

WOMAN EXPLORER TELLS THRILL OF ROGUE FISHING

A vivid descriptive narrative of a fishing trip to the Rogue river by Mrs. John Borden of Chicago, a member of the famous Borden Alaska Arctic expedition, and classmate of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott of San Francisco and Medford, was a featured article in last month's issue of "Outdoor America," published by the Jzaak Walton league of America.

The article, which is the second in the magazine, is well illustrated with river scenes, which were taken near the summer cabin of Harry Scott, who spends six months every year at the cabin, which is located on the river this side of Trail.

Entitled, "Battling the Rogue, or How a Beginner Sees It," the narrative is as follows: The train roared over the Siskiyou mountains, Oregon,—with its rolling hills, lovely fertile valleys overflowing with ripe fruit, on a clear September day, a cloudless sky shining over the peaceful landscape, lay before us.

"There's the famous Rogue!" exclaimed my husband excitedly—he too stared out of the car window. While the train descended into the valley, I sat back, watching the swift onrush of Mister Rogue. So—it was in this river where one must wade in order to catch steelhead! The riffles looked unpleasantly rough—the current much too rapid. Cool shivers tingled up and down my spine. How I wished that I had taken our trip more seriously—had practiced—anywhere—the precious art of "presenting the fly!"

"This will give you a good chance to see whether the outdoor life appeals—before the dust of a long trip to Alaska," John Borden interrupted my questioning thoughts. "Medford!" shouted a third member of our party, standing in the doorway—hat on the back of his youngish bald head; a broad smile extending from ear to ear.

"Hello, boy! Here are the Borden's!" introduced our companion as we all shook hands. A hundred odd suitcases and what-nots were hastily thrown into an automobile, bound for our host's ranch about ten miles distant. We were piloted to the nearest outfitting store. Here, we were to buy high waders—either waist or shoulder length, besides, of course, the particular flies that were then in vogue among the fickle steelhead. I had fished before—and caught brook trout—but never had I heard such heated, violent arguments concerning the many varieties of flies that were spread out alluringly on the counter.

"Do many wives try this game?" I asked hesitantly—I was almost wakening. "Sure! But most of them sit on the bank and have their fun getting tangled in branches," laughed the man who had met us, being highly amused. His was the point of view known and understood by confirmed bachelors of forty years experience—women were still a grim conundrum.

Other people were bustling in and out of the store. It seemed to be the hot-spot of fishing gossip. An odor of rubber (that unmitigable aroma which immediately greets one's sensitive nostrils on boarding ship) permeated the stuffy room—equally diluted by strong smells of fish and leather—an entirely proper outfitting store. Armed with appropriate implements we hurried off—eager to be somewhere along the Rogue before the afternoon was over. Nothing to interrupt now—only time out for changing clothes. The famous sport—steelhead fishing—was nearly upon us.

Soon we reached the white reed house snugly situated below a hill, surrounded by trees bearing luscious pears and crimson apples. Below these trees were men and children—packing the delicious fruit in crates—pling the crates one on top of the other. "Well—we're ready!" shouted someone. Of course, a male voice! Four of us—after a hurried unpacking—our arms bulging with rods of every length and weight—our heavy hob-nailed boots echoing along the porch over which we attempted to walk very lightly—so as to avoid scratching the recently painted floor.

The cool winds whipped across our faces as we sped over gravel roads; everywhere was health and peace. We somewhat resembled dogs—with our necks stretched to windward—sniffing the fragrant apple-laden air. "What a life—this gentleman's sport! No more afternoon bridge games, pink teas, and pinker houses," thought the beginner in the game.

DURANT BEATS FASTEST HUMAN RECORD IN 100 METER DASH



That question was answered last week by a Durant Star Four utility roadster on the Los Angeles Coliseum cinderpath. Timed by Los Angeles sports critics and Ralph Chick, manager of the Coliseum and A. U. officials, the Durant Star beat the man-made record for the 100-meter dash by four-fifths of a second—the 200-meter mark by four and four-fifths seconds—and the record for 400 meters by fifteen and four-fifths seconds. Photos show: (1) Awaiting the starter's gun. (2) On an unbanked turn. (3) Breaking the tape in the 100-meter 'spring' being timed by officials of the Coliseum.

