



DIARY of an AMATEUR EXPLORER

In Glacier National Park

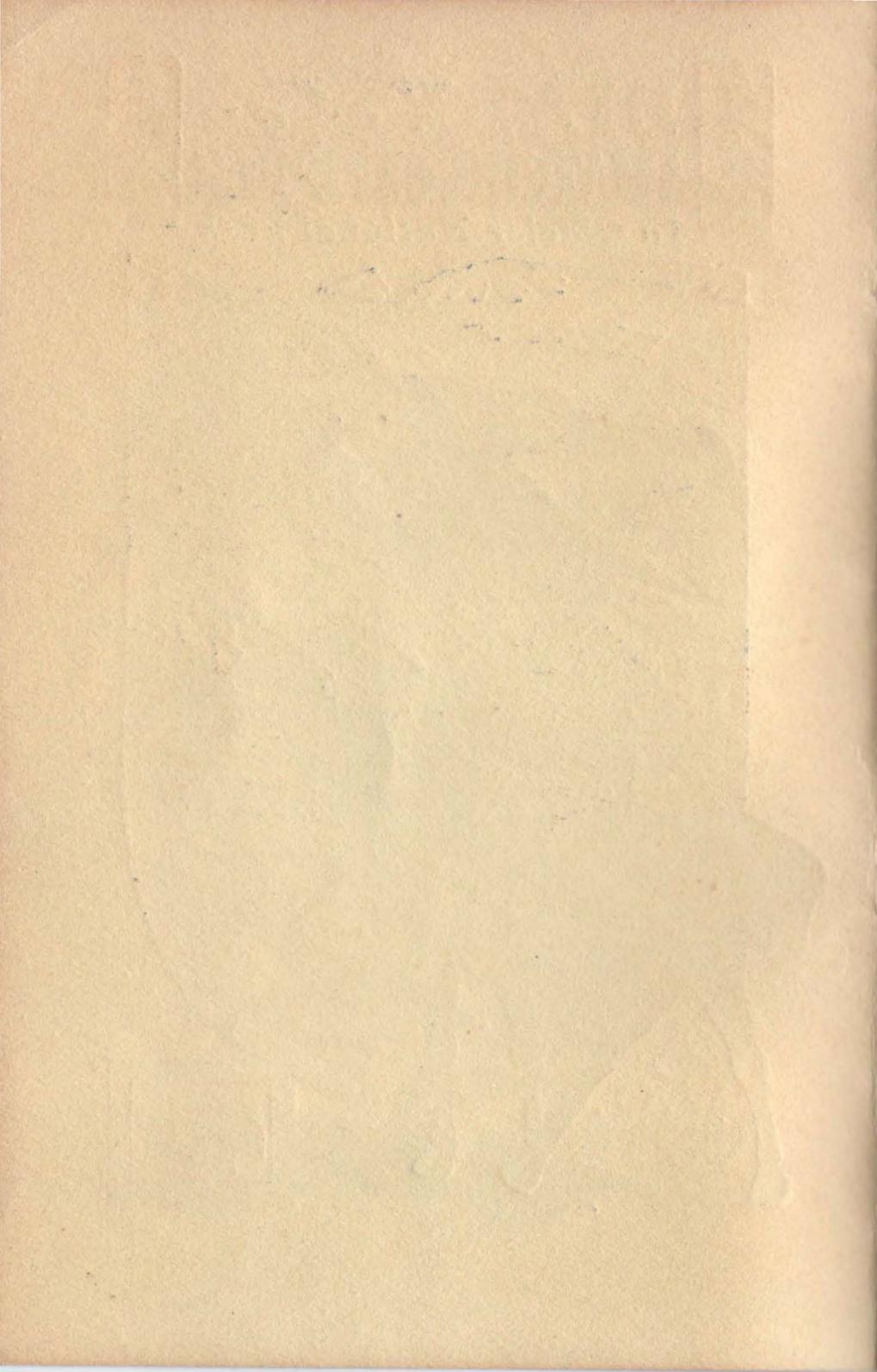


W.O.
Chapman

"See America First"

GREAT
NORTHERN
RAILWAY

National Park Route



THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR EXPLORER · by W.O.Chapman

DURING the summer of 1911 a party of Chicago, Twin City and Seattle newspapermen, among them W. O. Chapman of the Chicago Evening Post, Jay Cairns of the Chicago Inter Ocean, J. C. Russell of the Chicago Examiner, Clarence Speed of the Chicago Record Herald, A. C. Brokaw of the Minneapolis Tribune, M. Mingo of the St. Paul Daily News, Ed Richter of the Minneapolis Journal, Tom Dillon of the Seattle Post Intelligencer, Nox McCain the travelogue lecturer, and R. H. Palenske, a Chicago artist, made a pathfinding tour through Glacier National Park, which had but a short time before been set aside by Congress as a national playground. It was the first large party to go through the park.

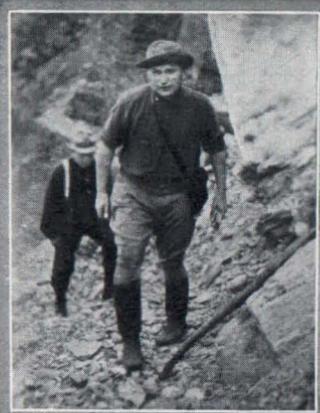
They reached this territory when it was in the early stages of development and went through experiences that the tourist today will not meet with because of the work that has been done to prepare the park for the tourist. They climbed high mountain peaks, explored glaciers, crossed the Continental Divide, fished in limpid lakes and rugged mountain streams—lived the sort of life that we have often wished to follow when we compared our hot-house existence in crowded cities with the joys of outdoor life.

"The Diary of an Amateur Explorer," written by Mr. W. O. Chapman, telling of the experiences of this newspaper party, in Glacier National Park, is the daily log of the doings of this party of amateur explorers and may prove not only interesting but we trust will suggest a new and novel way to spend your vacation. The Great Northern Railway now has a number of splendid hotel colonies located at the most beautiful and convenient points in the park, replacing the tent camps referred to in this story. There you can secure first class accommodations while making the tour at a cost of \$3.00 per day for meals and lodgings.

Glacier National Park is destined to become the people's popular playground. Those who prefer to provide their own camp outfits and forego the luxury of saddle horse transportation can spend their vacation here at a cost of \$1.00 a day or less.

Since the amateur explorers made this trip a number of other large parties have gone through the park which included women and children, which has clearly demonstrated that it is a trip that will be enjoyed by anyone who loves an outdoor life.

After reading this booklet, if you desire to secure detailed information regarding cost of such trips and necessary arrangements, write to any representative of the Great Northern Railway named in this booklet.



THE ARTIST



COLONEL CASEY

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR EXPLORER

BY W. O. CHAPMAN

No. I.

GLACIER HOTEL, Lake McDonald, Montana, August 12.

On this day and at this place assembled a corps of hothouse plants, city workers, persons who live under roofs, labor in skyscrapers, eat off of a table and sleep in beds, and whose daily journeys are made by automobiles, suburban trains or street cars.

They organized an exploring party to tread paths trod before only by Indians, trappers, the early woodmen and by velvet-pawed beasts of prey. They had abundant assurance, however, before perfecting their plans that the Indian and the beast of prey would be kept at a safe distance. Otherwise there might not be any explorations.

This is the first stopping place in Glacier National Park, in the northwest corner of Montana, and is thirteen miles from Belton, on the Great Northern Railway, the only road by which the park can be reached. From Belton to the foot of the lake, a distance of three miles, the journey was made by coach. The whole area of the lake can be encompassed by the unaided vision of the eye, and the head of this clear body of water, which seemed to wear a crescent-shaped crown of mountain peaks, appeared as if it might be reached with a few dips of the oars. But it couldn't be.

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It will be necessary here to turn back a few more leaves to learn who it was made up this party of amateur explorers. There was the General, the Sergeant, the Poet "Lariat," Colonel Casey, the Adjutant, the Circuit Rider, the Rabbit Rider, the Artist, the Broker, the Wrecker, the Aeroplanist, Professor Film, Old Seattle and "Doc" Cook. They had been two nights on a private car, and on the second night they had organized the Come-Back Club, the membership of

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which did not include all of the party. Later that same night the Sunrise Club was organized, and its membership was more restricted than that of the other.

Returning again to the foot of the lake, the hothouse plants began speculating on the length of the body of water.

"About four blocks, I should say," ventured the Circuit Rider.

"I can swim the length of it," said Colonel Casey. "I have swum a mile many a time."

"I think it is about the length of a freight tariff sheet," said the Poet Lariat, who knows something about that subject.

"It's ten miles," snapped the old sea dog who was in command of the launch on which the explorers made the voyage to Glacier Hotel. Those were the only words the o. s. d. uttered except for a bunch of imprecations hurled at his passengers when all of them rushed to one side of the craft to see something to which their attention had been called.

"In guessing at matters short or long you must see I was not far wrong," chuckled the Lariat.

* * * * *

The o. s. d., unkempt, unshaven and unshorn, was at the wheel. About four feet behind him was the motor, over which a young man officiated. When the o. s. d. wished to communicate with the engineer he reached up and pulled a rope ringing a bell one, two or three times, as the occasion required. He might as easily have turned around and executed the order himself, for he always turned around anyway to see if the engineer was obeying; but that, doubtless, would have been beneath the dignity of the captain of a sturdy electric launch, so he continued to give his orders by means of the bell, and if the engineer was engaged

talking to one of the explorers the bell ringing was repeated until his attention was attracted to his duties.

Nevertheless, the craft proceeded on its course without mishap, stopping on the west side of the lake to throw off some provisions and mail for a private camping party there, bumping the dock with considerable force as it did so. Then it turned its nose (if a launch has a nose) toward the hotel, where it arrived in due time and with much clanging of the bell.

* * * * *

Professor Film landed first, with his moving-picture camera, for these explorers had determined that should anything befall them there should be some record of their movements up to the time of their disappearance. Then the boat backed away, and on signal from the professor again approached the dock, the professor twisting his



THE TRAIL WOUND IN AND OUT AMONG THE PINE TREES

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"I CAN SWIM THE LENGTH OF IT," SAID COLONEL CASEY. "I HAVE SWUM A MILE MANY A TIME!"

coffee grinder vigorously until the last of the heroic band had landed and had walked off the dock.

While the General went into the hotel to register for his party, the Adjutant went on a little scouting expedition, and returned shortly shouting joyously he had discovered a cave in which he was certain, from the quick survey he had made, many interesting things might be found. An investigation was instituted by all hands at once, and it was learned the Adjutant really had underestimated the value of his discovery. This was set down in the official diary as the first remarkable event of the expedition.

