

CHAPTER XVIII

FROM THE FERRY TO THE BOUNDARY

*The Valley, Timber, Farms, Rainfall, Geology;
Comments on the Canadians and Their
Method of Handling the Liquor
Problem*

The Columbia River and the country it traverses has been pretty well described between the Ferry and the Boundary, but a general review might not be amiss to cover any features that have been omitted.

As we know the River expands considerably between the Ferry and Canoe River, where it again becomes a narrow mountain-locked stream to Steamboat Rapids, expands again to Upper Arrow Lake, and loses its character as a river for 121 miles to Castlegar, where it again becomes confined and narrow. In spite of accessions from many sources in the 270 miles below Canoe River, at Trail it is but 350 feet wide and continues of that average width to the Boundary.

The mountain slopes are heavily timbered to the high water line until the Narrows are reached where the trees become smaller and more scattered, the pine begins to predominate, and lumbering ceases.

As has been described, farming is carried on wherever the lay of the ground permits, and such places are frequent, especially along the Narrows. The Narrows is the beginning of what is called the

"Dry Belt," the rainfall decreases to 30 inches by the time the Boundary is reached, and irrigation begins to be resorted to. A noticeable feature of the River's banks, after Robson is reached, are the frequent high benches on both sides. These vary from forty to two hundred feet high (many even higher), sometimes continuous for miles. On these benches are the farms and orchards, and there are many of the latter.

The geological formations are much the same on the west side of the Big Bend as on the east side, with the exception of the many gravel beds of the ancient river channels. At Revelstoke granite and gneiss make their appearance; and below there to the lower end of Upper Arrow Lake there is granite, granodiorite, syenite, slate and limestone. At Lower Arrow Lake there is granite and syenite, and below limestone becomes the predominating formation, although there is much basalt, glacier deposited. For practically the whole distance below Canoe River the country is mineralized, with a variety of minerals, a list of which has already been given.

Before bidding farewell to British Columbia I want to say a word in regard to our cousins across the Border.

I found them almost uniformly unsuspecting, kind and hospitable. I went among them an alien and a stranger and they extended to me the right hand of friendship—for which I thank them. They are more reticent than we *United States*, less loquacious, but what they have to say is to be depended on. I found no petty thieves among them (except the Jew who stole my gloves at Canal Flat, and he was just from

the States) and could leave my things unguarded for days without fear of loss—something I could not do after getting into my own country.

There is one thing, however, that the Canadians seem to resent, and that is, that the people of the States arrogate to themselves the only right to be called "Americans." When I crossed the Border going north the Government Inspector required of me my nationality and when I told him American he said that would not do as the Canadians were Americans also—he had me stumped as my family has lived in the United States 260 years, and I knew nothing else to call myself.

Another thing I noticed was that there appeared to be no physical weaklings in the country. Whether that is because the ruggedness of the country develops a rugged people, or because the climate is too severe for sickly people to live in, I do not know, but I do know that everyone I met seemed strong and healthy and able to endure hardships.

I have only one cause of complaint to register during my residence of 112 days in British Columbia, and that is against the Crow's Nest Pass Lumber Company, Limited, at Wardner, where I made my first purchases. The Company owns the whole hamlet, including the store. When I arrived at Canal Flat and examined what had been ordered I found several articles short, and that some of the paint was the wrong color. I had been charged top prices—of which I made no complaint—but the shortage was vital. I wrote the Company three times asking them to rectify the mistakes—as I then considered them—but received no response.

I am constrained to believe that the motto of the Crow's Nest Pass Company, Limited, is the antiquated and long since discredited one among modern and successful business men of *caveat emptor*.

There is just one thing more I want to say about British Columbia, and that is its method of handling the liquor problem; which seems more sensible and successful than our own attempt at drastic, national prohibition; for the deplorable conditions that have developed in the United States since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the National Constitution do not prevail there. The Canadians enforce their laws.

From a dependable source, in Revelstoke, I have received the following statement:

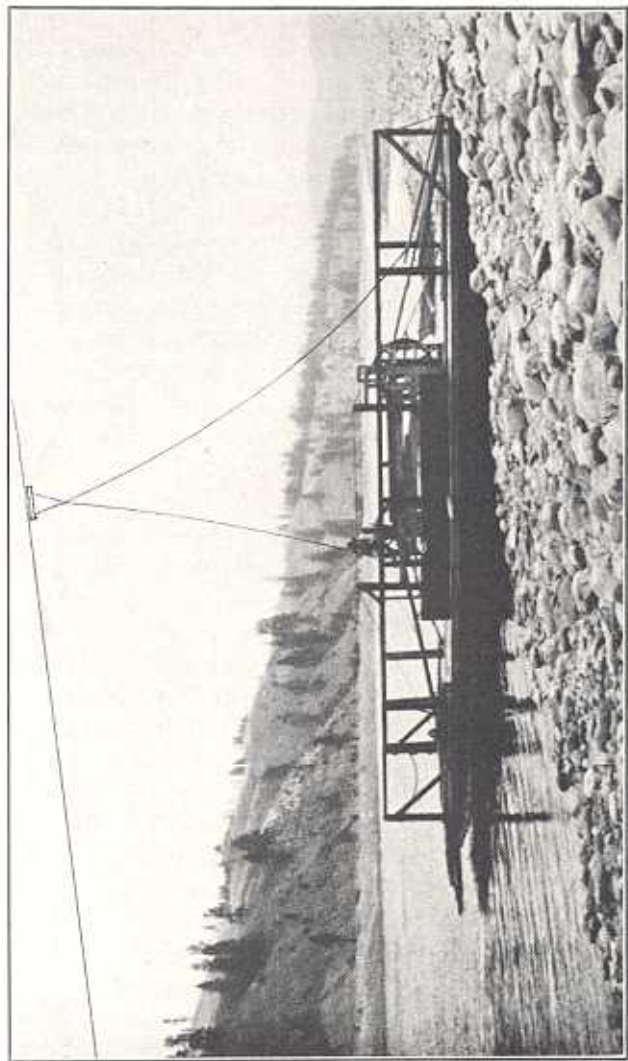
"1. Spiritous liquors are largely imported from Scotland, though some rye is received from Eastern Canada distilleries. 2. The places where it is distributed are called Government Venders' stores. 3. It can be purchased every day but legal holidays, Sundays, and election days—only eight hours in any one day. 4. The restrictions regarding its disposal and purchase include the obtaining of a permit—single permits are 50 cents, \$5.00 for the year. A single permit allows the purchase of three bottles. A year's permit allows the purchaser to obtain the liquor at any time. This includes beer. Breweries throughout the country manufacture beer. Local consumption is all channeled through the Government Liquor Store, with right of export allowed to foreign countries. Venders are instructed to use discretion as to quantity to the individual, especially if intoxicated. The Revelstoke Local Vender has frequently refused sale on these grounds. 5. The penalty for illegal sale or distribution is six months hard labor for the first offense, and one year for the second."

CHAPTER XIX

FROM THE BOUNDARY TO GEROME.

