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CRATER LAKE
YESTERDAY
TODAY
and
TOMORROW

25 CENTS

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CRATER LAKE

Crater Lake National Park is located on the summit of the Cascade range of mountains, in Southern Oregon, and contains 249 square miles, one-fifth the size of Rhode Island. It was created by act of congress, approved May 22, 1902, and within it is one of the world's greatest natural curiosities. Originally a mountain 15,000 feet high, covered with perpetual snow and great glaciers, it emitted a stream of boiling lava that filled vast canyons. The world was unsettled in those days and the elements were at war. Finally a time came when this immense mountain tottered and fell within itself, 17 cubic miles of matter disappearing within it, leaving a cauldron five and one-half miles in diameter, a seething mass of boiling lava, probably 5,000 feet deep, as all that part of the mountain above 7,000 feet elevation disappeared. Ages came and went as the days, and this boiling mass began to cool. Slowly, but surely. Snows and rains descended, evaporated and disappeared. Finally a little pocket in the cooling lava filled with water, but the warm base and sun dried it up. Bye and bye others appeared and were a little larger. The cooling process continued. At last little pools continued over Summer and Winter and increased in size, then they joined and spread over more lava. A time came when the entire bottom of the cauldron was covered with water. Evaporation began to slow down. Precipitation continued and the lake increased in depth. Evaporation and seepage combined

on the one hand and precipitation on the other, but the water still grew deeper, until evaporation and seepage equalled precipitation, then we got Crater Lake, the deepest fresh water in the world, except Lake Baikal, in Siberia, and the bluest thing on God's footstool. Gasoline launches and row boats are now upon its surface and a trip around the shore line affords 20 miles of the grandest scenery on earth. The water is clear as air and blue, blue, blue. When the air is still, it reflects as perfectly as any plate glass mirror. In storms it rages with intense fury, lashing and dashing at the shore as if impelled from the depths of a howling hades.

When the floor of the cauldron was a boiling mass of lava, a pimple appeared near the Western shore, which grew and grew, until it became as large as one's hand, but still it grew through the ages, and today it stands 763 feet above the water, and is called Wizard Island, one of the most perfect cinder cones in the world. Near the Eastern shore is a jagged rock known as Phantom Ship, because it is a rude representation of a ship at full sail and shows up from the Western shore clearly, but if a cloud strikes it it disappears from view.

In 1853 Jacksonville, Oregon, was probably the wildest mining camp on the Pacific coast, where whiskey, women and shooting were monotonous. At that time a bit of mining gospel consisted in a myth, universally accepted and known as The Lost Cabin Mine. One day eleven men entered camp from California, bought a few supplies and held aloof from the town. Finally one of them got drunk, and thereby hangs a tale. He became talkative and boasted that their leader had complete information as to the location of that mine. John W. Hillman, an active young man of the community, immediately organized a party of eleven, to follow the Californians, which they did. The latter soon discovered that they were being followed, so

resorted to every possible ruse to lose the Oregonians. When night came they camped, cooked a meal, sat about the camp fire for a time, then scattered, to come together in an inaccessible place, but the Oregonians were there watching every movement. They racked their brains to lose the Oregonians, but were not able to do so. Hillman's party was too much for them. Such tactics continued for several days, when both parties ran short of meat. The situation became serious until one morning Hillman passed close to the stranger's camp and got into conversation with the cook, whom he informed it was useless for them to avoid his party, they knew their errand and proposed to stay with them, consequently, for the benefit of all concerned, they had better join hands, which was done. Game continued scarce and one day Hillman was leading a small party up the mountain side, when he came suddenly upon a wonderful lake, intensely blue and surrounded on all sides by great precipices. They were thunderstruck, to think of finding so great a body of water, on the very top of the mountain and paused to consider it. It should have a name and they called it Blue Lake. This was June 12, 1853. The Rogue River war was on, people had other things to think of, so it was soon forgotten. In 1862 Chauncey Nye and a small party were traveling West from Central Oregon, seeking a route to the Rogue river, when they came suddenly upon a lake, set in the deep crater of an enormous volcano. They were astonished beyond measure, to find such a body of water under such conditions and after viewing it for a time named it Deep Blue Lake. This was during the civil war and was also forgotten. In 1865 soldiers of Fort Klamath, East of the mountains, cut a road through the forest and over the range to Jacksonville for the transportation of supplies. Two men were detailed to hunt and were so engaged when they came unexpectedly upon a marvelous lake, high up