* * * * *

The hotel itself is not a pretentious place, being a two-story building standing at the foot of the mountains, with the lake shore 300 feet in front of it. The dining-room is a separate building, constructed of logs, standing to the south, and south of this is a club and dance hall, also of logs. Back of the clubhouse is the cave, having only one entrance, and no windows.

To the north of the hotel is a row of log cabins, each with a central hallway having two bedrooms on either side. These cabins are lighted by electricity, furnished by a private dynamo; there is a wood stove in each hallway, for the nights are cool, and fire frequently is needed; and each has its veranda with easy-chairs from which one may look over on the lake. Back of them all are the mountains.

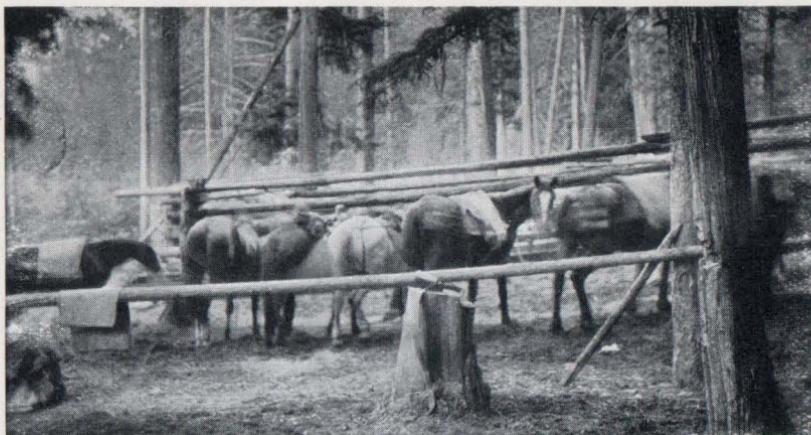
This is to be the last evidence of civilization the explorers are to see until they emerge from the park a week or ten days hence. When they turn their backs on this place they will leave behind fresh meat, fresh fruits, and other things requiring ice to make them palatable.

Before retiring for the night the General made arrangements for some necessary additions to the party. These were the Guide, the Packer, the Cook, and the Ranger. The latter is the police officer of the park, but he was detailed by Major Logan, who has charge of the park, to accompany the party, as a compliment, and not because it was considered necessary to have a police escort.



THESE WERE THE GUIDE, THE PACKER, THE COOK AND THE RANGER.

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EARLY THEY ASSEMBLED AT THE CORRAL FOR A DISTRIBUTION OF HORSES ON WHICH THEIR JOURNEYS ARE TO BE MADE.

No. II.

AVALANCHE BASIN, Glacier National Park, Montana, Aug. 13.

Members of the exploring party who are to penetrate some of the fastnesses of Glacier National Park were a close second to the sun in getting up this morning, for on this day they took their initial trip, which was in the nature of a tryout to give the pathfinders a taste of what is to come.

Early they assembled at the corral for a distribution of horses on which their journeys are to be made. Few of them had any other idea of a horse than that it was some kind of a motive power for propelling truck wagons. Generally they made selections according to color, choosing colors which seemed more nearly to harmonize with the costumes worn.

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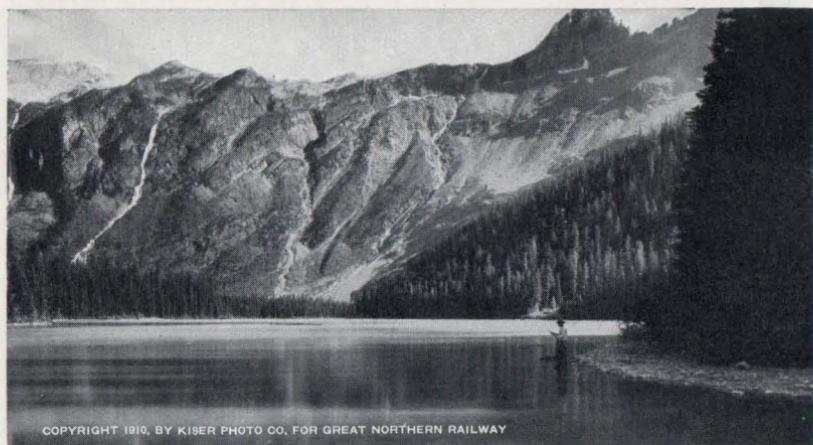
The Rabbit-Rider in particular had a suspicion of all horsekind. Nevertheless, he concealed fairly well his uneasiness and approached his steed like a man about to climb into an upper berth on a sleeper, and called for a ladder on which to mount to the saddle. He was assisted into the seat, and a moment later, for some reason unknown, the horse lay down. The Rabbit-Rider alighted on his feet, but the expedition was delayed some time while the members tried to convince him the action of the horse was not the part of a plot.

Again all were in the saddle, and the eighteen were lined in single file, headed for the forest, which began at the boundary of the corral. Then a halt was made that the Artist might take a snapshot, promising each member a copy of the picture if it proved to be a good one.

"Keep your lead horse in view," called the Cook, who brought up the rear, and who was an experienced woodsman, "or you may get off on the wrong trail."

With that the procession moved, and in a few moments was lost in the forest, At times the trail was up hills so steep the amateur hung on to the horn of his saddle until he was black in the face. Then the trail would turn down sharply and the amateur grabbed the tail of his horse to keep from tipping over forward.

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AVALANCHE BASIN * * * * IS A SMALL LAKE * * * * FED BY STREAMS OF WATER WHICH COME TUMBLING SPLASHING AND SINGING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Only at long intervals was the trail wide enough to permit one horse to pass another, a feat none of the animals would perform under favorable circumstance, without persistent urging. Their intelligence was a marvel to the inexperienced rider. They would survey a steep descent carefully before venturing upon it, and then with their sharply shod feet would feel their way until they were safe from the danger of a tumble.

On the whole the trail was upward, for the explorers were climbing a mountain. Rarely was its course straight for a distance of 100 feet. It wound in and out, forward and back, among the tall pine trees which shut out the sunlight, the leg of a rider scraping the bark here and becoming entangled with a branch there. The warning of the Cook was appreciated before the journey had been under way half an hour, for so dense was the forest and so crooked the trail it often was impossible to see farther ahead than the preceding horse. Naturally, then, with the lead horse out of sight, one might turn off on a fork in the trail and lose the way.

Avalanche Basin was the destination of this day's trip. It is a small lake at a high altitude, fed by streams of water which come tumbling, splashing and singing down the mountain side from melting snowbanks way up on the peaks. The snow could be seen from the shores of the lake, and the water could be watched from its source until it made its last jump into the placid body below.

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This basin is ten miles from the hotel, and it required four hours to negotiate the up trip. At the lake, and a short distance from the shore line, there is a circular clearing about twenty feet in diameter. There the luncheon which had been taken along was spread.

Some of the explorers got their tackle ready and fished for a while in the lake with indifferent success. Others tramped along the coarse gravel paved shore, where the overhanging vegetation permitted them to pass, and listened to the music of the falls. The Aeroplanist took a nap, and the Guide and the Packer

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THERE THE LUNCHEON WHICH HAD BEEN TAKEN ALONG WAS SPREAD.

narrated some of the legends of the country. All of these legends have to do with Indian maidens and their lovers, leading one to believe the early Indian's life was a continuous romance.

"Which reminds me that while I was working with a railroad building company in this part of the country," said Old Seattle, who counted that as one of his many and varied experiences—

"Isn't it time to roll one?" asked the General, referring to O. S.'s infatuation with the paper pipe.

"It is," was the reply, and the tale remained unfinished.

* * * * *

Returning, the journey was made in less time, for as the outward trip was largely uphill, the homeward jaunt generally was downhill, albeit some parts of the trail were so nearly straight up and down as to be demoralizing to one's nerves. Yet none of the horses slipped, and no rider was thrown.

When enough of the course had been traversed to give confidence to the explorers that they could find their way, the bronchos were goaded into a faster pace. Thus some members of the party soon were far from the others, and all that could be heard of them was the echo of their voices as they called to those in the rear, a call which was answered by still others invisible, producing an effect which was weird if not uncanny.

Among the first to arrive at the corral from the basin were the Sergeant and the Broker. When the others arrived all gathered at the cave to compare notes.

"On our way down we saw a black bear in the trail," said the Sergeant, "but as we approached it turned and went crashing away through the timber. Isn't that so, Broke?" he asked, feeling the need of corroboration.

"It sure is," said the Broker, ready to go any limit.

"Possibly that accounts," suggested the Wrecker, a noisy person who sometimes talked for as long as five minutes during a day, "for the speed with which you came into camp."

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No. III.

CAMP SPERRY, Glacier National Park, Montana, Aug. 14.

It is necessary at this point in these narratives to record the fact that "Doc" Cook deserted the explorers this morning. With his anecdote and his story, gathered in world travels, "Doc" decided to return to the railroad, where transportation is more comfortable for one of his build and avoirdupois.

"Every time I mounted or dismounted during our trip yesterday," said the "Doc," "I apologized to that broncho of mine, and in spite of my firm resolve to the contrary I could not look the animal in the face this morning. So I am going to leave you."

Now the Circuit Rider, who was "Doc's" bunkmate, gave another explanation. "Doc's" home is in Philadelphia, and his nerves, according to the Circuit Rider, were unstrung by the noise of the babbling brooks and the whispering winds, and he wanted to go somewhere where it was more quiet and homelike.

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But the explorers accepted "Doc's" version, gave him a cheer of good will from the backs of their horses, and with the warning from the Cook to "keep your lead horse in view," the caravan turned away. They not only left poor old "Doc" behind to mourn alone, but they left postoffice, newspaper and other landmarks of civilization and plunged into the wilderness.

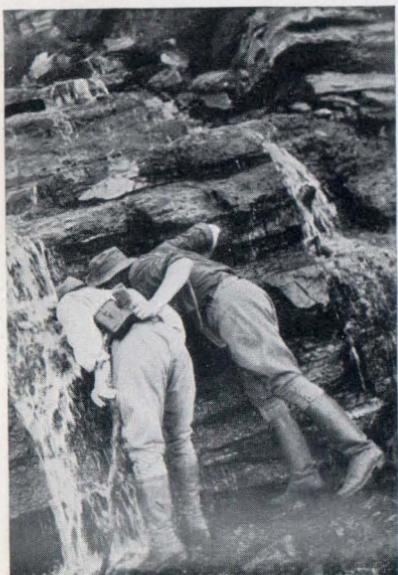
Nothing but the essentials was put in the war bags of the explorers, for baggage had to be carried on pack horses, and the number of animals required already was large. Old clothes were the rule as to the apparel worn. It was

hunting boots or heavy hob-nailed shoes. It was thick flannel shirts or sweaters, or both. Coarse gloves to protect the hands. Coat pockets filled with pipes, smoking tobacco, matches, or the "makings." A slicker or oil coat was rolled up and tied to each saddle for emergency's use.

