EDITORS PAGE

Crater Lake is unique. There is nothing quite like it in the world. As one stands at the rim of this magnificent caldera for the first time, gazing out, over the awesome scene, it is simply too much. It is overwhelming. One may have thought they knew what to expect, but no one has ever expected what they saw that first time. And to think, we have this magnificent gem, right here in Klamath County.

On May 22, Crater Lake National Park will mark the one-hundredth anniversary of its establishment. On that date, in 1902, Congress set aside this treasure for the enjoyment of future generations, and aren't we glad they did. The Klamath County Museum will feature a special exhibit of historic photographs and memorabilia commemorating this momentous event. You won't want to miss it. You will delight to a display of early photographs, reproduced from glass plates and silver nitrate negatives of exceptional quality, many of which you have probably never seen. It will cover a century of visitors, road building, the construction of the lodge, bears and magnificent scenery.

It seemed fitting that the Klamath County Historical Society join in the celebration of this momentous occasion with this "Crater Lake National Park" issue of The Trumpeter, dedicated to the park's one hundredth birthday. -Editor.
Klamath County Historical Society is pleased to announce that Volume One of Klamath County Echoes has been reprinted. The books are available at the Museum gift shop for $10 each.

Volumes 1 through 16 were originally printed from 1964 through 1978. They are popular books and are frequently requested. Our goal is to reprint all the volumes as money permits.

We're planning a RUMMAGE SALE on June 1st from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the Museum meeting room. All money raised will be used towards printing Volume 2. Please bring your rummage to the museum for us! We will be setting up on May 31st from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Volunteers will be needed to help us. If you have any questions you may phone the Museum (883-4208) or Avis Kielismeier (884-4995) or Susan Rambo (882-8853).

If you are unable to help with the Rummage Sale but would like to be involved in the Echoes project, then you are welcome to participate in any other way. Cash donations may be made by sending a check to the Historical Society at the museum address.

Name ________________________________
Address __________________________________
Here is my donation for the Echoes printing project. ________________________________

Klamath County Historical Society
1451 Main Street
Klamath Falls, OR 97601
KLAMATH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ANNUAL REPORT 2001

Beginning balance 1 January, 2001 $ 5,604.92

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Income</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Checkbook interest</td>
<td>$ 61.34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copies</td>
<td>162.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donations</td>
<td>1,020.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dues</td>
<td>710.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refund of bus deposit</td>
<td>275.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trumpeter</td>
<td>2.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total Income: $ 2,230.60

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Expenses</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bulk mailing permit</td>
<td>125.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postage stamps</td>
<td>34.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copy machine service contr.</td>
<td>750.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon registration</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sony video camera</td>
<td>275.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trumpeter mailing</td>
<td>76.04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trumpeter supplies</td>
<td>27.61</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total Expenses: $ (1,307.65)

Ending balance 14 December, 2001 $ 6,527.91

Market Value of Van Kampen investment, 12/31/01 $ 9,506.04
MEMBERS TELL OF THEIR EXPERIENCES AT CRATER LAKE

John Fortune

I don't recall ever going to Crater Lake as a kid living in Tigard, it was a long way from home and my Dad didn't get vacations. It wasn't until after I'd graduated from Tigard High, put in four years in the Air Force and started in at Oregon State University (actually, it was still College then) that I got to go to Crater Lake. In 1960, after the winter term of my studies of fish and wildlife management, I took the opportunity to work that spring and summer for the Oregon Game Commission in Grants Pass. After a while there, the guys at the Richfield gas station introduced me to the pretty new Extension Agent named Susan Houston. (We both had to go to that station to gas up our state vehicles.) Susan agreed to see me occasionally and began inviting me to join in some of her activities. Since I wasn't about to decline her invitations I recall accompanying her and a group of 4-H kids on a trip to Crater Lake for skiing. That was my first trip to the lake and my first (and possibly last) time on skis. Frankly, I don't remember if we even saw the lake, my attention was focused on Susan and trying to stay upright.

The next trip I recall wasn't until 1976, after Susan and I had been married and had three kids and a Lab in tow on our way from Newport to Sandhill crossing on a family vacation. Of course that was the first time the kids got to see Crater Lake. It was July and still a bit cool up on the rim; the pictures I took show a fair bit of snow still hanging around but a beautiful sight to see.

