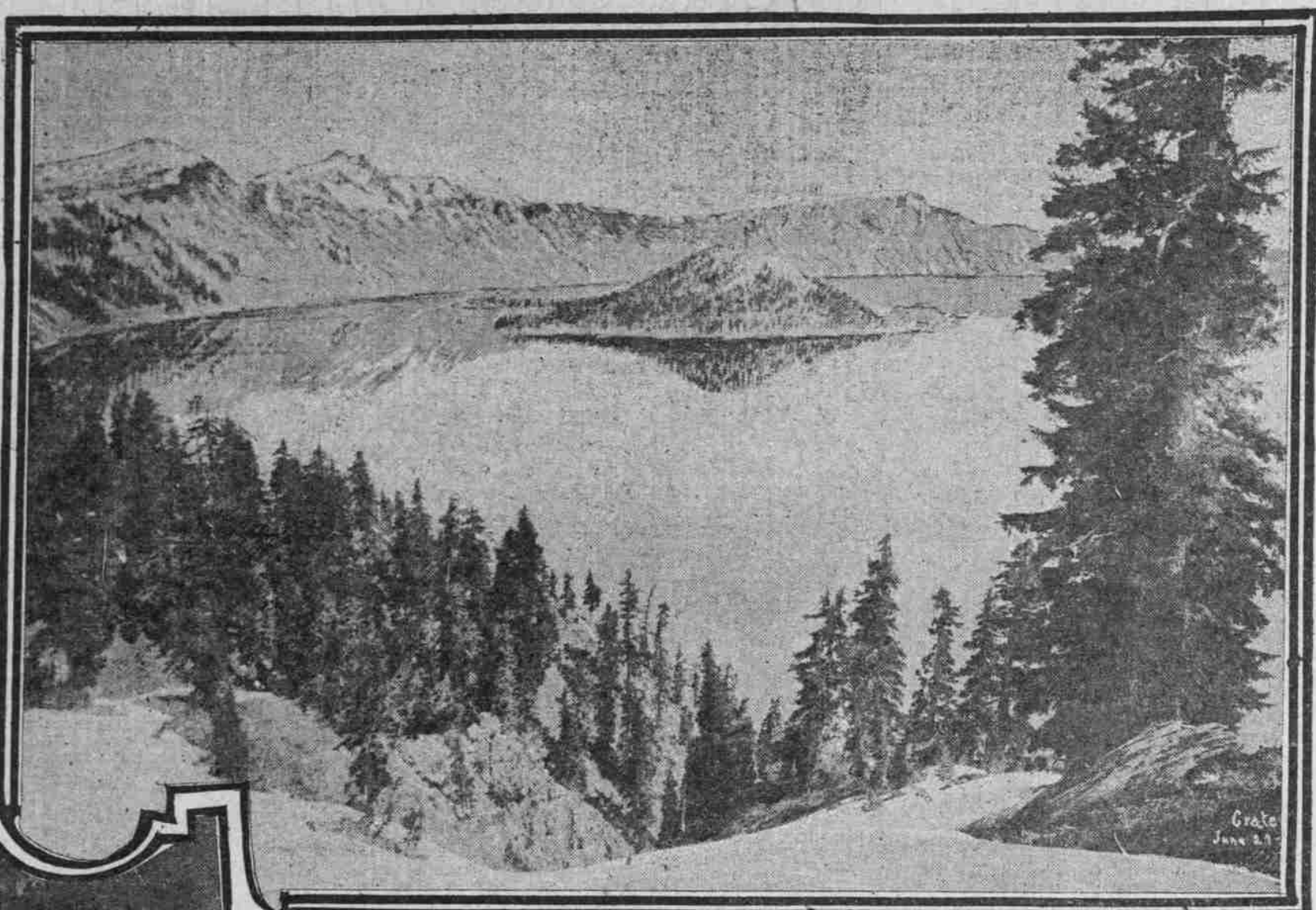


CRATER LAKE TO CRATER LAKE

REAL OREGON FISHING
STORY BY A REAL
FISHERMAN WHO ANGLED
NOT FOR TROUT BUT
FOR GLORY ALONE.



CRATER LAKE.

