A VOYAGE DOWN THE YADKIN - GREAT PEEDEE RIVER

ADDENDA.

To be inserted in "A Voyage Down the Yadkin-Great Peedee River."

The earliest record of the Yadkin is in a letter of Abraham Wood, dated 1674, in which he mentions "Yattken towne" and "Yattken river." The name is probably of Siouan Indian origin.

In 1852 the People's Press, published in Salem, N. C., records the voyage of A. L. Hackett from Wilkesborough to Salisbury. Mr. Hackett carried 100 bushels of corn on board.

A Voyage Down the Yadkin-Great Peedee River

By
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Winston-Salem, North Carolina
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Foreword

Friends interested in the Voyage have suggested that the accompanying articles, which appeared in the Twin City Daily Sentinel, the Winston-Salem Journal, and the combined Journal-Sentinel, should be bound between the covers of a book. This is the sole excuse for the appearance of this hastily sketched narrative in this dress.

Certainly there in no apology for the Old Yadkin; there she stands—or flows—serenely unmindful.

Many years ago, when the writer was a small boy, he found himself with a band of travelers journeying over the rough roads of Davie County. At close of day the party reached the River and embarked on a ferry flat.

As the boat moved slowly across the placid stream, the radiance of the setting sun was mirrored upon the calm surface of the River like burnished gold. With sudden impulse and in one accord the travelers sang, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

Some of those saintly pilgrims have long since reached "that Shining River" of which they sang, but their evensong is not forgotten.

The Yadkin will always hold some of that sacred mystery and charm of the Ganges and the Jordan.

A Voyage Down the Yadkin-Great Peedee River

FIRST STAGE—NORTH WILKESBORO TO REYNOLDS-LYBROOK FARM SEPTEMBER, 1925

Two years ago I saw a little metal boat along the Yadkin river at the Reynolds-Lybrook Farm.

It was twelve feet long, weighed a hundred pounds, drew six inches of water, was fitted with two air compartments, and provided with oar locks.

It was light weight and a good traveler. Men on the farm referred to it as the "skeeter."

This summer Mrs. W. N. Reynolds kindly consented to allow the use of the boat for a trip down the Yadkin river from Wilkesboro.

Mr. Lybrook had the vessel painted a rich orange color with white stripe around the top.

So small was the young cruiser that it was loaded crosswise on an auto and brought from the farm to Winston-Salem. This came near proving its last voyage. Loaded as it was, it took up considerable road space. Nearing town one end struck a wooden post beside the road. The opposite end was thrown violently around, forcing the driver's head suddenly against the steering wheel of the car. Fortunately all objects concerned were of material sufficiently hard to withstand the shock.

There was only one thing lacking about the boat. It had not been christened. Accordingly we painted on its prow, or brow, or bow, or whatever you call it, the good Greek word "Agathos," which means, of course, "no flies on us."

As companion for the journey and other half of the crew, a volunteer was found in a young man connected with a banking establishment of the city. Since the journey was to be largely an exploration along river banks, he was duly qualified as bank examiner. Let us call him Tom.

For a charge of $4.48 the boat was expressed to the port of embarkation. This seemed too much, for each of us weighed more than the boat did, yet neither paid as much for transportation. It must be that the express company valued its charge more than did the passenger service.

We received little encouragement along the way. The conductor on the train smiled dubiously at the mention of the voyage, and expected to haul us back again. Several residents of the Yadkin valley referred to the low water, saying they did not know the trip could be accomplished.

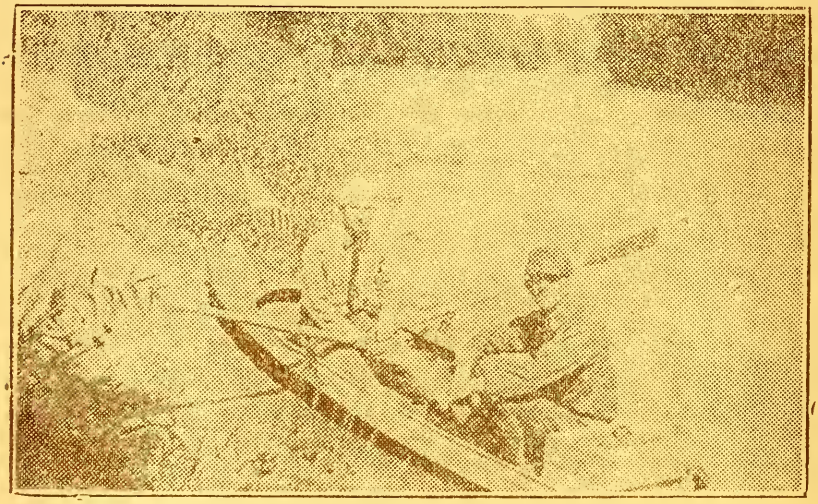
Friends Sympathetic

Our good friends, Professor Horace Sisk, principal of the North Wilkesboro high school, and Professor T. E. Story, principal of the Wilkesboro high school, were much interested in the voyage from a scientific standpoint, and were willling to bring down their pupils and line them up on the bank to see us off. We declined, knowing too well our inability as seamen. Dr. C. S. Sink was humane enough to offer his services, but happily we had no need of them until we were fifty miles or more down stream.

W. C. Shoemaker, of Purlear, Route 1, passed by the North Wilkesboro station enroute to his home thirteen miles up the river. We struck a quick bargain, and he loaded the "Agathos" on his wagon. We rode down to the river brink at the bridge that connects the two towns. Here we loaded our light baggage and then tried to find out which was the bow and which was the stern. We have not yet decided. Both ends looked alike to us. So we seated ourselves in a manner approved to ourselves, each grasped an oar; then Mr. Shoemaker shoved us off into the water while several members of the Wilkes Kiwanis club in passing raised a cheer.

Agathos Pulled Anchor

The first fifty yards were glorious. A pretty silk U. S. A. flag waved from the end of the boat headed down stream. The water was sufficiently deep for our vessel to glide along smoothly. Then, before we were out of sight of the bridge, the boat rubbed against a hidden stone ledge and swerved around; the flag dropping



Embarking at Wilkesboro

into the water floated off in one direction, the boat speeding on in another. That was the last we saw of the flag, but you may be assured we didn't dip colors intentionally.

We settled down to business. There were many things to learn. We found out how to steer, in a graceful manner, around rocks and snags. We learned that the current cuts a channel deeper in some parts of the river bed than in others. We discovered that disturbing ripples usually hid submerged boulders. At the end of an hour we had rounded the tannery and were down stream.

First Natives Sighted

Our first greeting from the natives along the banks was about three miles down. Six boys were swimming and splashing in the stream, four whites and two blacks. destitute of all bathing suits except those nature provides. They had evidently never seen a boat like this one. They waded and swam along behind it for a hun-

dred yards, cheering and crying out in friendly terms. We were greatly consoled, and after that we never feared meeting the natives.

Steadily we worked down stream. Once or twice we rubbed into a sand bank and had to wade in the stream to push off, but after that, sand troubled us no more. There is a channel somewhere, and we were careful to pull into it.

Several miles down we passed the ruins of an old railway box car, a decaying wreck protruding out of the stream. It is a relic of the great flood of 1916. That year the river rose suddenly to a depth greater than any could remember. Miles of railroad track were washed away. Barns and houses were carried down stream. Many an acre of fine fertile valley land was scooped out by the deluge, or piled deep with sand. The water was eight feet deeper along the Forsyth county line than any record previously marked. This formed a great contrast with the river today after an exceedingly dry season, the most severe drought in a score of years. Not a place on the first stage of our journey did we find the depth over our heads.

First Port Roaring River

Night was falling when we pulled in sight of the bridge at the first station of our travels, Roaring River. The railway time table says it is nine miles from North Wilkesboro. We are quite sure it is that much if not more. Weary travelers we were when we tied the boat up among the bushes, hid the oars, and plodded up to the little village. The one cafe of the place was closed, as the hour was now seven o'clock. The lone barber shop had ceased its short cuttings for the day. By the aid of the two street lights, which cast their sickly glow over a dusty road, we rambled into a combination harness shop, filling station, grocery and general merchandise establishment.

Villagers Suspicious

"We are weary voyagers and would fain fill ourselves with food," we ejaculated, becoming somewhat romantic over the adventures of the day.

The natives eyed us suspiciously, and well they might. The warm day, nine miles of rowing, the hot sunshine, these had had some effect upon the khaki-clad mariners. The field glass, canteens, kodak, kit bags, camp hatchet and other paraphernalia were slung about us like ornaments on a Christmas tree. But the clink of ready coin, after we had explained our explorations satisfactorily, speedily opened up the cans of pork and beans and other nutriment. We dined ravenously, sitting on the sidewalk of Main street.

In Hospitable Home

The only rooming house was full, they told us. So we climbed a steep hill overlooking the valley and found a pleasant shelter in the home of Mr. Blackburn, a new residence beautifully located. The seven children of the family gathered around us on the porch, and of course we had to uphold the reputation of good sailors, so we spun yarns for an hour or so.

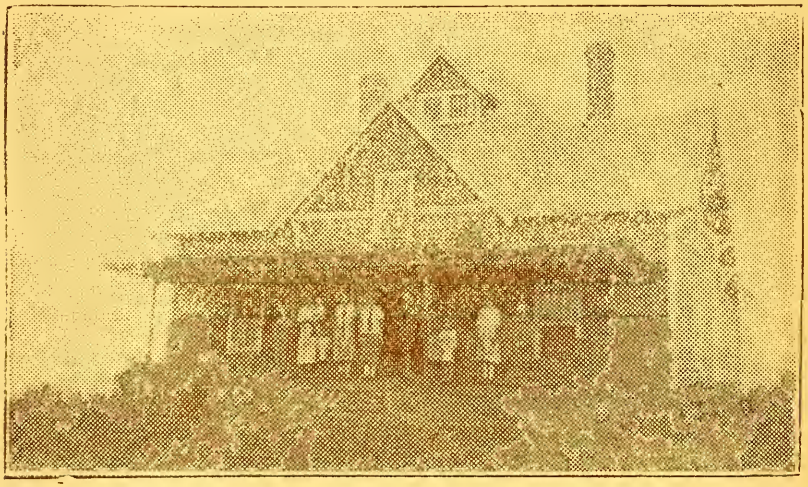
While thus pleasantly sheltered we witnessed a storm which broke from the the gathering clouds. Rain came pattering down. Long flashes of angry lightning revealed the country for miles around and illuminated at intervals the winding river in the valley below. We were glad that we did not sleep out that night in the boat, as we had first planned.

A bountful breakfast, including fried chicken, started us off just right. After shaking hands with prominent citizens at the docks, we were soon rowing windward.

Second Day's Cruise

We were in no hurry. To attempt to cover distance in as short time as possible didn't appeal to us. We wanted to observe the scenery, to chat with the people along the way, to be on the lookout for wild animals and water fowl. Sometimes we would drift along idly for half a mile. This gave us a fine opportunity of knowing the Yadkin intimately.

