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The Country Gentleman

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A Consolidation of *The Genesee Farmer*, 1831-1839, and *The Cultivator*, 1834-1865

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL, 1926

No. 4

Shooting the Rogue

The Rapids Where the Steelheads Lurk Test All a Boatman's Skill

By ZANE GREY

ALL winter we talked of the plan to make a trip down the Rogue River in Oregon, from below Grants Pass to the Pacific. None but market fishermen and lumbermen were familiar with the hundred miles of wild river that bisects the Cascade Range. Therefore, naturally, the more we planned and learned, the greater became the thrill and excitement. While R. C. and I, who had such wonderful fishing on the Rogue in October, 1924, were on our voyage in the South Pacific during 1925, we spoke many times of the green-and-white Rogue, with its high slopes of pine and fir, and its iron-colored canyon walls.

And while at Avalon during July and August, when the glare of the sea grew so unbearable, and only swordfishing could have kept us there, the thought of the cool green forests, the dark shade, the thundering rapids and the wonderful steelhead trout of the Rogue finally decided us to make the trip. But it turned out that R. C. stayed at Avalon in quest of the record broadbill swordfish and my boy Romer went in his place.

We reached Grants Pass on September third, where we outfitted at Wharton's and the general stores. Wharton had secured the services of a guide and market fisherman, Claude Bardon, who was born on the Rogue and depended upon it for his livelihood.

He had a helper named Van Dorn, nicknamed Debb, who, though a much younger man, had also put in a good deal of his life on this salmon river.

Rough Going Ahead

BARDON said he had obtained four of the Rogue River boats, and that he did not think much of the skiffs that had been built for me. The probability was that they would not last out the trip. For that matter, Bardon averred none of the boats would be any good when we landed at Gold Beach. Indeed he was not optimistic about the trip, and his rather blunt evasions about the Rogue were conducive to thought. I began to get an inkling why no anglers had ever shot the river. Wharton and Adair

confessed to have entertained longings for years to make the trip, but they had never attempted it. Bounhaun said it no doubt would afford marvelous sport. Wiborn, my Los Angeles friend, and comrade on many wild trips, vowed this one would be great.

Wharton and Adair both strongly recommended Bardon, and said he was the only man to whom they would have trusted their lives. So altogether I had ample encouragement and help.

The auto ride down to Lewis' Ranch below Galice, where my boats had been taken, rather gained than lost from the fact that I remembered the deep gorges, the steep verdant slopes of green, and the beautiful river with its white lacy rapids far below. Captain Mitchell, one of my guests, was in raptures over the scenery.

We arrived at the Lewis Ranch to be welcomed by Wiborn and his wife, and the Lewises, who assured us our old camp ground near the forest on the bank of the river was ready for us. A few steelhead had been caught by native fishermen.

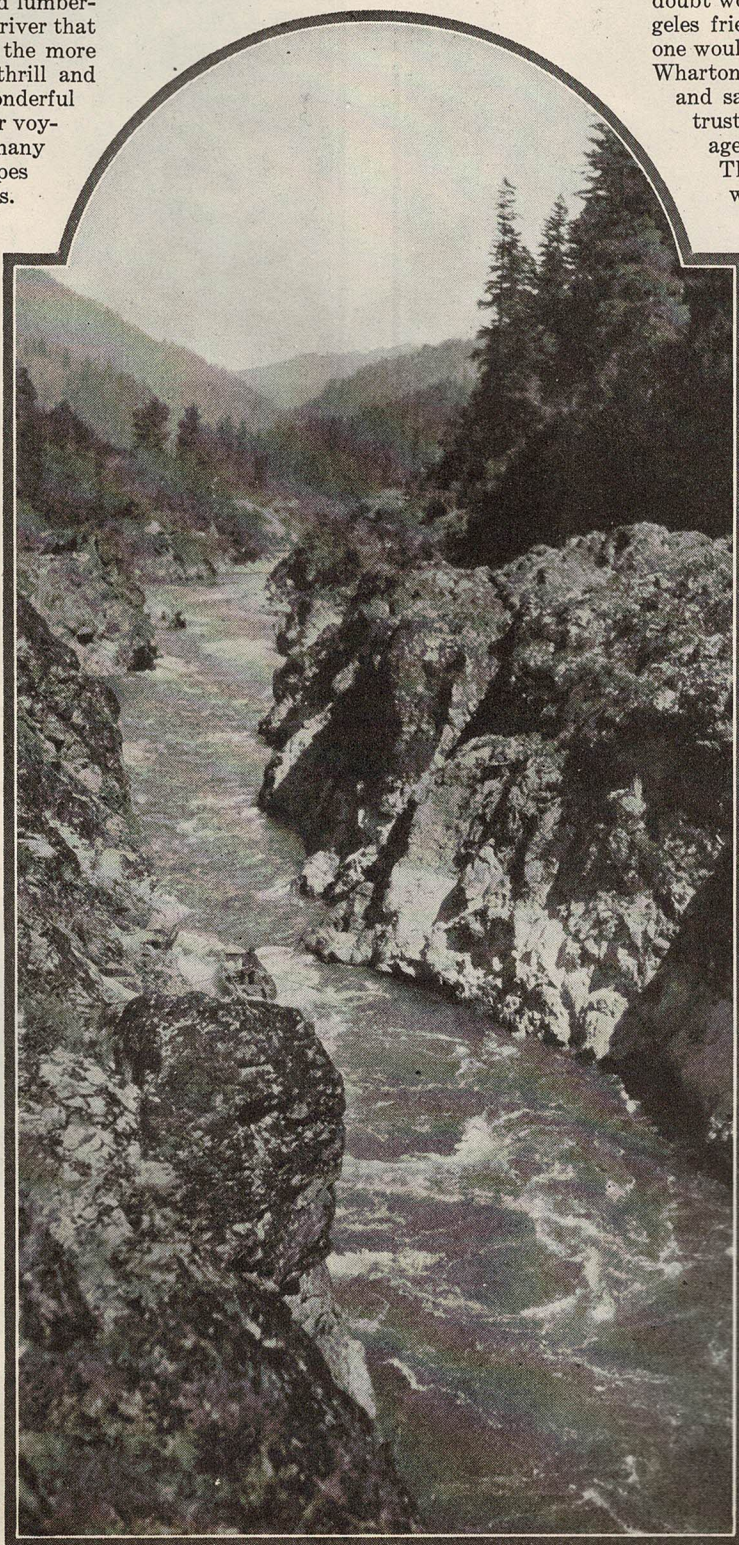
"The big run of steelhead has not reached here," said Wiborn. "You'll meet them down the river."

"We need a good rain," added Harry Lewis. "Usually we get a storm here early in September, and that starts the fish upriver."

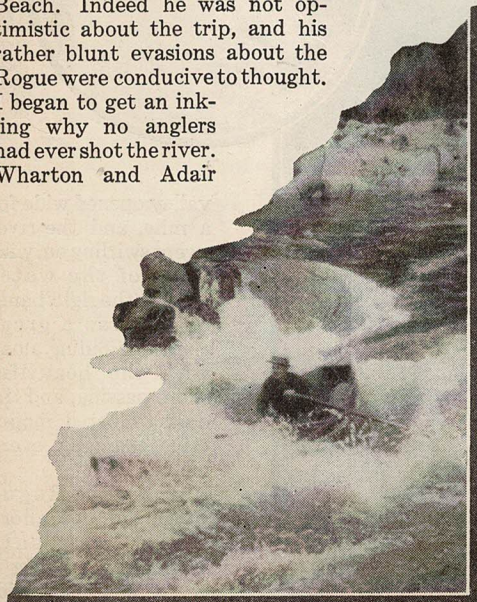
Sizing Up the Boats

WE UNLOADED cars and truck, and proceeded to pitch camp. Ken and Ed then departed, to run the truck and the car back to Grants Pass, then to Crescent City, and on up the coast to Gold Beach, at the mouth of the Rogue. Here they were to leave the cars and return to us.

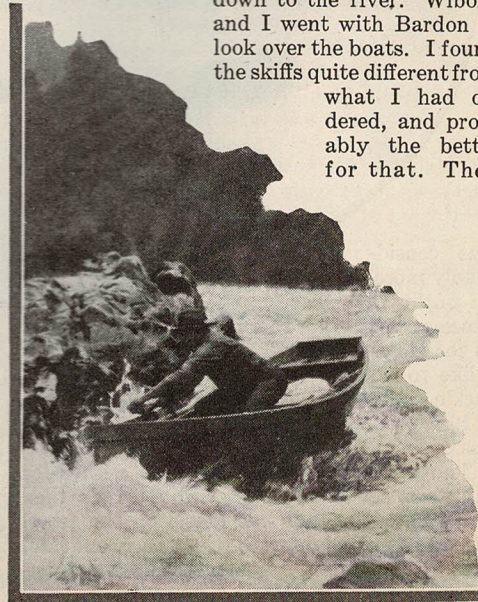
Next morning Captain Mitchell, Romer, Ken and Ed, and even George just about deserted the work and hurried down to the river. Wiborn and I went with Bardon to look over the boats. I found the skiffs quite different from what I had ordered, and probably the better for that. They



UPPER PART OF MULE CREEK CANYON



HERE'S WHERE DEBB FILLED HIS BOAT



CAPTAIN MITCHELL IN LOWER TYEE RAPIDS



WE TOILED IN VAIN TO SAVE THAT BOAT

were canoe shaped, with narrow blunt stern and sharp bow, high out of the water, with two seats, and watertight compartments at each end.