In November of 1977, the Fortune family moved to Klamath Falls where I began my tour as District Fish Biologist for the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. Being close to home, we made occasional trips up to Crater Lake, mainly to take visiting company to show them the sights. These trips were made both summer and winter. We got to see the 20 foot deep snow pack up on the rim. The kids always got a kick out of going in the tunnels (culverts) to see the lake and get into the toilets. There were summer picnics and of course the hikes down to the boat dock, and back up, were especially memorable. Seeing the antics of the Clark's nutcrackers and golden-mantled ground squirrels was always entertaining. Taking the boat tour of the lake was great, hearing about the geology and looking up instead of
down gave you a whole new appreciation and perspective.

My personal Crater Lake highlight came in August of 1982 as a part of my job. Although the state doesn’t have any authority in the Park, the Rangers invited me and my assistant, John Toman, up to help them get some information about the fish living in Crater Lake. Fish had been stocked in the lake 40 years earlier including rainbow and brown trout, kokanee and silvers (whatever these were?). Fishermen occasionally caught a rainbow and schools of kokanee could sometimes be seen off the boat docks, but no sampling of the fish was ever done. So, with gill nets in hand, we drove up to meet Rangers Mark Forbes and Steve Underwood and were led down to the boat docks. There we loaded our gear on to their research pontoon barge and proceeded to set out our nets at likely spots along the shore to be picked up the next morning. Then came the real treat. To look for habitat where these fish had been spawning all those years, we got aboard their speedy little inflatable motorboat and got an up-close-and-personal tour of the lake looking into all the potential spots where fish might be spawning. Near shore where you could see bottom way down through the crystal water, there was a feeling of being suspended, but out deeper, no sense of the lake’s awesome depth. Try as we might, we found no obvious spawning habitat, but what a spectacular trip it was! We spent the night with one of the Rangers in their park housing where they showed us where the snow line had been half way up on the dining room window—on the second floor. Next morning it was back
down to the lake to pull the nets. To our amazement, we had caught 34 rainbow trout up to 19.5 inches long and 5 kokanee at 6-7 inches. Wondering what the trout ate in the big deep lake to grow that large, we looked in their stomachs to find mainly snails and terrestrial insects like bees and beetles. No sign of brown trout that had likely long since died out. Then back up the trail (they hauled out our wet nets and fish, thank goodness) but people had to hike back up the mile-plus hill. One revelation that impressed us was the almost spooky communications among the park personnel. After working up the catch of fish, we had spoken to no one except our ranger buddies, yet by the time we got back to headquarters it seemed that everyone in the park knew that we had caught big rainbow trout! Whether by drum beats or portable radios, the word gets around among the park people. Given the hospitality of the rangers and the once-in-a-lifetime experience, I shall never forget that trip to Crater Lake, and I got paid for it!

More recently, in the summer of 2000 our son Pete got a seasonal job at the park with the building maintenance crew. He lived in his 19 foot travel trailer near headquarters. Among other things, he spent most of the time replacing the shakes on park buildings, getting them spruced up for the coming anniversary. In off time, he enjoyed some biking and hiking. We got up several times to have dinner and get some private tours. He certainly enjoyed summer at the park but then, he didn't have to spend the winter up there.

Now retired and with our golden-age Passports, Sue and I have no excuse to stay away from this wonderful natural treasure, Crater Lake National Park.
Kirk, at the time, only about seven miles from the old, East Entrance to the park, which opened off of the Sun Mountain road. (At that time this was U.S. Highway 97) My most vivid childhood memories of those early trips are of the bears. We used to see them every time we went. In the family archives, we have several photos of people, hand feeding the big black bruins.

Memories play strange tricks. Many time we remember trivial matters while important events seemingly slip through the cracks, unrecorded. I remember an insignificant incident which took place on one of our early trips to the park. I couldn’t have been more than five years old at the time. At the time we were living at Chemult. My mother was driving our old Model A Ford and we had just turned off Highway 97 and were heading up the long straight stretch on the Diamond Lake road, intending to enter the park via the North entrance. It was a warm afternoon, and as we drove along with all the windows rolled down, my brother, two sisters and I were singing at the top of our voices. One of the songs we sang that day was the old familiar, “Oh playmate, Come out and play with me.” One of the verses went.....