The Yadkin river lacks the grandeur of the Hudson. It fails to reveal the clear waters and sandy beaches of rivers of Indiana, Pennsylvania, or Florida. There are no waterfalls of note. Most of the year the waters are muddy, colored by the constant drainage from the red upland hills. The banks of the stream, too,



Where the Explorers Spent the First Night of the Expedition

obscured the view of the valley, as they rose to a height of from six to fifteen feet nearly all the way. The upper stretches of the river were lacking in rocky cliffs and gorges which we had expected.

There's Charm About the Yadkin

But the Yadkin has a certain charm that seizes and holds your interest. Willows, sycamores, and a variety of other trees line the banks, often spreading out over the edges of the stream, pieced out with reedy thickets and dense undergrowth. A gradually widening yellow ribbon it stretched out mile after mile, inviting us ever onward. The sound of the waters, here and there rushing over rocks and hidden shoals, yielded music sweetly borne to the ear. Occasionally a fish flashed for a moment above the surface and disappeared, leaving a faint ripple to mark the spot. Blue herons appeared nearly every mile, leaving a mud flat to travel ahead of the boat, sometimes for several miles, stopping slowiy and waiting until we were almost within kodak range, then rising again for grave flight ahead.

Twilight Entrancing

At twilight the scene was entrancing. This "yellow Tiber" rolled smoothly on, flecked by the fallen leaves or foamy bubbles. Distant hills turned indigo color; then faded into obscurity. Tiny waves lapped the steep muddy shore under the overspreading willow or sycamore. The bright star of the west peeped out over the bed of the stream, while light clouds were transforming delicate coloring, from yellow to pink to gray. There was a distinct hush, broken only by the splash of the oar. The Yadkin calmly fascinates.

However, there is something coquettish about the winding stream. A sudden rain in the mountains to the west will send the waters rising several inches in an hour. There is little regularity in depth, and many a swimmer in this inviting old stream has found himself caught in deep holes or swift waters, while not a few lives of unfortunate swimmers have been lost.

The time of departure from Roaring River was 7:25 a. m. The first hours were cool and pleasant. Not until near mid-day did the sun begin to beat with fury. We gladly pulled in at the next bridge down stream that marked the settlement of Ronda.

Ashore at Ronda

This will some day be a thriving place. A cotton mill and other establishments are here, but the season is dull.

Tom and I tried a palatable beef stew at the Cafe while we gathered information as to the statistics and customs of the people. Here is a first class drug store, the only one we found between Wilkesboro and Elkin. Probably the most noteworthy feature of the place is the good school. It has a fine record. We remember, too, that Ronda has furnished the State University with one of its best teachers of mathematics in the person of Professor T. F. Hickerson. I remember him gratefully, for he passed me on first math.

Canteens were filled at the town pump. Then before embarking, Messrs. Jones and Coleman, of the garage near the river, soldered up a small leak which we had found when the boat first entered the water. These gentlemen watched us from the bridge until we were out of sight.

Lone Fishermen

Not far along we met three fishermen seining in the river. They had a net which looked like a fifteen foot section of a chicken yard fence. The father, an old man with grizzly moustache, held one end while a young fellow held the other. They were busy in a shallow, rapidly flowing section where there was a rocky bottom. Instead of moving up stream with the net, they scooped it across stream along the bottom and quickly pulled it up while a third member of the party grasped it in the middle and groped for the fish enmeshed. Three big catfish were the result of the single haul. "How many have you caught?" yelled Tom who has a weakness for fin chasing. "'Bout half a bushel," cried the third member of the party as he pulled around a big sack fastened about his shoulders, and proved his statement as he calmly dropped the new catch into the bag. I had hard work luring Tom to the oars.

The First Rapids

Several rapids now caused us to row carefully. Years ago the people who lived along the river, possibly the Indians of long ago may have been the originators,

piled two long lines of large rocks V shaped with the point of the V down stream. These were fish falls, and the point of the V was a place designed to ensnare the fish in the runs down stream. We encountered a dozen of these falls in the course of our voyage. It may have made good fishing, but it was a setback for the Agathos, which more than once met the fate of the fish and was held on the ridge of rocks until we could push off. We learned, however, to pick the deepest and most dangerous looking part of the fall, and thereafter usually rode safely and quickly through, enjoying the thrill of riding on waves that sometimes lashed into the boat.

Fish Falls and Grabbling

At two or three falls we met with a singular adventure. On two occasions we stuck, apparently on the rocks, and as I plunged an oar under the boat to shove off from the obstacle, out from beneath the oar paddled each time a big turtle the size of a small wash basin, in terrified flight, swimming off before we could grab him.

This reminds us of the custom of "grabbling" for fish, which many natives practice along the river. Mr. Shoemaker, who helped us embark at Wilkesboro, was one of these grabblers. The art is practiced as follows: The fisherman wades into the steam during the heat of the day when the sun is beating down upon the water. The fish have apparently sought refuge in the shady nooks under the rocks in the stream. With deft and gentle movements of the hands these rocky cavities are explored, and when the fish is located, the fingers quickly close upon him and he is brought to the surface. Some of these grabblers even go so far as to say that they rub the fish with their fingers while in the water and apparently mesmerize him. We have this information from reliable sources, but we have never grabbled nor have we ever seen any grabbling. We would like to know, too, if mud turtles and water moccasins are grabbled in this way.

Second Stopover at Elkin

By five o'clock we had pulled into Elkin River, which meets the Yadkin just above the bridge that connects Elkin and Jonesville. We were able to bring the boat up beyond the railroad bridge along Main street directly in front of the home of W. G. Miller, president of the Elkin Kiwanis club, where we had spent the night the previous week, thanks to the hospitality shown the wayfarers of the Get Acquainted Tour of Winston-Salem citizens.

After refreshments served us at the Miller home, some of the Elkin children came down and tried out the boat with a short ride to their evident satisfaction.

We were reasonably well acquainted with the city of Elkin and its splendid people, and did not tarry. Half an hour sufficed for Tom to gather in supplies and buy a Twin-City paper lately off the press, while I telephoned home that we were still undrowned and with no bones broken.

We wished to make a few miles more before dark; hence we pulled out from shore as the friendly German at the pumping station waved us "Auf Wiedersehen" and sang for us in good Breslau dialect, "Als wir juengst in Regensburg waren."

Night in Camp

Three miles down stream we made for the shore, tied up for the night, and ascended a steep knoll, which we had chosen for the evening lodging place. We knew it would not be full. A short distance away we saw a farmhouse. We thought it better to inform the people of our presence before striking camp. As we neared the barn, the children caught sight of us and scampered into the house. We didn't

blame them. Our appearance did not do much to enhance the scenery. However, we were soon on friendly terms with all the Greenwoods, for such was their name, and gained cordial permission to spend the night camping on the knoll.

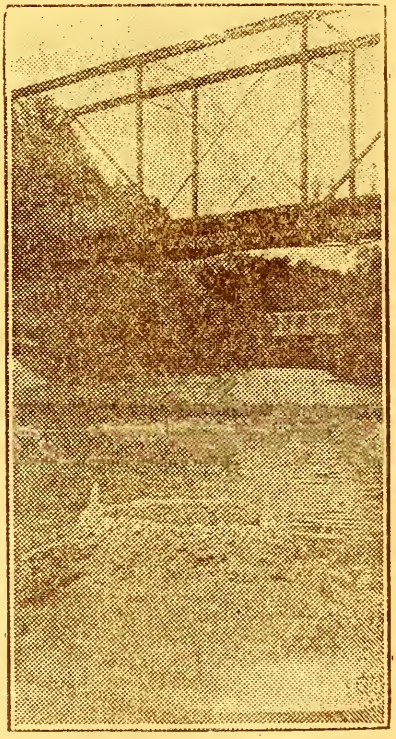
A fire was soon burning brightly, and the evening meal enjoyed with a relish that only a hard day's work and the out-of-doors can afford.

We retired on a mattress of pine needles. Far up the river we could discern a few flashing lights of Elkin. Above our heads we looked up through the pine boughs at the twinkling stars, which seemed ever so much nearer. A whippoorwill lulled us to sleep before our watches had ticked off eight o'clock.

By seven o'clock next morning the Agathos had loosed its moorings and was cutting the stream on its course. We had counted on having breakfast at the next town, but did not realize that it was quite so far ahead. It was ten o'clock before we rowed into the mouth of Mitchell River and fastened at the pier under the railroad bridge. Here we wanted also to investigate an unseen leak that caused water to seep in. We thought it resulted from a slight crack along the line of rivets.

Garage Man Fed Travelers

But we were mainly concerned about food. Hunger had been greatly accentuated by the morning's rowing, and two more famished travelers had possibly never set foot ashore at the town of Burch. We rushed ahead to the first "store" and asked what the good lady in charge had to sell. We were informed that the place wasn't a store, but a peaceable home, and there was nothing to sell. Our mistake. We had seen a shelf of canned goods from the distance, and this caused our error. We rushed to the next, which was a combination postoffice and merchandise establishment. We dropped our romantic language and cried out, "Can you sell us anything to eat?" The reply was, "No." We saw some loaves of bread upon the counter, but the proprietors probably couldn't understand our language. We were directed to the store across from the station. We found it closed. We beat upon the door. It was locked. A boy in the field back of the house said that the merchant had gone to Elkin and had taken the keys with him. The canteens had been empty an hour already, and we were thirsty as sponges. "No well here," we were told, "nowhere except at that house up the railroad." We looked, it seemed, a quarter of a mile up the tracks. Then we began to vent our pent up feelings. "Nothing to eat—



Mouth of Mitchell River. Boys Built Sand Castle in Foreground

nothing to drink—nothing to sell—what kind of a place is this anyway— O Burch, why art thou on the map; why shouldst thou be called a station? Our kingdom for a ham sandwich and a glass of cold water!"

Our clamor was heard. A sympathetic man, who was driving a nail into a board, called out, "Try the garage." We needed no gasoline, but snatched at the last straw. There, sure enough, among tires, tubes, bolts, and cup grease, we found canned beans and a bottle of pickles. We did not hesitate then to walk up the tracks to the well, which poured out sparkling cool water.

Then down by the river side we feasted, while C. H. Carter, the garage man, did an excellent job with his blow torch and soldered up the weak line in the keel of the Agathos. Burch wasn't such a bad place after all—after dinner.

We now made good time. Within a few miles the valley level dropped and the current was stronger. Difficulties came in the way of shallow shoals, most of which we manipulated without much trouble.

Ducks and Herons Sighted

Some wild ducks and white herons appeared, adding to our list of birds. We noted also a small bird of blue-gray color, that flew a few inches above the water on a line for long distances. Once we saw a blue heron soar upward with a fish in its beak.

After passing Fisher River we ran into the worst shoals thus far encountered, and as we drew near Rockford, we found above an island a very shallow stretch that forced a wading for fifty yards. The boat, lightened of its human freight, could almost carry itself; so we held the chain, as if we were leading a dog, and strolled over the shallows.