Leaving the Boundary September 21 I ran two small rapids and reached Northport, the first town on the Columbia River that is within the United States. Its business section is well back from the River on gradually ascending ground. The great Northern Railway between Spokane and Nelson following the left shore skirts the western edge of the town; and a branch crosses the Columbia on a bridge and extends to Rossland, B. C.

It was here that I saw the first privately owned, and current-operated ferry on the Columbia—they became very numerous as I continued my journey. These ferries are made possible by stretching a wire cable across a river, from shore to shore, and fifty feet or more above the water. Sometimes the shores are high enough to give the needed clearance, but if not the cable must be passed over towers set on the shores and then secured to the ground. On the cable is placed a trolley traveling on grooved wheels. Descending from the trolley are two small steel guy lines attached, at their lower end, to a wheel on the upstream side of the ferry boat. These guys are long enough so that the boat will trail, in the current, below the overhead cable. When the ferryman wants his boat to cross to the opposite shore, after casting loose, by means of the wheel he shortens the outshore guy and lengthens the inshore one. This



HUNTERS FERRY

operation throws the inshore end of the boat down stream and places it in an inclined position with the current, which striking the upper side of the boat, diagonally, forces it toward the desired shore, the trolley trailing slightly behind and traveling along the cable.

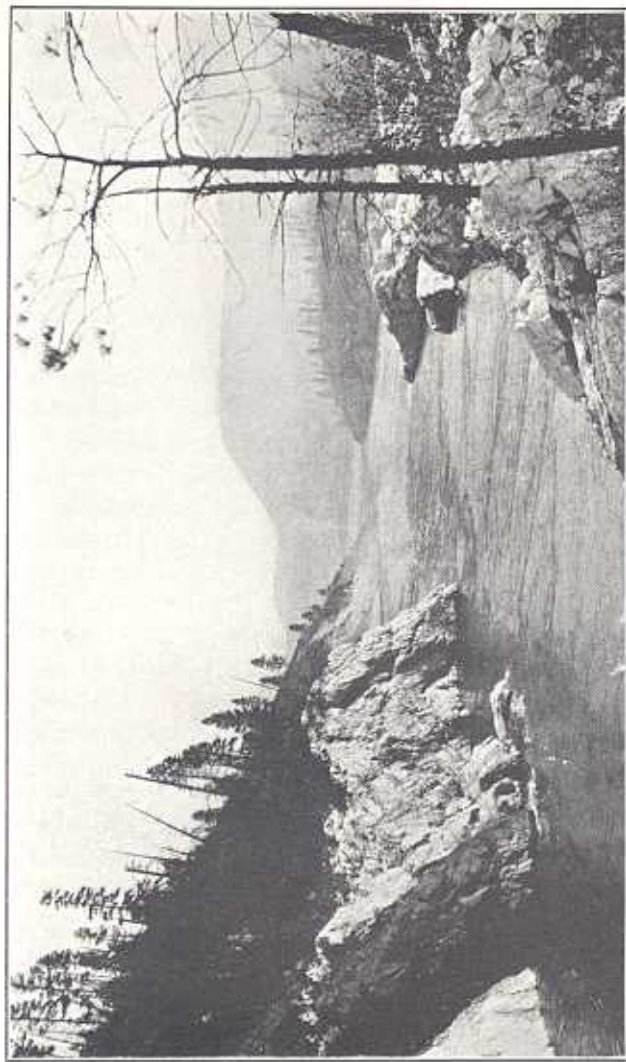
Northport is a small place—a typical country town—its only variation from the ordinary being a smelter, which was not in operation when I arrived. The United States Inspector has an office here, located at the railway depot. It was necessary that I report to him that I had crossed the Boundary, and hunting him up I told my story and presented my credentials. A deputy was sent down to where I had landed near the ferry boat, and after inspecting my outfit he passed it, and allowed me to proceed. The railway bridge is at the lower end of the town. I passed under it and a half-mile farther ran a minor rapid called Bishop's and then in five miles came to the Little Dalles, which everyone had advised me not to attempt to run because of a dangerous whirlpool at its head. Heeding this advice I landed in a bay of calm water to the left of the entrance.

The Little Dalles is one of the most contracted sections of the Columbia River. The contraction has caused the River to expand above to a width of possibly 1,000 feet—the expansion being to the left. The place is a gloomy gorge cut through the limestone. The main channel is on the right against the mountain side. To the left of that is a large rock, and then a short, diagonal, narrow channel. The left wall of the gorge is about 70 feet high, with

its top water washed, roughly level, and extending about 400 feet to a bench, 60 feet or more, higher. The right wall is about as high as the other but merges into the steep mountain slope. The main channel, at the entrance, is about 200 feet wide, while the smaller is about 20 feet. The whirlpool is where the two channels unite. About a quarter-mile below the entrance the gorge is blocked by another large rock, and there are again two channels, the right hand channel being about 150 feet wide, and the left but 50 feet. All the way through the gorge until the second contraction is passed the water is deep, dark, and quietly swirling—there are no breakers. Just below the second contraction the gorge expands, on the left, into a small bay of quiet water, and after rounding a point the River widens, is plentifully sprinkled with rocks, a swift current begins, and each rock has its streamer of white water. This latter condition is short, and below, although the current is swift, everything is tranquil.

At the Little Dalles the flood waters rise higher than at any other place on the Columbia River. Every year the 70-foot walls are covered, and drift against the side of the bench, on the left, shows that at times a height of 100 feet above low level is reached.

I had found two prospectors encamped in a tent at the Little Dalles when I reached there. They had been located about a week and were working on a silver-lead ledge they had found in the left hand wall of the gorge, into which they had driven a tunnel about nine feet. The vein matter was be-



—Photo. by Forde

UPPER END OF LITTLE DALLES

tween porphyry walls about thirty feet apart. The prospect looked very promising. I had some of the ore assayed and it ran \$85.00 to the ton.

Being influenced by the warnings given me, and not being able to get close to the whirlpool at the head of the gorge to examine it, I decided to portage a part of the Little Dalles—from its head to the small bay of quiet water below the second contraction, a distance of about one-third of a mile. I regretted later that I did not run the whole thing for the whirlpool that I feared could not have been worse than some I passed safely through before the end of my trip.

I had pitched my tent on the hillside near where I had landed. Above me, on the bench, were the remains of a burned down farmhouse, and near it was a neglected apple orchard. Leading down to the River from the top of the bench was a partially brush overgrown road, evidently used for portaging purposes, or by the farmer to haul water from the River—probably the latter as I saw no well on the place. From the upper end of the wagon road I found a trail leading across the bench to the small bay I have mentioned. The trail had not been used for a long time and was much filled with rotten logs, but two hours' work cleared it sufficiently so that a wagon could travel it.

