

Not what the doctor ordered

Ebola job bites
NBC's medical
editor/D4



Outdoors

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registerguard.com/outdoors

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2014

SECTION C

Buzzworthy

MUSHROOM GALORE!



Three hundred and fifty different types of mushrooms. A scarecrow contest. Hay rides. Guided nature walks. Plant sale. Live music and food. The Mount Pisgah Arboretum's annual Mushroom Festival has been attracting thousands of shroom lovers and the mycologically curious for the past 33 autumns, and this year's celebration will be from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday. Have some fungi you want identified? Experts will be at your service. Kids bored? Bring 'em along for crafts and activities (but leave Fido at home). Worried about traffic and parking? Take the free shuttle from Civic Stadium. Suggested donation is \$8 per person; children 11 and younger free.

Scarecrow contest, you say?

The Mushroom Festival of-fers prizes for Funniest, Most Original, Most likely to Scare a Crow, Most Beautiful, Best Youth entry and Best Overall. However, entrants must register by phoning 541-747-3817 and then set up their creations at "Scarecrow Alley" from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday in advance of the Festival. For more info about the Mushroom Festival or scarecrow contest, visit MountPisgahArboretum.org.



BICYCLING



GARY HERSE

Gary Herse and Paul Hoobyar take a break on the way to Christmas Valley, part of their 350-mile bike ride in Southeastern Oregon.

An age appropriate riding adventure

Four friends enjoy Oregon's expansive landscape on two wheels

BY PAUL HOOBYAR
For The Register-Guard

"OK, everyone check your pockets!" Reed called out. We had planned to switch van drivers after breakfast in Chiloquin on this, our first morning of a seven-day bicycle ride in Southeastern Oregon. Instead, we were searching for the keys to our rented van.

"Pretty pathetic," I muttered as I dug through stacks of clothing and unloaded coolers out of the van. Four guys in their mid-60s and early 70s, and nobody could find the keys. Talk about an inauspicious start to a 350-mile bike ride.

We were all veterans of organized bike rides, and this year we decided to try something different. Given the increased costs of the bigger rides, we thought we could rent a van, stay in motels, eat at restaurants and design our own ride for the same price. And this was supposed to be our test case for how well we could pull it off.



Bob Bumstead, Paul Hoobyar and Reed Hamilton riding through alpine meadows lined with rabbitbrush.

Misplacing the van keys on our first morning, however, didn't fit with my vision of this "age appropriate adventure."

Bob, our senior member, dug out the street pants that he'd worn earlier and felt in the pockets.

"Wait a second," he hollered as he whipped out the missing keys. Phew! Senescent mishap resolved.

The "age appropriate" phrase stayed with me as

I pedaled across the high desert plateau of Southeastern Oregon. With views of Mount Shasta to the south, Mount Thielsen and the Crater Lake rim to the west, and miles of rolling plateaus that became drier as we headed east, the expansive landscape captivated us.

Our trip began in Fort Klamath where we rode through alpine meadows that boasted acres of green-carpeted pasturelands. Ponder-

osa pines and aspens rimmed the fields, and the aspens hinted at the coming fall with splashes of yellow lit up under the autumn sun.

We rode for an hour one morning past the 11,400-acre Drew's Ranch in Drew's Valley. The ranch owners, in collaboration with the Trust for Public Lands, the Oregon Rangeland Trust, the Oregon Watershed Enhancement Board and other groups, had sold a conservation easement in 2004 to keep the ranch intact and avoid the 5-acre ranchette fate of many large, western ranches. As a result, the ranch reached to the far horizon.

Riding at 14 miles per hour affords time to study the passing landscape and soak in the surroundings. We watched Sand Hill Cranes dance, and pelicans and multihued duck species swim in ponds as we glided past. As we headed toward Lakeview, the terrain changed from pines, aspens and flooded pasturelands to parched arroyos, sagebrush and Juni-

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FISHING

Rainbow of a day spent on Crane Prairie

When the thick morning fog rolls off, rainbow trout come to life in this Cascade Lake west of La Pine

BY MARK MORICAL
The (Bend) Bulletin

LA PINE — We could see maybe 20 feet in front of us as our boat motored slowly away from the Rock Creek boat ramp on Crane Prairie Reservoir.

A thick fog had eerily shrouded the area, and I half expected a huge pirate ship to emerge from the gloom.

