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18 June 1986

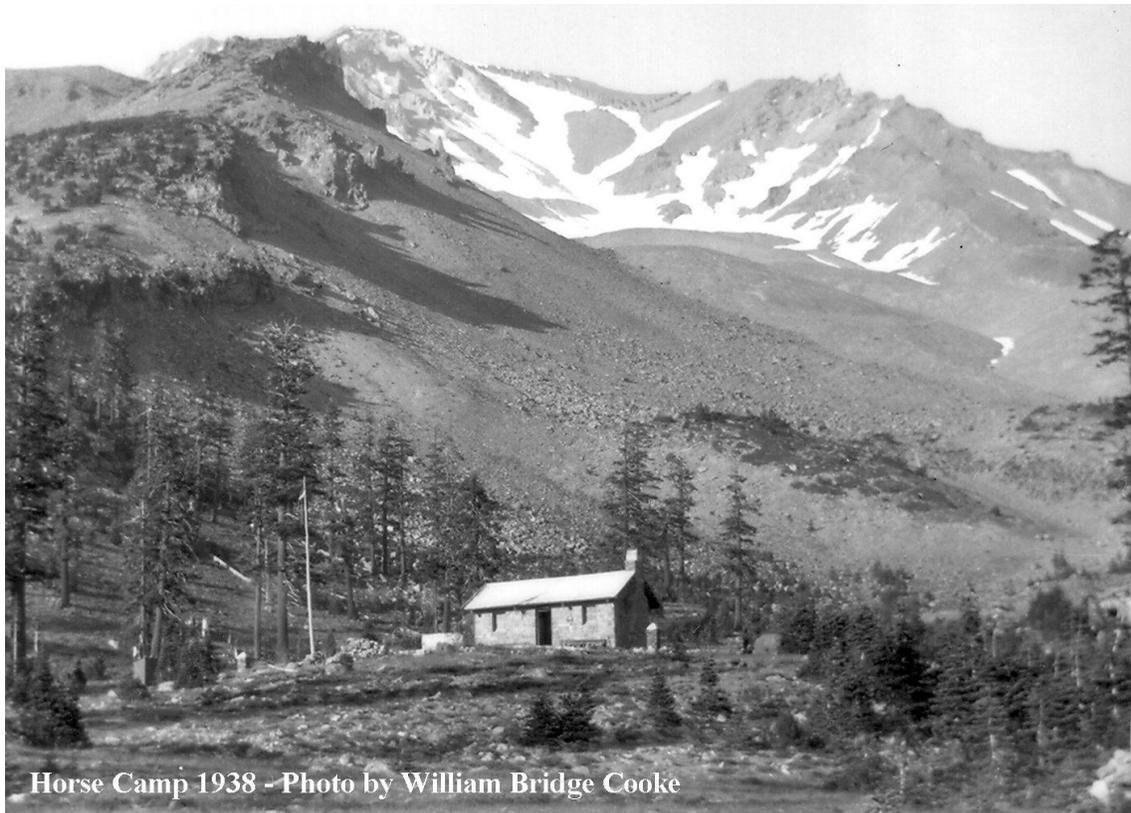
Dear Phil,

Once upon a time there was an attorney who lived in San Francisco. He was Chairman of the Sierra Club's Lodge Committee. Sometime between 1920 and 1922, probably closer to 1920, a party of Japanese political and religious dignitaries visited Mount Shasta to compare it with Fuji. Apparently they stopped in Sisson where they got horses and a guide to take them up the mountain. Presumably they went up the Sisson Southern Trail. They reached horse Camp on a cloudy, drizzly day and had a terrible experience. They could not climb and there was no shelter. It is said that they made enough fuss back in San Francisco that this was heard by M. Hall McAllister who decided to do something about it. These were the days of mansions and palaces. Among others there was Hearst's Wynton, Jim Hill's Maryhill, and Bernard MacFadden's dream of a "home" at Castle Crags (which never materialized. McAllister got contributions from municipalities and counties around the base of the mountain, and elsewhere wherever he could and matched these with his own money. He hired a crew of Italian stone masons who loafed for part of the summer and finally put up the Shasta Alpine Lodge in 1922. As you know, Mac Olberman was custodian for the first 12 years.

