

PROF. HENDERSON HAS EVENTFUL LIFE

(Continued from last week)

"Luckily, we got down and then saw we had been on the wrong place. As it was still early, two of us went on until we got to the top, where we viewed the most wonderful sight I ever saw. All the mountain was obscured by fog, but on the top there was brilliant sunlight. We stood there, not able to say anything but the peaks of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier in the north, Mount St. Helens in the west and Mount Hood and Mount Jefferson in the south. These peaks floated on the whirling mass of fog which was snow-white and brilliant, rolling like billows. We were impressed, awestruck, we scarcely felt ourselves living beings.

"Later we went down. All of us had shown ourselves unused to the mountains in dropping stones to guide us, in going on the side no one had ever climbed, but we did a still more foolish thing on the descent. After joining our companion we started down in a big, deep gully, scored at the bottom by rocks. Soon we stopped in the center of the place, where it was warm, to take a rest.

"There was a low thud, thud, back of us. Someone remarked that perhaps it was a deer, jumping down the mountain. Just as we were turning an enormous stone which must have weighed a ton, came down the gully and bounced over our heads. We had stopped in the worst possible spot on the mountain, where the large rocks rolled down the slide."

Mr. Henderson joined the first expedition that ever went into the Olympic mountains. This was of a semi-scientific nature. Government assistants, officers and soldiers of Vancouver, and members of the Old Oregon Alpine club went on the trip. Will Steele of Eugene saw the negotiations carried through.

Soldiers and mules from Vancouver barracks were furnished by the government. The Old Oregon Alpine club (now the Mazamas), of which Mr. Henderson is a charter member, and some of the citizens of Portland furnished food for the expedition. Mr. Henderson as botanist and also a mineralogist, zoologist and mapmaker accompanied the expedition. The first objective was Lake Cushman. Since the mules were soft and new to the work, after going a short distance they became very wobbly. One fell down a steep, wooded canyon, but was caught between a cedar tree and the side of the canyon after falling several hundred feet. The soldiers sawed it loose and found it uninjured.

"Soon we were at the end of all trails," recounted Mr. Henderson, "and only the prospectors had been there before us. The gigantic trees made our advance very slow, as we had to saw them in two to get the mules through. Parties went out, exploring and botanizing, while the soldiers made the trail, with help from the others at times.

"At one time, accompanied by a Sergeant Marsh, I went off to test the possibility of crossing one of the numerous ridges. We camped at night on ground so steep we had to keep with our heads against a tree to keep from rolling off the ridge. For backbones I never saw anything to equal difficulties, had little alpine firs grow the Olympic mountains. Once the can-

yon so narrow that we couldn't go anywhere but along the knife-blade crest of the ridge, which, to add to our peril in a row on it. Someone before us, an old prospector, perhaps, coming to this almost impassible ridge, had topped all these small trees by standing on one and cutting off the next one, as he couldn't get over the ridge otherwise. They had grown up somewhat, but we used them as stepping stones to cut his arm so severely that he was compelled to leave the exploring party and return to Olympia, as he had no suitable medicines to put on the wound. However, upon his arrival at the town he found that the gum from balsam fir which he had used on the cut had healed the injury.

In 1881 Mr. Henderson climbed the North Sister, one of the Three Sisters. He was the first person known to make the ascent of this mountain, and very few have climbed it since that time. Accompanied by Dr. E. L. Elliot, Portland Unitarian minister, he took his first long trip through the state that summer. They went to Yaquina bay, then across the mountains to Flah lake and Clew lake, and over into the Metolus river country. Camp Polk, near where the town of Sisters now is, interested them very much, and it was there they learned something of cowboys.

They traveled over old Indian trails and then detoured to the Three Sisters, botanizing on the way. "About 9 o'clock one morning," recounted Mr. Henderson, "when we were near the summit, as feeling came over me that I wanted to go to the top of that unknown mountain. My companion glanced at me and said: 'I know what you're thinking of. Don't go; you might never make it.' He never mentioned himself, although he was absolutely ignorant of the way back. The more he begged, the more determined I was to go. So I told him I would be back in about an hour and asked him to wait for me.

