

FROM The RIVER'S EDGE

Chapter 1

The Lodge

Nat sat on the edge of the bed, getting ready to retire. This was his first night at the Lodge. Had the Lodge claimed him, or had it been his unknown action that had led him to it.

As he looked back over the day, everything that had happened since he awoke from his nap alongside the stream had a dreamlike quality. Perhaps he had not actually awakened.

He remembered reading about a situation like this a long time ago. Only that was pure fiction, the story of Rip Van Winkle. Too much had already transpired for this to be a dream. Anyhow, the events of the day were continuous—his dreams never were; they were just a series of short, often disconnected episodes that led nowhere.

There could be no valley like this one adjacent to Oregon's Clackamas watershed. In fact, from his fairly good knowledge of trees and ecology, the assortment of trees that grew at random about this valley couldn't exist either. The altitude would have to be too high for any trees to grow so large with so little taper. Some of the species were incompatible with others—trees growing side by side that grew naturally only thousands of miles apart. The valley was too immense to be the work of man—it was no arboretum.

It had been a long day too, and Nat was tired. "Before I try to sleep, I must recount the day to myself once more. Somewhere is a clue, I must have missed." With this thought, he set to musing.

Nat had come upon the Lodge quite by accident, or so he thought. In all his years of fishing and hunting in this high country, he had never seen this place, this valley, this beautiful stream, or the Lodge. In fact, he had never so much as even heard a rumor of its existence. There had been no trail or road, of that much he was certain. He had stopped to nap along a small stream he had been fishing. When he awoke, he was oblivious to the stream and its well worn anglers path he had been following all day. All he had noticed was a break in the dense growth along the path.

Pushing through the break he had been led on and on by taking the easier way through each patch of brush and small trees until he now stood at the head of this fairyland valley.

The incongruity of the place struck Nat at once. He hadn't been an outdoorsman all his life without learning a little about ecology and altitude. By all that was reasonable, there should not be a stream of this size this high. Where did it flow to? He knew all the rivers and streams of consequence in these parts. This was not one of them. Neither did any of them have a tributary of this size so far up in the mountains. Too, all the forest trees at this altitude should be alpine types. None would be very large as trees go. Yet this valley before him was broad and flat like a lowland valley.

Tall pines and great alders dotted the expanse here and there. Grass grew lush and green in the meadows bordering the stream. He looked for the source of the stream and found it high on the bluff he had just come around. There was the stream, issuing full blown from the side of the bluff from one huge spring. Not more than one hundred yards from its source, it came to the edge of the bench and tumbled over the edge for a drop of thirty feet in a spectacular waterfall.

From his position on the bench, Nat could see a fisherman working the tail of the large pool at the base of the falls. "Now I'll get to the bottom of this," he thought as he made his way down from the bench to the pool below.

Nat hailed the angler after watching him a minute or so. The angler was a man about Nat's age. It was apparent at once this man had a lifetime of fishing behind him also. He handled the flyrod with dexterity and a minimum of effort. As Nat watched, a good trout rose to the angler's fly and he couldn't help but admire the skill with which the angler played the heavy fish. To Nat's surprise, the fish was immediately liberated.

"That would have been a trophy to most men," he called out.

The angler replied, "That is

just about average for the trout here." Pausing a minute, he added, "I haven't seen you here before. My name is Phil. We don't bother with last names here."

"My name is Nat. This place puzzles me. I can't even realize how I came upon it. I really know these mountains yet this is all new to me. What is this place anyway."

"Save your questions until later. It will all come to you in time. Meanwhile, let us go over to the Lodge and you can meet the others. That is all except the ranch hands. They are all out on the range in the lower end of the valley. They will be here for supper."

The Lodge was a huge building with a dozen stone chimneys protruding from the enormity of its shake roof. When Nat got to the front of it, he could see it consisted of a great square two story section in the center with a wing extending out on each side of but one story, and a third shorter wing, probably the service area of the Lodge, extending from the rear. Off to the right was another collection of buildings, probably the bunkhouse for the ranch hands, a large barn, harness shed, corral, and several small houses.

