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**CLIMBING MOUNT HOOD.**

PORTLAND, ORE., JULY 22-05.  
 Mr. Editor: Thinking it may interest our mutual friends, the readers of this "rag of freedom" I venture to send you a short account of a trip to summit of Mount Hood. A friend from Grand Forks, visiting here with his wife, invited me to go along and we started one fine morning reaching Hood River shortly before noon. This is now a town of 1800. Seven years ago it was a little hamlet of about 100 souls. This is where your best strawberries come from. We found fruit very scarce, contrary to expectations. At about 1 P. M. we got into the stage, drawn by four horses, with 3 other travelers, whom we found to be very agreeable companions, which made the 27 mile ride in the heat and dust less tiresome. The Hood River Valley is very dry and depends on irrigation. In some places the flumes are built on trestle work across small valleys so the water runs high over your head. Some of the irrigation is accomplished by means of troughs running through the field about knee high out of which the water is ciphoned into the furrows. Improved land several miles from town is held as high as \$500 per acre. In the south end of the valley there is much unimproved land and as we come into the timber, the heat moderates some. Half way is a relay station, where the tired horses are relieved by fresh ones, but it is after 9 p. m. by the time we reach Cloud Caps Inn. This is a neat little establishment near the tree line about 7000 feet above sea level. The log building is bound to the rocks by means of heavy steel cables to keep it from being blown away by terrific spring and fall winds. The glorious sunrise seen from here is enough to repay one for the exhausting stage ride. It is a subject for a poet or a painter, neither one of whom could do it justice. The faint light dimly revealing the white peaks, some of them over a hundred miles away, then the rosy glow followed by the rays of the sun gradually lighting up the grand panorama, the freshness of the light, exhilarating mountain air all combine to thrill the spectator with wonder and reverence. No wonder that there have been sun-worshippers and that the Mohammedans turn toward the east when engaged in their morning devotions. Too many of us miss the inspiring sunrise and take instead a few hours close to midnight in stuffy rooms by the side of a smoky lamp or some other cheap imitation of the orb of day. It is not necessary to be up on a high mountain to see a fine sunrise. North Dakota has some wonderful things in that line herself. Have you seen and admired them? But we must hurry and prepare for the climb. It is mostly white folks who come to the Cloud Cap Inn but when they start for the summit they are all colored people. When we saw our guide looking like an Ethiopian we were mystified and when we were told to do likewise we considered it a kind of a fool joke. But we obediently smeared our faces all over with vaseline and then put on all the powdered charcoal that would stick. Besides the protection this affords against the glare of the sun and the dazzling snow it also creates much fun. It is necessary to wear goggles and hobnailed shoes, and ladies wear bloomers. Headed by the guide and armed with alpenstocks we advance, part of the party on horseback. But on top of Coopers Spur the horses remain. Here all vegetation is left behind and we follow a straight narrow rocky ridge for a distance. Then the more in-

teresting part of the ascent begins. Tied to a rope about 8 feet apart we step out upon the snow covered glazier. Steeper and steeper it becomes, but the surface snow is soft and the guide with his heavy calked boots makes easy steps for us and we willingly follow in his footsteps. In connection with this a thought occurred to me which I will mention here. This man was our guide, our leader. He instructed us and looked after us and brought us safe to the summit. He saved us from danger and harm. Some good people acknowledge Jesus as a teacher and leader but not as a Saviour. Is not this a good illustration of how he is our saviour because he is our teacher, our leader, our guide, and himself walked before and made steps for us to follow.

