

CROSS SOUTHERN OREGON BY TEA

BY J. W. TOLLMAN.

PEOPLE hardly appreciate the joy of living who are content to remain indoors from the beginning of the year to its end. Whatever it may be that appeals to each individual in the great variety of charms possessed by nature, Oregon has the attractions to offer. Ocean surf on clean beach sands from Seaside to Clifton; forests laden with aromatic breezes from Coquille to Ontonagon; streams in which mountain trout sport themselves from Cascade to Lakeview; thermal waters impregnated with mineral medicinal doses from the chemical laboratories of mother earth occurring from Hot Lake to Klamath Falls; wild game roaming mountain, plain and valley, and scenery that calls for superlatives in description, all are for enlightenment and pleasure of those who will go in answer to their incessant call. The journey described in this sketch was leisurely done, and the same ground could have been covered in much less time with ample opportunity for fishing, hunting and pleasure. But some of the citizens of Oregon could combine business and recreation and see portions of this great commonwealth that are more than worth the effort.

March 24, 1909, with camp equipment, camera, fishing tackle, guns and plenty of enthusiasm, the writer and his wife mounted the spring seat of a three-inch wagon behind a span of fine mares and started from Boise, Idaho, having no other object in view than clear trout streams and the haunts of wild game. Passing Nampa we made our first camp on Snake River, where, notwithstanding the popular locality, the skilled fisherman may always anticipate a good noon. From there we took a southerly course over the highlands by way of the rocks to Jordan Valley, and changing to an almost due west course, 25 miles brought us to the beautiful Owyhee. This stream, now the water course along which are many homes having outward evidences of cultivation and refinement was, for a long while in the early portion of its history that we know, the scene of violent strife between the Indian tribesmen and later of their conquest by the superior skill of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

The physical features of this region are wonderfully interesting to any person who is fond of the rugged and picturesque. At a distance the summit of the bordering range of hills presents the appearance of ancient castles that the wearing of the elements has reduced to splendid ruins. Here and there rise sharp-pointed columns that the imaginative beholder can easily believe the spires of some old cathedral.

Vast Interior Range Region.

Highways of travel from the early times have been along the streams, their flow affording the easy gradients for the establishment of roads. Proceeding on toward the alluring interior, we found our best road to be up Crooked Creek, and in the evening of a beautiful day we halted at one of the Miller & Lux ranches. This is one of the great livestock farms of that vast range region extending for nearly 600 miles from north to south and almost 40 miles from east to west—mostly in Oregon—that up to the present time has been undisturbed by the shriek of the locomotive or the hiss of the air-brake. So rarely do the cowboys on these big ranches have an opportunity to entertain a lady as their guest that the arrival of a woman is certain to bring a doubly warm welcome. Upon our arrival the first concern of the boys was to make the visiting lady thoroughly comfortable before a cheerful fire. A rawhide rocker covered with coyote skins was the luxury of the living-room where the boys insisted she should rest while they proceeded to prepare a supper, the recollections of which still linger.

The next morning was one of lowering clouds, threatening rain, and an invitation to stop for the day was gladly accepted. Our horses were resting on alfalfa and the creature comforts which we enjoyed of good ranch diet was certainly ample to us. It is the rule with Miller & Lux to make no charge for any accommodations afforded wayfarers who happen to come to their hospitable camps. It is 15 miles to the nearest postoffice and it was esteemed a great favor that we should carry a number of letters to be mailed for the boys.

Forty-five miles across a range region barren of water was our next stretch of travel, and this brought us to White Horse, also a Miller & Lux ranch, where we received a warm welcome very similar to that of the first instance.

Border Town Is Hummer.

Instead of crossing Stein Mountain we followed a nearly south course along the east side of this mountain group to Denio, on the state line of Nevada and Oregon. Denio is on the Oregon side of the line, which passes through the center of the town, and the portion in Nevada is called Klondike. This seems to be a typical "forty-nine diggers." Bad liquor is epidemic and the taste for it is apparently contagious. The town seems to have all the color and atmosphere of the frontier, with the people generally contented with things as they are, but ready to adjust all the affairs of state and nation while leaning against the bar of the local thirst dispensary.