“ ‘I’m sorry playmate, I cannot play with you, My dolly’s got the flu, BOO-HOO, BOO-HOO, BOO-HOO.”

Just as we were singing the “Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,” part, we pulled by a man who had stopped at the side of the road to change a flat tire. As we went by, singing as loud as we could, the man looked up from what he was doing with a puzzled expression on his face and we all broke into uncontrollable laughter. For years we flattered ourselves, with the story of how the man thought we were mocking him with our boo-hooing. I don’t remember the bears, the lake or anything else we saw that day, but I clearly remember that silly little incident.

Years later, after I was married, some of my wife’s relatives came out from Texas for a visit and of course we took them up to the park to show off the wonders of Oregon. That was in the days before feeding the animals became a
and they used to sell peanuts in the shell at the gift shop, so visitors could feed them to the chipmunks. I bought a sack that day, and when I tired of feeding them to the little guys I began eating the remaining nuts myself. I have always been a firm believer in not littering and this day was no exception. As I carefully cracked and ate each nut, I diligently put the shells in my pocket, being careful not to drop any of the pieces. To my chagrin, while we were standing around in the Sinnott overlook, enjoying the view, one of the park rangers came up to me and curtly pointed out there were trash containers located at several convenient locations and asked if I would please refrain from throwing my peanut shells on the floor. My wife’s Uncle Fred witnessed this little exchange and thought it was about the funniest thing he had ever seen. I was completely innocent, but until his dying day that Uncle Fred would never let me forget it.

PICKING HUCKLEBERRIES

My first memories of Crater Lake were of our annual trip to Huckleberry Mountain. My mother and father, sister, brother and I went there to pick huckleberries on Labor Day weekend when the berries were ripe. Huckleberries are small. We went out into the huckleberry patch at dawn and returned at dusk and, if the whole family worked diligently, we could pick about ten gallons of berries each day. At night we sat around the campfire and visited with the Indians. They camped there for several weeks and picked berries to sell in the local grocery stores. Once in a while at night we could hear a cougar scream. The eerie howl sounded like it came from the edge of the darkness around us be learned the big cat was using a hollow log somewhere in the woods to amplify the sound.

A favorite story was of the talkative Mrs. Helms who spent time talking to the
person who was picking berries on the other side of a big, tall huckleberry bush. The person didn’t really talk back...just grunted once in a while, enough to keep Mrs. Helms talking. When they came together at the end of bush, she discovered she had been talking to a bear. She screamed, the bear gave a “Woof!” and they took off in opposite directions.

On the last day we picked berries until noon. The we stopped by to see the Lady of the woods and headed for home. The rest of the week was spent canning huckleberry jam and pie filling for huckleberry pies at Thanksgiving.

I can remember a visit we made to the Sinnott Memorial in the late 1940’s. The park ranger pointed out a round white disk under the water on the edge of the lake, told us that it was a white plate and was 25 feet down in the clear water. Twenty years later I visited the memorial and when I asked the ranger where the plate was, I was told that it had not been seen for several years. The water wasn’t as clear any more.

Shortly after WWII was over, a friend of mine, Roland Piper, and I went to the ski lift area near the Lodge and spent the day skiing.

My last visit to the lake was my favorite. My wife had just passed the course and received her pilot’s license and on one of our trips we flew over the lake. We took videotape of our flight. The video camera couldn’t capture the beauty of the lake, but my memory did. It was breath taking and a sight I shall never forget.

Several members helped out at the recent Jefferson Square Mall’s Living History Days by manning the museum’s exhibit. On display at the “Camp site” were a number of articles from the Museum and the Baldwin Hotel. Included were such items as fishing equipment, cooking utensils, snow shoes, skis and what have you. All items that might have been used on a camping to Crater Lake and elsewhere in bygone days.
MY PARENTS HONEYMOON
By Adra Goeller Turner

This is my recollection of what my mother told me of their honeymoon trip. My parents, Harry and Maude Goeller were married on August 12, 1914 in Jacksonville, Oregon at the home of my mothers best friend May Wells. May was married to J. P. Wells, who later became superintendent of the Klamath Falls City schools. May would later be my first grade teacher at Riverside School.

They drove to Crater Lake for the first part of their trip. The roads were not very good and they didn't start until noon so they stopped the first night at Union Creek where they camped out.