in the mountains, which was immediately reported to Captain Sprague, in command, who visited it with a party and it was named by Sergeant E. O. Stearns, Lake Majesty. So Crater Lake was honestly discovered three times. Soon after the road was finished over the mountains, a small party under David Linn left Jacksonville to visit the recently discovered Lake Majesty and while there called it Crater Lake, because of its being located in the crater of a great volcano.

In 1870 I was a farmer's lad in Southeastern Kansas, where schools were few and far between. There were none near at hand, so I walked five miles to what was then called the Oswego College carrying my lunch wrapped in a newspaper. One day after devouring my lunch the paper was dropped to the floor. After a while it was picked up and the short articles read, one of which described a wonderful lake that had been recently discovered in Oregon. It was 15 miles in diameter, surrounded on all sides by perpendicular walls, 5,000 feet high. In the center was an island 1,500 feet high, with an extinct crater in the top 800 feet deep. This article took a great hold upon me. So great that I determined then and there to go to Oregon, to descend to the water, to climb the island and to take my lunch in the crater. Two years later I went to Oregon with my parents and immediately began seeking the sunken lake. For nine years this search was continued, before I found anybody who had ever heard of it. Then I met Chandler B. Watson, now of Ashland, who had actually been there and told me it was called Crater Lake. There were no railroads and it was not until 1885 that I was successful in getting there. To me the first view was overwhelming. As I looked about there were no claims of any sort on any of the land, every inch of which belonged to the general government. A deep sense of personal responsibility overcame me and I determined to save it for

future generations. How, I did not know, but the idea of a national park appealed to me, and little by little ideas came in sequence and as the work progressed the problem was solved and plans seemed to develop themselves, but I felt throughout that a great task lay before men. A petition to the president was prepared, asking that ten townships be withdrawn from the market, until legislation could be secured for a national park. President Cleveland granted the petition by issuing a proclamation withdrawing the land, and soon thereafter Senator Dolph introduced a bill in the senate to create Crater Lake National Park. February 2, 1888, the senator wrote to me that it was utterly useless to try to secure favorable legislation, as the opposition was overwhelming and suggested that the lands be given Oregon for a state park. I objected and told him if such a bill was introduced I would come to Washington and exert myself to the utmost to defeat it, which had the effect of the senator dropping the entire matter. For 17 years I persisted and finally a bill passed both houses and on May 22, 1902, President Roosevelt approved it and Crater Lake National Park was really on the map.

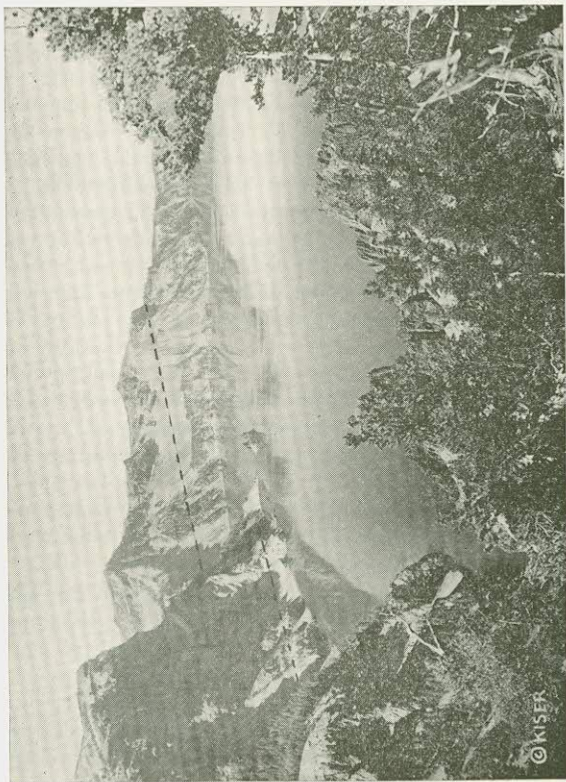
Immediately after returning to Portland from my first trip, I took up the matter of having an investigation and survey of the lake and its surroundings by the U. S. Geological Survey, in which I was successful. Early the following season a party of 35 men and 65 horses and mules gathered at Ashland and organized for the work. I was appointed to prepare boats and equipment for sounding and to have charge of that work. Three boats were built at Portland, shipped to Ashland on a flat car, then the running gear of a wagon was utilized and a framework constructed upon it to hold the largest one in a strong canvas swing, in which it was hauled to the lake. This boat was the finest model I ever saw, was 26 feet long, five and one-half feet

