we were ready for a good night's rest, in anticipation of an early start on our horseback trip.

Getting up with the dawn in the mountains does not seem so hard, somehow, as springing out with the alarm clock in anticipation of a day's work in Portland, and we were up with the sun next morning and were able to watch that old fellow come from behind the eastern range of hills and shoot his first long slanting rays along the snow fields of the mountain. The dew was on the leaves of the mountain berry bushes and that tingle of mountain chill that carries a vacation in itself was in the morning air.

Sizzling bacon and hot cakes and

all the other "fixings" that go with the mountain breakfast were consumed and we were ready to be introduced to the heroes of the occasion—Patsy, Maxine, Blue and Buck—who were brought around from the stable, all saddled and bridled by Mr. Rogers' extremely efficient and energetic little "horsewoman" daughter, Sally Ann. Luncheon was placed in the saddlebags, a farewell was sung out to Sally Ann and Mount Hood Lodge in general and we were off for the top of the world, with Mr. Rogers as our guide.

The route led southward for a couple of three miles down the mountain road to a point where the main trail branches off to the right and crosses the barrier of Sand Creek canyon. We zigzagged down the steep slope and up the other side into Fall Creek canyon, obtaining a splendid view of the beautiful Tamahawis falls of Fall creek, and thence followed the trail up the densely wooded Fall Creek canyon, where only occasional shafts of light and glimpses of blue among the tree tops told us that the sun was shining.

Loop Road Under Way.

These streams flow northwesterly and are tributary to the east fork of the Hood River, whose deep canyon lay to the east of us. It is up this canyon that the new Mount Hood loop road is going, and as we made our way on horseback we could hear occasional heavy detonations—the blasting for the new road, six miles of which, at the Hood River end, within the Oregon national forest, is now in process of construction.

After several miles along the side of the fringed canyon, constantly climbing, we emerged at the edge of Elk meadows, one of the most beautiful mountain meadows in Oregon,

Mount Hood burst upon us high in the sky at our right, while at the left and ahead was the meadow, many acres of bright lush grass, here and there dotted with flowers, and with streams meandering to right and left, as if doubtful where to flow.

Elk meadows is one of the little-known beauty spots of Oregon. It is doubtful if any more striking view of Mount Hood than that obtained from this point is possible to procure. From the east side the mountain presents a symmetry and artistry surpassing even that from the west or Portland side. The view of the great peak, all glistening with snow, with the meadow with its bright green grass, its lazy meadow streams and its occasional stately pines and firs as a foreground, is one long to be remembered.

Skyline Trail Used.

But our time here was all too short. We drank in the scene for a few short moments, while Patsy and Maxine and Buck and Blue ate vigorously of the mountain grass, and then were on our way. From Elk meadows the main trail leads southward down to the east fork of Hood River, which wheels in a great semi-circle at this point, and we made a brief side trip to the edge of the canyon to obtain a view of the summit of the Cascades from this point. Rides upon ridges of mountains were visible, while rising high above their brethren were the snow-capped Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters. The trail which we had traversed thus far is the "Skyline" trail of the Cascades and if we could but follow it on it would take us down the backbone of Oregon clear to Crater Lake. Some day an automobile road will replace the present trail and another of Oregon's

great scenic playgrounds will be open to the motorist.

From Elk meadows our projected route was westward up the side of the mountain to Rogers' butte, thence across the ridge to Newton Clark glacier, up and across that great mass of ice and snow to the tip of Cooper's spur, and thence down the north side of Cooper's spur to Cloud Cap Inn. For the benefit of those not familiar with Oregon's mountain it may be said that Cooper's spur is that great mass of rock and ice at the east side of the mountain. Cloud Cap Inn is located at the base of Cooper's spur and climbers making the ascent of the mountain from the north side climb to the top of the spur and from here push on to the summit. Cooper's spur itself rises to an altitude of 8500 feet, or within 2700 feet of the top of the mountain.

There is no trail over the route we were to follow, but Rogers, who first took a horse over this route several years ago and deserves the credit for opening up this scenic section of the mountain to horsemen, was familiar with every step of the way and guided us without a moment of hesitancy. After a strenuous climb we reached the summit of Rogers butte, named after Mr. Rogers, the discoverer of this rugged promontory, where we stopped for luncheon.