In the costume of the General only was there an incongruity. Because of an oversight, his apparel, for which "old rags and old iron" might have paid 38 cents in cash, or exchanged two brooms, was topped off with a \$5 hat, one of these soft, drab-colored effects popular with those having a tendency to be rakish.

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With the addition of the three pack horses there were twenty animals in the train when the dash into the woods began this morning. Twenty horses, single file, feeling their way along the



EVERYBODY WANTED A DRINK.

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narrow mountain trail, made an interesting picture when there was enough open space to permit one to survey the line in its entirety.

Almost from the moment the word was given to start from the assembling point near the Glacier Hotel on Lake McDonald the trail led up the mountain side. Within a few minutes the train was deep in the solitude of a forest of pine. Horses were given free rein, and as they plunged and struggled up the trail their human burden was jerked forward in the saddle, and then thrown back, until a look of anxiety came over the faces of these novices in mountain travel.

Then there was a break in that stillness which had been almost oppressive in its effect on the riders. There was a sound of rushing waters. It was a mountain brook skipping and laughing its way to the lake. Everybody wanted a drink, but the brook could not be reached. Between it and the train the vegetation was impassable.

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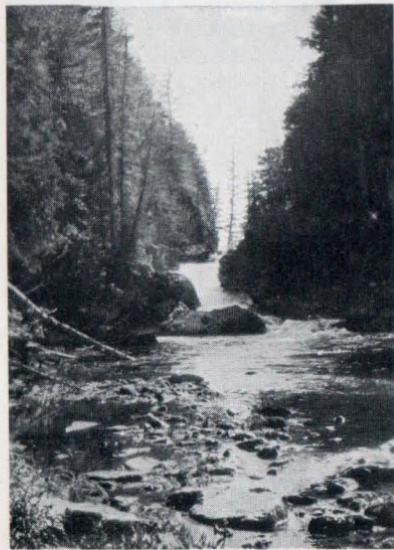
Higher climbed the explorers, and a point was reached where the unseen waters were shouting and bellowing, and whirling, suggestive of a storm which was sweeping all before it. Down, down, over stones, rocks and around huge boulders the water could be heard racing on its way to the lake.

"It sounds as if it were right below us," suggested the Adjutant.

"Yes, several hundred feet below us," answered the Packer. "You might make your way to it on foot at this point, but it would be dangerous."

"I never heard of so much fuss being made over water," remarked the Old Seattle. "I think I will roll one."

As if this was not sufficient to check the enthusiasm of those who were trying to comprehend some of the wonders of nature, there came a call from the front.



THERE WAS A SOUND OF RUSHING WATERS. IT WAS A MOUNTAIN BROOK, SKIPPING AND LAUGHING ITS WAY TO THE LAKE

"You'll have to hur-ry!" with a prolonged accent on the "hur," came the voice of the Guide, and it caromed from one tree to another, repeated itself several times in distances far from the trail, and, like the song of the brook, at last faded away. It was a suggestion that the train had spread out too much, and that those in the rear should close up the line.

Streams were forded yesterday, but here is something new. The trail led upward through a brook. For several hundred feet, where the water had changed its course frequently to one offering the least resistance, the trail lay in the bed of the brook. The horses climbed over the stones without hesitation, the water splashing against their feet, and there never was a misstep or a slip.

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"We must have lost the trail," said the Circuit Rider, as he stopped his horse before the watery climb. "Surely we cannot travel on water without boats."

"Prod up your broncho, you landlubber," cried the Broker. "Kick him in the ribs! We are getting behind."

With that kindly reassurance the Circuit Rider grabbed the horn of the saddle firmly, and with his eyes alert for a dry place to jump, he drove into the stream. The horse showed its indifference when, midway up the wet trail, it stopped to drink abundantly of the beverage.

As it is a long lane which has no turn, so it is a long climb which has no descent, and there came a time during the morning when the course of the explorers was downward. It was a welcome change, but at last even the effort to prevent falling over the horses heads became tiresome, and there was grumbling among the hot-housers. They twisted uncomfortably in their saddles, and occasionally dismounted to walk a while.

"Will we never reach the end?" asked the Rabbit Rider. "It is bad enough when my horse walks, but when he trots there are no words to describe my feelings."

"Yow-ee!" The orthography is improvised. It was the yell of discovery. The guide thus announced that this camp was in sight. The spirits of the party rose. Yet it was only noon.

No. IV.

Lifeboat never brought more joy to shipwrecked sailor than the site of this camp brought to the city dwellers, who, in the role of explorers, arrived here at noon on their tour of Glacier National Park. If the morning's ride was as long as that of Sunday—it certainly was not longer—it was more wearing on the nerves and muscles of the amateurs, and the cry of the guide met with a response from the others which must have startled the bear, elk, antelope and other wild animals in the upper mountains.

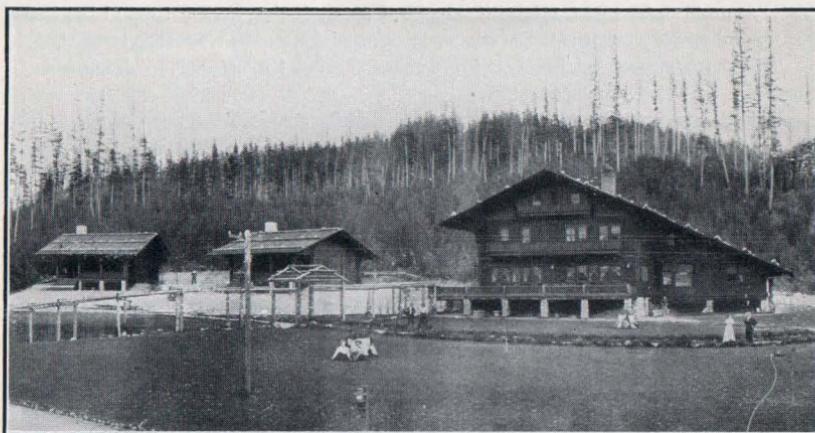
There is an abundance of these animals in the park, but as no one is permitted to carry a weapon (licensed guides and rangers excepted), there was no excited ambition to find these denizens of the mountain forest. The only inquiries so far heard regarding them were those pertaining to the personal safety of the seeker of the information.

"I am not afraid of any bear that ever ate huckleberries," said Colonel Casey, after carefully surveying both sides of the trail. "All I ask is that it give me an even start."



STREAMS WERE FORDED YESTERDAY, BUT HERE IS SOMETHING NEW. THE TRAIL LED UPWARD THROUGH A BROOK

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SWISS CHALETS MAINTAINED BY THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY AT BELTON, MONTANA.
SIMILAR CHALET COLONIES LOCATED THROUGHOUT THE PARK

"The best my camera will do," remarked the Artist, "is to flash in 1-120 of a second, so it would be useless for me to try to get a picture."

"In that case," suggested the Wrecker, "one might get a picture of a Kansas dust-storm and label it 'Casey chasing a bear.'"

* * * * *

This camp is one of several constructed and maintained by the Great Northern Railway for the accommodation of tourists. Like the others, it is a tented village, the canvas being drawn over steel frames, fitted with screen doors, and with large screened openings at the sides protected from the sun and rain by awnings.

There is a large tent used for a dining-room, connected by a canopy with a smaller one used for kitchen purposes. Another not so large as the dining tent is equipped for a clubroom, wherein the tourists gather in the evenings when it is too cold or stormy to remain outside. The sleeping tents are partitioned into two parts, with two spring cots in each part. The cots are provided with sheets, pillows and plenty of blankets.

These convenient camps minimize the travail of the explorers' existence. Also they contribute to the comfort of the tourists, for there are others in the park than explorers. It is a joy at the end of a hard ride, when all are tired and hungry, to learn that dinner or supper, with warm food and steaming coffee, is ready to serve, albeit it may be a little bit more romantic to prepare your own meals.

"I am for the camps every time," said the Circuit Rider, "even if there is no fried chicken."

"Let us make it unanimous," added the Aeroplanist, who was resting his wings on a cot, and it was so ordered.

* * * * *

It was surprising how quickly the spirits of all revived after dinner. The explorers were ready at once for further adventure. The General pointed to a mountain, and said the top of it was Sperry Glacier.

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"About three-quarters of a mile," the General said, "and the best way is to walk."

Whether it was a confidence game or mistaken judgment may never be known, but it was the longest hike many of the party had ever taken. Everybody was off at the drop of the hat, but shortly the lagging began. The path was over stones and broken slate nearly all the distance. It was uphill and see-sawed every way. Those far in the lead finally looked like midgets to those in the rear.

"Three-fourths of a mile as the crow flies, but not being a crow, who lies?" asked the Lariat.

The trail zig-zagged back and forth along the side of the rim rock, just over the edge of which lay the goal of our ambitions—Sperry Glacier.

The last stretch of the trail was over the slanting ledge of a giant rock over-hanging an abyss several hundred feet deep, and up through a cut in the mountain as steep as the roof of the Masonic Temple.

Professor Film was among the first to make the pass, and he aimed his moving-picture box on the others, turning the crank from the time their heads appeared above the lower ledge of the cut until their bodies were hauled safely over the top.

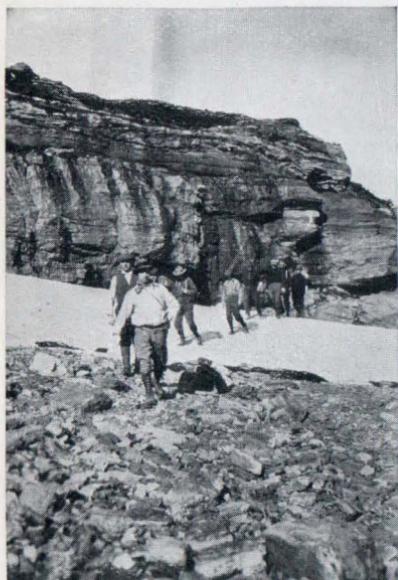
But the trip was worth the money. There was the glacier at the very hands of the explorers. It was acres and acres of snow and ice. Glad they had kept at their grueling task until the end, the amateurs disported themselves like boys on this August snowfield. Cutting through less than a foot of snow, ice was

found, and how deep this ice extended no one knew definitely. If all the ice ever was melted, it is not recorded in the books. At the prices charged by the trust, there is enough of it here to make millionaires of many men.

