

CRATER LAKE RARE JEWEL

Writer Describes View on Visit After Lapse of Quarter Century

(Continued from page 11)

fearlessly plunge into the haunted waters to prove his manly courage before the gods, and to gain strength of body and a dauntless spirit.

The fear and reverence for the place of strange form and beauty, moving the emotions of the native people, was not unlike the effect of the scene experienced by any one of us today, only their minds were possibly more sensitive to the mystic. They were children of the wild. That I discerned a spirit in trees and in nearly all natural objects. The gods were their gods. It is difficult for us to look upon the vast abyss of blue waters lifted to the sky, and its spire-crowned walls without associating it all with the native people, who saw it first and invested it with the presence of their deities and the romance of their traditions.

Years After Quarter Century

After an absence of a quarter of a century, nearly, I found myself approaching the scene of Crater Lake with glowing anticipations, and also with not a little misgiving: "Would the Lake appear to the imagination as when first seen, and would one stand bereft of orderly speech, with all broken words left to describe the surpassing loveliness inspired? When the Lake should suddenly be disclosed, would one look and look again to make certain that it was all real and not a tableau from the moon nor a picture hung in the sky, and, then after a long breath, would one find himself standing somehow with bared head in the presence of something more than natural grandeur, every sense possessed by the rare beauty before him?"

With the years Crater Lake remains in the mind rather as a dream, a pictured likeness, tenuous and delicate as light and more beautiful than any material form or substance to the eye. I questioned: "Will its color seem as blue as before; for I had never seen anything as blue as Crater Lake, and will its deep sapphire compel the eye to return again and again, and always when near? Would I behold the brilliant turquoise waters at my feet turning to the deepest blue out in the depths? In these appear the same whirling, sudden darting, scampering play of movement on the surface of the Lake, down there, until one was certain that there were Liao—the sprite creatures of Indian legend—swimming and cutting capers just beneath its depths? Would the Phantom Ship suddenly merge in the pearl and silver gray of the lava-fretted walls, its spars and masts vanished before the eyes, and then as unaccountably reappear? In fine, could one so dramatic in the enchanted Lake, and conceive it in such beautiful imagery, through the years, that the scene would be disappointing when one came again to stand upon its rocky rim?"

Lake is Never Disappointing

Then suddenly I came to the Lake, for one never sees it gradually, and the memory-vision of unrivaled beauty was no longer a dream. It was all true. More, in a few hushed moments I was aware, as all are who revisit the Lake Beautiful, that imagery and idealized beauty can never equal the reality of form; the compelling mystery of the Lake, and its marvelous coloring. Crater Lake is never disappointing. It is more beautiful than any one can imagine. I whispered, for it seemed sacrilege to speak aloud just then, the words of Joaquin Miller: "It is great, great; but it takes you days to see how great." And one must return often to realize how beautiful it is.

It is a scene to lift up the mind and silence for once at least our silly prattle and make an end of words and words. It is restful; these "everlasting hills," and silent depths of blue, and upon returning here, one is more impressed than ever with the atmosphere of romance that hovers over the Lake. But it is beyond us and we shall not be able to talk glibly of what we have seen, more than we would undertake to describe the color and wonder of a picture, painted by a great master. Crater Lake is not like anything else you have ever beheld.

A quarter of a century is not a long period of time, unless it be measured by the changes that have occurred. That day of years past, we climbed snow-banks to gain the Lake, where there was but the winding narrow aisle of a steep road between the trees, and now all the way along the mighty canyon of the Rogue, through Crater Lake forest and up to the very rim are broad, dustless paved ways. Hundreds of cars may do park at one time in the wide driveway flanked by rustic log guards overlooking the Lake. One almost forgets that on the slopes of these cars are parked a scouring grinding mighty glacier from high on the icy sides of Mount Mazama, deposited rocks and boulders. There are paths leading to the heights. A foot walk of concrete winds along close to the crater's edge for strolling and a road completely circles the Lake, along the pinnacled crests.