Had we known at the start where our path should go it is doubtful if we should have had the courage to proceed. Now we simply plod on trusting in our guide that all will be well. We are beginning to get very tired and frequent rests are necessary. Our feet became numb with cold in the icy wet snow. After a time the guide points out a very fine black line away up. This is the rope running from the top down 1700 feet. We struggle on more hopefully, reach the rope, which is found to be a great help. The ascent here seems almost perpendicular. Hardly daring to look downwards we climb on very slowly, most of the time in "short pants." In this rare atmosphere and under such exertion one is likely to get short of breath and the heart pounds at an alarming rate. Being thoroughly exhausted we opportunely reach "Luncheon Rock," where we rest, thaw out our feet in the warm sun and have a light lunch and a good look at the landscape. Then refreshed, we again grasp the rope and soon scramble over the edge onto the summit. Here is kept in a metal box the book of "Mazama" in which we are requested to write a short report of our ascent and the weather conditions. There is some interesting reading. Some had to leave part of the climbers at Luncheon Rock. Some found the summit cloudy and so cold that they were nearly frozen and barely could scratch a few words and then start back again. We had a clear day and a grand view, though the haze in the Williamette Valley prevented seeing Portland. Ten white peaks are seen here, including Mt. Hood and crunting the 3 sisters as three peaks. Mt. Rainier, about 150 miles away and on exceptionally clear days Mt. Shasta in California, 300 miles away. To the East lie stretched out like an immense checkerboard, the wheat fields of eastern Oregon. The Columbia river is visible for a hundred miles or more. Three lakes, one of these Lost Lake, the one shown on most pictures of Mt. Hood are seen like dark little puddles far off. Streams of water wind like little white threads away from the mountain in all directions, seemingly on the level, but really running down steep gulches. The summit is at present a large amphitheater of snow, facing the south, with several ragged crags surmounting the North edge. Down on the south slope can be seen the crater with steam and sulphur fumes rising from it, the smell of the sulphur quite noticeable at times. At the south base is the government camp occupied by forest rangers who look after the Timber Reserve. There were thousands of dark colored butterflies fluttering around and we even found a large house fly on the snow. But we must not tarry too long lest the shadow fall on the slope and freeze the snow which would make the descent more difficult. Hitched to the rope again the guide now in the rear we take hold of the life line and start, slowly and carefully at first. It gives a person a thrill to face the "jumping off place." But we find going down easier than going up and when we get down on the less steep slope we coast, part of the time sitting, the guide always on the look out for crevasses. At one point he stopped us when we could see no

danger and pushed his alpenstock thro the thin crust of snow into a crevasse just opening on which we had passed in the morning was much wider now and looking into it we could see no bottom but could hear the rushing of the water below. Falling into one of these one would likely be in cold storage for a number of years until the slow moving glazier should reach the point of thawing. The cold storage proposition not having any attraction for us we carefully avoid these "open doors" and pass on. Soon we are on Coopers Spur again and take a last look at the vast panorama.

Down on the rock and sand covered slope there is a profusion of beautiful bright flowers, mostly violet and blue and there are bleached and gnarled roots of dead dwarfed pines. When we think we are soon there we find another long slope which we had forgotten, some more snow to cross, another little stream of delicious, cool water of which we now drink to our hearts content. Going up we were only allowed a mouthful once in a while, the lean, muscular guide hardly tasting it. At last we reach the inn, very tired.

Now the black is shaved of our faces and it is found that some parts not well or from which the covering had been carelessly rubbed off and left us rather gray colored. In fact the crowd looks as if they have had a touch of "high living" and some of the faces, at least that of the writer, would have made that of an old toper look respectable, if placed side by side. The refreshing bath, dinner and sleep make a person recuperate fast, however and in the morning we are up very early without any ill effects to speak of—then the stage, down, down, and still some more down, to Hood River. Here it is found that the train is a couple of hours late on account of snow storms—no, sand storms a little farther East. Then it comes, a long hne, mostly filled with people using there eyes to the best advantage to take in the grand scenery "where rolls the Oregon."

Well, Percy, wasnt you a little hard on the Portland "county fair?" I have not been here long enough to become "web footed" yet but I do think it is quite a nice show, though not so extensive as the Chicago and St. Louis affairs.  
 Yours very truly,  
 Abel Garborg.

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