

Rain Fails

(Continued From Page 2)

feasible "if we weren't in any hurry." We weren't.

Bidding adieu to the city of Bly (Martin Caven when he had the Loggers Club there had match books printed advertising his place as being "in the heart of the theater district") we took off on the Dairy Creek cutoff some couple of miles out of town and headed for the muddy slopes of Gearhart.

It was still a bright day. We found no difficulty on the road. Saw plenty of deer in the clearings. Stopped off at the Mitchell Monument for Dick to take pictures. As we got into the vicinity of Finley Corrals we started hitting a few soft spots in the road but nothing that we couldn't handle handily with the Jeep. Only had to use all four wheels once.

Another pause at Picture Flat where we stood around in the mud and shot pictures of that little clearing. Went on down the hill and turned off the new road at the Upper Dairy Creek Bridge. From there on we went down the old road which is just like a highway. Found a few trailers already established in the campgrounds.

At the Dairy Creek guard station we turned down the Thomas Creek road for Lakeview. That road, due to extensive use, is in splendid shape. Got to Lakeview

just as it started to cloud up. Paused for a light lunch at Van's and then took off straightaway for the Hart Mountain Antelope Refuge.

Going out we drove across Darkes Flat and came into Plush. They are doing a lot of work on the road, straightening it out in a couple of places and building up the surface it looks like. Went through Plush in a hurry as we were trying to make up time by then.

The clouds were getting lower, the wind was blowing harder. By the time we got to the old CCC camp and paused to see if we could see any of the mountain sheep in the big pen it was starting to spit a little rain.

But we figured on getting out from under so went on. Up the long grade with the floor of the valley spreading out under us. Over the cattle guard at the top of the hill, past the stone buildings of headquarters and then on to the hot spring.

Found it just as it always is, the fence around it a little greyer, the pool inside clear as crystal. It was only a matter of minutes until all three of us were soaking up its healing warmth, digging our toes down into the soft sand at the bottom and flinging out bits of moss that floated around on the surface.

But there was work to be

done. So we climbed out into a bitter, icy wind, dried off on our shirts and dressed. Drove across the road into the public camp, which we had all to ourselves, and wandered up the little creek looking for four trees in just the right position so that we could sling a tarp.

No luck, of course. But we did find three that were almost all right. By tearing down a deer rack that some hunters had left last fall and lashing the crossarm piece upright to the tail of the truck we managed to string up our tarp.

By this time it was raining lightly but firmly. Henderson was in favor of waiting "until it slacked off" before we did anything. Eimers did his bit by cutting enough firewood to last (we thought) forever from an old dead tree. I superintended.

By the time we got the fire going the rain had "slackened off" from a light rain to a steady downpour. A downpour that wasn't to let up, except to snow a little, until 7 o'clock the next morning. A search of various sleeping bag sacks and old boxes turned up two plastic sheets. We rigged these, Eimers tearing a hole in one, as a backwall, praying the wind wouldn't shift, and as a shroud over the kitchen area.

Amazing what you'll find in these isolated camps. We found enough old insulated cable lying

around to tie up all the canvas. The round end of a Western Electric cable spool, balanced on top of the grub box furnished us a dining room table. An old table was ripped off one tree and refastened, after five moves, to our man-made tree at the tail of the truck. A couple more planks found lying around boarded up the bottom and made a sleeping berth for Henderson.

With a warming fire going and dark coming on we dug a shallow pit at the perimeter of the tarp and started a bed of charcoal glowing. It wasn't long until the sound of broiling steaks almost drowned out the roar of the rain on the canvas roof. Only one hole in it, too. Right over my bed.

Considering the scarcity of equipment we put in a pretty comfortable night. I woke up in the dawn's early light to find that I had kicked my bag open and was sleeping in about an inch of wet snow, but that is all in the life of the outdoors. Or so they say.

By the time we had breakfast over with the rain had "slackened off" and Henderson was vindicated. Breaking camp was no big chore and we were on our way.

Another soak in the hot spring, it having stopped raining by now, and then on our way by way of Adel. Lots of honkers along Crump Lake. Lots of fishermen along the creeks from Adel to Lakeview.