Great Scenic Playground

On the day of our first visit, Will G. Steel, who has happily lived to see his dream for Crater Lake come true, had pitched his tent 50 yards or so from the spot now occupied by the fine stone structure, Crater Lake Lodge. There are the administration buildings and others, all in keeping with the wild beauty of the scene, including the Community House, with its exhibit of rocks telling the story of Mount Mazama, with its glaciated slides, and its fiery throat 15,000 feet above the sea. So far as I am aware, there were but four people, be-

TRANSATLANTIC FLYER DRIVES CHRYSLER



Dieudonne Coste, who with Maurice Bellonte was the first to successfully accomplish the westward crossing by air of the Atlantic, owns and drives a Chrysler roadster. The famous oceanic pilot said he selected the Chrysler because of its resemblance to his famous plane, "Question Mark," in handling and speed. Pictured with Coste is the Count Constantin C. de Tuischeff, Chrysler representative in Paris. The picture was taken shortly before Coste accomplished his memorable flight.

side Mr. Steel, at the Lake that day of the past and now it is not unusual for a thousand visitors to register there in a day. While at the Lake the attendance for the Park season, exceeded 129,000. More than a 150,000 people will visit the Lake this summer. The Park is becoming a wonderful scenic playground. It gives one pause to think that more than 5,000,000 people will visit the national parks of our country this season, and that they are coming in ever increasing numbers to our own beautiful Crater Lake.

When at the Lake before, the place was silent, vacant, and one made his way about the pathless heights as he could, camped where night found him; pulled the clouds up over him for shelter and asked himself many unanswerable questions of how, and why and when this all happened. Now trained park rangers, who are naturalists and geologists guide groups of people about the rim, up to the heights and across flower-strewn spaces, telling the story of the rocks and glaciers, Mount Mazama and the Lake, or down to the waters that remain blue when one stoops and dips a hand in and is astonished to find that it has suddenly turned clear as crystal.

"At times it has been a discouraging undertaking for the rangers," replied the park superintendent, E. C. Salinsky, as we voiced our appreciation of the talks on the Lake, the program and the pictures put on by the park rangers, at the Community House every night. "The boys are not trained speakers, but," he continued, "I want them to be able to tell the people about what we have here, and to explain about the Lake, rocks, flowers

and trees of the park. These programs are good training for the rangers. We are all here to help him see it all, and to get the greatest pleasure possible out of their park."

Will Steel—"Fine Old Man"

"Fine old man," observed one of the park rangers, proudly as we inquired for Will G. Steel. "On the fifteenth of August we celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Steel's first visit to Crater Lake," the ranger added. "He was our guest of honor over at the Community House. We put on a special program for him. You know Mr. Steel, worked for 20 years to conserve Crater Lake for the people. Fine old man," he again repeated. "Say, Mr. Steel, just about made this place," he laughed in conclusion.

We found Mr. Steel, who is 25 years older in years than when we found him camped in a tent beside the Lake, but he is not old. But for the slower spacing of his speech and a care about his hurried movements, he is not changed. A great, fine ideal and service to the state of Oregon, and the countless number who will ever come to the Shrine of the Gods, Crater Lake, has kept him youthful in spirit through the years, and that is remaining young. As we reviewed the changes of the years, and talked of the Lake, the one subject of greatest interest to him, in his face was a smile of triumph as much as to say: "I told you so. I had a dream of this years ago. More than 150,000 people will enjoy the wonders of Crater Lake Oregon, this October 26, his old time incident and with eyes alight he recounted the struggles of the past, and the victories, and then spoke of the future of this—to him—most beautiful spot in the world. Of the Lake's present development and future Mr. Steel said: "First of all we have the best park superintendent of all the parks, and second we are to have a wonder-road built around the Lake, that will make every part of the Lake and its beauty available to all who come here. It is all arranged the government is to spend a million dollars on this new road." What a personal victory it all must be, and satisfaction to one who has given these years to the accomplishment of such beneficial hopes and plans!