"Finally I got to the place on the mountain where nearly everyone turns back. The mountain drops off to the left in a side thousands of feet long. But there was one place I felt I might get up, although it was impossible to walk. I noticed a big rock across the slide and reasoned out that if I could run up the slide until I lost my momentum I could catch hold of the rock and get across. All worked well, but I never thought of the backward trip until too late. I went on to the top, but was so much worried I couldn't eat my lunch. I knew there was no rock on the other side which I could catch, and a storm was coming.

"Something must be done. I resolved to run as far as I could and extend my hatchet, hoping it would stop me. I did this, but began to slide backwards down the precipice, very gently, but steadily. I was very near the edge of the cliff when I was stopped by my vest. There was about a sixteenth of an inch of snow on the mountain, as it was in August, and this had packed under my vest, causing just enough of an obstruction to stop me. Then, by grabbing on with my fingers and edging over an inch or so at a time—it may have taken me hours, time made no impression then—I got across.

"When I got down to where I had left my friend I realized how idiotic the whole proceeding had been. He had given me up about 8.30 at night, seeing the avalanches had started by jumping from one rock to another, as they came rushing down the mountain. Luckily I soon found him, but it was the most selfish thing I ever did, leaving him there and making him go through all the feeling of thinking me dead and finding himself alone on the mountain 40 miles from a road."

Mr. Henderson worked making collections for the world's fair in the early 90s. He nearly lost his life in a storm on Mount Rainier while collecting the later flora of this snow mountain in September. Many other adventures and narrow escapes entered into the life of this famous botanist, but it was his luck to save his worst trip for the last.

"Thomas Howell, Cusick and Leberg, pioneer botanists, had all been in that most interesting John Day region of eastern Oregon, but none of them had ever stayed there a good part of the season," he said. "The John Day valley is unequalled in this country as a treasure house for the geologist, because of its fossils and peculiar formations, but it is also most interesting to the botanist."

So, in the summer of 1925, he set out, going past Dayville, John Day, Canyon City, Prairie City, and on toward the Blue mountains as the season progressed, finding the flora intensely interesting and unique.

"I resolved to climb Strawberry mountain alone," he said; "a very foolish trip, as it is 10,000 feet high and I could not ride a horse up the steep slopes. Some acquaintance with whom I had been over night instructed me about the trail to the lookout station on the summit of the mountain, but I did not realize the difficulties of the climb or I should never have attempted it at my age.

"The mountain is very steep—as much as 60 degrees at times—and the distance to the summit must be about 15 miles. To make matters worse, I slipped on the shale rock about three miles from the top and lamed my leg on my botanical pick. It seemed to me I couldn't go on, and it was impossible to go back, with my leg injured. A sheepman came along and offered to help me, but by that time I had resolved to go on. Near the summit the trail divided. Strangely enough, no one had told me of this fork, so, of course, I took the wrong trail, which soon sloped off and disappeared.

"I could see the glass lookout station above me and a cliff perhaps 1000 feet high nearby. I determined to cut across the shale and climb directly to the house; so, keeping to the left, I traversed a mile and a half of the worst climb of my life. In my weakened condition I should have gone off the cliff had any of the shale slipped. At last, completely exhausted, I reached the lookout. The young man there wanted to show me the beautiful scenery, but I said: 'Young man, you are a good many years younger than I am. I'm all in. Let me lie on that cot of yours and rest.'

"After about two hours the forester roused me to see the glorious sunset. We glimpsed the light reflected from the glass house on Dixie mountain, 30 miles away. Great shadows rose from below like mountains walking. Just as the sun was going beneath the horizon the whole chain of the Cascades appeared, more than 150 miles away. We could see Mount Jefferson in the dusk and Mount Hood appeared plainly, 200 miles distant.

"In spite of the remonstrances of the young man, I determined to go back down the mountain next morning. He helped me the first two miles of the descent, as my leg was badly bruised and extremely painful. He was to telephone to my friends from the lookout that if I didn't arrive by 6 that

night they were to start out for me. I botanized all the way down, going slowly, but walking with few interruptions, until 5 that night, when I arrived at the house at the foot of the mountain.