To the left along the edge of the stream, was a row of six small cottages. All the buildings were alike in structure. Vertical peeled logs comprised the walls. The rafter and beam ends protruded to the edge of the overhanging beams. Nat could see at once that they were roughly hewn timbers fitting in size to support the massive roofs. Framing around the door and window openings was also hand hewn to a rough flatness.

Phil led the way into the Lodge, across the wide deep veranda which stretched across the center and one wing of the Lodge. "This is Nat," he announced to the people in the main hall. "I picked him up at the falls. Gene, what room can he have?"

Gene, a short stalky man with a broad friendly face, got up from a deep leather covered chair and came over to Phil and Nat. "Glad to know you, Nat. Do you prefer a room with lots of light or would you rather have one behind the veranda?"

Nat was puzzled. No one had asked any questions of him. Why would they ask him what sort of a room he liked. He had no intentions of staying. He doubted he could stand the price of even one night's lodging in a place as elegant as this. These people acted as if they had been expecting him. At least their actions indicated his coming was no surprise. He decided it was time he got a few answers.

"I have to get back to my old car down on Pinhead creek before dark. I'll never find my way out of here if I delay much longer. It will be late as it is, and I don't want to get caught in the dark. I would stay the night but I don't think I could afford the rates this place must charge."

"There is no charge, Nat. You are a guest," Gene replied. "Phil, take Nat to the Cutthroat room. I think he is the type that will like the light and the view from the window there." To Nat, he added, "All our rooms have names rather than numbers. We try to dispense with numbers here as much as possible. Hook sizes are no exception. This Lodge is devoted to fly fishermen—and fly fishermen."

Nat tried several more questions hoping to get a little insight on the Lodge and its people. All the answers he got were more offers of hospitality. When he asked for a phone so he could call his son to let him know where he was, the puzzle became more tangled. No phone. "We have no need to have much contact with the outside world," he was told.

Nat was tired. His curiosity surrendered to the hospitality he was offered. After Phil left him at the door of the Cutthroat room, which was identified by the form of a huge leaping Cutthroat Trout emblazoned on the door, Nat took stock of the room. Phil's parting remark was that he would find clothes that would fit him in the closet and dresser. This remark hadn't cleared any clouds away.

He bathed and rummaged through the dresser. There were socks, shirts, underwear, pajamas—all new, all his size, and for most occasions. In the closet he found slacks and jackets of several types, again

all unworn and his size. An assortment of shoes and boots, were carefully treed on the back of the closet door.

"Oh well," he thought, "I'll just make the best of it. Nothing these people do makes any sense. Nothing makes any sense since I woke up from that nap I took down on Pinhead creek. I'll go along with this and see what happens."

With this surrender to the comforts offered, he selected a pair of conservative trousers and a matching sport jacket. He even found a Bolo tie to go with the shirt he had picked out. He had hardly finished dressing when Phil knocked on his door. "Dinner in ten minutes. If you are ready, let's have a drink first. I'll meet you in the bar. It is just off the main hall to the left in the rear."

