



**MICHIGAN REPRESENTATIVES** get a first hand look at a jet engine as part of their work at the 1953 National Aviation Education Workshop July 23 through August 26 at the University of Colorado, Boulder. (Coke) (left to right) Fern T. Ludwick, Royal Oak senior high counselor and CAP member; Jorm Simpson, Marysville high school teacher; Elizabeth Horton, 1st grade teacher at Adams in Birmingham, and Cloman Bogart, a member of the University of Colorado aeronautical engineering staff. The workshop is jointly sponsored by the university and Civil Air Patrol, civilian auxiliary of the U. S. Air Force. One hundred fifty teachers and CAP members from 35 states, Hawaii, Alaska and Belgium are attending the workshop.

**NATURE NOW**  
**Place Called 'Home'**  
**Stays with Traveler**

By LYDIA KING FRESHE  
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

Now at journey's end, I write from the Hilltop, a summit above suburban Seattle.

Our speedometer says 9,500 miles, and 2,000 of these have been registered since we turned our car northward from a cabin on Clear Creek. I write in fragments, for there is small space here to recount the sights and sounds that filled all the miles between.

National Park from the Grand We approached Rocky Mountain Lake entrance. Here the cobalt

blue of a patch of fringed gentians came out of the valley to meet us. Following the Trail Ridge road we travelled on the crest of one of the highest regions of the United States, commanding a view of more than 250,000 acres of all that is grandest in the American mountain scene.

Show-capped Long's peak dominates the land, reaching 14,225 feet upward into the dome of blue sky. It towers over 41 of its companions each higher than 12,000 feet.

BUT THIS traveler is happiest when she can leave the crowded highway to put aside the trappings of the tourist in favor of those less visited sights and sounds of the wilderness. So we walked alone at late afternoon from Bear Lake to Dream Lake.

At the very beginning of the trail we came upon a lovely clump of that quaint plant called Anemone or monkshood, for which these eyes had long searched in vain. When at last I stood waist-deep beside the pond, the nodding flowers more curious, more deep and dark blue than I had envisioned them.

A mountain stream tumbled along the foot-trail splashing its spray over the tallest and fairest of blue-bells, crochings all along its banks. Midway up the gentle slope lies Nymph Lake, bordered with elephant's head and ladies' tresses, its surface almost hidden by water lilies.

THE PATH grows steeper as it finds its way through the yellow of late buttercup, the blue of lupines, and the red of paint brush to come at last to Dream Lake. It lives up to all its name implies. It is a place of exquisite beauty set apart where with the snowy ranges of adventure spread out below, one is shut out from the life that lies sealed and waiting in a world left behind.

On a morning when the mountain air had washed away all signs of fatigue, we followed the hazy song of Tompkins' Creeper as it hurries out of the park by way of the eastern entrance. Its voice echoed and re-echoed in the canyon walls, and the fishermen who stood knee-deep in its waters would have something more than the trout in their creels to take home with them.

BY NOONTIME we were well into the great plains of Wyoming. Cheyenne, its largest city, is the capital of its vast sheep and cattle industry. Here the customs and manners of the old frontier days are kept alive.

It was Saturday night and the cowboys riding-in on their ponies for a brief respite from the lonely range took the same old-time pride in shiny boots and saddles, in big hats rolled and tilted at that dangerous angle no other can imitate.

For two days we travelled north through Wyoming and well up into Montana. Here the elements of sun and western lake are the parched land and the sage and rabbit brush reach out to the naked rim of the horizon.

THE HAND of man is little in evidence and although it was Sunday, no church bells rang. The land belongs to the cattle and the sheep and the jack rabbits who hide in the harsh and unfriendly shrubs.

Even the rancher is little in evidence; his corrals are set far back along the small streams that reach upward into the hills where his vast acreage lies. Sometimes a bold magpie crossed our path or a flock of vultures gathered to eat the carrion of the hundreds of rabbits that were strewn across the highway, victims of the previous night's automobile traffic.

The arid landscape is broken here and there by small patches of irrigated land where a lush growth of alfalfa or wheat will border a desert, mute testimony to the magical power of life-giving water.

IN WESTERN Montana the heavy forests of Ponderosa pine crown the mountains, but one must cross over into northern Idaho to hear once more the welcome sound of rushing water.

Here the coniferous forests are

dense and dark, with the mighty Englemann spruce, red cedar and virgin white pine. These make lumbering the state's greatest industry.

Cour-de-laine, most beautiful of lakes, lies like an emerald nestled against the steep wall of the forest.

Our car sped westward carrying us over eastern Washington to the Grand Coulee. Here is a great gash a thousand feet deep cut across the lava plateau of central Washington by a mighty stream, the old Columbia, in an age long passed when immense continental glaciers blocked its original channel.

Now man has spread a dam before the present course of its waters to harness the largest hydroelectric resources in the world. In time this will bring life to a million acres of arid land in the heart of the south.

WE TRAVELED the length of the old pre-glacial river bed with the spectacular Dry Falls at its head. Here, some 150 million years ago, a river mightier than any we know now poured over a falls three and a half miles wide and 417 feet high. Its falling waters would have made a hundred Niagara.

At Wenatchee, where the trees in the valley are heavy with the choicest of fruits, we could sight the eastern slope of the Cascades signalling our journey's end. We crossed at Snoqualmie Pass.

This stopping place is one which always goes unquestioned on every trip west. The wine-like air bathes our lungs. We must put our hands on the great boles of Englemann spruce. We must stand in the shade of the lace branches of the giant red cedar.

IF IS TAKEN for granted that we will stop again when we reach the valley below for here, in the rich soil, deep and moist, grows the finest ground cover of plants in the northwest.

It spreads itself over the forest floor in shapes large and small from the enormous three-foot oaves of the yellow skunk cabbage and the mighty prickled stalks of devilclub to the delicate beauty of the tiny lace-flower and the fragile three-lobed pattern of wood sorrel.

Here the vanilla leaf, (sweet-after-death) spreads its curious shade like a green butterfly and the great evergreen circles of the sword and fern dars arch over the fallen logs which in turn are covered with deep cushions of spongy moss.

NOW, IN the late afternoon sun, I write at my desk separated from the out-of-doors by only a wall of glass. By leaning a little to the right I can see southward across a clump of Oregon maple and a Douglas fir to where Mt. Rainier hangs in the sky like a huge strawberry cone banked by a range of darkly-wooded slopes. To the west across Lake Washington and the hills of Seattle lie the snow-capped Olympic range silhouetted against a blue sky.

To the north is Lake Sammamish and Mount Baker and to the east I can envision in my mind's eye a place some 2,500 miles distant.

It is dearer than any other I have seen in all this journeying field for its name is "Home".

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