

CRATER LAKE TROUT—By Zane Grey

A Day's Fishing for Rainbows Was a Test of Nerves and Muscle

IT WAS along toward the end of June, 1919, when we left the little mountain resort of Prospect, Oregon, and headed for Crater Lake. The weather was hot, which fact made us welcome the dense shade of the magnificent forest. To me traveling by auto is not so attractive as other means. You go so fast you cannot see anything distinctly, let alone remember it. And dust raised by a car is somehow different from dust raised by a horse. Oregon is too beautiful to travel through swiftly and in discomfort.

The road gradually climbed for thirty miles or more until we got out of the thick timber. At the entrance of Crater Lake National Park we were informed that the road up to the lake was not yet open. We could ride a few more miles, until we came to the snow, and then we would have to walk. As it was already afternoon we decided to spend the night at the camp there and in the morning get an early start for the lake.

The place was interesting enough, aside from the scenery, which was superb. A number of people, tourists and otherwise, appeared to be going to and fro. They all talked much about what they called the excellent rainbow-trout fishing in Crater Lake. But I did not see any fish and no one I spoke to had gotten any more than a look at the lake. I did meet an old fellow, a road mender, who labored under a good deal of excitement owing to the fact that a huge grizzly bear had interfered with his labors and—but this is a fish story. We slept that night in tents, and I could also tell an interesting number of details about the Oregon wind and the cold and strange animal prowlers.

Up the Steep, Ice-Covered Trail

Next morning was bright, keen as a whip and nipping cold. A breath of the mountain air was exhilarating. We rode out a couple of miles, through a parklike, sparsely timbered country, until the snowdrifts blocked further progress. A number of workmen were cutting a road through deep snow as hard packed as ice. They told us to follow the trail up to the summit.

That walk, or rather climb, was pleasant despite its difficulties. Giant brown-barked fir trees stood majestically out of the snowdrifts, and their soft green foliage shone beautifully against the background of white. The fragrance of these great

Oregon pines was cold and sweet. Mrs. Grey and I rather lagged behind my brother and the rest of our party. The altitude was hard on my wife, not to mention the steep parts of the icy trail. We rested a good many times and profited by that in our enjoyment of the white and green forest and the occasional glimpse through the timber out over the wild range. Toward the summit, where the ascent grew steeper, we were hard put to it to make headway. Mrs. Grey is wonderfully mathematical and she said often, between panting breaths: "If we—slip back—two steps—for almost—every step up—when shall we—get there?"

Finally we reached level ground from which the snow had melted. Evidently there was a considerable strip of this ground between where we stood and the rim of the crater. I could not see the lake. To our right a jagged range of snowy rock rose high and appeared to circle away toward the north. To our left bare ground and green grass led up to a stone house which was evidently a hotel.

Crossing this strip, we soon stood upon the rim of the crater, with Crater Lake far beneath us.

I expected something remarkable, but was not prepared for a scene of such wonder and beauty. Crater Lake is a large body of water set down deep in the pit of an extinct volcano. It seemed a blue gulf. Nowhere else had I ever seen such a shade of blue. This color was not azure blue or sea blue. How exquisite, rare, unreal! After a moment I seemed to think that it resembled the blue of heaven seen from the peak of a high mountain. This rare blue is not of the earth. Crater Lake had more similarity to an amethyst than any jewel I knew. An amethyst in which tints of lavender and heliotrope were dominated by blue! The color, then, of this lake was its most striking feature.

The shores were precipitous, in some places sheer bold bluffs of red rock, in others steep slopes of ash-colored talus, with patches of snow everywhere. Prominent in the foreground was a cone-shaped island, evidently cinders or lava, and it was quite abundantly timbered with fir or pine. The slope at my feet looked almost like the Grand Cañon in winter, so snowy and steep was it. I could see a trail over the snow slanting away to the right and going down under the rim. It did not look inviting, but it showed that some persons had dared to venture down into the crater at this season.

