



Pack Train Nearing Mt. Jefferson

Noted Author Views Wonders of His Own Land

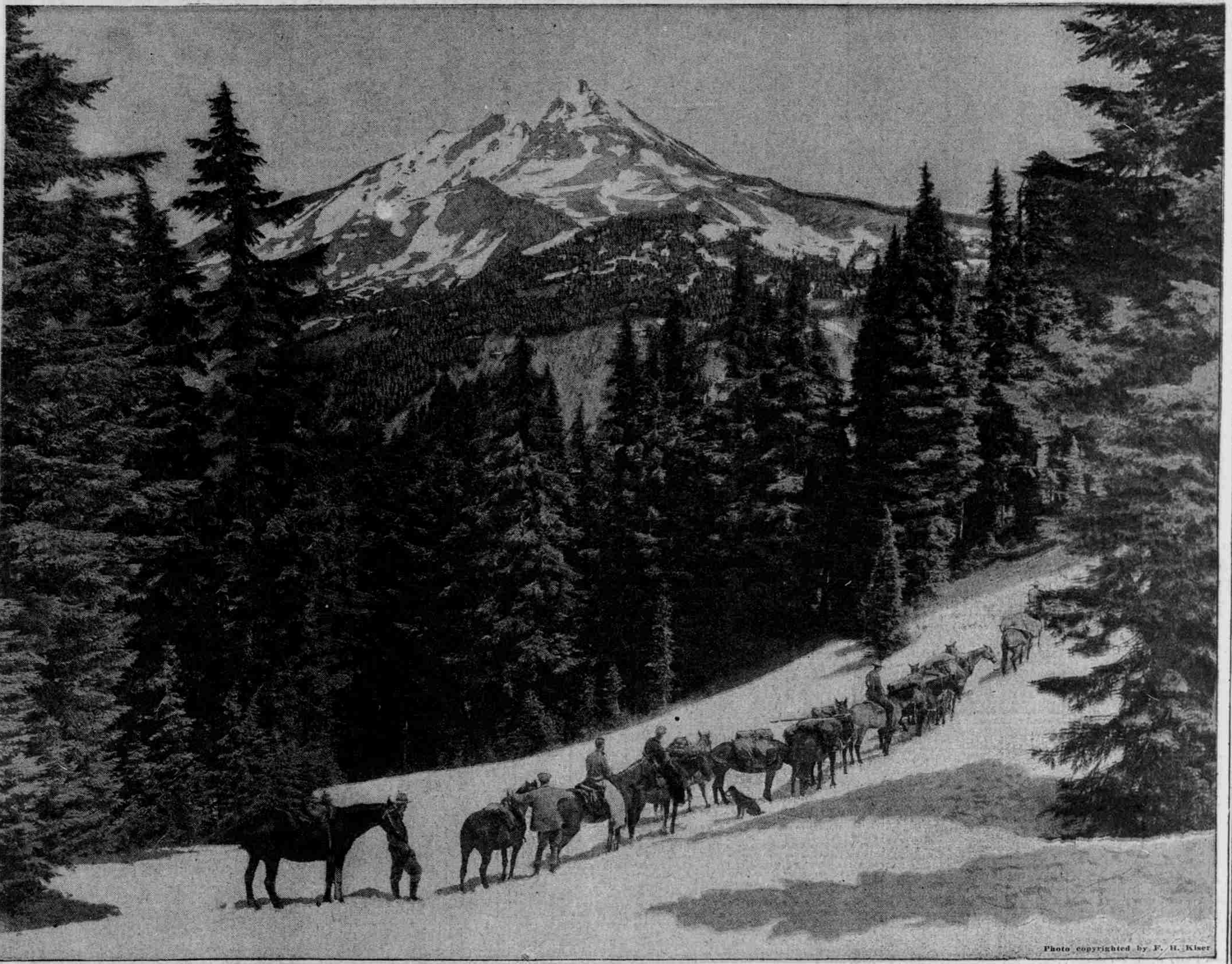


Photo copyrighted by F. H. Kiser

BY DEWITT HARRY.

THE printed word spreads fame these days to an extent never before realized. Noted American authors each have their following who search out the monthly publications for the latest stories and the publishers' lists also are watched for new books. The Pacific coast has produced its share of great writers, but many of them have their homes and do their writing in the east. It is to these men that Oregon should be introduced, and they are gradually coming to know this state and the north Pacific. Just this past season we have been honored by having several of these men and women of national reputation taking their initial trips through our mountains. Soon the rest of America will know, from their pens, what they saw here.