Until his death Mr. McAllister kept well informed about the Lodge. After it was built he had the four corner posts with their ornaments installed. The movable parts - I should say removable parts - were stored in the supply shack every winter at the close of the summer season. I presume he was responsible also for the wrought iron "Summit Trail" sign which was installed up the causeway a few hundred yards above the Lodge. Before WWII we carried on a correspondence. He lived in Redlands in his retirement, and he always spent a few weeks at the Mission Inn in Riverside. On at least two occasions I visited him in Redlands at the end of the season. He liked the fountain in the front yard, and he was very insistent that a flagpole be raised in the pile of rock just beyond the fountain and to its right.

This was done at least

twice. With a flag on it.



When I reached the Lodge in 1936 there were several cabins in the area. In the outback, that is farthest from the Lodge, there was a double cabin against the north end of which was a lean-to which was used for storage of supplies for overwintering. There were three single cabins going up hill from the large double cabin. And there was the kitchen shack. The sleeping cabins had two bunks in each, one to the right, the other to the left as one entered the door in the center of the front wall. No windows. I guess the rafters were 2 x 4's. The floor was the natural soil. Except for the double the base of the walls were lengths of Shasta fir logs. Above them were the hand hewn boards not too tightly put together. The roof was corrugated iron sheeting laid on the rafters and held on by rocks. My last job was to remove the rocks from roofs of all out buildings and stack the corrugated iron sheets behind the building. Before that the bunks were disassembled, the mattresses were piled in the supply shack with the blankets and sheets on them. The pots and pans, cups, and box of flatware and other utensils were stacked in this shack, and the door nailed shut.

This was my procedure at the end of each season before WWII, and in 1946 (I think), in the spring, as soon as the snow melted off, the procedure would be reversed. then we would be back in business. In 1937 the great bridges linking San Francisco to the mainland were dedicated. The ceremony and festival brought people from all over. On one of the festival days my youngest brother was in town. He was wearing an Odd Fellows pin. A visitor from Salt Lake City saw the pin and wanting to do something elsewhere asked David to look after his daughter for a while. Later that summer David and Emma were married. So that they could attend the ceremony, our middle brother and his intended drove mother and father out from Branch Hill, near Cincinnati, to Vallejo. Along the way, David, Donald, Marge, mother and father drove up to Sand Flats and walked the trail up to the Lodge. The weekend was complicated by a visit from Bill Schulz with whom I went over to Panther Creek. Bill was a journalist. He had led the battle in Seattle for the establishment of the Olympic

National Park. Bill was visiting Mt. Shasta with the mother of two famous movie stars who was visiting Mary Lee. We got back to the Lodge just after the arrival of the family. They spent the night and I walked back to Sand Flats with them. The cabins were less than adequate but the bedding was clean. There was one important problem - rest room facilities. This was a very open pit with a couple of rails laid on nearby branches of saplings and surrounded by burlap. I decided something had to be done.

Starting in Sept. 1937, after reporting in to San Francisco, which I did every June and September (it made a good excuse to visit The City), I entered Oregon State College. While there I visited the office of the College of Forestry where I found a book of plans for various types of building used by the Forest Service. From this I developed an order for lumber I would need. Back in Mount Shasta in June I went over to the McCloud River Lumber Co., still a division of Shevlin Pine of Minneapolis. There the sympathetic manager arranged to give the Lodge the needed lumber. Arrangements were made to get the lumber up to the Lodge and a sort of carpenter to put it together. This was done by early August, 1938. The pictures I took of the results were on the beginning of the first roll of film exposed on my walk more or less around the mountain. A man had been hired to help cut the winter wood supply and he was left at the Lodge while I took the walk.

