

# DESCHUTES RIVER OFFERS IDEAL SUMMER OUTING FOR CANOEISTS

Journey Made From Crane Prairie to Bend Furnishes Delightful Time for Two Pleasure-Seekers—The Stream Abounds in Gamy Fish, and Labors of Portages Prove Not Unmixed Joy.



TAKING THE CANOE TO CRANE PRAIRIE



PORTAGING IS NO MAN'S BEST WORK



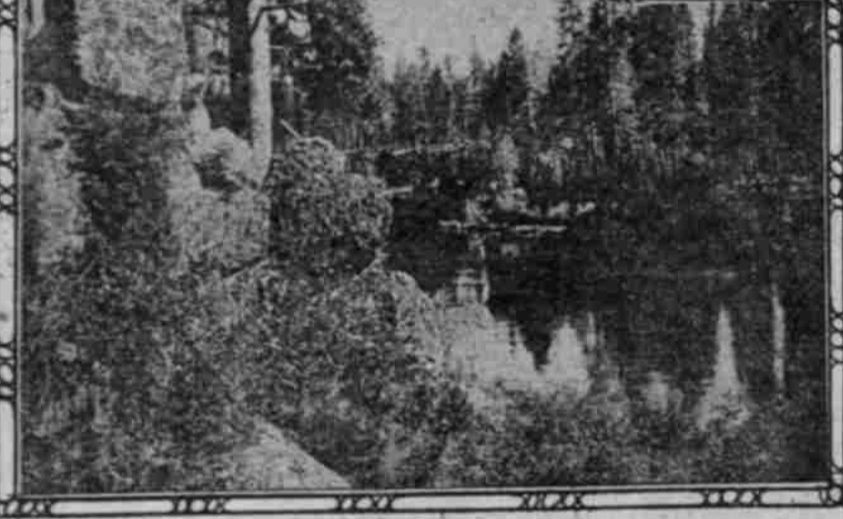
ON THE DESCHUTES RIVER



OFTEN IT WAS NECESSARY TO GET INTO THE LOG WATER



COOKING FLAP-JACKS IS AN ART



A TYPICAL DESCHUTES RIVER SCENE

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM.

**B**END, Or., Aug. 5.—(Special.)—“What an earth do you want with a canoe in a desert country?”

Such was the question of the wise Portland city-bred man when he chanced to see our craft in course of transportation from the railroad terminus at Opal City to Bend.

Like many city dwellers who occasionally visit the interior this questioner really thought he knew more about the subject of his query than was the case. True, the old-time maps with typical Governmental disregard for such a minor matter as the truth, calmly plaster the word “desert” in abundantly large characters over the greater portion of Central and Eastern Oregon. And equally truly the visitor, who seeks pastures new in the vast reaches of the interior, encounters a goodly quantity of dust and waterless wastes in the course of his journeyings, even in the comparatively short trip from the railroad to Bend, the center of most things in Central Oregon.

And the Portland man who wondered at the apparently inexplicable presence of a canoe on these dusty roads that seemed to lead to nothing more aqueous than more dust perhaps had good cause to be surprised.

Yet he would have been more astonished had he known that a few miles further on in the western borders of this Governmental “desert” flowed the latest river not only in the great state of Oregon but the Pacific Northwest, excepting only the Columbia.

**Journey Brings Pleasure.**

And from the headwaters of this unsuspected Central Oregon stream, the Deschutes, in this canoe, the writer and a companion but a few weeks ago

made as delightful an excursion as is possible in any state in the Union, or in any country in the world.

Ours was an amphibious journey. The automobile, the less rapid but perhaps more dependable vehicle, was the method of its diversified transportation. We autored, we drove, we paddled and we walked. Also, we nearly swam.

Leaving Bend shortly after daylight on a late July morning, the writer set out for the head waters of the Deschutes in a most unpicturesque wagon, the other member of the canoe expedition was to join me at Crane Prairie a day later, coming thither by the more rapid transportation medium of an automobile.

