CHAPTER XXV

From The Dalles City to Vancouver

The autumnal rains began in earnest the day after my arrival at The Dalles City, and the frequent showers thereafter, and the heavy morning fogs, which did not lift until late in the forenoons, materially delayed my progress towards Astoria.

It was noon of October 26 before the weather permitted me to again get under way. A noticeable change in the appearance of the country became apparent. I was getting within the embrace of the Cascade Range. Five miles below the The Dalles City, scattered, stunted pines began to appear on the mountainous sides, and then oak trees. The mountains rise higher and higher, and the timber becomes larger and thicker, gradually merging into a dense forest which prevails the rest of the way through the Cascade Range.

I had traveled twelve miles and had just passed Lyle at the mouth of Klickitat River—a considerable stream entering the Columbia from the north—when I came abreast of a bare, flat-topped, rock island on which stood a lone, white marble shaft with an enlarged base. It seemed a queer place for a monument and I afterwards ascertained that the shaft covered the resting place of Vic. Trevett, and was on Memloose Island, one of the Chinook Indians' "Burial Places of the Dead." The Indians

First View of Timber in Cascade Range, also Showing Terraces

had a custom of burying their dead on rocky islands in the River where their bodies could not be reached and devoured by wild beasts. To such a place the dead man and his canoe were carried and raised to the top of the rock; the canoe was then fixed so that the bow was slightly raised, a hole bored in the stern for the egress of water, and the body resting therein was covered with mats.

Vic. Trevett, one of the early pioneers and a friend of the Indians, expressed a desire that in the event of his death he be buried alongside of his red friends. His wish was granted. Dying in San Francisco, his white friends conveyed his body to Memloose Island, there buried it in civilized fashion and erected over it the monument that for the time being immortalizes his memory, for his resting place is pointed out daily to travelers on trains, steamers and highway.

A few miles below Memloose Island I reached the town of Mosier, Oregon, a small place on the railroad, about a mile south of the River. It was again raining and I made camp and pitched my tent on the flat beach near where a houseboat, in which a man was living, was high and dry on the shore.

It was not until 11 o'clock in the morning of October 28 that the weather permitted leaving Mosier. A seven-mile row brought me to the mouth of Hood River, where I went ashore to investigate the City of Hood River which is located on the northern slope of the hills about a mile south of the Columbia River. Hood River skirts it on the east. To reach the business section of the city I had to cross the

—Photo. by Prentiss

VIC. TREVITT'S MONUMENT ON MEMLOOSE ISLAND

tumultuous Hood River on a great concrete highway bridge 295 feet in length, just above the steel bridge of the Oregon-Washington Railway. This brought me to the main street that climbed a gentle ascent to the west.

Hood River rises at Mount Hood and paralleling the Cascade Range flows northerly to the Columbia. Immediately across from its mouth is the mouth of White Salmon River which, rising at Mount Adams, flows southerly to the Columbia. These two streams form a practically continuous valley noted for its fertility and the quality of its farm products. What is called the Hood River Valley is not exactly a valley but a series of table-lands rising towards Mount Hood. Here are raised the apples, pears, cherries, and berries that have made Hood River famous the world over.

Hood River City has a population of 3,200. Being in the heart of the forested district of the Cascade Range, its lumber interests are extensive, ranking next to fruit. The lumber shipments from the county amount to about $750,000 annually. Transportation facilities are afforded by the Columbia River, the Oregon-Washington Railway, and the Columbia River Highway. Being the most convenient place from which to reach Mount Hood, local transportation is afforded by the Mount Hood Railroad extending southward up the valley twenty-three miles to Parkdale; and from thence a highway about ten miles long reaches Cloud Cap Inn, three miles, in an airline, from the summit of the mountain. An abundant water supply, fresh from