While the others of my party gazed spellbound, I broke away from the scene and went in search of information. The hotel was not open. I found a couple of campers, busy at their meal, but they could not speak English and I could not speak the language manifestly theirs, so I could not learn anything from them. I met a workman who gave me but scant notice. At length I ran into a fellow who said he was employed there and he concluded his reply to my query by asking me what I wanted. I guess I did look rather disreputable. At least I had on very old and very rough clothes and could not have been mistaken for a tourist. My brother was carrying my fishing tackle.

The Fishing Was a Total Surprise and Disappointment

"I want to fish," I replied. "Too early," replied the man.

"Why? Won't the trout bite?"

"Yes, they'll bite all right. Some of the boys have been down an' caught messes. Big ones too. But the trail ain't open."

"I saw a trail going down over the snow. Is that where they went down?"

"Yes. But it ain't no boulevard."

"Will the trout rise to a fly?" I went on, nothing daunted by his disparaging tone.

"No. Only spinners, an' they gotta be big."

"Any boats down there?"

"No. They was all smashed by snow-slides."

"Much obliged," I concluded, and turned away.

"Say, I reckon if you start down you'll get down quicker'n you'll climb up," was the departing sally of my informant.

What an asinine speech, I thought! I pondered a little. Usually I am wary of these dry natives of a place. But where fish are concerned I am not much given to reflection. In this case, if I had not been so thrillingly eager to fish in that beautiful blue lake, I might have spared myself considerable perturbation. Instead, however, I went at once in search of R. C. and began to elaborate on the size and number of rainbow trout in Crater Lake. My wife interrupted my eloquence.

"But, my dear, you wouldn't think of going down here—down this awful steep slope—over the ice!" she remonstrated.

"Sure. It'll be exciting. Something new—climbing down over the ice to catch trout!" I declared.

"Zane, permit me to correct you," remarked R. C. ironically, as with keen dark eye he surveyed the long slant of crusted snow. "You mean sliding down. But not for me! Do you take me for a Swiss ski runner?"

The old story! From time out of mind—from earliest boyhood I have had to persuade or coax or bribe or force my brother, R. C., to go with me upon venturesome quests. I am generous. I always want to share my adventures. And R. C. has had most wonderful adventures

that he never would have dreamed of but for me. Yet always when there is a new one, R. C., instead of being more and more eager to go, grows harder and harder to persuade. In this case, after I had about exhausted myself, the issue

seemed lost. But suddenly I had an inspiration. I turned to my wife.

"I don't like to go down alone. For I'm not so careful when I'm by myself. You know R. C. is slow and sure on bad trails."

I might have said more, but it was not needed. My brother did not wait to hear the importunities of the ladies. "Aw, come on!" he exclaimed in scornful resignation. "Here goes. Stunt number 1673! You go first. If you start to slide and I don't see you anymore I'll come back."

I meant to be funny and so did he, but somehow it really was not funny. Rather soberly I took up my tackle and knapsack and started down over the little stretch of bare ground to where the trail began on the snow. This trail was merely the boot tracks of men, made when the snow was soft. At this hour of the morning, before

the sun had risen high enough to strike over the rim, the snow was as solid and slippery as ice. In fact, a dozen steps from the edge it was ice, and it had the pale green color of glacial ice. The trail led away to the right, gradually descending under the rim, but it was not yet steep or difficult. At least it did not seem to be the latter. I kept my eyes upon my feet and the next place to step, so did not see anything else. I heard R. C. close behind me.

We must have come down a hundred yards before either of us spoke.

A Perilous Situation

"We'd better go back before we get in bad," said R. C. sharply.

"I admit—it's a little ticklish," I replied, "but let's stick to it."

"Stick on!" declared my brother grimly.

