

ALONE IN WILDS OF OLYMPICS ON SIXTEEN-DAY HIKE

Miss Henrietta McKaughan of
Journal Staff Relates Story of
Journey Through Wilderness.

(Continued From Page One)

store as I climbed the hill with my heavy pack, and announced that I was to ride on the "speeder" to the Kuy Smith lumber camp and thus avoid nearly 10 miles of hike that was not particularly attractive. We loaded up with groceries and with four or five lumbermen rolled over the logging road between hillsides of ripened blackberries. At the Kuy Smith camp I was advised that a beautiful camping place was situated about a mile and a half farther on. To this I hiked and in a grassy spot at the foot of picturesque hills made my first camp. In the early twilight I was visited by Forest Ranger Joseph W. Fulton of Quilcene, his wife and children; Frank Vincent, the trail foreman, and Charles Clifford, one of the forest service trail workers.

WEALTH OF ADVICE

The forest service men were rich in information. They cheerfully told me how bad I would find it ahead, how the trail was not marked and was very confusing; how nobody had been over Hayden pass yet this year, how deep was the snow and how soft was the shale on the steep mountainside. The trail foreman smilingly told me how difficult it would be to follow the trail through Dosewallips meadows; how there were no tracks whatever, but only stakes, and that most of these stakes had fallen down. He suggested that I turn to the right and then to the left in a general direction and turn again to the right at the right time or else if I didn't I would go on over into the Silt country, where there were no trails whatsoever. Having enlightened me thus far and finding me still intending to go on, they told me to be at the trail camp two miles ahead early the next morning and two of the boys who were going over the trail to get it in shape for the Mountaineers, would help me with my pack.

AT DOSEWALLIPS MEADOWS

I awoke at daylight and at 6 o'clock was at the trail camp, but nobody was up but the cook, F. A. Thompson, who regaled me with camp gossip as he stirred up the flapjacks, fired the stove and cooked for the hungry trail gang. I breakfasted at the camp and then started for Jump Off ranger station, relieved of my pack which Jack Gordon and Phil Murphy insisted upon loading on their gray pack horse. Then for three days I was relieved of my own packing. I fished at Jump Off. I hiked all the next day to reach Dosewallips Meadows, where I found my two forest service companions waiting for me at the end of the day at the ranger station with a glorious hot supper.

The miles in the Olympics are about twice as long as anywhere else. The reason for this is that miles are measured on the level, while Olympic trails are all of the corkscrew order. Thus it takes about 10,000 linear feet to make a mile. Dosewallips Meadows was a paradise of wild flowers and mountain streams, surrounded by snow capped mountains. Through it I started in the morning up over the divide, but finding the stakes were fewer in number than even the trail foreman had advised me, I waited and allowed the trail openers to go ahead and pave the way. We wound our way up over the divide and watched the horse and held the guns while the forest service men with shovels scooped out a path over the soft shale on the steep mountain side. There it was that clouds gathering early in the morning arose and settled in a heavy drizzle that soon took the form of well drizzling rain. It rained as we climbed over the divide and witnessed the panorama of the vast and jagged system of Olympic peaks by storm clouds with rumbling thunder in the distance and flashes of twisted lightning darting from peak to peak. In the drenching rain we descended on the west side. There was no place to camp. Around steep mountain sides, on steep mountain slopes, we worked our way through the wet grass and bushes while curious eyes stared at us through openings in the foliage. The rain neither slowed us nor ceased, and finally we descended and made camp on a steep mountain side. We made a fire and dried. The rain finally stopped. That night the horse became frightened at a bear or cougar, broke his tether and made for home, necessitating a return trip by the trail workers. I shouldered my pack and turned to the left.

