

CRATERS OF THE MOON

climb westward from Storling, they found a spring, a small lake and a large runnable stream. This in the middle of August, Mr. Alfred wrote a wonderful story of the scenic features of the trip and it was published in the Idaho Republican of Aug-

By finding a world of scenic beauty and plenty of water for sport and irrigation, there were thousands of acres of choice land.

They remained three days mapping it and gathering data for use in filing on the lands and water. After returning they spent about one month completing their papers and making their filings in the land office.

The Love Valley of the Love.

John V. Powell of Portland, Ore., read the story and wrote a long account of his observations in the region and advised that the Allied party should carry caissons of large dimensions when they returned to dimension when they returned to start improving their ranches, what they had seen was only snow storms and would go dry in early fall.

Fortune Told in September.

When the Allied party returned in September they found only about one inch of water to stake their thirst and that of their horses, and those ridings of some fine stock ranches.

Approved.
J. L. McArthur, Chairman

On the morning of March 10, 1923, the *Washington Chronicle* reported that the *Washington Post* had published a story of the "Lost Valley," and some information about the way to how to enter it. Paul Ben Limas, a young man from the University of Washington, and John Caldwell, of Mount Rainier National Park, were crossing the region on their famous trip of discovery, as they descended a low trail and examined the country with binoculars in the hope of locating the place. They reached a great glacier visible in sections from northwest to southeast, on something like fifty miles, extending in the direction of the geological fault at American Falls, and in one section of this which lay a few miles' southward from where they stood, they found as the most probable location of the Lost Valley. "They could not go to it at that time," Ben Limas said, "but they planned to explore it." In 1922 they could not make the trip but in 1923, Limas

best, and fourteen companions were killed for the trip and eight of them got into the Lost Valley in the section of the cross-country excursion they had examined from the lower valley in 1921. Those who were supposed to be John and Mary O'Connell were Julia Weisdon, Arthur Cramer, Ronald Williams, Clarence Starcher and Joseph Tolo of Parkville, Mo. The party was led by Kate J. N. O. Thompson of Ellensburg, Washington and Bob Lamberton of Idaho, all members of mountaineering clubs and chosen for their knowledge of that fact.

The top of 1938 was made with

Arce and Martin, the northern end of the Chalks of the Mesozoic, which would be near figure 3 in this small map. They had their pack-horses for three days traveling in a southeasterly direction, covering a distance of about 25 miles. Then they went aloft, packing their outfit on their backs about five miles across lava that was broken and piled on edge and every way like an old jam. That took one day, and brought them to the foot of the lava. From there to the limit of the lava belt had examined the country for 151. On the next day they followed the canyon or fissure northeastward, mentioned and described at some length in our issue of December 1, 1926.

Fourth One Section.

Linhardt's description of the place undoubtedly the varied colors of lava resulting from weathered to a blue, and the last of vegetation, as there was an excellent supply.

1928.

Round One Section.
Lambert's description of the plants emphasized the varied colors of leaves ranging from vermilion to arctic blue, and the lack of vegetation, as there was an excellent supply



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Lost Key
P. 27

The members of the party were enthusiastic in declaring the sights of the south and the equal if not superior to those observed further north and unanimously stating that the beauty of the monument should be insisted to the south-
west.

I remember one night as we sat on the crest of one of the slender buttes and watched a sunset, how surprised the party manifested the day of a squaw who said some of the Indians in the tribe, who came to this Indian country, attributed to Kitchikashkew, the son of a chief, that he had seen the sun there and shot a powder ball for the first time.

It is interesting to learn that the following chiefs cannot be supposed to have been present at the battle of Little Bighorn:

Porcupine and Arnes of Bear River, and the chief of the Flatheads of the Snake River, were decided to ally the party into war, and to conquer a greater territory, and to conquer the Flathead country.

The people of a blue back. As many of our party expressed it, this sight alone was worth the trip. One has to see it to understand and appreciate the immensity of it.