The Great Northern Railway track was about a quarter-mile east of my camp, and down it, a little over two miles to the southward, was Marble station, where J. G. White & Co., of New York, had an 800-acre apple orchard. This seemed to be a likely place to get a team and wagon, and the next

day after my arrival I walked down the railway track until I reached the orchard. Here I found everyone busily engaged, either picking, hauling, packing, or shipping apples. The first teamster I met told me he owned his own team, was not free during the day, but would come to my camping place after dark and do the hauling required for the portage.

Returning to the Little Dalles I first cleared of brush the old road leading to the bay at the head of the gorge, and then went to my camp to prepare a lunch. In my absence some new arrivals had appeared on the scene and were busy taking photographs of each other on the rocks near the little left hand channel. They were four ladies who had come down from Northport in an automobile for a day's outing. I learned the names of two of them—Mrs. R. A. Young, and Mrs. L. E. Critchett—the names of the other two I fail to recall. I looked rather tough, and the ladies were at first afraid of me, considering me (as they afterwards told me) to be a bootlegger. I explained to them who I was, what I was doing, and showed them the various photographs taken between Canal Flat and Revelstoke, and becoming convinced that I was not as dangerous as I looked, they became very friendly. They were intelligent and cultured ladies and I whiled away several pleasant hours that afternoon with them, while waiting for the team from Marble. They left for Northport before dark and on departing loaded me down with roast chicken, fruit, and other delicacies which were very acceptable to me after having lived so long on camp fare.

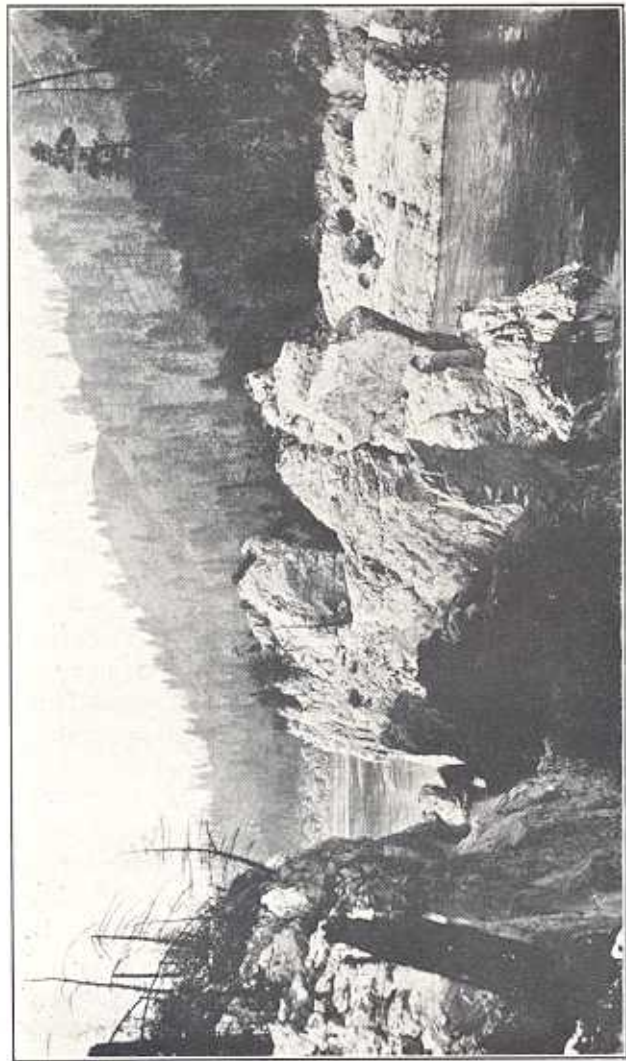
To prepare for the portage I pulled down the tent, and got everything together in compact shape for loading in the wagon, except the sleeping bag, mattress, a few cooking utensils, provisions, and firearms—the latter I always kept, loaded, at my side as I slept. These things I carried to the old orchard and spread my bed under an apple tree, with nothing overhead but its boughs.

At my new camp there was plenty of old lumber lying around—what was left of the farmhouse—and with this I made a large bonfire to serve as a beacon for the man with the team. Shortly after dark I heard a hail from the hillside on the east, and apparently three-fourths of a mile away. A wagon road led eastward from the old orchard to the hill and there joined the main road between Marble and Northport. Following this road, calling as I went and getting an occasional response, I reached the junction of the roads, and there found the man I had engaged, waiting with his team and in doubt how to reach me. He seemed rather timid and I guided him to the head of the inclined road and then down that to the River at the beginning of the portage. The prospectors had promised to help load the boat on the wagon, and the three of us easily lifted one end to the teamster, who remained above, then slid her forward as far as the length of the wagon permitted, and bound the front end down with a chain. My outfit was then loaded in the boat, and with the aid of a lantern I acted as guide up the wagon road and over the trail to the top of the bench above the little bay where I intended to again take to the water, and here everything was unloaded.

Guiding the teamster back to my camp I there dismissed him and turned in for the night.

The land at the Little Dalles is owned by Dr. Wells, a relative of Mrs. Critchett, who proposes to erect a dam there to impound the water. It is the most ideal location, as far as cost is concerned, of any place on the Columbia. The foundation is good, the gorge narrow, and the walls favorable. A minimum amount of material would enter into its construction. I tried to find out something about Dr. Wells' plans, but was unable to get in touch with him.

It took me until noon of September 23 to get my boat and load down the steep side of the bench at the little bay. Three trips were required to carry the few things I had used at the orchard and place them with what had been carried on the wagon. Then came the task of getting the boat down about 400 feet of steep, crooked, rocky trail to a small, sandy beach below. This was accomplished by making three short rollers to ease the boat down on—as sliding on the rocks would have ruined the bottom. Some lifting was necessary, but the main difficulty was in keeping her from sliding so fast that she would be "stoved up." The only way to prevent this was by dropping her down backwards, holding back on the towline and bringing her to a halt before she had cleared the rollers, which had to be constantly carried ahead and placed in new positions. Sometimes it was necessary to make the towline fast to a tree before withdrawing a roller and advancing it. It was a hard, slow task for one man, but was at last accomplished, and the COLUMBIA was again



—Photo, by Forde

LOWER END OF LITTLE DALLES

afloat. Next came the job of getting the load down the trail. This meant nothing but frequent trips, going up light and coming down loaded; but by the time everything was stowed away in the boat I had put in four and one-half hours of hard labor, and was ready for a lunch which I lost no time in getting.

After eating, I pushed out into the bay, to where the whirlpools were circling, but found them innocuous. Then rounding the point to the left, got into the swift current, and could see the protruding rocks and their breakers ahead in the channel. There were a half-dozen of these, but as they were widely spaced I had no trouble in avoiding them.

The next piece of rough water was at Twelve-Mile Rapids, of minor consideration and easily run. Then came Six-Mile Rapids, rather choppy, but I kept well to the right outside of the heavy breakers, and had got half-way down them when I noticed, on the left, a crew of section men. They were on their way on a motor car, such as all trackmen now use, and had stopped it as soon as they glimpsed me. They had evidently never seen a lone boatman shoot rapids in the fashion I follow, or they may have thought I was in trouble. At any rate they were intensely interested and watched my progress closely until the end of the rapids was reached. I waved my hat at them, to indicate that I was all right and, starting their car, they were soon around a bend and out of sight.