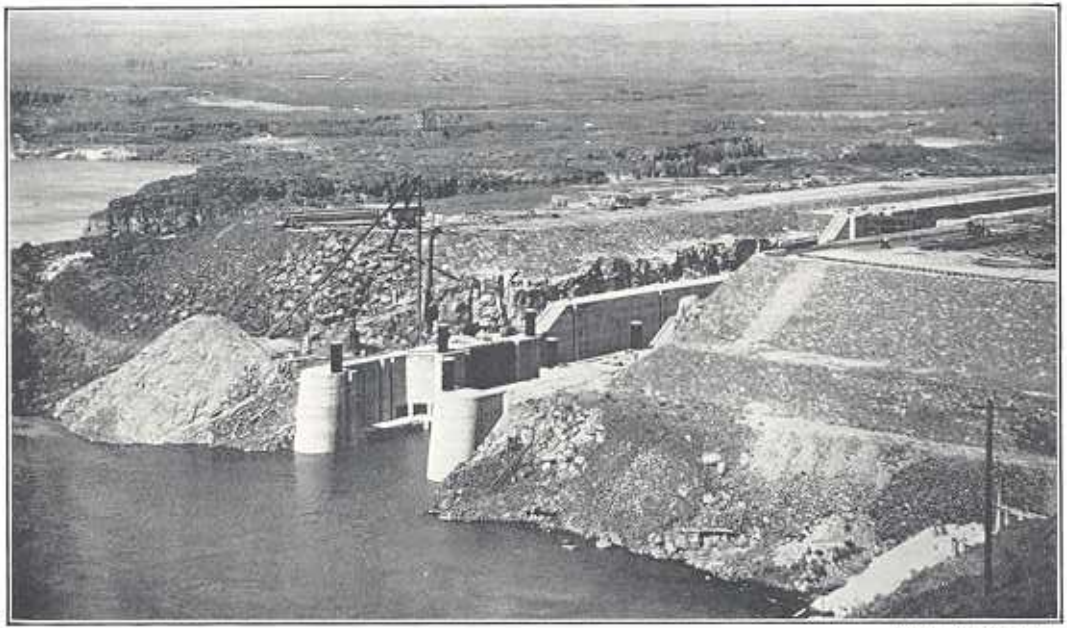


Photo. by Saunders

LOWER END OF CASCADE LOCKS

the snows of Mount Hood, is at all times available for power, irrigation, and domestic purposes.

Leaving Hood River I was rowing leisurely down a gentle current and had come abreast of a large sandbar that put out from the Oregon shore when a squall of wind and rain, too strong to contend with, forced me to make a landing. A quarter-mile away, across the bar, was the evergreen forest at the base of the mountains. Not knowing how long the rain would last I started for the shelter of the trees and as I raced across the bar I noticed a half-dozen dirty, greasy looking men hurrying for the same shelter. I wondered what they were doing on the sandbar, but when I reached them I saw their clothes were covered with oil, and learned that they were spraying the sand with crude oil to keep it from drifting over the rails and covering the track of the Oregon-Washington Railway, which skirts the edge of the bar.

In a short while the squall passed by, scurrying on its way upriver, and resuming my journey it was not long before I was weaving my way among a lot of scattered tree stumps rooted in the bed of the River, their broken tops projecting a few feet above the surface—the celebrated Sunken Forest of the Columbia. A little farther and I was at the Upper Cascades, and the head of the Cascade Canal, eighteen miles below Hood River.

I had now reached the last obstruction to the navigation of the Columbia River. Above is a wide stream with a sluggish current which now becomes narrowed to a quarter-mile in width, is swift, and in

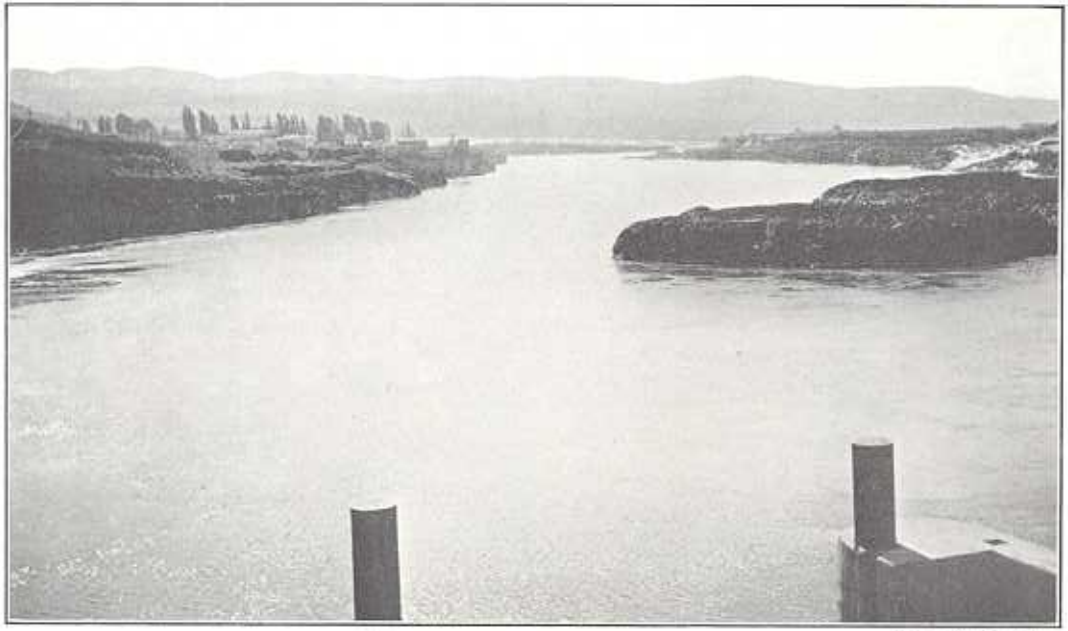
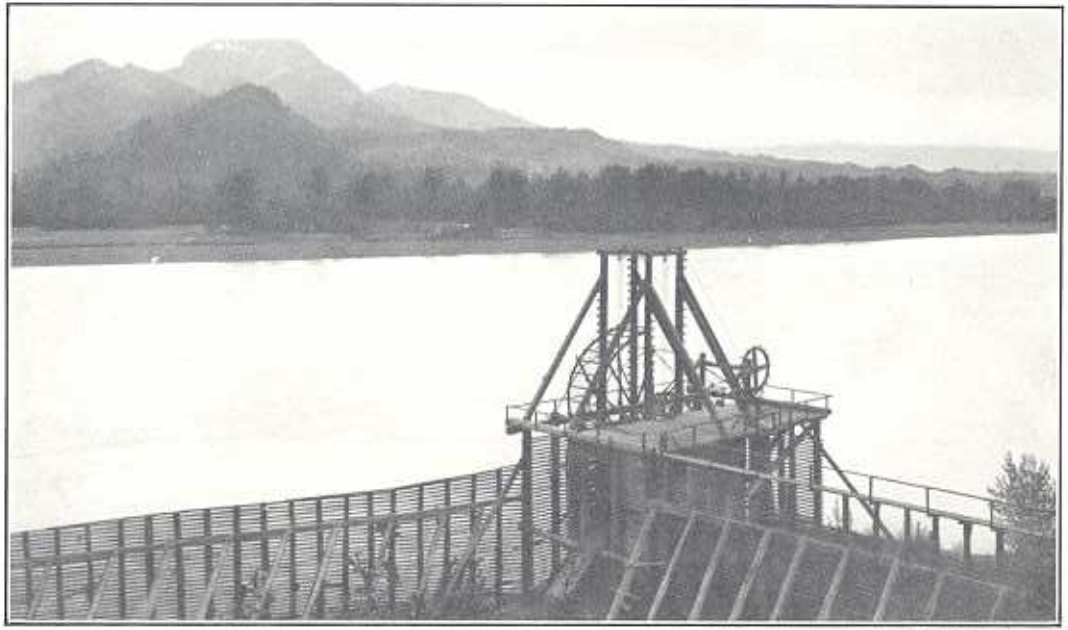