Capt. Applegate Said Active

The story would not be complete without a word of another rugged character, Captain O. C. Applegate, who has had so vital a place in the old days of Crater Lake and its history. Straight, tall, broad of shoulder, keen of intellect and interested in every important event of this modern day as of the long past, what a figure of an Oregon pioneer, adventurer of heroic days, soldier and citizen is Captain Applegate, at the age of 85 years. In his home overlooking the busy city of Klamath Falls, the Captain retold the Indian legends of Crater Lake, and many thrilling experiences of its early history. With what sympathy he referred to his friends, the Klamath, Plute, and Modoc, people, their traditions and beliefs.

"No," the tall Captain of Modoc fame, replied, "it is not strictly proper to say that the Indian people were afraid to look upon the waters of Crater Lake. Their fear was more a mixture of reverence for its strange wonders. The high places of the mountains were the sacred places where they talked with

their gods. To keep away from them, except on special occasions, was showing their respect for such sacred spots. On many of the high points of these mountains I have found stones arranged in ceremonial fashion and many evidences of their religious devotions there. Yanax, the Mountain of Rest, and above Medicine Springs were what we would call sacred places, and so it was with Crater Lake. It was a place of the Great Spirit."

Standing above the waters of Crater Lake, hushed to silence by its charm, what one of us would not join our Red Brothers of Klamath in proclaiming it a fit spot for the dwelling of the gods, devoted to the beautiful, where we too, may commune with the Great Spirit!

completed a circuit of the United States. The present trip brought the car to the Pacific for the fourth time. On the first trip the car touched first at Los Angeles and went up the coast as far as San Francisco. On the second trip it went to San Francisco and thence down the coast to Los Angeles. The fourth trip was into the northwest territory and this time the point of contact with the Pacific was San Diego. On the other 'loop' tours out of Detroit, the Dodge eight has visited the full length of the Atlantic seaboard and checked into Western Union stations through the south and middle west.

45,971 miles have been piled up by this car, under the watchful eye of the A.A.A. contest board representative who rides as observer at all times. The aim of the Dodge factory is to pile up more mileage in fewer days than any car has heretofore accomplished. The sixth trip, which was concluded October 4, was the longest yet undertaken. It required 18 days and took the Dodge "8" into the great southwest which

MARATHON DODGE CALLER AT SALEM

Car has Traveled 45,971 Miles Since July 1st Touring Country

On its seventh trip-out of Detroit since July 1, and with the dust of every state in the Union on its hood, the Dodge Eight Marathon Dodge car passed through here yesterday en route to the Dodge factory, calling at Bonesteel Motor company, local dealer.

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BACK SEAT DRIVING NOW HELD ILLEGAL

Court Says Duty of Passengers to sit Still and Say Nothing

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25—Millions of motorists who have suffered from the chatter of "back seat" drivers will find legal solace in the refusal of the supreme court of the United States to review a decision of the lower courts holding that it is the duty of passengers in an automobile to "sit still and say nothing."

This statement was issued today by the American Automobile Association, which declared that the passive action of the nation's highest tribunal is of far-reaching importance to car owners, as it leaves in effect the decision centering responsibility for operation of the car on the driver.

The A.A.A. pointed out that the Supreme Court denied applications for writs of certiorari in appeals by the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railroad Company vs. Cole and the United States Can

Company vs. Ryan. The first was from Portland, Ore., and the second from St. Louis, Mo.

"In both cases the plaintiffs were passengers in automobiles involved in accidents and were awarded damages," said the statement, "and the defendant companies retailed in an effort to have them adjudged guilty of contributory negligence." It continues:

"In passing on the points in the case at issue in Oregon, the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit said: 'Generally it is the duty of the passenger to sit still and say nothing. It is his duty because any other course is

fraught with danger. . . In the long run the greater safety lies in letting the driver alone.'

"In the St. Louis case, the Circuit Court for the Eighth Circuit said in part: 'To hold plaintiff guilty of contributory negligence as a matter of law the circumstances must have been such as to impel the plaintiff in the exercise of due care to have warned the driver rather than by the rule of silence. Such circumstances were not shown.'"

Barley has been added to the list of winter cover crops sown in western North Carolina for hay and grazing.

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