Irvin Cobb visited the lava fields of eastern Oregon, having a noted hunter and guide for his companion. Mury Roberts Rinehart spent several weeks in the state. Stewart Edward White was another who absorbed great quantities of atmosphere. Walter Prichard Eaton came to Oregon as the guest of Fred Kiser and sat on the backbone of the continent as he counted the vertebrae. All these and many more have come, seen and been conquered, the majority of them for their first visit, and they have gone home to tell their followers of their impressions, vowing that they will return, for their appetites have been whetted by the first course and they would dine further on scenery and experiences of Oregon flavor.

Treasure of Material Found.

To the square mile this vast state offers these people who are skilled in putting their impressions on paper more than any other section of the country. They are united on this point and determined to return for more material. Their spreading of the story of Oregon to their millions of readers will do more for the state than any

amount of publicity that has been obtained in the past. Then this handful of writers who have come, though they are among the foremost pen names in the country, by no means comprise the entire guild. Their visits will undoubtedly lead to others. The boosters for the state, the lovers of her mountains and scenery who were responsible for their coming, take front rank among those who have the interest of the state at heart. It serves to emphasize the fact that Oregon is just on the verge of the greatest invasion in the history of any section of the globe.

Tourists came to European countries and famed cities as the reputation of these places spread by the written word. They were used as the setting for descriptive pieces, for romances, and for stirring tales of adventure. It was an easy task to allow the imagination to run riot in a place well known to the rest of the world. The many visitors relished this, the readers who had been there could recall the locations and get themselves into the atmosphere. It was advertising of the greatest pulling force, for all manner of peoples, nearly any one who could read, resolved to go there in search of some similar experience. The descriptive tales aroused the feeling that one must see for himself what the place was like. Few of us have failed to experience this longing to see the Alps, the Canadian Rockies, Alaska, the castles on the Rhine, the shores of the Mediterranean, the flocks of Norway, the windmills of Holland, and now the rest of the world is beginning to long for a sight of the majestic mountains, the romance and adventure of life in the Oregon country and its broad rivers and fertile valleys. It will be the mission of the great writers to arouse this feeling until it is an insatiable ache that can only be assuaged by a personal visit on the part of their readers. It does not seem too far-

fetched to see this day coming in the near distance.

Seed of Desire Sown.

Four years ago Fred Kiser, one of the most intimate friends of scenic Oregon, went to Glacier National park on a mission for Louis W. Hill, who is known as the father of that country of natural miracles. Hill at this time sent his private car to Massachusetts for Walter Prichard Eaton, who ranks as one of the greatest descriptive writers. Kiser's role was as guide and searcher out of the natural advantages of the park for the writer, a task in which the Oregon expert is admitted to have few if any equals. It was the occasion of the forming of a close friendship, and Kiser improved every opportunity of impressing on Eaton the fact that his life would be wasted if he did not visit Oregon. Indeed Kiser is said to have painted such a set of glowing pictures of what this state had to offer that he nearly frightened the easterner away.

It was just a continual repetition of the phrase, "you ain't seen nothin' yet," in the many Kiser letters since that date until Eaton decided to come to Oregon this spring. That Kiser is some little writer himself is apparent when we face the fact that his descriptive letters managed to draw Eaton several thousand miles west. Eaton came this spring, saw and experienced, and fell under the spell of now one of the slaves of Oregon, vowing that he will come again and again, that he will write his best under the sway of what he saw and can tell, but admits that even his facile pen will have much to do to do the state justice. He went into the Cascades and saw the strong backbone that runs the length of the continent, trapped for himself through the countless wonders, had his first experience at conquering a snow peak, sat on top of America several miles in the air and went home filled with the romance of it and pledged to do his best to send others out to

see what he had. It is just this element that seems to promise so much for Oregon's future, most of the visitors go away determined to come again, and their stories are so impregnated with their realization of the wonders that they saw as to serve to send their friends out here. It is an endless chain with innumerable and growing links.

Scores of Stories Found.

The Kiser-Eaton expedition was not the result of the activity of any of the publicity organizations of the state, but due to Fred Kiser alone. As the direct result of this trip Eaton writes to friends that he now has ten articles on Oregon in preparation as well as one of his famed Boy Scout books. He has also made arrangements to screen several of his adventures. The stories are to appear in Country Life, American, Scribner's, Harper's, My Garden, the New York Times and other national publications. His book will likely be similar to the others of the same type that he has written, a story woven about the adventures of a party of Boy Scouts who visit the same country and have many adventures. These books are unique in that fully as many grownups as children delight in them. Of the Kiser-Eaton trip to Glacier park, Eaton wrote one of these books that enjoyed a record sale. He says that he expects his Oregon book to prove even more popular.