Every Monday morning was washday. The light cotton blanket sheets, and later the white cotton sheets and pillow cases were boiled in a metal tub on the kitchen stove, wrung out by hand, and draped over the nearest fir trees. The pillow slips were put over the trees as if the trees were pillows. These trees apparently did not like that treatment for now it would take quite a ladder to get up to put the pillow slips over their tops.



Horse Camp guest sleeping shack with pillowcases drying on treetops, c1938. Photo by William Bridge Cooke.

The fate of the storage shed was based largely on normal deterioration. In 1947 some kind soul in the Forest Service suggested we store things in their loft in Mount Shasta. This would have been fine if we had tagged everything including cross cut saws and similar tools. Since nothing was tagged there was no way to prove

ownership. So in June or early July 1948 we had nothing where we had left almost everything.



**Horse Camp c1938. Shasta Alpine Lodge at center, cook shack at left.
Photo by William Bridge Cooke.**

The kitchen was the center of much activity, at least gustatorially speaking. In it was a more or less home made table with built on benches much like a campground table, and a stove. This was a pile of rock built so that there was a fire box over which were iron pieces holding 6 stove lids. At one end was the pipe taking smoke out, at the other end a sort of flat pan for any use for which it was needed. There were flat rocks all around for whatever use they could be needed. On the wall were hooks and nails for whatever tools could be hung there and shelves for utensils. In the southwest corner was a pantry with a cement floor. It was used for food storage, mostly in cans. There was, of course, no refrigeration. Midway between the kitchen and the Lodge was the water supply system. This consisted of a hydrant, still there, out of the faucet of which flowed water from the spring. This flowed into a wooden tub which overflowed into another wooden tub in which fresh vegetables were kept. This overflowed into a third wooden tub the water in which could be used for washing by anyone who wished. Food was prepared on the stove and served on the table. Anyone not wanting my food could make his own elsewhere.

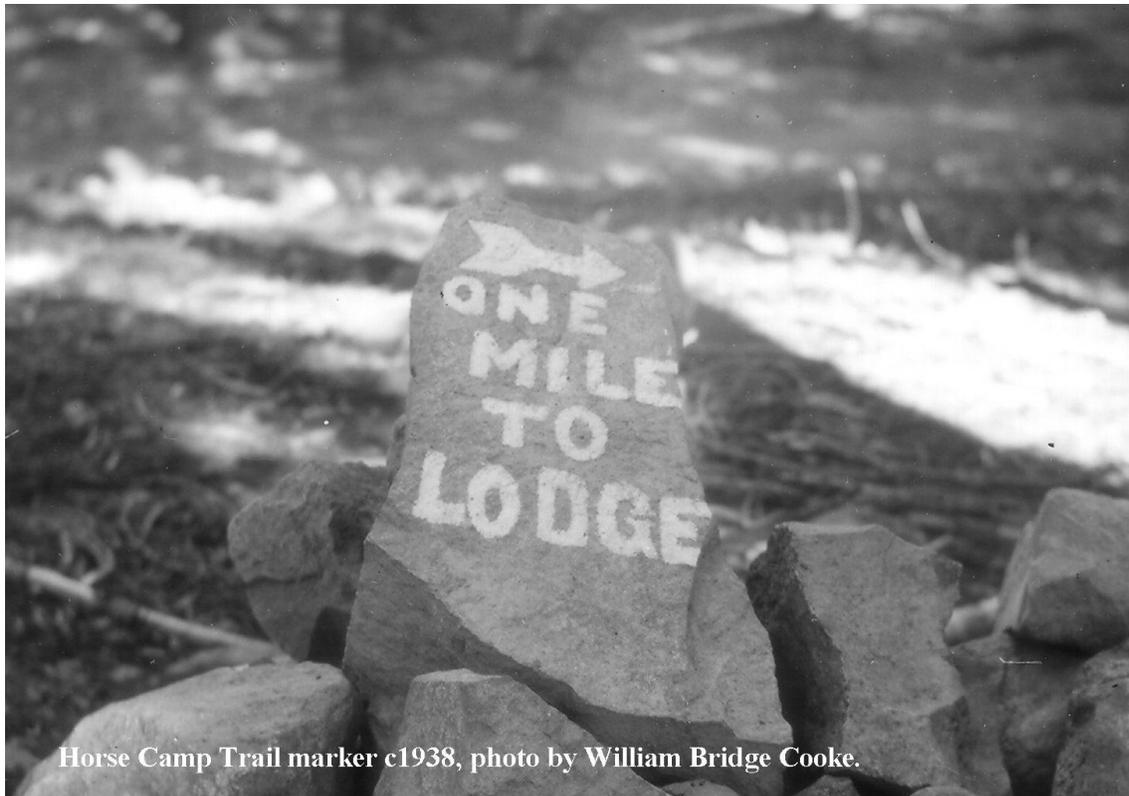
Before WWII few people camped in the woods below the lodge, at least so far as food preparation went, although a number slept out in sleeping bags. The first double sleeping bag I ever saw was one owned by Tom Jukes of the Poultry Husbandry Dept. at Davis. He later went with an antibiotics producing firm and more recently returned to Davis. (He was the speaker at my initiation to The Society of the Sigma Xi at Pullman, a national science honorary).