There is a small island here between the Surry and Yadkin banks. We took the right channel and shot the highest falls yet encountered. It was not the steepness of the fall, but the jutting rocks that gave trouble, and we narrowly escaped a turn-over. The ferryman, whom we met just below, complimented us upon our passage, and assured us that it was a risky place.

A Day at Rockford

Rockford has the earmarks of a long-established settlement. It was once the county seat of what now comprises several counties. The old court house was pointed to. There is no marker to tell its history.

It was in the old court house that a mass meeting was called in the year 1859 to devise ways and means for making the Yadkin navigable.

We were kindly received by Mr. Reece, a prosperous merchant, who gave us much information about the neighborhood. He has spent his life here, knows every turn of the river in the vicinity, and knows the people like a book. We borrowed his evening paper, which had just come in by the train, and read it while we listened to the village gossip communicated by a group of four girls who gathered at the cross roads, and who, after the custom of old, broadcasted the happenings true and fictitious of the neighborhood. After listening to the chatter we understood why there is no need of a local newspaper at Rockford.

Another Night in the Open

Again we were determined to spend the night in the open, and bent over the oars until we saw a likely looking knoll. After making fast the Agathos to a sycamore tree we clambered up the steep bank and through a dense thicket of briers and brush, crossed the clearing, and ascended the hill. Here another pleasant pine grove afforded shelter. We could discover no sign of human habitation anywhere in the vicinity. Off in the distance we could hear the faint lowing of cattle and barking of dogs.

The night turned considerably cooler, and as our fire died down early, we were rather wakeful. In the course of the quiet hours I heard far away a man calling his dogs. From time to time the sound echoed from the distance. "Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee!" was the faint cry of the man, and the two dogs responded. Again and again came the cry of the chase. They were after opossum. At length the yelping showed that the game had been treed. Then came the noise of an axe chopping away to fell the tree, followed by a savage barking as the prey was brought to ground. Then silence. This occupied at least two hours. I looked at the watch. It was 1:30 a. m. It was the first time I have ever heard an opossum hunt broadcasted. It is impossible to tell how far away the chase occurred. Sound travels far over the river bottom. I questioned Tom the next morning, and he didn't know anything about it; still I know I wasn't dreaming. It was too cold.

As we pushed off from shore at 6:00 o'clock a. m., vapors were rising everywhere from the surface of the river. We put our hands into the water and found it pleasantly warm. Later in the day, when we tried a short swim, we found the water quite cool. It stayed the same temperature, but we didn't.

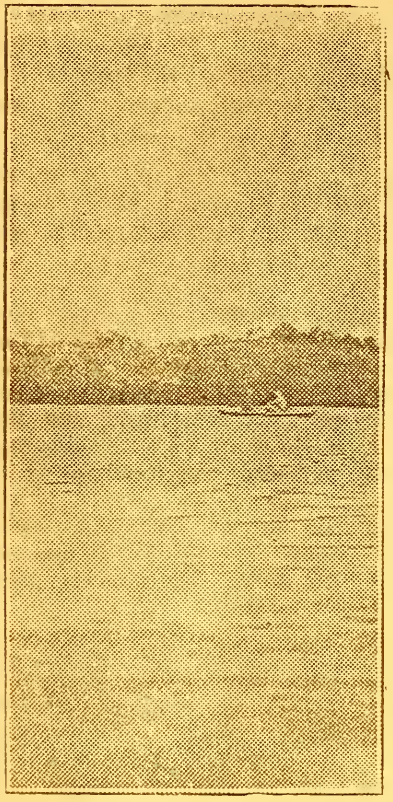
Beautiful Siloam

A mile or more above Siloam we rounded a curve; then the favorite landmark of this whole section of country first came to view. Seemingly very near loomed the Pilot Mountain. Down on the river level this is the only place from which we could view the noble mountain until we were miles away down stream and looked up from the south. Siloam, like all the towns we had thus far visited, was on the north bank, the railroad side of the stream. Several beautiful residences look out from the hills above the valley. Once there was a splendid academy here. An able teacher trained many scholars and built up a creditable institution. We have in our possession a post card from him which he mailed while on his travels in northern Africa. However, his earthly work is finished, and the academy of former prestige is now but a shadow in the grade school that exists here.

Comparing our watches with the station clock we found the time 8:47 when we left the village. The boys of the vicinity followed us down to the river, and we could still see them when we rounded the curve far below.

Awaiting Rise in Water

By ten o'clock we knew that the rough stream, checkered with rocks, portended the approach of Shoals. We slowly wound around seeking the best channels,



The Agathos Begins the Second Stage

passing over ridge after ridge of hidden rock, until somewhat weary we saw the cable stretching across the stream, marking the next landing. There was no one to greet us at Shoals, and when J. C. Corum, the ferryman, came down to the river, he was surprised to find a strange craft tied up beside the ferry flat.

We were informed that the river was from six to eighteen inches below normal, and that some days previous, before the heavy rain, it had been still lower. The ferry here, as those up stream, had necessitated the piling up of sand on the bank to afford a landing, so low was the water. We saw the ferryman attempt to float across an automobile in the flat boat, but the sand was too near the surface on the Surry side. The boat hung for half a day fifty yards from the shore and was finally poled back.

Mr. Corum is a ferryman to be remembered. He reminded us of that famous boatman Charon who transports troubled souls over the river Styx. It is a delight to see him pole a small wooden boat across the river. It is with him a ceremony stately and solemn. Over six feet in height he stands upright in the boat, using a sapling pole twice his length. Without bending the knee or winking an eyelash he sweeps one end of the pole into the water. This impulse shoots the boat ahead on a straight line as if it were driven by motor power. Between sweeps he stands poised as a Grecian statute. A dozen powerful strokes bring him safe to the opposite shore where with countenance still unmoved he casts the stay chain over the moorings.

He was greatly interested in the Agathos, and as he is of ingenius turn of mind, he would not surprise us by some day launching a metal barque of his own make upon the turbid waters of the Yadkin. But we had rather see him in the old flat wooden boat solemnly poling into port.

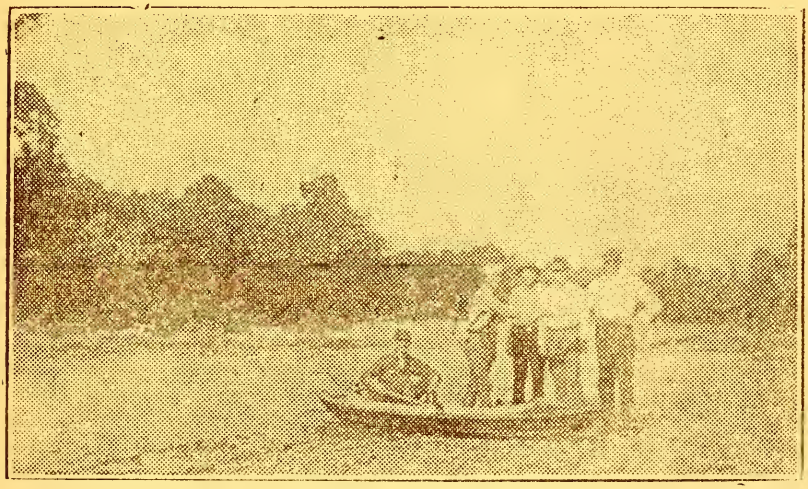
While we were resting under the trees on the south bank of the river at Shoals, we calculated our distance thus far traveled down the Yadkin. It was more than two-thirds the distance from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea; a little more than twice across the English Channel between Dover and Calais; or ten miles less than a trip around the triangle from Winston-Salem to High Point to Greensboro and back to Winston-Salem. This is a conservative calculation of the distance from Wilkesboro to Shoals by river—about fifty miles.

Our little boat had made a noble record and called forth the admiration of ourselves and the curious passengers at the ferry.

We spent some time resting—and we needed it. Several muscles had been exercised which we didn't know were included in our anatomy, and besides, sunburn was very much in evidence. Particularly so with Tom, who had left his trousers rolled up to the knees for a greater part of the preceding day, since the hour when we had first been forced by shallow water to get out of the boat and pull over a shoal. Facial sunburn is bad enough, but by constant exposure the epidermis of the face is much tougher than that of other parts of the body. On the water, also, there is a wicked glare that aids the sun in its broiling process. Thus after fifty miles Doctor Sink's offer of services was remembered as the need of a ship's physician was realized.

Agathos Put Into Harbor

While taking our ease we searched out a calendar and found that it was nearing noon, September 18, 1925, and that the next day would be Saturday. There is a



Shaking Hands with Prominent Citizens of Roaring River at the Docks

strange disregard for the time when traveling the solitude of the river, and we were surprised that the week was so near the end. It was necessary that one of the crew be back home by the next evening, and as the worst part of the river lay ahead of us, it was deemed best to return to Winston-Salem by the afternoon train and to complete the journey at a later date. This, too, might bring a rise in the water which we felt sure would be needed to voyage safely over the next few miles.

We pulled the good boat Agathos out of the water and stored it for safe keeping until the remainder of the journey could be attempted.

Mr. Corum, the ferryman, generously volunteered to pole us across in his long wooden scow. I was delighted for I wanted the pleasure of a trip across guided by the grim boatman. As we sat silently on the boat speeding across, I felt that a scene from Aristophanes' comedy "The Frogs" was being enacted, the one in

which Charon conveys his charges over the uncertain waters to the unknown shore, and I could almost hear the chorus of frogs croaking out their infernal "Brekekekex koax koax."

We soon landed at the railway station of Shoals.

Shoals Has Big Store

The settlement of Shoals is an anomaly. The dictionary says that means a deviation from rule, type, or form. As we stood at the station, we could see only one dwelling house anywhere in the vicinity. Yet before us stood the largest store building we had seen outside Wilkesboro and Elkin. It is a three-story structure of large capacity. We could not reconcile this big store building with the population of one family. But perhaps, like other up-to-the-minute cities, Winston-Salem, for instance, Shoals railway station is situated some distance from the center of population.

The store is conducted by John A. Martin, resident of East Bend, three miles away. Mr. Martin seems to be president, vice president, secretary and treasurer of Shoals, besides filling the position of secretary of the chamber of commerce, postmaster, and station agent.

Brief Furlough

At 3:22 we boarded the home bound train and were greeted by the conductor, who had been on the lookout for us since he escorted us to Wilkesboro the Tuesday previous. He had been expecting to pick us up far up the river.

Experienced Crew Assembled

When I again set foot on the river bank at Shoals ferry, it was at 10:30 Monday morning, October 5. My faithful companion, Tom, was detained by banking duties and could no longer be counted upon as a member of the crew. However, I was lucky enough to sign up another deck hand, whom we may call Ed. He has a longer name, but since I am not being salarized for space, let the bi-litteral title suffice. Ed is a collegiate. Last year he was at the State University. His college training soon proved its usefulness; I found that he could cut bread with a pocket knife. He did not saw the staff of life off in hunks and scatter crumbs over the gunwales of the boat. He sliced it evenly, artistically, and economically. He said that he learned this "eating in his room" at college, a practice which generations of college youth have acquired in institutions of learning throughout the world. Let no one speak lightly of the benefits of a college education.