From Denio one day of travel brings the horses to the hardest climb in the state, and it is what is called Thousand Creek Hill, and said to be the worst between the Missouri breakers and the Pacific Coast. The road is merely a regular trail leading over a rugged mass of boulders and small rocks. In the bad roads contest that has been on for many years between the different Oregon counties there is little doubt that Thousand Creek Hill is entitled to the ribbon. Any citizen of Oregon by the way, would become a good roads advocate by making the trip across the state by team just once. Part way up the hill we acknowledged the futility of attempting to finish the climb without help for the poor horses, so, blocking the wheels with huge rocks, we each mounted a horse and far it would be necessary to go, but eight miles brought us to the Eberline ranch. Re-enforced by another team, we succeeded in gaining the top of the mountain, and late in the night reached the ranch with the wagon. The following morning we traveled 20 miles in a we found four young Canadians in camp, engaged in the work of surveying a portion of this wilderness for Uncle Sam. We were obliged to remain several days on the second day our company increased by the arrival of two cowboys and a shepherd. They were all so company of a woman that they were with each other in doing honors. So insistent were they in urging us to prolong our stay that we felt them to be almost rude in leaving them to get on our way again.

Tragedy, Romance and Big Game.

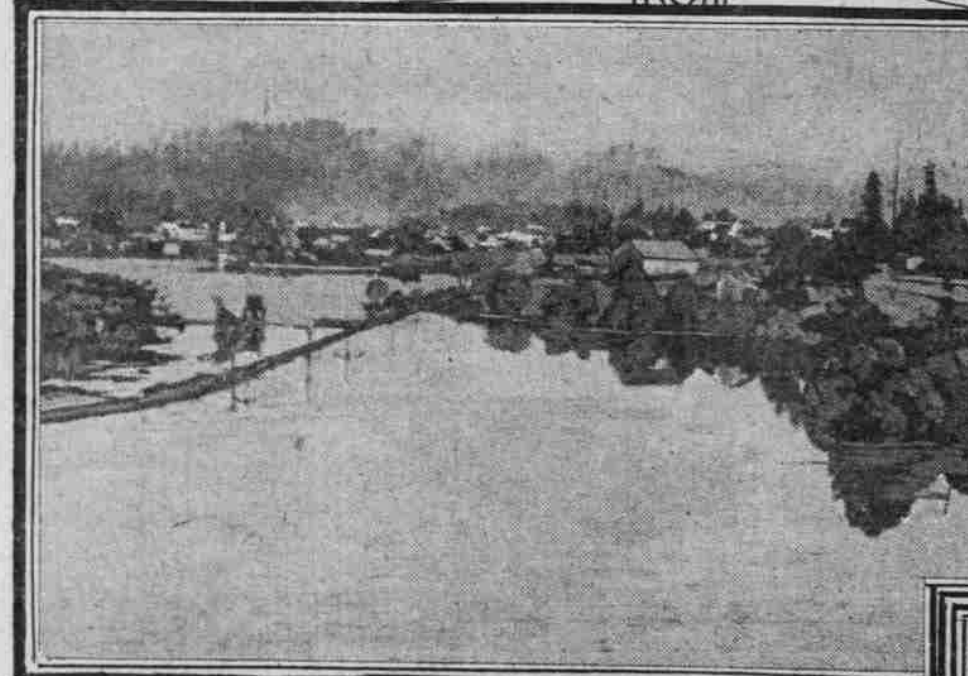
Two days of splendid weather followed, and in our journey we traveled past Massacre Lake, where an emigrant train was wiped out by the Indians in the early '50's and not a single member of the party escaped. There are dozens of spots in



PIUTE LAKE VIEW.



THE HIGHLANDS OF LAKE COUNTY.



COQUILLE. THE COMING OF A CHINOOK.

Oregon about which cluster historic memories, many as tragic as that of the peaceful pool where savages ran riot. Bits of romance, deeds of daring and heroic sacrifice are marked by nature's monuments, and tales are told in local lore that are unheard except by those who travel about the state to hear these things at or near the spots where they transpired.

