

THE NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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TO MT HOOD AND RETURN.

The Story of a Pleasant Excursion to "Cascade's Frozen Gorges."

Wishing to verify the time-honored assertion that there's always room at the top a jolly crowd of Newbergers started out on Tuesday morning of last week with their faces set toward Mt. Hood, Oregon's lordly snow-capped mountain. The party was made up of Jesse Edwards and daughter Mabel, Prof. and Mrs. R. W. Kelsey, W. C. Woodward and sister Bernice, Miss Alice Mendenhall, A. C. Martin and Prof. R. W. Kirk. The equipment consisted of a three-seated hack, and a commissary wagon loaded with bedding, tenting, sundry pieces of baggage and enough provisions to keep the traditional wolf howling in the wilderness. The wayfarers gathered early at the Edwards residence, where the program was promptly opened with a lively scrimmage on the part of two pusillanimous young gentlemen over the disputed right to the civilizing agency of a necktie on the trip. After both disputants were thoroughly winded the delicate question was arbitrated and the party got away about seven o'clock.

Adventure, was the loudly echoed longing of the tourists, and at least two of the party were promptly supplied with a dangerous good brand. The large hack started out with a good lead, while the commissary wagon in charge of R. W. Kirk and the writer, came up to Rex station east of town just about train time, the road leading between the track on one side and the hill on the other. While in this narrow pass, the train came puffing in, accompanied by the unearthly racket of escaping steam. One of the horses which had never been hitched double before, suddenly became unmanageable, wheeled and backed the wagon up the hill, nearly upsetting it and hanging it up on a telephone pole so that a move in either direction would have torn the vehicle in two. Just at this instance when Mt. Hood and all its glories seemed glimmering away in the distance, when the horses reared preparatory to plunging into the train, every tag dropped from the single-trees as by a miracle and the animals were freed from the wagon and no harm whatever resulted. The first remark of an excited spectator was to the effect that the drivers certainly belonged to a mighty good church.

With moderate driving it took all the forenoon and a little more to reach Oregon City where the first picnic dinner was disposed of, on this side of the river. At Willamette, a thriving little town two and a half miles this side of Oregon City, a call was made at the grocery store of Geo. Rogers, a former Newberg boy. He has a large, well stocked store and was found to be doing a good business.

The most pleasant ride of the trip was enjoyed in the afternoon up the beautiful Clackamas river. To those who held it for the first time, the size and attractiveness of this stream was a surprise. Flowing with almost the swiftness of a cataract over rocky beds, it is as clear as crystal, the picturesque ruggedness of the country through which it flows enhancing its charms. To the eye of the casual observer, the Clackamas river district, though a delightful picture to look upon in its ruggedness, seemed too rough for any practical purpose, and it was with corresponding surprise that about six or eight miles up the river a stout and finely equipped creamery was reached, which is said to be supplied with milk from 300 cows. A few fine dairy ranches were passed in this vicinity, and it was learned that milk was hauled to this creamery from many miles distance, this being feasible on account of the excellent pipe route of the year around, the very right of which inspired sentiments in the writer as a basis for some future editorial on the much discussed but ever new subject of good roads. Our party crossed the river at the creamery, while about three miles up the Clackamas on the same side lies the ranch for which Al Clark traded a year ago.

A little beyond, the commissary wagon met another vehicle on a sharp precipice, and as neither had "the right of way," we got out, put our shoulders to the wheel of the other fellow's wagon, backing it to a place where it was possible to pass in safety. Still a little farther on up the hills we engaged in conversation with an interesting character in the person of an old settler, who had existed there since 1865. The fact that he had once lived a short time in old Yamhill and still seemed content with his present lot, led us to the suspicion of a poorly balanced mind. On learning that we were bent on climbing Mt. Hood he "comforted" us with the hair lifting story of a relation of his who had once tried the ascent and whose nerves had been shattered by narrowly escaping a tragic death by falling into a bottomless pit.

On account of frequent detentions the commissary department did not get into the night's stopping place at Eagle Creek until after dark and the two officers in charge narrowly escaped rough usage at the hands of the rest of the company who had been waiting in hunger and impatience for an hour or more. Judging from the name we expected to camp on some frozen little stream of mountain water, but instead found a dirty little barnyard stream

which would be more appropriately dubbed "poose run." With some consternation it was soon learned that somewhere in the shuffle the tent had been lost. As a result a piece of old canvas thrown over fence rails served as covering for the ladies, while the sterner members of the party rolled up in fence corners with the blue canopy of heaven for a covering—as the poetically inclined would say—and slept the sweet sleep of innocence.

