

THE CENTRAL OREGON TRIP FROM CRATER LAKE

(The Sunday Oregonian.)
 By DENNIS H. STOVALL.
 The DALLES.—(On Tour.)—As the roads are now and as they will remain for several weeks—possibly all Summer—the Columbia Highway and Eastern Oregon route is the quickest way to Crater Lake from Portland. This is said with no idea of unfairness toward the Pacific Highway through Western Oregon. The writer lives in the Willamette valley and has traversed both routes, but is obliged to admit that for flinging miles from the tail of a car, these Eastern Oregon roads are great.

Our party is not out for speed—we want to enjoy the scenery and have a good time as we go along. We have not been disappointed, yet by jogging along, we made the trip from Crater Lake to The Dalles in just 21 hours actual running time. It is a short day's run from here to Portland. So there you have it—less than three days from Portland to Crater Lake! When the work now being done on the rough spots is completed, the trip can be made from Oregon's metropolis to Crater Lake, by way of the Columbia Highway and Eastern Oregon, in two days.

Road to The Dalles Direct.
 There is almost a direct north-and-south road from the park to The Dalles. Starting from Headquarters, in the park, this route drops 16 miles down the fine Government boulevard and Forest Reserve road to the beginning of the Bend road, about two miles south of old Fort Klamath. We did not need gasoline or oil, as we had stocked up at Medford with enough to take us through to Bend. Anyhow, and with no desire to advertise a car that doesn't need it, let it be said that our Oakland Six is as stinky with gas as a miser is with pennies. She has averaged from 20 to 24 miles to the gallon, right through the mountain country. But those who need gasoline can get it at Headquarters in Crater Lake, for 50 to 60 cents per four quarts, 40 cents at Fort Klamath, 37 cents at Crescent, 35 cents at La Pine and 26 cents at Bend.

Our route took us directly into the Big Springs Indian reservation. This is a fine forest road, with one stiff pull of about four miles in sand, just after leaving the Fort Klamath road. This is far from bad, however, and once getting to the top is clear sailing all the way through to La Pine. The road is crooked, winding through the yellow and digger pines, but it is hard and smooth and good for 25 miles an hour for the driver who has a good eye and a firm hold on the steering wheel.

Forest Ranger Aids Tourists.
 We camped one night on Beaver Marsh, on Big Springs Creek. This is in the heart of the reservation. The water is as cold as melting snow can make it and the camp offers an abundance of cool shade and fuel. Just a short mile from the creek crossing is a forest ranger station, with telephone and a Government warden who is happy in giving out all possible information about the surrounding region—as to fishing, side trips and trails.

We had a number of copper-skinned callers. These were Indians from the surrounding ranches. In spite of their dark complexion, they are an agreeable people. Many of them rode ponies, but some came in motorcars. All of them were interested in our car. And let it be said that these Indians, isolated as they are, with the blood of a savage race flowing in their veins, can talk spark plugs, self-starters, horsepower, bore, stroke, ignition and carburetor stuff about as good as a real patoise. Many of them are well-to-do stockmen, and they have the money to buy what they want. At Crescent, where we stopped a little while to get camp supplies, a big car, driven by a swarthy buck, rolled up to the store. Mrs. Buck occupied the seat by her lord and held a fat, frolicking papoose in her arms. In the tonneau were two smaller bucks and three girls.

Indian Buys Dainties.
 We were much interested in watching Mr. Buck buy things for his happy family. His first order was for two dozen bananas which he liberally distributed among his brood, then followed a dozen oranges, a big box of chocolates and seven bottles of soda pop! he had the cash to pay for all of it.

Who says it isn't fun to be a red man!
 On through to La Pine the road leads, good all the way, with side roads to The Sisters, Odell Lake, Willow Springs and many other good fishing and camping places. These side roads are reported good and conspicuous signs point the way.

From La Pine to Bend the road is rough in spots, due to the deep wearing of auto trucks. Just now the new highway is being built over this portion, leading by Lava Butte. When this is completed, the Bend-Crater Lake highway will be one of the very best and the most picturesque in the state.

