

FISH LAKE FOREST RESERVE

WHERE SCENERY, TROUT and
GAME ABOUND—HERETOFORE
UNEXPLOITED SUMMER RE-
SORT OF SOUTHERN UTAH.

It was not exactly a burning desire on the part of four residents of Salt Lake City to study the forest reserve situation which prompted the invasion a couple of weeks ago of the Fish Lake forest reserve; rather an appetency to escape the trials and tribulations of modern existence, coupled with a soaring thermometer.

The four prospective pilgrims were discussing the great and absorbing question—the summer vacation and ways and means generally. Suddenly the legal luminary, who early in the exodus was dubbed "Torts," conceived an original idea, which fact, in itself, created a profound sensation.

"I have an uncle way down in Wayne county who would be only too pleased to study humanity from the effete metropolis and anyone whom I guarantee will receive a royal welcome." Then followed the disjointed sentences carrying as their refrain new milk by the hoghead, fine fishing, elegant swimming in ice cold lakes, a thousand hills, shooting, broncho busting, mountain climbing, camp fires, sleeping on the lee side of a snow bank, and the hundred and one experiences that all tried and true tenderfoot love to dream about and elaborate upon in rising crescendo.

ARRIVAL IN SEVIER.

After duly convincing employers and helmsmen that all were nervous wrecks from overwork and worry, the quartet eventually landed on the depot platform at Richfield one sweltering afternoon, and, answering the call from the wild, plunged into the wilderness; and, like Dewey on that memorable May day morning, cut off all communication from ultra civilization. During the next 10 days, Salt Lake might vanish in an earthquake for all they knew.

PERSONNEL OF PARTY.

In addition to Torts, the party was made up of three other Salt Lake residents. There was a young bishop, who, since his recent promotion, has cultivated a generous hirsute facial adornment which promptly gained for him the sobriquet of "Esau"; a wane and sad eyed printer who really needed rest and recreation, and a nondescript individual noted for his antipathy to anything in the shape and form of work. There they stood amid their baggage, armed to the teeth with 22 rifles, fishing poles and impedimenta that would scandalize even the officers of the N. G. U., whom rumor had included cold cream, lavender water and perfumed tooth paste in their war footing baggage.