By the time we got back to Klamath Falls it was bright and sunny again and no one would believe that we had been out in the rain.

So it goes with the wilderness wish.

But the wish is back again already. Wonder where we should go next?

BUSINESS BAROMETER?

CINCINNATI (UPI)—It may not mean a thing as far as the nation's economic health is concerned, but Osborne-Kemper-Thomas, Inc., a greeting card manufacturer here, reports that its current best seller shows a woebegone beagle on the cover with a message inside saying: "Doggone it! We sure miss your business."

Ford Trucks Last Longer on the FARM
See your Farm Truck Headquarters **BALSIGER MOTOR CO.**
Main at Esp. Ph. TU 4-3121

Commercial Printing



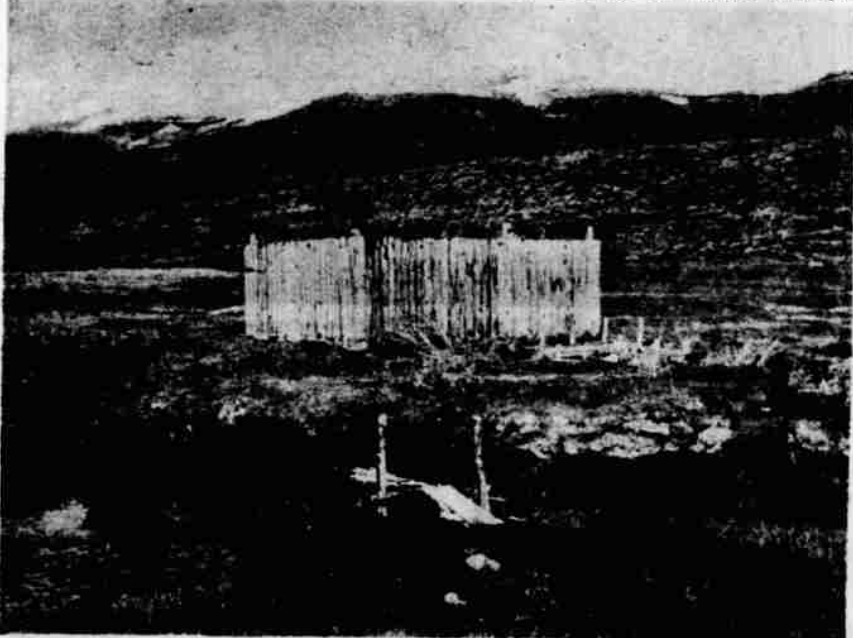
Business Forms

- Letterheads
- Envelopes
- Cards
- Invoices
- Statements
- Checks

Designed Especially To Fit Your Needs

All Types Of Snap Out Forms

GUIDE PRINTING CO.
Ph. TU 4-5373
12th and Klamath



THE OLD HOT SPRING on Hart Mountain was the target of the camping trip last month when the rain came close to dampening everything. Maintained by the government within the boundaries of the Hart Mountain Antelope Refuge the spring is a meeting place each year for many members of the Order of the Antelope



AN APPREHENSIVE GLANCE is given some sagging rigging by John Henderson as Dick Eimers hurries up the morning coffee. The site was the camp at Drippingstone Manor on Hart Mountain. The occasion an outdoor weekend by Henderson, Eimers and Jenkins last May. It rained the whole time the trio were in camp.

Now Is the Time to Immunize Your Stock



FRANKLIN

Vaccines, Medicinals and Supplies for Cattle, Horses, Sheep Hogs and Poultry

Our **LIVESTOCK DEPARTMENT** is designed to Save and Serve.

VACCINE AND LIVESTOCK SPRAY

Your One Stop Shopping Center
We Give 2-1/2¢ Green Stamps

MERRILL PHARMACY
Merrill, Ore. Ph. 2451

WIPE OUT QUACK GRASS WITH DOWPON*



Keep grass from creeping into your best land. Simply sprinkle or spray **DOWPON** on your thickest grass and watch it wither away. Kills roots too!

*TRADEMARK OF THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
FREE SAMPLE AVAILABLE
COVERS 225 SQ. FT.

SHARP GRAIN COMPANY
Merrill, Oregon
DEALERS FOR DOW WEED, GRASS, AND BRUSH KILLERS