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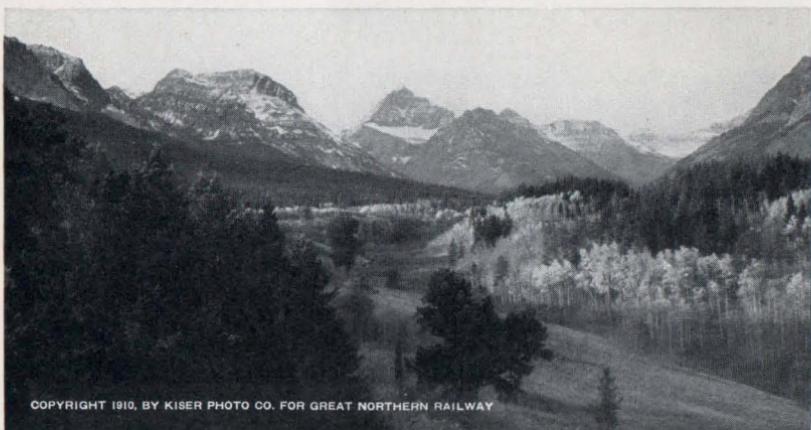
This glacier is more than 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. The explorers walked out on it for a quarter of a mile and threw snowballs. Four of the party crossed it and walked a mile beyond, where, from that great height, they looked down on the avalanche basin which they had visited on Sunday, when they thought they had reached the limit of their ability to climb. The scenic view spread out before them is considered one of the most beautiful offered by the park.

On the return trip more thought was given to the general appearance of the country. Going up, everyone's



"AT THE TOP WAS SPERRY GLACIER"

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IN EVERY DIRECTION THERE WERE SNOW FIELDS. THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS WERE OF BROWNS AND GRAYS AS IF PAINTED BY THE HAND OF MAN

eyes were on the path at his feet, and his thoughts were too much along one line, and that line more permissible in conversation than in reading. Now their eyes involuntarily swept the panorama.

In every direction there were snowfields. The mountain peaks were of browns and grays as if painted by the hand of man. One or two were bare of vegetation even to the base—absolute waste and desolation. Others had the deep green of the balsam below the timber line. The narrow valley, heavily wooded with pine, threaded its way among these giant uplands. The day was passing. Down each precipitous wall bounded a sparkling brooklet humming a verse as “the evening shadows longer grow.”

No. V.

CAMP AT THE NARROWS, Glacier National Park, Montana, Aug. 15.

Here, on the shore of Upper St. Marys Lake, which is one of the twin bodies of water that would be lined with beautiful summer homes if it were nearer Chicago, a “rube” explorer looks back over this day’s doings and wonders how it is he is still alive.

But there was nothing to do but hang on after the start had been made. What if one of these soft-footed children had rebelled and had refused to continue the trail? There he would stand, the innocent thing, just he and his broncho, clinging to the merest excuse of a foothold on the side wall of a mountain of rock, possibly the prey of lions or bears.

Below him was 3,000 feet of stone and slate. Above him about 4,000 feet more. In front uncertainty, to the rear regret, and not a thing to eat or drink in his saddlebags. Then why falter? It couldn’t be much worse if he kept on hitting the trail, and there always was the hope it might get better. So, if he rebelled, he soon surrendered.

“Keep a-drilling there, you mamma’s lamb,” ordered the sergeant in harsh, rude tones, addressing the Circuit Rider, in whom the spirit of adventure rapidly was dying.

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"I would jump off here and end the agony, if those jagged rocks down there didn't look like so many monster teeth waiting to close on me," mourned the Circuit Rider.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep; by George, it's rock where'er I peep," sang the Lariat, and the discouraged seized on hope anew and dragged his way along.

* * * * *

Gunsight Pass was crossed today. Hence the anguish of soul and body. It never was intended that man or beast should cross this pass. Doing so was a defiance of nature's laws. But why try to commune with nature in its virgin state if the communing is to be done on tinted and perfumed paper, or by telephone?

"At any rate, they might have put pillows in our saddles," said the Rabbit Rider.

For nearly nine hours the explorers were on the road, and they accomplished feats which the lesser experienced of them never believed it possible for man to do, to say nothing of a horse. There were depths down which these would-be discoverers did not dare look. They kept their eyes on the slender and faintly marked trail, and thought only of when the end would come.

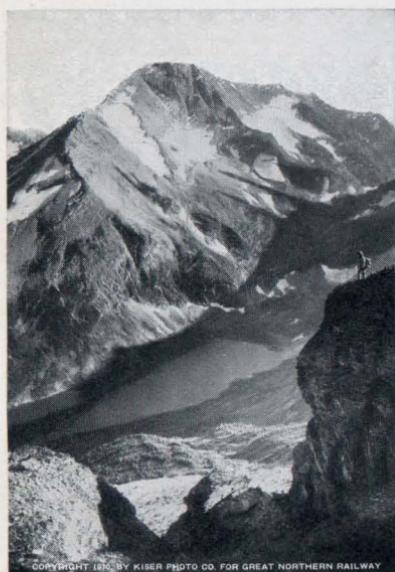
Right from Camp Sperry they began to ascend and to encircle a mountain, and soon were out of sight of that camp. After an hour's riding it is doubtful if half of them, unaided, could have found their way back, and even then they had qualms of fear as to the dangers ahead of them. What affection was then developed between horse and rider! The horse knew; the rider trusted.

"There is the bridle," said the Wrecker to his mount. "It is yours. Take it and do well by it. If anything happens there is a letter of instructions in my pocket."

"While rolling one," spoke up Old Seattle, "I might say that while I was working with a railroad building company in this country——"

"Prod up the rear horses," commanded the Packer, "or we will never get anywhere." It was not a new experience to him. He had neither fear nor sympathy.

Climbing the side of the mountain those in the rear of the line, moving in one direction, could look above them and see the advance guard going the opposite way. The switchback was necessary to reduce the grade of the ascent. At the points the horses voluntarily would stop, and, bunching



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"THREE THOUSAND FEET OR SO BELOW WAS
GUNSLIGHT LAKE."

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UPPER ST. MARYS LAKE, * * * * * WOULD BE LINED WITH BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOMES
IF IT WERE NEARER CHICAGO.

their four feet together, would turn one-third the way around and then move up the other angle. The rider closed his eyes and waited for the crash.

* * * * *

At intervals the train would halt to rest, and an opportunity was given to view the scenery. The opportunity always was there, for that matter, but owing to the character of the trail there was little disposition on the part of the hot-housers to look around. Their mental and optical activities were turned in another direction.

Not the least attractive features of the landscapes were the lakes which were found high up in the pockets of the mountains. There were Lake Louise, Lake Peary, Lake Nansen and others, waters clear and icy cold, and reflecting like a mirror the peaks around them. The lakes are uninhabited, so far as is known, and the depth of many of them never has been fathomed. A number of them are far from the trail, and it would be a task to reach them, although some day there probably will be camps on the shores of all the larger ones.

Shortly before the summit was reached the trail led into a recess of the mountain, coming out at the foot of a falls, forming a semi-circle which rested on a level plane, and furnishing a good opportunity for a picture. Professor Film quickly sized up the situation, and the train stopped until he could make his way to the front on foot and get his apparatus in order.

On the far side of the falls the professor set up his machine so that the whole train was in focus. The forward movement was resumed by the travelers, and the circular motion by the professor. The nineteen horses, with their riders and "packs," walked along the curve, and forded the brook at the foot of the falls, the spray from the tumbling water splashing over them as they crossed. The falls were so close the men on horseback could touch them.

* * * * *

For the next mile the train was on the summit, and the riding was easy by comparison. Having reached the extreme of the day's climbing, a stop was

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made for luncheon. A big red rock, four feet thick, about six feet square, and with a flat surface, furnished a natural table, and there was lettering on it which showed it probably had been used similarly at least two years before. A little stream of clear water over which one could step furnished the only beverage for the meal. Three thousand feet or so below was Gunsight Lake, and probably the width of a street away was a snow bank. The sun was shining brightly, and the weather was warm.

"One might stand in that snow until one's feet were frost-bitten," remarked the Aeroplanist, "and at the same time use an open umbrella to protect one's face from the heat of the sun."

"And if we lived here," said the Artist, "we would have to pay tribute to the coal man and to the ice man at the same time."

No. VI.

CAMP AT THE NARROWS, Glacier National Park, Montana, Aug. 15.

Having taken the explorers to the top of the hill, like the Noble Duke of York, and allowed them time on the divide for rest and refreshment, it was necessary to take them down again. But even that was not wholly a thing of joy.

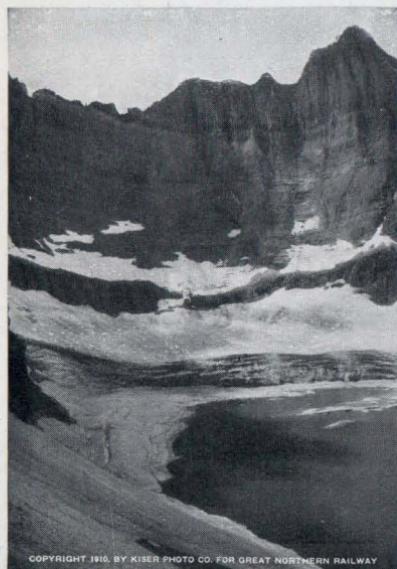
Everybody stepped off pretty sprightly after that fifty-minute rest. All the world looked brighter. At the call to mount they made a dash for the horses with the freshness which marked the beginning of a new day's journey. There was a considerable distance yet to travel, the wise ones said, but the worst was over.

Possibly a distance of two or three city blocks had been covered by the train when trouble appeared. It was not unexpected, except to the tender shoots. The guides knew it was coming. This was a part of their daily life. The explorers were just enjoying their after-luncheon pipes when the voice of command was heard.

"Dismount and walk behind your horse!" called the Guide.

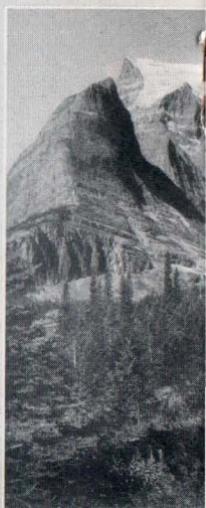
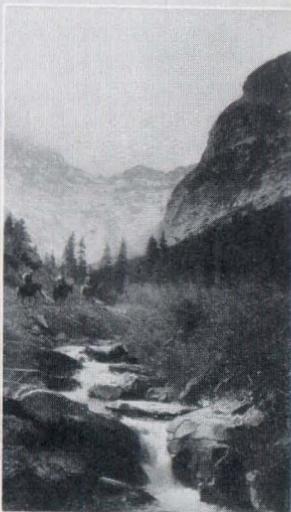
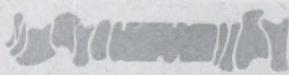
"Throw your bridle over the saddle horn so it will not fall under the horse's feet," cautioned the Cook, who was bringing up the rear.