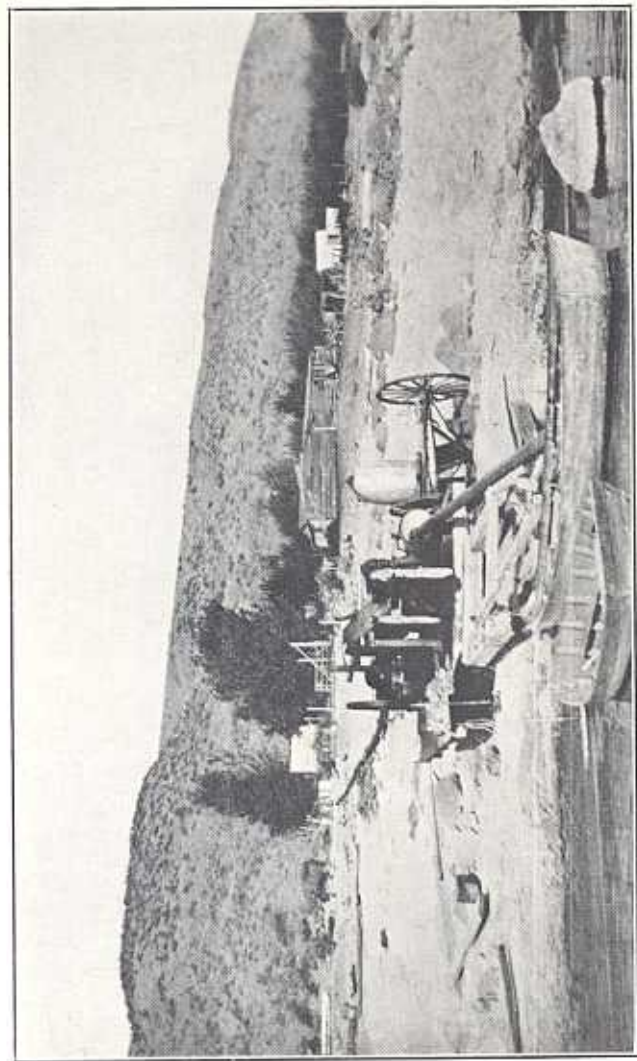
A mile below Six-Mile are the Five-Mile Rapids, with a rather rough channel, but good going along the right hand shore. They were soon behind me. Toward evening, as I was traveling along the right

hand shore, I came to a low bench on which there was a farmhouse, and landed to find a place to make camp. The surface of the bench proved to be hard, rough, and uneven, and there was absolutely no place to even throw down my mattress and sleeping bag. The beach was even worse, as it was sloping and rocky; and as far as could be seen downstream the shore conditions were no better. The farmhouse was occupied, and I knocked on the door, thinking that perhaps there would be shelter for me inside. An old man came to the door, and I explained to him that I was descending the Columbia in a rowboat, wanted to stay over for the night, could do my cooking on the beach, but that the ground was too rough to sleep on. The old gentleman's name was Boyle. He was alone in the house with a small boy whose father owned the place but was absent on some work that kept him away from home. The boy's mother had deserted the family; Mr. Boyle was acting as both mother and father to the little fellow, and keeping the place in order. There was no extra bed in the house, but I was told there was fresh, sweet hay in the barn, a couple of hundred yards away, and I was welcome to sleep on that. This suited me exactly. It saved me much labor in the way of packing loads and setting up the tent, and assured me a soft bed. Getting my supper on the beach, I carried the sleeping bag, only, to the barn, raised it up into the loft, and making a nest in hay spread out the bag, got into it, and had the softest and best resting place of my trip, not even excepting the one at Fairmont Ranch. I was tired that night especially from the toil in the morning at the Little Dalles, and a change from a

thin mattress spread on the ground or a hard board floor was decidedly pleasant. In the morning Mr. Boyle invited me to breakfast, and filled me up with bacon, hot griddle cakes with butter and syrup, and coffee.

The town of Marcus is across the river about a mile below where I passed the night. My boat was loaded in short order and, rowing over to the opposite shore in a few minutes, I landed at the pumping station that supplies the town with water. This was the first pumping plant I had seen on the Columbia. They were to become very numerous downstream, used both for municipal and irrigation purposes. The water is taken from the river and forced through pipes to the top of the benches where the towns and ranches are located and then distributed as needed.

Marcus is on a large, level bench about 150 feet high. It is on the Great Northern Railway that reaches the river here from Spokane. A branch line crosses the Columbia on a bridge and extends northward up Kettle River. As Kettle Falls are about four miles below Marcus, and as it is necessary to make a portage there, I wanted more definite information about them than I had and concluded this was a good place to get it. Climbing the rude stairway at the pumping station, a walk of a few blocks brought me to the business section of the usual small, country town. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Ellis Merigeau, the owner of a garage, who had had some experience on the local section of the River, and who, in addition to information,

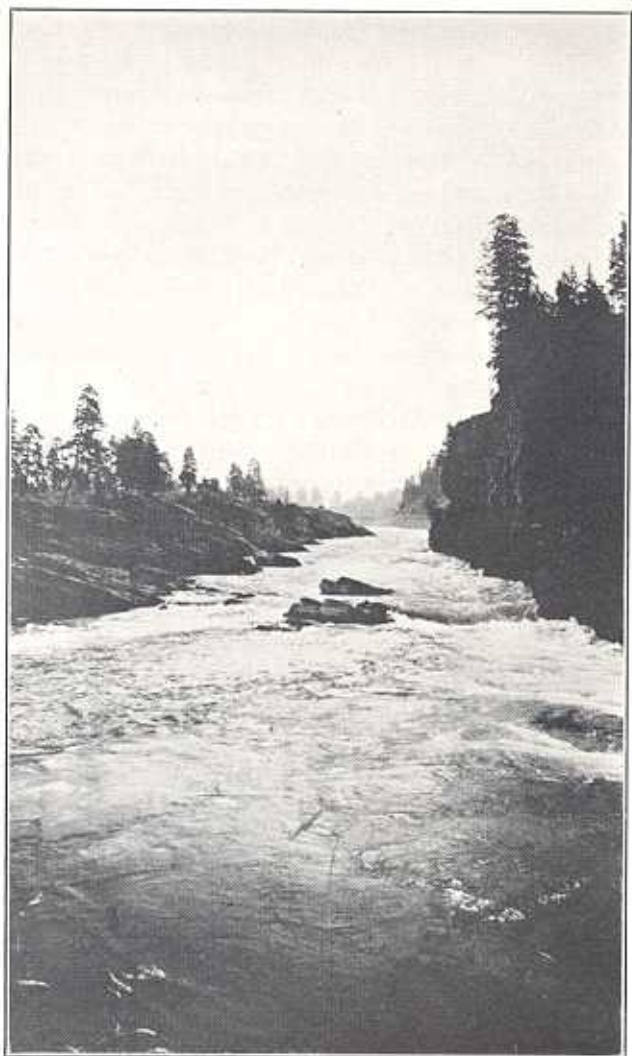


A TYPICAL PUMPING PLANT

gave me the photographs of Kettle Falls which I am using as illustrations.