We continued down fifty yards or more. If anything, the trail became a little steeper. Surely the boot tracks grew farther apart and shallower and icier. I found myself stepping with less confidence. I did not slip, but I feared I would. My knapsack encumbered my shoulders. As I bent down it flopped round, bothering me. I carried my tackle in my left

hand and used my right to hold on to the snow crust. Its surface was hard and smooth. It gave me a feeling of security that really was false. I kept on. The going grew worse. I could not risk walking slowly, so I went fast. Then I came to a bad place. All ice and not level! I passed it, reached a jump-off or break of several feet in the slope, where I had

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limited supply of farm products to use them in the most efficient manner? Isn't that what we shall eventually be forced to do?"

"I see," I said, "what you have in mind. You would first manufacture all the cereals into human food and then feed the residues to animals."

"That is it exactly," he exclaimed. "When it comes to transforming the cereal grains into human food animals are very inefficient. So much is required by the animal for bodily maintenance that only a small portion of the food it eats can be turned into meat or milk. In order to obtain the greatest efficiency from wheat or corn or, in fact, any of the cereals, we should first take out all the material fit for human consumption direct and then feed the remainder."

Another prominent man in the trade approached the subject from a somewhat different angle. He also spoke of the eighty-five per cent of the corn crop that is fed on the farms where grown. "Most of it," he declared, "does not yield proper returns because it is not combined in a properly balanced ration. Men have gone broke trying to grow hogs on corn alone. Corn is our most valuable cereal, but to obtain best results it must be combined with other ingredients like tankage, cottonseed meal and feeds high in protein. When the Government fixed the price of pork it was based on thirteen bushels for one hundred pounds of pork, or about seven and a quarter pounds of corn to a pound of meat. That is altogether too extravagant. Experiment-station investigators all over the country are producing pork on from three to three and a half pounds of properly balanced rations a pound. In some of our feeding tests with young hogs that were in the best physical condition we have produced a pound of pork on less than three pounds of feed."

"All the colleges of agriculture and experiment stations over the world are helping the mixed-feed industry. They are doing it unconsciously in most cases, but they are doing it. Some are even openly antagonistic to us, nevertheless they are in reality our strongest supporters."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"Simply by showing the value of the perfectly balanced ration," he instantly replied. "We are doing the same thing, and both of us, the mixed-feed people and the colleges, are conducting a wonderful educational campaign. It is having its effects too. All the mixed-feed

manufacturers have to do to succeed is to give full value in our product, eliminate the rascals and the cheap skates and sell true to name."

In gathering the materials for these articles I traveled several thousand miles and talked with many men connected in various capacities with the mixed-feed industry. I found them all amazingly well informed on everything pertaining to the subject of feeds, methods of feeding and food values. They could tell me offhand the quantity of digestible nutrients in every cereal and in every by-product on the market. I do not know what their practice may be in all instances, but I can testify that they have devoted long and patient study to the subject of properly balanced rations and animal nutrition.

They seem to have a keen sense of their responsibilities in advising their customers what methods to pursue and they have a keener appreciation of the food situation the world over than any other class of men I have met. They realize that if the world is to be well fed in the years to come the task can only be accomplished by scientific conservation of all food supplies.

TABLE SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL BY-PRODUCT FEEDS TOGETHER WITH THE ANNUAL PRODUCTION IN TONS

	TONS
Wheat bran	3,500,000
Wheat shorts	1,000,000
Wheat middlings	1,000,000
Grain screenings, Canada	100,000
Grain screenings	300,000
Gluten feeds	300,000
Hominy feeds	300,000
Brewers' grains	300,000
Distillers' grains	300,000
Malt sprouts	300,000
Buckwheat bran and middlings	300,000
Rye bran and middlings	300,000
Rice bran and rice polish	300,000
Oat hulls and by-products	1,000,000
Cottonseed meal	2,157,000
Linseed-oil cake	500,000
Peanut meal	50,000
Coconut meal	60,000
Corn-germ meal	45,000
Soy-bean meal	45,000
Palm-kernel meal	45,000
Cane molasses	825,000
Beet molasses	100,000
Tankage, meat scrap, dried blood	500,000
Fish meal	50,000
Beet pulp	10,000
Dried buttermilk	10,000
Cottonseed hulls	1,000,000

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Rose. The next will appear in an early issue.