Photo. by Saunders

THE FOW-WALLED GORGE BELOW CASCADE LOCKS

a distance of five miles there are three rapids known as the Upper Cascades, a mile long; the Middle Cascades, a third of a mile long; and the Lower Cascades, a half-mile long, the last being located at the backbone of the Cascade Range. The two lower rapids were not serious at the time I ran them; but the upper one, from what I could see from the Oregon shore, was a vicious, tumbling mass of froth-crested water. The Upper Cascades are crescent-shaped, curving towards the Washington shore around a rock island at the Oregon side and terminating against the Oregon shore. It is here that the National Government has built a canal and locks south of the rock island and connecting the open river above with the lower end of the upper rapids. The canal consists of an open entrance 3,000 feet long, and two, or tandem-locks, one 469 feet long, the other 462 feet, having a width of 90 feet, a combined lift of 22 feet, and a low water depth of 8 feet. The construction is more massive than that at the Celilo Canal, and the gates are larger, and instead of being flat are curved, transversely, on the upper side. The cost, complete, was $4,000,000, and the canal and locks were opened for traffic in 1896 and have been constantly used since then. Hydraulic pressure derived from a close-by stream operates the machinery.

The Indians have the usual legend to account for not only the Cascades but the sunken forest. The story goes that at one time a natural bridge spanned the Columbia at the place, which the Great Spirit made very beautiful for his red children. At



—*Photo. by Pegelow*

TABLE MOUNTAIN, BACKBONE OF CASCADE RANGE

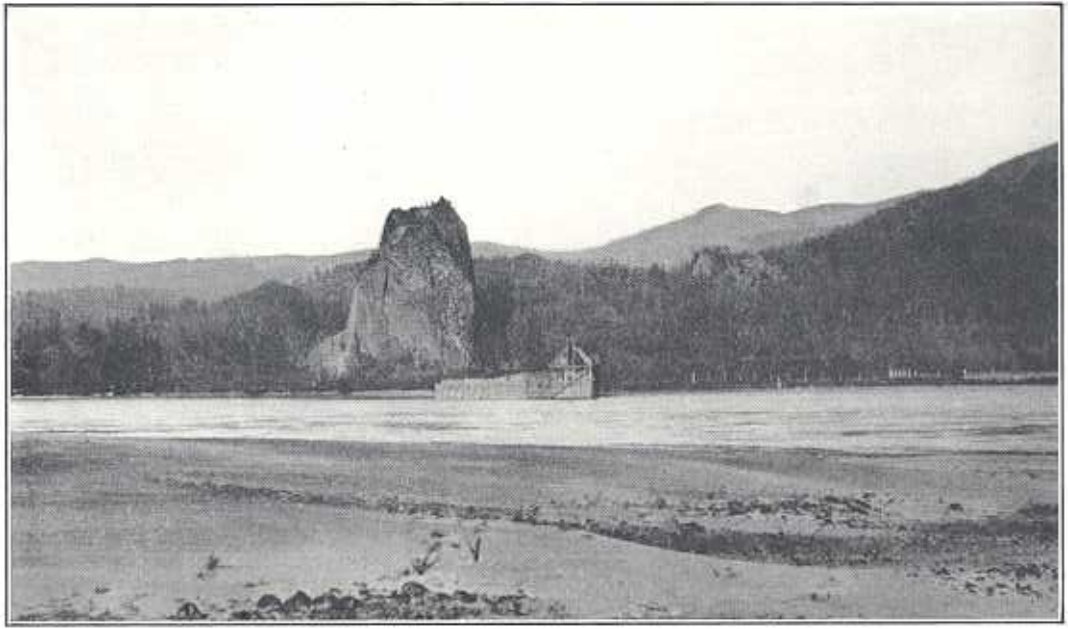
that time Mount Adams on the north, and Mount Hood on the south were active volcanoes, and were considered to be the abode of two great gods. These gods became angry and warred with each other. Battling from afar they threw great rocks and boulders at one another, many of which fell in the River, destroying the bridge and obstructing the channel, forming the rapids. When the strife had ended, the Great Spirit placed the trees in the water, above the rapids, as a token of the bridge, and since then the trees have turned to stone. Cold science has proved, however, that the Cascades were caused by a great landslide from the mountains on the south, which not only dammed the River but brought into it a part of the forest, a remnant of which remains. It has also been proved that instead of having become petrified, the stumps still consist of sound timber. A corroboration of the landslide theory of the formation of the Cascades is the fact that, in some places, the hillsides are still constantly sliding downwards, as is evidenced by the shifting of the roadbed of the Oregon-Washington Railway, necessitating frequent adjustment and correction of the alignment of its track.