After leaving Marcus a short run landed me at the head of the Falls. The River valley is wide here, and not enclosed by high hills. The higher shore is on the right, but the left shore is low at first and the hills are a mile or more away to the east. Southward the ground gradually rises into a considerable bench. The Falls are approached by two tumultuous channels about a half to three-fourths of a mile long. The right hand channel is much the larger and terminates in a sheer drop of about 25 feet. To the left of it is a low rock island, and then comes the smaller channel, about 150 feet wide, and terminating in a series of tumbling cascades. The channels are shallow gorges in the solid rock with vertical walls about 15 feet high. Opposite to the head of the smaller channel, and on the left, a shallow bay several hundred feet in width has been formed by a small creek entering the River from the south. Between the bay and the small channel is a low, narrow, rock point.

When I reached the bay I rowed across it to the narrow rock point and getting as high as possible on the left shore of the small channel walked down almost its full length. I could see across the rock island to the large channel. It meant sure disaster to attempt to run or line either of them, and the portage could not be made directly down the left hand shore. I must get a team and wagon to haul both boat and outfit to the east and south, making a circuit of about a mile and a half to reach safe water below the Falls. About an hour was spent



—Photo. by Forde
EAST CHANNEL KETTLE FALLS

"sizing up" the situation, and then leaving the point I recrossed the bay to its east shore. Desiring to get a lunch before starting out to search for a team, I was looking around for firewood, and finding none was ready to give up the search when I noticed a man come out of the timber about two hundred yards to the south, and go to the little creek already mentioned, with a water bucket in his hand. Thinking he was a camper, and would have some kind of fire to cook on, I took a pot of coffee and some eatables with me and walked down to interview him. He had returned to the timber and, following him, I came to a farmhouse on the low bench near the creek. On being admitted I found two men and a young woman within just ready to sit down to their noonday meal. A good fire was in the stove and permission was readily granted me to cook bacon, eggs, and coffee. The farmer's name was Brigham, and telling him I wanted to portage around the Falls, he agreed to help me at once, and proceeded to hitch up his team, while I went back to the boat and got things ready for loading. In a short time the two men and myself had everything on the wagon, and leaving the shore shortly reached a wagon road, which we followed. We had not gone far before we passed an old stable which had been erected by the Northwest Company in 1811. The ruins of the Company's old fort I was told were not far away against the hills. A little farther along we passed a former Jesuit mission, empty, and with its doors and windows gone. It had been built in 1837 of the most evenly-sized and smoothly-hewn logs I ever saw, and although not a single nail held the struc-

ture together, the walls were still upright, sound, and substantial. Many names were registered within the building on the smooth faces of the logs, and I placed mine among the rest.

The old mission is in the pine timber, on a level bench several hundred feet above the River, and just out of sight of the Falls. After leaving it, the road we followed descended a gentle incline to a point projecting westward into the Columbia about a quarter mile below the Falls, and forming above a wide basin below them into which the water plunges and is churned into foam. This point was the end of the portage, for although the River is suddenly contracted the agitated water expends its force in the basin and only a swift, placid stream, free from obstructions, exists for seven miles downstream to Grand Rapids.

Getting as low down on the point as possible with the wagon, it was unloaded, and then Mr. Brigham and his helper assisted me in dragging the boat over the jagged rocks, from a height of about 150 feet, and launched her in a little cove. I carried my outfit down the slope and loaded it alone; and, as by this time evening was approaching I was able to row but about two miles before it was time to camp, and reaching the Kettle Falls Ferry, a mile above the town of that name, and noticing an empty house on the right hand shore, at the ferry, I landed and obtained permission to sleep in it; and after cleaning one room, made my bed on the floor.

On the morning of September 25, I rowed directly across the River at the Ferry and, making the boat fast at the east shore, climbed to the bench, and



—Photo, by Merrigan

KETTLE FALLS

walked a mile to the town of Kettle Falls. The place is on an extensive flat, well above the surface of the Columbia. In location and appearance the place somewhat resembles Marcus, but is possibly a little larger, and is off the line of the Great Northern Railway, which turns inland at Marcus and ascends the Colville River.

My purpose in stopping at the town of Kettle Falls was to ascertain something definite about Grand Rapids—called locally Rickey's Rapids—which were four miles below, and which had been described to me as impossible of navigation. I had been reading Lewis R. Freeman's story, published in the *Sunset Magazine*, and he had gone around these rapids, as well as Kettle Falls, on a wagon. I was dodging nothing that could be overcome with a little pluck and labor, and I was determined to "tackle" Grand Rapids. A few inquiries put me on the trail of Raymond (Dutch) Keyser, a young man who was familiar with the Rapids. I soon found him at the garage, and learned what he knew, and what he thought would be best for me to do. He had run the Rapids several times but always at time of high water when there was a safe channel open on the extreme right. This channel, he said, would now be dry, and that the present right hand channel was not navigable, but he thought I could get down the left hand one by lining some of the worst places. This information confirmed my intention of not dodging the difficulties I would possibly meet at the place, and walking back to my boat in a five-mile run I reached, and landed, at the head of the left-hand channel.

Grand Rapids are to be feared by the navigator as much as any other on the Columbia River. The right hand channel, as I saw it, is too rough and rock-filled for either a large or small boat to run it. The upper one-third of the left-hand channel is almost equally dangerous, but the lower two-thirds



Photo. by Forde

GRAND RAPIDS

presented little that would deter an experienced riverman. The River here has considerable width. The right-hand shore is low, but the left-hand one is a bench, fully 150 feet high, with a narrow, rocky beach at its base.

I spent considerable time examining the mile length of the rapids and determining the best way to get by the comparatively short stretch of unsafe water at the head of the smaller channel. The plan

was this: To line 200 feet, row 200 feet, line 300 feet, portage about 500 feet, and then run the remainder. I could do the lining alone, and by making rollers could possibly make the portage alone by hard work, but the rocks were rough and jagged and I was fearful, that without help to carry the boat



Photo, by Furde

LOOKING NORTH

over the roughest places her bottom would be ruined, and as she was in good order, I wanted to keep her so. Coming to the conclusion that help was necessary I climbed the bench and struck directly away from the River, through the thick pine timber with which the bench was covered, and passing many hundred cords of fresh-cut stove-wood, in about three-fourths of a mile reached an apple orchard and a farm house. At the house I found an elderly

couple, two young men, and two grown girls. The day was Sunday and the young men were evidently visitors.