This could very properly be termed a district of magnificent distances. At one time were 75 miles from the nearest postoffice, and it is frequently 40 miles between ranches. Over the high plateau we saw hundreds of antelope, sometimes in bands of a score or more and sometimes in groups of four or five, feeding on the highest hills, their glossy coats glistening in the sun. West of Massacre Lake the hills are dotted with juniper trees and black-tailed deer seemed to abound in that locality. Coyotes, the thieves and scavengers of the range, were visible everywhere, and stockmen say they have been increasing at an alarming rate. Over great stretches of country that were sheep ranges a few years ago, the wool clip is very light at present, partly because of over-grazing and partly because the cattle-growers have forced the sheep men to recede. The sheep are now ranging on the wide deserts of Nevada, and the depleted ranges of many sections must lead to the inevitable result that public grazing is almost a thing of the past.

During April and May wild fowl were plentiful. This was during the period of their northern flight, and geese and ducks were especially numerous in the lake regions. As the summer advanced they were to be seen by thousands, where the nesting season had been passed, and the young were being trained to make the southern flight before the season of snow and cold.

Following the high plateau, we journeyed on to Forty-nine Canyon and reaching the summit of the mountain, spread before us a panorama that

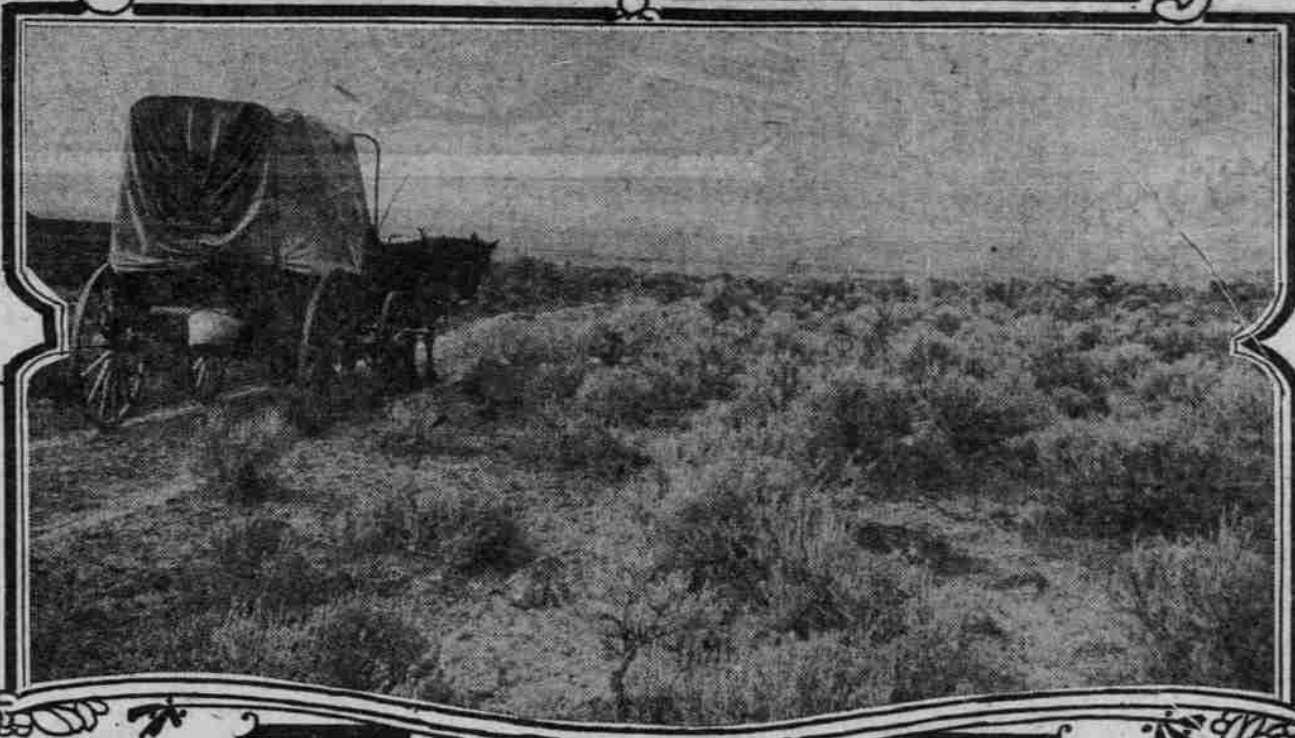
seemed only comparable with what the chosen people must have looked upon when shown the promised land. Surprise Valley, with the lake of the same name formed the middle ground, with its mirrored surface almost 10 by 20 miles, and probably, next to Upper Klamath Lake, the largest body of water in Southeastern Oregon. The Warner range, snow-capped, clad in the garb of its native forests, is the background.