NEAR THE HEAD OF
ROGUE RIVERPROSPECT BRIDGE ON
ROGUE RIVER

BY WALTER F. BACKUS.
THE last stick of cordwood was tossed aboard the engine and with a final roaring toot, we puffed slowly out of Medford. I say slowly, for that is the proper word. It is only 12 miles to Eagle Point, our destination, yet a full hour was consumed in making the trip. On this 12-mile stretch there is no roadbed, no banking, no filling, nothing but a string of rails and ties stretched out over meadows and through orchards, with a consequent assortment of twists and curves that any baseball pitcher would be proud of. At every turn of any size, the engineer carefully slowed down to about four miles an hour, just to keep the engine on the track, while at every switch we either left a flatcar on the siding, or added another to our collection of mixed rolling stock.

But even this mode of travel would have been welcome later on, for it was now a case of walk, walk, all the time. Our first day's trip was to be a 12-mile walk to Trail, with some fishing in the Rogue on the way up, and an hour's walk brought us to the true trail. There is a strange fascination in fishing in the Rogue River. Everything is on such a big scale. The stream is a cold, swift one, a regular overgrown mountain brook; the pools are wide, rough and deep; it takes long, hard casting to get results; big flies, strong leaders, and unlimited lines, a rod with lots of backbone and a thorough knowledge of its use while the fish—well, your first strike is more liable to be one weighing six pounds than six ounces. The fishermen must be ready to take a dunking with good grace, for when a big steelhead is hooked, he must be ready to go after him anywhere, and on decidedly short notice. While the water is rather chilly, the September sun is also very warm, and soon dries the angler's scanty clothing.

Let us follow an angler as he walks slowly along the stream, his critical eye examining the water until he finds a pool to his liking. Here he stops, and hefts up his tackle. The rod, 16 feet of seasoned split bamboo, has proven victor in many a bout on the river. The reel, a strong, sensible one of the single-acting type, holds a full 20 yards of heavy enameled line. A six-foot single leader and a No. 4 Coachman with flashing jungle-cock shoulders, completes the equipment. Shading his eyes with one hand, the angler carefully scrutinizes the pool he has selected. A rocky formation extended from shore to shore, while the bottom was plentifully studded with big brown boulders. The water, perhaps 10 feet deep, flowed swiftly over its stony bed and formed an ideal environment for steelhead trout. Of this the angler was convinced, but his inspection must necessarily end at the water line. Had his eyes been gifted with the power of piercing those green depths, he would have seen even more excited. Well out toward the middle of the stream, some 60 feet away, he would have noticed a waving, shadowy form behind one of the ragged boulders. A closer look would have revealed a huge trout, resting quietly behind his rocky breastwork.

Majestically he lay there, his strong gills moving with machine-like precision, heeding not a whit the water swirling wildly around his barrier. His broad, gleaming side, with its wide stripes of scarlet, flashed gayly with the movement of the gently waving tail. Although apparently oblivious to all surroundings, yet nothing on the surface escaped his watchful eye. Every leaf, every bit of floating twig was given one fleeting glance, then ignored. For the trout was watching, always watching, for something he would consider edible. The angler was now ready, and entering the water, waded out to a favorable position. Swinging his rod back and forth, he gradually worked out his line. At each forward cast, he stripped another yard from the reel, which shot

MILL CREEK FALLS

through the guides and joined the flying line on the back cast. Very soon 40 feet was out, and allowed to settle on the water. Then the angler's experience came into play. Quickly stripping a dozen feet of line from the reel, he draped it over his left hand in several large coils; a quick swing of the rod lifted the line from the water, and it resumed its aerial flight. Back and forth it flew, fairly jerking the rod tip at the end of each forward cast. This was what the angler wanted, and as the line went out straight and true, the left hand came into action; one by one the loops were snatched from the waiting fingers and drawn through the guides. Like a lung of life the white-winged Coachman flew on until the line became taut; then it settled gently on the water, a good 60 feet away. With his body braced against the rushing current, the angler watched the fly sweep over the pool until, undisturbed, it reached the shallow water. Immediately the left hand drew in several coils of line, the rod lifted the remainder and after a few flying passes, the fly again dropped, just a yard or two below the spot reached on the first cast. Then following another cast, and yet another, but still no time.

Surely, thought the angler, there must be a good fish in such a place; a better bit of steelhead water would be hard to find. So he went at it again, determining to cover every foot of the pool. Once, twice, three times the fly swept around in a bold circle, without result. But the fourth cast was well placed, indeed. The leader struck the water just above the waiting fish, and, as the plump-bodied Coachman came drifting along, the orange-bellied eyes of its jungle-cock wings seemed fairly to wink at the fish below.

This was too much. For just an instant the steelhead's body stiffened; then with a quick convulsive movement of fins and tail, he launched himself at the intruding insect. The wide-open jaws closed with a vicious snap; with a burning sting of retaliation the hook sank in to the bend—and the fight was on.