I reached the head of the Cascade Canal just as the steamboat J. N. Teal was entering the locks from below. The entrance has vertical, concrete walls extending all the way to the locks, and similar to the entrance to the Celilo Canal. Making my boat secure to the shore above the entrance I walked down to the locks where I found the lock-tender busy with the work of bringing the Teal from the lower

The Bay Below Cascade Locks, Cascades in the Distance

to the higher level. Explaining to him who I was, and requesting passage through the locks, I was told to hurry back to my boat and the gates would be opened for me as soon as the Teal had passed through them. The Teal came abreast of my boat just as I reached her, and slipping into the entrance, I was soon at the first gate. No formalities had been required of me at the Celilo Canal but now, at the gate, the lock-tender standing above on the wall requested me to fill out and sign a blank form giving the character, size, name and master of my boat. I reached for the paper with the fishing-pole I carried and, after complying with the requirements and returning the form, the machinery of the gates was operated and I was soon turned loose in the channel of the River, having come down a double-step.

As has been indicated, the Cascade Canal does not span the full length of the Upper Cascades, but their lower end extends more than a quarter-mile below it. Here the River channel is but a quarter-mile wide and is filled with numerous rocks, mainly on the Oregon side, among which the swift current makes agitated, white-crested water. It must be understood that I had had no opportunity to examine what was below the locks but had gone through them blindly with only the knowledge that steamers navigated the River below them. As soon as I saw what was ahead I decided to go ashore, examine the rapids at my leisure, and determine the best route through them. This I did in a little bay of quiet water that has formed just below the locks on the Oregon side. By the time the situation was

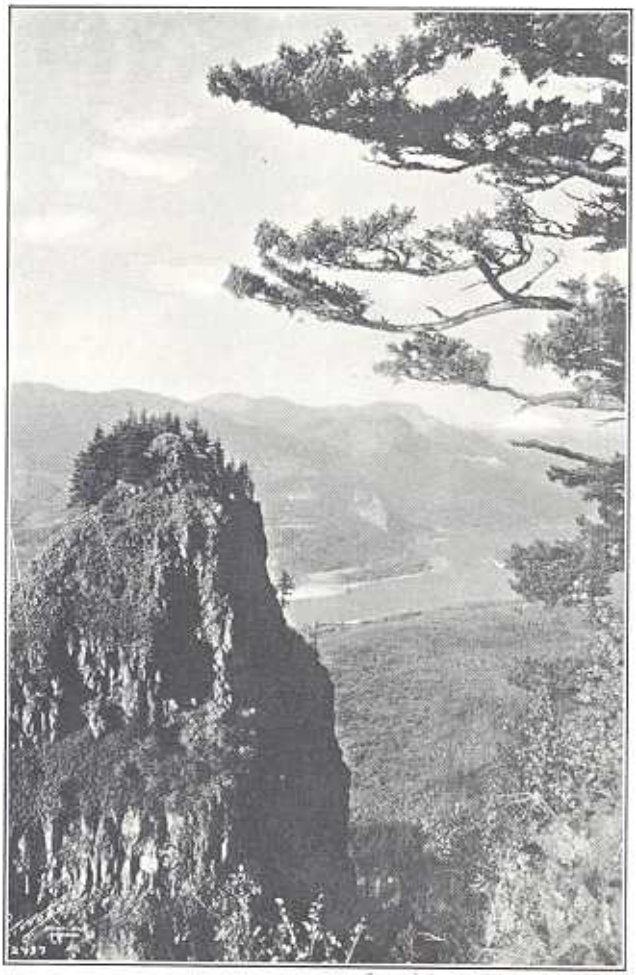


Beacon Rock and Fishwheel

"sized up" the sun had set and it behooved me to make camp—but I could find no suitable place to put up a tent or make a bed. There was a flat bench above the bay on which was the railway roadbed, but that, and the whole hillside exuded moisture and there was no dry ground anywhere, either on bench or beach—everything was wet, even the dead timber lying around.