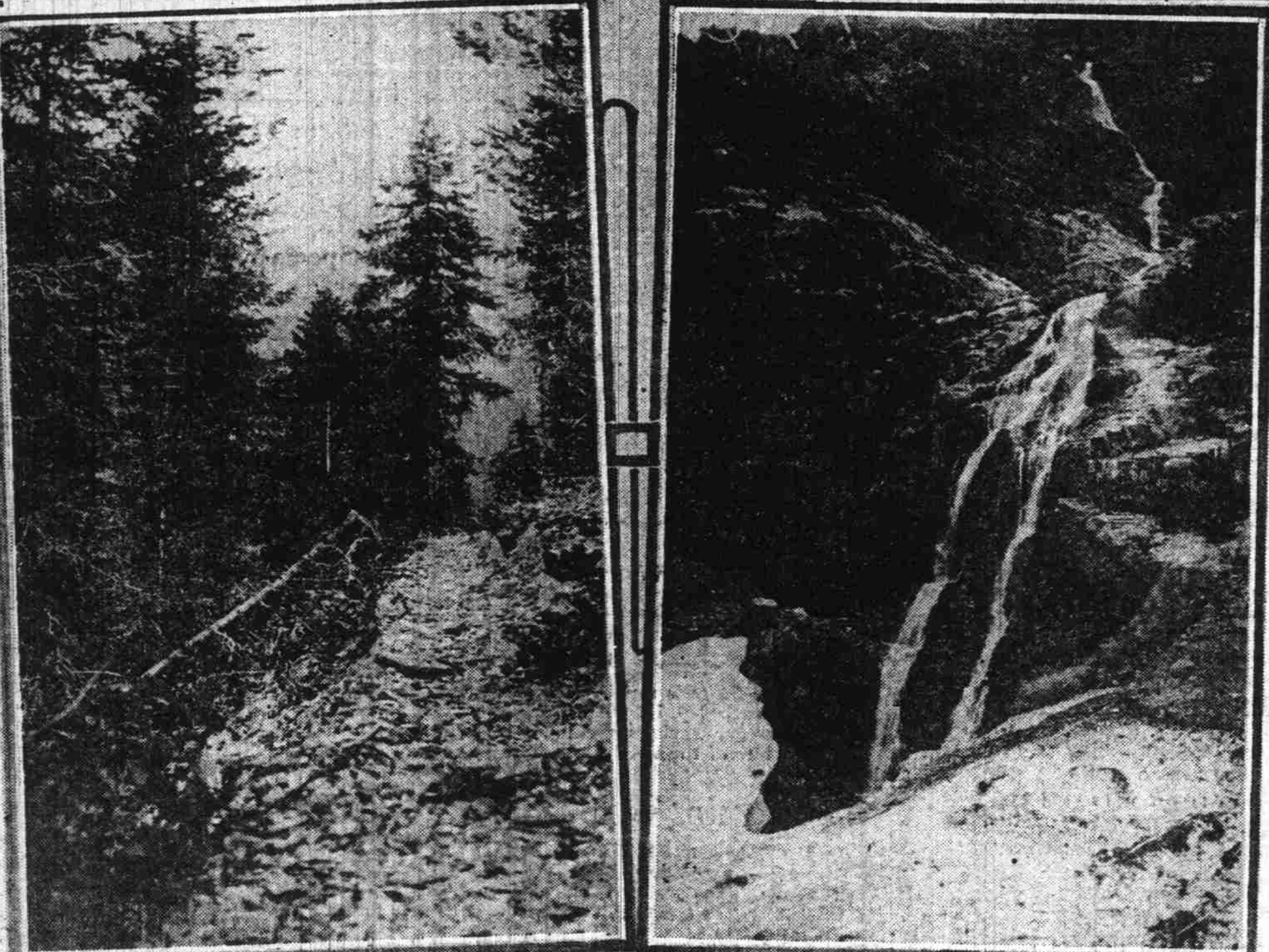