The four boats Bardon had secured for me were new to me, and certainly unique. They were about twenty-three feet long, sharp fore and aft, rising out of the water, very wide and deep, with the gunwales bearing a marked flare. They looked heavy and clumsy to me, but upon trying one I found to my amaze that it rowed remarkably easy, turned round as on a pivot, and altogether its handling delighted me.

Each boat had two sets of oars, a hundred feet of rope and a sixteen-foot pole with iron-spiked end. In these seven boats we aimed to transport our large outfit and ten persons.

Bardon, to my satisfaction, proved to be one guide who did not object to what perhaps

"Last week I was at Gold Beach," he said. "Big run of steelhead, and the biggest run of salmon into the river for years. Some of us market fishermen earned as much as \$900 a night." Bardon said he had one net haul of forty fish weighing over fourteen hundred pounds. A few fishermen netted as much as five tons of salmon. "Course they killed a

lot of steelhead that got strangled in the haul. The nets must have an eight-and-a-half-inch mesh. But sometimes on a run a good many steelhead get caught."

On the morning of the second day after this we were up at five o'clock. A gray fog curtain obscured the mountains.

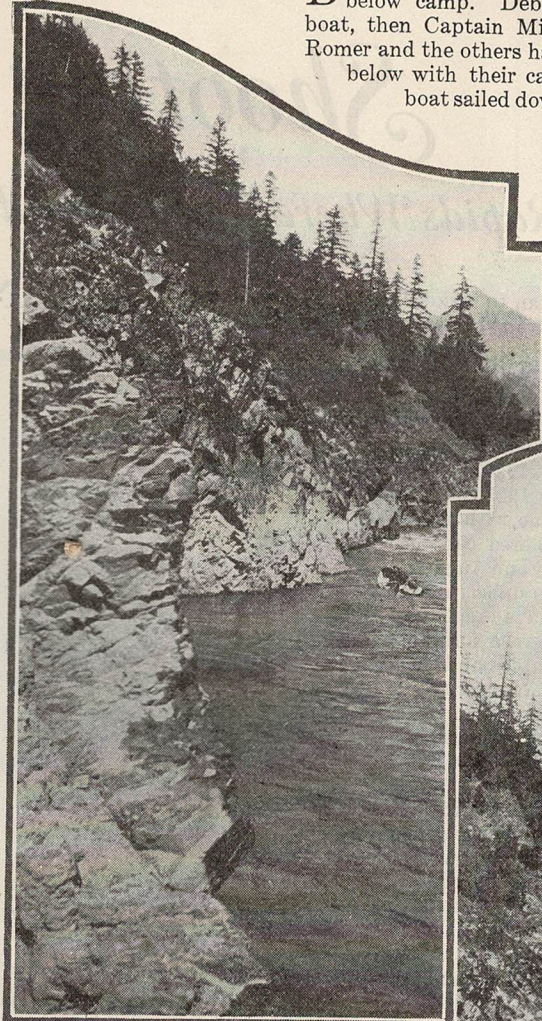
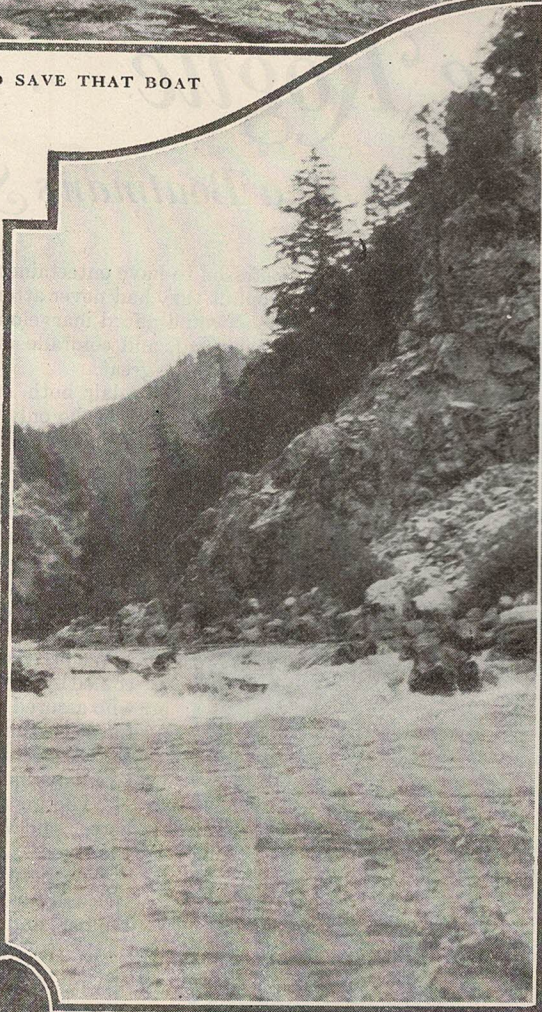
We had something of a task to pack those boats. Bardon gave me the longest and the best boat, he said. The only name it had was Number 76.

By nine o'clock we were all packed and ready to start, with the Wiborns, the Lewises and others wishing us a safe voyage. We embarked and trusted ourselves to the eleven-mile current of the Rogue. Our friends cheered us, and waved good-by till we passed round a bend of the river.

II

BARDON shot the curved rapid in the bend of the river below camp. Debb followed with another heavy boat, then Captain Mitchell with the third light skiff. Romer and the others had waded down, and were waiting below with their cameras for me to come. My big boat sailed down and around that curve so easily and gracefully and exhilaratingly that I was delighted. Number 76 handled as easily as a canoe apparently.

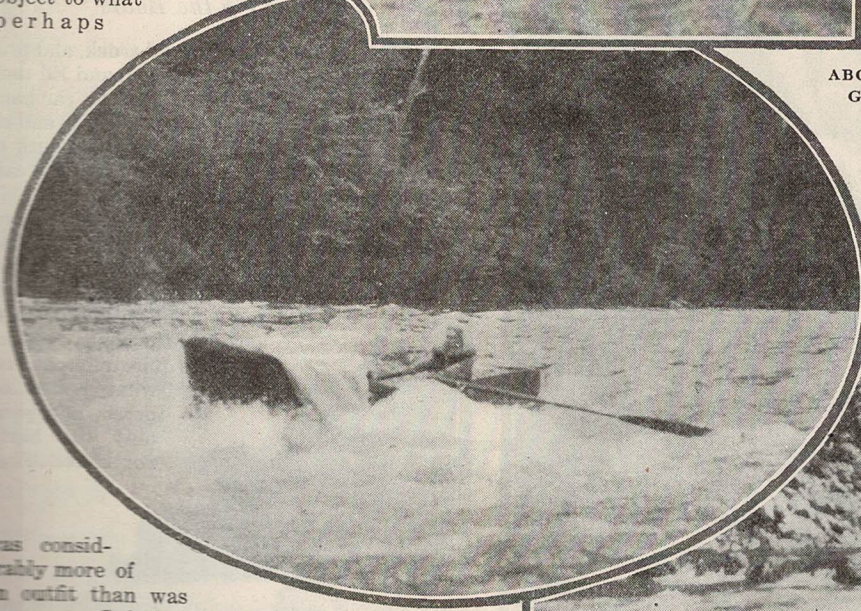
We drifted over the famous Chair Riffle where the year before we had fished with such incredibly bad luck and good luck. Below this, the



ABOVE AT LEFT—GRAVES RAPID WAS RISKY GOING. AT RIGHT—DEBB AND ED SINKING IN MULE CREEK CANYON

IN OVAL—ZANE GREY SHOOTING UPPER ALAMEDA RAPID

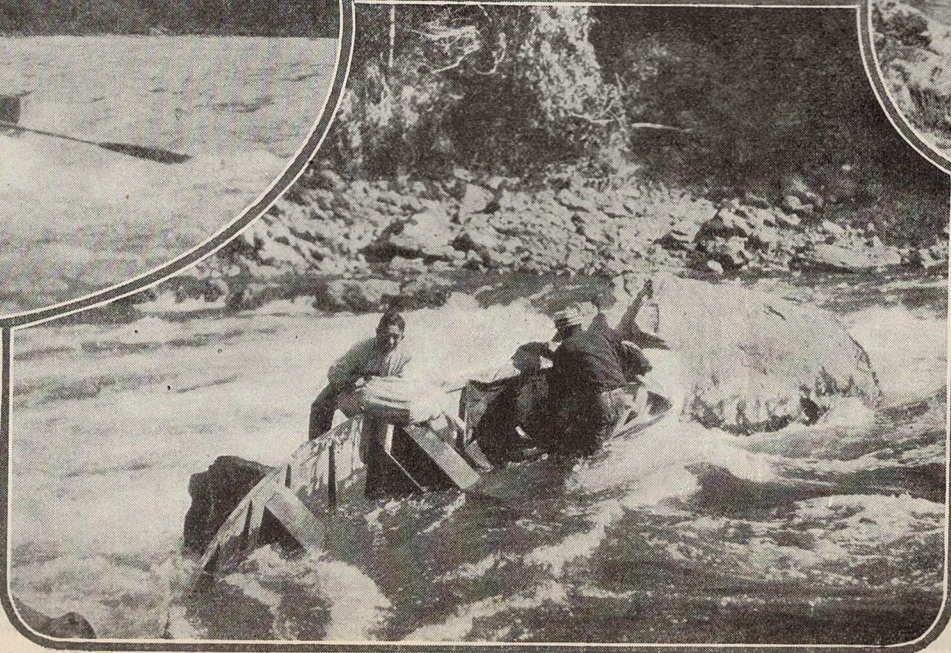
AT RIGHT—CAPTAIN MITCHELL IS HEADED FOR A DANGEROUS SPOT



was considerably more of an outfit than was necessary. It is hard for me to go light any more: There are so many things I like to take outside of food and blankets—tackle, cameras and films, books, different kinds of kits, several changes of clothes, and numerous odds and ends.