It was too late in the day to run the rapids and chance finding a favorable camping ground on the shores below and my only alternative was to secure the COLUMBIA safely in the bay, leave the whole outfit for the night and go back, afoot, the half-mile to the village of Cascade Locks and there seek meals and shelter. Across the River on the Washington side, not far above my landing place, there is still standing the old block-house erected in 1856 as a protection against the Indians. It was here that Lieutenant, afterwards General, Phil Sheridan had his first skirmish with the redmen. Someone else had a skiff anchored in the bay and, leaving my boat beside her, I walked up the railway track to the village, found good accommodations and had a badly-needed bath. That night I had a refreshing sleep in a real bed, for the first time since leaving Fairmont Ranch, just four and a half months previous.

My investigation of the rapids the evening before showed that the steamer channel was not on the Oregon side but well towards the Washington shore and while the water was choppy, all that was needed was careful running to avoid all the rocks. Leaving the village of Cascade Locks early in the morning



Copyrighted—Photo. by Gifford

St. Peter's Dome, Mt. Adams in the Distance

of October 30, I returned to my boat, found everything intact, and putting diagonally across the bay to the right, to the head of the steamer channel, and easing into it backwards, kept clear of all the rocks and much of the breakers, a few minutes sufficing to carry me through all the rough water. The River continued to be contracted and a swift current soon brought me to the Middle and then the Lower Cascades, both minor rapids through which I ran without stopping, and I was at tide-water with a placid, sluggish river ahead to the sea. The last of the 107 rapids of the Columbia River had been passed.

The contracted channel continues for another mile and then an expanding river flows through the greatest scenic section of the Cascade Range. Three miles below the Lower Cascades I noticed a great isolated rock near the water edge on the Washington shore, and landed to photograph it. This was Beacon Rock, a landmark that is seen for thirty miles from downriver. In the form of a truncated pyramid, it towers up to a height of 840 feet, vegetation clinging to the crevices in its sides and scattered trees adorning its summit. A large fish-wheel is just upstream in the shallow water along the shore. Almost due south of Beacon Rock and just below the town of Warrendale, Oregon, two miles from the River, St. Peter's Dome, a mighty, castellated cliff, rears its head 3,000 feet in the air with an almost sheer face of 2,500 feet. Below St. Peter's Dome for a distance of nine miles are a series of waterfalls—Horsetail, Oneonta, Multnomah, Wahkeena, Bridal Veil and Latourell. Of these, Multnomah Falls

—*Photo. by Prentiss*

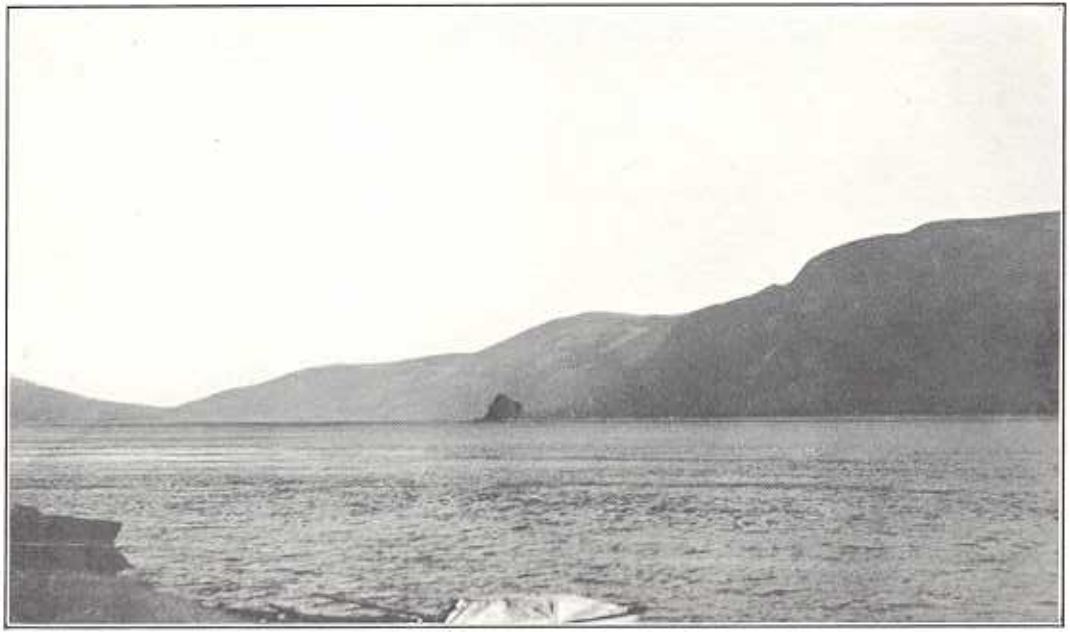
MULTNOMAH FALLS

were the only ones I could see as I passed. They are at the mouth of Multnomah Creek and reach the River in two sheer descents, the first 720 feet, the second 130 feet.