Out at High Tide

True to expectations the river had risen several inches, so we were promised better traveling. The complexion of the Yadkin had cleared some, too, and was not so muddy. On the first lap of the journey we could not see a submerged boulder, even though it was only two or three inches below the water line. Now we could spot these obstacles and steer clear. This was of great assistance.

Chills With Thrills

The weather, likewise, had changed considerably. Autumn's bracing air was felt, and sweaters were not uncomfortable. In fact, we still had ours on late in the

afternoon when we got a sudden soaking in water up to our armpits, of which you will read if you have the patience to follow this narrative seven miles further down the Yadkin.

Life Develops Sincerity

Before embarking we sought to make the boat water-tight by stopping a small leak. This was difficult as we had no soldering material at hand. Just then the suggestion of a worthy college president came to hand. Dr. H. E. Rondthaler, who witnessed this departure from Shoals, advised the use of chewing gum. How he ever hit upon that scheme of using chewing gum was a puzzle to us until we remembered that he was president of a college for girls and young women. That explained it.

Chewing Gum Good Solder

Chewing gum is all right as an adhesive on piano stools and school desks, but on the wet surface of a metal boat we found its value nil. Then we hit upon a discovery. Possibly we may yet revolutionize methods for patching leaky vessels. We brought the boat to land and waited for it to dry. Then I held a lighted match

The Yadkin Calmly Fascinates

to the metal around the leak. Ed applied the gum, which immediately stuck. I quickly dashed cold water upon it. This resulted in as neat a job of vulcanizing as you have ever seen. Not a drop of water came through from the time we left Shoals until we dropped anchor in port at the journey's end. Had we more gum and more time we would have been spared trouble with another part of the craft down stream.

Threading the Rocks

We entered now upon the worst drawback to navigation on the Yadkin river. The bed of the stream was thickly sprinkled with rocks jutting up from all parts of the river. The task of pulling thru looked impossible. We prepared for long

portages, expecting every moment to be compelled to drag the Agathos over reefs and around shallows. At some places it appeared that you could cross from one side of the stream to the other by jumping from rock to rock.

We threaded into one narrow channel, then another, then another, and looked back surprised that we had come thru without even scratching a rock. Then we grew bolder and took courage. The most threatening view now loomed up, but we went at it bravely. This was the stretch which we had observed inwardly groaning as we had looked from the window of the railway coach. Then the most pleasant surprise was in store. Over on the north side under the overhanging willows appeared a narrow channel. We steered for it and rode it safely. On we sped, fearing each moment that this unexpected passage would fail us and end in another cruel reef. We were getting excited, but highly buoyant. At last we turned a curve and found that the danger was over. We gave a shout and joyfully pulled up by a rock island to look back over the threatening boulder strewn stream.

But do not think that our difficulties were over. The distance from Shoals to Donnaha is six and seven-tenths miles. Six of these miles are full of shoals and

Sunrise View from Our Camp Below Elkin

shallows that test your skill in boating. Yet we managed to thread in and out without once taking the boat out of the water. Three cheers for the Agathos!

Valuable Water Power

This long stretch of the river will some day be used for water power. We could suggest several sites where the drop in the water level could be thus utilized. Years will see some valuable developments. We would pick Rockford, Shoals and Donnaha as favorable sites for water power, but the railway track along the river bank would have to be diverted in order to gain best advantage. There are other sites lower on the river which would not involve this change.

Overboard, But Rescued

As we passed out of the worst rocky portion of our journey, we found the river shallow and widened out to a great width with several islands of considerable size.

We started down one channel; then backed up stream and chose another. The latter was unsatisfactory because it ran into shallow water. When we had gotten out of the boat and pulled it into deeper water, my fountain pen, which had been clipped to a pocket of jacket, was loosed by the exertion and dropped into the flood. This was the first loss of any consequence since the flag left us near Wilkesboro. The water was about two feet deep and moving swiftly. I groped for a minute or two, as I suppose natives grabble for fish; then gave it up as a bad job. The pen was gone—why worry? Suddenly Ed raised a shout. He, too, had been grappling for the loss, and as he straightened up, he held in his fingers the fountain pen dripping river water.

First Real Thrill

This episode was the prelude to the first spill of the trip. Already in the shallow we could hear the noise of rushing water, which always sounded a warning to us. Before we knew it, the banks had narrowed and we were darting toward the fall. We could not adjust the boat sufficiently and it was caught sideways on the rocks with water streaming in over the sides. I can still see Ed as he stood holding the baggage box in his arms while the water rushed in over his feet, then up to his knees. I sprang without hesitation into the water with such haste that my bank book hopped out of a pocket and went sailing down stream. It was followed by the wooden seats of the boat, for the vessel was rapidly filled with water. I did not want to lose these seats; so I dashed on until the water was waist deep. The two boards were still gaining on me; so I turned back, helped right the Agathos and empty out the water. We continued on our course, now in the attitude of kneeling, as there were no longer planks whereon to sit. I did not mind the loss of the bank-book, as my purse remained safe in another pocket. This was the only unrecovered loss of the journey, except, of course, the flag, although we had a more hazardous experience late in the afternoon.

It Might Have Been

Not long after this we reached the bend in the river that changes the course of the Yadkin. We had come to the east bend. A high cliff, rising many feet above the water, stands at the turn. Thus far we had been traveling in a general direction east inclined slightly to the north. Now we headed south. The range of hills to the east has deflected the river current and sent it down at a right angle. What might have been the history of Winston-Salem if these hills had not been in the way and the river could have furrowed through the center of what is now Forsyth county instead of winding along the western border?

We paused where the old Donnaha bridge had washed away, leaving the bridge piers as gaunt mounments. We tied the boat under the willows and ascended the steep bank to view the wide river bottoms below the home of our friend Oscar V. Poindexter. These wide fields are very productive, in spite of the dry season, and a good crop of corn was ready for harvesting.

Across the river is the site of Richmond Court House, where in 1787 Andrew Jackson was admitted to the bar.

Trapped in Fish Fall

Now comes a thriller! A small island appeared some distance down stream. We debated which course to take. Although the roar of the water portended a fall on the left, we turned that way. Soon we wished for the right channel.

Here was the highest fish fall yet encountered. The dam of rocks extended from either side pointing down stream. The swiftest and deepest portion of the stream passed thru the point of this V between two large wooden beams. By the time we reached the center we were traveling at a rapid rate. The waters were roaring around us. Had it not been for those beams we would have shot through safely. But in the narrow passage between jutting rocks above the Agathos nosed against one of the beams and was swiftly jammed crosswise against the other. There we were caught, like rats in a trap, with a mighty current of water pouring entirely over the boat. Ed was again mimicing the statute of Liberty as he held aloft the baggage box.

Double Ducking

Releasing the boat was a serious undertaking. The force of the rushing torrent nearly bowled us over as we sought to lift the boat. As Ed gave a tug at one end of the Agathos, his foot slippde on a rock and he sat down on the river bottom.

The Grim Boatman at Shoals

While laughing at him I duplicated the performance, and went down nearly up to the neck. Things were getting interesting, also considerably damp.

To prevent the boat from being carried too swiftly down stream we made the stay chain fast to one of the beams. Then we managed to lift one end out of the water and partially empty the craft. It swiftly veered around nearly tumbling us over; then hung from the stay chain like a huge fish pulling at the end of a line.

Half an hour was lost in getting over this difficult passage and re-embarking. We had acquired a thorough dislike for fish falls.

Fish Falls Built by Indians

These falls, we were certain, had been originated by the Indians, as Indian village sites usually occur near the location of these traps. Further proof I have since found in the description given by Loskiel, the Moravian mission historian of

Indian life, who has pictured these arrangements identically as they appear and tells how the Indians made great catches by these falls.

We were dripping when we landed at the Donnaha riverside park, the first pleasure resort thus far passed. We tied up beside a gasoline motor boat of strange design, which had the appearance of a miniature hydroplane without wings

At Mr. McNeil's store we laid in a supply of food, also procured new planks for boat seats.

Fish With Your Fingers

Mr. McNeil was quite interested. "Are you out fishing?" he asked. The people all along the way could not get it out of their heads that anyone would try to navigate the river except for this purpose.

"No," we replied, "just exploring for pleasure."

"Why don't you catch a red horse?" he inquired.

"What is a red horse?"

"A fish."

"We haven't any tackle."

"You don't need any tackle. Catch them with your fingers."

"Catch fish with your fingers?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean grabbling?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever grabbled?"

"No."

We liked his nerve.

English Tickled Them

This grabbling business has aroused our interest. We learn from Mr. John W. Fries that Englishmen of his acquaintance pursue an art which they call fish tickling. We are inclined to think that the Anglo-Saxon stock of the mountainous country of the upper Yadkin have perpetuated this sport of their ancestors under the name of grabbling. However, they seem to be more willing to talk about it than to demonstrate.

We have another bone to pick with Mr. McNeil. He surmised that the distance down the river to Flint Hill was a mile and a half. We traveled a good three miles and still did not arrive there. In the morning another mile was behind us before we came in view of the old Steelman place, the nearest plantation home to Flint Hill.

Darkness had settled while we had been trying to row hard and reach the familiar neighborhood of the Steelman place, where I knew a sandy field above the river would furnish a dry night's lodging. Therefore we decided to pull in. The evening air was chilly and our soaked clothing demanded warm environment.

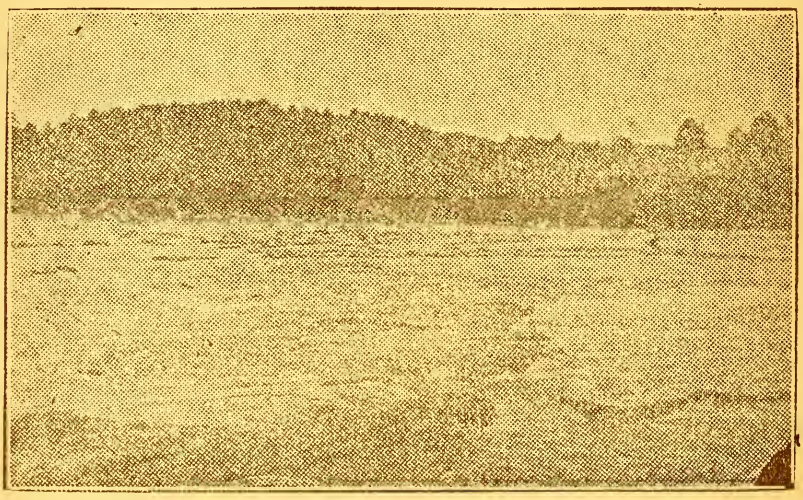
Luckily for us we chanced to tie up where the underbrush was not dense, and a few yards from the river bank was a fine sandy corn field.