Forests Being Steadily Depleted.

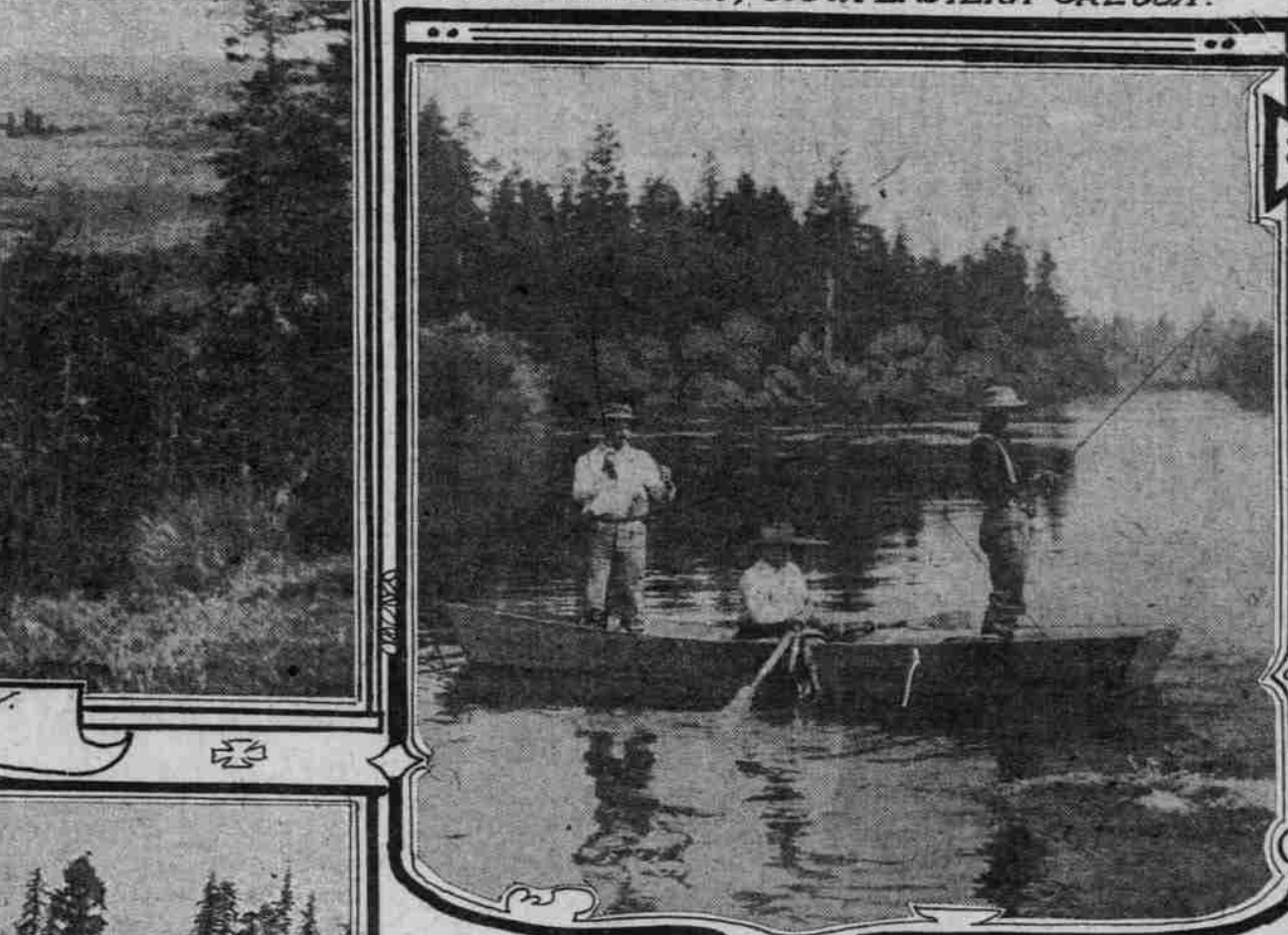
Even the scant population of this region making great inroads upon the fine timber on these mountain slopes. The writer was here 28 years before, and little change has taken place except in the destruction of timber. Three days were devoted to observation and rest before we proceeded across the Warner range to Alturas, the seat of Modoc County, California, and some 30 miles south of the Oregon line. Traveling north, we entered the rapidly developing Goose Lake Valley, and here at an altitude of nearly 6000 feet, found the finest fruit land we have ever encountered. The road skirts the eastern shore of the lake and back of a valley from five to ten miles in width, the mountains rise to a high altitude. The lake and mountain conditions seem to create a circulation of air that prevents the crystallization of frost and renders the district immune, although at an elevation which would alarm most Oregonians.

