

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1963

Day-By-Day Chronicle Recalls 1909 Team And Wagon Trip To Crater Lake

By RUTH KING

Last Aug. 11, "Memories of Swan Family Early Day Home-steading Recalled" in the feature section of the Herald and News, brought to mind for Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jinnette of Merrill, a trip to Crater Lake with the Swan family in 1909.

That trip, taken by team and wagon, chronicled day by day by Mrs. Jinnette in pen and ink in a ruled tablet, is illustrated with pictures of the lake-bound party in a farm wagon behind four horses, Annie Creek Canyon in Crater Lake National Park, Garden of the Gods and of the famous lake itself.

There were no plush motels with thick carpeted floors—but there were overhanging fir boughs and deep layers of fragrant needles to sleep on... there were no automatic dispensers of Coca Cola or sandwiches wrapped in foil—just clear, cold spring water, deer in the forest and native berries beside the trail... there were no automatic laundromats, yet laundry tied behind a moving

boat on a fast-flowing stream accomplished the same end and over all there was the sweet smell of the woods, the neigh of a horse that never had seen a gasoline service station... asphalt had not yet streamed into the mountains and the roads, sometimes rutted and rocky, jarred the spine and tugged at the iron-bound wagon wheels... it was a time when men left someone to milk the cows night and morning, gathered the family and the quilts and turned to the open road without setting a goal 600 miles away.

The outing, begun on Tuesday, Aug. 16, was completed 11 days later.

Monday, Aug. 16

Our party (Mr. and Mrs. Swan) their children, Margaret and John, Miss Conroy, Mr. Carleton, Will, Karl and myself, left the ranch (north of Merrill) at 8:45 a.m. in a lumber wagon drawn by four horses. We had a warm dusty ride of 23 miles to the Falls and reached Mr.

Swan's house about 1 o'clock. After getting some of the dust off and having dinner, the men and Karl went downtown. We women did a little more packing. The children were put to bed early and we did the few last things after supper in order to get an early start next morning.

Tuesday, Aug. 17

Mr. Carleton met a friend in town and asked him to go with us. His name is White and he is from San Jose, Calif., having come west from Iowa.

In our grub boxes we have bacon, ham, flour, cornmeal, sweet and Irish potatoes, a box of ripe peaches, canned corn, peas, tomatoes, salmon, baked beans, applesauce and jelly, bread, coffee, tea, condensed milk, butter, eggs, baking powder, salt, pepper, soda, salad dressing, rice, sago, tapioca, graham crackers, soda crackers, cream of wheat, shredded wheat biscuits and sugar.

We took a few tools, two lanterns, kerosene, some grain for the horses, two tarpaulins, a few

extra clothes and some bedding. Mr. White had a kodak and rifle and Will had two rifles and a shotgun.

We left the Falls at 8:15 and started north over the hills. There was quite a climb over the barren hills back of the Falls, then we went for miles through a beautiful pine forest. Most of us had started with colored glasses but when we entered the woods we took them off. Out in the open there is always a glare when the sun shines that hurts the eyes and one needs colored glasses in riding any distance.

Once in awhile we passed a little homestead set in among the pine trees, with few cleared acres and some straggling rye or oats, a little log cabin, an outbuilding or two and a skinny team of horses.

About noon we left the forest and entered the Klamath Indian Reservation coming in sight of Upper Klamath Lake. This is a fine body of water 35 or 40 miles long by 20 miles wide. It has a steamer course

from Klamath Falls to the Indian Agency Landing at the north end.

We ate dinner by a big running spring of clear, ice-cold water, bubbling up among the stones at the foot of a hill and flowing down to the lake. While we were there an old Indian woman came along and ate with us. It seemed she had been out talking to a surveyor and was quite indignant "that the white people keep changing the lines and pushing them back all the time." She was as sarcastic an old woman as I ever heard talk and she did keep up an amusing as well as an interesting babble.

Each Indian or head of a family is given so much land and stock by the government and he can do with it as he likes. Some really try and do farm and raise grain and stock while others can't see the value of land and let it lay idle while they work for someone else. This old woman said her land wasn't making her anything so she had left it and was taking care of a garden and chickens for someone else.

After dinner we drove for miles at the foot of hills along a stony road on the east shore of the lake. On either side of the road was shrubbery—sarsvis and wild gooseberry, and chittum berry. This is the berry from which different forms of cascara are made.

Late in the afternoon we left the lake and traveled through the Wood River Valley. This is such a pretty valley—as level as a table and watered by Wood River, a fine clear stream. About 6:30 we stopped at an Indian's house to see about camping all night in his pasture.