Some miles from Bend the canoe was procured and after sundry manœvering the not-too-easily handled craft was placed upon the wagon and there lashed in place. Beneath it was the grub, blankets, fishing outfit and other slight paraphernalia of a brief camping expedition. In addition to horse ration, those who have traveled in the pine lands of Central Oregon can understand the beauty of the road side in the early morning when the air was cool and quiet and the great brown-hued trunks of the trees stood majestically in their peculiarly park-like clusters, with the dun-colored needle carpets below, and above the olive green verdure and the opalescent Oregon sky.

And those familiar with such a driving trip as ours also can realize its manifold “pleasures” as the Summer day unfolded, with never a breath of wind, except such stray zephyrs as occasionally appeared, with just sufficient force and persistence to keep the dust clouds abreast. Like flour millers

we appeared after a few hours of the grimy travel.

**Crane Prairie Well Known.**

On the evening of the second day we found ourselves at our destination, and starting point, Crane Prairie. Probably no camping and recreation ground in Oregon, east of the Cascade Mountains, is more widely known than is Crane Prairie. Thither scores of campers go in August, until, indeed, portions of the beautiful meadows assume an appearance more characteristic of a picnic ground than might be expected in such an isolated locality. For hundreds of miles, sometimes, come great caravans “outing,” several wagons bearing the women folks of the farms, with many children, while the male pleasure-seekers ride their horses. Crane Prairie occupies a position relative to Central Oregon about that of Tuolumne Meadows in the California Sierras.

The prairie itself is a broad and level meadow land, perhaps six miles long and half as wide, on an average, through the central portions of which meander the headwaters of the Deschutes, here a moderate sized and slow flowing stream, which, in the meadows splits into several branches, each of which winds up into the timber and the lakes beyond, where is the real source of the river.

All about the prairie is timber, stretching down to the edge of the grass, thence billowing upward over foothills to higher hill tops beyond, and on the north to the snow-covered mountains whose more distant peaks, those of the Three Sisters, are plainly visible from the Willamette Valley.

After a day of fishing on the upper reaches of the river we were joined by the automobile contingent, who made the trip from Bend, which had taken our slow moving vehicle the better part of two days, in less than five hours.

Early on the morning following their arrival, we started our real journey.

A canoe well merits the appellation of “graceful” for assisting no water craft appears so at home as does this slight bark upon its native element. A well-built, well-lined canoe, quietly peddled and rightly “rimmed,” is for all the world like a seagull, so easily and beautifully does it ride.

**Canoe Is Set Afloat.**

Below Brown's Cabin, the one-time home of an oldtime homesteader, we found a launching place for the canoe. Here a ford crosses the river. With care and precision we loaded our outfit. Immediately we realized what we had suspected from the start, namely, that we had too much with us.

And so we started, the doctor in the bow seat, wielding his unaccustomed paddle with a certain gentle air of experiment.

At the start and for many miles there

were rapids. While always negotiable, these furnished the amount of interest and excitement. Occasionally there came times when a quick jump into the icy waters was necessary, with an angry-looking cascade or bit of white water before us. But with few exceptions there was no water through which we could not safely and easily slide with the canoe, one's own back.

The river was delightfully varied. A long more or less straight stretch of rapid, tumbling water would give place to a quiet-flowing meadow-bordered piece, while every few hundred yards a great black pool, probably eddying about the base of a high bank, broke the monotony of the open river and lured the fishing rods from their cases.

Our days were fairly alike. At dawn we were up. While grapefruit, waffles and buttered toast were notably absent from the breakfast menu, steaming tin dishes of cornmeal mush, reinforced by equally steaming coffee and perhaps a hot, buttered, and buttered flapjacks, gave us a fitting start for the labors of the day.

**Simplicity in “Grub” Best.**

A first-class camper's rule, as regards “grub,” is to take plenty, but above all make what he does take the simplest possible.