"I have no clue where we are," said fishing guide John Garrison. "We're going into the abyss. What if it clears up and we're on Wickiup (Reservoir)?"

Even the coots appeared confused as they skittered out of the way of the 22-foot pontoon boat. The fog got thicker and

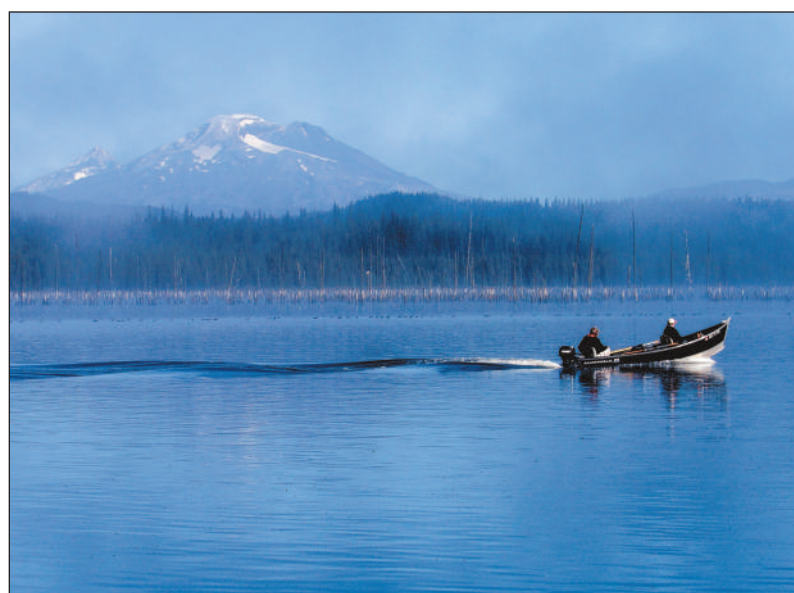
thicker as we eased away from the shore.

I accessed the compass on my iPhone so Garrison could at least know the direction we were heading. He finally decided to just stop and drop the anchors so we could get to fishing. In 30 years of guiding on Central Oregon lakes, he said he had never seen fog like this.

Fishing in October on the Cascade lakes can be rewarding, but the weather can be iffy. So looking at the weather forecast of sunshine and temperatures in the 60s, I had been excited for a day on Crane Prairie.

That excitement was tem-

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MARK MORICAL/The (Bend) Bulletin

South Sister appears in the distance as anglers motor through steam fog on Crane Prairie Reservoir. The Lake closes Oct. 31.

OUTDOORS
BRIEFLY
NEWS & NOTES

PLYLE TO SPEAK ON
OREGON CAMPUS

Robert Michael Pyle is scheduled to speak at the Eugene Natural History Program at 7:30 p.m. Friday in Room 100 of Willamette Hall on the Oregon Campus. The program is titled, “From Ancient Capital to South of the Clouds: Butterflies and others in Wild China.” Pyle, a Yale-trained ecologist and lepidopterist, is a full-time writer living in southwestern Washington. He founded the Xerces Society in 1974 and is the author of fourteen books.

FLY FISHING IN CUBA
TOPIC OF EVENT

Matias Gimenez, a representative from Avalon Cuban Fishing Centers, will give a presentation about fly fishing in Cuba at 7 p.m. Wednesday at the Caddis Fly Shop, 168 W. 6th Ave. Cuba lures fly anglers with its reputation for flats fishing. Promoters say visitors can often fish more than 100 miles of flats without seeing another fisherman; catch seven species of fish in one day (including big tarpon, jacks and barracuda); and wade miles of white-sand flats in bare feet for big bonefish. Gimenez also will talk about legal entry into Cuba for U.S. citizens. For more information, phone 541-342-7005.

STONE PRESENTS A
‘FLORIDA RAMBLE’

Lane County Audubon Society's October program meeting will feature Dave Stone as he takes the group on “A Florida Ramble” at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, Oct. 28th at the Eugene Garden Club, 1645 High Street. Stone took the spring 2014 term off from his teaching duties and drove to Everglades National Park in southern Florida, then up the East Coast to Lake Erie, and west across southern Canada. He'll treat the group to a virtual visit to wildlife refuges on the Gulf Coast, in central Florida, and on Florida's eastern shore and, of course, the Everglades. Stone teaches photography, including nature and bird photography, at Lane Community College and leads photography trips all over the western United States.