The second day at Lewis' the wished-for rainstorm set in, beginning with a drizzle, then a fine pattering that was music on the tents. We fished up and down the river, early and late, with fly and spinner, all to no avail. There appeared to be no steelhead.

Bardon said the fish were down the river, lying below the cold brooks that flowed into the Rogue.



TAKAHASHI RESCUING PART OF THE GRUB AFTER A BAD SPILL

valley opened wide for a mile, and the river swept swirling on, with most of the water close to the right bank. There was a great charm in gliding along with the beautiful shore passing, and the dark timbered mountains changing every moment.

But this Rogue River did not afford many long safe stretches. Soon I heard another rapid, louder and deeper.

(Continued on Page 79)

Shooting the Rogue

(Continued from Page 4)

Bardon and Debb were waiting round a corner. The river disappeared below. I saw some white water flashing up. I rowed ashore to a bar and went below to see Bardon shoot this one. It proved to be straight, with all the heavy current and back-lashing waves in the middle. The boatman and then Captain Mitchell ran it in succession.

When my turn came I could not see them below me. I backed the boat into the current, picked out the right glancing mouth dip and sailed over to swoop down, pounding and bumping the waves. It was fascinating.

The other boats were lined through from the left shore.

Then we rowed and drifted, the seven boats strung out in line, until we reached the head of the Alameda Rapid. Here was the end of the road. There used to be a bridge at this point, but the winter before it went out with a flood.

On both sides of the river people were waiting to see us shoot the rapids and, especially, what appeared to me to be a big drop in the river.

I WATCHED the boatmen go down and over. Captain Mitchell followed with his light skiff, and when he reached the big drop his boat appeared to tilt up backward and shoot out of sight. I did not like the idea of running this place below, when I had not seen it, but I pushed off. The Alameda Rapid was easy and safe, and afforded good sport, but the drop between the gateway of rocky banks, where the bridge had once spanned the river, raised more than excitement in my breast.

Still I knew where to go, and as the current between rapids and falls was not too swift, I maneuvered our boat directly into the center. As I saw the deep slant and heard the roar of water, I had only a vague perception of the crowd of people ashore on the bank. My boat swept on, dipped and plunged down, to bob like a cork on the big waves below. I drifted into the eddy and rowed ashore, where again the Wiborns met me, with felicitations and cheers. Wiborn, Lewis and others had driven down in their cars. Mrs. Wiborn said, "My heart was in my throat when you went over the fall."

"So was mine!" I replied grimly.

Soon we were drifting downriver again, waving our good-bys for the last time. The old green bend took us into the wilderness.

Rapid Number Eight appeared to be a comparatively easy one for me to run. Bardon went through without effort. It was long, with an abrupt turn at the lower end, where ugly rocks made sharp hard work imperative. I attempted it without any worry and got halfway through when the current swept me to the left shore. I saw my danger and plunged strenuously with the oars, but could not avert disaster. The boat got out of line, the bow turned in and then the current swept me up on a rock. Smash! I heard the crack of wood and the shifting of cargo. For a second I feared the boat would swamp, but it went up high and stuck fast, shipping only a little water. The boatmen came running and Bardon leaped in while I leaped out. It took four of us to push her off. Bardon went through safely.

I WAS considerably taken aback and discomfited, and viewed with dismay the leak in my boat.

"Wal, there was two men drowned here," said Bardon, "an' another feller lost his boat. It's worse than it looks!"

We had a smooth river and easy going for a long distance, winding round the bends, all the time getting into more beautiful and picturesque scenery. Soon we drifted into a high-walled canyon where the river ran still and deep.

We passed the first intersecting canyon, opening in on the right side. Graves Creek came in here. We had long heard of it, and we looked and listened apprehensively for the great rapids named for it. Soon a sullen roar greeted my ears.

Rounding a point we found Bardon ashore, walking down to look over Graves Rapid. He returned to say we would have to line the boats through. This was strenuous, slow work and by the time the last boat had been lowered it was mid-afternoon. Next we came to lower Graves Rapid. The whole volume of water rushed through a thirty-foot gap between the black walls and slid down a chute that was almost a sheer drop.

BARDON shot it, then the captain and finally Debb. While they were clambering back along the rocky shore to fetch the other boats through some of us went below the fall to see them make it.

Bardon appeared above the fall, standing to the oars. He was in the blue boat, which was full of heavy supplies. Just as he reached the brink I saw him make two powerful strokes. The boat started over differently it seemed to me. He struck the jagged rock on our side a glancing blow, swerved and dipped, but shot down upright. When he reached shore below the boat was full of water. He had ripped open the bottom. We beached the boat, packed its cargo in other boats and went on.

Darkness had fallen when we reached a widening of the river gorge and the streams that marked our camp ground. It was a sandy shore but steep, and to pack our belongings up to a level was something staggering. I could do no less, because all of my comrades were more or less as fatigued. Bardon was all in, and Debb was crippled. Captain Mitchell and Romer were the strongest, and I certainly had to admire them. Also I vowed I never again would undertake a hard trip with a lot of useless baggage. But how sweet it was to rest!

Reamy Falls had been the seventeenth rapid we had passed. All in ten miles of the Rogue! And one boat left on the way!

III

EYES that fell shut as if glued, and dead slumber, were our reward for that strenuous day. Morning disclosed a bunch of cripples, several lost articles of baggage, two leaky boats and various other things that might have been expected.

It also disclosed our camp site, which was an ideal one for a lover of the wilds. A high sandy beach, overgrown with ferns and blooming goldenrod, with several flowering maples, some live oaks and a single great yellow-pine tree, stood out on a point between the Rogue and its tributary, Whisky Creek.

We were told that down the river a little way Booze Creek came in. That appellation was too much for any sense of felicitous words. The Rogue Valley had been opened up first by prospectors, and prospectors still worked claims there. They were responsible for the queer names.

It consumed half a day to fix up camp, but, at that, Romer and Ken and Ed left off work and rest to go fishing. No steelhead were caught. Captain Mitchell, during the late afternoon, and I spent an hour on the river, without any luck.

I am the most unlucky of anglers. Just to prove it the thousandth time I went out that evening and cast faithfully for two hours with never a rise. Captain Mitchell caught his first steelhead, a small one of three pounds. His comments pleased me.

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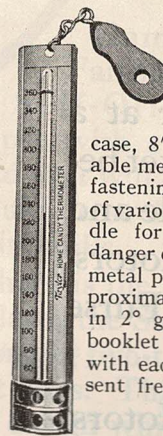
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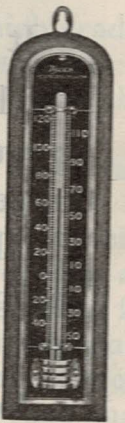
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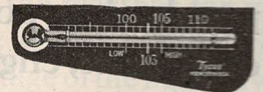
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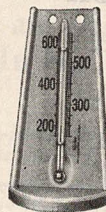


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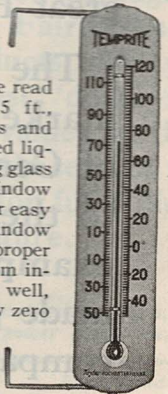
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Moreover he was a great flycaster, having made a record of something beyond a hundred feet at one of the Madison Square Garden tournaments. I was particularly keen to have him get into the steelhead fishing as R. C. and I got last fall. It would be fun to see him lose some tackle and fine to watch him exercise his skill.

One of the forest rangers informed us that the river was in poor condition owing to the outflow of the dam above Grants Pass. No steelhead were rising up the river. Nevertheless we whipped the riffles industriously. Our last day at Whisky Creek was cool and partly cloudy, ideal for fishing. Captain Mitchell and I were the only anglers to go out in the face of conditions. I worked down clear to Tyee Bar, catching my first steelhead for 1925, one about two pounds and the other around four. Captain Mitchell caught one small steelhead on a fly and lost another.

IV

THE day we left Whisky Creek camp, we were up at dawn—a cloudy cool morning promising rain—and by seven-thirty had all the boats packed. We ran two rapids, one a short dip and the second a long shallow curve full of rocks, before we came to Tyee Bar Rapid. We shoved, waded, pulled and lined the boats over Tyee, labor that gave us a foretaste of the day ahead.