"Think Ross' riffle the best bet today," announced our host who was driving the car. "Bill caught one there yesterday." "One there yesterday . . . ?" And I had imagined five or six of the silvery creatures would be a good fisherman's daily catch! You see—brook trout was my standard of measurement! Did he actually infer that the bigger and better getters boasted of one steelhead? Little did a tenderfoot realize how remarkable a feat it is—hooking and landing one of that species brand of rainbow trout.

Reaching a particular bend in the river, where it seemed to be gurgling and splashing over blacker depths, we learned this was Ross' riffle—it carried a juicy reputation. Each of the three men announced into which pool he would wade—my allotted spot was in between. One thoughtful man among the three, gave me an arm on which to lean as I made my initial acquaintance with the rocky slimy depths of a steep pool. The water was mercifully not as cold against the waders—as anticipated. But the boulders were fiendish! Rough, jagged, slippery—some round, others pointed; and every so often we stumbled over an honest to goodness perch upon which we could rest—before struggling, pushing, ahead. We dropped into space—then, again, an unexpected rock knocked against us. It was unaccountable! Somewhat like I have always imagined, it would be like to walk on stiffs that were about to slide out from under—at any minute. The swift current pushed against us—a mightier strength it had than one would suppose. Almost common night-mare sensations; trying to stand up against a cyclone!

Then I was coached. "One must cast quickly—snatch—letting the feathered lure stretch out into a pool where the water gushed over magic depths—drawing it back with a firm steady hand. . . . Then out again! This we continued for four or five lessons. One must quarter the pool; exhaust its fish possibilities before moving on. It didn't seem so terribly difficult. . . . But my line never seemed to strike the water far enough away. . . . And when it did—there was too much splash! . . . Soon I was left to my own devices. A fresh, crisp smell of clean earthy things rose from nearby shores. A breeze swayed the branches which hung over the bank—rippling across placid pools; birds twittered. . . . Hours passed. . . . My stomach began to rumble! What time was it—I wondered? . . . But no signs of any interest from below the greenish waters. . . . Not a nibble! "Perhaps the others have had better luck?" I queried. "Visions of a crackling fire—fish sizzling in a frying pan from where a hot, greasy smell would greet our hungry senses; my mouth watered at the memory of closing my teeth over such tender morsels. (We had no forks—I knew—but so much the better for the novelty.) . . . After what seemed an eternity, something splashed behind me. Mine lost was picking his footing very gingerly. "Ho!" I thought; "There are others who have a hard time keeping right side up!" "Catch anything?" "Skunked!" He shouted. "Let's eat. . . . Better take my arm," he added—wading closer. Firm ground was a relief. . . . Sitting down still more at a relief. In a few minutes the two other men made their wet, bedraggled appearance from round a bend in the Rogue. Both were empty handed—both began talking at once. "Skunked!"—They were too.

"I had a hunch Brown Marsh was the baby that would do the stuff," mumbled H—, the one person who had cheerfully wasted precious time teaching me.—"I'm going to stick to that hunch next time. Nothing even smelled my fly!" sitting down with a thud—reaching for a sandwich. "Me for Dusty Miller!" put in another voice. My husband chuckled. When one lives in Chicago—one fishes seldom—not enough to take it with heart-breaking seriousness. Sandwiches, oranges, and a

drink from the river, refreshed us. Another ten minutes saw us at it again. It was four o'clock. This time—the beginner's fly went out—a little bit further. The late afternoon sun played lazy shadows over a green world; glittered across the darkening surface of the Rogue. Hovering above the summit of a high ridge. Would the men never appear? The early smell had lost its sweetness—become damp and strong. At last! Voices came out of the gathering twilight—Voices that were still arguing about flies and riffles. No one had enjoyed success. . . . but there was always hope for the morrow. Four tired Trojans scrambled into the car. Before we reached our haven of rest, a round pink moon burst upon a black world—shedding golden rays along our path. Houses and barns were silhouetted against dark shadows. Someone started singing "Sweet Eve-line"—a very off-tune chorus. But lights now twinkled from a familiar hill side. A steaming platter of beefsteak smothered in onions was crackling on the stove—guarded by a faithful Chinaman—despite its being after nine o'clock. After a much relished meal, while the pine logs flickered in a wide, cheery fireplace, we sat toasting our spirits for perhaps an hour; a row of many-sized wools socks smoldered on a rack; stiff leather boots cluttered one corner. Pipes and cigarettes vied with the fire. We yawned and stretched—like contented cats—before turning in. . . . A second day happened—just such a one as the first, only this day one of the three men caught a steelhead! We saw him strug-