VOLUNTEER EVENT
SET FOR WEDNESDAY

Join Friends of Buford Park and Mount Pisgah to enhance habitat by planting native wildflowers in the Springbox Savannah at Buford Park. The volunteer event will take place from 9 a.m. to noon on Wednesday. Tools, gloves and light snacks will be provided. Bring water, rain gear and wear closed toed shoes. Meet at the Native Plant Nursery past the North Trailhead at Buford Park. For directions and to RSVP contact volunteer@bufordpark.org or 541-344-8350.

BOGS BIRDING TRIP
COMING UP SOON

BOGS (birds of Oregon; general science) will hold a birding trip from 9 a.m. to noon on Thursday. Those interested are welcome to meet at Campbell Community Center (155 High Street). For more information contact 541-682-5318. Dress for the weather and bring a bird book and binoculars if you have them, though they are not required. Spotting scopes will be provided. The group will travel to the Delta Ponds area along Goodpasture Island Road. There is no charge, and all ages and experience levels are welcome. Carpool drivers may appreciate a small donation. The group will leave promptly at 9 a.m.

ODFW BOW HUNT
APPLICATIONS DUE

Six adult archery deer hunters will get the chance to hunt on the 9,500-acre C2 Ranch near Medford during the late archery deer season this year. To enter, hunters need to fill out an application and return it to Vince Oredson. It must be received no later than 5 p.m. on Friday. Applications can be submitted by fax, email, mail or hand delivered to ODFW's office in Central Point. Winners will be drawn on Oct. 27.

FISHING
Rivers and streams:
Alton Baker Canal received 1,000 legals and 100 larger trout on Monday.
— From ODFW and Register-Guard reports

Biking: Comfortably rode 40-50 miles per day

Continued from Page C1

per trees. Sightings of raptors increased, with red-tailed hawks, rough-legged hawks and golden eagles aloft.

One of the unexpected pleasures of doing a “motels and restaurants ride” was the opportunity to engage with local residents in each of the towns we visited. We ate breakfast at the Green Mountain Bakery in Lakeview, where locals congregated over eggs and coffee. The woman behind the stove doubled as the waitress and cashier. Since she was busy, one of the locals came over to our table with four coffee cups and a pot of coffee.

“Things are kinda informal around here,” he said as he poured us a round. “You pretty much help yourself to coffee.”

Our route out of Lakeview took us over Forest Service roads that led to high alpine meadows. After a steady climb of 12 miles, we pedaled through fields lined with pines and firs. Acres of rabbitbrush filled the meadows, their yellow blossoms accented by the halcyon sunlight. We saw half a dozen cars on that stretch of road, and the scenery, the remoteness and the fresh air fueled our progress.

We dropped down off the mesa through stands of tall timber that overhung the Chewaucan River, then rode along Highway 31 to the Summer Lake Hot Springs Resort. The hot springs were a welcome tonic after three days of riding.

At one of our stops to switch drivers, we had parked in front of an RV Park. As we refilled our water bottles, a woman came out of the park's office. She stood four feet tall and weighed less than 100 pounds.



GARY HERSE

The group stops at Crater Lake, one of their final destinations on the ride.

Her long white mane flowed like a miniver in the breeze, and she puffed on a filtered cigarette as she approached us, the white smoke a shroud around her head.

“What are you up to?” she asked behind a cloud of smoke. When we told her about our bike ride, she studied each of us in our bright-colored lycra. After a few more comments and exchanges, she took another pull on her smoke, furrowed her brow and asked, “Why are you doing this?”

“It keeps us young,” Reed replied. One of the ways cycling helps keep me young is by encouraging a focus in the moment: my legs settle into a rhythmic cadence, my breathing becomes steady and the cacophony of chatter inside my cranial cavity subsides as I absorb the passing scenery. Finding opportunities for such experiences in this digitally networked, Internet cluttered world is a welcome reprieve.

At 65, our ride itinerary was a better fit for our station in life and exercise goals. Instead of 60-mile days that the larger group tours organize, we were looking for a different experience.

Forty- to 50-mile days seemed plenty adequate — which left time to relax, and share a beer or a glass of wine and hors d'oeuvres before heading to a restaurant for dinner.