"After that journey I went home. The trouble with these trips is that you never know what you are getting into. If anyone had told me of the difficulties of Strawberry mountain, I wouldn't have gone up there for \$1000, but we never know."

Mr. Henderson is eager to do more botanizing, and looks forward to exploring that great area east of Klamath Falls, especially out from Lakeview to the southwestern border of the state, including part of Harney and Malheur counties, next summer.

Even with all the work done by collectors in botanizing the state, there remains much yet to be done, and it must be completed quickly, Mr. Henderson believes. Sheep and cattle, especially sheep, are destroying very rapidly many of the rare and beautiful plants and flowers of Oregon, he declares. This is perhaps unavoidable, but there is still a large portion unexplored, and it must be gone over soon, or many of the plants will be gone.

Beginning with David Douglas, 100 years ago, botanical collections of Oregon's flora have been made. Menzies, Howell, Cusick, Gorman, Leberg, Bolander and others have contributed largely, but with all that, many districts have never been looked over. Mr. Henderson has discovered many plants, and many have been named for him. Around Astoria he found the erythronium Hendersonianum, or purple lamb's tongue, which he sent to Harvard, where it was named for him. The wild bird's bill, or shooting star, is also a discovery of his, its technical name being dodecatheon Hendersonii. The wild hyacinth, which he found, is named brodiaea Hendersonii. In addition, many plants not so well known have been named for him, and he has been the first to discover many others of the northwest. His work is known in this country and abroad, and he contributes frequently to scientific magazines.

"Up to recent years Oregon has been a poor state," says Mr. Henderson, "and there have not begun to be the appropriations made for botanical work that California and Washington have had. The field is large, and the work the pioneer botanists have started must be left for the younger generation to complete. It is imperative that as much of a survey as possible for the rest of the state be made soon, before the sheep have completed their work of destruction. I hope to do what I can toward furthering this aim next summer, although it is very difficult work."

STEVENSON

(From Skamania County Pioneer)

The Court of Honor for Stevenson Troop and other Scouts in the county has been definitely set for Tuesday, February 1, at the court house, commencing at 7 p. m. Scout Executive Jennings will be present and Judge Homer Kirby will preside over the court.

A company has been formed to start logging on Little Wind river. They expect to start in February and will have their railway just above the mouth of Little Wind river. Their camp will be on the Monaghan place near the St. Martin bridge. This company will use horses to log with as they already have seven teams ranging from 1600 to 2000 pounds. The men looking over the situation during the week were Clark, Dubois and Parker. This new enterprise will be of great value to Carson.

One of the highest compliments that could be given a member was paid by the local I. O. O. F. and Rebekah lodges when they elected Olaf Lundy as the noble grand of the Old Fellows and Mrs. Lundy as noble grand of the Rebekahs. Quite elaborate ceremonies

including a banquet were given Thursday night when Mrs. Lundy took over the reins of the Rebekah lodge. Mr. Lundy will assume his office in the Odd Fellows lodge this (Friday) evening.

20 YEARS AGO

(From The Glacier, January 31, 1907)

In a snowstorm, Friday morning, January 18, the Portland Snowshoe club took the train from the Union depot at Portland for Hood River, on its fourth annual trip to Mount Hood, Cloud Cap Inn. Just beyond the Mt. Hood postoffice we drew up about five o'clock at the homes of our two guides, Bert Sandman and Bill Edick, with whom we spent the night—Rodney L. Gilman.

The snow blockade was the cause of the enforced lay over of the passengers on a train from the east Monday, and with plenty of time on their hands the passengers killed time as best they could. Some of them imbibed too freely, and a man by the name of Mike Broge made the acquaintance of one Thomas Daily. During the day Daily robbed Broge of two checks, one for \$40 and the other for \$80.

APPLE EXPORTS INCREASE IS MARKED

The bill to create Cascade county was introduced in the Senate Tuesday by Smith, of Marion county. This is the only bill in which Hood River is interested, as a local matter.

The worst storm that has visited this section for many years occurred this week when Hood River and the district to the west of the summit of the Cascades were covered with one to three feet of snow.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bartness celebrated their 27th wedding anniversary Monday evening.

