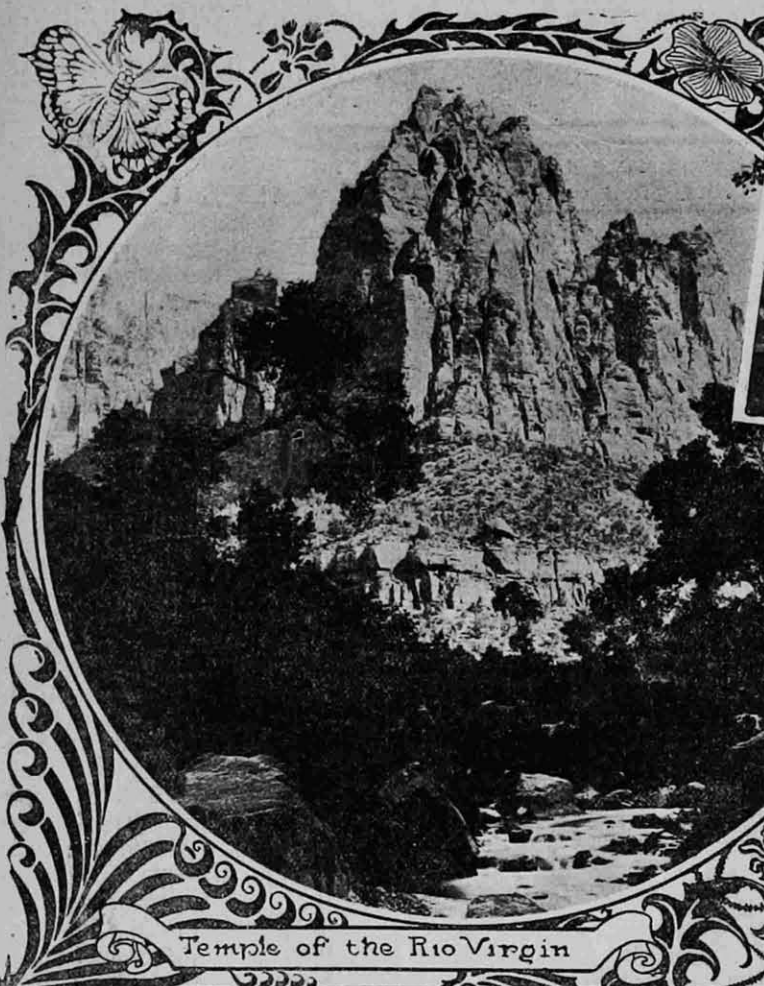


The
Christmas
News

The Antithesis in Utah Scenery

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

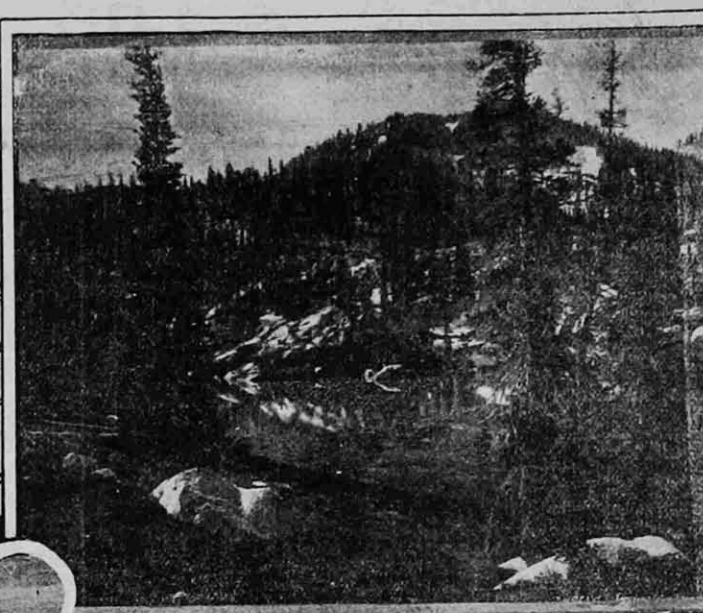
Dec. 18
1909



Temple of the Rio Virgin



Black Rock From The Dunes
Morning



Lake Mary



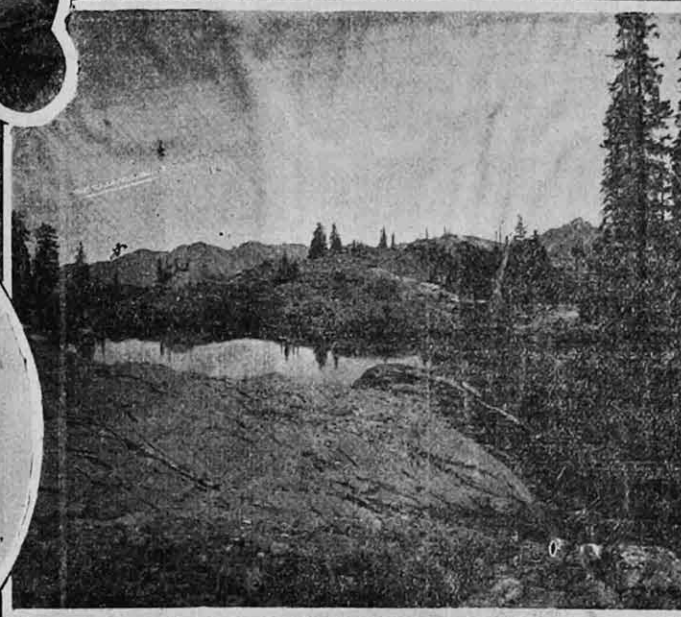
Edge of Desert
Evening



Cactus Desert



Alfred Lambourne



Lake Lillian

Among the Uintas

IF one looks from one of the central peaks of the Wasatch mountains one sees, to the eastward, a panorama of dim jagged heights, a mountain range running at right angles to that on which he stands. It is the Uintas. With the exception of a few peaks to the south these sharp aiguilles of stone are the loftiest in the state. At the feet of Bald Mountain, Agassiz, Wheeler, La Motte and others there are scenes of the wildest grandeur. In the Uintas there are remarkable evidences of the old time glacial action. The Provo river, the Weber, the Bear and the Du Chesne take their rise from high lakes whose surrounding ledges are in many instances polished as sheets of glass. The glacier amphitheatres are very grand. That one in which is situated the group of lakes forming the headwaters of the Bear river should be specially mentioned, one might well say for the botanist, geologist and the hunter.

Lake Mary

LAKE MARY is perhaps the best known to the lover of the mountains of all the Wasatch lakes. It is one in the group which makes beautiful the heads of the Big and Little Cottonwood canyons. Lake Martha is its natural companion and the two recall the story of Holy Writ.