Most all the Indians on the Reservation had gone to the huckleberry patch and we could find no one home on this place so we drove in. Back of the house we found a spring near the barn. We camped here and the men turned the horses in the pasture.

We women and children slept on the hay under a shed and the men slept under the hay stacks near us. The mosquitoes were of a monstrous variety and quite plentiful. We made about 30 miles and it was warm and clear.

Wednesday, Aug. 18

For breakfast we had oatmeal mush, eggs, bacon, biscuits (fried in a skillet), coffee, butter and peaches. We packed up and were on our way again by 8. In a little while we passed the Agency. There are quite a few houses there and it is a very pretty place in a pine grove on the banks of a stream from a big spring. Water from this spring furnishes power for electric lights etc. The schools and dormitories are nice looking frame buildings of fairly good size.

They say some of the Indian graduates make good use of their education and again others are lazy and indifferent. A few farms we noticed were kept up in good shape but most of them were "bum" looking. Nearly all their buildings were ramshackle affairs.

At one place we stopped to water the horses near a little hut. They always keep all doors and windows closed and no sooner had we stopped than a door opened and two women came out. They were "sickly" looking and one had her head tied up and was so yellow and thin. She said she had been sweating for two months.

A few miles further on we passed old Fort Klamath. It has been 20 years since soldiers were there and now a few ruins among clumps of pines and quaking aspen mark the place.

It must have been a beautiful place in those times when it

was well kept. A few miles north of this we passed through Fort Klamath—a little town where the Indians and whites living near, get supplies. Here we bought bread and steak.

Mr. Swan knows a family a short way from town on our road and we stopped there to get milk for the children. These people run a dairy and raise lots of cattle on great fields of wild hay. There are a few private irrigation ditches in this valley.

All the way we have met other campers going to or coming from the Lake. Every 15 or 20 miles there are regular camping grounds, usually near a ranch where one can get bread, butter, milk and horse feed. At one of these places we camped for dinner and till the next morning. This camping ground is in an aspen grove in front of a house and is known as the "Vaughn Camp." We got fine water from a stream near and the horses were turned in the pasture, the fee being 12 1/2 cents a night per head.

We found tables and everything so convenient it was a lovely place to camp. About noon a party stopped to eat dinner. They were from Medford and were going home—had been on the road two weeks. Had camped in Rogue River Valley and killed six deer.

After dinner, the men except Mr. Carleton went fishing. They brought in enough fine trout for breakfast. We slept on the ground, under the trees. The air was so fresh and pure everybody slept like logs and we had no mosquitoes. It was another clear fine day and we made 18 or 20 miles.

Thursday, Aug. 19

Got up early, had breakfast (fried fish, oatmeal mush, boiled potatoes, flapjacks, applesauce and coffee) and had started by 7:30. Here we began a gradual climb of 3,000 feet to the lake. About 9 we struck Annie Creek and swung to the left of it. It rushes down the canyon in a narrow swift stream and at this place it broadens out into a wider and quieter creek. Almost all the morning, we followed the canyon on the west side, sometimes so close to the edge we can look down from 100 to 500 feet to the water. This canyon is beautiful. The sides are quite precipitous—some places they are a solid rock wall, in others there is soil with ferns and tall pines growing.

Before noon we entered the border of Crater Lake Park. We passed all along by other campers. In places the road is pretty narrow and occasionally we found double roads where vehicles could pass each other. Most automobiles had horns and let us know when they were near. The horses did not mind them at all. Saw a party of men from Portland touring the country in an auto. They had been out a month and had had no accident.

They told the boys of a place back in the mountains where they might get a deer. Saw millions of fallen trees in this park. The work of forest fires.

We ate a lunch in the wagon when we stopped to water the horses at a spring. We passed the government lodge where the keeper lives and he bailed us to get our names. He had registered between 2,000 and 3,000 visitors to the lake this year.

Last winter the snow had crushed in the roofs of most of the buildings and carpenters were reroofing them. The snow gets from 35 to 40 feet deep in the winter and everybody shuts up their houses and leaves during the winter months.

Mr. Swan bought milk and we moved on. We turned to the right and crossed a stream from a spring that is the head-

waters of Annie Creek. On the bank of this stream are a dozen or more tents, known as Arant's Camp where tourists may stop if they like. The road winds around the mountain side and the climb is quite gradual until within a few miles of the top. No part of the road has been dangerous in any way.

Pretty soon we came to the last camping place before reaching the top. We stopped, washed our faces and hands, watered the horses and Will, Mr. Swan and Mr. White filled a demijohn and buckets with water to carry up. We had heard there was no water at the top and we wanted to stay all night there.