Lakeview is situated at the upper end of Goose Lake and is the trading center for a vast region rich in latent wealth of fertile soil, forests and mineral, the latter of which will become of consequence as soon as transportation is provided. While at Alturas we found that the impression is very general among the people of that locality that they would soon be enabled to reach Portland by a new line of railroad, which would link their present road from Reno with the Southern Pacific by the way of Klamath Falls. It was reported at that time that

SUMMER'S JOURNEY THROUGH A FRUITFUL EMPIRE WHERE RAILWAY INVASION HAS JUST BEGUN.



SURPRISE VALLEY, SOUTH EASTERN OREGON.



WILLIAMSON RIVER. PUTS UP A GOOD FIGHT.



KLAMATH COUNTY SCHOOL MA'AMS.

engineers were at work on the survey and recent dispatches in The Oregonian seemed to have confirmed this. Three months of sight-seeing and investigation were passed in Lake County and not until July did we start on the third section of the trip.

Through "Devil's Garden."

Selecting our route along the old Fort Klamath stage road, we journeyed through the "Devil's Garden," another rough bit of travel, and after a short stop at Bly traveled down the Sprague River Valley through the Klamath Indian Reservation. For three days we leisurely followed this matchless stream, whipping its shady pools as fancy or the need of our larder dictated and receiving the re-

ward of splendid trout, often 15 inches or more in length. Williamson River, into which the Sprague empties, is called the finest trout stream in the West, and it certainly is entitled to the distinction. At the junction of Spring Creek and Williamson River we spent several days. The creek is a stream less than a mile in length that burns from the mountainside, where a giant spring sends it forth a young river in volume. Its waters, clear as crystal, form its own current in the large river, that form Spring Creek, cold and sparkling clear, while the flow of the larger stream is several degrees warmer and tainted with the color and taste of the marshes. Some distance below the point where Spring Creek empties into the Williamson is a cataract that is

the final arbiter and settles all differences between waters of the two streams, leading them into foam so that they proceed to the great lake (Upper Klamath) as one united stream. The waters of Spring Creek average from four to ten feet deep and the stream is literally alive with trout. Standing on the bank one can see schools of speckled beauties sporting themselves in its crystal depths. Drop a bait in front of one of them and he will cast his eye up as much as to say "not today" and scamper away. But just retreat behind the sheltering foliage, cast a fly over the bank, pull instantly and bring out a splendid trout from 10 to 25 inches long. Repeat the operation every minute and 30 minutes means 30 trout. This feat

was accomplished in the writer's presence last July.

History Coupled With Scenery.

Upper Klamath Lake is the largest body of navigable fresh water west of the Rocky Mountains in this country. It has several square miles more than Tahoe and is fed by Williamson River, Wood River and scores of small streams and great springs. At the south end of this great inland sea is the Klamath Falls, where Uncle Sam is building irrigation works that will place water on several thousand farms. The city of Klamath Falls is just on the eve of celebrating the completion of its first railroad and has been experiencing a degree of prosperity unaffected by financial furies in other parts of the country. But the homes of men and the marts of business were not the object of our meandering and we stopped only for a glance at the places where men congregate.

