

# Climbing Up Timpanogos, Utah's Grandest Mountain

It is that most charming record of a ramble in the mountains of Maine, "A Moosehead Journal," Lowell relates his meeting with a hermit whose occupation in life was to feed logs to a sawmill. Having broken through the bark of shyness and reserve that protected the old man, he at length asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain.

"Dunno, never see it," Lowell was astonished and so expressed himself.

"The log-feeder asked, 'Come from Baw'n?'"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Goodie to see in the vicinity of Baw'n."

"I should like, 'awl, I should like to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've ben there often, likely?"

To which question Lowell rather reluctantly answered, "N-o-o."

"Aw, my young frien', you've learned now that wut a man kin see any day for nawthin', children half price, he never does see. Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally." A local application of a universal truth, as true and applicable in Utah as in Maine and Massachusetts.

I should be ashamed to confess that I never "valued" Timpanogos mountain, the ascent of which it is the purpose of this article to describe. Living for years almost within its shadow, I long since learned to love and almost revere it. In the true sense of the word it is awful. In outline and mass it is the perfect embodiment of all that is grand, imposing and inspiring. As one gazes and gazes upon it until the soul is in tune with the infinite, until the individual is lost in the universal, the feeling comes o'er one how weak and frail a thing is man, how great and mighty is nature! When this great, this perfect mountain is covered with snow and the last rays of the setting sun are rose-tinting its top and the evening star appears above it in the deep blue sky, how impressive, how awe inspiring it is! It stands a monument to its Maker, a fit foundation for some celestial palace!

## THE PARTY.

So far as the top of Timpanogos was concerned, I was in the same condition as the log-feeder was to the Old Man of the Mountain and Lowell to Bunker Hill. How better could a man spend part of his vacation than to become acquainted with the mighty mountain, to become a part of it, to mingle his spirit with its? I determined to realize an almost life-long aspiration and did so. I communicated with Prof. Swenson of the B. Y. university at Provo, who formed a party to climb Timpanogos. It was composed of the following: Mrs. Erastus Kofford, Miss Elva Kofford, Miss Violet Berkot, Miss Grace Saxey, Prof. Pleasant Grove, Erastus Kofford, John Saxey, William Startup, Alfalea Young and Percival Young. All were appropriately dressed for the task, the ladies wearing especially made overalls. The party left Wildwood, the summer resort at the mouth of the north fork of Provo canyon, and which is owned by members of the B. Y. U. faculty, Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 13, for the foot of the falls in the right hand fork of the north fork, some 15 miles off. Four, who started ahead on horses got on the wrong road when Sawmill flat was reached and never rejoined the party. Having their blankets and food with them, they made their own camp and returned to Wildwood next afternoon.

## THE ROAD.

The road from Wildwood to the flat is by way of a very rough, narrow rocky gorge, through which a magnificent mountain stream comes plunging down, often tearing out the road, always making it more or less bad. The road through this gorge is nearly three miles long. From the flat on to the falls in the right hand fork the road is very good, though there are two very long, steep hills.

Camp was made in a beautiful quacken-asap grove some three-quarters of a mile from the foot of the falls.

from which point the ascent of the mountain begins. On such expeditions little luggage can be taken. All took just enough bedding for protection against the cold of the night.

## THE CAMP.

The horses tied up for the night and fed (it was necessary to take hay and grain, there being no feed for them in the grove or on the hills) a huge bonfire was made, and supper had. A great bonfire is one of the glories of a camp at night. It sends

Long Hard Tramp In August Over Great Snow Banks and Loose Rock Slides—The Glacial Lake

—Difficult and Dangerous Ascent of the Glacier—12,000 Feet Above The Sea—

## A Slip and a Slide.

some small ledges are climbed over. A gate way through solid rock is passed and the first snow-bank is met with. From it comes a good-sized stream of water. This bank is some hundred and fifty yards long, thirty or

them. While going up one of the party struck a very treacherous bit of loose rock and it was with great difficulty that he maintained his footing. In his effort to save himself from sliding he looked like one do-

and mighty cliff, one whose grandeur it is hard to conceive. Impossible to describe. To the right lie vast masses of snow while above them rise lofty cliffs, almost perpendicular. Not far from this point we rest on

gentlemen having become quite exhausted, decided not to attempt it and after resting some time, returned. To see the glacier and the lake and moraine at the foot of it having been the writer's object, and having been attained, he did not attempt it, especially as he was suffering from a severe attack of acute indigestion brought on by eating some sundries for lunch. At the foot of the glacier Prof. Swenson took the picture of the party, after which the climb up it was begun. While the party were slowly wending

the great solitary mountain peaks was a very ecstasy of delight. But I am forgetting the glacier and the party ascending it.

## THE GLACIER.

The glacier is some 700 or 800 yards (possibly a little more) from where it terminates in a small glacial lake to its crest. In width it is from 150 to 250 yards. There are no crevasses in it. Where it breaks off and falls into the lake it is about 30 feet thick. This face presents an appearance of snow rather than of ice. The lake is about an acre in size and very deep. It was almost entirely covered with snow and ice. On the side opposite the face of the glacier there is a perfect moraine. On the glacier there were several huge piles of rocks that had fallen from the peaks above. It has not been ascertained whether or not it moves, but if it does, and it probably does, it is very slowly. Prof. Swenson once drove stakes across it to ascertain if it moved but for some reason or other they became loose and disarranged and on his next visit he found his work all undone and he could determine nothing.

