

TROUT CATCHING IN THE BIG DESCHUTES

Rough But Joyous Experience of Two Portlanders Along Eastern Oregon's Great Stream

BY WALTER F. BACKUS.
 "WHENEVER you fellows want some real trout-fishing, why just come out our way and fish the Deschutes. You may think you've got some good fishing around here, but believe me, we've got the finest trout stream on God's green earth." This remark, made to me by a man from Bend, sounded rather convincing, and after listening to equally forcible statements from several other Eastern Oregon people, I began to think that a trip to the much-heralded Deschutes was in order.

I found another fisherman in the same frame of mind and we began to lay plans for the trip. As our time was limited, we decided that Bend would be too far. A careful study of the map showed a fairly good wagon road to Sherar Bridge, 30 miles up the stream, and this was selected as our destination. The next thing was to find some way of getting there from The Dalles. From what we could learn, the road was not especially hilly, so we decided to make the trip on our bicycles.

Leaving The Dalles early Sunday morning, we began climbing at once. The road which is ordinarily very dusty, had been put in beautiful shape by the rain of the day before. For the first ten miles the course was up and down, but always more up than otherwise. A deep ravine was encountered at Three-Mile Creek, and another at Five-Mile. Eight-Mile Creek, the first stream of any size, gave us a long, hard climb. We reached the town of Boyd, 12 miles out, in just three hours, and passed Nansen, 19 miles out, two hours later.

Then came six miles of the toughest climbing I've had for a good long time. Before us lay an endless stretch of rolling country, the hills clothed in a covering of sagebrush. Every half mile or so the waving green of a wheat farm would relieve the monotony of scene. Inquiries at the farmhouses all resulted in the same sort of information: many miles more, and—"Yes, all up-hill until you reach the divide." Six miles may not seem a long way, but it took just three hours of pushing, climbing and panting to cover the distance. But when we did finally reach the summit, the slight climb greeted our eyes was worth the climb. Below us, four miles away, we could see the beautiful twisting of its way through the rocky canyon. Around us lay a wilderness of hills and canyons, dotted with stony cliffs, patches of green plain and occasional glimpses of the rushing Deschutes, the whole scene making a wonderful panorama.

We had pushed our wheels up to this point in hope that we could ride down to the river, but all in vain. From the summit the road zig-zagged down, covering a distance of five miles before reaching the stream. And in those five miles we descended a distance great enough to offset all the elevation reached in the previous 25 miles. The partner's wheel was equipped with a coaster brake; nevertheless, he was obliged to dismount every few hundred yards to avoid getting a hot head.

My wheel had the ordinary hub, so I rigged up a drag with a piece of baling wire and an old fence post. By sticking to the roughest part of the road and pushing back hard on the handlebars, I got along fairly well, though at times it became a race between the bike and the drag, with the latter an uncomfortable close second. The old road was dry and rotten; the hard roadbed tore out splinters like handfuls; then all at once, at a particularly dizzy point, the drag flew off the road, almost taking me along with it, and broke into three pieces on a large boulder. After which I remembered that walking is really good exercise.

We finally reached the stream at 3 P. M., having taken fully nine hours to cover the 30 miles. At the first view of



the Deschutes at close range, one is impressed by the vast amount of water it carries. It is a river in the full sense of the word. Although not much wider, on an average, than the Clackamas, its volume of water is easily four times as great. Ripping its way through the rocky gorge at the rate of 15 miles an hour, it frequently has a depth of 30 feet. For this reason, long-distance fly-casting is quite unnecessary. The best results are obtained in the eddies along shore. Putting on two No. 6 flies, a Coachman and a Gray Drake, I started down stream for the evening fishing. The third cast in a likely pool brought up a half-pound Redside trout, who fastened himself to the Gray Drake and was quickly landed. A few more casts in the lower end of the pool brought out several more, including one over a pound. The last-mentioned fish was a beautiful specimen of the Redside variety, and I stopped to give him a closer examination.