The first lunge of the fish told the angler that he had hooked something worth while, and he made for shore with all speed. As he floundered waist-deep in the current, the fish began his first wild rush; 50 feet—60 feet—100 feet of line went whizzing through the guides, while the staccato of the clicking reel became a whistling shriek. Ashore at last, the angler sprinted along the bank; the fish in mid-stream was strenuously insisting on more line, a demand which the almost empty reel could not supply, so the angler ran. On went the trout to the very end of the pool, pausing just where it broke into a heavy tumbling rapid. Here the angler made his stand; not another foot would he give, even though something broke.

The rod bent till it formed a half-circle; a warning hum came over the tightened line, telling plainly that things were going lively. For perhaps 20 seconds the strain lasted, then slowly, gradually the fish yielded, allowing himself to be drawn into deeper water. But the truce was short-lived; a moment's rest and he was all action, tip into the air he leaped, his glistering body with its broad scarlet stripes making a beautiful picture in the sunlight. Three times he sprang, twisting, turning, trying with frenzied endeavor to shake loose the burning barb. Then up the pool, straight past the surprised angler, who found himself utterly unable to take up the rapidly slackening line. Reaching the upper end of the pool, he performed some more aerial tumbling; shaking his trembling body from head to tail, until it seemed as though the trout hook must surely give way. But he was doomed. With a well-hooked fish and a cool, careful angler, there can be but one ending. Gradually his struggles became weaker, his run shorter and shorter as tired nature gave up. And then, like a true steelhead, he was "all in." The angler waded slowly out until knee-deep in water; the landing net was cautiously dipped in behind him, and without a quiver, the seven-pound steel-

head allowed its waiting meshes to encompass his splendid form.

No wonder an angler is spoiled for any other fly fishing after landing a few fighting five-pounders on the Rogue. We enjoyed almost a week of this grand sport, taking a number of large fish every day, and in nearly every instance the fish were returned to their former hiding places. It seems a little odd to land a splendid five or six-pound trout and then, after carefully removing the fly from his snapping jaws, allow him to swim back into the pool. This proceeding was simply beyond the comprehension of the natives living along the stream. "They still think we are the most accomplished liars that ever drifted down their way. With them, a fish on the bank means a fish to take home, so we stopped telling about our catches."

It was with great reluctance therefore, that we said "good-bye" to the fishing and began our trip to Crater Lake. This meant a walk of 45 miles, which we hoped to cover in two days. My partner, having developed a large blister on one heel, decided to ride a small pony part of the way, while I determined to make my legs do the work. Our first day's trip was fairly easy, and we arrived at Prospect, 25 miles out, at 2:30 P. M. We then heard of a ranch six miles further on, where we might secure a bed for the night, and as this would divide the trip more evenly, we decided to go that much further, and take chances. I might add that the aforenamed ranch is the last human habitation between Prospect and the camp below Crater Lake. We reached the ranch at sundown, and found one lonely old bachelor who had been living in the same little cabin for 35 years. Of course, he had no beds to spare, so we took to the barn, a shabby old structure with very little hay, and cracks in the wall two inches wide. At first it was fairly comfortable; then as the night came on, it grew infinitely cold. Each time a breeze came through the gaping cracks, the temperature seemed to drop about 5 degrees, and each time it dropped we would reach out and pile on more hay. But it was no use—the cold won out, and about midnight we gave up the fight, went outside and started a small brush fire, which I had the pleasure of keeping up all night. My friend was more fortunate and secured several naps, but I learned exactly how much brush a fire will burn to the hour.

Morning came at last, and after a hasty breakfast of dry toast, dry chocolate and ice-cold water, we started on our 27-mile jaunt. From this point on the road is all up grade, ascending 2000 feet in the distance mentioned. About nine miles out we took a side road in

order to see the natural bridge across the Rogue River. This consists of a solid lava formation, under which the entire stream disappears, and later emerges a foaming mass of water, 200 feet farther down. A wagon road crosses this place and winds through the mountains, finally coming out at Roseburg. Another point of interest was Rogue River Falls, where the stream fairly rips through a very narrow rocky gorge, in a series of steps.

These side trips took up considerable

time, and the afternoon found us still a long way from our destination. The sun was beating down full force, and our feet were acquiring more blisters right along. Ahead of us the road wound through the trees like a never-ending ribbon of white dust, and always upward. Water was to be had about every five miles, and was so deliciously cold that we usually drank too much when we reached it. The forest rangers have named each spring and camping place and tacked a cloth placard on a tree in a conspicuous place. This placard gives

Dr. Johnson on Aviation

Shade of the Literary Dictator Comments on Twentieth Century Progress.

