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Oct 2
LET'S GO FISHING
By
Irene Finley
Photos by Wm. L. Finley

Two motor boats piled high with camp duffle of all kinds putted across Paulina Lake, one of the two deep blue bodies of water in the Newberry Crater, inclosed by the Deschutes National Forest. Lodge-pole pines came down from steep hillsides almost to the shore. No glimpses of white tents or other human habitations were to be seen. No sound was to be heard but the lapping of the disturbed water against the boats. Rather a lonely place, thought the women of the party as they looked up into the deep shadows of the woods.

"All hands out and get to work," came the call. "All hands out and get to work," the echo returned faintly across the water. The spell was broken. Peals of laughter and bantering jibes resounded as some one loaded with bundles slipped off the stones into the shallow muddy shore.

Like a chain-gang of workers, the nine people trudged back and forth from the boats, toting up camp provisions for a three weeks' stay. Soon there was noise enough, the crackling of dead limbs and debris being carried away, the sound of hammers as a platform for a main tent grew, the "Heave-ho" as tent poles were hoisted. At the end of the day as one looked again from the shore where the boats lay rocking, lights glimmered warmly from a big tent with its fly in front and four little tents snuggled in the edge of the woods.

In the morning, the real purpose of the camp in this isolated spot was apparent. In front of the tent of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Jewett of the Biological Survey, a small table with stools and taxidermist's and collector's tools were in evidence. Down on the lakeshore below the camp, two improvised "blinds", looking like innocent masses of wind-blown drift of bleached logs, green limbs and what-not interwoven, concealed a battery of cameras with hidden eyes searching for wild game of any kind that came within range. Two Bills, Smith and Finley, ran these shooting booths. Further along on the shore could be seen zinc tanks, ominous cyanide jars, and a fluffy butterfly-net lying in wait for both land and water victims. Pat and Bud Smith, high school biology students, operated these laboratories, but when a big mass of oozy lake moss, literally alive with minute water animals, was hauled up on shore, everybody--picture hunters, bird hunters, and bug hunters took a hand as well as cooks and dish-washers--to keep the specimens from hopping or crawling away before they could be given a dose of twilight-sleep and induced to behave under the microscope.

"Come and get it or we'll throw it away," sings the jolly spouse of Bill Smith. Incidentally, the senior Smiths were the chefs de luxe and hosts of the camp, although everybody took his turn at d.w. (dish washing), p.p. (potato peeling), p.f. (pancake flipper), and c.u. (cleaning up).

"What's the idea of this buggy business anyway," continues Ma Smith. "Can't you ever be on time to meals? What difference is it to you whether the fish in this lake live on stone flies, May flies, or robber flies if you can fool them with any old synthetic fly?"

Four o'clock and everybody ready to quit researching.

"Let's relax and go fishing," complains the romping one of the twin Bill photographers. "A nickel in the pot from every one of you for the first one who snags a fish."

"You can take the pot, but I want the first big fish to pickle and send to the University of Michigan for examination," speaks up the greedy collector.

"Well, I guess not!" roars a chorus. "That fish and some more are going to be pickled a lot nearer home--and not in alcohol."

The boats float slowly up and down a little off shore. With a twist of the wrist, the lines sing sweetly through the air. One hour, two hours, and not a bite. Calls from passing anglers.

"Did you get any? We got some big ones."

"Oh, sure," goes back the answer. "Just landed a twenty-six incher."

On again out of hearing.

"Say, did that boob give me the laugh?" scowls Bill Smith. We're going to catch a twenty-six incher! Come on. Strike straight for the black slide.

The light changes slowly. Sunset clouds begin to pile up above the jagged rim. The minutes go by as they deepen to salmon-pink, then to a rosy-red, then to crimson--almost angry.

"It's funny. We ought to get something here," says a voice. "I'm swinging fifty feet of line. We're working over a bank that drops off to nobody knows how deep. This lake is said to be bottomless, you know."

Silence again. The wind begins to come up, ruffling the surface. The boats, moving slowly, roll a little against the trough. More coats are put on. The clouds have deepened to mauve and indigo. In the background, Paulina Peak is etched high against a fading sky.

"I wonder if there were any fish originally in this closed crater, or if they were all introduced," muses the naturalist in a half tone. "There are both rainbows and eastern brooks here now, which may both have come from stocking."