I had been traveling along the Oregon shore after leaving the Cascades and below Warrendale what had been a scarcely perceptible breeze from upriver developed into a steady blow. This was the second favorable wind I had experienced since leaving the upper Columbian Lakes. Thinking to accelerate my progress, I again spread a sail in the same fashion as the one rigged up on Lower Arrow Lake. Sailing, however, was a help for but a short time, the wind became a menacing gale, carrying canvas was unsafe and I hauled it down. Suddenly the air current veered and with somewhat abated force blew upriver, and for the balance of the day it was a case of "bucking" wind and waves.

To follow the channel it was necessary to cross to the Washington side at a bend where the River was a mile wide. The wind had stirred up the surface into good-sized whitecaps and with the waves slapping viciously against the bottom of the boat I made the crossing, passing on the way Lone Rock, a solitary, bare basalt islet about forty feet high, and almost in the middle of the River.

About a mile below Lone Rock I landed for a short time at the base of Cape Horn. These peculiar, symmetrical, columnar cliffs rise directly out of the water on the Washington shore to a height of 400 feet. They resemble giant cigars, standing vertically with pointed ends uppermost, and are

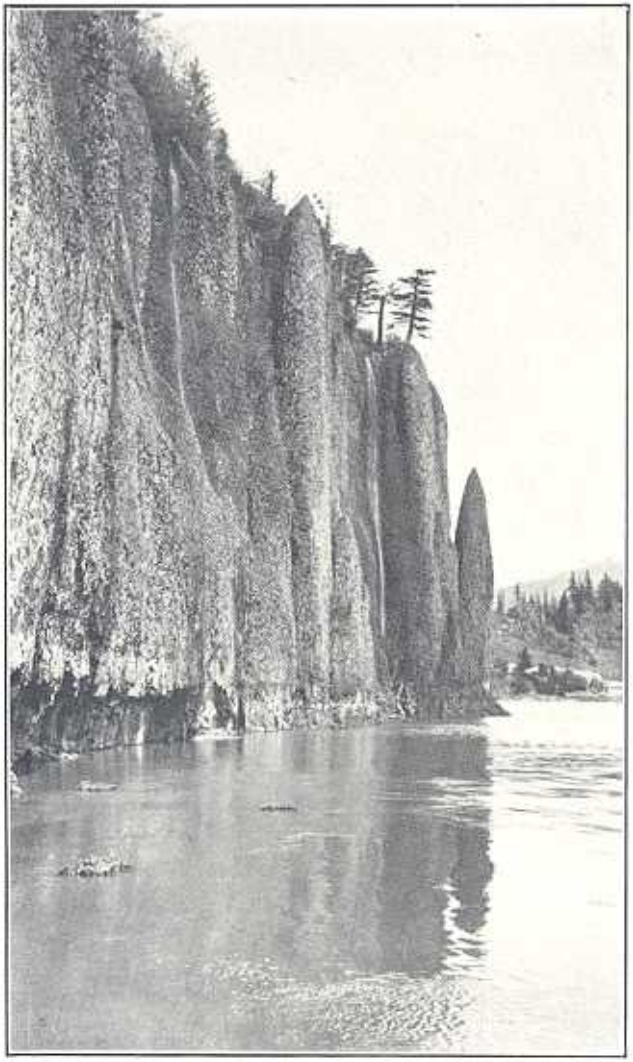


Lone Rock

sometimes called "Cigar Rocks." Across on the Oregon shore are the Pillars of Hercules, two towering, cone-shaped rocks, one behind the other, with the railway track passing between them. They are bare, except that the one to the north is crowned with a single, scrawny fir tree. Below the Pillars of Hercules, three miles from Cape Horn, I passed Rooster Rock, the last striking feature of the passage through the Cascade Range. It is at the water's edge on the left, is 350 feet high, bare of vegetation but backed by a heavy growth of fir and pine. Why it has been dubbed Rooster Rock is not apparent as it bears no resemblance to a bird of any kind.

I had a steady pull against a strong wind all afternoon and after reaching Rooster Rock began to look for a camping ground. Both shores were rocky and uninviting but I finally found a narrow point under the embankment of the North Bank Road sufficiently covered with soil to permit the driving of stakes and there set up my tent. Some old, used, railroad crossties served for firewood. The wind continued strong all night and at sunrise rain set in, falling steadily until noon. By 12:30 I had broken camp and was again afloat.

Six miles below Rooster Rock the Sandy River enters the Columbia, and the Cascade Range terminates and turns abruptly southward; but on the Washington side the Range continues as low hills gradually reduced in elevation until at Vancouver they are but 200 feet high and then trend away from the River to the northwest. Sandy River has formed



—*Photo. by Prentiss*

CAPE HORN

a delta at its mouth extending northward from the base of the mountains about two miles towards the Washington shore, and upstream, in the Columbia, about three miles to near Taylor Siding, on the railway; from which point downstream to the Willamette River the bottom-land is from one to three miles wide, and is low, marshy, and filled with innumerable lakes and sloughs, some of it inundated at high tide. The Oregon-Washington Railway leaves the Columbia just below Taylor Siding and pursues the most direct course to the City of Portland where it crosses the Willamette seven miles south of the City of Vancouver which is on the northern side of the Columbia River. The Highway turns inland at Rooster Rock and threading several low passes in the hills reaches Sandy River, crosses it, and from thence takes a direct course to Portland.