Crater Lake Trout

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secure footing. Here I paused to rest. I was panting and sweating. My hand shook a little. This was more than exciting.

"We ought to have brought a couple of sharp sticks," I said.

"Yes," replied R. C. His voice was queer. I looked ahead and suddenly was amazed and frightened. We were now down upon the wide, white, steep slope. The trail was merely tracks of ice, very narrow, and it slanted. To the left of the trail the slope was so steep that it looked almost straight down. I realized instantly then that a misstep on that trail, a slip, meant catastrophe. My enthusiasm died a violent death.

"Red, we'd better go back," I said quickly.

"I can't—turn," he replied, and his voice was not steady.

I wheeled to see him on that icy, dangerous place. His usual ruddy color was gone. It flashed over me that all in a moment, seemingly, we had gotten into a perilous situation.

"Come on—come quick and sure," I called. It was the only thing to be done. Another moment of hesitation might have been fatal. Down ahead of me about forty or fifty feet was a bush standing out of the snow. It looked strong. It stood near the trail. Alert and tense, with swift steps I went down, made a lunge for the bush and caught it. When I looked back R. C. had reached the safe foothold I had vacated.

"Now what?" he queried. "We can't go back now. When the sun softens this snow it'll be easy getting up. But that'll be hours. We can't stick here. We have to go on."

I had been studying the lay of the trail beyond my position. There was still a little hazardous place to descend. But this did not frighten me as did the fifty feet between where I held on and R. C. stood.

"Reddy, it's easy from where I am," I said. "Just a few steps, and see, if I did slip I'd slide down to that line of brush."

"Yes, I see," he replied. "You're about out of the woods. But I don't like this —"

He abruptly broke off, closing his lips tight. I could see his jaw bulge. Instantly he had recognized the need of action. He saw the place—realized the danger—and knew that what he must do would be the better for instant action. This is what men learn in the open. I think it was a great deal harder for me than for him.

As he started with swift light steps my hair stood up stiff and I shook all over. I held to the bush with one hand and with the other extended my tackle toward him as far as I could reach. He did not slip once. When he grasped my rod, then my hand, and at last the bush, it surely was none too soon for me.

It took me a moment to get my nerve back. Then I faced down the trail again. When I had passed that part of the trail still hazardous I drew a deep breath of relief. Next I slipped on a place that was not bad at all, made a frantic effort to recover my balance, fell and slid like a flash down a dozen yards into the line of brush at the edge of the snow. Here at least I was safe. R. C. came on down without mishap. (Continued on Page 52)

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"Some place—that!" ejaculated my brother. "I was scared at first. Then I got sore. And what do you think? On that last bad place all I thought of was the time when we were kids, coasting down Maple Hill, and my sled went over the bank, breaking my arm in two places. Do you remember? Funny what a fellow thinks of!"

Yes, it is strange, surpassing strange. I was reminded of more than, and it was that whatever R. C. might lack in enthusiasm at the outset of an adventure, he always made up in nerve when he really was launched upon it. He was cool, logical and had a kind of grim humor.

The last part of our descent led through rocks and brush and bare earth. The avalanche of snow, however, stretched down clear to the water and at the edge of the lake was perhaps three hundred yards wide. We reached a bluff overhanging the lake, from which vantage point we took stock of our possibilities.

We should have to go down across the last of the snow bank to the rock-lined shore. There appeared to be only a limited section of this shore line that we could fish. Precipitous banks confined us to this one short stretch. Wading in that icy water would have been a foolish procedure. The shallow water near the shore was a bright green with a golden or amber tint. The rocks looked gilded. This shelf of rock extended out a few rods to the edge of what seemed a bottomless blue gulf. The jump-off into the pit of the volcano looked straight down, and it must have been the depth of the lake that gave the water its exquisite shade of blue.