Flint Hill Night Control

The moon was not yet in view and darkness was upon us. There was no sign of habitation anywhere around. There were no familiar sounds to lead us to any homestead. Hence we decided to pitch camp in the field and started out to look for firewood. This is a trying task in the dark. We traveled a quarter of a mile across the bottom to a fringe of trees and found a few dry pieces the thickness of your arm. On the way I stepped into a ditch over my head in depth and disappeared to Ed's dismay. It was dry, and the bushes prevented any serious injury, but after that we walked circumspectly.

With the small supply of fuel we built a fire Indian fashion, a small fire with only three or four sticks, but it gave a fine steady heat. In two hours our clothing and blankets were dry.

The moon was now smiling upon us and we were well content except for the



Many Such Rapids Were Safely Navigated

chilly weather. River bottoms, too, are decidedly more damp and penetrating than the distant knolls.

The Night Watch

Ed slept while I did a little more drying. Then I turned in and was awakened by Ed a little later as he built up the fire to warm. When I returned to consciousness with a shiver, I found him asleep; so I built up the fire. Again I heard him blowing the coals. Again I tried it. We must have done this half a dozen times apiece in the course of night. Once Ed heard a rooster crow (a sure sign of nearby habitation) and thought it was time to get up, but looking at his watch found that it was half past one. Once, too, I thought I heard a Ford motor buzzing far off in the distance. It must have been, for the night was too cool for mosquitoes.

Joy of the Dawn

I surprised Ed by telling him he had spent the night in an Indian grave. I further proved this by gathering a handful of bones from the field above us. The

evidences that we had spent the night in an old Indian burying ground were unmistakable. This might have accounted for some of the cold chills that the feeble fire failed to dispel.

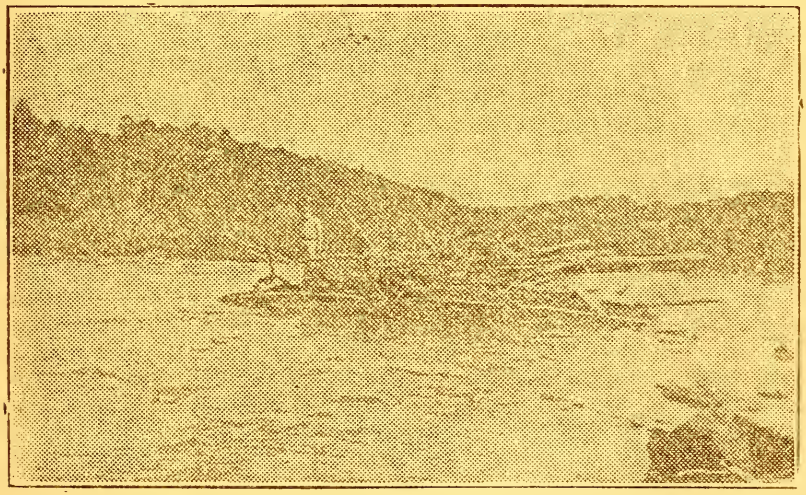
At seven o'clock we were on the river. We had camped just above a steep bluff studded with pine trees. The inevitable fish fall, not a dangerous one, was a short distance below.

After a mile we passed Steelman's; then made good time. The river became more and more navigable. Miles sped by with little effort to us as we could do single rowing now that we were out of the rocks.

Sight Concrete Highway

At ten o'clock we were at Yadkinville highway bridge of the Boone Trail and saw the first hard surface of the trip.

We regaled ourselves with lunch near Smith's store at the bridge, and read the newspapers of home happenings the preceding day. Here also we counted numerous



Ed Explores a Driftwood Island Before Meeting the Yellow Jacket

cars of people from beyond the Yadkin who were evidently journeying to the big Fair at Winston-Salem, which was just opening. They tell us that there are not many people left in Yadkin county when the fair is going on in Winston-Salem.

The rather uneventful meal which we enjoyed at the bridge was brightened by the unexpected. As Ed was biting into a sandwich, a yellow jacket, attracted by the display of food, stung him on the tongue. Now I had heard years ago of a boy who was eating an apple and was stung by a bumble bee. The story went that his tongue swelled so quickly that he couldn't get it back in his mouth. I watched with bated breath to see what would happen, and was naturally disappointed when the tongue disappeared again in the cheek and Ed went on eating the sandwich as if he had had only a little more dressing on the food in question. Later in the day, however, when Ed was at the oars, we passed a string of wasp

nests, densely populated, and I suggested that the oarsman strike one of the nests with an oar and then row in retreat. Ed refused this request, saying he had had enough such enjoyment for the day.

Both of us had guessed that we would sight the West Bend bridge by noon, but we were half an hour late. A halt was made to visit the picnic ground below the bridge and quench our thirst at the spring. I had visited the spot numerous times before. It is a shady shore with rock ledge nearby from which issues a spring of clear sparkling water out of the heart of the rock. We found the spring today but a tiny trickle, reduced by the long drought.

Within sight of the bridge to the south can be seen the old Shallow Ford, were Cornwallis crossed with his army. There is no monument or marker to proclaim the historic site.

A few miles to the west is what may be called the grave of the Unknown Soldier of the Revolution. A hero of the struggle for Liberty lies in unmarked grave, his name almost forgotten.

Water Fowls Keep Company

Our preparations were now for steady traveling. What the distance was to our destination we did not know, but we had the promise of friends to meet us at five o'clock. We bent to the oars and swept forward. The river is sufficiently broad and deep to afford good speed, and we made it.

This day noted a variety of birds upon or near the water. Several times we passed small islands where scores of sand pipers tripped hither and thither. These birds do not hop like sparrows, but trot, one foot before the other. They were so tame that we passed within oar's length of an island and none of the birds took flight. Of wild ducks we saw more than a score. They fly in military formation, executing squad right or left or oblique with the precision of trained soldiers. Strange to say, most of the ducks were flying northward, whereas the time has come to journey in the other direction. The herons were in sight many times during the day. A large one flew ahead of the boat for a long distance, rising whenever we drew near and continued ahead. We at last snapped his picture as he stood stiffly on a dead limb about fifty yards distant.

The flight ahead of the heron in advance of the boat brought up the question whether or not we could rightly say that he was following us when he was flying on ahead. We argued that he kept on a direct line ahead of us, waiting for us, then moving on in advance. On the other hand, we argued, we were traveling after him, but never caught up. We could make no decision. He was evidently curious and wanted to keep in sight of the strange craft. We were likewise bent on keeping in sight of him. So we gave it up, judging the proposition to be that of the sagacious definition of courtship which adjudges it to be "a man chasing a woman until she catches him."

Near three o'clock in the afternoon we drew near the shore at a mill dam which extended across the river. This was the only mill we had found propelled by river power on the entire eighty miles of our travel. It was a frame structure with undershot wheel. Only a marvel could have prevented it from being washed down stream in high water. Some benches and a table made of boards were near under the shade of the sheltering oak trees, distinguishing this as a picnic resort. We saw

no one there although we observed a woman, some distance up the hill, rapidly traveling away. She had sighted us before we landed and did not like our looks.

The embankment of rock interspersed with logs and planks extended well across the river; so we were forced to lift the Agathos over the obstruction and launch it in the water below. This was the second and last time of the journey that we stopped for portage. True, we had two spills, and paused to empty out the water, but otherwise the Agathos kept to the stream four score miles without forcing a carriage over dry land except at two points. That little boat is a wonder.

The old mill was a tempting spot to linger and while away the time, but we were determined to reach our destination as near five o'clock as possible. Again we bent to the oars.

To save time our afternoon lunch was eaten on board. Ed ate first while I rowed; then he took the oars while I devasted food.

Sight First Boat Also

While Ed was lunching he called out, "Ship ahoy! Boat ahead!" Sure enough, far down stream, we could clearly discern what appeared to be a boat and a man with oars. This, we remarked, was the first boatman we had discovered on the entire journey with the exception of the ferryman further up stream. We could not understand why the natives did not relish the pleasures of water sport, since we found such great fun on the Yadkin. We never passed a canoe or other attractive boat. Of course, every mile produced one or more familiar flat bottomed wooden scows used for fishing or for poling across the river. We thought of the great possibilities for canoe clubs to enjoy frolics on the long stretches of the Yadkin. Some day this will come to pass. Even boating by motor can be done for miles up and down the river. We never saw a boat house on the entire journey. True enough, the restless river easily washes such frail structures away, but they could be built some distance above the bank. Probably the natives are afraid of the big freshets and do not care to invest in uncertainties. But the time will come when boating for pleasure, a most enjoyable sport, will be more popular on the Yadkin.

Thus meditating and commenting we approached Ed's man in the boat, and when we drew near found it to be only a large rock jutting out of the stream, across which a small log had lodged. Thus we were compelled to record that we did not meet any boatman at all on the river except the ferryman already mentioned.

Although we were making splendid time now and were earnestly engaged in bringing the Agathos into port, we observed from time to time the old-fashioned homesteads peeping out from the leafy summits of distant hills. These large plantation homes are usually known by family names connected with a past history extending back for generations. The names of Williams, Martin, Conrad, Speas, Hall, and others came to mind. Clustered around those old homesteads are many cherished memories. They bring back the picture of the Old South and many of the splendid families that have made its history. Some of these once handsome structures are now deserted. People are moving out to the good roads. However, there is also a renewal of appreciation for these choice locations, and the future will soon see another move in this direction, particularly for country homes or summer villas.

Home Again

We had waited for some hours to catch sight of a certain green roof, and when it did appear, we breathed a sigh of relief, for it meant to us that the bridge on the

Clemmons highway was near, It had occurred to us that friends would possibly be waiting for us at the bridge, and we strained our eyes as soon as we caught sight of the steel framework spanning the river. There were passing autos, but no one was waiting for us that we could discern. We did discover, however, a large flock of buzzards on the right bank. Possibly they had heard of our venture and were awaiting the outcome. Certainly they had a large crowd out to view us as we passed, and the trees were black with them. I counted forty-two of these harpies, but was unable to take a complete census. I have never seen a more thickly populated buzzard roost.

Impatiently we pulled the oars. We had rowed 19 miles this day and five o'clock was fast approaching. We did not want such a glorious voyage to end except in triumph. The beautiful oaks of "Tanglewood" pointed to the skies with their leafy shelter as we sped by over the choppy waves which the wind stirred up. The last bend of the river was turned. There were our friends just stepping out on the ferry of the Reynolds-Lybrook Farm, where they had come to meet us. We sighted them before they espied us. At three minutes after five the faithful craft was swinging to the chain from moorings in its native harbor and the cruise of the Agathos had ended.

SECOND STAGE—REYNOLDS-LYBROOK FARM TO CHERAW SEPTEMBER, 1926

Our boat arrived at the freight station in Winston-Salem on September 3rd.

As we had counted on embarking for a long cruise down the Yadkin River on the 6th, the arrival was most opportune. We remember the time when Southern Railway freight was sometimes as much as ten days late—but that was long ago.

The vessel was the product of a certain mail order house, S—s, R——k & Co. (Guess the missing letters if you can.)

