

DISCOVERY AND LEGEND OF CRATER LAKE CITED BY WELL KNOWN WRITER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Too often is it true that the people who know the least about the origin, the history and the legend of some natural phenomenon are those people who live closest to the natural marvel. "Familiarity Breeds Contempt," Distance lends enchantment," are two statements that are applied to human nature. But The Herald takes advantage of the following article on Crater Lake which appeared recently in the Sportsmen and Fancier, to let its readers learn what Crater Lake is, and to read of the beautiful Indian legend which surrounds the lake.

Readers are advised to send this paper to their friends so that they too may learn of the history and the legend of Crater Lake.

By ALBERT C. ALLEN
In June, 1855, a small party of pioneers searching for a traditional gold mine of fabulous wealth upon the summit of the Cascade Mountains, in Southern Oregon, came suddenly upon a marvelous lake. So wonderful was this body of blue water that the party, upon their return to civilization, gave glowing accounts of it. They called it "Deep Blue Lake."

Some time after the discovery a boy, living in the East, was attracted by a very short description of this lake in his home paper. The article was couched in the usual newspaper phraseology, but there was something in it that struck the fancy of the boy. He cut the piece from the paper and declared that some day he would see that wonderful body of water.

That boy was William Gladstone Steel.

Original Obsession Remains
The years passed and Will Steel grew to manhood and found himself one day in Oregon. In all that time, from the day he first read of the lake to the day he reached Oregon, he had never heard another word of the lake. In Oregon it was practically unknown. But Steel had never forgotten it and he was obsessed with the desire to see the lake.

Patience finally elected the desired information and Steel with a small party, visited the lake as he had determined to when but a boy he had read the description in the paper. From that day the mystic lure of the lake entered into the soul of him and became a part of his life.

Christened "Crater Lake"
On August 21, 1896, Miss Fay Fuller christened this lake "Crater Lake" and this name now stands. In 1885, eleven years prior to the naming of the lake, Mr. Steel, realizing the great benefit to the country from this natural wonder, launched a movement to make it a national park. In 1886 President Cleveland issued a proclamation withdrawing from settlement ten townships of land which encompassed Crater Lake. But though Steel fought valiantly, his efforts to have it made into a national park were in vain. But not for a single minute did this indomitable man cease to work for his ideal, and on May 22, 1902, seventeen years after the movement was inaugurated, the President signed the bill which made Crater Lake a national park.

Not Content
But William Gladstone Steel was not content. The spirit of the lake had entered his soul and he wanted everyone to see and enjoy its marvels, so his every effort was bent toward the development of the park. Freely he gave of his time and money towards this end. He interested others into putting a hotel on the rim for the accommodation of tourists. He fought for roads to open the way into the park and did everything a man could do to make the park accessible. How well he succeeded can best be attested by the thousands of tourists who visit the park each summer.

And during all this time Steel, with inherent modesty, never thought of reward other than the satisfaction of having accomplished that which he set out to do. But later the citizens of Medford, Oregon, launched a move which culminated in the appointment of Mr. Steel as superintendent of the park, which place he held till appointed Park Commissioner. So through the efforts of Mr. Steel, Crater Lake became a national park and he is now affectionately called the "Father of Crater Lake."

7,000 Feet
The park lies eighty miles from Medford, Oregon, on the summit of the Cascade range of

mountains at an elevation of seven thousand feet. It is easily reached by automobile over a mountain road, through beautiful scenery, and thousands of tourists visit it each summer.

Ages and ages ago, when this land was young, there stood a majestic mountain now known as Mazama. Full fifteen thousand feet above the ocean waves it thrust its mighty head, capped with black smoke-clouds, and shooting lurid flames high into the air. For thousands upon thousands of years it cast its black pall over the land till one day a mighty cataclysm shook the earth. The internal furies of the great volcano gathered themselves into one mighty convulsion and with an explosion which must have jarred the very mountains upon their foundations, Mazama collapsed and the entire cone above the seven-thousand-foot level disappeared, leaving a cauldron a mile deep.