BOY SCOUT NEWS

At a meeting of the executive board of the new Boy Scout council formed by the merger of the old Mid-Columbia council and the Central Oregon council, held last Saturday at The

Dalles, the board adopted the name Mid-Columbia-Deschutes council, Francis V. Galloway, former president of the old Mid-Columbia council, was named president, and Geo. J. Childs of Bend, C. King Benton of Hood River, and George Fitzgerald of The Dalles, vice presidents. Albert T. Case, of Hood River, was chosen commissioner of the council, and L. A. Littleton, of The Dalles, treasurer.

It is expected that the new council will enable the Boy Scout work to be effectively supervised by the Scout executive, in all communities, with a considerably reduced annual budget.

Clark Schouboe was named Scout executive for the new council, and will immediately put into operation the ideas and plans presented in his first report to the new council. Among these are the following ideas specifically mentioned for Hood River: A Scout leaders' training course and round-table meetings; troop committees organized along active, workable lines; Scoutmasters for Odell and Pine Grove sections; a special meeting of men interested in the Boy Scout troop; a membership campaign to all existing troops, and another educational rally in the spring.

Stott Taken Over Robin Hood

C. M. Stott has taken over the Robin Hood dancehall, and the first dance of the season will be given there next Saturday night. The Night Hawks orchestra will make music for the occasion. Dance will be given hereafter each Saturday evening.

Mr. Stott has also taken over the service station and the confectionery store at Robin Hood. He will take possession of these February 1.

Mosier Woman Is Dead

Funeral services were held at Mosier Tuesday for Mrs. Nancy Charlet Cole, 77 and native of Illinois, whose death occurred at her home near Mosier Monday. Interment followed at the Mosier cemetery. Mrs. Cole and her husband, William Cole, who survives, came to Mosier two years ago. The funeral service was read by George L. Carroll. C. C. Anderson directed the funeral.

Funeral of Baby Saturday

Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Catholic church Saturday for Mary Alice, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Bonaduce, of Dec. Father Marshall officiated, interment following at the Catholic cemetery.

The child, five months old, died last Friday.

Cash paid for old cars. H.-R. Auto Wreckers. 191



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MOSIER

Mrs. James Carroll and son, Bobby, returned home Saturday from Fairview.

Mrs. Violet Bailey, who has been spending several weeks in Portland, was in Mosier Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Brooks returned home Saturday from Portland with her son, Luke, who was under medical treatment at a hospital there last week.

Mrs. F. A. Allington and son, Darrell, were Portland visitors Monday.

Mrs. W. E. Clark left Tuesday to spend the week with her son, Wheeler, and wife, of Heppner.

Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford left last Wednesday for Arlington where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Evans and daughter, Zaida, were in The Dalles Tuesday.

Mrs. Hibberd and children were in Portland Saturday.

Mrs. E. A. Shogren and Mrs. Ernest Evans were hostesses to the Junior Y. W. C. A. at the home of Miss McClure Saturday afternoon. Miss Audrey Evans was initiated. Miss Silver, of The Dalles, was present.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Searce, of Hood River, were dinner guests of Mrs. Bertha Johnson Saturday.

Tom McClure was in The Dalles Tuesday.

Mrs. Holensted and Mrs. Mohley went to Portland Friday.

Miss Montana Chamberlain entertained the girls' card club at her home Saturday afternoon. Miss Evelyn Beldin won highest score.

Mrs. John Moore and baby son, of Hood River, were guests recently at the James Camp home.

Frank Wilson came up Friday from Salem to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Wilson.

Mrs. F. A. Allington and daughter, Barbara, were visitors at The Dalles Saturday.

The basketball game scheduled for Wednesday evening between Centerville and Mosier was postponed on account of bad weather.

Little Mildred and Myrtle Baker, age eight years, celebrated their birthday Sunday.

George Wilson motored to Portland Wednesday.

Lee Evans Sr. and grandson, Darrell Evans, arrived Thursday from Portland.

Mrs. H. H. Neilson and daughter, Lucille, were business visitors at Hood River Wednesday.