Wednesday's traveling took us rapidly up into the Cascade mountains, and many were the beauties about us to make our sojourn delightful. The poet admonishes:

"If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget, If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep."

Go to the woods and hills! No tears Dim the sweet look that Nature wears. Along some of the entrancing mountain streams of the Cascades, this recipe of Longfellow seems particularly apt. Here it would be bliss to spend days and revel in "the silent majesty of these deep woods." For the devotees of the rod and reel there are streams of sporting trout. For those who feel a sympathy with the giants of the forest, here rise the trees, mammoth in size, beautiful in stateliness and lordly in height. For those who love the sylvan dells, there are "groves through whose broken roof the sky looks in," lighting vistas of beauty, bordered with banks of ferns and terraces of moss. The beauties of nature did not however soften the pangs of hunger and many were the fierce "fights" made upon the grub box. Of all the company, Miss Mendenhall ate sparingly, or dieted, and every one of the gentlemen protested that it fell to him to take care of her undivided portion, with what result can easily be imagined. While speaking of mountain streams it is worthy of remark, the peculiar appearance of Sandy river. In place of the clear crystal water of the other streams, its waters, fed by one of Mt. Hood's glaciers, are milky in color and are in fact what is known as glacial milk.

Within a few miles of Toll Gate the crest of Mt. Hood loomed majestically through a break in the mountains, the sight of which was hailed enthusiastically, as the ten thousand Greeks once exclaimed: Thalassa! Thalassa! From Toll Gate, eighteen miles from the summit we were said to be on Mt. Hood all the way. From this place it is counted eight and six-tenths miles to Government Camp, but any one accustomed to traveling mountain roads can easily imagine how the distance lengthened. At any rate we decided that for the last hour or two we were traveling on that six tenths of a mile. The road was steep and the passengers walked a good part of the way.

We got in late at Government Camp at the base of the mountain, and were brought up against two cold, hard and related facts; that we weren't in time to make the ascent the following day, Thursday, and that hay was dished out at the rate of two cents a pound. The aged custodian of the hay was freely jollied on the price of his wares and was told that we could use a small pocketful around. He replied, "That's all right gentlemen, but I had to haul that hay fifty miles," whereupon Prof. Kelsey exclaimed as to how thankful we should be that he didn't haul it any farther. Feeding 400 hay to horses out of accustomed managers was out of the question. On the other hand imagine us feeding the hay to the hungry animals a few straws at a time and out of oyster cans. The ladies were counting on a bed of hay that night but their experience must have been that of the Indian, who having heard that feathers were soft to sleep upon concluded to try it for himself. He put a couple of feathers under him and next morning on feeling his tired limbs granted, "White man say feathers easy; white man do—fool!"

On the way up, the mountains had been full of smoke, but fortunately, on the evening of our arrival at Government Camp it clouded up, misted a little, and in the morning the clouds rolled away leaving the atmosphere clear and invigorating. The shifting clouds, floating across the face of sun-tipped Hood left a picture long to be remembered. Government Camp is eight miles from the summit of Mt. Hood, and consists of but three or four cottages, the largest and newest being the home of O. C. Youm, the veteran guide. It is a two story and a half house and serves as an inn for tourists. At this place snow covers the ground seven months of the year. The camp receives its name from the fact that away back in the forties, when early settlers needed protection from the Indians, a company of soldiers wintered here. It is a tradition that on leaving, they cached away a couple of cannon in some near by mountain fastness, the search for which has lent a tinge of romance to the place.

Thursday was spent in making preparations for the ascent. The guide, Mr. Youm hesitated in making the attempt so late in the season, as he feared the snow bridge across the big crevasse at the summit would be dangerous or fallen altogether. Shortly after dinner, a borrowed tent, bedding, and a few provisions were loaded into the light hack, and the journey taken up the mountain four miles to the timber line, where camp was pitched that night within fifty yards of snow.