But again the mighty forces arrayed themselves in a last attempt to restore that which has been destroyed. With stupendous force the floor of the cauldron heaved and lifted and another cone was raised hundreds of feet into the air. Then Nature failed in its efforts to build anew the lofty peaks which had disappeared and in its stead remained only the gigantic cauldron and the black, smoking cone whose top has not been able to reach above the lofty rim.

Rocks Give Up Heat
As the ages passed the rocks gave up their heat. Then came the snows of winter, piling deeper and deeper upon the jagged rim. The summer sun poured its warmth upon the earth and the thirsty land drank deeply followed age after age and the surfeited soil opened everywhere pouring clear streams of life-giving water down the steep sides into Mazama's cauldron. Little by little the cracks and crevices filled; foot by foot the water rose, climbing ever higher and higher up the towering cliffs, till half the mighty cauldron was filled.

Slowly, under the mystic power of Nature, the dry volcanic ash changed and plants and flowers found sustenance and flourished where once was flame and smoke and desolation. Where once the poison breath of old Mazama swept the mountains clear of living things, there came the winds, the birds, the beasts and the man.

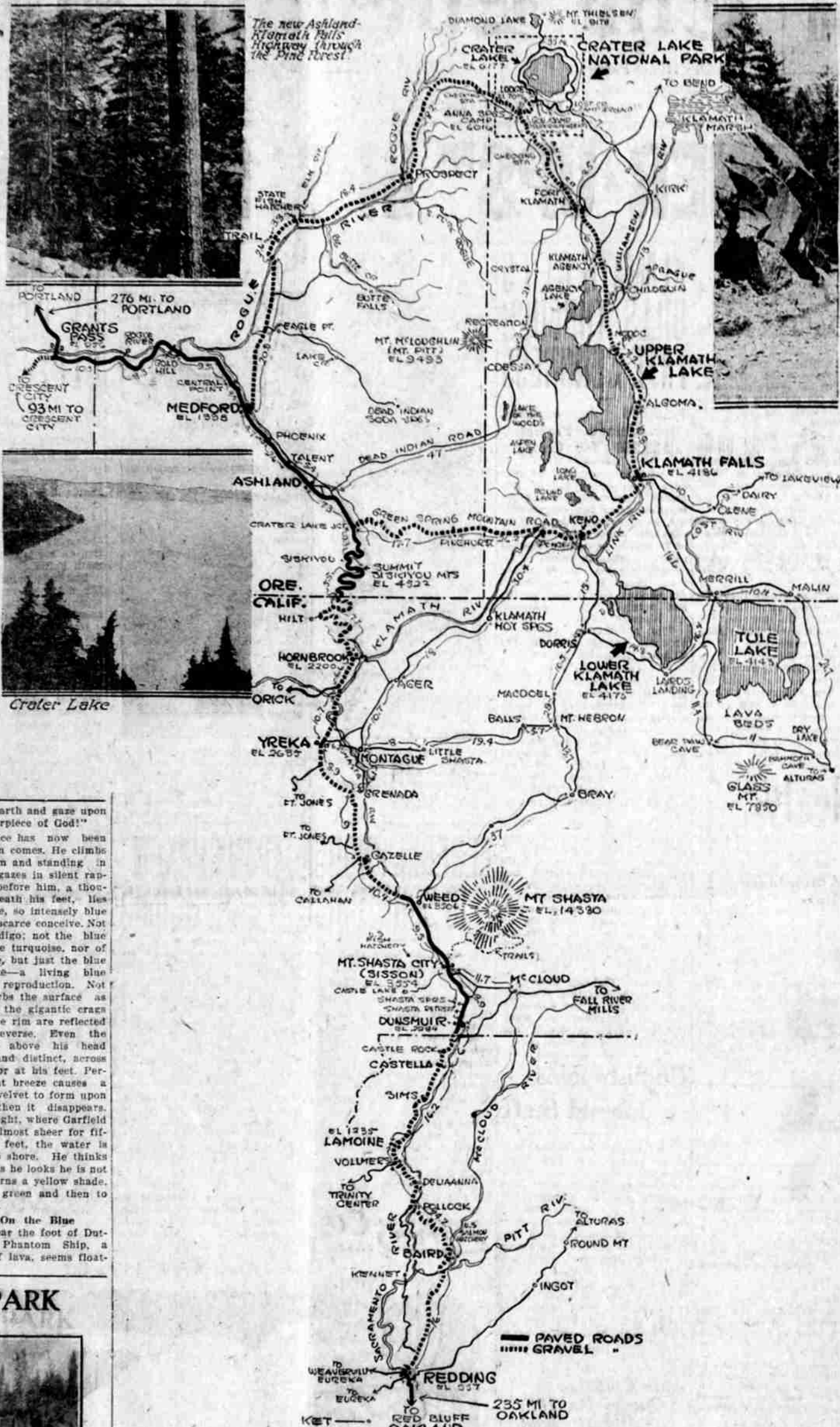
Jewel
And now, where the Cascades raise their mighty crests, there lies among the noble peaks a jewel unsurpassed in God's whole universe—the deep, blue, mystic Crater Lake. Here, shadowed by jagged crags, slashed and splattered with all the hues of Fairyland, smiles in infinite beauty the most gorgeous gem the world has ever seen. Matchless, gorgeous, indescribable in its mystery. It lies, a silent sermon to all mankind. To all mankind it calls "Come unto me ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest. Come from distant cities where strife and turmoil try the hearts and wear the soul; come from the arid plains; from the busy marts of the world; come