On making my wants known the young men immediately agreed to help me, and the girls following, we all retraced my trail back to the edge of the bench, down which we plunged through the brush, the girls as active as the rest of us, and arriving at the boat began lining (myself rowing the stretch of good water), and reaching the portaging place the load was first carried across (the girls assisting), and we were then able to get the boat over the 500 feet of rocky shore without using rollers. From the time we started lining until the COLUMBIA was launched in safe water, and loaded, not over three-fourths of an hour had been consumed. Before leaving my new-found friends, I photographed the group with the rapids as a background (am sorry to say that the negative was defective and I cannot use it), and then bidding them good-bye, left the shore; and as the current carried me rapidly away they climbed higher and higher on the beach to watch my progress.

Just below where I re-entered the River the rapids are divided by a huge rock forming a small island. The left-hand channel is first deflected to the left by this rock and then turns to the right, and between the rock and the left-hand shore is a considerable whirlpool. I had been traveling stern-first, backing water on the oars, and intended to hold that position as long as the going was uncertain. There were no breakers in the channel I followed, but as soon as the whirlpool was reached the boat began to whirl

and reversed ends. There was no sucking vortex in the whirlpool and a few strong strokes with the oars carried me out of its influence and past the rock. There had been a light wind blowing upstream all day, not particularly noticeable above, but as I rounded the rock it developed into a gale—a head wind. At the lower end of the rapids, where the two channels united, was a large protruding rock and wildly agitated water. It was about a quarter-mile below the rock island and the current I was in drew directly toward it. I had passed many similar places, in other rapids, without trouble, but I found that the strong head wind made my boat almost uncontrollable and, strive as I might with the oars, she was drawn directly and rapidly towards the menace. As we came near I could see all its ugly features—first, the black rock, with its white, upflung waves, and then below a seething cauldron of sucking water. It seemed like an angry, roaring monster with wide open, frothing jaws rushing madly at me. In fact it was stationary, and it was my boat that was rushing towards it—but the illusion was perfect. When not over a hundred feet away, pulling quartering upstream, with an extra effort of the oars I managed to pass the rock, on the right, by a bare ten feet—so close that a side splash from a wave struck me fairly in the side, moved me bodily on the seat a foot, and brought aboard about two buckets of water. The blow was like being hit with a soft cushion, and though powerful did not hurt. The whole thing was over in an instant—I had shot by like a flash and all danger was behind me.

The name of one of the young men who helped

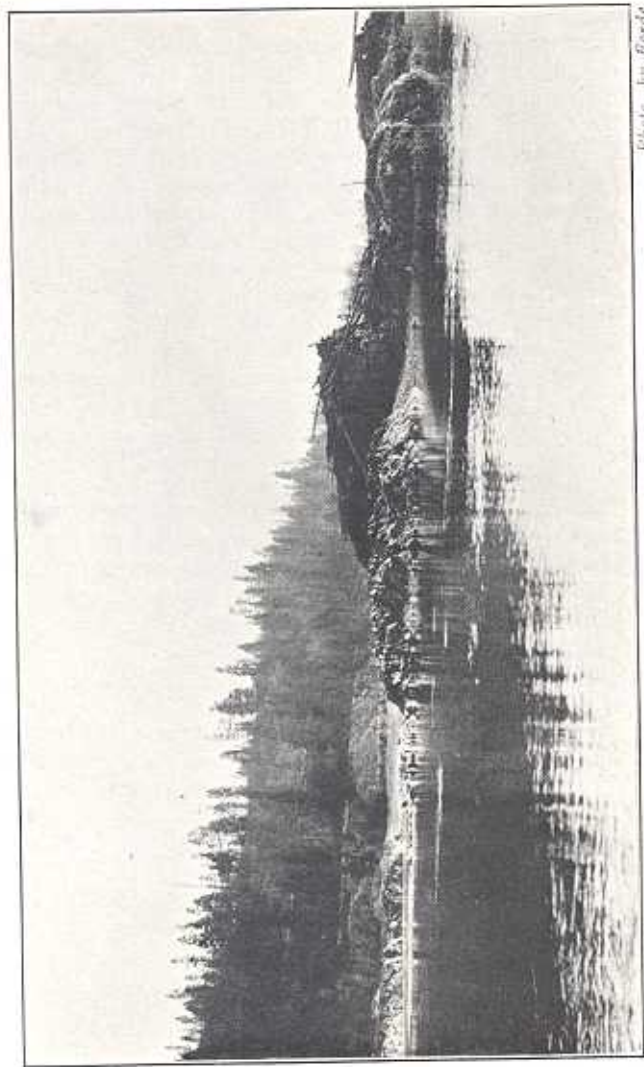
me at Grand Rapids is Claud Slentz. After I reached California he wrote me from Colville, Washington, and his letter contained the following paragraph:

"We were sitting there on the rocks watching you travel the rough waves. Just a short while after you left us you hadn't any more than got off the rapids, and must have got in an awful rough wave because all we could see of you was your hat. My sister grabbed hold of my arm and screamed."

That night I camped on a sandy bench, on the left hand side of the River, about three miles below Grand Rapids, and at a ferry. Two women, fruit pickers, had a tent nearby, and above, on a higher bench was a large farmhouse.

The next morning, following the right-hand shore, in a run of two miles I reached the northern boundary of the Colville Indian Reservation. This Reserve originally had the International Boundary as its northern limit, but has been cut in two and now begins 36 miles due south of the Canadian line and follows the west side of the Columbia to the head of the Great Bend, where it turns westward, along the River, to the mouth of Okanogan River, and then follows that stream northward, until due west of the point of beginning. The headquarters of the Indian agency is at Nespelem, on the Nespelem River about five miles above its mouth. Its superintendent is Mr. O. C. Upchurch, who sent me the following statement:

"The Reserve consists of one million acres of land south of the township line between townships 34 and 35, and west to the Okanogan River. In addition to this there are tracts of land known as the Moses-Agree-