These simply were precautions necessary before entering on another steep trail. The walk really was a relief. At least it was at the start. Down, down, and then down, went the trail. There it led its way around out of sight, and surely it then must take a level course, but around there it was just the same. The lead horses were



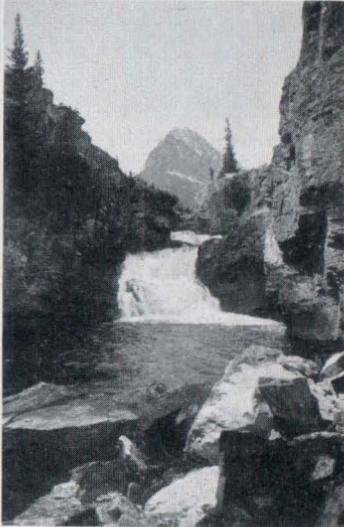
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ICEBERG LAKE, WHERE THERE IS FLOATING ICE ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER MONTHS



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BEAUTY SPOTS VISITED BY THE AM



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"AT INTERVALS THE TRAIN WOULD HALT TO REST, AND AN OPPORTUNITY WAS GIVEN TO VIEW THE SCENERY"

lost sight of for several minutes, but when they appeared again in the distance they were several degrees lower on the mountain side, and still were on the descent.

* * * * *

If millions times millions of tons of broken slate shingles were piled up until the top was 5,000 or 6,000 feet high, and then if one started at about the 4,000-foot level and by gradual descent tried to walk to the bottom, some idea could be had of this particular section of the trail. Several tons of this slate above the trail might take a notion to slide, and if it did the organist could begin playing a postlude for those who happened to be in the way.

Possibly a person might slip on wet slate, and there was plenty of it. Then—z-i-p-p! But if one had presence of mind the chances are the thrusting of a heel into the loose slate would bring a halt. Still, if there was no interruption, the coasting would be fast and furious.

"If a fellow got to going good he surely would be on a hot trail," soliloquized Colonel Casey.

"He'd leave a cloud of smoke behind him like a second-hand automobile," added Old Seattle.

This constant downhill travel, bringing into use only one set of muscles in the legs, was wearing on the endurance of the explorers. There was no place where they could sit and rest. If they stood still their feet were on an angle. An opportunity to ascend a ladder would have been welcome.

"My knees are like the hinges on an aged garden gate; they need oiling badly, and I think 'twould help my gait," mused the Lariat, a crude sentiment which found instant favor.

When a point in the trail was reached where places in the saddle could be resumed, only two or three, aside from the mountain men, could remount without leading their horses to a rock which would serve as a block. How welcome those saddles were! Subjects of anathema earlier in the day because of the torture they were accused of inflicting, they suddenly assumed the virtues of a leather chair.

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Having reached the bottom of a canyon, the trail led through another wooded stretch of country. Then there came a rain. This was the first experience of that kind. It promised to continue some time, and there was a general turning in the saddles to detach the slickers and to open them up for use. In a moment, almost, the shirt-sleeved procession was transformed into a yellow-coated parade, and the explorers looked like a lot of Chinese mandarins on a march to a joss temple.

* * * * *

It was only a shower, after all, but it served the purpose of adding another feature to the tour. The sun came out again, and for the first time the travelers took notice of the wild flowers along the way. Nature may be all right in its method of growing flowers, but it certainly lacks system when viewed from the city park standpoint.

There were reds, and pinks, and blues, and yellows, and others in profusion and confusion. Many of the popular blooms in cultivated gardens seemed to have savage sisters in this mountain growth. A yellow and a pink caressed each other, and a deep red and a pale blue seemed on the point of embracing. One could reach down from the saddle and with a single grasp pluck flowers of half a dozen colors.

The hours dragged on and queries as to how much farther it was to the camp brought replies ranging from five to ten miles, answers which did not tend to give encouragement. Fully half of the riders were standing in their stirrups for reasons which were satisfactory to themselves.

* * * * *

Along about 4 o'clock the trail turned by an abrupt wall. From this elevation, which commanded an uninterrupted view for miles, the camp could be seen. The sight was so pleasing the riders stopped for several minutes to feast their eyes upon it. The camp was 2,000 feet below. That meant there was much traveling yet to do.

The start on the last leg of the day's journey was made, but the horses were not to be remounted. It was another case of walk. The trail was just short of being perpendicular. It was a case of take two or three steps and then grab a tree to keep from falling. The horses were the least concerned. Slide and tumble, lurch and jump was the pace of the explorers.

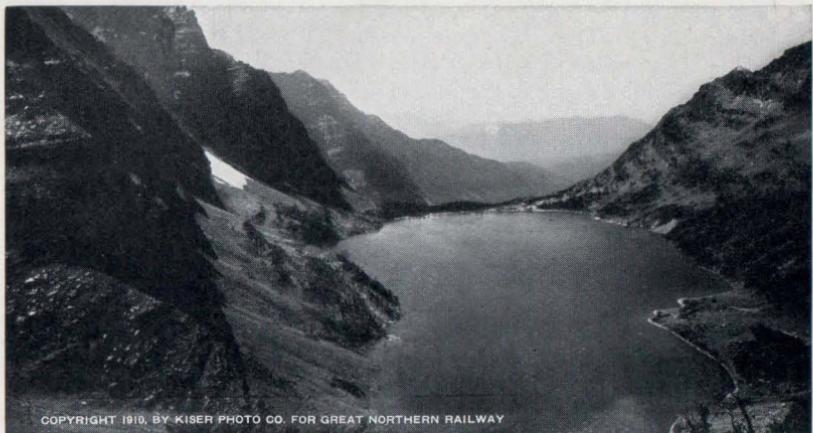
In the valley at last! Now for a short jog on horseback and the day's trial was at an end. Gratifying odors already were coming from the kitchen.



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THEY RETURNED LATE IN THE AFTERNOON WITH A
GOOD-SIZED STRING OF TROUT

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"LAKE LOUISE * * * WATER CLEAR AND ICY COLD

Like an early day soldier in New England, the General assembled his men and addressed them:

"If you find you are unable to resist the onslaughts of hunger, retreat to the dining-room," he said. "As I am somewhat lame, I will start now."

P. S.—At 7:30 p. m. all the explorers were in bed and asleep.

No. VII.

RED EAGLE LAKE, Glacier National Park, Montana, Aug. 16.

Before departing from the camp at the Narrows this morning the explorers held a council of war as to their further campaign. Iceberg Lake, where there is floating ice all through the summer months; Swift Current Pass, which is pronounced more of a hair-raiser than Gunsight Pass, and numerous other points of interest in the park remained to be visited, and there was a wish to get the sense of the party as to how much more time would be given to these explorations.

Having negotiated Gunsight Pass yesterday, the explorers, by almost a unanimous vote, decided their ambition in that line had been satisfied. That disposed of Swift Current Pass with its thrills and nerve destroyers. As to the other places which were not on the itinerary already mapped out, the majority thought the time was too limited. They gladly would continue the expedition indefinitely, but soon salaries would stop, and a salaryless vacation was too uninteresting to be considered.

Thereupon the explorers voted to take a side trip to this lake, which is said to be the best trout-fishing waters in the park. Some members of the party were equipped for this sport, and it seemed fair they should be given a chance to test their skill.

* * * * *

This trip demonstrated another fact—the permanent camps maintained by the Great Northern Railway are prepared to equip parties that want to shift for themselves for a day or two. Tents, blankets, cooking utensils and provisions

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were furnished the explorers, for there is no permanent camp at this lake, and the Cook was given his first chance to prove his right to the title.

"There is nothing," remarked the Packer, with a frontiersman's penchant for plain speaking, "to be compared with the man who hangs his face out as a cook and can't make good."

The prospect of the journey to this lake was hailed with some satisfaction by several of the explorers, for the assurance was given that part of the way there was a good road and the horses could be driven off a walk. The Ranger had communicated this information.

"I'll set the pace for you," the Ranger said, "if you want to do some fast riding."

"My horse already has shown the possession of fifty-seven varieties of gaits," was the lament of the Rabbit-Rider, "and if he has more in stock I am willing he should try them out on me."

So the first four or five miles out were made with a whoop and a hurrah, with the result the train was spread out over about two miles. This promised an unsatisfactory day, and the General called a halt.

* * * * *

The second half of the trail was much like that followed on previous days, but there were two minor incidents along the way which added novelty. On reaching a little stream which had to be forded, of course, it was discovered the beavers had built a dam just below the trail, backing the water up so high it couldn't be crossed.

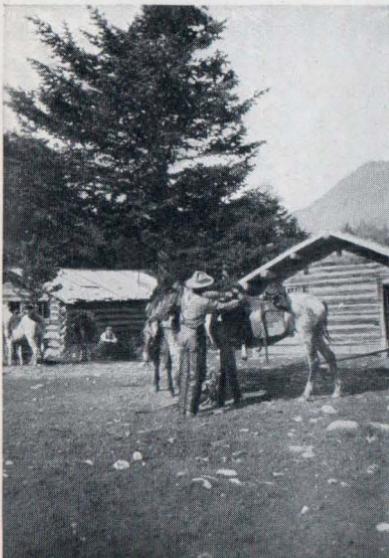
The Ranger showed he was equal to the emergency by dismounting and wrecking the beaver's dam. Five minutes later the water was low enough to cross.

The trail was through a dense thicket, and between trying to keep their feet out of the water and dodging stiff willow branches which threatened to unhorse them, the riders had their work cut out for them.

Farther along the members of the party were startled by a revolver shot. It was the Ranger again proving his worth. A porcupine was in the trail, and showed no hurry to get out of it. The mountain men said this little animal could make a lot of trouble for man and beast with its quills, a statement which was accepted at its face value by those who knew little or nothing of zoology. At any rate, that was the excuse for the revolver shot. The Ranger put the porcupine where it didn't need quills.