from all the earth and gaze upon me, the masterpiece of God!"

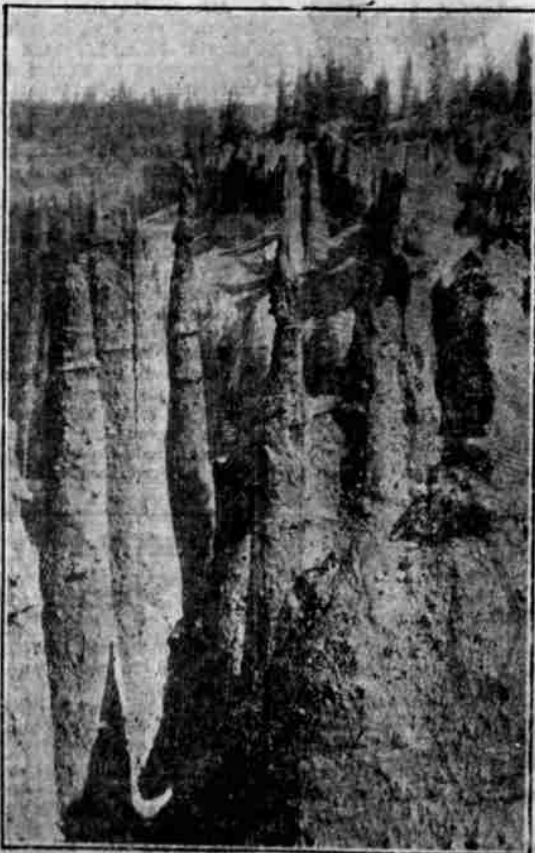
And the voice has now been heard and man comes. He climbs the fir-clad rim and standing in hushed voice gazes in silent rapture. There before him, a thousand feet beneath his feet, lies the placid lake, so intensely blue the mind can scarce conceive. Not the blue of indigo; not the blue of the sky, the turquoise, nor of any other blue, but just the blue of Crater Lake—a living blue that defies all reproduction. Not a ripple disturbs the surface as he gazes, and the gigantic crags which form the rim are reflected in perfect reverse. Even the downy cloud above his head floats, clear and distinct, across the blue mirror at his feet. Perhaps a vagrant breeze causes a tiny patch of velvet to form upon the lake and then it disappears. There at his right, where Garfield Ridge drops almost sheer for fifteen hundred feet, the water is green close to shore. He thinks it green, but as he looks he is not sure, for it turns a yellow shade, then back to green and then to blue or brown.