Great View From Rogers Butte.

This butte, which rises to an altitude of 8100 feet, affords one of the grandest and most awe-inspiring of all the views of the mountain, according to mountaineers who are familiar with all sides of the peak. One looks down over the cliff a sheer 2000 feet to the milky waters of the east fork of the Hood River, and then up 5000 feet across the Newton Clark glacier to the summit of the mountain. The

east fork has its source in this mass of ice and the streams which feed the river can be seen trickling down the face of the glacier.

But still greater things were ahead of us and we mounted the ponies for the long climb to the summit of the spur. Although it looked but a stone's throw across the glacier, we climbed for an hour across the crunching snow, sometimes riding and sometimes leading our horses, and finally reached the solid rock of Cooper's spur.

A climax of beauty is here reached on the trip which even the most experienced artist might well hesitate to paint. The steady climb across the glacier to Cooper's spur is marred with that promontory to the northward and obstructing the vision in that direction. As the last steps up the spur are taken the magnificent view to the northward is unfolded. All Washington and northern Oregon seems spread before you. Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens are the dominant figures of the landscape, while between them and farther in the distance is Mount Rainier. Eastward are the wheat fields of eastern Oregon and eastern Washington, while westward are timbered ridges "where rolls the Oregon."

To the southward the view is of equal grandeur, with the central Oregon highlands to the left, the Willamette valley to the right and the main Cascade range in the center. Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters stand high above the surrounding country and on a clear day Mount Washington is also visible. In fact when weather conditions are right eight snow-capped peaks, in addition to Mount Hood itself, can be plain seen from this point.

And now comes the descent down the steep edge of Cooper's spur to

Cloud Cap Inn. The horses pick their way with caution and step frequently, as their hoofs send showers of shingle down the mountain side. A moraine of Elliot glacier, which lies to the northwest of Cooper's spur, is crossed and the mountain trail to Cloud Cap Inn is reached. It is but a short distance farther down the mountain side to this splendid "mile high" hostelry and thence a distance of half a dozen miles down a beautiful mountain road to Mount Hood Lodge. All too soon the distance is covered. We are back to our starting point; Patsy and Maxine and Blue and Buck are led away to the barn to well-filled mangers of hay; the sun is painting the rosy evening hues on the mountain; already Cooper's spur is in the shadow; our day is done.

Such is but one of the many magnificent scenic trips which the Oregon Cascades have to offer the summer traveler. The automobile and the mountain pony but await the gesture to carry you to some point in the nation's greatest undeveloped playground.

RADIO TO TRAIL STOLEN CARS

Descriptions of Automobiles Will Be Sent by Wireless.

HELENA, Mont., Aug. 20.—A home wireless telegraph system is to aid the state of Washington in the recovery of stolen automobiles through arrangements made by Kemp Roberts, a Helena boy, and Secretary of State Hinkle of Washington. It is announced here.

Young Roberts is the owner of an up-to-date wireless plant here and possesses a government amateur operator's license. Mr. Hinkle has inaugurated the plan in his state to

aid the officials in the location of stolen automobiles without expense to the state by sending through the amateur wireless stations a complete description of the missing cars. The operators of the station immediately notify the police, giving them the description furnished. Mr. Hinkle said hundreds of stolen cars have been recovered in this way.

ALASKA ROADS PLANNED

Yukon Territory to Be Connected by Highway System.

DAWSON, Y. T., Aug. 20.—Plans for highway work in this section of the sub-Arctic call for the joining of Alaska and the Yukon territory by a road, for the first time, and eventually for a system of roads which will lead from Valdez on the southwestern coast of Alaska, overland to Dawson.

The road between Alaska and the Yukon will extend from Eagle, Alaska, across the international boundary to Forty Mile, and then on to Dawson. On the American side work will begin next year. Later the road will connect in Alaska with the Richardson highway, which runs across the mountains from Valdez to Fairbanks.

Police Chief Arrests Own Son.

BIG TIMBER, Mont., Aug. 20.—Chief of Police Mielde recently had his own son arrested and fined for speeding here. The lad indulged in a race with E. A. Bolber on the road. The chief was riding in his son's car and immediately arrested both of them and escorted them to court, where they were fined \$5 each for infraction of the speed laws.