Lake Mary is hard to describe; its beauty works a spell upon the beholder. It is a sort of romance told by nature in water and granite, lovely as the lake of a dream. With ledge above ledge, tier above tier, the mountain encircles the water; aloft are the cloud-like groves of pine and aspen. Over the ledges the streams from the heights come falling, from the clear, deep lake a rocky island emerges and from its fissures spruce and cedar fling their arms abroad. Sheltered by the overhanging walls the pallid snow banks fade in the summer glow, weeping drop by drop into the lake's translucent depths.

See Lake Mary at dawn. Within its mighty basin lies the lake seeming at rest forever. Not a breath of wind mars the pictured image of its shores. Graceful on slender stems the stately columbines press their satin flowers close

to the rough-barked trunks and scented branches of the pines.

And by moonlight! One might travel many thousands of miles; they might search, but they would search in vain, for a sight more wild and fair!

Lake Lillian

THE high lakes of the Wasatch differ materially in appearance from those of the Uintas. Among the mountains of the one range we see them lying in broad, open spaces between the tall peaks, whilst among those of the other we find them pushed against some perpendicular cliff or in some deep, round hollow, crowded for room, so to speak. The canyons of the Wasatch are narrower than those of the Uintas, where, indeed, they often resemble long winding valleys more than canyons, whereas those of the Wasatch make us feel as if we were shut in by their mighty walls in places seeming like those of some dreadful prison.