As did Abraham of old we "rose up early in the morning" and got ourselves up into the mountain. We were up at four, ate a hearty breakfast, covered our faces with vasoline, flour, salves, masks, etc., and a little after five, with steel tipped alpine stocks in our hands and with our feet shod with the preparation of clamps and screws, started up one of the snowlines to join our guide above the snow line. Before sunrise we were well up on the side of the mountain, and the magnificent panorama which

spread before us needs the conception of a poet and the tongue of an orator for its portrayal. We were well nigh dumb with wonder and admiration, and in the vast solitude of isolation one could almost hear the words from above, "Be still and know that I am God." Billows of mountains stretched away from us in all directions. Over forty miles to the south Mt. Jefferson plumed the azure in silent majesty; a little farther rose the Three Sisters; and four hundred miles to the southward, clear across the state of Oregon and down into the Golden state loomed Mt. Shasta—and all connected by chains of mountains—

"Mountains and shattered cliff, and sunny vale, The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees In many a lary syllable repeating Their old poetic legends to the wind." Presently the sun arose and it was as if a master hand with a finishing touch had added life and emotion to an already wonderful painting. Mt. Jefferson caught the first rays of the returning sun, and then,

"Glimmering through the sun blaze warm, Far as the eye could roam Dark billows of an earthquake storm Reflected with clouds like foam, Their tales in misty shadows deep, Their rugged peaks in silence, I saw the mountain ranges sweep The horizon's southern line."

Slowly as the sun rose, Mt. Hood cast a perfect shadow on the Cascades to the west, which extended with distinctness even far out over and beyond the mountains, into the atmosphere itself. "We journeyed on; but earth and sky had power to charm no more." Poetic exaltation was soon lost in the heart breaking climb before us. When we started up there looked to be a half hour's climb to the top and a fellow was inclined to wonder why he came so far on such an easy stint. Before long he began to doubt that anybody ever had reached the summit. It is forever up, up, up. After about three hours work the Misses Mendenhall, Edwards and Woodward concluded they had taxed their strength sufficiently and with a supply of rations, halted to await the return of the rest of the party who continued the ascent. When we seemed almost within stones throw of Crater Rock, the guide informed us we were still a mile distant, at which statement we looked significantly at each other, ejaculating in a whisper "What a lie!"

By the time we reached the Rock we were nearer calling him a liar because he didn't say two miles. On rounding the crater the sickening sulphurous fumes reminded one of old chemical laboratory days, and indeed made Calva Martin sick. Crater Rock was reached at 9:45 when a halt for lunch was made. The writer was so nearly famished for water he could scarcely eat, which condition was so far from normal, that the rest of the party had expatiated upon the phenomenon ever since. Before leaving this "station" the guide signaled home, about eight miles, by a small mirror, stating the number who had made the climb thus far.

Continuing the ascent we soon came upon the famous "hog back" where a step and a slide in either direction would land one in a yawning crevasse. At 11:30 the big crevasse was reached when it was learned that the snow bridge had indeed fallen in as had been feared and though it was a disappointment the guide congratulated us that it didn't fall with us on it. We were already on top of Mt. Hood but were cut off from the record book about 200 feet farther up. Mr. Youm could have taken us on a long tramp around the crevasse, but as avalanches were frequent around us and he wasn't disposed to take the chances and hard exertion. He said we had accomplished all the hard work and he would record our names next year.

After entering and exploring the crevasse, the descent began and likewise the fun. Coming to an open field of ice, the guide sat down, set the pace in a wild slide, and Jack and Jill came sliding after. The incline was sometimes so steep that the slider went out of sight, but with his alpine stock as a rudder, he generally landed right side up. This sport was decidedly exhilarating.

On our return we entered and explored the crater which presents many features of interest. Some people laugh when it is suggested that steam issues from Mt. Hood, but some people could burn their hands to a crisp if they were willing to test the matter to that extent. It seems strange that such a hot oven be banked and overhung on all sides by mounds of snow and ice. Standing by the Crater there is a submerged lake on the side of the mountain, and looking up through the cave of snow one sees the most delicate and beautiful bluish tints imaginable. After joining the rest of the crowd farther down, the return was taken around by White River Glacier.

The party reached its temporary camp again about 2:30, loaded up the wagon with baggage and tired ladies and made way down the mountain to Government Camp which was reached before five o'clock. Being already a day behind schedule time, the party pulled up stakes and drove down as far as Toll Gate the same evening, where excellent sleeping accommodations in a barn were found—on one cent a pound hay. During the night one young lady who was evidently living over the strenuous experiences of the day, called out in her sleep, "Papa, do we have to climb this?"

After a two hours ride Saturday morning a halt was called near where was located a temporary Indian camp which was inspected with much interest. The bonanza of the forest had created a frame-work of poles, under which a fire was burning and from which were suspended salmon and sundry odoriferous meats in various states of "evaporation." But what most interested the party was a family of four children the least of which was a month old "swaddled" papoose, which called forth from the ladies such enthusiastic

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Arising at the accustomed hour, four o'clock, the wayfarers secured an early start and traveled a "Sabbath day's journey," reaching home a little before ten o'clock, just in time to encounter the mildly acceasing gaze of those wending their way to Sunday school. And that's all.

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