

**EDITOR TELLS OF MT. HOOD**

(Continued from Page One.)

value of such a road in making available for the tourist another of Oregon's natural beauty spots. Such has been done at Ranier National Park and now tens of thousands of America's people are annually visiting that mountain, while Hood, which has all the natural attractions of any other snow capped mountain, besides many others, is visited by only a few hundred during the season. The newspaper men of the state pledged themselves to give active support to such an enterprise.

At 9:30 the camp fire was deserted, announcement having been made that 4 o'clock in the morning was getting-up time for the climbers, and there must be absolute quiet in camp. The quiet was maintained except for several parties arriving late in the evening, and they had to hunt about for places to spread their blankets. By the time quiet had finally settled over the camp there was a population of something over 200, some sleeping soundly on well prepared beds of fir boughs, some on the hard ground, and a few spending their first night in the open, lying awake waiting for the break of day.

The bugle sounding at 4 a. m. Sunday morning was the signal for activity. Blankets were hastily folded and checked in, personal baggage packed and taken to the assembling place, then breakfast. Dishes were washed (this was a personal duty required of each one) and then a lunch was issued to the climbers. This lunch included two sandwiches, two bars of chocolate, a package of raisins, a lemon and an orange.

At 5 o'clock the first of the climbers were on their way and there continued a stream of stragglers for an hour. At first the groups were bunched but as the elevation increased the groups divided and it was a case of everyone for himself.

Totting up the rocky slopes of Cooper spur meant real work, and many surplus coats and sweaters were cached away until the return. On either side of Cooper spur are glaciers covered for a distance with snow fields ending abruptly in yawning chasms. Connecting the spur with Hood's snowy slopes is a narrow ridge or backbone over which icy blasts from the glaciers sweep at times, requiring extreme care to

avoid being blown off the ridge. The husky ones who had pushed ahead had a longer wait at the rock for no one was allowed to continue until all had arrived and the guides had examined the ropes and pronounced the tying in satisfactory. During the wait the face paint artists were busy. In mountain climbing the glare from the snow is so intense that to avoid snow blindness colored glasses must be worn and the face and exposed parts of the skin must be covered with a grease paint, and worn to any part of the flesh which is exposed. Of this I can bear painful testimony as I carry a scarlet hand where my shirt hand loosened and my lips are swollen to twice their normal size.

First a liberal quantity of vaseline or cold cream was thoroughly rubbed into the skin and then grease paint smeared on. The transformation was complete. Some were black, some pink, others blue or green, while several had a combination of color which would make the savage envious. It was hard to recognize friends.

Laid out on the snow were seven or eight long ropes, each with from 15 to 20 loops tied in. Climbers took position at these loops and adjusted then around their waists, the women, which numbered nearly one-third, being alternated with the men so far as possible. When all was in readiness five "belt men", heavy, strong climbers were called for and heavy 8-inch leather belts adjusted and then they were tied by ropes to the head of the line. On them rested the responsibility of holding their footing should all below them slip.

As each group of roped humanity moved its length the next rope was attached until finally the entire party of 160 or more formed one line hanging onto the rope. There were not enough ropes for the entire party so several made the ascent individually. The rope to which I was attached was at the head of the line and in the count off I was No. 8, while down below for more than a quarter of a mile extended the line. The line of march for the first part was serpentine in order to gain some advantage of the side hill climb. Short rests were frequent and welcome. When the real climb commenced the line straightened out and the life lines—a series of heavy ropes several hundred feet long anchored to the solid rock at the upper end—were made use of, on the 45 degree slope. Step by step, an alpine stock in one hand, clinging to the lifeline for support by the other

hand, and tied around the waist by another rope, the party toiled upward over the glaring snow fields, puffing, sweating, straining every ounce of flesh, and calling out the reserve force of nerve to push along. Everyone was doing their best, every one was having a hard time and it was serious business, but a glance down the line afforded great amusement at times. Next below me was a Hood River banker, a heavy man unused to physical exercise. He followed the guide's admonition to "Keep quiet, save your breath, you'll need it later on." A short distance below him was a bald headed man who at every stop would lean forward and lay his throbbing head against the snow. Grim determination was pictured on the faces of some while a flash of terror was detected at times. Up the tolling up grade one by one dropped out until 13 gave up the climb.

The last few hundred feet are the steepest of all and it is a case of hang onto the rope and pull yourself up, stepping in the foot prints of the one ahead unless that one had slipped. In that case make a new foot hold.

From the time the first of the line reached the crest it was fully 45 minutes before the last roped one reached the summit. By the time the first of the line to reach the top had been standing in the bitter cold of a sudden gale sweeping over the snow fields they were anxious to descend, but were detained another 30 minutes while one woman, nearly at the point of collapse, but with determination was being boosted the last hundred feet by two stalwart men.