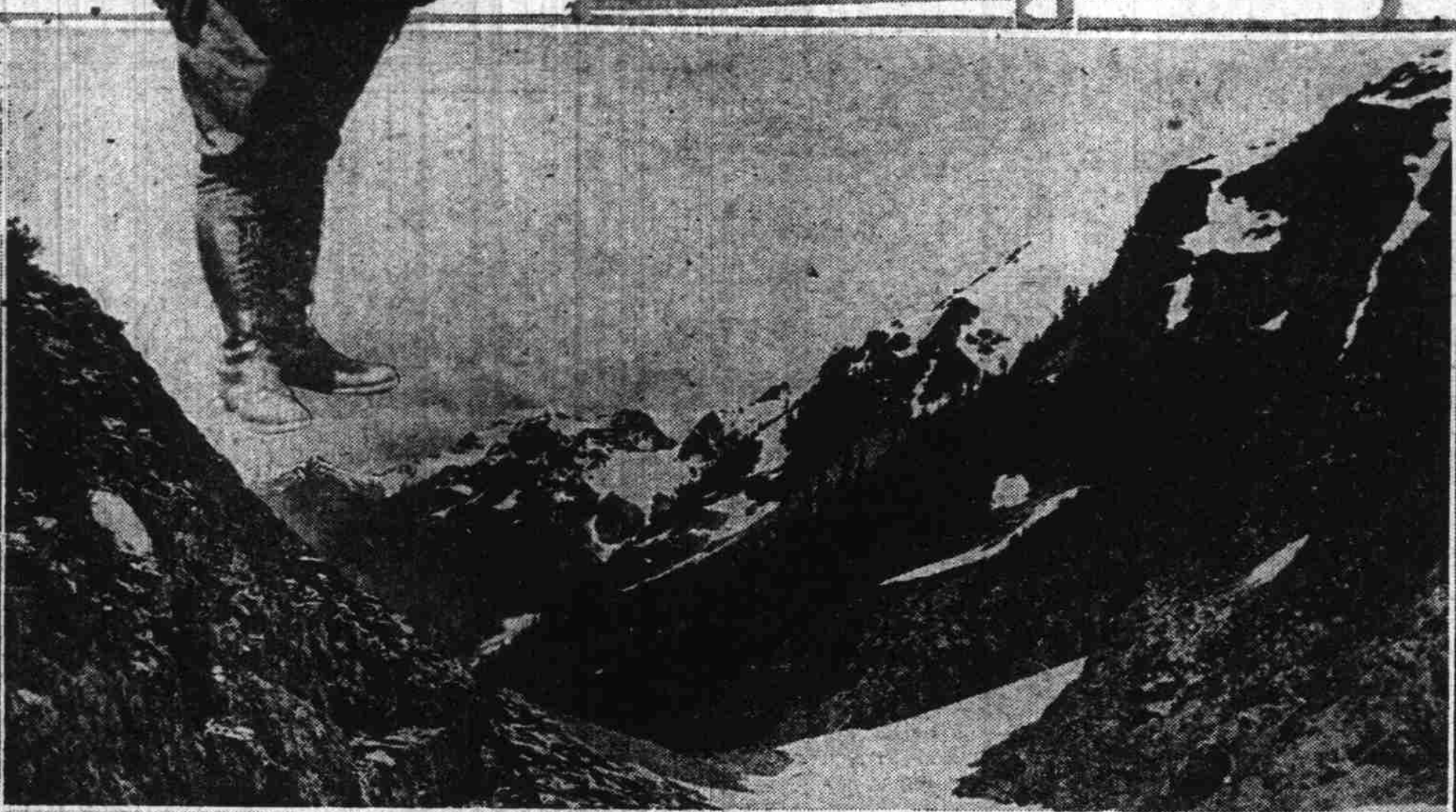
ALONE IN THE WILDS