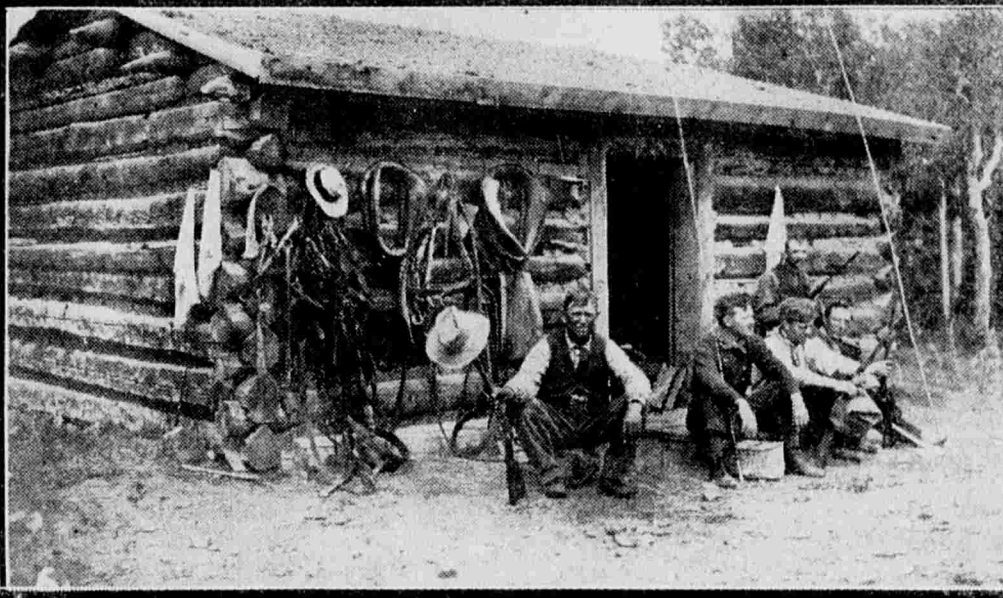
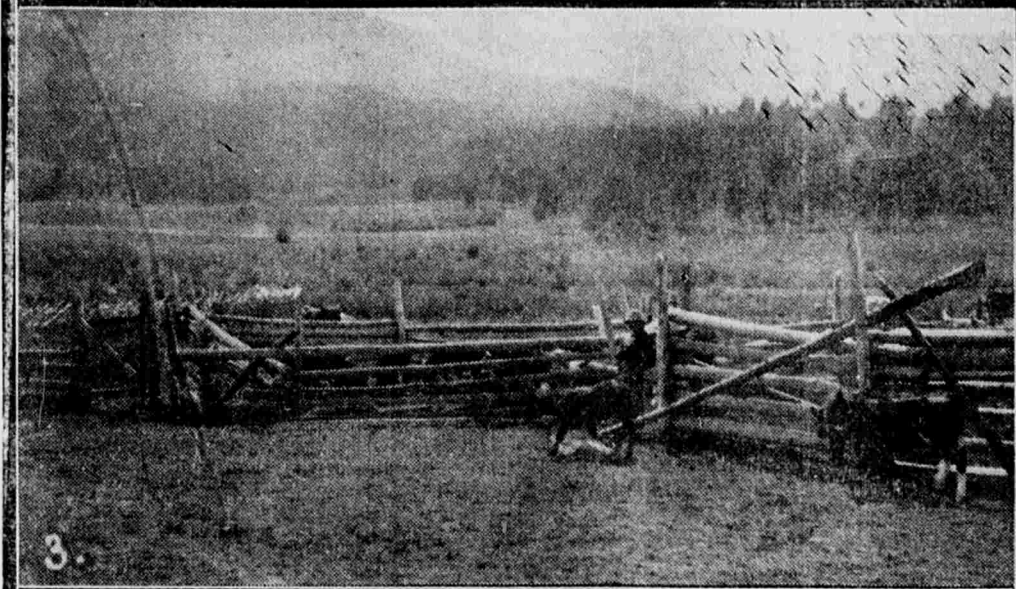
REGARDING BAGGAGE.

To digest: When you contemplate taking a vacation that necessitates the introduction of a team of horses as baggage, it is injudicious to take your entire library, and such things as rocking chairs and a full set of kitchen utensils are strictly taboo, that is, if you have a desire to get your feet in the wagon. "Torts" took along a portion of his law library by way of light literature, and the Bishop set of boxing gloves, which, after all, came in handy as pillows for the ache of the neck. The printer sported a Merry Widow straw hat that cut the bridge of his neighbor's nose every time the wagon hit a boulder or chuck hole, while the Nondescript introduced a pair of feet into the vehicle that made the loading of the wagon properly an impossibility. Of course, they had other baggage—tons of it—but that is enough to demonstrate that superfluities were brought along. It is best to start out on vacation, to list those things one cannot possibly do without, and then take the list and cut it in half, subtract some 30 pounds from what is left, and then there is a possibility of the necessity of chartering a second wagon.

SOME WEIRD ROADS.

Riding in a wagon over Sevier, Wayne and Piute county roads is a grand experience for a man cursed with a torpid liver. This section of Utah is blessed with the finest of paved roads that have Patrick J. Moran's Second Avenue macadam baked off the board when it comes to these roads. It would seem that there was a hot time in this section at the epoch and lava rock predominated. The country ought to have been shaken up a little more to make the lumps settle. On all sides are mere plots of rock and huge mounds of scoria—nature's mastodontic slag in fact.