"Look!" yelled R. C. in my ear. He pointed down to the right, along the shallow strip of green. There I was thrilled to see a number of very large trout, swimming aimlessly round in less than two feet of water. I counted them, and each one looked larger as I enumerated it.

"Nine! That's a sight worth sliding down the snow to see, hey? Now, I just wonder—will they bite? I'll just about bet they won't."

"Ha! Look who's here!" exclaimed R. C., and he pointed to another bunch of trout coming along the shore from the opposite direction. "Come on!" R. C. strode down the snow bank toward the rock-strewn shore. I should have liked to watch and study those trout for a while, but my brother was going to fish for them. That was too much for me. In a few moments we were down on the bare rocks. Trout were passing to and fro. If I know anything of the nature of trout, these certainly saw us. But they showed absolutely no fear.

Not Interested in Flies

"You try a fly. I'll use a spinner," said R. C. "You go upshore and I'll go down. If you get a bite, yell!"

One of our practices, learned when we first began to fish, was to tell each other in case of a strike or a hooked fish; in fact, anything that occurred in the way of excitement or encouragement.

I rigged my tackle with flies and began to cast here and there over the passing trout, in front and behind them, and all round. They would not rise to any of my casts. Then I changed my flies and tried again, warming to the work and casting to the best of my ability. No good! I cast till I was tired.

Suddenly from down the shore pealed a yell. I looked. R. C. stood on a rock with his rod bent. I saw a wave, a splash. He stepped inshore, pulled his rod round, bent down and came up with a big trout in his hand.

"Punk! No pep! He was a dead one!" yelled my brother.

"How big?" I called.

"Oh, four pounds! Whale of a trout! But he had no more fight than a sucker!"

"Try again," I replied, and sat down to change my flies for a spinner. I selected the largest and gaudiest I had. While I rigged this on I saw R. C. catch another trout, a smaller one, that appeared to be landed in short order. By this time I was curious about these Crater Lake rainbows. They acted and looked rather queer to me.

Fish in Poor Condition

Then I got up to try my hand again. All I succeeded in doing was to scare away the bunch of trout in that particular spot. I moved upshore. More or less all the time trout would be passing up or down, some in close, others far out. As they did not seem to mind me I got over trying to be careful to keep out of sight. I stepped out boldly. And I cast that spinner in nine hundred different ways. No good!

Presently along came a fine big speckled trout in about a foot of water. I made an atrocious cast and in trying to recover the line I pulled the spinner by the trout. He turned to follow it. I had my rod pretty well up and back, and I kept dragging the spinner toward me, more to get it away from the trout than anything else. Well, he followed it almost to the rock I stood on, and the faster the spinner came in the swifter the trout swam. Finally he struck it, not three feet from me. I was hopelessly out of position with the rod way down behind me and a mile of slack line waving round my head. I could not jerk. But the trout turned round with my spinner in his mouth, swam off and hooked himself.

It was ridiculous that this should be thrilling to the point of excitement, but it was so. That trout made two or three little runs and then flopped over on his side and let me lead him to the bank. He never kicked once. It was a rainbow of about three pounds weight, of a singular bluish-bronze color on the back, pale silver underneath, with dark flecks and a bar of rainbow tints down the sides. The fish was in poor condition, almost as flat as a flounder.

I killed it and cut it open, expecting to find evidence of recent spawn. But I could not find any indication of it, nor was there food of any kind in its stomach. Thereupon I packed the fish in the snow bank and went back to casting, more curious than ever.