I would usually know where they were camped in case they wanted breakfast before a climb. I was allowed to charge 50 cents for breakfast, 75 cents for lunch, and \$1.00 for supper. Bunks were \$2.00 (I think) and some items were available for rental. It did not take long to find out that breakfast was a gold mine. In those days silver was more common in that country than paper and I usually had a good supply of silver dollars.



Horse Camp spring pipe and tubs c1938 - photo by William Bridge Cooke.

Before WWII most visitors came up on weekends. Very few people came up during the week. 1937, the first year there was common knowledge of the Memorial highway being open to Sand Flats, was the heaviest population year. Of the 750 who signed the register 100 made the top - June 15 through Sept. 15. Everyone who came near the Lodge had to sign the Lodge register. For reading matter McAllister had sent up a quantity of Geographics, and there was a good supply of Sierra Club Bulletins. There were several Mazamas, especially those dealing with Shasta climbs. But kind souls "borrowed" permanently, the choicest items and others were used for starting fires, page by page. Matt Kohn once left a set of five framed photographs of Horse Camp and the climb of the summit featuring the woman who sat on a white horse with her hand on the still standing monument. You can see the photograph in Marylin's if you ever get back to town. I cannot say it is the picture Matt Kohn gave me since I am not sure there were more copies around.



Horse Camp Trail marker c1938, photo by William Bridge Cooke.

Access. I would not know how the earliest climbers ascended the mountain. I don't even know when Sisson started his horse and guide service. That may be in Ed's voluminous notes somewhere. Anyway, by 1922 there was a well established trail from Sisson to Horse Camp. This is called the Sisson Southern Trail. Whether or not there was a "Sisson Northern Trail" I would not know. Prior to 1936 the Sisson Southern Trail was one of two trail routes, and the most commonly used one, to Horse Camp. The Sisson Southern Trail probably crossed the McCloud River Railroad tracks where the Memorial Highway does. Shortly thereafter it headed up a draw toward the mountain. This was a fairly level stretch at the end of which it was, in 1936, obvious that the horses of a pack train had been loaded. The trail turned to the left and headed around the knob below MacBride Springs, probably crossing or edging the area where a small community has sprung up. It crossed the now Memorial Highway south of Cascade Gulch and headed up a gentle slope to the forest. At this point which was the terminus of the original snowline highway (which followed an easier grade on the west side of the knob below MacBride Springs), people whose cars ventured so far parked and took to the trail. Here the zig-zag took the hiker over a sort of dike of lava (I don't know how the horses made it), and to a rather gentle slope along the south bank of Cascade Gulch. At the point where the trail starts to ascend the steeper slope there used to be a 3 mile marker indicating one was 3 miles from the Lodge. Ed had this sign in his house for a while. Shortly above this the trail split, an easier grade horse route to the left and a steeper grade foot route to the right or straight ahead. Along this route was a side trail which took one to a spring on the opposite wall of the canyon. The two trails came together some distance below the point at which the trail from Sand Flat came onto it. Because of increased traffic or usage the trail is fairly easily spotted to Horse Camp. A mile below Horse Camp was a stone Mac Olberman had marked as 1 mile from Horse Camp. This is on a fairly level stretch in a grove of Shasta Firs which were illegally cut. About a half mile below the lodge is the junction of the Horse Camp-Wagon Camp Trail. Once upon a time, while Ed was working on the Hearst place below McCloud he would come up to the Lodge to paint flowers. At first he drove up above McCloud