gling—heard the reel sing—he must have ploughed through the water at least a quarter of a mile. We followed. . . . His hat was on the back of his head—perspiration running down his forehead. He was laughing a bit tremulously. "Some babies!" . . . The reel whizzed—then stopped. "Whew!" he cried, taking time out to blow his nose. "It's a good one." The fight was over. The struggling fish was conquered. On the third day, my husband successfully lured one of the elusive, finned creatures. Feeling his decided superiority, without admitting it to the others, he quietly placed a shiny spinner on the end of my over-worked line. Secretly—I longer for a worm! With this added attraction dangling from my rod (I insisted on calling it pole in those days—much to John's humiliation), I sallied forth—deeper and deeper—out into the beckoning shadows of a very alluring pool. The water climbed to the extreme of my waders. Barely keeping a highly precarious balance against heavy pressure pushing from three sides—I cast a noble line. Whiang! . . . A strike! Instantaneously a dead weight struck me broadside. A sickening shiver crept over me—the blood seemed to freeze in every vein. What an earthy was lurking in those mysterious, fathom my depths? I couldn't look. Bang! Again it knocked against my knees which all but gave way. The swimmer and nudge were forgotten. . . . Then I remembered someone explaining: "Don't get scared if a half-dead salmon hits you in the day one of the three men caught a steelhead! We saw him strug-

painfully slack. Without thinking, I started after it. The bottom of all things abruptly disappeared. My right arm went down into the water, in an effort to hang on to something. My feet went out from under. . . . The question was actually: How soon would I be floating head first? At last—the heavy boots bumped against something solid while I still hovered in wet space. . . . Saved! What a moment! And I had completely forgotten the one precious, much angled-for, west-over strike. But with this vital event of a nudge added to my pathetic credit—I could finally join in the flow of conversation which never ceases as I realized, when fishermen get together, on the subject of proper sensations when one first meets a steelhead. Possibly it is much better that I never landed his majesty (undoubtedly a large one), because the existence of the dazzling spinner would then have been known. Crawling cautiously toward shore which offered easier moments, a strange commotion, in a shallow, still pool arrested my panting attention. Stealing further—the disturbance turned into a large number of huge, mouldy, greenish salmon wallowing in the sand; their fins bristling above the water, their slippery bodies careening about—steel sides glistening in the afternoon sun that penetrated between low-hanging branches. It was their final desperate attempt to fool destiny: Life, for them, was nearly over; the eggs were laid and fertilized; soon each sluggish, slimy object would burrow into the loose sand—here breathe its final, gasping breath. . . . Not long after, figures came

toward the bruised, and still shaking object that was me—once on terra firma the novice stayed put. More power to the world's champion flycatchers! No more will I speak of fisherman's luck—not anyway—when trespassing on those breathless words—Steelhead fisherman's luck in the Rogue.

Another Logger Killed MADERA, Aug. 18.—(AP) John S. Burke, 29, died at a hospital of injuries suffered when he was crushed between two logging cars on the Madera Sugar Pine Lumber company's railroad. He is survived by his widow and a brother at Long Beach.

Start Pear Canning CORVALLIS, Ore., Aug. 18.—(AP)

A force of 750 men and women will start work next week on pear canning at the plant of the Western Oregon Packing corporation here. The pear pack is expected to be more than double that of a year ago.

HAVANA ASKS BEAUTIES TO SEE CUBAN CARNIVAL HAVANA, Cuba.—(AP) The most beautiful girls in the United States and Europe will be invited to attend the annual Cuban carnival beginning February 19, says an announcement by the Cuban national tourist commission. It is expected that many of the prize winners in the recent Galveston beauty contest will take part in the festival.

Hundreds Reported Killed in Tornado at Port Au Prince ***** PORT AU PRINCE, Haiti, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Scores of persons are reported to have been killed, many villages wiped out and incalculable damage done to crops by a tropical storm which swept Haiti yesterday and last night. Some estimates place the dead at 200 with 10,000 persons homeless. *****

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