All day long I wound westward and downward, hitting the Elwha river early in the evening. There were no trail signs and I had gone several hundred yards on the Elwha trail to the north before I discovered my error, and backtracked. The bank of the Hayes river was my camping place that night, and there David Hume and Chris Morgan both passed me on their return homeward from the Elwha basin. The following day I followed the Elwha river over a dim trail, leading up and down extremely steep grades. About noon I saw my first elk, and in my eagerness to take their pictures I lost the trail and found myself following a trail that ended in a mudhole, from which many similar elk trails radiated. Then I discovered several strange things. First, my compass indicated that south was north. A few minutes later, after a little exploring trip, I discovered directions had shifted, and what was north was now south. Then I discovered a little stream flowing east that joined another stream flowing north, entirely contrary to the rules of geography and hydrography. I sat down and ate some sweet chocolate, while I pondered upon the peculiarity of the situation.

THEM IS FORBIDDEN

I then decided to follow the little stream, knowing it must eventually flow into the Elwha. Within a few minutes I had hit my trail again. Crackerbillation with its little lean-to shelter invited me to rest. Fog clouds were drifting down over the mountains and I waited for an hour to see if it would clear. Then I shouldered my pack and went on a few more miles, camping in a bunch of alders on the river bank where the trail crossed. There were no signs upon which to cross. I walked upstream and downstream but there was only the water. In the morning the water was still there, flowing as strong as ever, so I shouldered my pack, grabbed a huge pole and forded the

ON THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA



Above—Miss Henrietta McKaughan of The Journal staff, who made a 16-day hike alone through the Olympic national forest. Center—Panoramic view of the Olympic range from Dodwell-Rixon pass. Below, left to right—Trail of Dosewallips river; waterfall seen from Dodwell-Rixon pass. Map shows route followed.

stream, though the water came far above my knees. I dripped up the opposite bank, removed my shoes, poured several cups of water from each, wrung out my socks, redressed, and struck the trail. To my consternation it followed the shore a short way and then returned to the opposite side of the river. Had I waded the river for nothing? It seemed so. I found a log this time upon which I crossed, and crossed again a few hundred feet upstream.

All afternoon I kept doggedly on the trail and about 4 o'clock was overtaken by A. A. Griffin, forest examiner, who was headed for Elwha basin from Lake Quinalt.

AT ELWHA BASIN

Elwha basin is one of the most wild and beautiful spots in the entire country. Completely surrounded by mountains, from whose sides roaring waterfalls, fed by milky glaciers, plunged hundreds of feet into churning torrents, only to plunge again into series after series of mountain streams below, the basin nestled, one of the gems of the Olympic region. Into this basin the sun blazed during the day but early hid behind the mountain rim in the afternoon when the chill of the snow and ice fields descended. Here the trail ends. Here the vanguards of the Olympics themselves begin, and up the pass can be obtained a front door view of Mount Olympus in all her glory. Here were stationed John Tolen and Hyman Humes, building a trail to Snowfinger for the

And though Olympus was a marvel in itself and was the center of attraction, jagged mountain peaks of slightly lesser distinction abounded on every side. It was a place of unreality—of dreams. We were inspired at the sublimity of the scene and then sighed that we must leave it behind. But the afternoon had started well on its way and we must get back to camp. So we descended with only one mishap, when Tolen attempted to slide over a snowfield, struck ice and slid on his head for a distance.

TO PROMISE CREEK

The following morning I started for Quinalt lake. Tolen insisted upon taking me a nice fresh "barnock" to take along. Griffin had told me the hardest part of my trip was before me and had attempted to instruct me as to how I might find my way up Promise creek without my trail, to connect up with the new trail being built along the ridge of the mountains.

Griffin did not overestimate. He told me I would have an awful hill to climb to the low divide. Even so, I did. I climbed all afternoon and was ready and eager to camp when I reached the summit, and found a beautiful grassy meadow at the headwaters of the

than the tracks of the elk to guide one down the river. I wasted time trying to follow the trail and at last gave it up. So long as I followed the course of the river, it seemed useless. So I progressed, sometimes for as long as 15 minutes on the man-made trail before I lost it, sometimes on an elk trail and sometimes on no trail whatsoever. But I reached Promise creek in the late afternoon and descended to its mouth where I knew was a camping spot.