Flour, beans, bacon, baking powder, tea or coffee, sugar, salt, corn meal, rice, dried apples or apricots, a few onions, perhaps a few potatoes, a little syrup, condensed milk (half cans, by all means), and perhaps some jerked beef make the foundation for any brief camping trip, to which may be added, if desired, any amount of delicacies. But unless transportation facilities are luxurious, as when one drives, or remains always in permanent camp, beware of canned goods of all kinds. To carry water is a weary duty. And if one is dependent upon a pack horse, or upon one's own back, to pack non-essentials is to ruin the pleasure of a trip.

The one nightmare of a canoe trip, unless it be the probability of occasional obstructions, about which “carries” must be made. Usually these are falls or bits of rough water that cannot be negotiated in the canoe. Then fallen logs or jam, occasionally make necessary short “carries.”

On the Deschutes there are a number of great falls, picturesque natural masterpieces, about which the voyager must carry his canoe. And then it is a question of picking up one's bed and walking. However, on the great Central Oregon river the few portages, though hard enough, are fairly easily overcome.

**Canoe Easy to Carry.**

The canoe itself is an easy burden. One man can handle it, if desired. But inverted and placed upon the shoulders of two, its carrying resolves itself into a simple task. And the transporting of the rest of the “plunder” is easy or difficult, just according as to whether or not the victim has overloaded himself with useless duff.

“Would you do this for \$100 a month?” The doctor asked the impatient question at an unfortunate moment. We had been paddling for many hours under the broiling sun of mid-day, and then a back-breaking portage, followed by more arm-wearing paddling, had been the programme of our alleged holiday enjoyment.

There was no pleasant camping place in sight, for on one side a high bank did double duty by shutting out possibility of breezes, while it did away with camp-sites, and on the other “jack pine” thickets equally breeze-proof were most uninviting.

But just as this disquieting question was thrusting home upon my mind, an unexpected turning of the always uncertain stream brought us into an Arcady of woodland beauty. A welcome breeze ruffled the placid waters. A proper camping place roofed by giant tree trunks and lofty foliage, and floored by the greenest of grass, came in sight.

And there, with a deep dark trout pool before us, the great trees behind and the fairest of Oregon skies overhead, we rested and ate, and decided, beyond all possibility of doubt, that canoe trips are after all the only reasonable methods of recreation.

That much-written monitor of woodland ways, Stewart Edward White, declares that the prime requisite of those who would prosper in the open is a highly dependable sense of direction. In a canoe trip such as ours this sense may be totally lacking without mishap.

**River Sufficient Guide.**

For provided one's craft has been launched upon a stream and that the only desire is to gain some objective point farther down its course, the task of ascertaining and following the right direction resolves itself into a simple pursuit of one's nose.

Therein, indeed, lies the chief charm of such a water made journey. For the experiences of the trip makers are the experiences of the river itself. One sees it at its best perhaps in some wooded spring or upon the snowy flanks of distant mountains, and thence it is followed to its end.

After a week of paddling, fishing, portaging and delightful loafing, we came to the end of our journey. While the complete trip to Bend was impossible, because of many impassable cascades on the lower reaches of the river, we contrived to get within seven miles of the town.

Later, the canoe completed its journey, aristocratically arriving down the river. And now it reposes with the other “trophies of the trip, probably to become dust clad for many months, before again it is placed upon the river's waters.

Twilight.

Ainslie's Magazine.

How many things are like this sad, sweet hour.

When neither light nor darkness rules the world—

And nature bids to slumber every flower

Before night's dusky banners are unfurled.

A solemn hour when all things bright must die.

That made the world so radiantly fair;

The sun's pale crimson fades upon the sky.

The breath of night is in the perfumed air.

Perchance there's some desire in our hearts

That, like this dying day, will never see

The light that hope to everything in-fuse

And never blossom to reality.

Some secret love that never must be told—

Some hidden wish—some thought of unguined fame—

All sink on life's horizon, dark and low,

Just like the sunset's dying evening flame.

Whose life is there this twilight does not mark?