They had several flat tires on the way up my dad would patch the tire and then with a hand pump he would pump 100 times, then mother would pump 100 times and then dad would pump another 100 times and then they would be on their way.

WHEN I FIRST SAW CRATER LAKE
By Verland Huff

The people within the surrounding area are fortunate to have such a treasure as Crater Lake close by. It offers enjoyment to all ages.

I first saw Crater Lake in 1930. My folks and relatives from Kansas made the trip that summer. The Park issued stickers about 3 1/2 " across for the entrance fee of $1.00. It was placed in the lower right side of the windshield. If you saw a lot of stickers on a car you knew they were travelers.

Later my family with children picnicked in the area and hiked down to the lake from the lodge.

As my children grew older and had friends we walked to the bottom across the lake.

My wife and I took to hiking and we made it up to top of the mountain back of the lodge and also Mt. Scott.

When people visit Crater Lake don't
AN EARLY TRIP TO CRATER LAKE
By Ruby Hillis McCall
(Mother of Jeane M. MacBeth)

During the summer of 1908, I was invited on a trip to see Crater Lake. The Reverend George T. Pratt, minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Klamath Falls, and his father were on a fishing trip; and Mrs. Pratt’s daughter Catherine, who was two years old at the time, and I were to join them at Agency Landing. We were to go by motor boat that far. After experiencing some motor trouble we arrived at the meeting point where the men were waiting for us with a hack and team.

Late in the afternoon as we were traveling along, a terrific storm blew up, and we were glad to stop at the first house we came to. The people were kind enough to offer us their barn, as a substitute for camping out in the rainstorm. With nice fresh hay in the loft, it seemed a pleasant place to spend the night. As the evening wore on, the storm became even louder, with flashes of lightening, and noisy thunder soon following. The loft was hot and stuffy—somebody got hay fever— the little girl was restless and unhappy— nobody got very much sleep that night.

In the morning the sun was shining bright as could be. The men made a fire outside, and Mrs. Pratt, skilled in outdoor cooking, made a fine breakfast, which helped us all to feel quite cheerful again. The road beyond Klamath Agency was made more enjoyable (if the term can be used to describe any of the roads of that time,) by the rain, which had settled the layers of thick dust.

That night we camped at a ranch house a little beyond Fort Klamath. We slept on fir boughs in a little meadow, and it was very much nicer than the previous night’s lack of comfort.

The next day we drove as far as Annie Springs, and put up the tent. Beyond this point there was only a trail, and we would walk to the Crater Rim. The climb started early the next morning. There were no other people in the region where we were hiking, and we saw no one except the members of our own party all that day. The feeling of awe, accompanied by the great silence, as we caught our first glimpse of the beautiful lake, was over powering, and no one spoke. After a few minutes the men went off to look around,
An early road crew building one of the roads in the park. The first paved roads, primitive as they may have been, were a far cry from the earliest automobile “trails.”

and we women decided to do a little looking, also. It didn’t look very far down to the water’s edge, so foolishly Mr. Pratt, little Catherine, and I decided to try to go down. There was a sort of trail, but in places it had been very nearly washed out by storms, but down we went, keeping a tight grip on the little girl.

After eventually reaching the bottom of the trail, we began to realize how much farther it had been than we had thought at first. Mrs. Pratt’s face was very flushed and she said her heart was hammering. I couldn’t seem to breathe Later my companion told me I was as white as a sheet. We were exhausted when we finally reached the top. Soon we must start the long walk back to the camp at Annie Springs. At least it was down hill, and it seemed wonderful just to have lived through the other ordeal. We received little sympathy from the men, who thought our adventure a little foolish.

THE “BEAR” FACTS
Ole Lunde was a park ranger at Crater Lake National Park for several years from the late 1960s through the mid-1970s, working summers and teaching at OIT the rest of the year. He says that many things have changed; There were more bears in the park then. Interestingly enough, the bear population was unnaturally high at that time due to the presence of a garbage dump not far from the south entrance. The answer to the age old question, “Why did the bear cross the road?” To get to the garbage dump, of course.

Park bears frequently lost their
shyness and natural fear of man and when this happened they were apt to become a nuisance. Some even became vicious, making it necessary to capture them and remove them from the park. This usually took care of the problem, but Lunde recalled one instance when they hauled a bear all the way to the Sisters Mountains, west of Bend to be released. “He almost beat us back to the park,” chuckled the former ranger.