to Squaw Creek and came up some way. Then he found Wagon Camp, which is essentially on Panther Creek, and broke a trail through to Horse Camp. He blazed this trail. It went up above the Wagon Camp meadows and turned left on a more or less flat area and followed along this to Bunny Flat. Up Bunny Flat to the notch through which the present access road goes and more or less along one of the more recent logging roads to below the totalizer stand, then across the lower end of the avalanche area to the Sisson Southern Trail about a half mile below the Lodge. Ed made the trail and I used it. My grocer, Lee Jamieson, who once had a stall in Schuler's, then had his own store before he became police chief, would drive me to either the bottom of the zigzag, or Wagon Camp. From the former it was a 4 mile hike and about 3000 ft differential, from the latter a 5 mile hike and only a little over 2000 ft differential. Incidentally, Lee Jamieson was responsible for the planting of the Sequoias along the street leading from the railroad station to the high school. I do not know who can take credit for planting the Sequoias in the pine plantation along the Memorial Highway.

Your letter of the 12th, post marked the 13th was received on the 16th. The stamp was most appropriate although I doubt if any Appaloosas, as such, got to Horse Camp. We have had mules and work horses do work at the Lodge. Barr's 17 year old horse that went to the top in 1936 was hardly more than an all-American work horse, as probably was the one that went up 30 years earlier although it looks like a younger horse from the picture. Several saddle and pack horses have been up but the prize was two men on horseback (with saddles) who came up in 1947. They were staying at some place in the valley, not Shasta Springs since the I AM Foundation had already taken that over. They were well dressed but I did not notice until after they left that one signed in as C. S. S. Dutton, San Francisco. He was minister of the Unitarian Church and always traveled with his valet.

Your letter was written on our 44th wedding anniversary. Coincidentally, the Field Museum in Chicago celebrated the 80th birthday of Dr. Rolf Singer, a member of the staff and a mycologist of world renown. I attended the banquet and celebration while Vivian stayed here. I returned Friday morning and Saturday we went to Miami University to celebrate her 52nd anniversary of her graduation from that school.

The proper negatives were found and have been delivered to a photo shop. Contact prints from that size film will not be as cheap as 3R prints from Ektachrome positives. They will be sent next week.

Try thunder and hail on the corrugated iron roof in the Lodge: A lovely accompaniment for reading an Agatha Christie novel/by the light of two candles.

I hope not too many fires will be available for being put out. It reads as if you had quite a chore putting one out. Early in the morning of June 12 lightning struck the home of our ophthalmologist. He, his wife, and her mother were all killed. He was the best man in his profession in Cincinnati.

If you are a member of the AAAS you have your copy of the current issue of SCIENCE. And if you have it you no doubt recognized the mountain on the front cover in spite of the stated distortion.

Get melted out, have fun, and find some interesting plants at higher elevations.

Very truly yours,
Bridge