Tyee Bar was once a famous gold diggings. In the early days three hundred Chinamen took a million dollars in gold dust off this bar. I walked over part of it and presently I saw a high straight-sided eminence of sand and gravel standing at the edge of the river. Trees and brush and grass covered the top. Then I made out a rude cross, marking a grave, and remembered Bardon's referring to the grave at Tyee Bar. This grave was fully twenty feet above the rocky floor of the bar.

During the gold strike a miner had been buried there, and the gold-bearing sand and gravel had been washed away, leaving his resting place undisturbed. It was a monument to the spirit of the Chinamen and the succeeding generation of prospectors. They had respected his grave and had left his bones to molder among the grains of gold and sand.

Lower Tyee Falls was a sticker. Bardon shot it successfully, and to see him go through made the performance look easy.

THEN Captain Mitchell, against my advice, undertook to run this rapid in one of the small boats. He started all right, but just above the dangerous rock he got in line with it and could not get out. When he struck hard his boat jumped up and turned bow downstream. One oar flew out into the current; the other was knocked out of his hand. My heart stood still. I could not even yell. Mitchell stood up, hurriedly got the oar, and as he raced down the chute, he was just in time to ward the boat off the cliff.

Then he went down bow first, and into the white waves. He was thrown into the bottom of the boat, but got up again in time to save the boat from the threatening rocks below. Mitchell showed quick wit and cool nerve in what was a dangerous predicament.

We lined the rest of the boats through, a two hours' job that wet us thoroughly.

We came at length to a constriction in the river, with high cliffs on each side, and a fall called Plousbares.

"Shore you all got to shoot this one," urged Bardon. "Nothin' to hit if you keep in the middle! Easy if you stay with the current!"

From where we had left the boats the Plousbares could not be seen. You had to push off and go round a corner. I was the last to start. When I rounded the bluff I espied the narrow gateway where the river dropped. I kept in the current all right, and went over in fine style, but the tremendous force carried my boat straight for the cliff a hundred feet below. I strove

with might and main to pull out of the current. It was not a happy moment. Luckily I averted collision, but my left oar hit the cliff, and flying out of my hand struck my companion a solid thump that elicited a cry I heard above the roar of waters.

"Accident Number Two!" ejaculated Ken pessimistically. "Wonder who's going to be next."

Following that we had a succession of rapids which brought us to Kelsey Canyon.

Here in Kelsey Canyon we saw some large steelhead, the first since we had reached the Rogue. Naturally that gave us fishermen a keen satisfaction, and we wanted Horseshoe Bend, our next camp, to come quickly. But though the river hurried onward, we were not able to keep pace. We met with obstacles in Kelsey Canyon. And toil! My hands felt as if I had been fighting a broadbill swordfish.

But at six o'clock we arrived at the head of Horseshoe Bend Rapids.

We landed on a high sandbar, overgrown with willow and brush, and set up camp under the towering dark mountain.

After breakfast next morning Captain Mitchell and I crossed the river and began fishing at the head of the swift incline. He hooked a steelhead on his second cast, a good-sized fish that leaped to freedom. A moment later, I raised a big steelhead. He made so huge a boil on the water that I jerked the spinner away from him. On my next cast he hit it hard and thinking I had him I yelled lustily for everybody to look. Camp became an active place, but unfortunately I had no further opportunity to thrill my comrades, for the steelhead pulled free.

THE true magnificence of the scenery at Horseshoe Bend did not fully dawn upon me until we had turned half of the curve and I could really see the bend.

All around the mountain slopes rose precipitously, so that I received an impression of being surrounded by great green and gray slopes, and the splendor of the Oregon firs, magnificent trees that rival the redwoods of California, and the cedars of Washington. It was good to see such standing virgin timber where the archfiend fire had never been, nor the destructive greedy hand of man.

We made three miles or more without mishap, encountering only one rapid of any dimensions, and that we ran safely as it was straight and clear. Then we came to one of those threatening constrictions and bends of the Rogue River Valley.

Bardon waved his red flag for us to haul ashore at the head of this bend. Only a little white water could be seen. I got out and climbed over the huge mossy boulders and under the alders. The rapid was short, with an abrupt turn to the left, and at the foot toothed by some dangerous rocks. The current had immense volume and speed here.

The captain appeared next coming round the corner, rowing hard quartering into the protection of the eddy behind the point. He gained it, then straightened out and shot the narrow chute below. Debb followed, and next Bardon ran my boat through with apparent ease. Soon we had six of the boats grounded on the bar below, while Debb went back to fetch the last and heaviest. I did not wait, but followed Bardon down to the head of the next rapid.

WHEN I got up on the rocks he was safely through a hundred yards of narrow white channel. Above me somebody yelled. I wheeled in time to see Debb thrown high upon a rock. He disappeared, and then I saw the bow of his boat standing up. Wild yells from ashore urged me at breakneck pace over the rough rocks. When I got to the end of the long bar, I saw Ken running along, splashing in here and there to pick up floating articles. He yelled to me, "Rescue the lemons!" Soon I saw the surface of the current dotted with yellow lemons, but they were out of my reach. (Continued on Page 83)

(Continued from Page 80)

When I got to the scene of the upset, I saw the boat had lodged against two rocks and was submerged all except the end of the bow and the gunwale. Not ten feet from shore!

Under Bardon's instructions we set to work and, indeed, we performed the labors of Hercules. We carried logs, cut huge poles, commandeered all the ropes in the other boats and worked like Trojans. The water was cold as ice, neck deep at the stern of the boat and very deep and swift under the bow.

Three long precious hours we toiled over that boat. It was our largest and best one and we needed to save it. But we toiled in vain. We pulled the stern seat out; then the middle seat; then the ring-bolt in the bow. Her seams opened up. The elbows came loose from the sides. She cracked and groaned, and at last she crashed to pieces. We left her remains there, ribs sticking out of the water, tall poles propped under her.

FROM Rocky Rift Rapid, where this accident occurred, I could see several miles down the river to where the mountain slope showed patches, bare of timber, shining gold in the sunlight. These were called "The Meadows" and our next camp was to be at that point.

We made camp along the brook up on some high benches, back of which ran the Rogue River Trail. Across the river lay a high bar, called Battle Bar, where the last battle between the whites and Indians of Oregon took place. To this day, skulls and arrowheads are unearthed at every freshet of the river.

A forest ranger visited us and remembered Bardon from former trips. He said the big run of steelhead was not on yet. The best fishing grounds were below camp, especially Winkle Bar, which was a mile down the trail. Next morning I took the trail for Winkle Bar.

It appeared to be a level flat of sand and gravel, dotted with clumps of small trees and sloping to a lengthy curve, along which the current glided.

I descended from my lofty perch, and clambered over the boulder, down to the sand. And then, up and down Winkle Bar, I fished all of one of the briefest and happiest days I ever had. I cast and rested and watched the river and the mountains, and listened to the murmur of running water. Then I cast again. Where the hours sped I never knew. Not a sign of a strike or sign of a fish did I have! But that did not matter. There was something in the lonely solitude of the great hills, something in the comradeship of the river that sufficed for me.

NEXT day the river was five inches higher and rising, and a little discolored. Captain Mitchell and I let the boys go down to Winkle Bar. They returned soon. Ed had a small fish, and Ken a beautiful steelhead of eight and one-half pounds.

As we expected, the authorities above Grants Pass opened the gates of the irrigation dam and let a flood of muddy water down to defile the clear waters of the Rogue. The river rose about a foot, dropped a little, then came up again, spoiling two days or more of fishing.

Irrigation dams are a necessity to our growing country and to the thirsty land where the famous Oregon peaches, apples and pears are grown. Any good fisherman can spare a few days from his vacation or fishing trip for the need of the state and the farmers. In passing this point, however, I would like to add that irrigation above Grants Pass, the same as I can mention for other places, is frightfully destructive to the young salmon and steelhead.

Sometimes the farmer's land is covered with small fish to the extent of many thousands. Naturally the farmer is not going to put forward any objection to the waste of young fish, for they make the very best

of fertilizer. Somebody, though, ought to make a tremendous kick about this careless, heedless, unsportsmanlike destruction of game and food fish. Such examples are common all over the United States.

The evening of the third day of muddy water we decided we would pack and take to the boats next morning. This break I dreaded, for we had to pass through Mule Creek Canyon, which was almost impassable, owing to bad rapids, and especially at a narrow cut not more than ten feet wide through which the water rushed and the boats had to go. Bardon did not relish shooting this place, and objected to any of us attempting it. Debb said he was actually afraid. Romer asked a thousand questions about this canyon, the rapids, the narrow places, had many people been drowned there, what was it like, how swift was the water, could you swim out if your boat struck, and so on.

Bardon lost patience with the boy and yelled at him, "I've told you a dozen times. Pretty soon you'll be tellin' me how to shoot that canyon."

After all this preamble Romer had the nerve to ask me, "Say, dad, if I wear a life preserver round my neck will you let me take my boat through Mule Creek Canyon?"

WE WERE up at five o'clock next morning getting ready for the long-dreaded encounter with Mule Creek Canyon.