We could hardly wait till we finished this last climb. Mr. Carleton rested the horses every few minutes as this was the steepest climb of all, 1,000 feet in half a mile and the other men beat us up in time to make snow balls and give us a shower when we did get up.

It was about 5 o'clock and clear and we looked down 2,000 feet to the water as blue as indigo. Oh, it was grand! The rim is flat in some places and not at all sharp or narrow as I had supposed it would be.

There are lovely places to camp. We unloaded our junk, fixed a fire, turned the horses loose to graze and went over to the edge to get another look at the lake before dark. It must

roaring campfire till bedtime. The boys made a shelter for our beds of a tarpaulin beside the wagon. They (the boys) slept in the open.

Friday, Aug. 20

All the grownups were up early to see the sun rise. The sky was rather hazy and the colors were not so prominent as the evening before. Miss Conroy made pancakes for breakfast and we also had mush, bacon, eggs, potatoes, butter, jelly and coffee. A number of campers were scattered around us. One party from Portland had come to stay all summer. The man of the bunch was to oversee the erection of a big hotel—to be put up right away (now Crater Lake Lodge).

After the hotel is finished they plan to have automobiles make regular trips to meet the boat at the landing on Klamath Lake. At first we couldn't decide about going down to the water. Some of us wanted to go but were afraid to—there were reports of women fainting during the climb. Finally we decided to go down in two bunches. Mr. Swan, Will and myself went first. We left the children and the others at camp.

We took ropes and sticks and started. The trail in some places is quite steep and rocky and narrow too. It winds around and round. We crossed several little streams from melting snow. All around the top in little hollows

stuff, leaving out a lunch. When they came back we ate and started down for home about 2.

We came down at a break-neck speed and made the foot of the main hill in six minutes. The jockey box broke and its contents were scattered all along. Luckily some young folks came down just behind us and had picked up the hammer, curry comb, and brush. We met wagon after wagon going up.

Just outside the park limits, Will and Mr. White left us to see if they could get a deer in the mountains as they had been told. They each had a rifle and a little grub and some bedding and struck out to the west. Mr. White is a great big six-footer and Will looked like a little school boy trudging beside him. The Vaughn Camp is a few miles from here and we jogged on down to wait there for the hunters. It is warm and clear.

Saturday, Aug. 21

After breakfast Mrs. Swan and I washed some towels and a few clothes for the children then she and Mr. Swan took lunch and went horseback to a creek a few miles away to fish. Mr. Carleton hitched up to the wagon and we at camp went to Fort Klamath for supplies and to have the horses shod.

He left us at the edge of town in a grove. The children had a fine time playing till he came for us. For dinner we had sweet potatoes, steak, stewed peaches,



ARTIST'S VIEW — The folks who rode up the mountain to Crater Lake found the beauty they had heard about. Their first glimpse of the famous spot as the sun sank is described by Mrs. Jinnette in her diary. The summit of Mt. Mazama, the mighty mountain, was more than 12,000 feet high before the mountain top collapsed and the lake was formed in the crater. Crater Lake National Park on the crest of the Cascade Range in Southern Oregon cov-

ers 250-square miles. The lake is six miles wide, 1,932 feet deep and it has 20 miles of shoreline. The surrounding cliffs rise as much as 1,980 feet to the uneven caldera rim, which ranges from 6,683 feet to 8,156 feet in elevation. It was near the rim that the travelers sat around a campfire when the night grew chill and planned for the next day's excursion to the water's edge.



FOUR-HORSE MOTOR — Maude and Kate, Bell and Bess were the horse power that pulled the heavily laden farm wagon bearing a party of nine and duffel on an 11-day trip to Crater Lake in 1909. This picture was taken at the J. G. Swan homestead on the west side of Upper Klamath Lake, probably by a Mr. White who joined the party. In the front seat were George H. Carleton and

Miss Conroy and Margaret Swan. Center were Mr. and Mrs. Swan and son, John, and in the rear seat were Mr. and Mrs. William (Will) Jinnette and Karl. It was tool box on front of wagon that jarred loose and smashed curry combs and other necessary items. Note lanterns hung on spring seat of wagon.



NATURE'S MAJESTY — Mount Scott that towers above the rim of Crater Lake shows evidence on its scarred surface of past glaciers. The entire lake and its setting can be taken in by the eye at one time, an impressive experience.