beam, with sheer suitable for heavy seas. I named it Cleetwood, meaning Golden Arrow. The other two were merely skiffs.

We left Ashland, Wednesday, July 7, 1886, and on the following Wednesday reached the rim of the lake, without accident or a scratch on the boats by the way. Thursday morning preparations were begun for launching them over the cliffs to the water 1,000 feet below. A framework of heavy timbers was made, on which the Cleetwood was placed, upside down and rigidly secured in every way possible. By Friday evening the preparations were complete and the Cleetwood's nose hung over a snow bank at the head of a canyon. A heavy cable was passed around a convenient tree and a man designated to play it out as needed. Saturday morning I stood on the snow bank with a watch in my hand and every man in his place. At exactly 8 o'clock, I gave the word and all jumped to their positions and the serious work of launching was under way. For eight hours, without stopping to eat or otherwise, 16 men labored with every nerve strained in an earnest desire to do his best, then we found ourselves at the foot of the canyon, with the Cleetwood's nose projecting over an embankment ten feet high, directly over the water, and not a foot of cable to be had. The oars were secured in the boat, a man sat in the stern bracing himself as best he could. With a single stroke the cable was cut, the boat shot forward and down and the man gathered himself up in the bow with blood upon his face and bruised all over, but the happiest man in Oregon, for, had he not driven the mules that drew the Cleetwood 100 miles into the mountains and finished the trip on the water? He was the only man who ever went from Ashland to Crater Lake by boat. The launching was complete and not a scratch had been placed upon the Cleetwood.

Our party was in command of Captain Clarence E. Dutton, of the Geological Survey, and Captain George W. Davis was in command of the soldiers, every one of whom had served an enlistment in the navy, so was an expert in all that pertained to boats. Saturday evening, the soldiers came to my tent and asked my permission to make an unofficial sounding, to which I agreed and went with them. We had heard a report that some one tried to sound the lake with a 600 foot line and found no bottom, but no one believed it, so it became a standing joke in camp and a subject of constant ridicule. We immediately climbed down to the water, pulled out a few rods and cast the lead, watching the line with intense interest as it passed over the pulley. The 600 foot mark was passed and still the lead went down. Seven hundred, 800, 900. Something was wrong and the machine was stopped, but, no, it was all right and the lead was again sent on its way. One thousand, 1,100, 1,200 and, at 1,210 feet it stopped. Instantly our pent up feelings gave way and an unearthly yell arose, that is said to have been heard in Portland, 300 miles distant. Those on the rim were alarmed and scrambled down to see who was killed. It was late in the evening when we regained the rim, but Captain Dutton dispatched a messenger to Fort Klamath to telegraph to the world that we had found 1,210 feet of water near shore.

Next day, Sunday, we circled the lake, being the first time by human beings, and were overcome with emotion, to witness 20 miles of unbroken scenery, the grandest on earth of equal length. Monday morning the actual work of sounding was commenced and recorded by two parties of engineers, conveniently placed on shore. The deepest sounding was 1,996 feet, although a critical examination of the line by Captain Davis convinced him the actual depth was 2,008 feet. However, the official figures remain as 1,996 feet.