It is described in the catalog as "non-sinkable steel rowboat made of 20-guage rust-resisting copper-alloy galvanized steel—all joints double seamed and heavily soldered—coated with two coats of paint in battleship gray color—well braced on inside with angle iron—steel keel—one pair painted copper-tipped oars, fitted with oar plates and North River oarlocks—pulley at bow of boat for anchor rope—dimensions, length 13 feet, width beam 39 inches, height 15 inches, weight 192 pounds."

Even with this ample description we can say that the craft was under-advertised. She was a beauty.

The boat was hauled into drydock and treated with another coat of gray paint; then pronounced ready for rocks, reefs, and muddy Yadkin waters.

Three Cheers "Wachovia!"

The name selected to adorn the prow was "Wachovia," the ancient designation of our historic community. Some wag suggested that it would be a good reminder for us to keep near the bank.

Monday morning, September 6th, G. E. Ferguson, skilled with the brush, painted the name with bold strokes in black paint.

At 3 o'clock the same afternoon J. P. Crouch Jr. volunteered the use of his truck and the "Wachovia" was hoisted thereon. The trip over the Clemmons Road to the river was uneventful save for the loss of a seaman's hat, which blew off on our speedy journey.

The Stormy Winds Do Blow

It was our intention to embark at Reynolds-Lybrook ferry, where the preceding year I had finished a similar excursion down stream from Wilkesboro. However, as we neared the beautiful estate of "Tanglewood", a terrific thunderstorm broke upon us; so we headed for the power house which was nearer. In the heavy downpour we were drenched to the skin. We emptied a barrel of water out of the boat when the storm was over. It convinced us that the vessel was waterproof.

After we had dried our clothing at the friendly power house, we slipped the "Wachovia" into the river just above the dam and rowed three miles upstream to the Reynolds-Lybrook ferry so that we might have no broken link in our travels of the Yadkin.

Our host for the evening was I. V. Hartley, of the power house force. He is a

native of Yadkin College, some miles down stream, and he furnished us with some helpful information as to first lap of the voyage.

The power house, where we spent the night, is the first such establishment on the Yadkin. It is a monument to that pioneer in industry and loyal citizen of Winston-Salem, Henry E. Fries. Far down stream we observed another monument, namely, the Southbound Railway, which bespeaks the builder's foresight and energy of Mr. Fries.

The river at the power house is familiar to most people of Winston-Salem as it is at a point where the Yadkin is perhaps nearer the city than any other—fourteen miles away. We knew the locality well, and rowed out to the piers of the railway trestle to see if the huge nest of water snakes which I had encountered years before was still there. The serpents have disappeared.

Before retiring we were happy to meet Monsieur Bill Keaton, that colored worthy who is the most famous chef of the upper Yadkin. We immediately ordered

Skelton of Indian Unearthed Near Our Camp by Plowman

a fish breakfast. Bill complained that there were no fish on hand, but we knew that our order would be filled.

The noise of the power house machines lulled us to sleep. Early next morning we arose and looked out over the river. An unexpected sight thrilled us. The evening before the water above the power house was at least a foot lower than the level of the cement embankment. Now the water was pouring over the dam with a loud noise. The river had risen nearly two feet during the night, due to the heavy rain. This prophesied well for us as the stronger current would be a great aid to our travels.

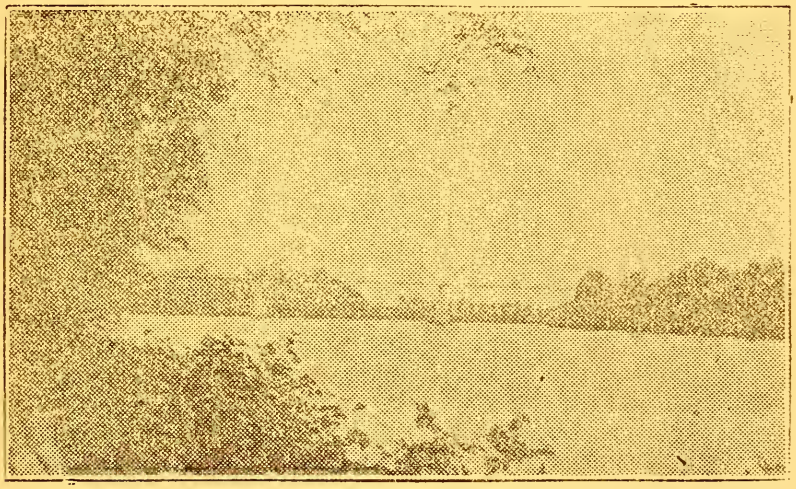
Roughing It On the Yadkin

Then Monsieur Bill appeared on the scene with a large pan full of fried fish, another filled with steaming corn pones such as Chef Bill alone can concoct, and a pot of boiling coffee. In our out-of-doors dining room we sat down to a delectable

breakfast, and thought that there is nothing to be compared with roughing it along the Yadkin River. Tom, my companion, ate seven fish for breakfast.

After this good start for the day we met R. H. Pickens, manager of the power station. We guessed right that he was a native of South Carolina. He kindly furnished us with much interesting information concerning the plant and the river. About 1,400 horse power can be developed in the plant. The river has not been flowing up to the accredited normal course for nearly two years. He showed us on the door of the building two marks which were veritable high water marks. The first was dated September 21, 1898, when the river rose to a height of twenty-seven feet. The second was dated July 16, 1916, when the highest mark ever recorded was cut there. This extreme height was thirty-five feet.

Eagerly we shoved off into the river and started on the long voyage. The day was cool and refreshing. Best of all, however, the higher water set us well above many sharp rocks and rugged boulders that stud the bed of the stream. We



West Bend Bridge Viewed from Historic Shallow Ford

made good time. Even when we did not use the oars, the boat glided along with some speed.

Our Friend, Muddy Creek

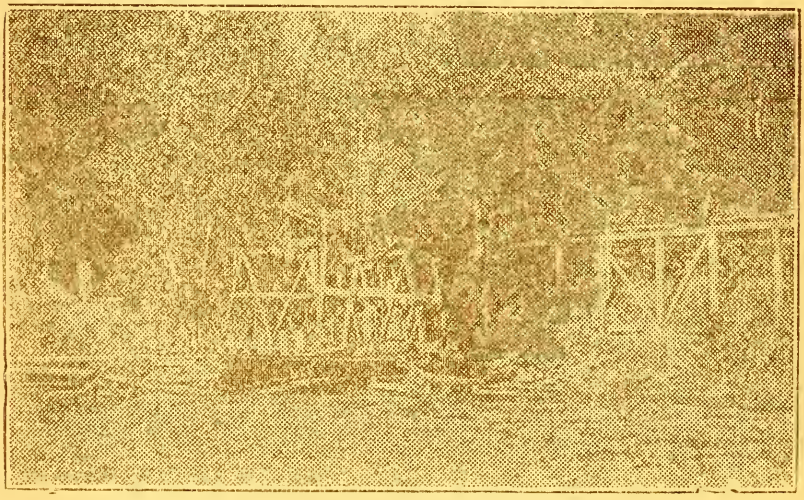
It seemed but a short while until we were below Bailey's ferry and in the well-known fishing territory of Muddy Creek. This creek flows out boldly into the river and is the favorite haunt of many fishermen. As if to advertise this fact, a large fish jumped out of the water near the mouth of the creek as we passed by. Many times this happened within the course of the next few days. Once a long fellow flopped out of the water and struck the left hand oar with which we were rowing, ricocheting swiftly back again into the depths, leaving a circle of bubbles on the water above.

The noise of rushing waters caused us to slow up as we came within sight of a building near the stream. It turned out to be Eureka Mills, the only grist mill we encountered which is in operation along the river. We might have shot the falls in a wooden boat, but we did not want to trust the metal craft upon the sharp rocks, as leaks in the soldering are bad propositions. Hence we drew in to the shore and scouted out the territory.

The Wachovia Takes a Promenade

We consulted F. P. Crotts, the owner of the mill, and concluded that a portage was advisable. Procuring a wheelbarrow we loaded the baggage and hauled it around the mill to the ferry. By this time quite a crowd had accumulated. There were a dozen or more people there before the job was over. The children rushed into the house to get on their Sunday clothes.

Mr. Crotts is an old resident of this place. He has operated this mill for forty years, and had ten years experience in the business before be bought this one.



Styers Mill Near Clemmons

The Wachovia proved to be easily handled on land, and we carried it around the mill to the water below.

After snapping a few pictures of our friends, who had so kindly aided us in moving the boat and furnishing us with cold drinking water from the nearby well, we were again on the road.

A Calm Retreat

We were now on the solitude of the river. There is hardly a spot anywhere more secluded than mid-stream. Most of the dwellings are built on the hills half a mile or more from the river bottoms. This was the season of the year, too, when crops on the low lands required little attention; so we traveled the entire day meeting but three people on the river. If you want a peaceful spot far from the noises of humankind, embark at any point along the upper Yadkin. Of course there is the

occasional music of the water rushing over shoals or hidden boulders, sometimes the cry of water fowl and other birds, but the rest is slience. Shut in by the velvety fringe of willows, which presented a beautiful border of foliage lace work, a more peaceful picture is hard to find. In the mellow light of the setting sun, fancy can easily transform the Yadkin into a winding ribbon of gold with emerald borders. To drift smoothly, silently along is a wonderful relaxation which we enjoyed to the full. We had left behind our watches, bunches of keys, and other reminders of duties and appointments. We were in a new world, all our own.

In this contented mood we rowed or drifted all afternoon. As shadows lengthened over the waters, we espied on an anchored ferry flat two boys shooting with sling shots at "bull bats" or night hawks. They stared at us dumbly as if we were creatures from a new world and informed us in monosyllables that we were at the Yadkin College ferry. The small town is a mile or more from the river and was once the site of a prosperous college, which has been moved in recent years, however, leaving a large vacant brick building on the brow of a high hill as a silent testimony of departed prestige.

Frey Catches Fish by Wholesale

Within sight of the ferry we met a man poling a bateau. He was a fisherman out setting hooks and gathering in his catch from the bounce nets. In cordial conversation he informed us that his name was S. D. Frey, and that he was a successful fisherman. Mr. Frey told us that he had caught as many as 270 fish in one haul of his bounce net. He supplied us with a dozen fish for supper.

Around the curve two miles further on we brought the Wachovia into port for the night, tieing up at Woods Island, which has been developed into a bathing resort, but at this late season was deserted. The island is now a part of the main land, for the capricious river left the east channel dry and holds to the river bed.

On the pleasant sandy beach I built a fire and prepared supper while Tom walked a mile or more to the nearest house for a supply of drinking water and then lost his way on returning, delaying us more than an hour. It was quite dark when we had finished our repast; so we stretched ourselves for rest on two convenient hammocks slung under the large trees.

While thus reclining we watched for more than an hour continuous flashes of lightning out of the north. It was the most wicked lightning we had seen for a long time, and we were uncertain whether it was a distant storm or just sheet lightning. A slight but ominous rumble occasionally confirmed the opinion that to the north, probably in Winston-Salem, a storm was sweeping. Two days later when we borrowed a Journal from some folks down stream, we read that it was indeed a great storm which struck this city on that Tuesday evening.