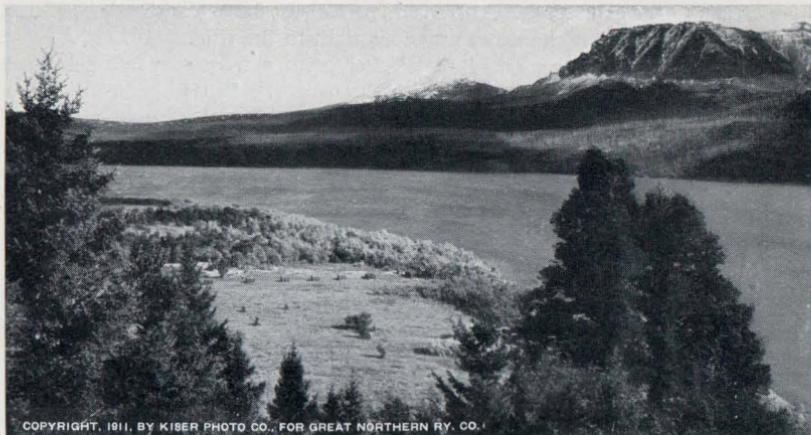
* * * * *

This spot, about half a mile below the foot of Red Eagle Lake, was reached



"* * STOPPED AT THE OLD TOWN OF ST. MARYS"

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FROM THIS ELEVATION * * * * THE CAMP COULD BE SEEN

at 1 o'clock. The Cook began to prepare luncheon at once, while the Guide and Packer pitched the tents in which the explorers were to sleep. The fishermen left after luncheon for the head of the lake, two or three miles distant.

"You who do not fish do not know what sport is," said the Broker, while getting his tackle ready. "To be able to drop a fly in the right spot, I tell you, is a science."

"A science, is it?" demanded Old Seattle. "I dropped a fly once in an exciting game and the crowd chased me off the field."

But the Broker and the Sergeant made good. They returned late in the afternoon with a good-sized string of trout, which the Cook said he would prepare for breakfast. They also brought back strong appetites, and before long a strange summons was heard.

"Come and get it."

It was the voice of the Guide again. That was his supper call. When its meaning was understood, there was no need for him to repeat it. And the most famous hotel in the land never spread a feed which was attacked more eagerly.

* * * * *

During the meal some one related that at this very place only yesterday three tourists were driven out of their camp by a grizzly bear and her cub. That was an inopportune revelation, for night was setting in. Grizzly bears, or "silver tips," are not good company.

"I am for the bear," said Colonel Casey, standing at attention, as if listening for the snapping of the brush. "Let us build a big bonfire so the silver tip can find its way here," knowing that if there was one thing which fascinated a grizzly it is snapping flames.

The fire was built. All hands brought in fallen timber and soon the flames were leaping twenty feet, giving off a shower of sparks. It cast a darkness over the tents some feet away so dense it seemed one might be injured by bumping

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against it. No one appeared anxious to take the lead in retiring. Colonel Casey snuggled up closer to the Ranger, who had a revolver.

"If a bear should come into camp now what course would you suggest?" the colonel whispered to the Ranger.

"Away from the bear," said the Ranger.

No. VIII.

CAMP AT THE NARROWS, Glacier National Park, Montana, Aug. 17.

Last night brought a real experience of camping out at Red Eagle Lake. Although the spruce logs burned with more or less energy until far into the morning, no bears appeared to disturb the slumber of the explorers. They were restless, however, but from another cause.

There is so much rock in the soil in the park it is next to impossible to find an area of ground large enough to furnish the floor of a tent and at the same time be free of these obtrusions. Dig them up? A rock which might feel, from running the hand over the surface of the ground, to be the size of an egg, really is only the corner of a buried boulder which might weigh a ton.

Although the ground under the tents was covered with two or three thicknesses of horse blankets, its rough surface was not softened nor made smooth. These men accustomed to real beds, rolled and tossed in an effort to find a strip free of rock, which was wide enough for their bodies, but failed. Exhausted they fell into a fitful sleep and dreamed of avalanches, earthquakes, and active volcanoes.

* * * * *

"Two or three nights of that," said Old Seattle, in an effort to console his companions, "and you would be able to sleep as well on those rocks as on a bed."

"Two or three nights of that," added the Circuit Rider, with a long and pious face, "and for me it would be the sleep which knows no waking."

"What was sufficient in forgotten years, is treated today with scoffing and jeers; Samson was a warrior who fought with a bone; Jacob slept well with his head on a stone," chanted the Lariat.

Those of the explorers who had been successful in their fishing enterprise, wished to spend another day at Red Eagle Lake, and the others returned to this camp. The Broker was one of those who remained at the lake, and he did some spectacular fly-casting. From a ledge of rock nearly sixty feet above the surface of the water, he threw out his line, and he successfully hooked three trout and pulled them up to the elevated position from which he was operating his rod and reel.



SCALES WERE CALLED FOR, AND IT WAS FOUND THE FISH WEIGHED EIGHTEEN POUNDS

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On the way back to the Narrows the explorers who were not interested particularly in fishing stopped at the old town of St. Marys, at the foot of the lower lake of that name. It is a number of log houses which were occupied years ago when a mining excitement prevailed in this part of Montana. Only one of the buildings is now occupied regularly. Another is used in emergencies by the forest rangers who pass that way.

The family that lived there owned many cows and had an abundant supply of fresh milk. The condensed article was all the explorers had seen for several days, so they drank their fill this day of the real milk, and they ate freely of home-made sugar cookies which the woman of the house brought to them.

This log hut, one of a dozen or more relics of a heart-breaking race for riches, was many miles from a railroad, and still further from a town of sufficient size to supply even the necessities of existence. The interior walls were covered with old newspapers, and decorated with some photographs which tourists had sent back to the family, and with a few old portraits. There was a well-thumbed deck of cards on a shelf, and a clock which was several hours away from the correct time.

During the winter seasons months pass without the family seeing another human being. In the summer there are days of this solitude. But the woman of the house said she went there from Michigan thirteen years ago for her health. She recovered it and said she was content to remain.

* * * * *

After this rest the ride to the Narrows, over comparatively good roads, was easy. Then the Rabbit-Rider, whose efforts at fishing had been without result, made up his mind to try again. No one before had ever indicated it was worth while to cast a line into the waters of the St. Mary lakes, but an attache of the camp told the Rabbit-Rider he had seen big fish—whoppers—in the lake, and he believed they could be caught.

Rod and line were brought out, a fly was detached, and a spoon hook put on, and, taking a boat, with a camp attache at the oars, the never-say-fail fisherman set out for a quiet spot up the lake. Two hours later there was much shouting at the landing near the camp. The boat was pulling in and the beam on the Rabbit-Rider's face portrayed success.

He held up a string of three or four good-sized trout, but it was evident from his excitement he had a surprise in the bottom of the boat. That was no empty conjecture. He had caught what the natives call a lake trout. Scales were called for, and when they were brought it was shown the fish weighed eighteen pounds. From all the tents came men with cameras, and the fish and its captor posed for numerous photographs.

* * * * *

Instanter all thoughts of scenery, landscapes, bears and other things were dismissed, and the one topic of discussion was the eighteen-pound fish.

"Did you find it on the shore?" asked the Sergeant, enviously. He had stood in the water for hours catching nothing but painful sun blisters.

"It is my opinion it is a squaw fish," said the General. "They are called the goats of the finny tribe, for they bite at anything from an empty can to an old sock."

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"I understand these camps have a few big fish in captivity which they sell to ambitious fishermen, and that may account for the catch," suggested the Artist, who, because of his temperament, refused to touch the finny thing.

But the Rabbit-Rider was unaffected by these jeers. He clung to his prize, and triumphed at last when he was voted the kingfisher of the expedition.

"A kingfisher!" exclaimed the Aeroplanist. "That is the first bird I have seen since we have been out!"

"Yes," the Wrecker hastened to affirm, "the only ornithological discovery we have made is the flapping of the Aeroplanist's wings when his horse is in motion."

No. IX.

CAMP CUTBANK, Glacier National Park, Aug. 18.

In coming to this camp the explorers forded one of the prettiest rivers in Montana. It was St. Mary's. The water, as is the case with all the mountain streams out here, flowed swiftly, and was as clear as spring water, it being possible, if one were afoot, to see to pick one's way over the stones which lay in the bed of the river. A wide and clean gravel beach led to the water's edge, and the slope of the bed was so regular and gradual it might have been constructed by man. The greatest depth at the place forded was about four feet.

After crossing the river there were a couple of miles of fair roadway, and then the trail led into the uplands again, through heavy timbered country. There was a trace here and there of the fires which have been so destructive of the giant forests of the North and West, but it was

not until the morning had been well spent that the party came upon the flame-swept ruins of vast areas of trees.

There were acres and acres of trunks, some of them forty feet high, grayish in color, and absolutely free of twig or branch. The first impression created was that of a vast cemetery where all the headstones were of one pattern.

* * * * *

A younger growth was taking the place of that which had been destroyed, but it will be years before it will be dignified by the name of forest.

Elsewhere on land which had no other evidence that at some time in the past it had been covered with trees was found a mammoth trunk which had been uprooted, and which, with its gnarled branches, had bleached



COMING OUT OF THIS THICKET THE TRAIL LED TO HIGH ROLLING LAND AND THEN WENT ACROSS A PART OF THE BLACKFEET INDIAN RESERVATION

The Diary of an Amateur Explorer

in the sun until it resembled the whitened bones of a prehistoric monster of the animal kingdom.

These were accepted as relics of a day when the elements, in a rage, swept with destructive fury over this section of the earth, ripping from the soil roots which seemed strong enough to have withstood the onslaughts of almost any power. There they were, dead, stripped of bark, nearly white, and of such grotesque shapes they must have appeared ghostlike in the moonlight.

While reflecting on this wrecked grandeur, the explorers suddenly were brought to a realization the party had left the trail and was blazing its own way over an unexplored country. The guide had been tempted from the beaten path by a belief he could save a number of miles of travel. He and his horse disappeared into a veritable jungle of young poplars.

* * * * *

Practically all of the horsemen had reached that stage where they were reasonably comfortable in the saddle, and they were ready to go anywhere. They had learned the lesson that their horses, veterans of the trail, would not venture where it was unsafe, and that if the Guide went through without mishap they might do the same thing.

"I would go with my horse if it jumped off yonder precipice," said the Aeroplanist.

"Then, indeed, would we see Pegasus," remarked the Artist, who was tainted with a little knowledge of mythology.

The poplars closed after the Guide, and only in a general way was it known where he and his horse disappeared. The explorers followed, however, keeping in the course of the lead horse as well as possible. They were whipped by the sprightly young trees. Their feet were knocked from the stirrups. Two of them almost were lifted from their saddles. The horses were finding the way; the riders had to care for themselves. It was thrilling while it lasted, and it lasted long enough for most of the party.