Whose heart is there that does not hold within

Some poor, dead hope that once burned like a spark.

And struggled hard its victory to win?

So struggles day against the coming night.

Till, weary with the shadows on her face

She yields to darkness all her treasures bright.

And slowly sinks, just like our hopes—to rest.

# BLUE AND GRAY VETERANS CLASP HANDS ON BULL RUN BATTLE SITE

Dramatic Scene Is Witnessed by President Taft and Members of Congress at Celebration of Fiftieth Anniversary of Opening Conflict of Civil War.



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS FROM FORT MYER VA. DRILLING



PRESIDENT TAFT SPEAKING AT BULL RUN



RIGHT THERE IS WHERE WE FOUGHT THE YANKEES IN '61



UNION AND CONFEDERATE VETERANS SHAKING HANDS

# ACCUSED LABOR LEADER TELLS AIMS OF UNIONS

J. J. McNamara, Held on Dynamiting Charge, Says His Trial Is Only Incident in Struggle With Organized Capital.

**L**OS ANGELES, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—J. J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Organization of Structural Iron and Bridge Workers, charged with the destruction of the building of the Los Angeles Times, explained the other day his view of the fight between organized labor and organized capital. It was his second statement to the public since his arrest in Indianapolis by Detectives again to protest against his arrest and to declare the innocence of himself and his younger brother, J. B. McNamara. His attorney, Clarence Darrow, was present when he gave the statement to the newspaper men.

McNamara said:

“Regardless of the outcome of the charges against me, the eternal battle between employe and employer will go on. I am a mere incident—only an individual in the fight—and if hanged somebody will take my place. The leaders are only individuals. Many times they are pushed forward by accident—but always someone has taken the leadership.

“I did not start this strife between the man who tills and the man who employs. It started years ago when the men of Europe were slaves. It is the rebellion of the oppressed against the oppressor. The unrest is general, it is world wide. In a few words, it is the fight of the plutocrat against the man who works.

“To illustrate this general principle we have only to look into the relations between organized labor and the United States Steel Corporation. I became a structural iron worker in 1898, and a short time later joined the union. At that time the wages paid skilled structural ironworkers were \$2.50 for a ten-hour day. Now the scale is \$4.50 for an eight-hour day.

“This appears a tremendous increase. It is only a benefit in hours. The day of work is now two hours shorter, but the wage is virtually the same. The cost of living, by the manipulations of the trusts, has so increased that \$4.50 now is no more than \$2.50 in 1898. Even though the efforts of organized labor have not gained much in wages we have prevented any decrease and have gained many advantages in this particular craft in relation to protection from death.

“Figures show that the life of an ordinary structural ironworker is 19 years. By that we mean the time of his service in active work. Our records show that 90 per cent of all deaths

in our organization are deaths of violence—deaths caused by falling. None of the old-line insurance companies will take risks on structural ironworkers. Our organization carries a small benefit and it shows that one man in every thousand in the union loses his life each month. We have a membership of 29,000 and each month our death toll reaches 26.

“This all goes to show the hazard of the life and work of the structural ironworker. This, of itself, is sufficient for us to gather in organization to secure what safety we may and to preserve our rights.

“In our particular organization we have been contested by the United States Steel Corporation. This is a gigantic corporation—a trust—which has annihilated competition and dictates to the customer and to the consumer. Those who do not carry the policies of the monster trust are destroyed.

“This company carries \$1,500,000,000 in bonds. Of this, \$1,000,000,000 is watered, but dividends are paid on all stock. One-half of this company's income is profit. With its millions, this organization has cruelly fought labor at every step.

“The National Erectors' Association is one of the organizations through which the fight is carried on. This organization was formed to kill the labor unions and to promote the non-union shops. In the National Erectors' Association, the steel trust is represented by the American Bridge Company. This subsidiary company dominates the organization and sees to it that the members carry out the policies of the trust.

“They have agents to bribe and debauch the officials of the unions, and their spies are everywhere.