Get Out! You Brute!

We were suddenly aroused by a rattling and clattering at the place where we had cooked supper and had left our tin dishes and cooking utensils. Tom rushed out with his ever ready flashlight and pointed in the direction of the noise. Two glaring eyeballs flashed back at us from the distance. Fears were removed when we found that they eyes belonged to a hound dog that had wandered into camp and had sought to clean our pots and pans with his ready tongue.

Boat! Boat! Where's the Boat?

After nightfall we went down to the dock to see if the Wachovia was safe for the night. We found it secure, but were troubled that the bateau beside which we had anchored was missing. We thought it had been securely chained. but the owners probably left it high and dry when the water was low, and when we moved in beside it, the flat bottomed boat had drifted off. We did not want to cause the loss of the boat so we walked along the bank down stream, peering out into the water. Luckily it was found lodged in the overhanging willows and could be retaken. This proved a hard task. We set out in our boat, drifted down in the swift current, and pulled the runaway out of the willows. Tom held the chain of the bateau while I attempted to row upstream and tow it ashore. This was the stiffest job we had found during the entire day. To row one boat alone up the swift river was work enough, not to speak of the task of towing the heavy bateau. Pull, pull, pull. Tom even attempted to tie the chain of the other boat around his leg and assist with a long pole, but was rewarded by nearly being jerked out of the boat. As we had taken a dip in the river before sun down, we didn't care to go in again. It was probably half an hour before the two crafts were safely in mooring. We were hot and tired before we could seek repose for the night.

Wednesday morning found the water of the river still rising. We could tell this because the willows hung low in the stream, showing no mud stain on them. Had the river dropped as much as a few inches, we could have told by the muddy impress left upon the vegetation.

We were now in the lengthy bends of the river, which wound around in long circles like a mighty serpent. Our pocket compass showed that we sometimes traveled due north. This series of horseshoes extends for miles. In fact, after traveling several hours and a number of miles, we were still just about four miles by land from the point at which we started.

This day the weather was warm. The sun beat down without mercy. Our drinking water was running low and the canteens were about empty.

It was decided to pull into port at the next landing and seek refreshment. A ferry flat proclaimed the desired haven. As no one was in sight, I started off up the long hill with the canteens.

Hospitable Reception for Wachovia

As I mounted the roadway, a beautiful mansion emerged from among the sheltering boughs of an ample grove of acient trees on the summit. I paused to make the acquaintance of two dogs, remembering that it always pays to be kind to dumb animals. Then the master's voice sounded from the hallway of the palatial home, and who should appear but the proprietor of estate, Peter W. Hairston. It was a pleasant surprise. A most cordial reception was proffered, and with genuine hospitality we were supplied with ice water.

This estate is one of the most beautiful on the river. Its wide acres extend over hill and valley, choice in scenery and productiveness. The stately residence, flanked with ionic columns and surmounted with cupola or observatory, bespeaks the glory of the old South, of which the owner may be justly proud.

The boys of the household, manly fellows, evinced a keen interest in our boat. They came down to the river and swam like ducks around it. The younger lad,

hardly ten years old, is already an experienced swimmer and diver. They watched us and waved cheery farewells until we rounded the bend of the river below.

We made good time on the high water although we were not attempting to break any speed records. Our plan was to take plenty of time, to stop whenever the notion struck us and examine the country. We were well repaid in our purpose.

All afternoon we were on the lookout for Boone's Cave. I had visited this place before by land, but did not know the approach by water. It was not until late afternoon that we rowed up to the curiously shaped rocks of the cliff and ascended the wild, rugged declivity.

This interesting region is a part of the estate of Mr. Sowers, whose son is the principal of Mineral Springs School, north of Winston-Salem. It is open to visitors, and nearly every day excursionists pay a call.

Rich Scenery

On the steep cliff we found the opening of the cave. This must be entered on hands and knees, but inside the cavern widens into a large room that can comfortably accommodate a score or more of people. Two or three galleries branch out in different directions and may be followed for some distance. It is reported that the end of one of these narrow, dark passages has never been found. We followed for some distance with the aid of a flashlight.

Certainly this was a familiar spot for the Indians of long ago, and no doubt Daniel Boone claimed this as one of his favorite haunts.

It is on record that the Boone family dwelt nearby. Daniel married a young woman whose home was on the banks of the Yadkin. His parents are buried in the Joppa cemetery in Davie county, some miles to the west of the river.

After this exploration we climbed the steep ascent and followed the road on the summit until we viewed the graceful monument fashioned like an Indian arrowhead, erected in honor of Boone. It was donated by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is probably the only Daniel Boone memorial between Quebec and Key West that has not been placed by the indefatigable sponsor of the Boone Trial bronze tablets.

Across the river was a wide grassy plain. It invited us for our evening camp.

We rowed to the west bank of the river and tied up for the night.

Before pitching camp we decided to visit the farm house half a mile away on the hillside, replenish our water bottles and make the acquaintance of our hosts for the evening.

An Old Davie Homestead

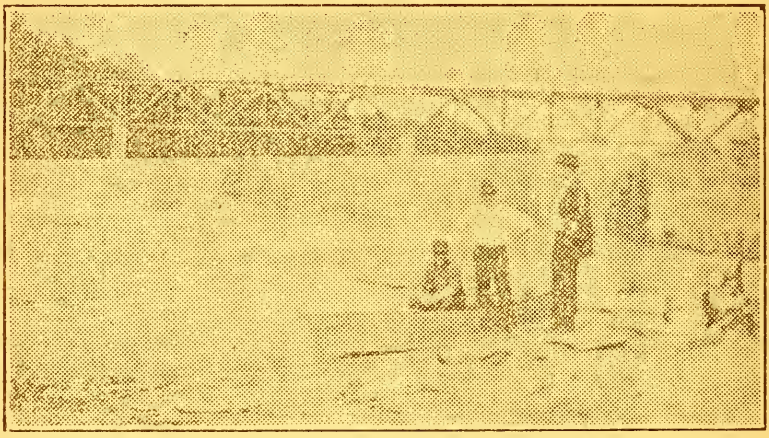
This proved to be a well stocked farm. It was the possession of S. B. Crump, a capable farmer. Besides raising tobacco, corn, cotton and many other products of the fields, Mr. Crump has a diversified barnyard family. We noted chickens, turkeys, guineas, sheep, cattle, horses, mules, and also a brood of peafowls. These last named are quite rare. It is difficult to raise such a flock. We watched for some time the young fowls, which resemble infant turkeys except for the small but plainly distinguished top knot which adorns the head and reminds us of Egyptian symbols.

One on Mr. Crump

Since returning we heard a good one on Mr. Crump and his flock of sheep. One day the industrious owner of the sheep was busy in the barnyard, and attentive at this work bending over at the open barn door. An unruly ram of the flock sensed the fitness of the occasion and with a running start banged into his owner from the rear, landing him within the barn. Mr. Crump didn't do a thing but seize an axe and chop off the erring ram's head, thus disposing of the offending member.

The Crump homestead is a venerable structure over a hundred years old, and the designs on the brick chimney are similar to those on the old buildings near salem Square.

We borrowed a Winston-Salem Journal from Claude, the young man of the household, who also selected for us two fine watermelons which were cooling in the corn



Messrs. Pickens and Hartley at Power House Bid Us Bon Voyage

crib. These were among the best we had enjoyed during the season. River bottom melons have a famous name.

Our pup tent was staked on the edge of the broad meadow near the river bank, and was a comfortable shelter for a pleasant night's rest.

Nocturnal Visitors With Loud Voices

Sometime during the dark hours we heard visitors near our sleeping quarters. We do not mention mosquitoes, for these we had always with us as nocturnal visitors. Our guests this time appeared as a drove of mules. We did not fear them, but thought they might want to perform the duty of custom officers and inspect our baggage, possibly confiscating provisions from the larder. With flashlight and yells we sought to turn them away, but they were too friendly, and enjoyed our approaches. Finally we left them alone, which was the wisest course, as they did us no damage.

The sun was up before us and revealed an immense spider web spun entirely across the opening of our tent door, with the wary weaver ensconced in the middle.

Dew drops glistened on the fine net work of the web. We could not decide whether the industrious insect had cast his net for our protection or whether he wanted to shut us in.

Falling Water

At our start on Thursday morning we noted a drop of a few inches in the river. It does not take long for the upland rains to drain. This was the beginning of more work for us, which continued to increase each day, as the falling water meant more reliance upon our oars and shoulder muscles.

This day we sighted a number of wild ducks. We saw some every day, but not in large numbers. Usually we would sight three or four flying low over the water, rising as they approached us.

We were now rounding the last of the long curves. Our course lay inclined to the east with a slight dip to the south. The hills in the distance added variety to the scenery. Several grassy knolls afforded grazing lands and were pleasing to the eye. So much of the river bank is in underbrush and reed thickets that cultivated land is a welcome change.

Before noon we were at Hannah's ferry, which proclaimed that we were entering a new county, Rowan, still holding Davidson on the left.

At the ferry we found passengers in distress. Messrs. Craver, from Reid's settlement on the Davidson side, were endeavoring to drive a truck load of lumber on the ferry boat when the rear wheels of the truck slipped down in the mud of the shore and as they spun around hummed out the "De Profundis." A little exertion was welcome, and we helped them unload the lumber, jack up the stern of the auto, and shove it on board. Mr. Craver explained that he was on his way to Salisbury, which was only about six miles distant by land.

We inquired of him where we would find the South Yadkin River, which our maps showed was due to join the larger Yadkin somewhere near this point. He pointed across the river, and there we could see it flowing in, forming with the larger stream the letter "Y."

We rowed across to the pumping station that supplies Salisbury with drinking water. Here we found that the pipes of the station are laid under the South Yadkin and emerge in the Yadkin across the narrow peninsula, thus drawing the water from the larger stream.

Se Habla Espanol Aqui

The engineer of the station, J. M. Glover, loaned us the latest Salisbury paper and so we gleaned a few items of news while we rested. Mr. Glover has traveled considerably in the West and South, and we exchanged a few words of Spanish with him, which he had not forgotten from his ten years sojourn in Mexico quite a while ago. He bade us "Hasta la Vista" as we pulled out from shore.

Two young men, also, were curious about our craft and voyage. They stated that their home was in Salisbury and they hoped to see us again.

As the South Yadkin is about one-third as large as the Yadkin, a considerable flow of water was added at this point. The river widened for several miles and flowed quite smoothly. It was almost like a deep pond We paused for an hour's rest on a large rock and partook of midday repast, including one of those large Davie County watermelons procured the night before.

Steady rowing carried us to the next ferry where we observed a fishing party patiently awaiting expected nibbles.

Another hour and we were nearing shore at the Salisbury Riverside Park, a pleasant sandy beach. On the shore were our two friends who had bade us farewell at the pumping station up the river, and whose curiosity had led them to journey by auto around to Salisbury, then out again to the river to see how we were faring. They expressed surprise that we had made such good time in our passage.