Old Fort Klamath, once an important military outpost is almost denuded of its buildings and the parade grounds where cavalry battalions were deployed in drill for the grim duties of Indian warfare is now but a verdant pasture. A few miles further on the new Fort Klamath, a little trading point at the west end of the Klamath Indian reservation, proved a convenient source of supply. Thence we proceeded along the Crater Lake road and followed Anna Crook Canyon into the heart of Crater Lake National Park. Here we made our camp on the rim of this superb seventh wonder of the world. Looking at its clear depths from an elevation of almost 2000 feet above the water one cannot fail to be impressed with the insignificance of animal kind when compared with the greatness of nature's work as portrayed in geologic structure.

Reluctantly we turned away from the National Park to take a course down the west slope of the Cascades, picking up the thread of the Rogue River, exploring its natural bridge and enjoying its rugged canyons and coming down from its cool forests to the heat of the Summer sun amid the orchards and vineyards. Thence we turned our course northward and found a series of the worst of roads on our journey from the Rogue River Valley to Roseburg. If every citizen of Oregon who has ever uttered an objection to the plans for a state highway were obliged to make the over land trip across the state from north to south, unless wholly obstinate, we would certainly have none but boosters for good roads.

Turning Toward Sea Breezes.

With the mercury setting on the 95th degree point and fanning itself, on August 5, we crossed the summit of the Coast range by the old Coos Bay road. The cool breeze of the Pacific was refreshing and the horses seemed imbued with new life upon gaining the western slope. A nice spring of cold water, the starting point of the Coos River on its rush for the sea, was an ideal camping place. The trip down Coos River, crossing and recrossing its ever widening bed is a continuous moving picture not to be forgotten. There are mammoth trees and mossy nooks. The river plunges and foams here only to glide as in a whisper there, a half mile below. Leaving Coos to the right the road leads across a small divide and then down to the north fork of the Coquille. Myrtle Point is the next place of importance and eight miles further down navigable water is reached at Coquille, an ideal home city. Coquille is 30 miles from the ocean and the sea breezes come to its inhabitants filtered through the giant forests of fir. These forests are the base of the leading industry in manufactures, which will naturally find its first exposure in wood products. There is already a considerable output in this line which is growing at a rapid pace, and admirable products of Coquille craftsmen are utilized in furnishings of San Francisco palaces of travel.

WILL TRAIN ON OXYGEN

Professor Todd's Ten-Mile Balloon Trip Toward the Planet Mars.

New York Times.

Leo Stevens, the aeronaut, is back from Amherst College, having spent several days with Professor David P. Todd, the astronomer, planning the details of the balloon trip to the edge of the world's atmosphere that he and the professor have promised themselves to take next September. Mars will be nearest the earth then, and the professor is going to try to intercept some of the electric messages he believes the wise old Martians have been patiently firing at us for decades.

"I don't know about getting in touch with Mars, that's the professor's business, but I have contracted to take him up ten miles and I'm going to do it," said the aeronaut. Stevens added that the professor was annoyed by the prospect of the trip and was ready to begin training right away.

Of course, first of all, the professor will have to be sky-broken. He is going to begin on that next week, when Stevens will take him and a few of his Amherst boys on a little ascent near Springfield, Mass. After that, if the professor follows the aeronaut's directions, he will go up every week or so, and learn to like it.

Stevens declared that he and the professor are dreadfully in earnest with this project; that they have already placed orders in France for a special barograph and other instruments that will guide them in their perpendicular flight. Also they have begun to make arrangements for the manufacture of special cases and for about 10 miles of special wire that the professor wants to pay out so as to keep in touch with the earth. Stevens estimates that the 10 miles of special wire will weigh only about 20 pounds.

"It seems to be indispensable," said the aeronaut, "to the professor's scheme for getting into wireless communication with Mars. He has got to be grounded or something."

The aluminum tanks will close air-tight like a refrigerator, but according to the present plans they will be furnished with a heavy glass floor and windows. Mr. Stevens doesn't expect, however, that they would have to resort to their tanks until they attain a height of five miles or more. They will have a little chair in each aluminum basket and a goodly supply of "heat-producing" food.

Stevens has never been higher than four and three-quarter miles. Said he: "Three Frenchmen went up eight and one-quarter miles about a year ago, but one of them was frozen to death and another paralyzed. They weren't prepared for such a height, however, and we will be. We intend to go up at least until it is impossible to draw oxygen from our tanks, and then, of course, we will take the warning and drop, for a balloon, my boy, always has the energy to drop."