We left the boats at the sandbar above the canyon, and while Bardon took Debb, the captain and Ed across the river to look over the bad places below, the rest of us climbed prodigiously in and out of old placer-mining holes up to the trail. We went on half a mile to come out into the open sunlight, along a bluff slope where we could look down into Mule Creek Canyon. Romer and I and Takahashi clambered down to points of vantage along the rim.

From there I saw the white seething river, perhaps forty feet wide, swirling and boiling along at swift pace. Up the canyon I saw several sharp rapids from which came the ear-filling roar. The Narrows, the most dangerous point, was some distance below my place.

Bardon soon appeared in his long green boat, heavily laden. He did not seem to be having any particular hard time of it. He disappeared, came into sight again, passed on under me round the bend. Next came the captain in his small boat. He was not making the speed I had noted in Bardon's boat. I saw him working hard at the oars. But he passed on in good shape and vanished round the corner of the canyon.

Soon Debb's blue boat showed sharp against the white water of the canyon. Ed was with him in the stern with a pike pole ready. The heavily laden boat, full of our food supplies and utensils, came along at express speed. When they hit the lower end of the first fall, the stern went out of sight in the white water. So did Ed. The boat bobbed up, and came on rather low down, I thought. Debb was working strenuously at the oars. Ed was poking at the cliffs with his pole. The canyon up there appeared to be about forty feet wide. Then the boat disappeared under the bulge of rim, and soon came out to run down the white-green slant of river nearest my position. This time the whole stern end of the boat went under. When she came out of that she was almost full of water. Debb endeavored to pull toward the cliff.

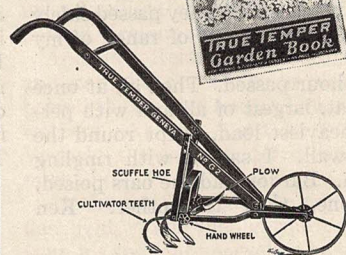
The boat rolled in the current, and as it got directly under me, I saw the water run over one gunwale and fill her. I was struck cold and numb. She was plainly sinking. Ed threw things overboard and grasping one of Takahashi's buckets he bailed water frantically. Half a dozen bucketfuls slowed the sinking. Debb pulled with all his might. The boat went out of my sight under the wall.

I ran down the river to find a place where I could see. As good fortune had



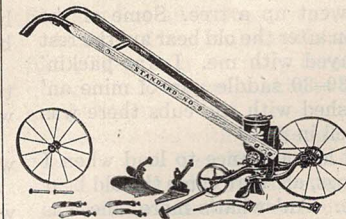
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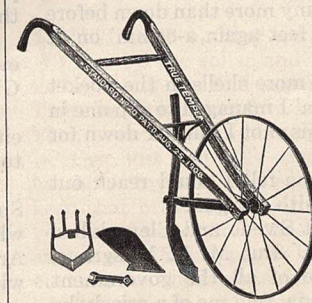
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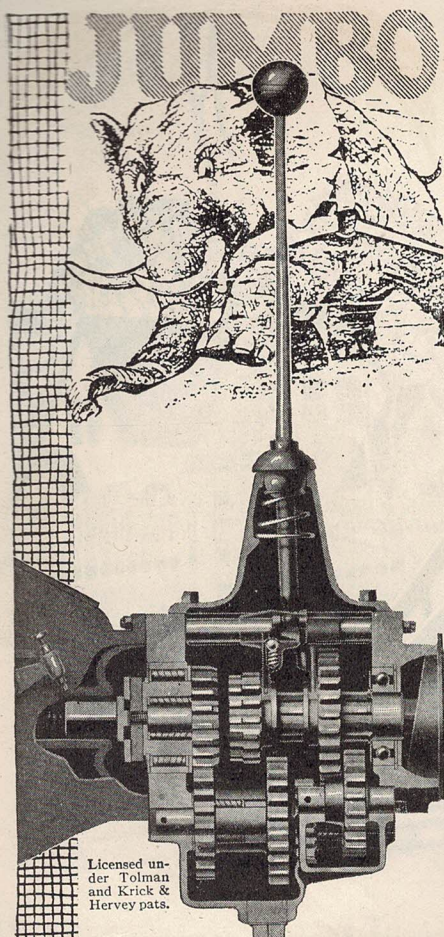
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it, they had pulled round a little corner into a little cove where Ed held onto the wall while Debb bailed in a haste that told much.

I saw, however, to my intense relief, that they had the situation in hand, and were practically out of danger. Whereupon I hurried down along the rough rim to find the Narrows.

My first sight of the most dangerous place on the Rogue River was not what I had pictured in mind. It did not look so bad.

It was frightfully narrow, being only about ten feet at that stage of water, but it did not look its real peril.

Takahashi had a position below me, almost level with the river, and when he became aware of my presence he pointed to an oar he had manifestly salvaged out of the notch in the cliff where the water eddied in and out of the swirling current. This place was thirty or forty feet below the Narrows.

I recognized the oar as belonging to Captain Mitchell's boat and momentarily my blood ran cold. But he had four oars in his boat and loss of one did not necessarily mean disaster.

Suddenly I saw Debb's blue boat sweep into sight, coming as if down a millrace. It had the middle of the narrow channel. Ed knelt in front, pole in hand, to ward her off the cliff.

Down they shot, at a moment when the whirlpools were full. But for Ed's violent thrust and shove with his pole, the boat would have struck the lower jaw of the narrow gate. At that, it just missed the projecting black rock. They passed safely and went on swiftly out of range of my vision.

Half an hour passed. Then all at once my red boat, largest of all and with perhaps the heaviest load, swept round the corner of wall. I saw it with tingling trepidation. Bardon had the oars poised, dropped one, then the other. Ken

crouched in the front. As I had anticipated, my heavy boat came with greater speed than any of the others.

My skin began to stretch and prickle; my heart throbbed; I felt curiously cold all over.

Bardon shot the narrow gap perfectly, but as he went through, the great whirlpools opened and they threw the front end of the boat into the lower bulging jaw of rock. It struck hard, and a second later the other end of the boat struck the cliff opposite. The boat jammed, and careened upstream so that the furious water began to pour in.

Above the roar of waters I heard Ken's shrill yell. His face was white as a sheet. Bardon showed his self-possession and knowledge. Before it was too late, he threw his weight over on the downstream gunwale of the boat and careened her over on that side. Then leaping like a tiger to the bow, he shoved away from the wall. That let the stern end free and away she swept like a live thing. And as quickly he leaped back to the oars.

As the boat passed out of my sight, I crouched there, realizing how narrowly the loss of boat and outfit, perhaps life, had been averted.

I climbed out, having by that time seen all of the Rogue River Narrows that I wanted.

Debb and Ed ran the gorge in the small boat without mishap, but Bardon in Romer's boat, which was sharp fore and aft like a canoe, had a hair-raising experience.

"Shore Romer's boat ought to be called Suicide Jane!" he ranted. "I got drawn in that whirlpool below the Narrows, an' I'll be damned if I could pull out. Went round an' round a dozen times. I thought once we'd be sucked under, but the hole filled up an' then I pulled out. . . . Thank heaven we're by that place."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Close Calls

(Continued from Page 8)

they both went up a tree. Some of the dogs went on after the old bear an' the rest of them stayed with me. I was packin' that little 30-30 saddle gun of mine an' when I finished with the cubs there was only one shell in it.

"I hadn't had a chance to load when I heard the dogs, an' here come the old bear back at me. An' what's more, she was comin' too. For she wasn't payin' no more heed to the dogs that was snappin' at her heels than if they wasn't there at all.

"There was only one shell in the gun an' I let the bear have it.

"But it only stopped her for a second. For she wasn't any more than down before she was on her feet again a-comin' on at me.

"I had some more shells in the pocket of my chaps. An' I managed to slip one in my gun. An' this shot I put her down for good.

"But when she fell I could reach out and touch her with my gun."

The bear that Swede and Cleve killed were black bear. But M. E. Musgrave, who has charge of all the government hunters in Arizona, told me of a grizzly he and his partner once killed up in Washington.

Like most old hunters Musgrave says that the grizzly is one of the most dangerous animals known. For a charging grizzly is much harder to stop than a black bear.

Musgrave and his partner were both shooting 30-40's and they opened up on the bear when he was at least seventy-five yards away. But when the bear fell he was lying just between them with his heart shot clear away. For they put sixteen soft-nosed bullets through his

lungs and heart before they finally brought him down.

Musgrave told of another incident of two cowpunchers he knew in New Mexico who had a tilt with a grizzly.

The punchers were range branding when they ran across the bear.

Evidently they felt lucky. For neither was carrying a rifle. But they opened up on the bear with their six-shooters. Things began to happen then. For in the charge that followed the bear killed one of the horses, slapping him to the ground. Luckily the puncher wasn't hurt. And while the bear was mauling the pony, the puncher swung up behind his partner and the two of them rode for it.

One of the most amusing bear stories I ever heard was told me by an Old Wine Glass round-up cook.