While these fish may be the same species as our Clackamas rainbows, there are a number of distinguishing points. The Deschutes Redside is inclined to be broader and heavier; the spots are fewer and more distinct, and the red stripe is very pronounced—in some cases covering the entire side of the fish. Their fighting qualities are all that could be desired. A pound fish on a 30-foot line will keep the angler quite busy for several minutes.

Another surprising thing was the immense amount of insect life along the stream. The first few hot days brought out the flies in countless thousands. At times the air was filled with myriads of yellow, gray and brown gnats and millers. Every trout we caught had his stomach simply gorged with these insects, showing that the fish were taking advantage of the situation. This undoubtedly made quite a difference in our fishing. Several times during the morning I saw as many as 20 flies dancing about in a pool without getting a single rise from the well-fed fish. At such times there was absolutely no use in trying to tempt them with an artificial fly. The evening, however, seemed to be their feeding time, and some beautiful fish were landed during the last two hours of daylight. The Coachman, Brown Hackle, Gray Drake and Caddis flies were the most successful patterns. Large fish were not in evidence during our stay, as none of our fish weighed over two pounds, but the average was well over a pound each.

From what we could learn the fishing farther up the river is still better. In the vicinity of Sherar Bridge there is no timber, nor for a long way up. If a rainstorm chances to blow over from the Cascades the water comes rushing down the dry canyon and the stream soon takes on a muddy hue. Several miles up the stream the river empties into the Deschutes. This is a glacial stream, head-

away just when they seemed strongest and safest. It was as if the whole kingdom had sunk in the sea, as if the tale of Atlantis were true. The account of Atlantis is not fortuitous. If the account of Atlantis is compared with the history of Crete and her relationship with Greece and Egypt, it seems almost certain that here we have an echo of the Minoans.

The story appears first in Plato. He says in the *Timaeus* that Solon went to Egypt with the reign of Sesostris II, exactly (which was then the capital of Egypt) that in bygone ages there had been a great island state in the West which had attempted at universal conquest and was defeated by the Athenians and was overwhelmed by the sea for its sins. Henceforth the place where the island had been was marked only by mud-banks, which were a danger to shipping. Solon would have been contemporary with the reign of Sesostris II, exactly when Greek influence was strongest in the Delta, and when the two great camps at Daphnia and Naucratis were garrisoned by Greek mercenaries. The wisdom of the Egyptians had a fascination for the Greeks, and the conversation between Solon and the priest, one of the most dramatic in all literature, may well have really taken place.

In any case the whole description of Atlantis which is given in the *Timaeus* and the *Critias* has features so thoroughly Minoan that even Plato could not have invented so many unsuspected facts. He says of Atlantis that it was the way to other islands, and from these islands you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent, which was surrounded by the true ocean. It is significant, too, that the empire is not described as a single homogeneous power, but as a collection of different elements dominated by one city.

"In this island there was a great and wonderful empire which had rule over the whole island and several others,

as well as over parts of the continent." This sentence describes the political status of Knossos as conclusively as the previous sentence describes the geographical position of Crete. Again, in the *Critias* we read that the island was very lofty and precipitous on the side of the sea (as the Cretean coast generally is), but that the country immediately about and surrounding the city was a level plain sheltered from the north. This agrees exactly with the site of Knossos, which is on a low hill that rises from a plain, and which is sheltered from the north by a protecting chain of hills. As Professor Burrows has observed, "It was these hills that made its first stone-age citizen settle at Knossos as the nearest point up the Kalros River that was safe from the eye of the wandering pirate."