"SIR," responded the shade of Dr. Samuel Johnson, with which, after some difficulty, a reporter had succeeded in establishing a telephonic connection. "Sir, I cannot avoid the admission that the 19th century, in what is called practical invention, greatly exceeded the invention of the century in which an all-wise Providence cast my lot; but, sir, you must concur with me that in the greatest field of invention, the field of letters, the 18th century in which I lived and labored achieved an eminence to which the succeeding hundred years vainly aspired."

"Sir, to what end do these so-called practical inventions tend? Have they not, instead of improving the conditions of living, especially among the common people who are the sustaining foundations of the state, served only to make those conditions harder? Have not these practical inventions which have called attention from the needs of the mind to artificial needs of the body, but developed the meretricious purpose indicated by my friend, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, in his lines describing the hapless condition of the land where wealth accumulates and men decay?"

"Nay, sir, I do not see that you of the beginning of the 20th century have cause to vaunt your achievements, contrasting them to the prejudice of the 18th or even to the prejudice of the 17th century, which also was ripe in scholarship, replete not with dawdlers in tawdry novels, but with men whose solid learning had contributed to the welfare and improvement of their species in the high domain of thought."

"My specific assignment was to interview you on the subject of aviation and to get your views on this, the latest invention engrossing the attention and provoking the emulation of the nations of the civilized world."

"Sir, it will give me pleasure to communicate any reflections I may at the moment be able to discover, for the benefit of your readers. Aviation! The word is pleasing to me. It hath in itself a reminder through its open vowels of the graceful, undulatory motion of a bird in ascension of flight. Yet the word as implicating the suggestion of wings hath a deplorable inexactitude when applied to the contrivance employed by man in aerial propulsion. In these human mechanical productions there are neither wings nor feathers, and it certainly must require a strenuous fancy to see any similitude between such awkward inventions and the beautiful and at the same time wonderful and graceful flight of even the most insignificant of the ornithological creation, a creature including in its compass the tonnage of a body of scarcely the magnitude of my thumb, and the condor of the Andes, with his wings of an amplitude of fully two fathoms."

"But, doctor, did not you yourself once invent a flying machine? I think I read of it in your delightful book, 'Rasselas, the Prince of Abyssinia.' It was an incident of the Happy Valley."

the name of the camp and also tells how many miles to the next place where water can be found, proving a great convenience to campers along the road. As we traveled on we noticed a marked change in the trees and shrubbery; the tall firs gave way to a more stunted growth of pines and hemlocks, while the undergrowth disappeared almost entirely. At last we came to a definite landmark, a stone column marking the western boundary of Crater Lake National Park, and a little farther on a sign-board gave the welcome news that it was only three miles more to Ararat's camp. As usual, the last three miles felt like six, but they ended a little before we did, and we entered the camp with grateful hearts. A very trim little camp it was, its two rows of clean, white tents securely staked to iron posts with the eating house at the end of the lane. A real bed, with sure enough blankets, felt mighty good to us that night, and we turned in early to secure full measure.

Although very stiff and footsore the next morning, we could not avoid the five-mile walk to the lake. From the camp the road ascends, easily at first, then with sharp rises near the summit; very slowly we topped up the last 200 feet, topped another little rise, and there

the satisfaction attending that creation of my brain. It is on the chapter designated "A Dissertation on the Art of Flying." My mechanist, who was engrossed with the idea of a flying machine, set out in favor of his project that fishes have the water, in which beasts can swim by nature and men by art. He that can swim need not despair to fly; to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are passing. You will be necessarily upborne by the air if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"Sir, you will remember that the mechanician continued his observations to Rasselas after this fashion: 'You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings and hovering in the sky, would see the earth and all its inhabitants rolling beneath him and presenting to him successively by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel.'"

"Sir," continued the doctor, "I confess that I had some qualms when for the sake of the moral it was necessary to punish his presumption. You remember that after the wings were finished the mechanician appeared one morning for flight on a little promontory. He waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the Prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and mortification."

"And now, sir, you tell me that a Frenchman has flown from Calais to Dover. It does not surprise me that this people, always noted for levity, should be first among featherless bipeds to rise into the air."