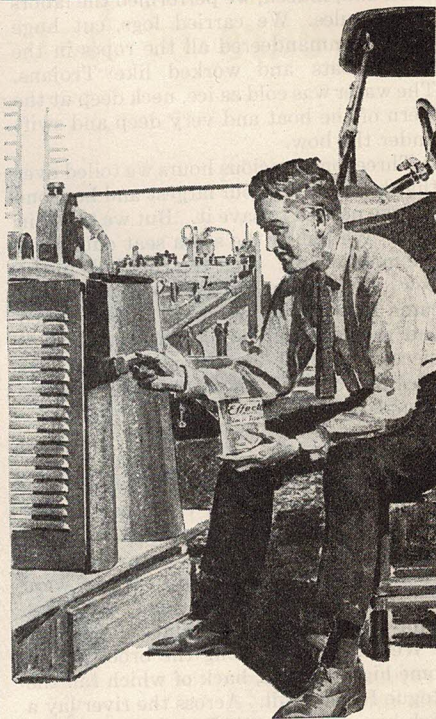
"There wasn't nothing close about it either," said the cook. "For I happened to see the bear before the bear saw me.

"The outfit was camped at Pidgeon Springs at the time. Them was the days when there was plenty of silvertips in Arizona an' they never did make no hit with me.

"I was mixin' bread when I happened to look up, an' there was a big old silver-tip not fifty yards from camp a-walkin' straight toward me.

"There happened to be a horse in camp staked with a picket pin. An' when I seen the bear it scared me so I jumped on him barebacked without pullin' up the pin. I hit him a couple of times with my hat an' we made a good race of it too. Until he hit the end of the rope. But we parted company then. For the pony turned clear over an' I landed on all fours—but I finished the race afoot."

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Shooting the Rogue

A Glorious But Tricky River

By ZANE GREY

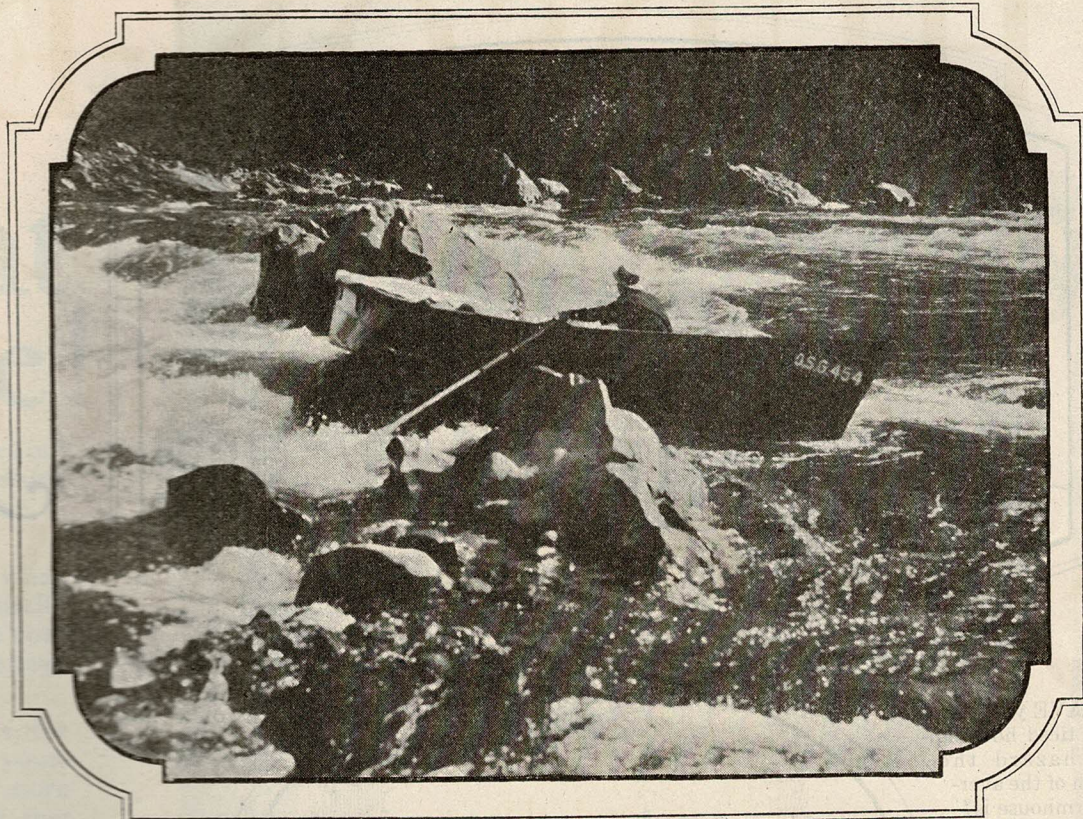
VII

THE sunlight and the silver fog were contending for right over the valley next morning when I crawled out lame, humpbacked and sore. The strain in my side appeared to be wearing away, though it hurt me to bend. I was afforded considerable satisfaction to see all the outfit more the worse for wear. Captain Mitchell had a sprained ankle; Romer's hands were blistered and cut and his legs were bruised; Bardon and Debb had been badly battered by boats and oars; and the others were correspondingly crippled. In such condition the hardest day dawned!

After breakfast, Captain Mitchell and I climbed to the top of the rocky rim above the river and looked down into what they called Blossom Bar. It should have been called Boulder Bar, for the river was choked with boulders, some as large as houses, all worn round and scalloped by the action of water, and between which rushed and raced the white seething torrents and cascades. A tremendous tumult roared up at us, making conversation from that point useless. We had to make signs to one another. The worst of the raging waters passed close to the cliff under us and between that and the largest rock, fully sixty feet high. A boat trusted to that current would instantly be destroyed. There did not appear to be any other channel wide enough to pass a boat.

I thought I saw a place somewhat closer to the other shore, where a slant of green water poured between a round boulder and a flat one, almost submerged. It hardly was wide enough, and besides that the drop was considerable. Below this first series of irregular falls the river widened into a white bubbling level, broken by several huge boulders, and rushed on to its numerous channels in the second series of falls. Then below this was swift current with high waves and hidden rocks for several hundred

BELOW—FIVE BOATS SHOOTING SOLITUDE RAPIDS



A TICKLISH MOMENT WHEN DEBB'S BOAT STRIKES THE ROCKS

yards. Blossom Bar certainly was what the captain called it—one hell of a rapid.

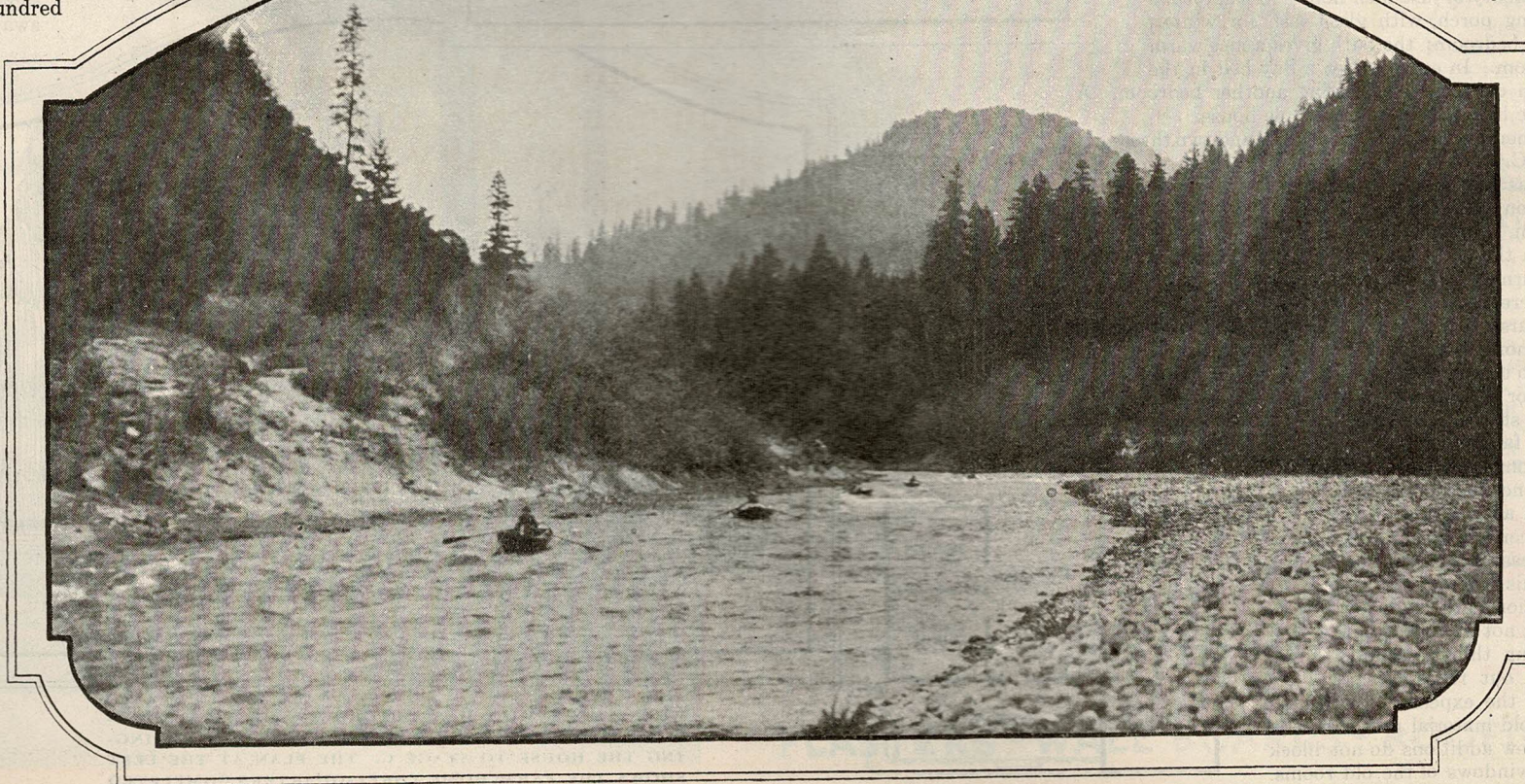
We broke camp, packed our stuff down to the boats and, loading them, rowed across to the other side where a shallow cove afforded us a place to unload.