"We may have saved six miles on the day's journey," growled the Circuit Rider, "but we earned every one of them."

* * * * *

Coming out of this thicket the trail led to high rolling land, and then went across a part of the Blackfeet Indian reservation. Far in the distance one could see the habitation of an Indian, but none of the red men was encountered. The rest of the trip was without incident, but on reaching the



IN COMING TO THIS CAMP THE EXPLORERS FORDED ONE OF THE PRETTIEST RIVERS IN MONTANA

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camp great was the surprise of the explorers to find they had been preceded by Ranger, the Broker and the Sergeant. It had been supposed they were bringing up the rear. Instead they had declined to take the alleged cut-off, and, sticking to the trail, under the lead of the Ranger, had beaten the main party into the camp.

The camp is built on the banks of the Cutbank River, in a little valley surrounded by mountains. The mountains seem to be a comfortable distance away during the day, but at night, when darkness falls, the peaks appear to move up closer, and look like Goliaths standing guard over the little Davids on the plain, notwithstanding Goliath never entertained such kindly feelings toward David.

* * * * *

The light of day continues longer in the mountains, apparently, than it does elsewhere, but when darkness does come it drops like a blanket without warning. And it is dark, too. Coming out of a candle-illuminated club tent, it is difficult to discern objects in the valley which are ten feet away. Even after becoming accustomed to the inky atmosphere, only the faintest outline of the sleeping tents is discernible. But the mountain peaks, high up, stand out in bold relief.

During the day the weather is warm, and today in particular it was almost hot. Yet the moment the sun went down there was a marked drop in the temperature, and the explorers drew at least four thicknesses of wool blankets over them when they sought their cots. On two or three nights there was a frost.

"If anyone really wants to see a bear," volunteered the Ranger, "I will take him to a silver tip's cave tomorrow morning."

"I will go with you," replied Colonel Casey. "How far is it from here?"

"We will ride about two miles, and tie our horses," continued the Ranger. "Then we will climb about 200 feet. We ought to start early before the bear gets too far away. Seven o'clock would do."

"At seven it will be," replied the Colonel.

No. X.

CUTBANK, MONT., Aug. 21.
[On Board Train.]

Because of a great humiliation which came upon the explorers there is a hiatus of two days in the dates in this diary. The ambitious bear hunter over-slept on Saturday morning for the first time on the trip, and the Ranger and the other mountain men turned the laugh on the whole expedition. All day Saturday the party remained in camp and listened to explanations of the big sleep.



IT WAS ST. MARYS

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The Diary of an Amateur Explorer

Yesterday was another day of trail-making. Really the names of the party might have been given to the landmarks by which the tourists of another day will be enabled to find the trail. There were what the Guide called "knobs," "round-tops," "slides," "hog-backs," and other geological formations, more than enough in number to go around, but as no one was looking for the glory which comes from such distinction the opportunity was allowed to pass.

Armed with an ax the Guide cut his way through what was an impenetrable forest of young trees, this being necessary because the party, ready for more adventures, now that the journey was drawing to an end, had agreed to follow him in an attempt to find a shorter trail to Two Medicine camp. Whether any distance was saved is doubtful. The Ranger said nothing had been gained. Within a few miles of the camp the trail forked, and the Guide took the wrong one. The Ranger rode along silently. In time the Guide discovered his error, and appealing to the Ranger, was set right.

Across the lake from Two Medicine camp is Mount Rockwell, considered by many to be the most perfectly formed peak in the Northwest. It stands alone, a solitary sentry between the uplands of Montana and the Rocky Mountain range. Around the top of it the explorers saw a storm raging yesterday evening. The indications were there was a tremendous rainfall, but there was only a sprinkle in the camp.

* * * * *

The explorers set out on the last leg of their journey this morning. Glacier Park was the objective point, a station on the Great Northern Railroad, which serves as the eastern gateway to the park. In reaching it from the camp the party passed one of the government's irrigation development works, where a large force of men were constructing a huge dam for the conservation of the water supply.

There one of the officials in charge gave specific instructions that to reach Glacier Park station the riders should keep in the valley and stay out of the hills; yet notwithstanding this advice, three of the explorers—Casey, the Adjutant, who had rejoined the party at Two Medicine, and the Circuit Rider—followed the best road and were lost.

They rode around over the tops of hills and could see Glacier Park and its water tank, but they could find no way to get there. They had followed mountain trails for a week without mishap, only to be lost in the rolling wheat fields of Montana. They saw two wagons coming along the road and halted to inquire the way.

* * * * *

Both vehicles, it turned out, were in charge of Indians. In the first was Mr. Lo, and in the second another Mr. Lo and Mrs. Lo. They were dressed in bargain-counter store clothes, and their complexion was the color of a new penny.

"Is that the road to Glacier Park station?" inquired the Adjutant in his best Indian tongue, pointing to the right.

"Ugh!" answered the first Mr. Lo.

"Is this the road to Glacier Park station?" asked the Adjutant, indicating with his left hand.

"Ugh!" answered Mr. Lo.

With that help the three stragglers at last reached the elusive town, about an hour and a half after the rest of the party. There they found their car in waiting, and after exchanging the garb of the mountaineer for that of a life farther East they waited for the coming of the train which was to carry them home.

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SEE AMERICA FIRST

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
AND VICINITY

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SCALES ↗

TRAILS AND LOCATION OF GREAT NORTHERN CHALET COLONIES

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK TOURS

SEASON: JUNE 15 TO OCTOBER 15

Glacier National Park was created by Act of Congress, in 1910. During the past two years much work has been done by the Great Northern Railway to open up this tremendous mountain region to the public. A handsome new hotel of unique architecture, which will accommodate over two hundred guests, is now being constructed at a cost of \$100,000, at Glacier Park Station, the eastern entrance to the park. Seven different hotel camps, consisting of from four to ten log chalets each, have been located at Two Medicine Lake, Cut Bank Canyon, St. Mary Lake, the Upper Narrows, Gunsight Lake, Lake McDermott, and Sperry Glacier Basin. Each building is a substantial log structure, with wide open fireplace. First class sleeping accommodations are afforded, and the meals served are clean and wholesome. A great many tourists have been entertained at these camps during the past season, and the service has been brought to a high standard.

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GREAT NORTHERN CAMPS

The map of the park shown on previous page, on which the location of Great Northern camps is indicated, will give a splendid idea of the delightful tour which visitors can now make of the park by traveling by easy stages from camp to camp. The distance between camps vary from seven to twenty-five miles. The topography of the country and the condition of the trails are such that men, women and children can make the journey between camps at any point in the park comfortably by horseback in one day. Ten days or more are enough to enable the visitor to see many of the points of interest. A month or more will open new delights constantly to those who have the time to remain, while those who can stop only for a day or two can make a short trip by automobile from Glacier Park Station, on the Great Northern Railway, to the camp on St. Mary Lake and get a comprehensive idea of the scenic beauties that have made this new playground one of the most popular national parks in the country.

ONE DAY AUTOMOBILE TOUR

Brewster Brothers, Glacier Park Station (Midvale P. O.), Montana, now conduct an automobile tour from Glacier Park, on the main line of the Great Northern Railway, to St. Mary camp on St. Mary Lake, a distance of thirty-six miles. Two comfortable four passenger touring cars are now in service.

The auto leaves Glacier Park about 8.30 a. m., and travels over the new automobile highway, which the Great Northern Railway this year constructed at a cost of about \$75,000.00. This road extends along the border line of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation and Glacier National Park through the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. To the west the majestic, glacier capped peaks of the Rockies rise into the clouds. The run is made to Lake St. Mary in about two and one half hours. If passengers desire, time will permit a trip by horseback or launch from St. Mary camp up St. Mary Lake to Going-to-the-Sun Camp, nine miles distant. This trip reveals one of the grandest mountain views in the entire park. Lunch can be procured at the Going-to-the-Sun Camp, or St. Mary Camp, the auto returning in the afternoon to Glacier Park, arriving in time to connect with Great Northern Oriental Limited east and westbound.

All first class tickets east or westbound, which take passengers through Glacier Park, will permit stopover at Glacier Park station to make this trip. The cost of the auto tour is as follows:

Party of four, or more	Each, \$5.00
Party of three	Each, 6.65
Party of two	Each, 10.00
One passenger	20.00

Passengers desiring to make this auto trip should make reservations in advance.

ONE DAY STAGE TRIP TO TWO MEDICINE CAMP

Every day during the park season passengers east or west bound via the Great Northern Railway can stop over at Glacier Park Station and make a one day side trip by stage to Two Medicine Camp on Two Medicine Lake. The stage will accommodate eight passengers and makes the trip each way in two and

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one-half hours. Fare \$2.00 one way, \$3.00 round trip, minimum for trip \$8.00. Lunch is served at Two Medicine Camp—cost 75 cents. The Trick Falls in the Two Medicine River and numerous other attractive spots may be visited, or the time before departure of stage on return trip put in boating on Two Medicine Lake.

The Peigan or "Blackfoot" Indians have made this region their gathering place for many years and the Two Medicine country is rich in Peigan legend. To this day, the Indians, whose reservation joins the park on the east make many visits to the lakes where years ago their ancestors held a double medicine lodge ceremony. The Blackfoot is a friendly Indian and the tribe has already endeared itself to hundreds of tourists who have visited Glacier National Park.

TWO DAY AUTO AND STAGE TOUR TO MANY-GLACIER (LAKE McDERMOTT) CAMP

Passengers who have only two days or little more, at their disposal in the park can see over one hundred miles of wild and rugged mountain scenery and two of the most beautiful lakes in the park by making a two-day auto and stage trip to Many-Glacier Camp on Lake McDermott, by way of Lake St. Mary.

Passengers leave early in the morning and travel via automobile over new auto road from Glacier Park to St. Mary Camp on Lake St. Mary, thence via daily horse stage, which will accommodate eight passengers, to Many-Glacier Camp. Lunch is served at St. Mary Camp. The twenty-two mile stage ride from St. Mary Lake to Lake McDermott takes the tourist through the picturesque old deserted mining town of St. Mary, along the southern shore of Lower St. Mary Lake to Boob, the headquarters of the U. S. Reclamation Service on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, thence through the beautiful Swift Current valley, past the Sherburne Lakes into the mountains surrounding Lake McDermott. The trip from St. Mary to McDermott occupies four hours, and passengers reach that picturesque camp in time for dinner.