At the summit of Mount Hood is a lone lookout station about 12 feet square constructed of boards surmounting this and reached by a ladder through the center of the room is the chart room, where a lone ranger spends nine months of the year scanning the miles of heavy timber on every side for possible fires. The building is held fast by heavy steel cables anchored to the rocks.

From the top of Mount Hood the view is superb, thousands and thousands of square miles of hillside are heavily covered with timber, cultivated fields, cities and towns are visible, while to the east the great expanse of eastern Oregon's ripening grain fields were plainly seen. The Columbia basin was completely covered by a heavy fog.

At the summit there is the strong sulphur smell coming from crater

rock and steam can be plainly seen issuing from the rocks a few hundred feet below.

The descent for the first two or three thousand feet was slow and more or less dangerous, and in repeated instances exemplified the value of the life lines and the tie ropes. Somebody was slipping all the time and often there would be a dozen down at once. On the down trip back of me was a young man who was taken sick at the summit. He will never know how he got down for he was too sick to take in the situation. Ahead was a woman who had attended the business women's convention in Portland, was entertained at Eagle creek on the Highway, and with a group of other business women decided to make the climb. She wore a knit silk skirt, oxfords, a borrowed flannel shirt. Long before she reached the bottom her costume was a wreck and her plaint was "Why did I ever attempt it?"

After leaving the life lines and on the gentler slopes progress was much more rapid and involved simply sitting in the snow and attempting to guide the downward course with the alpine stock. The snow covering was from eight to ten inches above the glacier and the many sliders exposed the solid ice, making the descent more painful for the late ones.

One man forsook the beaten path and on his downward course suddenly disappeared. Someone who saw him drop from sight immediately shouted "Send down a rope—man in a crevasse", and in a few minutes the man was hauled out seeming to enjoy his experience, in spite of the fact that he was near death. He explained that he had tight hold on his alpine stock with both hands and as he hit one side of the ice wall he rebounded and his alpinestock stuck crosswise of the crack, about 25 feet down. Although he could not see the sky he climbed onto his staff and awaited rescue. When asked how far below was the bottom, he remarked, "There wasn't any bottom". A woman coaster following this man's lead was stopped before reaching the crevasse.

The seven or eight mile trip from the top, returning to the camp was broken by the welcome diversion of steaming coffee and a substantial supper; for those who were not too tired to eat, then there was two miles more down the pack trail, this time in the cool of the evening, to the waiting truck, and then 25 to 30 miles to Hood River, a bath and a good bed.

The climb started at 5 a. m. and it required eight hours to reach the top, although a smaller party could make it in less time. The last 4000 feet was made in four hours, and the descent required about four hours. Altogether more than six hours was spent on the snow continuously. The total number in the Legion party to reach the top was 173. Two other private parties increased the number to 199. Of the newspaper party only 30 made the climb, numerous others spending the day in camp or taking side trips to the glaciers. Still others attended the meetings only.

**ERECT MEMORIAL AT POLE**

Bronze Tablet Taken Into Northern Ice Fields by Explorer

Washington, July 21.—(A. P.)—Included in the cargo of the schooner Bowdoin, in which Dr. Donald MacMillan recently left on another expedition into northern ice fields, was a bronze tablet which will commemorate the memory of American soldiers in one of the most northerly monuments in the world.

The tablet, to be placed on Cape Sabine, Ellesmere Island, more than 800 miles within the Arctic circle in latitude 78 degrees, 45 minutes north, will mark the scene of one of the most tragic passages in the history of American Arctic exploration. It will be in honor of 16 officers and men of the United States army, members of the Greeley expedition of 1881, who gave their lives in the interest of science.

The tablet was presented by the National Geographic Society. On it is inscribed: "To the memory of the dead, who, under Lieutenant A. W. Greeley, here gave their lives to ensure the final and complete success of the first scientific cooperation of the United States with other nations, 1881-1884."

The spot chosen for its erection is 300 miles south of the most northerly point reached by the expedition, and the nearest to civilization to which Greeley was able to lead his men after two relief expeditions had failed to appear in two successive years. Of 23 men who tried to survive the winter and spring of 1883-1884 with provisions sufficient for only a few weeks, one after another died until but seven were left when succor arrived in June. The survivors were hardly able to move, but the rescuers found their scientific observations had been carefully made up

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THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

to within 40 hours of the time of rescue.

**MAKES GOOD PLEDGE TO SECURE FREEDOM**

Madrid, July 21.—(I. N. S.)—Just one year ago Romeo Jickman, a handsome Spanish youth, told the judge on being sentenced to imprisonment for bigamy and numberless frauds on Spanish banks to the extent of \$20,000,000 pesetas, that in one year he would be free.