On account of the late start and some head-wind and adverse tide the distance traveled on October 31 was about eight miles and about sunset I reached Lady Island, a rocky, timbered island about three-fourths of a mile wide and two miles long, directly in front of the town of Camas, Washington, at the mouth of Washougal River. The main channel of the River is south of the island, but on the north is a narrower one having sufficient depth of water for steamboats to reach Camas, where the most extensive paper mills in the northwest are located. At the head of the island I found, among the trees, a grassy meadow sodden with the recent rain, and here I pitched my tent and made my boat secure

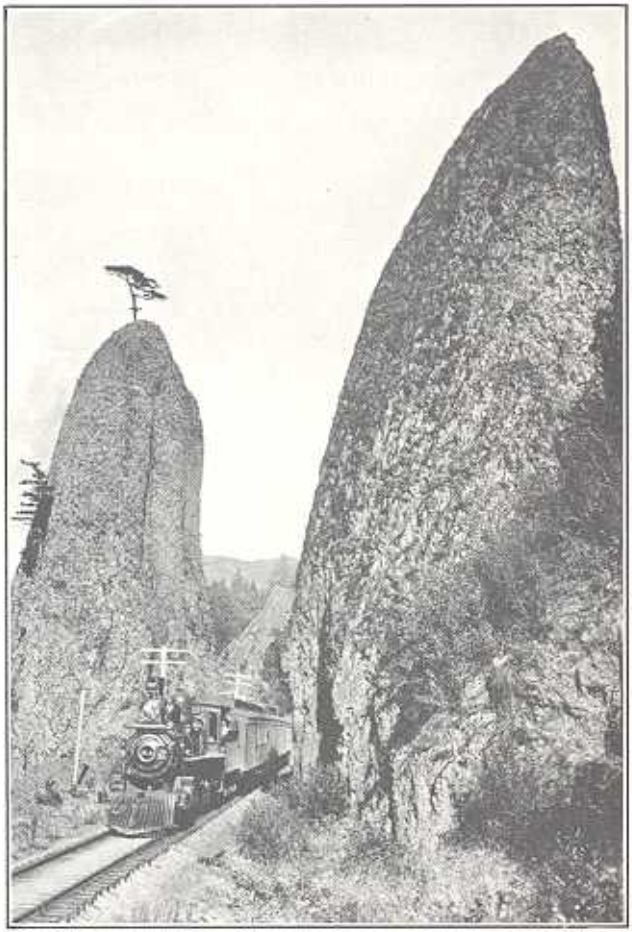


Photo. by Prentiss

PILLARS OF HERCULES

against any rise in the tide, whose fluctuations at this section of the River I was not familiar with.

A heavy fog shrouded the River on the morning of November 1, and it was not until 10 o'clock that the air became clear, and as it did so Mount Hood loomed up on the southern horizon. Breaking camp and loading the boat I pulled across the channel to the Oregon shore where there was a favorable place from which to photograph the mountain. I had no sooner landed than a considerable breeze arose, filled the air with flying sand, and although I waited for a lull and timed an exposure, the negative showed no trace of Mount Hood.

Continuing down the main channel, in a short distance I found myself among a half-dozen low, basalt islets. On one of these, in the middle of the channel, is a steel tower carrying an electric power line from Lady Island across to the Oregon shore. A mile and a half farther brought me to the lower end of the channel leading to Camas. Here, against the Washington shore I saw the first log-boom there is in the Columbia below the Canadian line. Just below Lady Island, towards the Oregon shore, is Government Island, almost a mile wide and five and one-half miles long. It is low and marshy. There is nothing of particular interest on either shore or in the River until the City of Vancouver is reached five and one-half miles below Government Island. I arrived there at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon and found a place to camp just above the city on a low bench against the embankment of the North Bank Road. The spot I had selected was on the Govern-