Mrs. James Camp and son, Leslie, were in Hood River Thursday.

Mosier visitors at Hood River Friday were Mrs. E. Lellott, Jas. Cherry and Miss Wanda Haskell.

Miss Wynman, of Portland, who has been a guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Emma McClure, returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stumps moved Friday from the Morden place to Mitchell Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, of Portland, are guests of Mrs. Ellis' mother, Mrs. Emma McClure.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chamberlain and daughter, Montana, were Hood River visitors Sunday.

Mrs. William Cole passed away at her home here Sunday afternoon after a long illness.

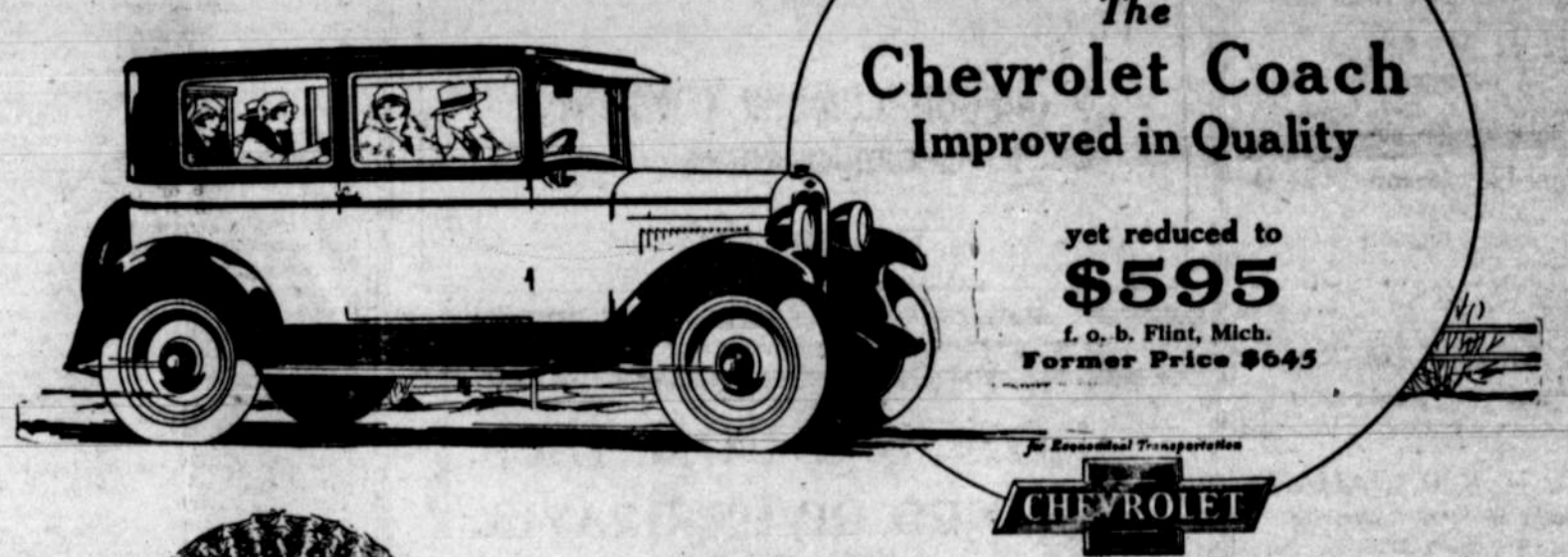
WHITE SALMON
(From The Enterprise)

Attorney T. J. Wyers, of Hood River, was in town Monday for a short visit with his father, John G. Wyers. Monday evening he attended a meeting of the Ringen town council, being city attorney for the town of Ringen.

C. T. Dewey is rushing his new, three-story building as fast as possible and now announces the date for the opening as March 1. Carpenters are now working on the front of the building which will have a modern appearance in its finish of brick and stucco. Colored shingles will also add a touch of varied coloring between the brick work and stucco.

Henry Robertson and family, of Huson, left Monday for Minneapolis, Minn., where he and his brother have secured the territory of St. Paul and Minneapolis for installing of apple

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