Along the extreme northern and eastern sides of this low are numbers of tree mounds. These have been formed by the motion from coming in contact with growing trees and cooling around the stump, taking the impression of the bark down to its minutest detail. The stumps of trees afterward caught fire and burned out, leaving a perfect mold. It has long been thought that the Indians of the Snake River valley obtained the wooden for their arrow points and knives from other the persistent efforts of the Yellowstone or Flathead Indians.

There are abundant wells, bear the name of the Snake River, and are from this source. They are approved by the Indians of the Flathead and Blackfoot tribes, being thought of as good water.

Several of the natives met, around

party which went to the east camp in that night with the announcement that they had discovered a big den of rats much more lively and of far greater extent than the ones known to the north. This flow upon examination proved to be nearly 60 square miles in extent and to shape somewhat like a fan. The color was a bright vivid cobalt blue with occasional streaks of a deep blue black. Instead of being the natural color of the lava as one would naturally suppose, it has the appearance of a surface varnish. The color being caused by the oxidizing action of the atmosphere upon certain chemicals contained in the rock. From evidence obtained by breaking up pieces it was found that the color is due to the surface of the rock to a depth of about a half inch.

Those who are not conversant with this story, as our readers here saw, were travelling over it very hurriedly and whispered to a great extent than on any other phase of the trip. It may be that the poetical English literature, try of the sun's rays was intensified by the reflection from the blue surface of the lake until it had this effect.

It is a beautiful view, however, up to the point where one can look out over the vast expanse of blue water which the ever-changing character of light in the best, rainy changes and fades from a delicate

them here. This piece was called "The Devil's Cauldron."

A World of Flowers.

Another of the fascines which interested members of the party viewed the profusion of wild flowers. Pursued by the grasses, and various pinks, snap dragons, asters, buck-rubbed, and rock roses were in bloom on all sides, while in many places the red and yellow buds of the cornflowered aster seemed just about to burst into full blossom. As we climbed many of the hills the rich, sweet almost overpowering odor of the wild lavender was prevalent. On their char they saw a variety of pigmy buck-

(Continued on Page Six)

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purple to a blue black. As many of our party expressed it, "One sight alone was worth the trip. One has to see it to understand and appreciate the immensity of it."

Along the extreme northern and eastern sides of this flow are numbers of tree mounds. These have been formed by the molten lava coming in contact with growing trees and cooling around the stumps, taking the impression of the bark down to its minutest detail. The stumps of these trees afterward caught fire and burned out, leaving a perfect mold. It has long been thought that the Indians of the Snake River valley obtained the "bedding" for their arrow points and knives from either the coincident cliffs of the Yellowstone or from the children's beds near the Three Sisters peaks of central Oregon. This was disproved by the finding of immense quantities of blackened, flaked, blown out, rounded, conical, fluted, thrown out, rounded, several of the spatter cones found on the trip. These places show unmistakable signs of having been quarried by the Indians.

At the Darity Cañon, Half a mile to the east of our camp at the upper end of the Lost Valley we could see the remains of an ancient volcano. This crater, unlike the other, had been observed, seemed to be formed by a circular wall of rocks standing on edges and from 5 to 40 feet in height. The cause between these containing wells was composed of a pool of lava which had the appearance of having hastily cooled while it had been bubbling, foaming, and steaming, and was forlornly boiling. All of these were perfectly preserved, and some of the party, as they stood on some of the edges and looked down, remarked that they almost expected to see them move. This place was called the Devil's Cauldron.

A World of Flowers.

Another of the features which interested members of the party was the profusion of wild flowers. Purple jays, magi, grays, asters, buck-rubens, and rock roses were in bloom on all slopes, while in many places the red and yellow studs of the cow-tongued aster seemed just about to burst into full bloom. As we climbed many of the cliffs the rich, sweet almost overpowering odor of the yellow larch was prevalent. On the yellow larch, a variety of pigmy buck-chincher (as a variety of pigmy buck-

(Continued on Page Six)

Hall & Miss to the east of our camp at the upper end of the Loch Lomond valley we could see the remnants of an ancient volcano. This crater, unlike the other we had seen observed, seemed to be formed by a circular wall of rocks standing on edge and from 8 to 20 feet in height. The walls between these containing lava which composed or a pool of lava which composed the appearance of lava instantly boiling. All it had been furiously boiling. All it had been furiously boiling. All it had been furiously boiling. All it had been furiously boiling.

