

Swift water boating.. 'dished a boatload of freight.'

Big Bend to Revelstroke.

portaging or lining .. Surprise, Kinbasket or Death Rapids or dozen other runs on the Big Bend.

Source of the Columbia above "Indermere

Glacial fields in the Selkirks above "Indermere and Columbia Lake from which spring the main feeders of the upper river.

The Hudson's bay and Northwest voyageurs ran only the lower 75 miles of the Big Bend and avoided its worst water, Surprise Rapids and the 21 miles of cascades below Kinbasket Lake.

Ross Cox, Alexander Ross and Franchiere.

F.P. Armstrong and J.P. Forde, district engineer of the dept of public works of Nelson, British Columbia, started at the foot of the Lower Arrow Lake in a Peterboro canoe and made the run to Pasco just above the mouth of the Snake in 10 days.

(Mr. Forde's report to Canadian government on proposal to open the Columbia to through navigation to the Pacific ocean.)

Below the Canadian border there is hardly 10 miles of river without a farm, village or even a town of fair size.

Sockdolager of a whitpool..

One is usually told that the source of the Columbia is in Canal Flats, 150 miles above Golden and immediately south of a wonderfully lovely mountain-begirt lake that bears the same name as the river. This is true in a sense but strictly speaking the real source of the river, the one rising at the point the greatest distance from its mouth would be the longest of many mountain creeks which converge upon Columbia Lake from the encompassing amphitheatre of the Rockies and Selkirks. This is probably Dutch creek which rises in the perpetual snow of the Selkirks and sends down a roaring grey-green glacier water torrent into the western

side of the Columbia lake. Scarcely less distant from the mouth of the Columbia are the heads of Toby and Horse Thief creek, both of which bring splendid volumes of water ~~on~~ to the mother river just below Lake Windermere.

Steamers...

It is a dozen years or more since one could travel the hundred miles or ~~more~~ the Columbia between Golden and Lake Windermere by steamer. The comparatively sparse population in this rich but thinly settled region was not sufficient to support both rail and river transport and with the coming of the former the latter could not long be maintained. Two or three rotting hulks on the mud by the old landing at Golden are all that remain of one of the most picturesque steamer services ever run, for those old stern-wheelers used to flounder up the Columbia to Windermere on through Mud and Columbia Lakes to Canal Flats through a log-built lock to the Kootenay watershed and down the winding canyons and tumbling rapids of that tempestuous stream to Jennings, Montana. Those were the bonanza days of the upper Columbia and Kootenay--such days as they have ~~ever~~ never seen since none will ever see again. I was to hear much of them later from Captain Armstrong when he voyaged a stretch of the lower river together.

Priest Rapids reported the fastest on the whole river) Priest Rapids in Canada

Downie Creek, ..the center of a great gold rush half a century ago.. in Revelstoke country.

Ferries:

Bossburg ferryman there.

Kettle Falls. ..There is a drop of 12 feet in about 1200 yards in Grand Rapids with nothing approaching a channel among the huge black basaltic rocks that have been scattered about thorough them as from a big pepper shaker. As far as I could learn there is no record of any kind of a man propelled craft of whatever size ever having run through and survived

but a small stern-wheelar, the Shoshone, was run down several years ago at high water. She reached the foot, a great deal of a hulk but still right side up. This is rated as one of the maddest things ever done with a steamer on the Columbia and the fact that it did not end in complete disaster is reckoned by old river men as having been due in about equal parts to inflexible nerve of her skipper and the intervention of a special providence that makes a special point of watching over mortals who do things like that. I met Captain McDermid a fortnight later at Potaris, he told me then what he hadn't heard before that he had taken his wife and children with him.

..Ferry

We finished an easy day by tying up at 4 o'clock where the road to the Colville Reservation comes down to the boulder bordered bank at Hunter's ferry.

..as most of the worst water on the American course of the Columbia occurs in the two hundred and thirty miles between the head of Spokane Rapids and the foot of Priest Rapids (not to be confused by the rapids of the same name we had run on the Big Bend in Canada.)

ferry..

When I asked the ferry-man at Gerome if Ike Emerson had been seen...

Ferry..

..The place was marked Creston on the maps but appeared to be spoken of locally as Halberson's Ferry. We spent the night with the hospitable Halbersons, who ran the ferry across to the Colville Reservation side and operated a small sawmill when logs were available..

Ferry.. At Fox canyon

Ferry--at Plum

At Clark's Ferry (in the Hell Gate country)

Steamer.. Capt. McDermid.. at Bridgeport.

The Bridgeport, .., in all the thousand miles of the Columbia between

the Dalles and its source, she had been the last steamer to maintain a regular service. This was not reckoning the Arrow Lakes of course. But the close of the present apple season had marked the end. Between the increasing competition of railways and trucks the game was no longer worth the candle. He and his partners in the Bridgeport had decided to try and take her to Portland and offer her for sale.

..There were locks at the Cascades and the Dalles but Rock Island, Cabinet, Priest and Umatilla to say nothing of a number of lesser rapids would have to be run. It was a big gamble, insurance of course being out of the question on any terms.

The Douglas, half the size of the Bridgeport had tried it a couple of months ago and well we would see the consequences on the rocks below Cabinet Rapids.