Floats On the Blue
Far over near the foot of Dutton Cliff the Phantom Ship, a ragged pile of lava, seems float-

MAP OF CRATER LAKE AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY



PINNACLES IN PARK



Crater Lake is the glistening jewel of the Cascades but around the central gem is clustered scores of companion jewels that serve to enhance its beauty rather than detract. Crater Lake as the above map and accompanying pictures indicate, is at the head of the Klamath basin, one of the most fertile and productive agricultural sections in the west. From the rim of the lake, one can look down into the Klamath basin and perceive upper Klamath Lake shimmering in the bright sun light.

ing on the blue. Then comes the brown and yellow cliffs where houses seem to stand upon the perpendicular face of the rocks, and behind them the peak of Mt. Scott and Cloudcap. Straight across the lake, six miles as the crow flies, a slide has formed the shape of a slender-handled wine glass close to the Palisades. In the background a black, needle-like peak pierces the blue sky where Thielsen, the Matterhorn of the Cascades, raises its head. Then the sheer face of Liao Rock, which rises near two thousand feet above the water.

Near its base is the black cone of Wizard Island, rising seven hundred feet above the waters of the lake, and in its cone another crater two hundred feet deep. This is the cone which old Mazama tried to raise above the rim. Crater Lake is almost circular in shape, being approximately six miles in diameter. The rim rises from seven hundred feet above the water at Kerr Notch to nearly

two thousand feet at the summit of Liao Rock. Its depth is two thousand feet and there is no mud nor noticeable vegetable growth within its sparkling water, which is clear, cold and pure.

Scenic Highway
The Government has constructed a scenic highway around the entire rim and it is unsurpassed by any other in the world. On a clear day, from the summit of Cloudcap on the eastern rim, one gets a view that cannot be equalled. As one stands facing the magic blue gem at his feet he can see almost from the State of Washington to California. Far in the north are the gleaming peaks of the Sisters; close by is the black spire of Mt. Thielsen; to the west the red crest of Union Peak; then the white, symmetrical cone of Mt. Mazama—more familiarly known as Mt. Pitt—and in the south the eternal snows of Mt. Shasta.

Klamath Lake Seen
A few miles away on the right is Diamond Lake, the great Klamath marsh waters, and on the left the shimmering waters of Klamath and Agency lakes. Hundreds and hundreds of mountain peaks, some timber-clad, others bare, meet the vision in every direction. Birds sing among the trees, and, if one is lucky, he sees the graceful forms of the Columbian Blacktail deer.

Clear, ice-cold springs and mountain streams are everywhere a paradise for campers and lovers of nature. Then, too, there are the thousands upon thousands of sand pinnacles lining the banks of Wheeler and Sand creeks, said to be the finest and largest collection of these pinnacles in the world.

But to really appreciate the wonders of Crater Lake one must climb down the thousand feet from near the hotel on the rim, over the mile-long trail to the water's edge. Here one takes a boat—a motor boat if one wishes to circumnavigate the lake—and journeys near the shores, where at every turn new vistas of unsurpassed loveliness greet the eye. While from the top of the rim one sees an inconceivable blue yet down upon the lake itself the color is deepened till the water at the edge of the boat seems opaque in color. But now and then, as the boat passes above the submerged foot of the mighty cliffs, the boulders rise so suddenly that it seems certain the boat will strike, but it passes many feet above them. So clear is the water that a six-inch white china plate can be seen at a depth of nine-hundred feet. And as one watches over side at the ever-changing color, as the depth varies, enormous trout float through the blue. Fishing is wonderful in the lake and, with spinning spoon at the end of a trolling line, the fat rainbow and spotted trout take the lure with avidity. And when the breeze ripples the water near the shores they

rise to the fly and give royal sport.