—Photo, by Perde

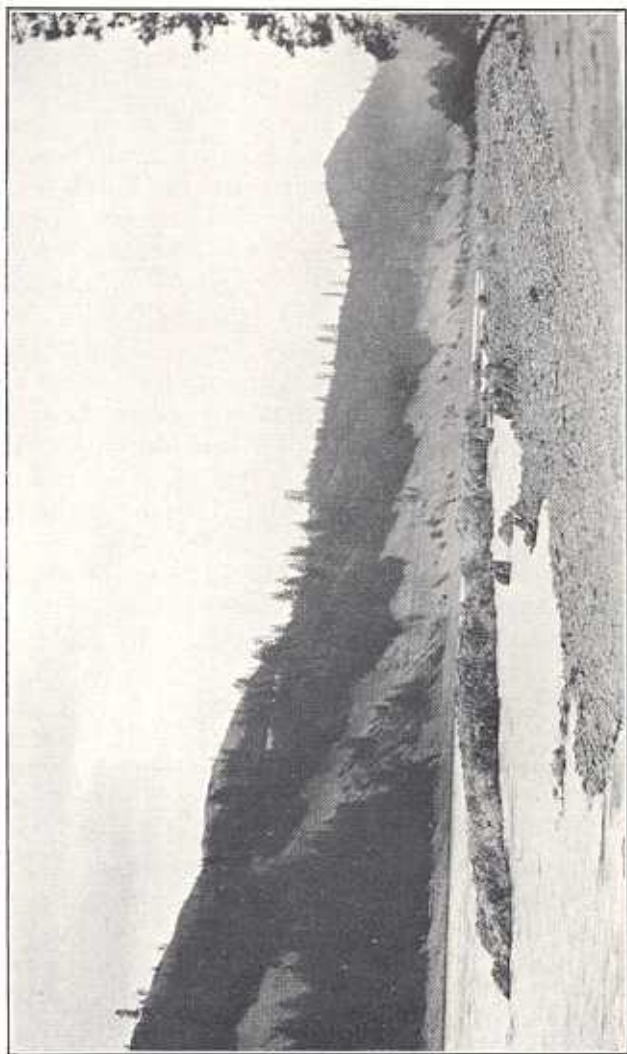
DRIFTWOOD ISLAND

ment and Wenatchee-Homesteads located on the west side of the Okanogan River, scattered from the Canadian Border, near Loomis, to the west of the Columbia near Wenatchee and Cashmere. There are under this jurisdiction about three thousand Indians belonging to at least ten different tribes, the most populous being, Columbia, Lakes, San Poil, Nez Perce, and Okanogans. Eight hundred thousand acres of the Reserve is classified as timber land, with an estimated stumpage of two billion feet, mostly yellow pine. Approximately half of the Reserve is leased for grazing. The Indians are principally fed and supported by farming and stock raising. Last year they cultivated thirty-one thousand acres of land, and grazed two hundred and fifty thousand more. They raised twenty-four thousand bushels of wheat, and put up five thousand tons of hay; the total value of their farm products being estimated at twenty-two thousand dollars. They have three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in individual Indian money and securities deposited with this Agency. The surplus agricultural lands have been open for homesteads for five years prior to September 5, 1921. During that time practically all the desirable land was taken. The best agricultural land on the Reserve was of course included in Indian allotments before the remaining was opened to homesteads.

"On a bench ten miles from the Columbia River is Owhi Lake where the State Fisheries Department has a permit to take Eastern Brook eggs. They secured during the season just closing more than four million. Our streams and lakes are plentifully supplied."

I had traveled but about three miles along the border of the reserve when I reached a low bench, back of which was another bench three or four hundred feet higher and fully a half-mile back from the River. Near the edge of the high bench was a single building—a little white church, its spire ter-

minating in a cross. The place interested me and I determined to visit it, being also influenced by the thought that there might be a store somewhere out of sight where some needed provisions could be obtained. I found a trail leading to the church, and up this I climbed to the summit where a fence barred the way. I found a gate and was on the point of opening it when an old Indian appeared on the opposite side, who told me that the church was an Indian Mission, but was closed because they could get no priest. There were no signs of a settlement or store on the bench, but the Indian lived at the foot of the hill and said he had some beef for sale. He led me to his cabin and gave me what I wanted. Seven miles below the little white church (which is a prominent landmark and can be seen for miles), I reached the ferry at Inchelium. Hall and Stranger Creeks enter the Columbia here, on the Reserve, and form a considerable area of low ground. On this the village of Inchelium is located about a half-mile back from the River, and I decided to visit it and get some badly needed articles of food. I traveled a sandy road from the ferry and had not gone far before I picked up a silver dime lying in the wagon track—rather an unusual place to find money—but my mind reverted, instantly, to a somewhat similar find I had made in the wilds of Alaska when I was alone on the Unuk River in 1919. I had landed at the mouth of South Fork for the purpose of encamping there and doing some prospecting at a place I knew of twelve miles up the stream. I had carried my luggage from the boat, set up the tent, and started to prepare a meal at a pile of rocks that



DECEPTION ROCK

someone before me had used as a fireplace—as was evidenced by the fire-blackened rocks. They were disarranged and as I stooped to place them in an orderly array for cooking purposes, I saw, at my feet, a bright five-cent nickel piece. Whoever had lost it evidently never missed the money, or if he did, he did not know where he had dropped it. If he knew of the loss of the money, and wondered where, should he read this story he will then know that the nickel lay in plain sight at his fireplace at the mouth of South Fork of the Unuk River. I lost it myself, later. On reaching the village it proved to be small, consisting principally of three good-sized general stores.

I did not remain longer at the place than necessary to make my purchases and then walked back to the River. A light but steady head wind blew all day, making progress slow, but by nightfall I reached a point on the left shore about six miles below Inchelium. During the day I passed Driftwood Island, with its crown of derelicts, Rock Bar, and ran two small rapids.

On September 27 I had an experience that seemed for awhile would terminate my journey. The wind had been blowing against me all morning in strong, but fitful, gusts, but by eleven o'clock in the morning I had made nine miles and reached Hunters, where a short stop was made to photograph the ferry. I had noticed that there was a storm on downriver, but anticipated nothing serious. I had gotten below the ferry about a mile and was traveling along the right-hand shore, at the base of some high, perpendicular chalk cliffs when a hurricane of wind burst upon me

with sudden fury, the air was filled with flying sand, and the surface of the River was almost instantly whipped into whitecaps. I could make absolutely no progress downstream, rowing was of no avail, and if I ceased the effort, in spite of the swift current the boat would go upstream. I looked for a place to land on the right shore, but everywhere it was too rocky and precipitous. The River was about five hundred feet wide, and the left shore was a sloping, gravel beach about two hundred yards wide, gradually rising to an extensive, low bench, partly open and partly covered with willows. My only recourse was to brave the waves, across their trough, land on the bar, make the boat secure, and seek the shelter of the willows. This I did successfully, and after waiting until the middle of the afternoon and the storm not subsiding, I set up the tent in the most sheltered place among the bushes, placing its rear end to the wind, and with a heavy guy line (made of a section of the lining rope) made the top of the rear end-pole fast to a strong bush. The wind abated none of its fury during the day and before retiring, at night, I drew the COLUMBIA three-fourths of its length out of the water, drove a stake in the gravel beach, made the boat fast to it with the towline, and then piled rocks around the stake, and on the rope. Everything seemed secure and I had no apprehension of what was to follow.

During the night there were three terrific gusts of wind—stronger than the general force of the gale—but as my tent withstood the shocks, and there were no more of them, I did not get up. By morn-

ing the storm had ceased, and as soon as it was daylight I arose, and rounding the willows looked to see if the boat was safe—there was no boat in sight! About a mile downstream was a considerable bend, and hastily donning my clothes, I walked down to it hoping to find the boat lodged in slack water. She was not there, nor in sight for a couple of miles below the bend. I was in a bad predicament. All my money, except five dollars, was in a pair of trousers I had taken off the day before. My stove, camera, typewriter, guns, provisions, and change of clothing, and everything but tent, bedding, a few cooking utensils, and axe were aboard the boat. The oars were on the beach where they had been thrown on landing. On account of the difficulty of carrying loads in the strong wind, the two hundred yards across the open beach, only those things absolutely necessary for a rough camp had been unloaded.