Our van support was minimal, but enough to keep us going should someone have a mechanical breakdown. The van carried our clothes, tools, spare parts, water cooler, snacks and the bicycle of the driver. Each day we calculated the number of miles to our next stop, divided that by four, and took turns driving one-quarter of the day's route. We even divided up each turn into eighths, so that nobody was driving more than about seven miles at a time.

In Paisley, we ate at the Pioneer Saloon. The owners shared the history of the saloon's bar, which had been shipped around the Horn in 1905 to Portland and hauled by train and horse-drawn buggy to Paisley. The elaborate scrolling, stately columns, large mirror and matching counter and stools were more like a movie set than a working bar in a small, ranching town.

At our next stop, the

Lodge at Summer Lake, we were having breakfast when a gleaming, white Cadillac Escalade stopped in the middle of the highway and turned on its blinkers. Bob wondered out loud why a brand new Escalade was stopped in the middle the highway with its blinkers on, and one of the waitresses said off-handedly, “Probably ‘cause they're runnin’ cattle down the highway.”

And sure enough, we looked up to see three cowboys riding horses and herding 50 head of cattle down the middle of the highway. In 1843, Captain John C. Fremont named Summer Lake, and the escarpment overlooking the lake basin “Winter Rim.” Today, much of the area still retains the feel of the former Oregon Territory.

A waitress at the restaurant suggested we ride to our next stop at Silver Lake via Christmas Valley, which would keep us on back roads most of the way. We reconnoitered the route by van to make sure the roads were adequate for our skinny-tired bikes and relished having access to local knowledge of the area — and the ability to adapt our itinerary — on the fly.

Riding bikes to Christmas Valley felt like riding across the plains of Tibet, with sand dunes, hay fields, sparse population of small encampments and views of distant peaks, such as Table Rock and Hart Mountain.

In Silver Lake, we stayed at the Cowboy Dinner Tree outside of town: so named because of a tall Juniper that stands behind the restaurant.

Legend has it that cowboys marked the halfway point of their twice-yearly cattle drives between Silver Lake and Sycan Marsh with that tree and ate in its shade. Today, the Dinner Tree restaurant serves steak or chicken, with the 30-ounce, custom-cut, top sirloin the house specialty. Their steaks come with take-out bags, since most mortals can't finish their slab of beef in one sitting.

The next morning we rode south across the 40,000-acre Klamath Marsh. A strong head wind buffeted the Marsh, and I looked for a diversion as I pressed into the wind.

Given the added resistance, which slowed my progress, I had more opportunities to scan for wildlife. I began searching for the resident herd of bison, but they were hidden elsewhere on the marsh.

The last day we rode Crater Lake's rim road. At a mere 33 miles, the loop should have been a cakewalk at the end of a 300-plus-mile ride. But the 6,000 to 7,000 feet elevation, combined with the lack of any flat stretches and seven consecutive days of riding, left me antsy to get off my seat post. As we loaded our bikes and prepared for the drive home I was ready for a rest — and that felt appropriate, as well.

Fishing: Rainbow trout in Crane Prairie range from 14-18 inches

Continued from Page C1

pered as we shivered in the fog and frigid cold.

But just a few minutes after stopping to fish without really knowing our location on the lake, one of the rods twitched and bent, and I picked it up. I reeled in a nice 18-inch rainbow trout, hooked on PowerBait.

“What a great spot I found!” Garrison joked as he released the fish back into the lake.

Finally, the grayness was punctured by flecks of blue sky, and we could make out trees and hills along the shore. Garrison decided to head to the mouth of the Quinn River channel,

where he had originally planned to fish. I picked up another rod with PowerBait on the line and began to reel, and soon I realized I had another rainbow hooked.

We had a hunch that the fog had something to do with the water temperature being 57 degrees and the air temperature being 32 degrees. Later, a quick search on the National Weather Service website confirmed that it was steam fog: “Steam fog forms when cold air moves over warm water. When the cool air mixes with the warm moist air over the water, the moist air cools until its humidity reaches 100 percent and fog forms. This type of fog takes on the

appearance of wisps of smoke rising off the surface of the water.”

Sure enough, as the fog began to break up on Crane Prairie, those wispy clouds hung near the water's surface.

By 10:15 a.m., barely an hour after we had launched, the cold gray morning had turned into a bright sunny day. By 10:45, the fishing was hot and heavy near the mouth of the channel, where trees protruded from the water's surface and coots formed a line across the reservoir.