Lake Lillian is one in a group of three—the sister lakes, Blanche, Lillian and Florence. The group lies in the heart of the Wasatch mountains, midway up the Big Cottonwood

canyon. Their altitude is about 9,000 feet above the sea level.

A tiring climb one must take if he would visit the sister lakes. Loud roars the stream beside us, plunging all while over boulder and ledge. Like a vast pyramid rises the mountain beyond the lakes! No lithe-limbed Arab could climb up or down such as it. And, bethink you! Did it not stand ages before the pyramids of Egypt, Palenque or Copan? Beyond these heights have fallen the terrible avalanches which have given such a tragic tone to the history of Alta, the Little Cottonwood mining camp.

Our Inland Sea

UTAH'S one distinctive feature of scenery is our Inland Sea. Other western states have beautiful valleys and streams, but none other has a counterpart, a rival of our body of water. It dominates scenic Utah!

Our Inland Sea, America's Dead Sea, as we sometimes call it, is a rich inheritance from the past; it is as much a beneficence as are the silver and gold that have been locked up for the ages in the mighty hills.

Of the seven main islands that are above its waves Antelope, or Church island, is the largest and the best known. Stansbury is perhaps the grandest; Fremont the more familiar to those who look upon the Inland Sea from the north, but Gunnison island is the most picturesque of them all and lies amid the loneliest waters.

That remarkable piece of engineering skill, the mammoth undertaking, the Ogden and Lucin cut-off of the Southern Pacific Railway, has made the traveling public more familiar with our Inland Sea. That is, it gives them a passing glimpse of these wonders which are seen to such advantage from the great pavilion at Saltair Beach. But when one says that the Inland Sea is a beneficence of nature to the people of Utah one does not refer to the wonder of its colors or to the desolate beauty of its scenery, but to the health giving properties of its saline waters.

Valley of Many Waters

THE Temples of the Rio Virgin are the principal sight in Mu-kun-to-weap, the valley of many waters. To one who follows up the course of the

Rio Virgin through the Little Zion, they come into view with considerable theatric display. In the lower valley, the river, like some octogenarian, infirm and time worn, yet whom death has apparently forgotten, the stream adds mile after mile, like the year after year, to a precarious existence. There the hot sands appear even about to swallow up the feeble river, but in the upper valley at a turn in the road and where the waters brawl over the ruins of cliffs, and amid arrowwood and pinion pine—the ooze in the crevices of foreground rock—their red, their parti-colored mural fronts stand up against what is generally a blue and cloudless sky.

The Circle cliffs, the Orange and Vermilion cliffs, Red mesa, White butte, the Temples, the Dome of Kolob; these names lead one what to expect in the way of colors and rock forms in southern Utah, yet one is hardly prepared for the wonderful tints and carving in "The Rock Rover's Land."

Flood canyon, Aquarius plateau, are not wrongly named. And the other canyons and plateaus, such as Awapa, Kolob, Kaiparowits, are great collections of water, too. The manner in which the water comes out after rain from those fissures in the arid sandstone hills—the Kannara canyons—shows what the Basin rim can do for the feeders of the Colorado.

Of all deserts what one more strange than a cactus desert? That one extending from the Rio Virgin toward the Grand canyon is as strange as any. Thorn-bearing cacti abound; the barrel and the flat leaved cactus, and others all fearfully armed. There is the Spanish bayonet, the Needle palm, the Yucca, or as it is more commonly called, the Joshua. What torches these cacti make! What a heat they throw out, how they crackle and flare! Is it not as much a primal instinct to light a fire when out in the wild, as it is a platitude to tell of it?

In Mu-kun-to-weap, one listens nightly to the "to-wit, to-whoo" of the owl, but there is not a sound on the desert. There is silence absolute. How wonderful there the dawn! How vivid the line of ruddy fires on the low, sun-touched cliff edges of the distant plateaus and mesas—the land where the Rio Virgin is lost in the Colorado!