..I had been a good deal concerned about the sinister cascade of Rock Island to say nothing of the long series of rapids called Priest Rapids which had even a worst record.

...Ferry

We landed half a mile below the mouth of the Chelan River where the remains of a road led down through the boulders to the tower of an abandoned ferry.

(ante-bellum custom)

Rock Island rapid, are in a gorge within a gorge
Ferry..

Columbia River station., above Cabinet Rapids.

Cabinet Rapids is the beginning of a somewhat irregular series of Columnar basaltic cliffs which wall in the Columbia closely for the next 30 miles. The range in color from a rich blend of saffron-cinnamon through all the shades of brown to a dull black..in height from 1500 to 3,000 feet.

ferry.

At the suggestion of the ferry-man at Trinidad we avoided the upper

half of Gualquíl rapids.

Ferry.

The cliffs ran out not long after we left Vantage Ferry and as we neared the Chicago, Milwaukee and St Paul Bridge at Deverly rough patches of sandy desert began opening up on either side. Deprived of the shelter of the high river walls we were at once exposed to a heavy easterly wind that had evidently been blowing all day on the desert. The sun dulled to a luminous blur behind the pall of sand-filled air and the wind which headed us every now and then about neutralized the impulse of the accelerating current..

There was a 40 mile an hour sandstorm blowing when we beached the boat under the railroad bridge. The brilliantly golden yellow cars of the CM and St Paul limited rumbling across above behind their electric locomotive seemed strangely out of place.

The one sidewalk of the town's fragment of street was ankle deep in sand as we buffeted our way to the hotel.

...and below Priest Rapids there would be nothing worth filming until the mouth of the Snake was passed.

..By this time I had fairly complete data on Priest Rapids.

These beginning at the end of a stretch of slack water several miles below Deverly continue for eleven miles. In this instance there are seven major riffles with considerable intervals of fairly quiet water. It seemed probable that all of these with the exception of the second and seventh and possibly the sixth could be run. The lining of the others would not be difficult.

All that morning I inhaled sand and went over Deverly with a fine toothed comb in an earnest effort to find some one willing to give me a hand through Priest Rapids.....he offered to haul the boat to the foot of the rapids by the road for twenty dollars but as the down-river branch of the Milwaukee presented an opportunity to accomplish the same end in

less time and discomfort I decided to portage by the latter.

As there was an auto stage service from Hanford to Pasco Roos accompanied me to the former point by train.

Hanford was not the point on the line closest to the foot of Priest Rapids but I took the boat through to there because the station was nearer the river than at White Bluffs and launching therefore a simple matter.

The stretch of seventy miles between the foot of Priest Rapids and the mouth of the Snake has the slowest current of any point of the Columbia above the Dalles.;...

For a dozen miles below Hanford the river flanked on either side by rolling desert sand dunes winds in broad shallow reaches through a region desolate in the extreme. The only signs of life I saw for many miles were coyotes slinking through the hungry sage-brush and occasional flocks of geese., the latter forerunners of the countless myriads that were to keep me company below the Snake.

At Richfield (copy) the results of irrigation became evident in young apple orchards and green fields of alfalfa and these multiplied all the way down to Pasco. The country seemed flat and monotonous after so many weeks among cliffs and mountains and there was no question of its richness and productivity once water was brought to it.

Ferry..

After pulling for an hour with the long Northern Pacific bridge in view I landed just below the Pasco-Kennewick ferry.

leaving Hanford...I had beaten him to Pasco. After the speech with which we had moved on the upper river, however, now mine had been rather a slow run. In spite of my steady pulling it had taken me under six hours to do the thirty six miles.

Ferry..

I passed the mouth of the Snake about three miles below the ferry.

Homley Rapids, seven miles below Pasco ferry, are formed by a rough reef of bedrock running half way across the river from the right bank. Approached from the right side of the long gravel island that divides the river just above them, one might get badly tangled up before he got through; by the left hand channel the going is easy if one keeps an eye on the shallowing water of the bars.

A sky-line of brown mountains with a double turreted butte as their most conspicuous feature marks the point where the Columbia finally turns west for its final assault on the Cascades and its plunge to the Pacific. That bend is the boundary of the fertile plains extending from the Yakima to the Walla Walla and the beginning of a new series of gorges in some respects the grandest of all.

A low sandy beach just above the mouth of the rather insignificant Walla comes pretty near to being the most historically important point on the Columbia. Here Lewis and Clark first came to the waters of the long-struggled toward Oregon; here came Fremont, the Pathfinder; here Thompson planted his pious proclamation claiming all of the valley of the Columbia for the Northwest company and by here, sooner or later, passed and repassed practically every one of the trappers, missionaries, settlers and other pioneers who were finally to bring Oregon permanently under the Stars and Stripes.

The double-topped butte, an outstanding landmark for voyageurs for a hundred years has long been called "The Two Virgins."

There were a number of big black rocks where the river began its bend to the west, but the channel to the right was not hard to follow. Neither was Bull Run Rapids a few miles farther down. I followed the steamer channel as having the swiftest current.

Umatilla. From the head of the first riffle of Umatilla Rapids to the head of the third or main one is a mile and a half.