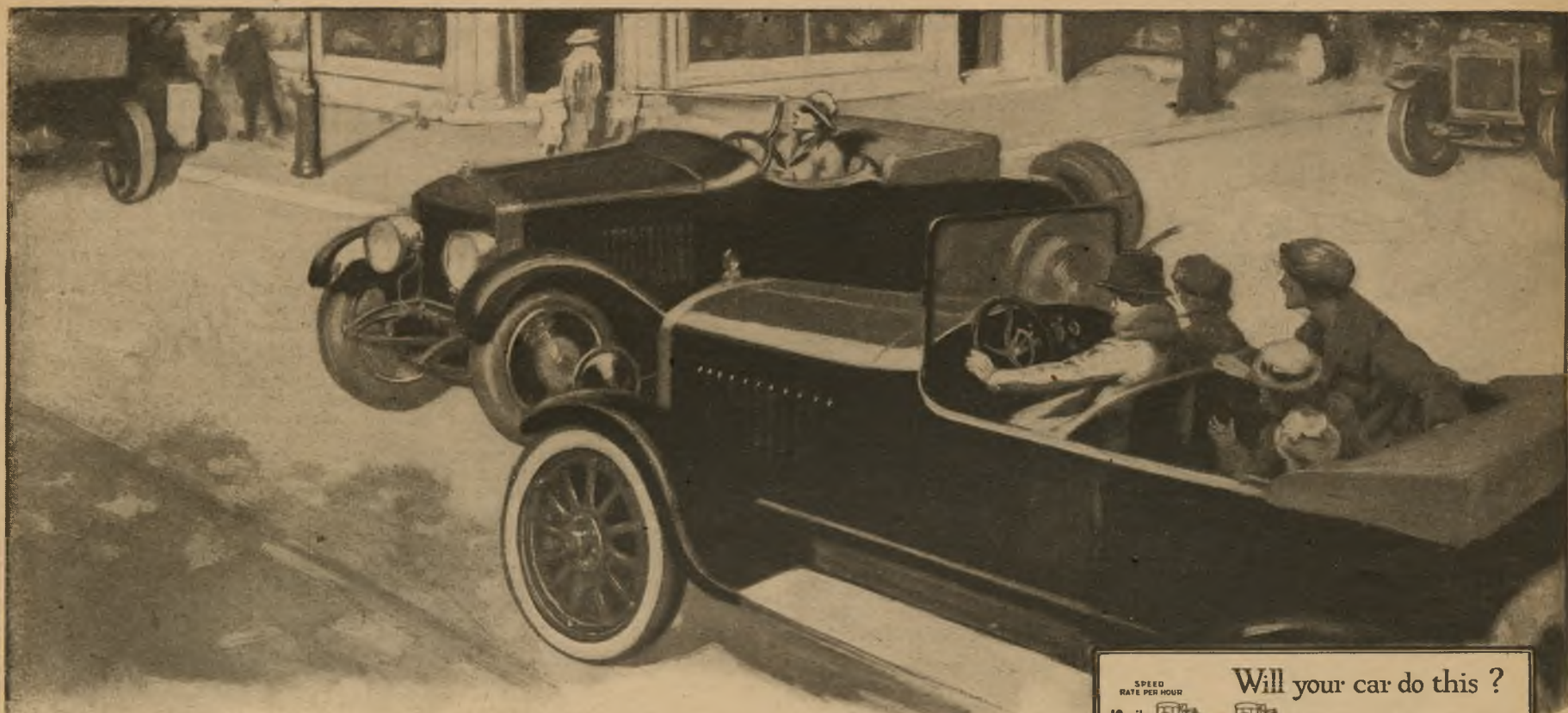
It developed that by accident I had learned a cast which attracted these fish. I could make them follow the spinner and run in to take it. I caught the limit allowed, and of all these trout, one of which weighed five pounds, not one showed any gameness or speed or fight or endurance. I hooked a still larger one that leaped and freed himself, but even so he did not show any of the vicious and pugnacious qualities common to trout. The fishing, then, was a total surprise and disappointment. A novel feature about the adventure was that when I had caught a fish I had only to walk a few steps to pack it in snow as cold as ice. The sun had come out hot, softening the snow, and I enjoyed reaching out for a nice cool snowball whenever I was thirsty.