The fourth fish of the day was a monster, measuring about 20 inches and pushing 3 pounds. After setting the hook, I thought I had lost the trout, because the line went slack.

“Never stop (reeling) because he could be coming at you,” Garrison advised. I battled the fish for a while, and it took line aggressively as I let it run several times.

The sixth fish was the first one we landed on something other than PowerBait, getting it to the boat after hooking it with a worm-and-bobber setup. We also used dragonfly nymphs with bobbers.

Rainbow trout are stocked in Crane Prairie Reservoir each spring, according to the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. The largest rainbows there can grow up to 19 pounds, and most range between 14 and 18 inches long. Brook trout also make Crane Prairie their home, and most measure between 10 and 14 inches. The five-trout daily limit on Crane includes only one non-fin-clipped rainbow and one rainbow longer than

16 inches. Like many other high Cascade lakes, Crane Prairie closes to fishing after Oct. 31.

Part of finding success fishing the high lakes in October is first finding a place to launch a boat. This time of year, Crane Prairie and Wickiup reservoirs are at their lowest water levels. All the fish-cleaning stations are closed, so anglers will have to clean at home any fish they keep.

By the end of our day on Crane Prairie, Garrison and I had caught and released 10 hefty rainbows, ranging from 15 to 20 inches in length.

“That's a good day in the middle of summer,” Garrison said. “October is pretty good.”

It's even better when you can see exactly where you are fishing.

OUTDOORS CALENDAR

To submit events

Submit listings to: Outdoors@registerguard.com. All events are free, unless otherwise noted.

Bicycling
WEDNESDAY

Eugene Adult Service: In-town ride of varying length for seniors, every Wednesday starting at Campbell Center, 155 High St., at 10:30 a.m. Helmets required. Info: 541-682-5318.

THURSDAY

Eugene GEARs: Ray Linneman will lead a 35-mile ride at a 12-15 mph pace along McKenzie View and Sunderman. Meet at 9 a.m. at Alton Baker Park.

SATURDAY

Eugene GEARs: Mike Cantrell will lead a 34-mile ride at a 10-12 mph pace along Waltherville via Thurston Road. Meet at 9 a.m. at Alton Baker Park. Ray Linneman (12-15 mph) and Kristin Yarris (16+) will also lead the same ride.

SUNDAY

Eugene GEARs: Paula Erickson will lead a 43-mile ride at a 10-12 mph pace along Ramble Crow Loop. Meet at 9 a.m. at Alton Baker Park. Gary Cook (12-15 mph) and Jeff Sprague (16+) will lead the same ride.

Hiking
WEDNESDAY

Obsidians: Janet Jacobsen will lead a 6.2-mile hike with a 1,530 feet of elevation gain along Amazon Headwaters. Sign up only online at obsidians.org for all Obsidians outings.

SUNDAY

Obsidians: Becky Lipton will lead a 7.5-mile hike with 500 feet of elevation gain along Silver Falls.

Trail Maintenance

SATURDAY

Obsidians: Matthew Bell will lead a 2-mile hike with 500 feet of elevation gain along the Spencer Butte Trail.

Walking

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY

Steppers Walking Group: For those 50-plus, casual 30- to 60-minute walk through Island Park, leaves Willamalane Adult Center at 8:30 a.m. Info: 541-736-4444.

TUESDAY & THURSDAY

Whippets Walking Group: For those 50-plus, a moderate to brisk pace for one hour, leaves from Willamalane Adult Center in Springfield.

WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY

Altair Sports Club: 5-6 miles around town, meet at 10 a.m. at Brail's, 1689 Willamette St., Eugene. Information: 541-746-6263.

THURSDAY

50-plus, self-led: Hour-long group walk around neighborhood surrounding Petersen Barn Community Center, 870 Bertzen Road, Eugene. Meet at 9:30 a.m. For those 50 or older.

FRIDAY

Campbell Community Center: Walk 'n' Talkers group is self-led for 3-5 miles every Friday from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m., leaving from 155 High St., Eugene. Info: 541-682-5318.

SATURDAY

Altair Sports: 4-5 miles on river bike trails. Meet 10 a.m. at Café Aroma at Valley River Mall. Information: 541-343-7893.

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