According to Lunde, the problem was as much a human problem as it was a bear problem. He says there were always a few people who seemed to leave their brains at home when they went on vacation. Like one fellow who was warned to put his ice chest in the trunk of his car when he left camp. “That box is made of steel,” the man replied. “You don’t have to worry about any bear getting into that chest.” The bear didn’t worry about it either. He simply picked it up and smashed against a nearby tree whereupon the steel box popped open.

A bear jam wasn’t something you spread on your morning muffin, either. That was when some saw a bear on one of the park roads and traffic quickly became jammed with the cars of people who stopped in the middle of the road and jumped out to try to get a picture of Brer Bear, often leaving the doors wide open and the motor running.

The bear population quickly declined when the garbage dump was closed down, and they are rarely seen by visitors today.
FIELD TRIP TO CRATER LAKE

Crater Lake National Park was the natural destination for the field trip this year since it is the park's centennial. It was established in 1902 by Theodore Roosevelt. Crater Lake National Park, Oregon's only national park, is located in Klamath County. It is possibly the only national park where we can say "we have been going here all of our lives." It's history is our history.

Historical Society president, John Fortune, went up to the lake a few days before the field trip to reconnoiter. He planned an itinerary which began with a stop at historic Fort Klamath. There, Living History re-enactor, Tom Cooley, explained where the buildings had been, how many soldiers there were, and the purpose of the military post. Our group (28 people) then proceeded to the park, stopping for the movie and a guided walk around the administrative center.

We were hungry after that so we went up to the picnic area close to the lodge. After the picnic we split up, each one trying to see as much as possible before meeting up again at the back of the lodge for a discussion by Nina, the park ranger. The Hot Topic was fire suppression as an unsuccessful fuels management technique. Lightning and thunder brought and end to the talk and to our field trip and we all went home.
Thank you to Tom Cooley. He volunteered to keep Fort Klamath open on a day when either Lynn or Judith would have been filling in for Kevin Fields who was off reenacting. A re-enactor himself, Tom did a great job telling us about historic Fort Klamath.

Thank you to John Fortune for making our field trip a huge success! There were planned activities and there was free time. There were outdoor walks and indoor movies. And when we were hungry, there was a site big enough for all of us. And there was a view too.

Picnic Lunch at Crater Lake. Fearless Leader: John Fortune.

This building has a wonderful roof, don’t you think? It was a nice stop with the movie and the walk. And it is a splendid example of the historic architecture that typifies Crater Lake National Park.

Visitor’s Center in Munson Valley.
THE FIRST THRILL ON THE BRINK OF CRATER LAKE

"No one gets the thrill we got."

By Judge C. B. Watson

In October of the year 1873 I, in the company of five others, started on my first trip to Crater Lake. We had secured directions from the officers of the Post (Fort Klamath) who had been there, and easily identified the place where they directed us to camp by the Rogue River nearest our destination. Here we camped for the night and early next morning turned to the northeast as we were directed and commenced our climb of five miles over logs, through brush, heavy timber and occasional glades. There were no roads nor trails, and even the location of the lake was a mooted question for many. Not many white people have seen it and their accounts were considered exaggerations. Some of our party wanted to turn back when fatigue commenced to tell and thirst to annoy us. Nothing could be seen but the steep slope ahead and the tangled brush about us. We toiled on, however, and finally came to the glade from which we could see material changes in the topography. We were evidently nearing the summit and could see crags and peaks ahead and to the right and left. Scoria and pumice were scattered about and we became enthused with the thought that our destination was near. All at once we were aware that ahead of us there was
opening beyond which was the blue expanse of sky. A new impulse was given to tired limbs and, with a shout and a rush, we climbed the few remaining rods and stood breathless and silent, on the brink of this wonderful caldera.

When we come upon things that are new or startling because of some unusual grandeur, or stature we cudgel our brains for some gauge or standard by which to measure them. But here was something that had no standard nor gauge. In such moments we can only silently drink it in. For the first time in my life I became aware of the meaning of the words “Awe-inspiring.”

No one gets the thrills we got. When I stood there for the first time no pictures had been taken, no descriptions written; there were no roads, nor buildings nor people outside our own small group of adventurers.

