



MANY GLACIER HOTEL.
At the end of the auto road is Many Glacier Hotel, the focal point for trips over m

The Lure of Glacier

Glacier National Park has no frivolous sideshows for garrulous trippers, no Coney Island attractions. There are other canyons as deep and other mountains as high; but those who have roamed the world with eyes open sincerely say that in no other place they have seen as Nature so condensed her wonders and run riot with such utter abandon; in no other place has she carved and hewn with such unrestrained fancy, and scattered her jewels with so reckless a hand.

Here the Rocky Mountains tumble and froth like a wind-whipped tide, as they careen off to the northwest. This is the fountain head of the Continent, with its triple watershed—the beginning of little and big things. Huddled close together are tiny streams, the span of a hand in width, that miles and miles away to the north, south and west, flow as mighty rivers into Hudson Bay, the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean.

Two hundred and fifty lakes in valley, glacial cirque and mountain pocket flash back to the sky the blue and green hues

they borrowed from waterfalls cascade of glacial field or everlastingly torrents or milky-white bows flicker and changing play of the bright Montana sun and shade on tree and

High up on some mountain goat pauses for a moment and plunges from view. Lower down the big horn sheep treads his sure-footed way the clownish bear shuffles to his huckleberry patch; and in the blue of the heavens, between mountain peak and sun bald eagle sails his rounded courseing down for the timid creature beneath the leaves or in the shadow of the tree. And all is as it was thousands of years ago, except for some man-track there, where the road winds up the base of mountain and over the mark of a trail leaves its impression on the surface, or the blue of the sky up from the stone chimney of the hotel indicates that man has adapted it to his uses.

IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

out beyond the pass was a climax to all we had seen during the hours we had been traveling towards the pass, wonderful as that had truly seemed. East of us towered Mt. Jackson over 10,000 feet high with its dark rocks set off by broad streaks of snow along its flanks. West of us rose Gunsight Mountain, 9250 feet in height, with fifteen or more torrents bursting out from its snow fields and dashing down its face into Gunsight Lake, 3000 feet below us. There we could see the milky water from the ice fields spreading out here and there and gradually blending with the more vivid green of the lake water. Willingly would we have held this panorama before us indefinitely. Gunsight Camp lay in plain sight at the lower end of the lake below us and what was to prevent a leisurely descent to it when we got ready? Our guide, however, warned us that it would take three hours to make the descent so we rode off over the snow field at our feet and began to go down with more or less pleasurable thrills and anticipations. Ahead was the long steep trail about which fearful ones at the hotel had cautioned us but we came down it without the slightest suggestion of misadventure. At its foot we spoke slightly of its dangers and dwelt only upon the profusion of wild flowers along its border, but when the next day we looked back from a distance where the trail appeared a mere scratch upon a seemingly headlong mountain slope we had a sense of achievement. But anyone can do it!

Just at sunset the camp was reached and after that the long northern twilight, a happy evening with songs around a roaring camp fire, and the night!

Our horses had a rest today and we started off to test our own feet—like-wise our boots and clothes. The first stage of the journey was a persistent climb, not very steep but everlastingly going up. Horses would have been of little use there and of no use at all on the rest of the journey which was over rock fields and the glacier itself. Two of our party completed the first stage of the journey and turning back leisurely for camp got lost and stayed that way for two hours or more. However the damage was confined to themselves since the rest of us knew nothing of it at the time. The significance of it all is that that morning Mr. Louis Hill who with two of the engineering staff had spent the night at Gunsight Camp had urged our guide for the good name of the Park to be sure to bring back as high as ninety percent of every party he took out on Blackfeet Glacier. It turned out that those who got lost were the only ones who did not go with the guide to the glacier, which is doubtless to the credit of the glacier. In his jesting remark to the guide, Mr. Hill was doubtless more than half in earnest, since Blackfeet has a fine assortment