I returned to camp, and realizing that there was a strenuous day before me if the COLUMBIA was to be recovered, and it would be wise to eat something before starting on a search, I prepared a meal from the little food left over from the preceding afternoon. Shortly after the storm had driven me ashore, two men—a white man and young Indian—had walked down from the ferry and had seen my outfit. They were the only persons who knew what I had, and as I could see no reason for the trip they made, I became suspicious that they had made way with the boat during the night. Having come to this conclusion I walked up to the ferry for two reasons, the first of which was to examine the shore to see if the wind had possibly blown the boat upstream,

and second to find the two men of whom I was suspicious. There was no COLUMBIA to be found, and reaching the ferry I inquired of the ferryman where the white man I was looking for could be seen—describing him as best I could. The ferryman stated that he was in a farmhouse close by, and going there I entered, found the man, and voiced my suspicions. The man told me, earnestly, that he knew nothing about the boat, and thought that neither did the Indian.

I was, perforce, compelled to accept the statement for the time being, and began to think that although the COLUMBIA had withstood the storm all afternoon, the extra strong gusts during the night had set her adrift, and if she was to be found it would be somewhere down the River, either stranded or wrecked. It was up to me to find out.

On account of the rough nature of the left hand shore there is no wagon road on that side for several miles below Hunters. But there is a trail, and following that for three miles I found a skiff, in which there was a pair of oars, drawn up on the shore. Appropriating the skiff, I crossed the River and landed on what is called, locally, the "Indian side." Just above my landing place a high bench begins and extends northward, terminating at the chalk cliffs, already mentioned, and almost opposite to my camping place. Climbing this bench I followed it to the end, a distance of about three miles, looking in every nook where a boat might be concealed, or for evidence of withdrawal from the water, but found nothing. On the bench were two Indian farmhouses, at each of which were a woman

and children. None of them had seen a boat floating down the River. Returning to the skiff, I recrossed the River and, leaving her where found, continued downstream. In a half-mile I reached a farmhouse, where there was no one home but the housewife. As it was noon and I was hungry I asked the woman if she could give me a lunch. Instead of that she prepared as bountiful and well-cooked a meal as would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious.

About a quarter-mile below the farmhouse the wagon road from Hunters descends a hill and reaches the shore of the Columbia. I had not traveled far on the road before encountering a man driving a team, and stopping him I explained that my boat had been lost the night before, and asked if he had seen her lodged along the shore. "Yes," he said, "there is a stray boat caught in a riffle about two miles below. She is about twenty feet from the shore, and is surging strongly on the rope that holds her fast." From his description I knew it was the COLUMBIA, and lost no time traveling the two miles and sliding down the hillside to the water. She was forty instead of twenty feet from the shore, and the current was too swift and the water too deep to reach her by wading. Thinking I might lasso the boat by the rowlock with about forty feet of quarter-inch rope, I walked down the road to a farmhouse where they were picking and packing apples. A man was tinkering on a truck, and to him I made my troubles known and asked for what I wanted. He handed me a regular, forty-foot lariat, and at the same time remarked that there

was a skiff tied to the shore immediately opposite, and I was welcome to use her. Going to the place indicated, I found the skiff, and although there were oars aboard, the rowlocks were missing—evidently hidden. It was a half-mile upstream to the COLUMBIA, the current was swift, and it took an hour of poling, wading, and paddling to make the distance. Instead of trying to lasso the COLUMBIA, I made the forty-foot lariat fast to the painter of the skiff and secured the other end to the shore so that the current would lay me alongside of the stranded boat and permit me to board her. This I did, and grasping the tow line I tugged hard to free it from the rocks in the bottom of the River, that held it. After some effort the stake, with the rope still tightly wound around it, was raised, but the trailing end of the line, which terminated in a "wall" knot, was so securely caught that no amount of pulling and jerking would free it. Any apprehension that I had had that the boat would tear herself loose before she could be rescued was groundless. I believe she would have been safe where she was for a month. I had to cut the rope to set her free.

The COLUMBIA had drifted down about six miles of river in which there happens to be no rapids. Whether she was buffeted around in the wind and waves when she first went adrift, I do not know, but everything aboard her was undisturbed, and no water had come over her sides. It was a lucky thing that she lodged where she did. If she had been far enough offshore to get by the riffle, there was no place for miles below where an eddy would have held her, or she would have caught as she did. As it

was, it was only the green stake I had used, and which dragged on the bottom, that caused the rope to get entangled. If the stake had worked loose the rope would have floated high in the current above the rocks.

Dropping the COLUMBIA downstream about a quarter-mile, I dragged her well out of the water, tied her securely, and then, transferring the money she carried to my pocket, everything else was left aboard. The skiff was next returned to its place, the lariat given to its owner, and I struck out up-river to my camp. On the way I stopped at the farmhouse of Jim Lincoln (opposite my camp) and arranged with him to haul my small amount of dunnage to where the COLUMBIA had been left for the night. My tent was reached after dark and a belated supper prepared. I had walked twenty miles since daylight, but was well satisfied with the day's work. The uncertainty of the morning was dispelled. My only regret was for unjust suspicions entertained against two innocent men—but that was made right later.

Mr. Lincoln appeared with his team in the morning, bringing with him the report that the Hunters ferryman had circulated the story that an old bootlegger had come down the Columbia the day before in a rowboat behind which was towed a keg of whiskey, and that, during the night Tom ——— had got away with the whiskey and the whole outfit.

As has already been stated, there is no wagon road along the River below Hunters, for several miles, and our route was by a roundabout and steep

climb through the hills to the east, and among the apple orchards, and then a sharp descent to the River below the farmhouse where I had eaten the day before; after which a "benched in" road clung to the steep slopes, finally reaching a low flat, opposite to the head of which the COLUMBIA was moored. The road was so steep in many places, and so sidling in others, that the team had to walk all the way, and the trip consumed three hours. We arrived at our destination at 11 o'clock A. M., and finding the boat and contents intact I parted from Mr. Lincoln and resumed my interrupted journey.

Just below where the re-start was made, the Columbia makes an "S"-shaped turn, known as Elbow Bend. There are two channels at the bend, both having a swift current, and I followed the right-hand one as being the most tranquil. A half-mile below where I started, the wagon road reaches a small settlement called Gerome, but it is fully a mile and a half by the route I had taken, and it was noon when I landed there. There is a ferry there, a store, a few out-buildings, and a large house some distance away on a hill. As I had nothing suitable for a lunch with me (my usual arrangements had been disturbed by the recent storm), I walked the considerable distance to the store over a rough, boulder-strewn beach, got a "snack" at the store, and some necessary groceries.

After leaving Gerome, I ran to a small, unnamed rapid, and ten miles below came to a high bench on the right, where there were two vacant cabins. Selecting the lower one, which was unfurnished except

for a good cast iron stove, after much labor what was needed for the night, including water, was carried up the very steep side of the bench. There was no place to make a bed but upon the floor; and with the thin mattress I always found such a bed a hard one.