I dressed all these trout and not in one of them did I find any trace of food. I went along the shore and studied the water and rocks and bottom, but I could not find any sign of life. Not a minnow or little trout or bug or worm or fly! This was in the latter part of June. It did not prove that the rainbow trout were actually

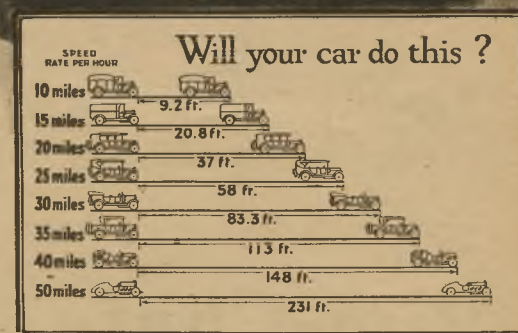
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You Could Fish in the Open; the Trout Showed No Fear



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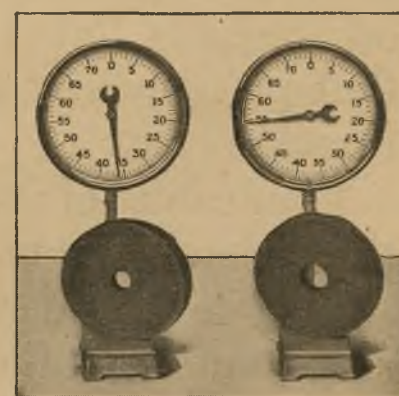
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starving in Crater Lake, but they were in bad condition and I claim it was a result of lack of sufficient nourishment.

Presently R. C. showed up, dragging trout that under normal fishing conditions would have made my eyes bulge. We exchanged views. He had arrived at my conclusions and he added that he did not believe the crater of an extinct volcano was a natural environment for trout.

Climbing out was hard, because it was almost straight up, and we were burdened by the weight of the fish. But we took our time and rested every few steps. I certainly enjoyed the ascent more than the descent. I had leisure to look about me. A breeze had rippled and ruffled the surface of the lake, somehow marvelously transforming the color of the water. Great white clouds sailed in the sky and were reflected in the lake. The wind sang in the fir trees. I did not see a bird or an animal of any species.

When we reached the danger zone, where it was necessary to cross and climb, we found that the softened snow made safe travel. We did not care how laborious it was. We were nearly two hours in climbing out, part of which time, of course, we had rested. On the whole it was an adventure well worth experiencing. The kingdom of adventure is within us. A trip or a fishing jaunt or a climb upon the hills is

successful and happy only as we possess in our hearts the things we go out to seek.

I rested and lingered on the rim of Crater Lake long after the others had started down toward camp. I seemed to wait for something I had not yet gained. Nevertheless the superb panorama of snow-covered peaks, the black-timbered slopes, the westering of the sun behind huge columnar white clouds, and the lake of heavenly blue, deep-set, like a rare gem in bronze—these would leave me rich enough with impressions, even though I did not gain the haunting one I craved.

Then, like magic, it came. The most wonderful and beautiful of Nature's transformations must be watched for patiently. I saw a breeze rippling the waters of the lake. It changed the color; it darkened the blue. I thought a shadow of cloud had fallen. But no, it was just a melting change of color. It seemed that some marvelous medium had dissolved under the gentle breeze and was moving across the lake, merging and mushrooming like smoke, dominating the blue. It seemed too beautiful, too exquisite to be real. It was a nameless tint. It resembled the rare color of the wild lilac of the Oregon forests—a purple lilac. Even as I looked it vanished, like the color of a dream.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is one of a series of articles on fishing by Zane Grey. The next will appear in an early issue.

Diamond Rock

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to the agreed meeting place by Valley Mills. Our man had not yet come, however. Just as I was searching for the spot I heard a noise and went to cover. Who should come marching in a moment later but the biggest bare-shanked Scot I ever saw, dragging a couple of Valley lads along with him! He'd caught them coon hunting. When he went to see their coon I hid the message where our man would find it. Then I got away.

"Good judgment, Wayne, good judgment! A rare thing in such a hot-head!"