Until 1888 there was not a fish in Crater Lake, but on September 1 of that year Mr. Steel, with two hogs over forty miles and planted thirty-seven of them in the lake. It was supposed that the planting had failed to yield results, but in 1901 some trout were seen in the lake and one was caught which measured nearly thirty inches in length. Since then thousands of trout, many of them fully as large as the above, have been taken and today the fishing in Crater Lake is excellent.

Making the round of the lake one is continually confronted with wonderful changes in views. Here and there little cascades rush down the precipitous sides and pour their waters into the lake. In July large drifts of snow often form beautiful caves where the water melts them from below, and always, somewhere on the rim, one can make snowballs from these banks of snow.

There is the Phantom Ship, black lava rocks rising far above the water resembling a ship, the only island in the lake except Wizard Island. Near it is the Grotto and the mighty crags and tumbling slide of Dutton Cliff. And as one glides over the water with the majestic ramparts of the Palisades and Liao Rock towering far above his head, he realizes the enormous size of it all and how diminutive is he and his tiny craft.

And Wizard Island with its mass of tumbled lava, resembling massive cobbles, presents an interesting climb to its summit, where there is another crater some two hundred feet deep, but dry and rocky. About the island are rocky ridges and thin islets filling the shallows between the island and the foot of the Watchman. And as one sails about with the changing colors beneath he is suddenly startled by a roar of thunder smites his ears and tons upon tons of rock and earth come sliding, plunging and bounding down the rim to crash into the water. Nearly always one can hear, in the mighty silence, the crash of landslides and see the dust-clouds rising above the rim.

But when the darkness of night has fallen and the myriad stars twinkle in the sky, one floating quietly on the lake seems suspended in the heavens. All about in silence save the faint whisperings that seem to come from nowhere. Some say it is only the breeze among the trees on the rim and others feel that it is the sound of voices from the little Llaos, the spirits of the lake. Above and below the stars shine in equal brilliancy and one loses his equilibrium in the vision, then the boat rocks and the tiny waves break the reflections and the spell is broken.

Such is Crater Lake, of which no words can express an adequate description nor can artist paint its marvelous beauty. In all the world there is no other lake like Crater Lake. It lies supreme in its majesty, thrilling the human heart and radiating mystery.

Now in the ages before the white man came there ruled o'er the land of Gaywas—which is now called Crater Lake—the great god Liao. And Liao was mighty in his power and ruled the land and all the lesser spirits who dwelled therein. And in the blue depths of Gaywas there dwelt the other Llaos' lesser spirits ruled by the great spirit Liao. Among them Liao made the giant crawfish to dwell in the waters of Gaywas and to protect his land; and this mighty spirit could reach forth his terrible arms and pluck down the enemy of Liao, even from the crags upon the rim, and down them in the cold waters of Gaywas.

Liao
And on the land the god Liao ruled and sent his spirits forth in garb of beast or bird, who brought him tidings of his enemies. Upon the flat crest of Liao Yama—which is now called Liao Rock—the spirits often held parties and feasted o'er their victories.

There came a day when the dark clouds of war settled o'er the land of Gaywas, for Skell, the hated enemy of Liao, besieged him with his hordes. From the rim of Gaywas the great spirit Liao could gaze down upon the land of Skell where the yellow waters (Klamath lake) lashed in the sun. And Skell was mighty in his hand and ruled o'er his subjects as did Liao o'er the subjects of Gaywas. And the spirit Skell sent out his spies hidden beneath the guise of eagle, deer and other beasts and birds of the forest.

Reinforcements
But though they fought, it seemed no victory could be won. For long the battle raged, then Liao poured his hordes into the land of Skell, and Skell went down, the mighty Liao tearing the heart from out the body of his enemy.

Then came a great feast in the land of Gaywas and, upon the crest of Liao Yama, the Llaos gathered. And great games were played, even the followers of Skell joining in the games. But

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