It is, perhaps, not too fanciful to connect the neolithic settlement with the earthborn man Egeon, who was found by Pausanias on the site of the future city of Atlantis. Further, the boundaries of the empire of Atlantis are identical with those of the Minoan Empire. Atlantis is said to have ruled over North Africa as far as Egypt, and over Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. Now, the connection between Tyrrhenia and Minoan Crete is in itself a most interesting problem. Pliny states on the authority of Varro that there were altogether four Labyrinth, and that the tomb of Labyrinth, Clusium was one of them, the other three being at Knossos, Hawara, and Lemnos. In North Africa, too, the Tursha, who settled near Gurob in the Fayum, and in whose graves "Mycenaean" pottery was found, seem to be the same as the Tursha who troubled Egypt in the reign of Merneptah.

The name thus falls into line with the group of names of invading tribes which can now almost certainly be equated with the later Keftu whom the Egyptians confused with the earlier Minians. Although the legend of how Theseus slew

the Minotaur with the help of the Cretan Princess whom he afterward deserted is probably an echo of the raid that sacked Knossos, yet the facts and the date are still uncertain. It is quite certain, however, that men of Minoan race and aptitude headed a great coalition of these peoples to conquer Egypt and to rule the whole of the Eastern Mediterranean. This coalition was defeated by Ramses II, and his own account of the invasion remains that men whom the Egyptians considered Minoans did head a confederation of Nations and did aspire to what seemed universal conquest; and, although this attack was defeated by the Egyptians, yet the legends indicate that Knossos itself was overthrown by the pre-Dorian inhabitants of Greece proper, who were represented in Solon's time by the Athenians.

An obvious difficulty in identifying Crete with Atlantis is that Crete is inland, the Pillars of Hercules, whereas Atlantis is stated most expressly to have been engulfed in the sea by the Egyptians, yet the legends indicate that Knossos itself was overthrown by the pre-Dorian inhabitants of Greece proper, who were represented in Solon's time by the Athenians.

But a stronger argument is furnished by the strange and persistent tradition of the shallowness of the Atlantic Ocean and the mud-banks which marked the place where Atlantis had been. We cannot imagine that the first navigators who sailed west of Gibraltar brought back tales of the shallowness of the seas; on the contrary, they must have been impressed with their depth, vastness and absence of islands. But if Atlantis were Crete the explanation is easy: for if through bad weather or faulty reckoning a ship were to miss Crete and itself on the south it would soon find itself on the quicksands off the Tunisian coast, the Syrtes which were dreaded even in Roman times. After the Minoan power had been swept away in perhaps little more than the "day and a night" given by the legend it would be easy to consider that these shoals were the remains of the island kingdom that had been engulfed in the sea by the gods.

In broad outlines, therefore, the history and geography of Minoan Crete correspond exactly with what Plato tells us of Atlantis; but the similarity in detail is no less striking. The great harbor, for example, with its shipping and its merchants coming from all parts, the elaborate bathhouses, the stadium, and the solemn sacrifice of a bull are all there, though not exclusively, Minoan;

WHEN CRETE WAS IN ITS GLORY IN 10,000 B. C. A Wonderful Civilization That Flourished During the 18th Dynasty of Egypt—Was Crete Atlantis?

THE recent excavations in Crete have made it necessary to reconsider the whole scheme of Mediterranean history before the classical period.

Although many questions are still undecided, it has been established beyond any doubt that during the rule of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt, when Thebes was at the height of its glory, Crete was the center of a great empire whose trade and influence extended from the North Atlantic to Tait el Amara and from Sicily to Syria. The whole sea-borne trade between Europe, Asia and Africa was in Cretan hands, and the legends of Theseus seem to show that the Minoans dominated the Greek islands and the coasts of Asia.

This civilization was as ancient and as firmly established as it was wonderful. The beginning of the first dynasty found beneath the palace at Knossos is considered by Dr. Evans to date from at least 10,000 B. C. and from that time onward the development of the Minoan people can be traced continuously. The neolithic age and the final sack of Knossos are three great periods can be distinguished which were roughly contemporary with the three great periods in Egypt—namely, the Memphis or Old Kingdom and the Eighteenth Dynasty or Theban Empire. During these periods there was cease and constant communication between Crete and Egypt. A considerable trade was carried on between the two countries, which was accompanied by a certain exchange of influence and ideas.