LITTLE CHANGE — Annie Creek Canyon in Crater Lake National Park is still spoiled, much today as it was over half a century ago. The Crater Lake-bound party was awed by its sheer walls where in those days there were no safety barriers. Chipmunks chattered on the rim and begged bits of bacon.



MERRILL PIONEERS — Mr. and Mrs. William F. Jinnette, right, and their son, Karl, made a trip by wagon to Crater Lake in 1909. They still live on the original homestead north of Merrill and have made the same trip since many times at a faster pace. Both have been active in many organizations in Klamath County. With them here, is their only daughter, Mrs. Frank Merrill of Everett, Wash. Mr. Jinnette, who came to this country in 1908 worked for George H. Carleton for \$1.25 per day and Mrs. Jinnette charged 25 cents per meal to men she cooked for.

have been a magnificent old mountain as it towered there before the eruption and to look across that body of water, 15 miles long by 10 miles wide, and 2,000 feet deep and to think of the cause of it all, really did make one feel spooky.

There is a large rock in the lake called "The Phantom Ship" and viewed from a certain place it looks exactly like a steamer. Almost in the center of the lake is an island or rather a peak sticking up, thought to have been the top of another mountain. It is covered with pines and the very top of this little peak is missing.

They say there is a small lake in it. The reflection of the sunset on the water was beautiful. It made one think of fairyland with the pink and yellow cast of the western sky in the center and the dark blue around that, and bordered by the emerald green near the edge where the water is shallow.

It was wonderful! It grew very chilly about dark and we all sat with wraps around a

were piles of snow. We saw lots of beautiful flowers of such delicate colors, blue, pink and red. The only ones I recognized were the columbine.

We were 35 minutes going down, rested a few minutes and threw some stones into the water and began the climb out. There were a couple of leaky boats and a disabled launch on the water but none of us ventured into them, neither did we stop to fish.

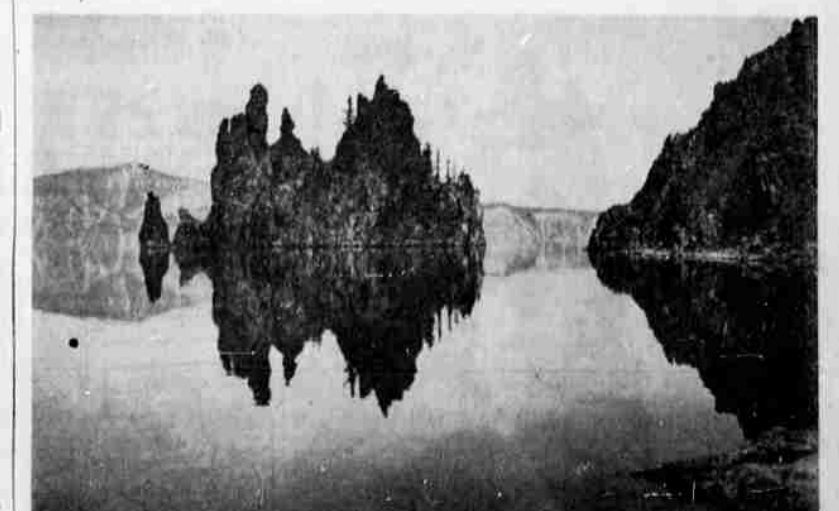
The lake has been stocked with fish and each tourist is entitled to five fish if he catches them. Going up we met several couples going down. We had to stop every little bit and get our breaths. It certainly did try one's lungs and heart. We were 45 minutes coming up. Will went first and tied the rope around his waist and up over his shoulder and I held to the free end. In the steepest places it was quite a help to me. We relieved the others at camp and Miss Conroy, Mr. Carleton, Mr. White went down. While they were gone we packed up our

lettuce (we got it from Mrs. Vaughn), bread, butter and lemonade. After lunch Mr. Carleton and Margaret took a walk. Miss Conroy put John to sleep and I lay down with Karl. John and Karl took naps most every day. Karl had a good time at this camp playing with the Vaughn children.

They were larger than he and he got along very well with them. Miss Conroy made an applesauce cake and baked it at Mrs. Vaughn's and we got milk here every day. About 5 Mr. White and Will came in tired, thirsty and hungry. They had run out of water up in the mountains and had to come down to camp. They saw plenty of deer tracks but could not find their watering place and saw no deer. Later Mr. and Mrs. Swan came back with a nice lot of fish.

Mr. Swan, Miss Conroy and Will did most of the cooking on the trip. Mr. White and Mr. Carleton got water and wood, at-

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THE PHANTOM SHIP — This rocky up-thrust in the lake has the outlines of a ship and is one of the most talked of features of the lake.