The scenery is superb and just when



1—First Photograph taken on the summit of Thousand Lake Mountain, Wayne county. Beyond lies a superb Panorama of the multi-colored bad lands of Southern Utah. 2—On the shore of Fish Lake. The party shown is standing knee high in bright wild flowers with which the forest reserve abounds. 3—The only ranch on Fish Lake Forest reserve, which is leased by Mrs. Louise Mathis, a widow, who with her two daughters milks 65 cows morning and night. Mrs. Mathis' log cabin home 8,500 feet above sea level. In this section cow bells are hung around the necks of flocks to scare away the mountain lions. 4—The pilgrims breaking camp at Johnson's ranch, Esau at the bat and Torts catching. 5—Cabin occupied by the forest reserve ranger which was taken possession of by the party despite awful threats over the signature of James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, set forth on a sign nailed to the door, to warn trespassers to keep out of Uncle Sam's property.

one becomes on the verge of entrancement the bow of the wagon cover hits you a vicious swipe across the eyebrow and your thoughts are unprintable. You thought you saw all the primal colors painted with a lavish hand on the multi-hued strata on the mountain side, but you suddenly discovered that there are other colors and stars outside of the prismatic spectrum.

SIMPLY SAGEBRUSH.

For miles the landscape is one successive panorama of mountains, lava rock and artemisia—the common people call the latter sagebrush, but the dictionary says artemisia is the proper word—artemisia, it sounds so "copious."

And the residents of Wayne county are just as big, grand, rugged and altogether lovable as the scenery. The majority of them are built upon the James J. Jeffries model and give one a hearty handshake that paralyzes the arm from finger tips to elbow.

HEALTHY APPETITES.

How those people do eat and enjoy their food, too. To the pale faced pilgrim from the city who is wont to gorge on a bowl of soup and a dish of ice cream for lunch, the spectacle of a healthy average adult toying with a roast of mutton, four eggs, two or three trout, a slab of pie, cheese and cake, and then complaining that the cook was putting him on famine rations, is awe inspiring. However, after a week of open air life in the mountains, the pilgrims sat up and took notice every time the cook passed along

the glad tidings that the "grab box" was to be looted.

The start for the Fish Lake forest reserve was made from Loa, the county seat of Wayne. That the pilgrims should not be devoured by bears and panthers or succumb to amateur cooking, a party of leading citizens accompanied them. There were President G. S. Bastian and his counselors, Joseph Eckersley and John H. Stewart of Wayne stake, Bishop Brown and Counselor Jacob S. Bastian of Loa, and others looked the parade at intervals. They would have brought the Loa stick correct band along if such an organization had been in existence. To hear Joseph Eckersley sing "O Y. Mountains High" as he chopped the wood for the camp fire was something worth coming miles to listen to, and when it came to President Bastian's stories, well, they deserve a page in themselves.

SOME FISH STORIES.

From Thistle south at intervals the party solemnly assured that a trout was a superfluity for the simple reason that in the miniature creeks tributary to Fish Lake 3-pound trout were invariably caught with the hands. All one had to do was to step into the creek and throw them out by the barrel. President Bastian assured the party upon all he held sacred and dear that this was a fact. He went even further and asserted that during the spawning season one could not drive through a creek without killing fish—he had seen as many as 17 crushed by the wheels of the wagon.

The party heard this story so many times from different sources that—but, the one that capped them all was to the effect that a team of horses had refused to enter a small stream owing to the disturbed waters caused by the thousands of big fish wriggling through the shallow water up the creek to spawn.

HAS FINGERS CROSSED.

As the writer has never been at Fish Lake during the spawning season, he is holding his fingers crossed. Be that as it may, fishing does not commence lawfully in Fish Lake, its tributaries and Seven Mile creek until July 20, whereas in other streams of Utah June 14 is the date set for the opening of hostilities.

Residents in Wayne, Sevier and adjacent counties are up in arms against the game laws which they assert originated in the brains of Salt Lake dude sportsmen. No longer can they take a few barrels in a wagon and get all the lake trout they want for salting down for future reference. Not even the old idea of a sick wife who can fancy nothing but fish, goes with the game warden. As one fanned possibility, had in chaps, put it, "I would sooner be found with somebody's stew in my possession than have the game warden catch me with a fish out of season."