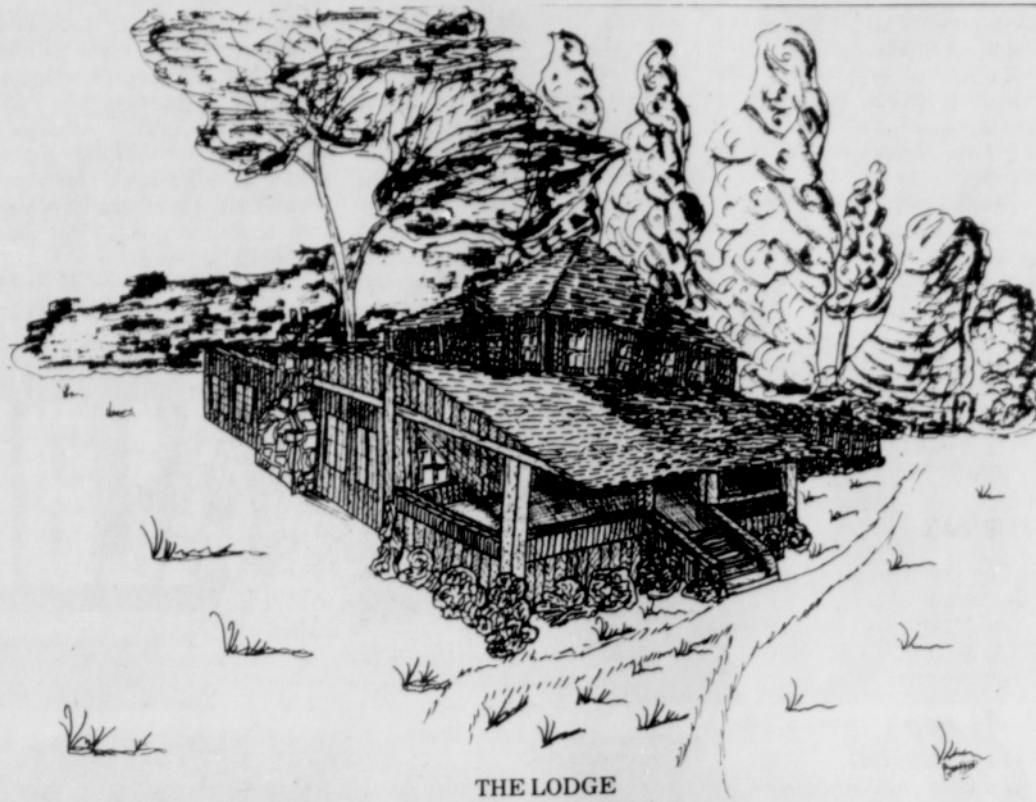
And so the enigma grew. Practically no contact with the outside world, he had been told.

Yet, here were complete wardrobes of new clothes, a bar, well stocked with any liquor you could think of. A well furnished and equipped Lodge in country so far back he had never even heard of it, with no road to it, no visible transportation except horses—these things were beyond his understanding. He had never seen any of these people in his life, and yet they acted towards him as an old friend. Phil, particularly, treated him as though they had been the best of buddies for many years. The rest of the day, dinner, drinks, stimulating conversation about fish and flies and water that was dear to an old anglers heart; all this had brought on a lassitude of contentment.

The puzzle crept to the background and Nat retired for the night to untroubled sleep.

(To be continued from time to time)

By
George MacAlevy



THE LODGE

Scruggs concert set Nov. 10

Earl Scruggs, who has performed on Grand Ole Opry, in a 90 minute educational television special, in London and in concerts and music festivals throughout the country, will appear at Clackamas Community College, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8 p.m. in Randall Hall.

Scruggs' own three-finger, five-string banjo picking will be featured along with sons Gary and Randy and other members of the Earl Scruggs Revue.

Also appearing during the concert will be Dr. Corn's Bluegrass Remedy, Portland's own version of the bluegrass sound.

Information about the concert is available from the Clackamas Community College community service office, 656-2631.

LOOKING FOR A CAR?
TRY THE CLASSIFIEDS

For our customers - Cafe,
Post Office, Feed Store,
Food Lockers, Variety Dept.,
Loads of Parking

S.E. 223rd

Stark

Prices effective
Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.
Nov. 7-8-9-10



Asst. Flavors
Fanta Pop
32 oz. Bottle
8/\$1.00
Plus Dep.

COUNTRY STORE SALE

OLD FASHIONED SAVINGS ON FAMOUS BRANDS!

