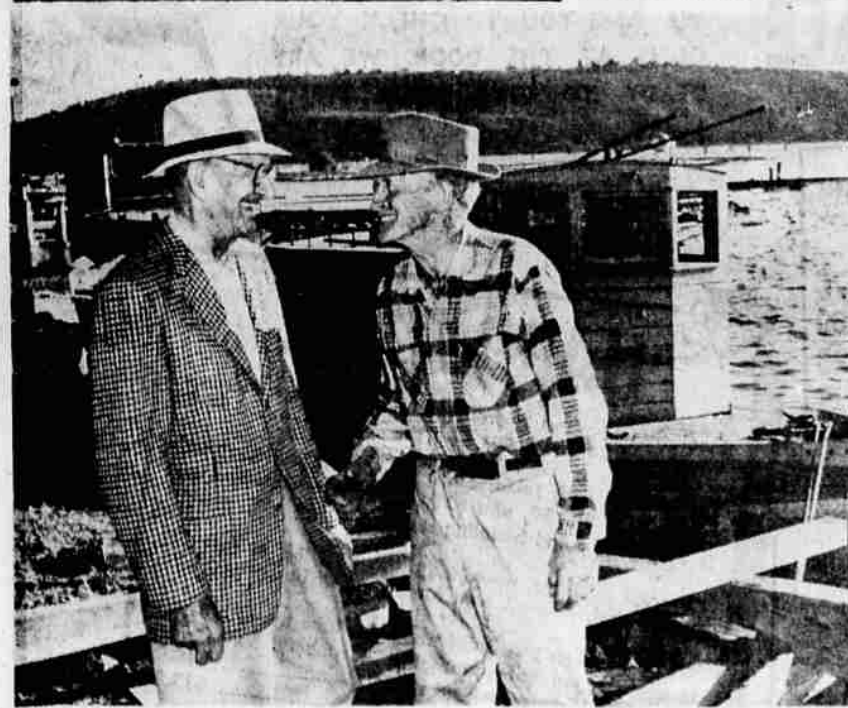
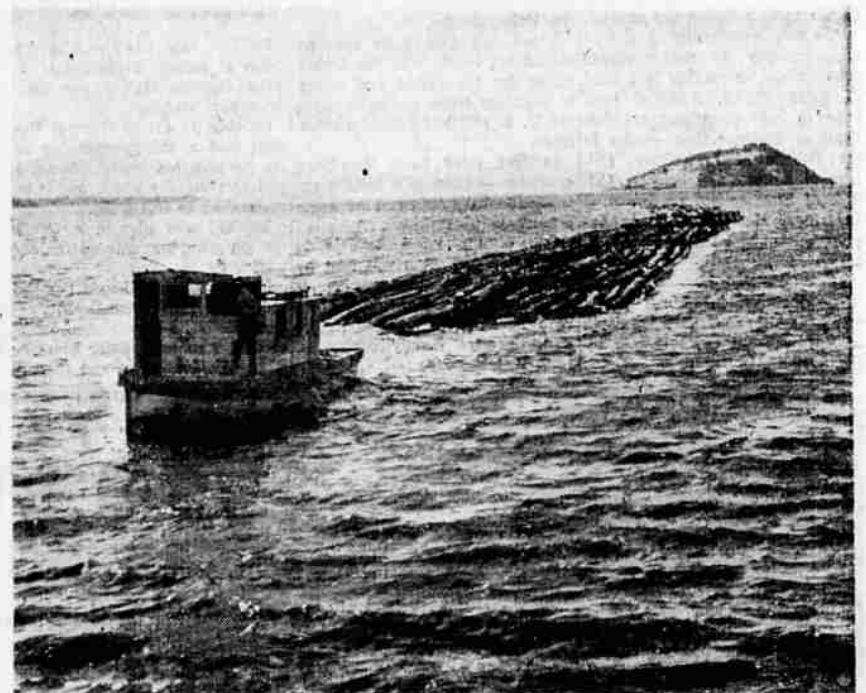
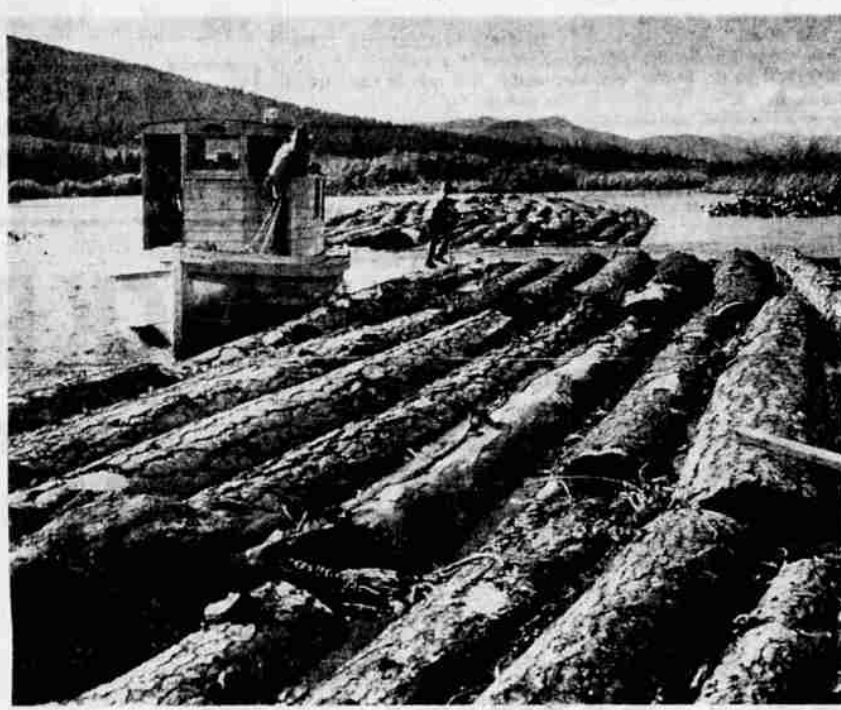