On the other hand the Minoan civilization was essentially Mediterranean, any that arose in Egypt or the East. In some respects also it is strikingly modern. The many-storied palaces, some of the pottery, even the dresses of the ladies, seem to belong to the

modern rather than the ancient world. At the same time the number of Minoan sites and their extraordinary richness far exceed anything that Crete could be expected to produce, and must be due in part to that sea power which the ancient legends attributed to Minoas. Thus, when the Minoan power was at its greatest, its rulers must have seemed to the other nations to be mighty indeed, and their prestige must have been increased by the mystery of the lands over which they ruled (which seemed to Syrians and Egyptians to be the Far West), and by their mastery over that element which the ancient world always held in awe. Strange stories, too, must have floated round the Levant of vast bewildering palaces, of sports and dances, and above all of the bull-fight. The Minoan realm, therefore, was a vast and ancient power, which was united by the same sea, which it seemed to be a separate continent with a genius of its own.

Suddenly a swift and terrible destruction blotted out the Cretan power. Confident in their long supremacy at sea, the Minoans had left their cities unprotected, and the neglect of their land defenses proved their ruin. The evidence is conclusive that some shock broke the sea power of Knossos and it was still full of vigor, still growing and developing; that a raid sacked the capital and desolated the island, and that thereafter the whole Minoan civilization decayed and finally vanished.

A new order of things arose; the Phoenicians took the place of the Minoans as traders and navigators, while on the coast of Greece and Asia Minor the Thalamas, mentioned by Eusebius, ruled in turn. It is true that Minoan influence lingered on in the art of the Aegean, but except for the legends of Minoas, the very memory of the Minoans perished. As a political and commercial force, therefore, Knossos and its allied cities were swept

away just when they seemed strongest and safest. It was as if the whole kingdom had sunk in the sea, as if the tale of Atlantis were true. The account of Atlantis is not fortuitous. If the account of Atlantis is compared with the history of Crete and her relationship with Greece and Egypt, it seems almost certain that here we have an echo of the Minoans.

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ing near Mt. Hood, and brings down a vast amount of sand and silt, which tends to keep things roily. But in spite of these drawbacks, combined with moonlight nights, we enjoyed some excellent fishing.

Good accommodations can be had at the bridge. The old Sherar House stands on the bank directly overlooking the stream, and is a remarkable dwelling for its part of the world. After coming down the five miles of tortuous mountain road, the sight of a roomy, neatly-painted house is most pleasing to the eye. A quarter-mile above the house the Interior Development Company is doing the preliminary work on a damsite. Judging from its appearance the Deschutes should furnish enough power to light every town in Eastern Oregon.

We experienced some very hot weather—at least, we considered it as such, although the natives assured us that it was nothing to what they would have later on. During our last day on the stream the thermometer reached 97 degrees in the shade, and mighty little shade anywhere. Twenty miles farther up the road is a place called Bake Oven, and I have no doubt that it is most appropriately named. The sun glares down from a cloudless sky, its burning rays reflected on the bare, rocky cliffs. Add to this an utter absence of wind, and you have a pretty warm proposition. It is no wonder that we dreaded climbing out of the canyon under such conditions. The first part of the climb was one of those events one doesn't care to remember, but the last portion was almost pleasant for as we neared the summit a strong, refreshing breeze came over the ridge from the Cascades and made us forget our troubles. The toll bridge at Sherar's is a relic of the old days when all the freighting was done by teams. Toll rates are still in effect. On the front of the hotel is a weatherbeaten signboard, probably arranged by some rural painter who, in his desire to display his knowledge of English, worded the following unconscious bit of humor:

Horse and Wagon.....\$1.00
 Ditto & Cart......75
 Stock, Horses & Cows.....10
 Ditto, Sheep & Pigs......03

SHERAR
 FALLS ON
 THE DESCHUTES

DESCHUTES CANYON
 BELOW THE BRIDGE