"I think, Excellency, our man has undoubtedly come before morning and then worked as directed in my message. The Scot must merely have blundered in upon the hollow. At any rate, I cleared the ground and left the thicket empty."

"It's well chosen and clever enough, no doubt, thanks to your knowledge of your county, but I don't think we shall have to use it as we planned. Our lines will be more to the west." Washington scanned the map, then shoved it across the table toward Wayne: "From White Horse, most probably, as Smallwood suggests, across by Goshen Meeting to somewhere near the Three Tuns, here, I fancy. That is, if we can move before the enemy."

"We must move!"

"This is Saturday. If your command is fit, sir, you shall have the van! By Monday night I plan to be in position between the Turk's Head and the Paoli! That ought to cut them off from their prize! Smallwood speaks very favorably of the lines there. Lee, too, has seen it."

"Then we rest to-day and to-morrow and move on Monday? Good! That'll surprise 'em!"

General Wayne soon rose from the table and took his departure, hurrying over to his own command.

The camp of the Americans presented but a sorry picture to one accustomed to the usual glitter and pomp of war. Some companies were in uniform, others still wore the fringed deerskins of their native woods. Equipment was varied and accouterments conspicuous by their absence. Wounded men lay here and there in little shelters, a mute witness of the recent battle.

Twenty odd miles to the west might be seen a far different picture of an armed camp that Saturday afternoon. By Osbourne Hill rose the orderly lines of a tented bivouac. Everything was in place—guns, caissons, limbers, baggage wagons, commissary stores, each in proper spot and alignment.

As he approached the outposts, Garvey could not conceal his surprise. These same men had fought a difficult marching fight only two days before. The Hessians, too, had suffered severely. To-day they were as if on dress parade. Garvey gave the

password and hurried through the pickets. He had left the hayrick in the Valley at dawn and been walking ever since.

As he traversed the camp he glanced about, noting by their uniforms that the Hessians had already made a juncture with Cornwallis and Howe. Garvey did not at once seek out General Grey, but going to the field where the Black Watch were encamped, he looked about for some sign of the messenger of the previous night. He found him after a little trouble, stretched on the ground, well rolled up in his tartan plaid. A shake or two awoke him and Garvey was quickly reassured. The message had been delivered.

"Now I reckon I'll have to report the nest in the Valley's all broken up. Take me to your officer, will you?"

"Old No-Flint himself? Hoot, mon! Did ye nae ken he's off with Colonel Tarleton, this whole day gone, a-searchin' an' a-spyin' out the land like Joshua and Caleb."

"They told me that at the picket line, before ever I came in. I'll have to tell about the night's work to someone."

The soldier directed Garvey to the officer of the day. Five minutes later Garvey found himself within his tent.

"I guess my owl calls did the trick. Then I lay low in a corn shock. They searched the place and found the camp. I cut away soon as I saw the game was up and here I am, sir."

"That's just the point! What the deuce are you doing here? Your place is behind their lines right now! We got your message all right!"

"I couldn't be sure of that, sir. I didn't know whether anything had happened to the Scotchman or not."

"Well, I fancy it pays to be careful. Still, you'll have to get back at once. Lord Cornwallis plans to break camp as soon as possible and move on Philadelphia in force. We start from here Monday night, as Haverley suggested. What did you see as you went down on the coach yesterday?"

"They were sending their cannon out the highroad in the morning. Along by Merion Meeting I saw it."

"What! Artillery? We had it on good authority that Rebel George had left most of his guns on the way to Chester!"

"He's got it now between you and the town, all right. The coach came nigh to tumbling in the ditch, as one great gun went lumbering by!"

"This is important! Did Haverley know of it?" Garvey nodded. The other continued: "He did, eh? That's why we're to move in force, I suppose? General Grey was in favor of a sudden raid. Tarleton's Dragoons were picked already for the job! Good thing your message got here last night or they would have ridden into a trap, I fancy!"

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