At the party, as they stood on the edges and looked down, remarked that they almost expected to see them move. This place was called the "Devil's Cauldron."

bolting, as were the others who had seen it. It was narrow, a little over 300 or 400 yards wide and about a mile in length. Down the center of it was a great crevice or rift probably due to an earthquake, running southeast from this for a distance of nearly four miles, and running almost direct line with the main fault direct line with the line of the Craters of the Moon. Between 10 to 30 feet in depth. In the top of such we could see a round streamer opening of unknown depth. Working out very down this streamer walked valley we found an old Indian marker pointing to the entrance of a huge cave. "Yelling down from the entrance was a narrow shelf, shaped somewhat like a

From a crossnew and below the level of this the depths of the lake disappeared. About a quarter of a mile further down the valley we found the most remarkable example of a lava cascade yet observed in the entire region. The lava had boiled up and flowed down the valley to a place where it passed over a cliff forming a perfect replica of a waterfall in solid rock. Every detail from the crest of the falls to the churning up of the black shore to the shrouding up of the valley below was reproduced in solid rock just as one sees in a picture of water. Below this point

ing was "as my father in the few hours we were traveling over it, saw and understood and listened to a great number of different things on my other plate of the trip. It may be that the powerful, thrilling, sin-violet ray of the sun's rays was dissipated by the reflection from the blue surface of the waves until it had this effect."

"It gave a wonderful light to climb up to a point where one had to look out over the vast expanse of blue, and watch the real changing behavior of light in the heat, ray it changes and fades from a delicate

A World of Flowers.
Another of the features which interested members of the party was the profusion of wild flowers. Purple gaura, lupines, light white and variegated, snap dragons, asters, buckwheat and rock roses were in bloom on all sides. This in many places covered the red and yellow beds of the country and the red and yellow wild flowers and ferns seemed just about to burst into full bloom. As we climbed many of the cliffs the rich, sweet almost overpowering odor of the wild lavender was prevalent. On the cliffs had a variety of pigmy buck-
(Continued on Page Six)

When we started we could see far ahead of us two jagged peaks on a rock; then, when we came to them, we found to be the end portals on a narrow gorge or canyon far surer, pleasing in size, scenic beauty and coloring the place known as Vermilion canyon, some miles to the north-west.

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Colored Glassy Fish.
The laves at this point is yellowish red and has a glassy "hatched" there is not a particle of vegetation growing in the canyon at this place and it has the appearance of being the most recent eruption that has occurred. From this point went west for nearly a mile there is continual recession of blowdown, splinter cones and fissure eruptions all connected by a well defined earthquake crevice.

[illegible]

THE SCREAMS of a Woman.
It was near here that Herman Krip-
ple and I started looking to take some
pictures and as we were setting up he
remains we heard one of the young
women of the party scream and it
excited about of several others.
Responding to us packing the camera
gun on the party, I had visions
a heart as we had seen them there
just two days before. Running to
ward, we found the girls peering
a huge bonnet and all excitement
pointing off the southwest where
two large reddish colored bodies
stood looking at them.

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A spring and a Viatorio. A few hundred yards below the spot we found a new natural bridge where a path was made for him and to explore the depths of a nest by cave. We also found three water holes along this passage and in each instance the water was too cold. In one of them a man was reflected down a crevice by means of a mirror and a member of the party lowered a saw by ropes for a distance of 6 or 65 feet.

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been traveling made an abrupt turn to the east and after a bare space of about a mile opened up to a level south-west alkali, where it continued as before with bright red lava spatter cones every short distance. The heavy made with another break after a bare space of perhaps a half mile picked up again a quarter of a mile to the east at a slightly different angle.

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Climbing to the top of a butte traversed this feature for a distance of over 50 miles with a crevice plain showing far practically the entire distance.

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