APPELATE PEAK AND PROPOSED ROAD TO KERR NOTCH

While camped at the lake the Charleston earthquake occurred and soon thereafter Captain Dutton received orders from Washington, to proceed to Charleston immediately on completing his work in Oregon, and to make a scientific study of the earthquake. Thereafter we called him Superintendent of Earthquakes. At the camp fire one evening I asked him what caused earthquakes. "Do you really want to know?" "Certainly," I replied. "Well, I will tell you. Go down to Phoenix where you will find an old fashioned village store, in which is located a large heating stove in the midst of a framework, within which is piled saw dust. In this saw dust you will find an abundance of tobacco juice, now and then a cigar stub and a few other odds and ends. About this stove you will find half a dozen men smoking corn cob pipes, chewing tobacco and discussing questions of the ages, settling complicated matters of science, finance, statesmanship, religion, etc. Ask any one of them and he will tell you, right off the bat, but as for me, I do not know."

In 1909 I went before congress for an appropriation, with which to make a preliminary survey of a system of roads within the park and was successful, so that the work was done during the seasons of 1910-11. I then went to Washington and spent the following Winter, working for an appropriation with which to build the roads. In August, 1912, an appropriation of \$50,000 was secured, but too late for that season's work. The following year we received \$75,000, making \$125,000 then available. In 1913 the work of construction was commenced and continued from year to year until the system was finished, at a cost of over \$400,00. Roads were built from the East, West and South entrances to the lake, to connect with what is called the rim road, encircling it, being 35 miles long. This rim road is unique, affording a wonderful view of the lake and also of the

Cascade range to the North and South, and of Central and Western Oregon.

In 1910 I was successful in interesting Mr. Alfred L. Parkhurst, of Portland, in the construction of a hotel and other necessary improvements, as well as placing row boats and gasoline launches on the lake. The hotel is built of stone and stands directly on the rim, overlooking the lake, 1,000 feet below. Mr. Parkhurst spent over \$80,000 in this work. Near the hotel a public camp ground has been established, with an abundance of water, and a community house has recently been constructed for campers. These necessary improvements have resulted in an increase of visitors from 20,135 in 1920, to 64,312 in 1924.

Congress has agreed to appropriate \$7,500,000 for roads within the national parks, of which Crater Lake will get a portion and it is hoped it will be expended judiciously and to the best possible advantage. When roads within the park were constructed, many sharp curves and heavy grades were permitted that were wholly unnecessary. As an instance will say, the road from hotel to the Easterly side of the park, a distance of 13 miles to Kerr Notch, has numerous bad curves and two long, heavy grades. This road passes through forest, out of sight of the lake, in an uninteresting region and has no attractive features for strangers, except one outlook, which is attainable elsewhere. No money should be spent in improving it, for the reason that it is only a matter of time when a road will be built inside the rim, from the hotel to the base of Kerr Notch, on a four per cent grade, a distance of four miles instead of 13 as of the old road. A tunnel should then be bored from the water to the rim road on a grade of five or six per cent and the debris used to fill in along the shore line, for parking, turning, boat houses, or other conveniences. At present less than 20 per

cent of visitors climb down to the water, but with such a road the sick, the weak and the halt will go, then take boats over the lake in a daze of bewildering sensations, as they view the surroundings.

This is not all. There is probably not a spot on earth of equal size, that will thrill visitors equal to this. Long after the season opens, the rim road is closed, for the reason that back of The Watchman great drifts of snow remain, 40 or 50 feet deep, whereas, if the road over that mountain was abandoned and a new one constructed directly in front of it, it would be possible to open the rim road with the beginning of the season, to say nothing of the thrill of passing directly above the lake 1,500 feet, and yet with absolute safety, behind stone walls.

From the top of Lloa Rock a remarkable picture is spread before one, covering the Cascade range, North and South, and all of Southern Oregon, with the lake in the foreground, nearly 2,000 feet below. Such scenes dazzle the imagination and cast a spell over the beholder that will follow him through life, and yet this road is a simple undertaking.

However, the crowning glory of the park will consist of an automobile road to the top of Mount Scott, 9,000 feet high, from which one beholds Central Oregon, from the Columbia river region far down into California and from the Blue mountains to the Pacific ocean. Walls will encircle the summit, where 200 cars or more can park with perfect safety and the occupants enjoy the entrancing thrills of mountain climbers without their hardships and dangers.

Then will come a road inside the rim, near the water, crossing to Wizard Island and up to its crater and circling it. There inspired thoughts of reverence for the God of Abraham will sing His praises and depart in peace, evermore also singing the praises of this wonderful lake and its environs.



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