TROUBLES BEGIN

With Promise creek came my troubles and those experiences that added the element of risk and fatality to a hitherto fairly uneventful journey. Crossing the creek I slipped on a rock and fell into the water, putting my camera out of commission for taking any more pictures. When I had dried upon the rocks I tried to climb up the bank. It was too steep. I walked along and sized up the situation. It was either climb the cliff or get wet again. I discovered a place that seemed less steep and decided by taking a diagonal course I could make it. I started, clutching to bushes and cramming my caulkers deeply into the earth wall. Panting and puffing I reached a point about 10 feet straight above the

NATURE LOVERS WELCOME NEWS OF MOUNTAIN TRAILS

C. C. Hon, Forest Ranger and
an All-Around Woodsman, in
Charge of Two Fine Trails.

Mountain hikers and nature lovers are intensely interested in the construction of a fine mountain trail from beautiful Wahnum lake, 14 miles up Eagle creek canyon, to Lost lake, a distance of 10 miles. The trail will have a 3 per cent grade and when completed will be one of the most scenic to be found in this section of the state. A second trail leading in the opposite direction from the foot of Mount Chinidere to Benson plateau, a distance of five miles, has also recently been completed.

C. C. Hon, for 12 years in the forest service, is the expert in charge of the construction of these trails. Mr. Hon resigned from the forest service a little more than a year ago, but a flattering offer from the government and the lure of the mountains proved too tempting and he has gone into it again, temporarily. Mr. Hon entered the service before the day of experts in various lines, and hence qualifies as something of an all-around woodsman. He is a keen sportsman, a good hunter, a good fire breaker, a good fighter of fires, the shooting of big game and all the other things that forest service men are called upon to do in the mountains. He is a man of many talents, and his work is not only interesting to those who are interested in the forest, but also to those who are interested in the mountains.

The construction gang, which is camped on the banks of Wahnum, includes, besides Mr. Hon, Wilbur Carl, Merle Margason and Eddie Durno, students at the University of Oregon, who are not only increasing their bank accounts but their avoirdupois, for Charles Fryse, the camp cook, is nothing short of a culinary artist. The "packed-in" food is supplemented by mountain trout with which Wahnum abounds, the star fisherman of the gang being I. E. O'Conner. Mr. O'Conner recently had sent in a fine bear hound, who has been named "Jimmie O'Conner," and a bear hunt is contemplated. Mr. Carl recently bagged a wild cat, which he is having mounted. Other members of the gang are: Frank Anderson, George Hess, J. A. Johnson, William Lange, June Collins and Johnnie Burton, the expert packer, who brings up the precipitous Herman creek trail whole cases of eggs and never breaks one.

slipped, without the least idea what would happen. My feet struck something—something slightly solid. I ground my caulkers into earth a few more and peeping from the corner of my eye saw a ledge about eight feet square with two trees hanging on its outer edge. It was a short distance off. Could I make it? I did.

I threw off my pack and lay flat upon my back upon the ledge of solid earth. I suddenly felt fear, a quality heretofore unknown. I trembled as I lay panting. This would not do. I ate some sweet chocolate and when I was a little more composed, got up to look over the situation. To my rear was a straight cliff. To my front was a straight drop to the river. To either side was apparently nothing. I went back and lay down with my head on my pack. It seemed pleasant just to lie there and feel there was something solid underneath me. I had a strange desire to stay there upon that narrow ledge forever. I tried again, and again trembling, returned to my pack and rest. The spot was becoming somewhat dear and precious to me. It seemed the only thing around that was altogether safe. But it couldn't last forever. So I tried the right and discovered some animal tracks embedded in the steep wall. I put on my pack and followed them, hugging the wall at every step. Then the tracks became sort of suspicious looking and got mixed up in a lot of tree roots straight above me and decided to try them. How I got up the cliff I never exactly knew. I only remember grabbing at roots, digging out dirt with my bare fingers so as to get a hold, making steps for my feet as I went along and slowly, foot by foot, reaching the top. There I stretched out upon the ground, exhausted.