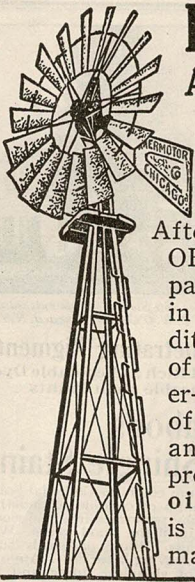
Bardon, after removing most of his load, took Ed and Debb out in his boat and left them each on a rock above where the water took its green slant. They lowered him by his boat line. Bardon stood in the stern with his pike pole which he used to shove the boat out of the way of rocks and of passages he did not want to descend. They lowered him right through the worst part of that side of the falls, down to the narrow chute that Captain Mitchell and I had already marked.

Here the intrepid boatman dropped the pike pole and stepped out on the flat rock. Then he edged his boat into that chute and waved to Ed and Debb to let go of the

IN OVAL—ROMER GREY HITS A ROUGH SPOT

(Continued on Page 137)





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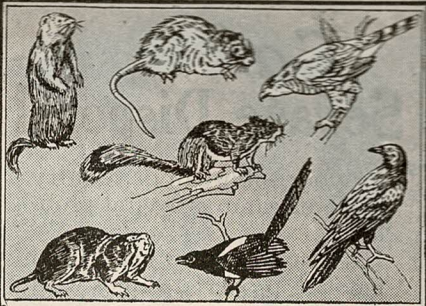
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Shooting the Rogue

(Continued from Page 36)

line. As they did so he powerfully heaved on the boat, tilting it somewhat, and then he let go. Flash! The big boat slipped over and down out of sight to reappear riding the white waters below. Bardon reached for the line. It was flying down. Once he nearly toppled over in that caldron. What nerve he had! But he could not catch the line.

Suddenly he straddled the chute, in an action as astounding as swift, and reached down to catch the line, just in the nick of time. But he faced upstream and the line was between his legs, whereas the boat was swerving down behind him. I held my breath. But difficult as the position was, Bardon met it. He whirled his left leg over the line back to the flat rock, and turned to face downstream just as the line straightened. Then he held hard.

The big boat swerved round behind a rock out of the press of current. Next Bardon leaped prodigiously to a lower rock, then to another and another, like a mountain goat. And lastly he reached a string of boulders over which he stepped to haul the boat into a comparatively quiet place where he moored it fast.

"Pack down the stuff," he yelled to us. "We'll reload here, an' I'll run the rest of the rapids."

WHILE he scrambled over the boulders and the slippery ledges and through the water back to the boats, evidently to repeat that wonderful performance, we followed to portage our belongings and the supplies down below.

At the foot of Blossom Bar we rested and ate a belated lunch. A little below there were two roaring narrow rapids, straight and steep, over which we lined all the boats on long lines.

"Now you can all throw up your hats," shouted Bardon. "We've got four miles of nice water, all the way to Solitude."

Solitude proved to be a riffle and a bar, a most beautiful place and well named. I did not at once grasp the felicitousness of the name Solitude, but I felt it. The bar was a quarter of a mile long, slightly curved, and sloped up gradually, gravel and sand, to fine wooded benches under the lofty mountain.

Above Solitude a native named Billings had settled in the woods to homestead a place there. He knew the river, and said it was full of steelhead. The night before he had caught five, one of seven pounds, off the bar where we were camped.

The third day of our stay at Solitude was an ideal one for fly-fishing.

Romer took a two and a half ounce rod with reel and line to suit, and waded the riffle above the rapid. I could just see him.

By and by a faint yell pealed above the low roar of the water. I wheeled to see Romer running for dear life along the head of the rapid with a bending buggy whip of a rod telling what had happened to him. I feared he would break his neck.

HEBECKONED frantically for me, so I laid down my rod and ran up the bar. I nearly fell myself. Those smooth marble boulders were like ice. When I got to the head of the bar, Romer was halfway down the long rapid, and he was coming like a whirlwind. Of course the steelhead had taken out all his line, which accounted for his haste.

Suddenly Romer slipped and plunged headlong, face down, into the water. He went almost out of sight, but he kept his rod up. Then he leaped erect as swiftly as he had fallen, and came tearing down through the shallow water to the bar.

"Look!—dad!" he panted, exhibiting his reel, which had about a quarter inch of line left on the spool.

"Better reel some in quick!" I replied. In the still water below the rapid he had a chance with the steelhead, and after a

quarter of an hour he beached a beauty of about four pounds. I complimented Romer on so creditable a performance with a flimsy light tackle, and I advised against further use of it where he might hook a big steelhead.

I fished long that day, without any kind of rise, and could not account for my persistent bad luck.

Bardon and Debb came back to camp with a fine four-point buck, which they had killed and packed down the mountain. They reported all kinds of deer signs on the high ridges above, where the acorns were abundant.

VIII

EVERY lane has an end, and every trail, and every period of bad luck. On the thirteenth day of my protracted space of unrewarded fishing, late in the afternoon, I caught my first steelhead on a fly, for the 1925 trip.

The day had been cloudy and fish were rising. I was fishing in front of the camp, more as a matter of perseverance than anything else. I felt a vicious tug on my line and thought of course I was snagged on a rock. But my rod dipped and my reel shrieked—then a fine plump steelhead leaped in mid stream. In the sudden excitement, the realization that I really had a steelhead, I handled him rather stupidly, but he was well hooked, and eventually I got him.

I had already taken five fish on a spinner, but we did not count any except those caught on a fly. Captain Mitchell had twenty-five to his credit, George twelve, and the other boys several each, including Ken's big one of eight and a half pounds.

Next morning I was up at daylight. A little while after I started to fish the steelhead began to rise here and there across the river, under the gray cliff, and down the smooth end of the bar above the rapids. On my second cast I saw a curling hole break on the surface, then the gleam of pink and white. Thump! He hit my fly, and with a surge under he rushed across the river then out into the air. I gasped. He was as long as my arm—a glistening broad steelhead.

I REELED in, somewhat dazed, and I forgot for the time being to bemoan my miserable fate as a fisherman. I cast over the same place. Then again, and swash! I saw and felt another steelhead hook himself. When he leaped he looked small compared to the first one, but he was vicious and strong.

He plunged low for ten minutes or more, after which he made an amazing leap, fully six feet out of the water. How thrilling to see him! Then he worked downstream finally into a cove behind a gravelly bar, where I beached him.

I was amazed to find that steelhead weighed only three and a half pounds. I think I had estimated his weight by his quality of gameness.

Days passed swiftly, glidingly on, like the river. On October fifth, steelhead began to arrive in considerable numbers, and every day after that the run increased. Another fine cloudy day we caught twenty-two steelhead, seventeen of which were taken by Captain Mitchell, Romer and me. Captain got one of six pounds and Romer one over five. These fish were extraordinary fighters. Probably the farther up the Rogue steelhead get the more they lose the influence and strength of the sea.

For several days I observed the many small trout leaping in the middle of the river during the noon hours and later. I remarked about the regularity of this and Bardon said: "Huh! sure it's regular. That's a school of young salmon goin' back to the sea. Goin' home!"

It was indeed a profound circumstance once it became clear to me. I was amazed that I had not figured this out for myself. Thereafter I watched and the conclusion

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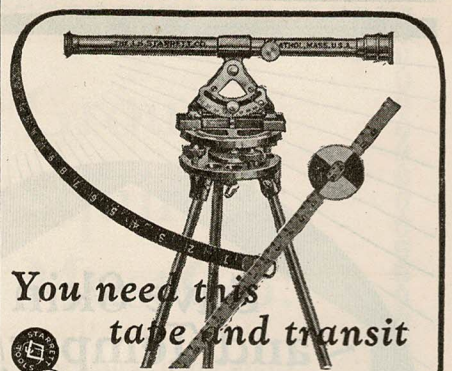
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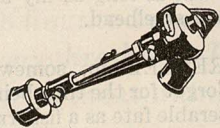
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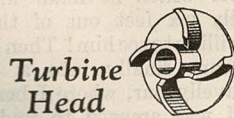
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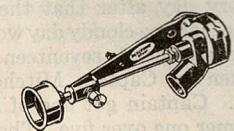
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was that a very large school of young chinook was swimming down the turbulent Rogue to the calm Pacific. Then where they would go no man could tell, nor when they would return, grown to maturity, to spawn once in their lives and die.