THE LEGEND OF LLAO
The creation of Llao Rock and Wizard Island

According to the legend of the Klamath and Modoc Indians, the mystic land of Gaywas was the home of the great god Llao. His throne in the infinite depths of the blue water was surrounded by his great warriors, giant crawfish, able to lift great claws out of the water and seize too venturesome enemies on the cliff tops.

War broke out with Skell, god of the neighboring Klamath Marshes. Skell was captured and his heart used for a ball by Llao’s monsters. But an eagle, one of Skell’s servants captured it in flight, and a deer, another of Skell’s servants escaped with it and Skell’s body grew again, around his living heart. Once more he was powerful and once more he waged war against the great god of the lake. Then Llao was captured, but he was not as fortunate. Upon the highest cliff his body was torn in fragments and cast into the lake and eaten by his own monsters under the belief that it was Skell’s body. But when Llao’s head was thrown in they recognized it and would not eat it.

Llao’s head still lies in the lake and white men call it Wizard Island and the cliff where Llao’s body was torn apart is named Llao Rock. (From an old Northern Pacific Railway brochure)
EXCERPTS FROM THE 1896 MAZAMAS BROCHURE

The Mazamas are a society with headquarters in Portland, Oregon whose purpose, similar to that of the Alpine Club of Europe, the Appalachian Club of New England and the Sierra Club of California, is the exploration of the mountains of the Pacific Northwest and the publication of information concerning them...

'where rolls the Oregon.' Now, they are near to all who can command a little money and time; and so free from dangers is the journey less courage is required to go than to stay at home.”

John Muir

---

**Rates to Crater Lake.**

**BY RAIL TO ASHLAND OR MEDFORD.**

The rate by rail from all points on the lines of the Southern Pacific Company to either Ashland or Medford has been fixed at one and one-third fare for the round trip, tickets to be sold for trains arriving at those points August 1st to 15th inclusive, and limited to return to and including September 15th.

Holders of tickets from points north of Roseburg and south of Castle Crags will, on presentation of their tickets to the Southern Pacific Company's representative at Crater Lake, receive a rebate of the difference between the amount paid and the regular six months' single trip rate, original tickets to be exchanged for return trip tickets, which will allow stopping privileges within the limited time.

**BY STAGE FROM ASHLAND OR MEDFORD AND RETURN.**

The Crater Lake Union of Ashland and Medford have guaranteed a rate to the lake and return from either point of $2.50, which is to include fifty pounds of baggage. It is understood that this will entitle purchaser to the privilege of going by either route and returning by the other if desired, or going and returning by either route.

---

**WHEELEN**

Those desiring to go from the railroad to the lake on bicycles will find that by either route the roads are excellent, free from sand and stines and with reasonably easy grades. Large numbers are expected to go in this way.

This wonderful feature of natural scenery, which as yet is little known to the world at large, and has been visited by very few travelers, has been said by competent judges to rank with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Yosemite Valley, the Yellowstone Park, the Mammoth Cave and Niagara Falls as one of the greatest scenic wonders of the world, in America.

"Going to the mountains, going to God's clean, healthy wilds, near or far is going home; and therefore it seems to me that the annual outing wise people take now-a-days from dust and care and early death is one of the most hopeful and significant signs of the times. A few years ago the White Hills of New England seemed far from civilization, and only the exceptionally bold adventurous could ever hope to see such mysterious regions as the Rocky Mountains or the dark woods,
A LEGEND OF CRATER LAKE

Historians tell us that Crater Lake was discovered by John W. Hillman and a party of prospectors, on June 12, 1853. This group very well have been the first white men to see the lake, but to say they discovered it is to ignore the fact that native Americans had been aware of the lakes existence for hundreds of years. The following account was taken from an article written by a M. Lindsay, of Klamath Falls and appearing in an early issue of the Ashland Tidings around 1900.