GOING IS DIFFICULT

After resting, I discovered the blazes and followed them for some distance. Then they disappeared and it was late afternoon before I found them again. They seemed to end at the river. I camped and in the morning waded and rewarded the river. I could find no more new blazes but that was what seemed to be the main elk trail. This ran easily through open country and above I could see the patch of snow that marked the headwaters of Promise creek. I followed the trail over several slopes. It soon dissolved into several trails running parallel to each other. I followed the plainest of these. After a while I discovered I was directly over a deeply cut granite canyon into which two glacial waterfalls were dashing. A little farther I found my progress impeded by thickly meshed brush and after ploughing through this was stopped by a jagged, steep cliff. I discovered that the waterfalls that flowed into Promise creek. This stream, although good-sized, did not show on the map. I followed it up a ways, but then proved worse. It looked across Promise creek and could see only steep cliffs on the opposite side. I climbed up the side of the tributary stream, looking for a trail or something.

COLD AND HUNGRY

I climbed and waded through brush, dragging my pack behind until I was nearly exhausted. I saw the tributary stream made a sudden turn and thought I could go around it. I soon became engulfed in brush and rocks. I was very weary. I saw a bird begin to sing, and a sweet, plaintive melody. I was sleepy. I cuddled up and used my pack-sack for a pillow and was soon asleep, a sweet, steady state. I discovered that sleep seemed really with its dreams, while reality seemed unreal like a dream. I was cold and hungry. I worked my way down to the river, over the waterfall and under a big tree started a fire and cooked a meal. While I ate, I decided what to do. The snow seemed so close I figured if I could climb up high enough I could simply follow the ridge. Having eaten, I felt stronger. I shouldered my pack and commenced to climb. For two hours I climbed up a slope that grew even steeper. It came to the point where I climbed diagonally from tree to tree, pulling and climbing, working myself up by my hands and knees at times. It came to the point where I knew I had made a mistake but I was afraid to go down. I could see where to put my hands and feet in ascending, but going down was different. It came to a point

where darkness began to fall and I could find no level place to stop and spread out my sleeping bag. I finally found a spot behind an old, hollow tree trunk that was large enough to curl up on. Several small trees on either side would keep me from rolling off. Here, in the shadow of the huge rocks that marked the upper region of the mountain ridge, on a little narrow ledge I made my bed and crawled in. I never slept better and the night was all too short.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday.)

Spokane Company To Buy More Timber

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 7.—The White Pine Lumber company of Spokane has agreed to purchase a large body of timber on the Columbia river near Kettle Falls for \$40,000, from the Fidelity Lumber company. The timber estate contains 2721 acres.

Charles Stewart, meteorologist in charge of the federal weather bureau of Spokane since 1887, has announced his intention of retiring from active weather forecasting service, the retirement to become effective August 20.

Appointment of Mrs. James M. Simpson as chairman for the Fifth congressional district of the National League of Women Voters is officially announced by Miss Gertrude Watkins, field secretary of the national organization.

Stray Autos Are Tracked by Coyote Hunters; Idea New

Coyote hunters east of the mountains are pressed into various services, the latest being that of tracking down stray automobiles, according to word received by Stanley Jewett of the predatory animal department of the U. S. biological survey.

H. Stanley Coffin, one of the biggest wool growers in Washington, wrote Jewett from Yakima that a stolen car was left stranded when the gas ran out was located only after D. A. Lutgen, the new government trapper, was placed on its scent.

"Our coyote hunters have a reputation for tracking down all sorts of things," said Jewett, "but this is the latest use to which they have been put."

K. C. Smoker at Tillamook Tillamook, Aug. 7.—Tillamook council, Knights of Columbus, instituted July 4 of this year, will hold a big smoker Sunday, J. R. Murphy, Portland attorney, will deliver an address. P. J. Hanley, district deputy of the Knights of Columbus, reports that a class of candidates will soon be initiated by Tillamook council. Construction of a clubhouse in Tillamook will be started in the early fall.

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