He was committed to prison and subsequently removed to a criminal asylum, but, on the actual anniversary of his conviction he has escaped and completely disappeared.

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**How Business Depression Tests Good-Will**

Many a manufacturer during the past two years has had an opportunity to measure as never before the real worth of his advertising investment.

He has seen his trade-marked line keep up in sales and his unadvertised goods shrink to a small fraction of their former volume. Innumerable instances could be cited.

Dealers can tell a similar story. The number of makes carried of each item have shrunk to a very few—the best known and most frequently called for. Dealers have changed their point of view; they no longer stock lightly with many brands, but substantially with a few.

Quick turnover is their only salvation in a depression and their real source of profit in a prosperous period.

Published by the Grants Pass Daily Courier in co-operation with The American Association of Advertising Agencies.

**What the World Is Doing**

AS SEEN BY POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

**Sheet of Water Protects Firemen**

Ample protection is afforded the firemen of an eastern city with the adoption of an interesting type of fire-fighting equipment. The unit is mounted on a two-wheeled cart, so that it can be brought up quickly to be used against a fire at close range. The cart accommodates a fireman who sits in it, and is able to handle a powerful stream of water from a nozzle directly in front of him. A "gusher" pipe is mounted on the cart behind him, which sprays a curtain of water all around him, so that a



"safety wall" of water protects him and serves amply to prevent blisters and burns. The nozzle proper is mounted in a ball socket, so that it can be swung in any direction with equal facility. It can be connected to four, and even six lines of hose, and throws a stream of water 125 feet into the air.

**"Knock-Em-Dead" Rat Trap**

A mechanical rat killer with a heavy spring and a rotating double hammer which strikes the animal on the head and throws him from 5 to 8 feet, is the latest in traps. This device automatically resets itself for the next blow, and two safety catches prevent accidental discharge. The rat is thrown away at once, leaves no odor to scare away other



rats. The trap is made in two sizes, one for rats and one for mice.

**Drills Horizontal Holes Straight**

Anyone who has ever used a brace and bit knows that in the drilling of horizontal holes there is a great tendency to raise or lower the brace a trifle while drilling, which, of course, results in the hole being drilled at an angle. To overcome this tendency, slip a large washer that is free from burrs over the bit so that it rests on the smooth shank. As soon as the bit is held at an angle the washer will travel one way or the other, and the workman can correct the fault instantly.

**Bottled Fluid Can Lift Tons**

Sinbad's genie flask has been outdone in real life by the invention of an expanding fluid easily carried in steel bottles by a child. The power may be released by a valve and used with jacks or other lifting devices to raise street cars, autos, and heavy weights. It is estimated that the

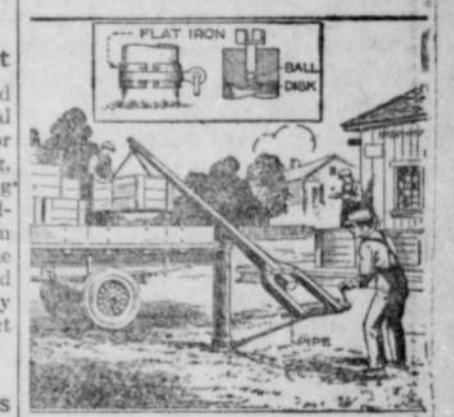


power of the expanding fluid will raise 30,000 pounds in three seconds if properly applied.

**A Simple Derrick for Farms**

A handy and efficient derrick can be built in a short time from material found on nearly every farm. It consists of a discarded wagon tongue, pivoted on a fence post so as to revolve freely, and fitted with a simple winch for raising the load.

An iron pivot yoke is forged to the shape shown, or one may be built up of flat and round iron. A hole is drilled in the post



top to accommodate the shank, an iron disk and a steel ball, taken from an old ball bearing, being set in the hole as shown, to make an easy-running bearing. The yoke straddles the tongue at its balancing point, a bolt being passed through a hole drilled in each. The winch consists of 3/4-in. pipe and fittings, and is arranged as indicated, the winch shaft passing through holes drilled through the ends of the "hounds." One end of a stout cable is securely fastened to the winch shaft, and the other end to an iron collar that is an easy fit around the bottom of the post. This collar is held in position by half collars above and below it, screwed to the post. Hooks or clamps to suit the load are suspended from the outer end of the tongue. A rod, sliding through the ends of the hounds, near the winch shaft, as indicated, is pulled out to keep the crank from revolving when it is desired to swing the load. With this arrangement it is possible for one man to operate the derrick unassisted.