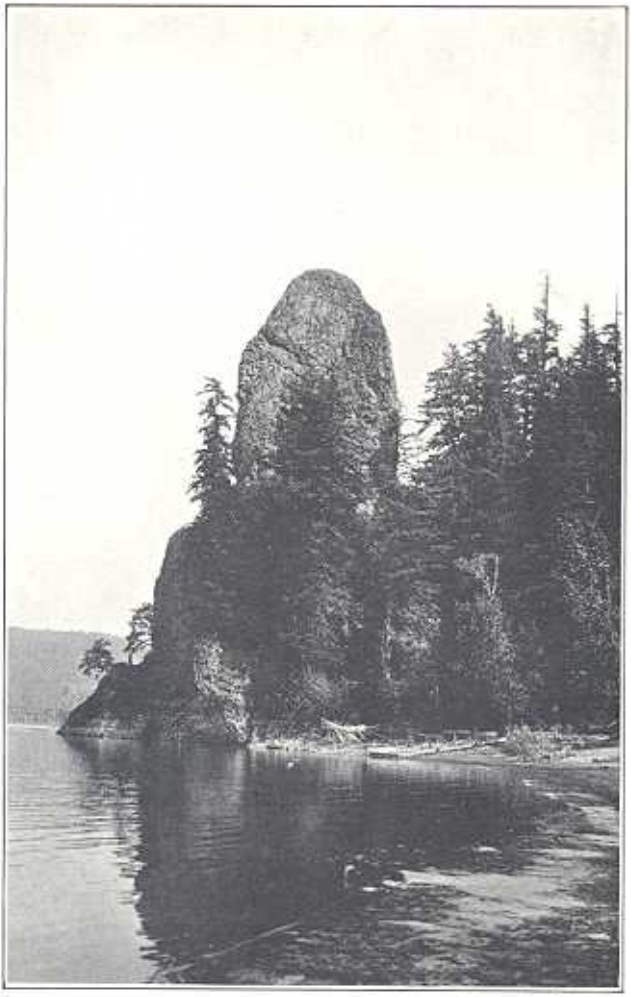


Photo. by Prentiss

ROOSTER ROCK

ment Military Reservation, and across the railway embankment, directly back of my tent, was the soldiers' shooting range.

The City of Vancouver, Washington, embraces the site of Old Fort Vancouver which was for many years the capital of the Hudson Bay Company's enterprise on the Columbia River. The fort was erected by that company in 1812 and remained under Canadian control until 1846 when the United States-Canada Boundary was established, to the north, at the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. Since then it has grown into an American city with a population of 12,650. It is the shipping and outfitting point for extensive fruit, dairying, and lumber industries. In 1849 the United States Government established the present Vancouver Barracks on a strip of land just east of the city commencing at the north bank of the Columbia River and extending northeasterly a mile and a half. It is about 3,500 feet wide and contains 640 acres. During the late war against Germany and Austria, Vancouver Barracks was a prominent factor as the headquarters of the Spruce Production Division, consisting of approximately 30,000 men, and from the great mill located at the post was produced as high as a million feet of spruce material per day. Outside of the Barracks many steel and wooden ships were constructed. A five-way shipyard is now standing idle, on the shore at the lower end of the City. At the close of the war the intensive military activities at Vancouver ceased, the large force employed was reduced, and there are now stationed at the Barracks about 400 men.

Steamboat on Way to Cascade Locks

Since the installation of the Fort by the United States such national characters as Generals Harney, Wood, Grant, Sheridan, McClellan, Pleasanton, Ord, Miles, Howard, Canby, Gibbon, Kantz, Funston, Greeley, and others, were stationed at Vancouver at various times.

Beginning on low ground but a few feet above the level of the Columbia River (a bench mark near the River reads 26 feet), the City of Vancouver is built on a gently rising slope to the north. In this direction run its principal business streets, Main and Washington. At the foot of the latter street the Inter-State bridge spans the Columbia River, here a mile and a quarter wide, including Hayden Island, a quarter-mile wide. In addition to being a highway bridge the structure carries a double track electric railway connecting with Portland, seven miles to the south. It is of the vertical-lift type. That is, the span for the passage of vessels instead of rotating horizontally is lifted vertically to any desired height to clear the type of watercraft seeking her way through.

In addition to the Columbia River, the electric railway and the paved north and south Pacific Highway, which crosses the River on the Inter-State bridge, the transportation facilities of Vancouver consist of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle, and the Northern Pacific railways—the former coming from the east and the latter from the north. These railway lines cross the River, to reach Portland, on a jointly-used bridge located some distance below the Inter-State bridge. Like all the bridges that span

Tower on Islet in Middle of River

the Columbia it is a steel structure, but has the distinction of being the longest—it is a mile and three-quarters long. Its draw span is of the old-fashioned "swing" type.

Having been at Portland several times I have some familiarity with it. It was off my line of travel, and I saw no necessity of making it a new visit and did not approach it nearer than Vancouver. The following succinct statement, prepared from information furnished by the Portland Chamber of Commerce, should be an ample description of that city:

"Portland, the 'Rose City,' is the metropolis of Oregon, and the fourth city in size on the Pacific Coast; population, 260,000; area, 66.36 square miles; has 445 square miles of hard-paved streets; 751 miles of sewers; 790 miles of city water mains, distributing water obtained from Mount Hood, 50 miles away; 187 miles of street railways; annual bank clearings, $1,528,445,024; total savings deposits, $39,953,918; annual building permits, $22,734,875; foreign trade, $72,734,875; post-office receipts (1921), $2,062,608; taxable property (1921), $323,589,850; served by ten railroads and thirty-one established steamship lines, and is on the great Columbia River and Pacific Coast Highways; located on the Willamette River at the head of deep-sea navigation 110 miles from the sea; has the greatest fresh-water harbor in the world, with 27 miles of water front; is the leading wheat shipping port on the Pacific Ocean; and the greatest lumber manufacturing city in the world. The mean annual maximum and minimum temperatures are 61 and 45

degrees, and average precipitation 45 inches; has the same latitude as Halifax, and yet, 1,100 varieties of roses bloom out-of-doors ten months in the year, and the annual 'Rose Festival,' held in June, is a sight never to be forgotten."