Just before reaching Bend we entered the yellow pine lumber camps that supply logs for the two big mills on the Upper Deschutes. These camps

and the mills, employ more than 1400 men. It makes Bend a lively town. In truth, it was like entering a real city. And Bend is a real city. We soon found that out, for we just missed getting arrested. The city of Bend with its hundreds of motor cars, has traffic ordinances, and officers who enforces them. We kept to the right all right, and we made our turns all O. K. at the intersections. Just as we have been properly trained to do. But when we stopped for about five or six minutes to buy a slice of bacon and a can of condensed milk, we forgot to park the car against the curb. We had halted just 45 seconds, and opened the screen door of the shop when the traffic officer nabbed the chief driver of the party. Before that bacon and condensed milk could be bought we had to park the car!

Road North of Bend Fine.
 Just the same, Bend is a good town, and we left with no ill feelings. We rolled on north over as fine a highway as Oregon affords, laid out in graceful curves along the bank of the Deschutes. Oh, how charming that country is! With the river frothing and boiling in the canyon below; cliffs and pinnacles of painted rocks lifting into the bluest of blue skies; orchards of juniper trees covering the flats and benches; green fields of alfalfa where an abundance of irrigating water gives succulence and plenty; pretty bungalows with broad clover lawns and picturesque fences of lava stone; and on beyond, the towering, snow-capped peaks of the Three Sisters, of Mount Washington, Lava Butte and Jefferson.

All the way north we had frequent and never-tiring glimpses of these mountain peaks, with old Hood added to the list as we approached The Dalles. Most of the way the road is high, following the upper reaches of the table lands, across regions of sage and juniper, a land of color—or red rocks, yellow sand and a desert painted in brightest shades of lavender, purple and crimson. The brightest touches, just now, are given by acres of "Indian paint brush-ees," desert petunias and rock lilies. It is a picture that constantly pleases and swiftly changes.

A few miles below Bend the highway crosses the river and leads a distance out into the Deschutes valley. It comes back to the east side near Redmond, "the hub city of the Deschutes."

Redmond has a live bunch of boosters and is determined to become a city of importance. No doubt it will, for it has splendid advantages, located as it is directly on the railroad and in the heart of the irrigated region.

The commercial organizations of Redmond and Bend, with the help of the many motorists of that prosperous region, have done a good work in marking the main highway. The "white and blue route," indicated by white and blue signs, leads the traveler easily and unerringly. We followed this route on north, crossing Crooked river near Terrebonne, and turning directly to the left at the top of the canyon grade instead of taking the old route. This led us straight north to Metolius, Madras and Gateway.

The roughest part of all the route is through Hay Creek canyon, between Gateway and Antelope. This is rocky and rough. But there are only a few miles of it, and the magnificent scenery more than compensates for the slow going. A new highway is now under construction which, when completed, will obviate the rocky way through the canyon bottom. This road will lead higher up along the cliffs.

Cliff Grades Numerous.
 And speaking of cliff roads, and cliff grades, Eastern Oregon has a number of these; yet few of them are dangerous, for the reason that the grades are easy, the turns not sharp, and the way open so that the drivers of approaching cars can see each other in time to make a safe passing.

From Shaniko we took the route by Maupin rather than by Grass Valley and Morrow. This route is shorter by a few miles, and offers more in the way of scenery. The Deschutes crossing is at Maupin, by a free bridge. There is a four mile grade that winds down to the river and gives grand views at every turn. From Maupin the road leads through Tygh valley and the White river country. There are grades here, too—new ones that are far better than the old. The late rains have made them a little rough but constant use will soon wear them hard and smooth.

The writer's choice of route from Shaniko is by Maupin to The Dalles. It is a quicker way and a better way; moreover it eliminates the toll of a dollar that must be paid to cross at Miller's bridge. Here in Oregon we are winning the good will of tourists by our genuine hospitality—by the low prices on fruits and vegetables and good things of every sort; by our free auto camps and fair charges on everything the traveler needs. We should not mar this good name by charging bridge toll. It isn't the dollar—not that—but the spirit behind it.



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