

MEDICINE LAKE RIVAL OF CRATER AS ATTRACTION TO AUTO TOURISTS

Medicine lake, one of nature's jewels reposing in the Shasta National Forest reservation about 68 miles south and east of Klamath Falls, is one of the beauty spots which few of the automobilists of this city and Klamath county have availed themselves of visiting during the past summer. This fact is one which is not a matter of conjecture but which shows plainly when the visitors' record book kept at the heliograph station at the lake is scanned.

Klamath Falls visitors have all returned home after an outing at this ideal watering place, enthusiastic about the scenery which they have passed through on the route and mystified by many unusual natural phenomena which abound in the region near the lake. While Crater lake at once impresses and holds the visitor, there is a different fascination which gains possession of the pleasure seeker who makes the journey down into California and traverses a region practically virgin and original save for a few touches of the higher animal, man. To the persons who desire to seek a place where absolute quiet and peace reign, let them follow the road which leads from Klamath Falls to Medicine lake—peace will be theirs on arrival!

A description of the route with the points of interest enroute would fill columns for such varied entertainment is offered that all could not be described briefly. Leaving Klamath Falls, the easiest and best road to take to reach the lake is via Merrill and thence south and east to the south side of the Lower Klamath lake. As the machine wends its way about the hills edging on the lake the rocks teem with the small cotton tail rabbit familiarly known as the "rock rabbit", a juicy and tempting morsel when placed on the table. A portion of the trip here takes one down into the lake bed itself. Arriving at the cutoff, one starts a journey towards Lookout mountain, a bald conical rising elevation free from vegetation and so named because on the top, an unobstructed view is ob-

tained for miles in every direction—Upper Klamath lake is visible on the north, the high points east in California, the vast peaks and mountain tips of the Cascade range to the west, and to the south—the forest ranges which run for miles, broken only by uprisings of the mountain peaks. The traveller must never forget that at various positions of the route, wonderful views of Mt. Shasta are obtained.

From this Barkley cutoff, a trip begins in the Shasta forest where stately young pines lift their tops upwards towards the sky with a sort of mechanical human arrangement, seemingly spaced at regular intervals. The underbrush has been eaten clean by bands of sheep leaving a soft carpet of pine needles to tread upon, while an unobstructed view for ½ mile in all directions is obtained, except for terrain interruptions. The road through this forest is far superior to many Klamath roads, which are maintained by taxation. After leaving this forest, one traverses for a few miles over a section covered with a rank growth of high sage brush.

The ordinary uninformed traveller would lose sight of the possibility of seeing the numerous bands of graceful antelope which frequent this seeming desert. Without knowing it, one may pass many herds studying intently the invader from protected vantage points. Stop the car and walk around one of the knolls—and perhaps it would be your luck to flush an over curious buck who was excited as to your probable intention. In leaps and bounds graceful to the eye, he will put distance between him and you at a pace even speedy for the fleet jack rabbit.

At a point about two miles from here the road branches in an easterly direction and many people have dubbed this intersection the "Trail of the Shiri" for it is said that regularly, some traveller leaves a dirty greasy shirt flailing in the breeze on the only high tree visible at a parting of the road to McCloud. The way winds in a general direction of east and south over rises towards Mt. Hoff-

man, now plainly visible as the rises are topped.

A marker, designating two roads, one to Medicine lake, the other to McCloud, looms up before the wayfarer. The road to the left is the path for 7 miles to the lake. Here, the machine begins to travel over a fine white roadbed, consisting of minute particles of pumice stone. A handful weighs only a few ounces. The eye catches a glimpse on top of the second rise of a black shining glass like mountain looming up ahead. This mountain is known as the Glass Mountain, a pile of what scientists term obsidian, a vitreous lava formation having sometimes a chemical composition of orthoclase or a mixture of other volcanic minerals. The sun shining on this mountain reflects the extreme glossy blackness and the viewer at once conceives the impression that the entire surface is covered with a slippery non-traversable substance.

Within fifteen minutes the machine arrives at the base of the mountain where little Mt. Hoffman is plainly seen, on top of which is a heliograph station for relaying messages to McCloud. A mass of machinery shown up, the remains of the efforts of a man named Franklin from Merrill who a few years ago shipped large consignments of the "sponge glass" (obsidian perforated or streaked by volcanic heat until same resembles a sponge) and pumice for a San Francisco manufacturer who used the mixture in the making of a high class pottery. The war knocked the demand for this product and none has been sent since then. Leaving this spot, the journey then begins wherein a driver must exercise the greatest of judgment and there must be but little "play" in the steering wheel for turns come sharply and in some places, unless the greatest of caution is used, the fender will scrape on the sides of trees. But the rises and falls of the road in this virgin forest is one which delights the visitor for there is the stern reality omnipresent that Medicine lake must be reached as no water is available only "oceans of pumice stone!"

The base of Mt. Hoffman is reached and a marker tells that the top is just one half mile from that spot. The inclination to tramp up to the top is inviting for a clean path shows the way. From this spot until the traveller suddenly rolls out on a

(Continued to Page Ten)

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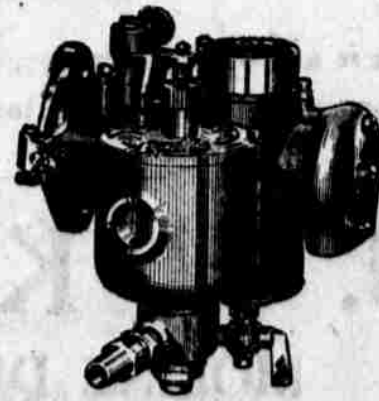
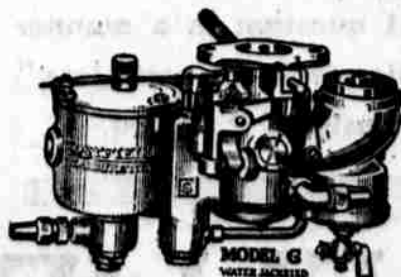


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