## ASCENDING THE GLACIER.

It was a long, laborious climb up the glacier, the climbers looking like black specks on a great white sheet. On their way up they were frequently cheered by bugle calls played by Percival Young, a Salt Lake high school boy. The shrill notes set the wild echoes flying, peak answering peak until the mountain tops rang and rang again with the music of the bugle calls. Percival was the first to reach the crest of the glacier. The others soon followed. Soon they all disappeared around a jutting crag, and none were seen for considerable time until three forms stood out against the horizon on the very top of Timpanogos. They were Prof. Swenson, Bishop Swenson and Percival. They were the only ones to attain that proud eminence. There, 12,000 feet above the sea, Percival played the "assembly." While playing it Prof. Swenson took his picture.

## THE DESCENT.

The party was soon rejoined when all threaded their way back to the glacier and began to prepare for the descent. Various plans were discussed, all felt it was a ticklish matter to get down the glacier without accident. Percival found the solution to the problem, though he was not looking for it. He was making his initials in the ice and snow with his penknife when his foot slipped and down that glacier he went for 150 or 200 yards as though he had been hurled. He came down in a way that the party sent up a scream of terror until they saw him show up in the snow in a slight bend in the glacier, pick himself up and wave his hands to them. Then the party sent up a shout of laughter. He had unwittingly set a good example and the others followed it. All got down without harm or accident, though one of the party, a lady, had a rather rough experience, turning over first sideways, then heels over head, bounding and bounding like a boulder rolling down some precipitous hill. She came down in a way to make the catatonic of Ledore envious.

## BACK TO CAMP.

The object of the party had been attained. Timpanogos had been scaled. The return to camp was without incident save that while crossing a great snow-bank the writer slipped, and for 75 or a hundred feet he lay on his back, his head in the snow, his arms outstretched and was only saved from shooting into a big hole in the foot of it or over a ledge by the prompt action of Percival, who stepped out and temporarily stayed his progress, he, too, being carried off his feet by his effort and both saved from a doubtless serious accident by a quick rescue by Prof. Swenson.

Camp was reached some 13 hours after leaving it in the morning. A fire was lighted, a light meal taken, beds made, and soon all were asleep, for exhausted nature finds repose even among rocks. "God bless the man who first invented sleep." The next morning we were off bright and early for Wildwood, which was reached in a couple of hours.

And were we repaid for the hard labor, the exhaustion, the risks run, the difficulties overcome? Yes, a hundred times over. The memory of the trip is imperishable and will grow more glorious as the years pass until for those who went there are no more years to gaze.

"Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally." A. Y.

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## WHAT WE EAT AND DRINK.

Interesting Paragraphs Treating of Strange Things Regarding Our Food.

It is said that Americans are the very latest greatest meat eaters in the world, despite the fact that they have the widest choice of vegetables. Statistics prove that \$100,000,000 more is spent on meat than on vegetables each year in America.

A rabbit cannery is the very latest American enterprise. Rabbits are the most prolific of all meat producing animals, and the cost of the livestock will be comparatively insignificant. E. S. Bolander of Echo Mountain, Or., is to be at the head of this new industry. He expects to can rabbits by

the thousands and, from their meat he will produce chicken tamales, all kinds of canned chicken products, lobster salad and many kinds of famous "French" soups.

The rabbit meat has been found to make the finest kind of tamales and the products are being shipped by the wholesale to New Mexico and California.

Whether or not a diet of bread and milk taken exclusively for 40 years is responsible for the remarkable preservation of the effects of old age shown in the body of Mrs. Mary Fox, who recently died in New York at the age of 105, is causing intense interest among physicians.

Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon has made 4,500 autopsies, and he was so surprised at the physical perfection of Mrs. Fox's body, which was as well nourished as that of a woman of 20, that he called in all the other physicians and surgeons of the coroner's office to observe her unusual conditions. Dr. O'Hanlon and others who saw the body are wondering whether or not they have a corroboration of the theory of Prof. Ellis Metchnikoff of Paris, who has asserted that man does not live out his allotted time of life because of the cellular activities in the digestive tract which produce old age. He believes that by a diet of curdled milk the germs of putrefaction, which according to his theory produce old age, may be successfully combated.

Two years ago a wise stomach specialist in Boston told William Goodman of Jackson, N. H., that he had a malady that could not be cured. The malady had a long Latin name Goodman failed to remember more than five minutes, but it had such an awful sound that he believed the doctor was right.

"You can't live more than a couple of months," the physician said, "so you had better go home and take things easy."

Goodman went home, made his will and waited for death. While he was waiting an aunt from Concord, N. H., visited him and heard all about the terrible stomach disease. She wasn't convinced that her nephew had to die. "I know a man in Concord who was a lot worse off than you are and he cured himself by drinking water," she said. "He just slushed it down by the gallon."

Goodman had always fought shy of water, believing that it wasn't good for the system, but he now began to take large quantities of the fluid. In a few days he was surprised to find that he felt better.

At the end of a month the improvement was marked and at the expiration of six weeks he was considerably stronger and had gained two pounds. From this time on the gain was steady, until today he man is in perfect health and can eat a Welsh rabbit at midnight without feeling ill effects.

In the two years Goodman drank four quarts of water a day, being careful not to drink 20 minutes before eating or within an hour thereafter. He has thus consumed 2,520 quarts of water. He has used neither tea, coffee nor spirits, but has drunk a good deal of milk. He eats meat, potatoes, vegetables and sweets. In fact, he dines on

ordinary food, save that he abstains from pastry.—What to Eat.

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