The return trip is made the following day, tourists reaching Glacier Park Station in time to connect with Great Northern transcontinental trains east and west bound. The same rate for auto service between Glacier Park and St. Mary applies as on the one day auto tour, viz.: \$20.00 for round trip for party of four. The fare between St. Mary and Many-Glacier (Lake McDermott) Camps is \$3.00 each, one way, or \$5.00 each, round trip. Passengers may, if they desire, remain over at St. Mary or Many-Glacier Camps and make short side trips to other points of interest. Four horses with saddles are available at all times at Many-Glacier Camp at rates quoted in this booklet. Guides can be obtained at either St. Mary or Many-Glacier Camps at regular rates. In addition to the fare for auto and stage trips, passenger will be charged at rate of \$3.00 per day for meals and lodging at St. Mary and Many-Glacier Camps.

HOTEL AND TRANSPORTATION RATES

Passengers holding one way or round trip tickets, reading via the Great Northern Railway, which permit stopovers, can by notifying the train conductor, leave the train at either Glacier Park station or Belton for a tour of the park.

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ROUND TRIP FARES TO BELTON AND GLACIER PARK

The following round trip fares have been put into effect by the Great Northern Railway from principal points to Glacier Park and Belton. Tickets are on sale daily until September 30, with a final return limit of 60 days.

FROM	To Belton and Glacier Park	FROM	To Belton and Glacier Park
Chicago.....	\$47.50	Spokane.....	\$11.00
St. Paul.....	35.00	Seattle.....	24.60
Minneapolis.....	35.00	Tacoma.....	24.60
Duluth.....	35.00	Everett.....	23.30
Superior.....	35.00	Bellingham.....	25.80
Kansas City.....	37.50	Portland.....	25.95
St. Louis.....	45.00	Vancouver.....	28.50

SLEEPING CAR FARES

The sleeping car fares from the principal eastern and western points to Glacier Park station and Belton are as follows:

TO GLACIER PARK STATION

FROM	STANDARD SLEEPER BERTH		DRAWING ROOM	COM- PARTMENT	TOURIST SLEEPER BERTH	
	Lower	Upper			Lower	Upper
St. Paul.....	\$6.75	\$5.40	\$24.00	\$19.00	\$3.50	\$2.80
Minneapolis.....						
Duluth.....						
Superior.....						
Denver.....	7.00	5.60	25.00	20.00	3.50	2.80
Kansas City.....	8.00	6.40	28.00	22.50	4.00	3.20
Chicago.....	8.75	7.00	31.00	24.50	4.50	3.60
Seattle.....						
Tacoma.....	4.75	3.80	17.00	13.50	2.50	2.00
Portland.....						
Spokane.....	2.50	2.00	9.00	7.00	1.25	1.00

TO BELTON

FROM	STANDARD SLEEPER BERTH		DRAWING ROOM	COM- PARTMENT	TOURIST SLEEPER BERTH	
	Lower	Upper			Lower	Upper
St. Paul.....	\$7.25	\$5.80	\$26.00	\$20.50	\$4.00	\$3.20
Minneapolis.....						
Duluth.....						
Superior.....						
Denver.....	7.50	6.00	27.00	21.00	3.75	3.00
Kansas City.....	8.50	6.80	30.00	24.00	4.25	3.40
Chicago.....	9.25	7.40	33.00	26.00	5.00	4.00
Seattle.....						
Tacoma.....	4.25	3.40	15.00	12.00	2.25	1.80
Portland.....						
Spokane.....	2.00	1.60	7.00	6.00	1.00	1.00

HOTEL RATES IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Great Northern Hotels and Camps at.....				
Glacier Park Station.....				
Belton.....				
Two Medicine Lake.....				
Cut Bank Canyon.....				
St. Mary Lake.....				
The Upper Narrows.....				
Gunsight Lake.....				
Sperry Glacier Basin.....				
McDermott Lake.....				
American Plan, Per day.....				\$3.00

National Park Cabin Resort, E. E. Dow, Proprietor, lower end Lake McDonald.	
Rates per day.....	\$2.00 to \$3.00
Geduhn's, F. D. Geduhn, Proprietor, north shore Lake McDonald.	Rates per day..... 3.00
Glacier Hotel, J. E. Lewis, Proprietor, north shore Lake McDonald.	Rates, per day..... 3.00

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BREWSTER BROTHERS—CAMPING TOUR RATES

Brewster Brothers are prepared to furnish complete camp outfits for parties desiring to tour the park independent of the Great Northern hotels and camps, at the following rates:

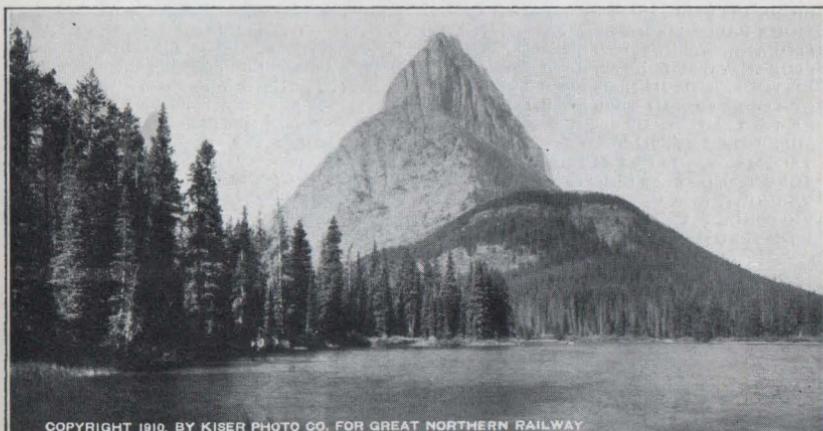
	Rate, per day
1 person	\$15.50
2 persons	Per capita 8.75
3 persons	Per capita 6.50
4 persons	Per capita 6.45
5 persons	Per capita 5.65
6 persons	Per capita 5.15
7 persons	Per capita 4.75
8 persons	Per capita 4.50
Each additional person	Per capita 4.50

The above rates are for a trip of ten days or more only, and include tents, guides, horses, cooks, helpers, provisions, cooking utensils, and everything necessary for the trip except blankets. Tourists are advised to bring their own blankets with them, or they can purchase them from Brewster Brothers for \$3.50 per pair, or rent them for a nominal sum.

GUIDES AND HORSES, STAGE AND LAUNCH RATES

In addition to the rates named above, the following rates have been authorized by the Department of the Interior for other accommodations in Glacier National Park:

Guides, in charge of party, per day	\$3.50
Cook, per day	3.00
Saddle and pack horses, five days or less	2.00
Saddle and pack horses, six to ten days, inclusive	1.50
Saddle and pack horses, over ten days	1.00
Stage ride Belton to foot of Lake McDonald, one way	0.50
Boat trip to head of Lake McDonald, one way75
Round trip	1.25



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GRINNELL MOUNTAIN FROM LAKE McDERMOTT

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Write for details regarding chartered compartment cars, standard sleeping cars, dining cars for special parties and through tours of park. Address any representative named below:

BELLINGHAM, WASH., 137-139 West Holly Street.....	C. D. THOMPSON, General Agent
BILLINGS, MONT.....	T. P. CLEMOW, Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent
BOSTON, MASS., 264 Washington St.....	W. A. SEWARD, General Agent
BREMERTON, WASH., 311 Front Street.....	R. C. MIEHKILS, City Passenger and Freight Agent
BUFFALO, N. Y., 299 Main Street.....	GEO. EIGHMY, JR., Traveling Passenger Agent
BUTTE, MONT., 102 North Main Street.....	M. C. IVES, City Passenger and Ticket Agent
CHICAGO, ILL., 210 South Clark Street.....	C. W. PITTS, General Agent Passenger Department
CINCINNATI, OHIO, 411 Traction Building.....	W. E. HUNT, General Agent
DES MOINES, IA., 315 Seventh St.....	W. M. ROMINE, District Passenger Agent
DETROIT, MICH., 710 Majestic Building.....	E. B. CLARK, General Agent
DULUTH, MINN., 432 West Superior Street.....	FRED A. HILLS, Northern Passenger Agent
EVERETT, WASH.....	H. E. STEPHENS, Ticket Agent
FARGO, N. D., 55 Broadway.....	J. L. ROHAN, City Ticket Agent
GRAND FORKS, N. D.....	C. S. TAYLOR, Ticket Agent
HELENA, MONT., 58 North Main Street.....	D. E. WILDER, City Passenger and Ticket Agent
KANSAS CITY, MO., 823 Main Street.....	F. T. HOLMES, Traveling Passenger Agent
LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.....	H. MACBETH, Agent
LOS ANGELES, CAL., 606 South Spring Street.....	J. W. PHALON, Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent
LONDON, S. W. ENG., 64 Haymarket.....	H. G. McMICKEN, European Traffic Agent
MILWAUKEE, WIS., Pabst Building.....	P. E. MEANY, General Agent
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 313 Nicollet Avenue.....	V. D. JONES, City Passenger and Ticket Agent
MINOT, N. D.....	W. C. McHUGH, General Agent
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NELSON, B. C., 423 Baker Street.....	R. J. SMITH, District Freight and Passenger Agent
NELSON, B. C., 423 Baker Street.....	W. E. KETCHUM, City Freight and Passenger Agent
NEW YORK, 1184 Broadway, Centurian Building.....	STEPHEN LOUNSBERY, General Agent Pass. Dept.
NEW YORK, 1184 Broadway, Centurian Building.....	G. M. GRABELL, City Passenger Agent
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 836 Chestnut Street.....	M. M. HUBBERT, District Passenger Agent
PITTSBURG, PA., 307 Henry W. Oliver Building.....	L. D. KITCHELL, District Passenger Agent
PORTLAND, ORE., 122 Third Street.....	H. DICKSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent
PORTLAND, ORE., 122 Third Street.....	S. A. VOLKMAN, Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 655 Market Street (Palace Hotel).....	GEO. W. COLBY, General Agent
SEATTLE, WASH., Cor. 2d Ave. and Columbia St. C. W. MELDRUM, City Passenger and Ticket Agent	
SIOUX CITY, IA., 510 Fourth Street.....	F. W. SEIBERT, City Passenger and Ticket Agent
SIOUX FALLS, SO. DAK.....	THOS. SIMPSON, General Agent
SPOKANE, WASH., 701 W. Riverside Av.....	D. G. BLACK, General Agent
SPOKANE, WASH., 701 W. Riverside Av.....	C. W. MAHONEY, City Passenger and Ticket Agent
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SUPERIOR, WIS., 917 Tower Ave.....	R. F. WILLCUTS, City Passenger and Ticket Agent
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VICTORIA, B. C., 1200 Douglas Street.....	W. R. DALE, General Agent
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H. A. NOBLE,

General Passenger Agent,

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY AND CONNECTIONS