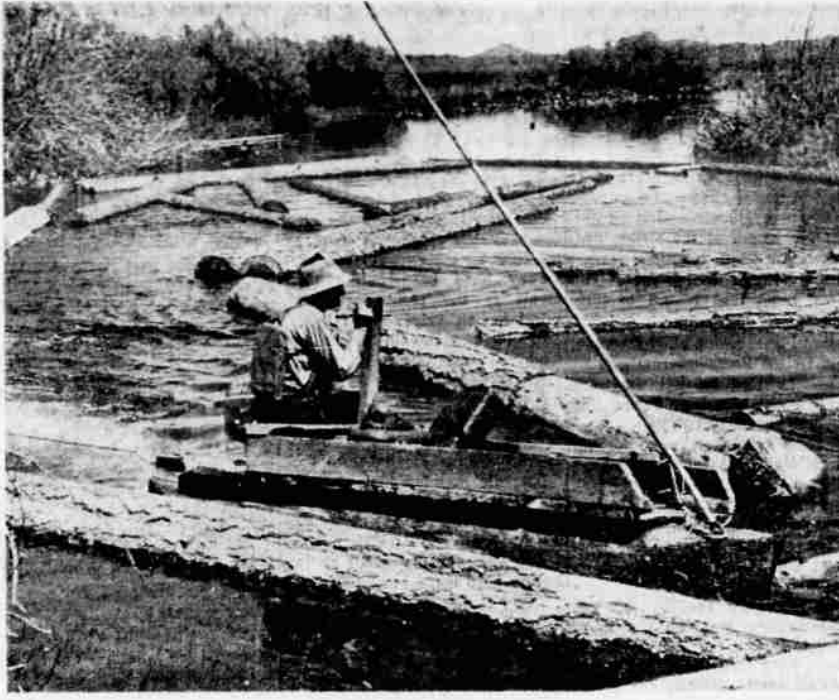
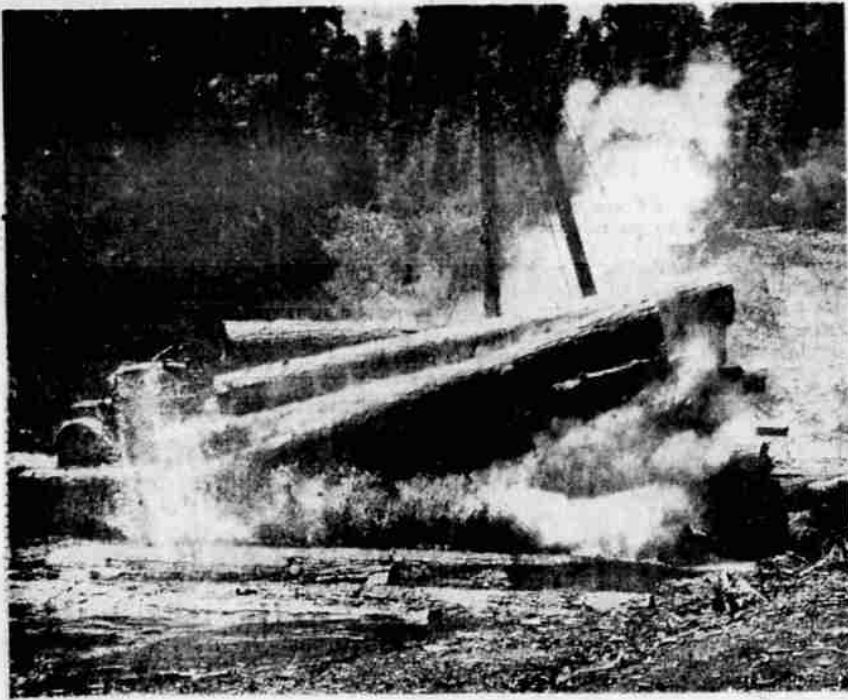
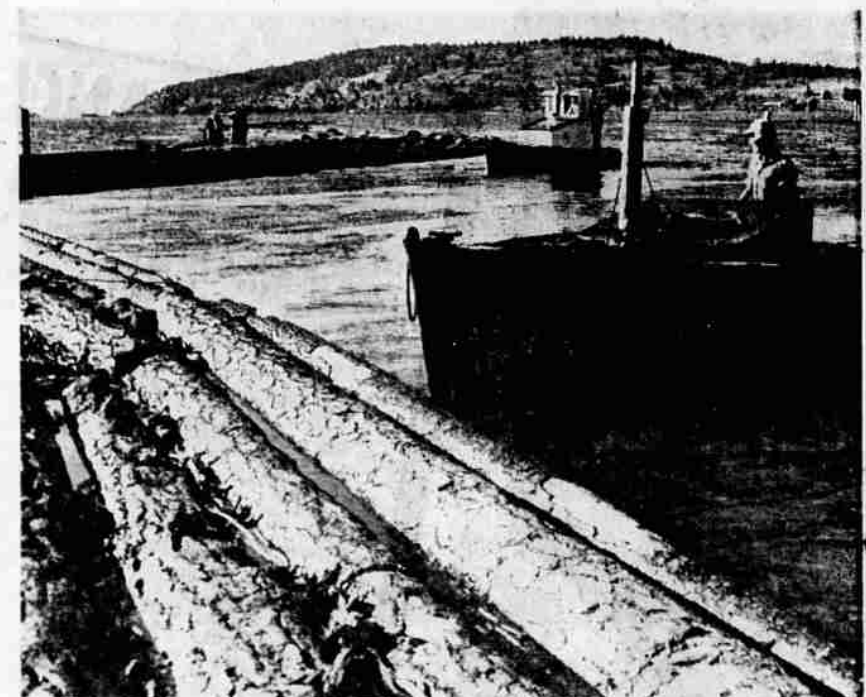