SPEEDY CONVERTS.

This pernicious habit of catching fish with one's hands or bludgeoning them with a convenient club in shallow water, is not conducive to good sport; hence when the party produced their salt barrels rods and went for salting they were basely derided by the local talent who swore by all that was comely that the first fish hooked would smash things to smithereens. Later when Esau jerked a nice one within two feet of the frying pan where a big mess of speckled fellows were sizzling, the decision was reversed. Before the trip was over those who had never handled a rod were getting wet through in their glee of landing just one more.

While the residents of adjacent ter-

ritory hold the enforcement of the game laws in bad odor, they equally have unkind things to say regarding the forest reserve rules and regulations which are rigidly enforced by the range riders.

Probably there is not a better forest reserve in Utah today than that of Fish Lake. That is, nowhere else can the impartial observer notice the good that is being accomplished under the new law. All the mountains are covered with splendid timber and already, since the almost total exclusion of sheep and animals is the undergrowth springing up similar to that in evidence in the states of Oregon and Washington. As soon as one crosses the boundary one is confronted with the yellow pine park in fact. Campers are warned to put out their fires under pain of heavy penalty. Every notice appears over the signature of one, Mr. Wilson of Washington, D. C., and every sign carries a \$1,000 penalty and years in the penitentiary until before leaving the reservation one is moved upon to separate the wagon tires and one's shoes so that nothing belonging to Uncle Sam is unwittingly carried away. Even the police, which are being cut for the government telephone line, now being built for the convenience of the rangers and the ranchers, bear the good old "U. S." brand on them.

FORGOTTEN SIGN.

Speaking of signs: On a tree near the shore of the lake the party rubbed its eyes with astonishment, for there, almost hidden in foliage, tucked away in a bark was one of those old tin shingles issued by the late Abraham H. Cannon 15 years ago when he was business manager of the Deseret News. "Read the Semi-Weekly News." This was the only advertising sign the party saw during near 200 miles of wagon traveling on the trip.

MISSED THE BISHOP.

The scenery encountered on the reserve would satisfy the most exacting. The major part of one day was spent in climbing Mt. Thistle, locally known as the Blade, which is claimed to be the third highest mountain in Utah. The summit was reached after some hard climbing during which Torts started a healthy rolling that came near terminating the promising career of one of Salt Lake's youngest bishops. It is a matter of record that after he had flattened out so that he could have been pulled under the crack of a door vest buttons and all the boulder had bounded down the mountain side starting up a loose lava bed en route that Esau arose calmly and said: "Great Scott!"

ELEVEN COUNTIES.

The sensation of standing on the summit of the Blade is a weird one. With a little rock plateau, in some places 15 and at others 3 feet wide, beneath one's feet one can look out into the thin air and see the blue mountains in San Juan county and other landmarks in Sanpete, Juab, Millard, Sevier, Piute, Beaver, Garfield, Emery, Carbon and the whole of Wayne county. And as the pilgrims looked out the dog howled dementally below the last cliff he could not scale until one felt moved upon to clutch at the pretty little mauve daisies growing between the crevices of the rocks and held on.

REGISTERED ON SUMMIT.

Speaking of daisies: The mountains included in the Fish Lake forest reserve are veritable Tom Tiddler's grounds for the botanist. Tucked away in a crevice on the summit of the Blade is an old weather scarred baking powder can containing "the hotel register." It

is an ordinary note book which bears the names and addresses of two botanists from New York. During the past three summers other names have been added but it remained for the members of the party to affix their signatures before Salt Lake county was represented. The botanists certainly had a field of exploration. Such flowers as were in bloom adjacent to the snow banks fairly made one gasp at the riot of color. Wild peas, columbine, honeysuckles, butter cups and daisies, lilacs of all colors and shapes, Indian paint brush, wild strawberries in bloom and scores of flowers that could not be identified by the pilgrims.