"It's reported that the State Game Commission also put Loch Leven or brown trout in here," comes the voice of Bill Smith. "If it's true, it was a big mistake to import such a foreigner into this fin, cold lake suited for native rainbows. Might just as well have stocked it with Dolly Vardens, which everybody knows are cannibals. But the Dollys are prohibited by state law."

breed
fresh
"It's a dandy lake for rainbows and these great masses of plant life in its depths breed immense quantities of insects that the fish gorge on. There's the so-called little fresh water shrimp here, too, in great quantities. No wonder the pikers won't bite at a bunch of feathers," grumbles Stanley.

"You know what Tam McArthur says about this lake in his 'Oregon Geographic Names,' don't you?" he continues, flicking his line absently. "He says nature narrowly missed giving Oregon two Crater Lakes almost equal in size and blueness, but in trying to copy a masterpiece, she missed out a little on this one. This Newberry Crater hung up 6500 feet in the Paulina Mountains, was originally one crater with one big lake. There was a later volcanic shake-up that messed things up and made two lakes, this one and Eastlake, which is bottled up tight with no inlet and no outlet. Paulina outlets over there at Reid's Lodge on the west side and tumbles down a fine falls."

"We've only got another half hour," breaks in Bill Smith, peering at the last rays of sunset. "The law says one hour beyond sunset, but it comes earlier here than down in the valley. The warden may be around somewhere."

Stanley's hunched figure comes to life as his cast line starts on a trip.

"It can't be a strike, can it?" he whispers excitedly.
"Oh, I think it got away."

Suddenly the pole starts for the bottom. His line begins to wind up. Everybody talks at once. Another line starts away, and more excitement.

"Who got the first fish," asks Bill Finley.

"I landed mine first," pops up a feminine voice.

"No you didn't! I'm keeping the pot," says Stanley with finality.

twice -

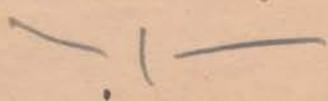
"Our half hour is up, and we've got just six moderate sized fish," says Bill Smith dully, sending his line into the twilight for the last time. The line swung wide and started for shore. Taken unaware, Bill twisted to keep the pole from straining too much, or going overboard himself. He stood tense. More line went out fast. Then he began to reel in. The pole moved, its back bowed in a semi-circle, almost around the boat, now here, now there, now up, now down deep, then away again. The angler kept his head and let the fish have his way. A lull. Away out on the surface a silver form seemed to float, turning a little as if to size up the boat--or the man. Bang! Down he went. The battle was on again.

Ten minutes later. Bill still standing, his face as smiling as a full moon.

"My, you darling! My twenty-six incher!"

"How much will you take for him, Bill?" begs Stanley.

"The University of Michigan needs that very fish, you know."



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"It's funny. We ought to get something here," says a voice. "I'm swinging fifty feet of line. We're working over a bank that drops off to nobody knows how deep. This lake is over two hundred and fifty feet deep, you know."

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"We've only got another half hour," breaks in Bill Smith, peering at the last rays of the sunset. "The law says one hour beyond sunset, but it comes earlier here than down in the valley. You can't violate the game law. The warden will get you."

Stanley's hunched figure comes to life as his cast line starts on a trip across the water.

"It can't be a strike, can it? he whispers excitedly. "Oh, I think it got away."

Suddenly his pole takes a turn toward the bottom. He reaches out after his line and grabs it half way up the pole, yanking it in. By the expression on his face, I expected to see him walk out of the boat onto the water. Everybody talks at once. Another line starts away, and more excitement.

"Who got the first fish?" asks Bill Finley.

"I landed mine first," pipes up a feminine voice.

"No you didn't! I'm keeping the pot," says Stanley with finality.

"Our half hour is up and we've got just six medium sized

fish," says Bill Smith dully, sending his line out into the twilight for the last time. The line swung wide and started for shore. Taken unaware, Bill twisted to keep the pole from straining too much, or going overboard himself. He stood tense. More line went out fast. Then he began to reel in. The pole moved, its back bowed in a semi-circle, almost around the boat, now here, now there, now up, now down deep, then away again. The angler kept his head and let the fish have his way. A lull. Away out on the surface a silver form seemed to float, turning a little as if to size up the boat- or the man. Bang! Down he goes. The battle is on again.

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