"But, doctor," said the interviewer, "may I not ask you a question concerning the disputed discovery of the North Pole. Whether Dr. Cook or Lieutenant Peary—"

"Sir," said the great lexicographer, "you should not expect me to engage in a discussion so unprofitable. The boreal pole is but a bleak and barren ideality, a

before us lay the object of all our efforts, Crater Lake. Imagine, 1000 feet below, a sea of sapphire in a rough-hewn setting of burnished gold. It is beautiful, grandly beautiful, too vast and glorious for my pen to even attempt its description. The sun shows strong on the water, bringing out the most superb color effects. The water seems a deep indigo blue blending to a soft turquoise in the shallows along-shore. On all sides, the precipitous cliffs reach down to the water, in some cases from a height of 2000 feet. Where the water is not ruffled by the breeze, the reflection is so near perfect that it is impossible to tell where land and water meet. Looking out over the lake we see Wizard Island. It appears a short quarter mile away, yet is a full two miles from shore. And over everything is a most mysterious stillness, an intense quiet that fairly grips one. People move about as though at church; not a sound is heard from bird or beast; it is like a vast temple in which every one is forbidden to break the solemn silence.

After gazing from the rim for some time the spell of mystery fairly grows on one, and the whistling of the breeze among the branches is a most welcome sound.

A visit to the lake is not complete without a trip on the water, so we started carefully down the trail. The descent is 900 feet, but with the winding back and forth is easily twice that distance. We reached the bottom, and taking a small skiff rowed well out toward the center of the lake. Here we float in water 200 feet deep, giving us a most unsettled feeling, the same as might be experienced by a person in a rowboat out on the ocean. At close range the water assumes a different tint. What was deep blue is now much lighter and brighter, while the water along shore becomes an exquisite shade of light green. But in the shadow of the cliffs the whole aspect changes. The water becomes very dark, almost black, and looks most forbidding. After each stroke one almost expects to see the oar come out dripping with ink.

And yet the water is clear as a diamond, so deceptively clear that what seems 10 feet deep is really 40. We dropped a tin disc overboard and could see it darting downward, and apparently growing

larger every moment, for almost half a minute. We were told that a six-inch china saucer was plainly visible in 30 feet of water.

When first discovered there were no fish in Crater Lake. Rainbow trout were planted there some years ago and seem to have done well. The specimens weighed four and five pounds are frequently caught on a trolling spoon.

We tried fishing for a short while, but as the fish paid no attention to our spoon we decided to finish up by taking a swim in the lake. Finding a shallow spot we soon plunged in. Near the shore the water was cool and not unpleasant, but as soon as we dove into deeper water there was a most decided difference. The presence of a large snowbank on the cliff just above us did not tend to warm things any, so we soon dressed and rowed back to the boat landing. Then came the long climb back to the rim, with many a backward look at the sparkling water.

We reached the top just as the sun was sinking behind the cliffs; gradually the bright blue water lost its luster, a growing darkness stealing over it as the sun sank from sight. Like a huge arm the black shadow slowly covered the entire surface, and, as the last bit of brightness faded away, we said good-bye to Crater Lake.

vague and elusive adumbration for which the search can offer no more tangible result than the pursuit of the proverbially fugacious *lewis fatuus*.

Fortunate Towel Mishap.

Baltimore News.
In a certain New England town they manufacture a well-known kind of towel, most efficient for drying purposes. How that towel first happened to be made in the form which has proved so profitable to its makers is the subject of an amusing legend. It savors strongly of belonging to the "too good to be true" genus of anecdotes, and is as follows:
Once the machinery in the towel factory, busily engaged in turning out very conventional brand of towels suddenly went wrong and began practically, to go backward. There was much excitement. Eventually the machinery was chastised and set to rights again. But it was discovered that interval of mechanical anarchy were of a texture quite unrivaled for use as bath towels. At once the machinery was set going backward again, and has been traveling in that direction ever since, to the great delight of the stockholders in the towel company.

Trouble in the Dance.

Atlanta Constitution.
Feeling mighty certain
If I could take old Trouble
An' whirl her in the dance!
She'd be a sight to gaze on,
To the ladies' sound—
Oh, she'd be in a hurry then
To leave the joyous ground!
But when the grim old lady
Hears music ringin' loud,
She hunts for pleasure shady
An' seeks a sighing crowd.
She will not lose her frown,
Her grief she will not drown;
One joyous whirl would send her
Forever out o' town!
She cannot stand the racket;
She's apt to go the way
Where the hollow winds are aighn'
An' the growlin' people stay;
Said that she has no room,
Where drips no honeycomb;
Poor, saddest, ragged traveler,
That never had a home!