And this sacrilegious bunch cavorted through this gorgeous display singing "Around Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." They had all the song worn out of them, however, as they eventually returned to camp. Coming down they encountered springs and hand-springs galore.

CRUEL COLD JOKE.

While on the subject of springs it is only necessary to state that you can get all the ice water you desire on the reserve. The only growl heard during the trip was when the good-natured guides insisted on the party sampling every spring encountered. "What do

you think of that for water?" they would exclaim ecstatically after the Tenderfoot had painfully climbed out of the saddle by request for the fourth time and laid full length on the ground to quaff the stream that made his wisdom teeth ache.

Take a man who has been sitting at a desk for twelve months, holidays included, place him across a broncho and shake him up for five hours and every filling has been jarred loose from his molars and then ask him to climb out of the saddle about fifty times and compare notes of Wayne county's water supply—it is the refinement of humor.

SWEET REVENGE.

Sweet revenge came later. The party arranged a swimming race, and all adjourned to a secluded sunny spot beside a lakelet, striped to the buff, they poised like chrome statues and then launched in head first.

Have you noticed those famous and bouyant frozen in the lake of ice at the drug store code, fountain? As all five rose to the surface, there was a simultaneous "We-oo-gh!" Then followed a mud splash for five bank and five blue swimming objects played a two-for-three contest quintette with their teeth. The Wayne county water expert shivered so hysterically that he slipped and fell in again, all of which warmed up those remaining and gave them their revenge.

GRAND PANORAMA.

One of the grandest scenic panoramas possibly to be found in the State of Utah is that stretching out for miles at the foot of Thousand Lake mountain situated on the reserve some ten miles from Loa. Perched upon a lava boulder one gazes out upon a pine forest below with the sheer of snow banks and blue lakes glistening amid the blue black foliage. Way in the shimmering distance lie the multi-colored bad lands and the once notorious Emery's Desert, a succession of desert, flats, gullies, mountains and canyons. It is a hard ride for city folks to the top, but the faithful little bronchos scramble over the rocks like cats and take a headish delight in demonstrating which can get the highest score in cracking his rider's knees against the tree trunks which stand in places amid perpetual gloom as thick as a picket fence.

FESTIVE JACK RABBITS.

President Bastian is the possessor of a 1,000-acre ranch located among the foothills of Thousand Lake mountain. Here he has unlimited water, unlimited feed for stock and unlimited prairie dogs and jack rabbits which most accommodatingly permit themselves to sit up at the proper angle and allow the Salt Lake sportsman to bowl them over with a .22 rifle for a shot gun would be cold-blooded murder every time.

HARDWORKING WIDOW.

But it is not all play on and adjacent to the Fish Lake forest reserve. What the settlers have won they have accomplished by hard and unremitting toil. A typical case of work might be suggested to the scenic city leecher. How would you and your two young daughters care to milk 65 cows morning and night? That is what is being done daily by a widow and two girls who occupy a little cabin on the reservation and turn the cream into cheese and the milk into hams and bacon. Still, with all this she finds time to tend the tots, do some sewing and generally entertain the stranger with good, wholesome country fare.

HOSPITALITY IN WAYNE.

They are hospitable folk, these residents of Sevier and Wayne counties. Perchance you have wandered far from camp with your rod and reel, and stumble inadvertently upon an unbaited wagon among the trees. "We are just going to catch stop and have a bite," is the universal greeting. But one might expatiate upon the glories and beauties of the Fish Lake forest reserve until the cows come home, do and get next to nature and see it for yourself. Then return tanned like a lute. There will be no need to lie about your catch in Seven Mile creek, Fremont river and the streams adjacent, because if you can cast a fly you will never return to camp with hard luck stories. If you thirst for blood, get out after sage hens, quail, jack rabbits, doves, bear, bob cats and the rest of the tribe, for there is always something to shoot at dawn and sunset.

Get acquainted, you don't have to travel 1,000 miles outside of the State of Utah to see good scenery and shiver under two quilts at night in August.

JACK PLANE.

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