BARGAINS
GALORE



COME ONE
COME ALL



Del Monte
Pineapple
15 1/2 oz. Tin
4/\$1.00
Crushed,
Sliced or
Chunk

USDA
Choice

Pheasant Flour

5 Lb. Bag **69¢**

Mrs. Tucker's Oil

24-oz. Bottle **79¢**

Canned Vegetables

15-oz. size **5/\$1.00**

Pork & Beans

29-oz. Tin **3/89¢**

LARGE, BEEFSTEAK TOMATOES

4 LBS. \$1.00

Cabbage 10¢

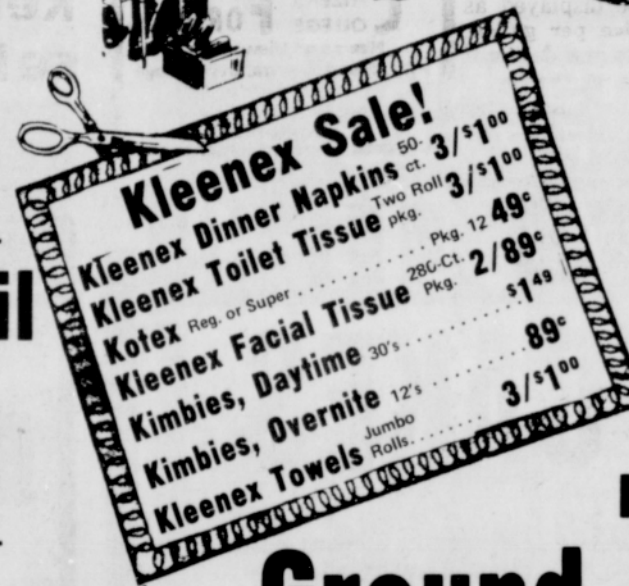
Danish Squash 3/19¢

Carrots 10¢

Yellow Onions 10¢

GRAPEFRUIT 8/\$1.00

TEXAS PINKS



Kleenex Sale!
Kleenex Dinner Napkins 3/\$1.00
Kleenex Toilet Tissue 3/\$1.00
Kotex Reg. or Super 12 49¢
Kleenex Facial Tissue 280 Ct. 2/89¢
Kimbies, Daytime 30's 89¢
Kimbies, Overnight 12's 3/\$1.00
Kleenex Towels Jumbo Rolls 3/\$1.00



Fresh Daily

Ground Beef

LB. **79¢**



2-lb. or more

Rib Roast	U.S.D.A. Choice, Large End	LB.	\$1.49
Swiss Steak	USDA Choice	LB.	\$1.19
Club Steak	U.S.D.A. Choice	LB.	\$1.79
Boneless Chuck Steak	U.S.D.A. Choice	LB.	\$1.39
Rib Steak	U.S.D.A. Choice Boneless	LB.	\$1.49
Cross-Rib Roast	U.S.D.A. Choice	LB.	\$1.49

Pork Loin Roast	Free Slicing 3-4 lb. Ave.	LB.	\$1.19
Pork Spareribs	Country Style	LB.	\$1.19
Pork Chops	Meaty, end cut	LB.	\$1.19
Sliced Bacon	Sweetheart	LB.	\$1.29
Ground Chuck	Fresh Daily 18-22 lb. Ave.	LB.	98¢
Lynden Turkeys	Fresh Frozen	LB.	69¢

Coffee MJB	3 LB. TIN	\$2.79
Pancake Mix Betty Crocker	4 lbs.	99¢
Purple Plums Red & White	30-oz. Tin	3/89¢
Mandarin Oranges Spruce	11-oz.	3/89¢

Mop & Glow Floor Cleaner	32-oz.	99¢
--------------------------	--------	-----

TEXSUN JUICES
Orange-Grapefruit
46-oz. Tin **59¢**

Sardines	Norse Girl 3 1/2 oz. Tin	3/\$1.00
Syrup	Woodman 22-oz.	49¢
News Detergent	48 oz.	59¢
Tuna	Bumble Bee Chunk Style 6 1/2 oz.	2/89¢
Marshmallows	Kraft 10-oz.	4/\$1.00
Choc. Bits	Ghirardelli 6-oz.	5/\$1.00
Cocoanut	Betty Crocker 16-oz. pkg.	59¢
Cake Mixes	18-oz. pkg.	3/\$1.00

HUNT'S Fruit Cocktail
15-oz.
3/89¢

Pheasant 8-oz. Size
Tomato Sauce 5/59¢
Hours: 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Daily, 9 a.m.-8 p.m.
Sunday

Zim's Country Store

12-MILE
CORNER
223rd & Stark