Tradition tells how two hunters, brave and skillful Nimrods of the Klamath Tribe, ventured far beyond the realm of the living. Went where, the ancient doctor told, dwelt the Great Spirit—where he had, when yet the nation was in infancy, given vent to his rage in sending forth clouds of flame and smoke. The very fathers of the tribe had been issued from the land of spirits through a mighty cavern, which they said led into the regions of the uncanny. Here did they believe and teach that all men returned to dwell in spiritual form with their maker. They described it as a place deep and bottomless as the very sky—a place where the mountains sank into the bottomless depth of the spiritual world. A peak, they said arose from near the center of this unbounded depth and this was the throne of the Almighty. Within this dome was a furnace which issued the flame and smoke. About the glowing cloud at the mouth of the crater struggled winged salamanders or "fire spirits" attempting to escape from their fiery prison but bound by the will of the Great Spirit. These were the spirits of evil men doomed to suffer an eternal penalty of torture for their earthly wrong doings. In the bottom of the abyss was a sheet of water as blue and deep as the sky which it reflected. Over the surface of this lake and on its surrounding banks sported the spirits of the departed good. They sailed in gilded canoes over the glossy depths of the lake and in the tranquil shades of the surrounding forest they roamed in search of game; they sailed like birds from one pinnacle to another and fished in the balmly blue waters. Here was the Paradise and in the crater the infernal regions. The doctors of the tribe only were allowed by the Great Spirit to visit this holy retreat. Here they came and counseled with him; here they met the dead of the tribe and bore messages from them to the living; here did they procure medicine for the sick and charms to guide the fate of men. So did the doctors tell the people and so did the people and do many yet believe. They said that it was the decree of the Great Spirit that any living man who should dare to intrude upon the sacred presence of the dead should die in consequence and be doomed to the
infernal furnace. Yet these warriors were brave. They feared not even the Great Spirit himself. They wore the scalps of mighty warriors at their belts. They had vanquished the fiercest beasts of the forest. They had overcome all enemies they had chanced to meet. They longed for fresh adventures— for more thrilling dangers, and they rivaled each other's courage. They at last determined to invade the realms of the supernatural. They entered the forest and traveled toward the sky-towering pinnacles of Crater Lake. On they pressed, dauntless in their courage. They reached the regions of the uncanny. They climbed nearer and neared the great abyss. At last they came to a break in the forest and there before them lay the awful spectacle. It was as it had been pictured to them. They stood fixed to the spot. There as they doctors had described lay the lake. There before their eyes, with wings like birds, sported the spirits and from the crater far below them in the lake burst forth flames and smoke and the agonizing cries of suffering men. The screams of the tortured mingled with the happy songs of the peaceful spirits. There the birds which once had fallen pierced by lightning arrows, flew in spiritual flocks, fish once victims to the fraudulent fly sported in the lake and deer and bear, whose skins had long since been worn for garments, browsed in the forest. Dogs followed their masters through space. Here they stood and gazed unable to tear themselves away, till at last the Great spirit, ever conscious of the movements of all men, issued from the fiery depths of the crater and summoning a huge monster from the bed of the lake, pointed to the two men on the shore. The great dragon, went to do the bidding of his grim master, cut the tranquil surface of the lake with his thousand fins and clearing the high precipice with a gigantic leap, caught one of the warriors in his mighty arms and returned with him to the crater. The other warrior fled at the approach of the monster and ran wildly down the mountain. Myriads of spirits now disturbed, dashed after him but he ran desperately on and reached safely the settlements on the Upper Klamath. He told them of what he had seen of his adventures and of the fate of his companion, and then fulfilling the stern decree of the Great Spirit, yielded up his soul to undergo the tortures awaiting in the fiery crater. But the Indians have not to this day forgotten his experience and they still tell their children of that happy hunting ground where "their dogs shall bear them company". 

====

![Crater Lake](image-url)
NOW AVAILABLE

Klamath Echoes No. 1

In the meeting room at the Klamath County Museum.

Hear Barbara Alatorre, Klamath Tribe Historian and Elder tell
   HOW CRATER LAKE CAME TO BE.

Don’t miss it!

APRIL MEETING PROGRAM

George and Judy Buckingham of Chiloquin, will be guest speakers at the April meeting of the Klamath County Historical Society. Mr. Buckingham served as the Chief Interpretive Ranger for Crater Lake National Park for 11 years, beginning around 1989. The Buckinghams will have a number of informative and interesting stories to relate about their experiences at Crater Lake and elsewhere during their career with the National Park Service. No one will want to miss this one.

For the benefit of those of you who have been waiting, Issue No.1 has of Klamath Echoes has been reprinted and is available at the Klamath County Museum

$10.00

FOURTH IN THE SERIES OF LECTURES
marking the centennial of Crater Lake National Park;

7:00 P.M. April 18, 2002

Julia Bradbury, age one. Between the bumper and the radiator.