The Kiser-Eaton party got under way early in July and were among the first to visit Crater lake this season. They got there when the snow was yet on the ground, four and five feet deep right on the rim of the crater. Here Eaton witnessed one of the unique sights of his trip, hundreds of Californians getting cooled off. The visitors from the south were having the time of their lives. The forest service crews worked with dynamite blasting the snow from the roads and the cars followed as closely

as they could. The Bear stators made camp each night near the fields of white comfort and luxuriated in it, placing their tents where they could reach out from under flaps and gather handfuls of snow. Here Kiser put a lifeline out from the crater's edge over the snow and took Eaton on the bosom of this most unique lake visiting the phantom ship and other islands. At this time the country where the snow had melted was ablaze with color, fields of white snow alternating with fields of wild flowers, the glowing blossoms clinging to the solid rock of the crater in a way not duplicated elsewhere. Eaton then felt the first surge of that spirit that must permeate his writings of Oregon, for he told his companions, with bated breath, that it was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen, and he is a man who has traveled much and given to a keen analysis of his feelings.

Author Meets Perpetual Snow.

This trip comprised 1500 miles by automobile, with many long journeys by pack train. They took 17 horses at Three Sisters and went in to explore the country about Mount Jefferson, Marion lake and Minto mountain. One of their first camps was on the crest of Minto mountain, and here the eastern Oregon wild flower garden was at its prime—a sight that must be seen to be appreciated. On the rim of Hunt's cove they began to experience their first real snow field difficulties, altogether a novelty for Eaton. It took them four and a half hours to get down into the cove to a small campground on a bench that was clear enough to give their horses some feed. Here they made their headquarters for the climb up Mount Jefferson, a peak 10,523 feet high. It was Eaton's first snowpeak, and a real one, for it is a hard climb, outside of Mount Baker ranking as one of the most difficult to conquer, and being even harder than Mount Rainier. The picture shown on this

page is of the Kiser-Eaton pack train nearing their headquarters for the climb.

They started their climb at 3 A. M. and reached camp on their return at 9 P. M. Eaton afterwards admitted that it was the grand experience of his life. They worked around a new route, one that Kiser had charted out, leading over rock slides with much evidence of recent avalanches on the transverse. From the time they hit the snow line to the crest it was a continual series of ice steps, Kiser acting as guide. On the descent they couldn't slide at any point, had to retrace their steps one by one, and it took over four hours to come back. The great glacial moraines had left huge piles of debris high on the mountain side which had to be surmounted, and at some points the united rock and ice slopes were fully 55 and 60 per cent grades. Looking back in the afternoon light it had the appearance to the climbers of an overhang, and it seemed nearly impossible that men could have been where they had. It would have hardly seemed possible if they could not have recognized certain landmarks in proof.

Appetites Whetted for More.

This climb alone did more to arouse the latent enthusiasm in the author than any other experience they had on the trip. Remember it was his first snow peak, you mountaineers, and his first initiation had been carefully planned with all manner of little hors d'oeuvres until his appetite had been whetted for the principal dish. Now he vows that he will come again, and again for more feasts of the same nature, and he has to come to Oregon, for he can be satisfied no place else. He will tell his friends and readers and they, too, will begin to suffer from an aroused appetite until they must come and get a sample. The universal tale from that on has been that none ever grow

satiated. They got out and see what they have been told exists, some of them in a skeptical mood, and after the proving do not need coaxing to return. It is of their own accord. With Eaton and most of the rest of the writers who fell into the proper hands there is a further urge in the wealth of material they found, for this is their stock in trade. They comb the world for inspiration, and when they find it rife in Oregon it is the place to which they will return.

Innoculation with the Oregon spirit produces a virulent surge of determination to see the whole thing, and then there is generally so much of it that they come for doses after doses and finally stay. This Oregon spirit is just beginning to enter on new phases of more than ordinary interest. It used to be that Oregonians, in common with residents of other sections of the country but sparsely endowed with scenery, planned to go away for vacation and sightseeing trips. The result was that, at a great expense, they viewed natural wonders that could hardly be classed, in many instances, with those so near to their homes. Of recent years the realization of this fact is coming home to Oregonians, and they are seeing their own state, and thus is being born the new Oregon spirit. At that it is too dormant, but being aroused. There is nothing destined to awaken appreciation better than having people from far away pay fulsome tribute to what they see. It acts as a great eye-opener to the person who has his home in the center of natural wonders having enough virtue to act as a magnet for the peoples of the globe. Others appreciate it, why shouldn't we?

Boulevard in Skies Shaping.

Now the state is beginning to develop her scenic appeal. In the region where Kiser took Eaton there exist natural beauties past the pos-

(Continued on Page 2.)