It hurt me to leave beautiful Solitude and the fir-covered shade shack that I had just erected to write and loaf under. Captain Mitchell felt keenly the departure without one of the few big steelhead we had raised. We were packed by eleven o'clock and on the water.

My plan was to let Debb run my boat through the long Solitude rapid below camp, and he and the others were to hold the boats ashore while George and I went below to photograph them, and if possible get all the boats in the rapid in one picture.

I HURRIED down the long gravel bar and climbed one of the huge boulders at the foot of the rapid, where the water rushed white and swift round the bend. When I raised my handkerchief, Bardon answered and, signaling to the others, he backed his long boat into the head of the rapid. How swiftly he came down! The others were to follow as closely as appeared safe. But Bardon was far ahead and almost down to me when the other five boats got into the rapid. I could not get the six boats all in the camera finder at one time. Five was the best I could get. Romer was the last to come down and pass me, and he looked up with unutterable delight at being on the rushing river again.

Before we really expected it, we turned a bend to see the cabins of Illahe high on the green slope.

Here we met two native fishermen who informed us that fishing had been very good of late.

"Look out for Two Mile," said one of the fishermen. "She's roarin' these days."

"Thank you, we will," I replied. "How far below Illahe?"

"Reckon about two mile an' a half."

Bardon drifted, waiting for us to catch up. And when we all got near he waved us ashore and yelled: "I'm goin' through."

This was a surprise to me, because it certainly held in my mind that he had not intended to run Two Mile Rapid.

Romer edged his boat toward the left shore, while Ed and Ken and Debb worked toward the right, all of course at the same time rowing somewhat downstream.

Captain Mitchell and I, being behind the others to the center of the river, gradually drifted toward the bend. We both had the same wish—to see Bardon shoot that rapid.

PRESENTLY we reached a point about a hundred yards above Bardon at the turn of the river where we could look down over the rapid. It was a terrific looking channel.

My interest grew thrilling when I saw the current catch Bardon's boat. It was swept onward in a flash, down the green slant, into the white ridge of back-curling waves. It disappeared, then reappeared. The wild waters appeared to cover him.

I saw his boat strike a rock and bounce high, almost tipping him out. Then it turned clear around, bow downstream.

Bardon leaped out of the boat upon the submerged rock where he had struck. He gave a mighty shove. The boat appeared to leap forward, and it jerked Bardon off the rock at arm's length. His bare head went out of sight. I thought he was lost. The boat sped on, tossing and pitching. But Bardon reappeared, climbed back into the boat and leaped to his seat.

Suddenly I became aware that something was wrong with me, with my boat, with us. George Takahashi was watching Bardon. So was Captain Mitchell, and both of our boats had drifted perilously close to the head of the rapid. We were not fifty feet from the gliding green slant that sped so swiftly down into leaping-tongued waves.

With a fierce yell to warn my companions, I sprang back to my oars. George



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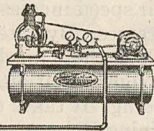
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did the same. And Captain Mitchell began to row frantically.

But pull as I mightily did, I could not move my boat. I strained every muscle. We kept drifting down, faster and faster.

In another instant then, I discovered that the ring-loft on the captain's boat had hooked fast over the stern of my boat. Our boats were locked together. Mitchell could not see it, for he was rowing desperately with his back upstream. My boat, broadside in the river, was merely gliding with Mitchell's toward the head of the rapid, now not many yards below. In one swift glance now I could see the whole of Two Mile Rapid. A long narrow channel where the riffling white water, violent, contrary, proved the presence of hidden rocks! One boat with luck such as Bardon had might go through there. But two boats fast together! It meant sure death.

DRIPPING my oars I leaned far to one side and gave the boat a tremendous lurch. It broke loose from the captain's. George rowing powerfully stayed the motion downstream. Then when I got back to my oars we bested the current, and soon reached the sunken ledge where the instant we struck I leaped out to hold the boat. Captain Mitchell, whose boat was small and light, got safely to another rock just below me.

And there we were, marooned on narrow rocks, with deep swift water on each side, at the head of Two Mile Rapid, not the length of our boats from the brink of the thunderous maelstrom.

Bardon soon appeared on our side of the river; and to effect our rescue he had the boys let him down in a boat, using a rope. We pulled our boats around on the side of the ledge, and from there safely made the shore.

Our guide had some very forceful and unprintable things to say to Captain Mitchell and me, which we took meekly.

Romer, who had rowed back from the other side, confronted me with white face and glaring eyes.

"What're you trying to do?" he bel-
lowed fiercely. "Scare me to death?"

There were times when my son was
unanswerable. This was one.

Two Mile Rapid was the climax of our
struggle with the devilish Rogue, and the
end of our perils. Below there, the river
widened and lost its fierce impetuosity.

ROMER invited himself to my boat and
generously proclaimed that he would
guide it down the remaining rapids and
row the rest of the way to Gold Beach.

"Thirty-three miles!" I exclaimed.
"Say, boy, you must feel strong this
morning."

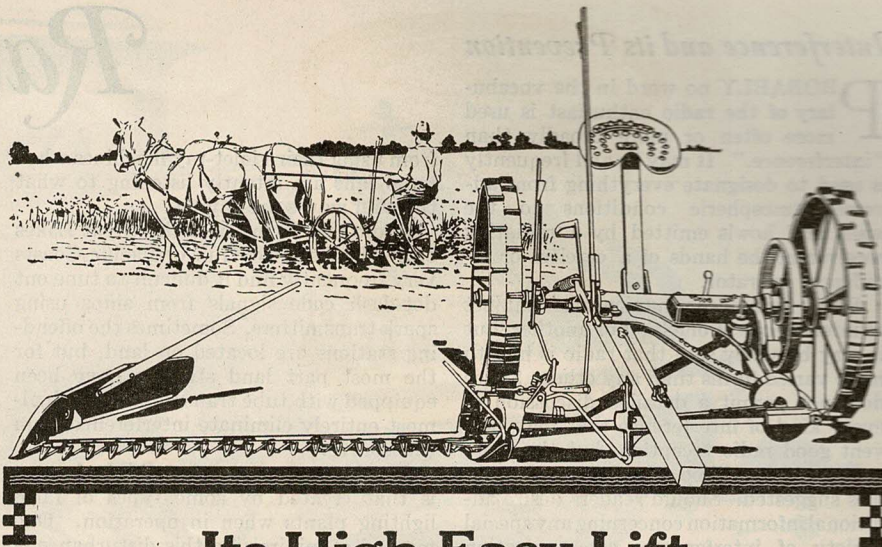
"I sure do," he replied gayly.

It was indeed true. He shot the last
shallow rifle, and rowed down to the
ferry, where we beached our skiffs and
got out to stretch weary, aching limbs.
Over thirty miles in nine hours! We had
finished early and strong.

After unloading our baggage we sat
down to rest while Ken and Ed went into
town after the truck and car. It was about
all I could do to straighten my back, and
I found a seat on the bags to be some-
thing wonderfully restful. From the
position of my companions I judged I was
not alone in my appreciation of comfort.
Romer was the only one who talked much
and I heard him say to Debb: "Wouldn't
be afraid to shoot Two Mile if I had a
good empty boat!"

Presently my half-drowsy memories of
the Argo Mine Rapid and Whisky Creek
and Horseshoe Bend and Winkle Bar and
Solitude were dispelled by a familiar yet
strange sound. It was a low distant
pounding of the surf. Over the bare
wind-swept hills lay the sea. We had
indeed trailed the wild Rogue, shot and
lined its rapids, rowed its canyon-walled
lanes, and glided down its innumerable
riffles to its home in the Pacific.

(THE END)



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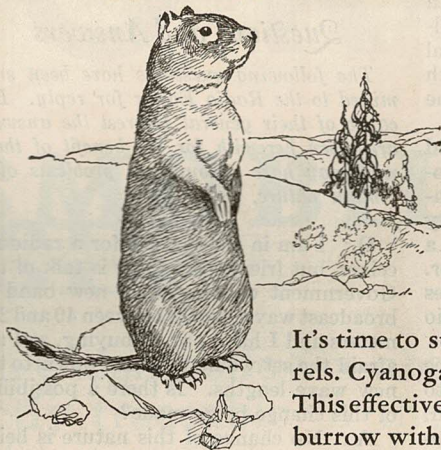
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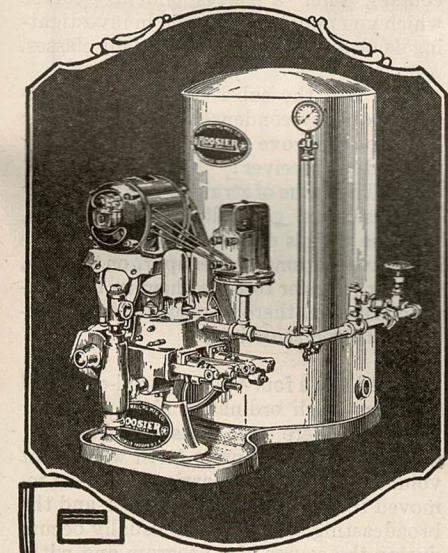
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