Log Rafts Move Again Over Upper Klamath Lake



AFLOAT FOR THE FIRST TIME, logs thunder into Crystal Creek in the picture at top left of the page. Then Fred Brown, center, herds them into "bents" with an outboard-powered scow, while "pond monkeys" Ralph Benton, right, and Noah Cap, second row left, perch and spring deftly with their pike poles. In subsequent pictures, reading from left and down page, Fred and Grant Brown ease a bent into position on the main raft, then begin the long pull down Klamath Lake. Sixteen hours later, Fred Brown meets G. A. Krause, a director of Klamath Lumber and Box Company, while mill workmen in tugs secure the logs for storage. Bottom, at left, Tug Pilot Grant Brown takes a breather in the wheelhouse after a long day. At right, members of three agencies involved in the operation congregate on the tug's deck. They are, left to right, Dan Brown, a partner in the rafting operation; Mrs. Fred Brown, who rode down the lake on the tug; Francis Brown, Dan Brown's father and partner; Kathleen Vaughn, forest service secretary, and Otis Stanbery, Klamath Lumber and Box Company sawmill superintendent.



Family Revives Old System

By NORM CARDOZA

For 20 years previous to this spring, logging rafts had not waited across Klamath Lake.

So forcefully has the swift, mobile logging truck moved into the industrial picture that lumber men have put away the things of water transportation in Klamath County.

But this year Francis Brown of Fort Klamath and his son, David Gilbert Brown, descendants of a pioneer farming and logging family, combined old and new methods of logging into an operation at once successful and nostalgic.

They truck logs from forest service land far up Crystal Creek to a landing four miles north of Rocky Point. Then, in a series of exciting maneuvers, they jockey the logs into "bents," each 200 feet long, and snake them skillfully to a staging point at the mouth of Crystal Creek, with a growling, ironclad diesel-powered tug they

exhumed from the twilight days of oldtime logging.

Once or twice a day, depending on his fortune with sandbars and other unforeseen obstacles, young Grant Brown, Francis' nephew, tows a bent through the seven-mile-long channel. It was a real creek until 20 years ago. Then a fire burned for months in the peat islands off Rocky Point, leaving only a labyrinth of channels in a sea of wocus, willows and sandbars.

At the staging area, Fred Brown, skillful old tug pilot and father of Grant Brown, steers the boat while his son cajoles the bent into place, hopping deftly from log to log with a "pike pole."

Then about once a week half a million board feet of logs, trailing for a thousand feet behind the snorting tug, inch the 24 miles to the Klamath Lumber and Box Company mill just north of Klam-

ath Falls. The trip requires 16 hours.

Francis and Fred Brown can remember days when they "square rigged" sails on log rafts, waited for a south wind to pile water a foot high at the lake's north shore, then rode a daily north wind and the backwash on a swift trip to Klamath Falls.

The Browns are articulate, friendly and well educated. Without their ready cooperation this chronicle of a unique enterprise would have been impossible for Don Kettler of the Herald and News to photograph. Also deserving of special thanks are Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Timmons who operate Rocky Point Resort and who arranged newsmen's transportation to the staging area, and Darrell Frewing, Klamath Forest Service district ranger and his secretary, Kathleen Vaughn, who worked hard coordinating the excursion.