Hunting Muscadines

During the afternoon we moored in a rocky cove and explored the adjacent valley. Such little excursions acquainted us with the nature of the country, the soil, vegetation, and contours of the land. Upon our embarkation, as we were about to row out again, we happened to look up into the overhanging trees and beheld a most welcome sight. The vines were loaded with muscadines. Promptly we secured refreshment. The muscadines this year are very abundant. Several times we met people who were out gathering them. It brings to mind the verses of John Henry Boner, our native poet, some of which we may quote appropriately:

Floating on the gentle Yadkin in an olden-time canoe,
Singing old plantation ballads—I and charming blue-eyed Sue—
Blue-eyed golden tress'd Sue.

Willows plume the shining river, and the birch a shadow flings
Far across its dimpled bosom. Down the shore her laughter rings—
Merry, rippling laughter rings.

Pendant dew-drops glitter brightly in the overhanging vines
Laden with a luscious treasure of large purple muscadines—
Ripe, delicious muscadines.

Now we row from dappled shadows underneath the tangled vines
Up the sunny stream where all the radiance of the morning shines—
O the purple muscadines!

Muscadines along the Yadkin can well inspire such idyllic fancies as those which North Carolina's first man of letters inscribed.

We Pay No More Toll

The old toll-bridge, that stood for many years leading into Salisbury, has been removed. The stone piers still stand, and we rowed between them to the spacious new concrete structure of the hard-surface highway.

A mill village called Yadkin graces the Rowan side of the stream. Tom made a brief visit there on foot and procured necessary supplies.

We were now confronted with several islands, and chose a course between two of them, which was easily traveled.

Iniquities of Youth

At the end of the small island to our right we heard shouts and laughter and soon observed several boys taking their afternoon dip. The lads were across the stream from us and evidently didn't like our intrusion, for they greeted us with

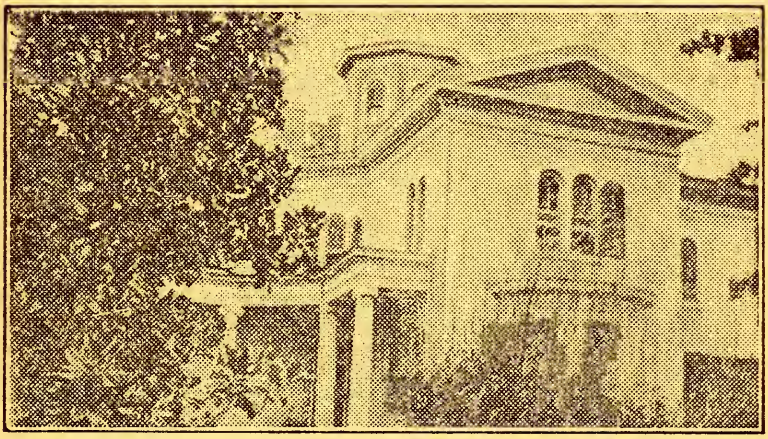
some profanity and impertinence, being at a safe distance. This is the only instance in the long distance from North Wilkesboro to the South Carolina line in which we met even the shadow of discourtesy, and we regretted it. The boys were not from Salisbury, we were glad to learn, for we have too high an opinion of that city to think that they would send such representatives down to the river to greet voyagers. We recalled a joke of the ancient days before our humorous periodicals had sold out to bathing girl and home brew quips:

"Why is an impudent boy like ketchup?"

"Because he is saucy."

Giant Power Plant

A mile or two below the highway bridge and Southern Railway trestle loomed up the gigantic power plant at Dukeville. This immense station will develop



The Hairston Homestead Overlooking the Yadkin

many thousands of horse power. The water is swift here and we had to guide the boat carefully.

Before sun down we rowed a mile or more below and tied up in a pleasant cove for the night.

Historic Ground and Water

This is not far from the famous old Trading Ford, an historic trail. Over this came General Greene, pursued by the British forces, who crossed safely. A rise in the river prevented hasty pursuit, thus influencing the course of history which was made in the subsequent Battle of Guilford Courthouse.

The Red Man's Trail

It is in this vicinity, also, that John Lawson, the first white man to give an adequate description of this section of country, arrived in the year 1701. We could pretty nearly locate the Indian village of the Sapona tribe where Lawson was entertained by the friendly chief.

It was here that Lawson saw several Seneca Indian prisoners, these fierce warriors that roved over hundreds of miles of wilderness in the constant warfare

with the Southern Indians. He tells of the fate that had been planned for these prisoners; that they were doomed to die around the camp fire, their bodies pierced with burning pine splinters. Fortunately for them, Lawson relates, ambassadors from the Tutelo Indians further up the river arrived and begged the lives of the captives. This request, after much deliberation, was granted. Lawson himself, however, met the same dreadful fate which had been prepared for them, when a few years later he incurred the enmity of Indians in Eastern Carolina and lost his life as a captive.

Nocturne

As this is a good place for a breathing spell, we will pitch out tent, take a dip in the warm waters of the Yadkin, consume sufficient nourishment at a camp supper, and then depart for the land of slumbers, lulled by the blissful music of the mosquito orchestra.

Friday morning, the 10th of September, the light of day beamed upon the two voyagers of the Yadkin while they were still in their tent. Rather, let us say, they

Where the South Yadkin Meets Its Big Sister
The Darkies Call This "The Pint"

were as much as possible in their tent, for the small shelter was too short to accommodate the entire human frame and left the feet of the occupants exposed to the out of doors. Surely you will pardon the breach of etiquette that we slept with blanket around us and shoes still on.

The scene of our camp was the edge of a small green meadow, lately mowed. To the east was a creek. To the west, a high escarpment. To the south, woodland. To the north, the river.

The Yadkin had dropped again several inches during the night. Our landing place, however, was not muddy and was free from undergrowth as it was the location for a large bounce net, a permanent structure for fishing purposes. These are made of large poles and one of them is pictured in the photos snapped en route.

Fishing on the Yadkin

The traveler along the Yadkin learns much about fishing. The stream is used more for that diversion than for any other. Boating has few favorites.

The most ordinary kind of fishing is done with hook and line with long pole attached. Sometimes a sporty fisherman brings out rod and reel, but these are not popular. Small dip nets are used by some. Many of the natives are skilled with the use of large nets, which may be dragged along in the water. The bounce net we have already mentioned. There are scores of these between Winston-Salem and the South Carolina line. There is always a well-worn path down to the river, for the net is often baited and lowered and then bounced up at the opportune moment to hold the fish ensnared. Fish baskets, woven of hickory withes or small twigs, are also common. Last year I saw some beautiful fish spearing by torch light at Roaring River. Grabbling, also, must be mentioned, which is that process of taking the fish alive in the bare-hand from beneath rocks in the river; a means more talked about than demonstrated. Perhaps the most homely sort of fishing that we observed was done in the following manner: A high board fence was built across a small stream which entered the river. A door made of poultry wire was placed in the middle. At the time of a rise in the water the door was opened, and at flood height it was closed. When the water subsided, large fish were left in the

Not A Tropical Scene—Only Our Camp Near Trading Ford

small stream, which could be chased and captured at will by the ingenious contrivers of this trap.

Cat fish and carp are the most populous inhabitants of the deep. Sun perch, red horse, suckers, and bass are also familiar with the waters.

The Elements Propitious

We left our camp ground, which was a few miles below the Salisbury bridge, and continued down stream. Beautiful weather again favored us. A gentle breeze made rowing less a task, although lower water added more labor.

The river was fairly wide and we had little trouble. There were a number of rocks and shoals, but until dinner time we experienced no difficulty.

Toward midday, when we were ready to pull into shore, we heard a noise in the distance and distinguished several boys at a ferry landing. Two boys, one

white and one colored, were having a glorious time splashing water on each other. They were so intent on soaking each other's clothing that we were almost at the shore before they saw us. They stopped immediately and grinned sheepishly. They informed us that this was Long's Ferry, three miles from Southmont.

The white boy, Buck Warford by name, volunteered to fill our water bottles, and for a small tip brought back a watermelon of comfortable dimensions. Tom and I feasted on the melon in the shade, which put new heart into us for the afternoon journey. We found it was needed before the day was over.

At a number of ferries we noted how the damp places in the road ruts, made by wheels coming out of the mud of the shore, attracted the butterflies. At Long's ferry there were a hundred butterflies of numerous varieties; the monarch, the large bright yellow, small yellow and tiny gray ones were the most abundant. It was no trouble to catch them with your hand as they crowded on the moist places in the sand.

Abbotts Creek Is Well Bred

Several more spectators came down to chat with us during the noon rest. They gave us directions for finding Abbotts Creek, which directions we carefully heeded, but we never saw Abbotts creek. The reason is simple. Abbotts creek, so familiar to the people up in Forsyth and Davidson Counties, when it reaches the river, like a polite gentleman, hides its yawning mouth. It comes in behind an island and is hidden from view.

The river grew noticeably rougher during the next few miles. Ledges of rock extended quite across the river, and we had to pick the channels carefully. The Wachovia proved a wonderful traveler. We had been on the water three days and had not yet grazed a stone with our boat. However, our troubles of this nature were ahead of us.

Late in the afternoon we were in the vicinity of where we knew Abbotts Creek ought to be. The river was wide and shallow with plenty of stones jutting above the surface.

While we were busily picking our course in the troubled waters, three teams of mules drove into the river and started across. This was Bruner's ford, which can usually be passed by horse-drawn vehicles. It may be said that the river for the past twenty miles or more had showed greater depth. There were plenty of places where the water was over our heads in depth.

High Rocks at High Rock

The long high ledge of rock which appeared below us on the left bank and the shorter ledge on the right informed us that we were coming to High Rock. As we drew nearer the point where the river had broken through, we found the stream exceedingly rough. Narrow channels filled with boulders, rough and jagged rocks slightly hidden by the stream, remnants of former obstructions built for mill or fishing purposes, these difficulties forced one-half of our crew out of the boat, and he pushed or pulled as the emergency demanded, while the other half of the crew plied the oars as best he could. The Wachovia was a fine boat, but a little too wide in the girth to slip between the rocks into narrow passages, and we were ever fearful that she might crash into a boulder and spring a leak, for while she would not sink, it would be very uncomfortable in traveling to ship water.

We had a number of spectators who were delighted to watch us laboring in the flood, although they were sympathetic enough and would have given help if it had been necessary. These were the workmen who had recently come to begin the construction of one of the greatest power plants of the Yadkin.

This new power establishment will be built near where the stream cuts through the rock ledge, and the dam to be erected will fill the gap between the two banks of the river, 59 feet high and 1,200 feet in width. This will raise the water for miles over the surrounding country. The lower part of Abbotts Creek will be submerged for a long distance, and the elusive mouth will be hidden forever. We talked to one man who had sold over a thousand acres of land to the power company. Many more acres have been purchased to make the project successful. The Southbound Railway will have to move five miles of track out of the way of the water.

One of Many Bounce Nets

Like Days of Forty-Nine

High Rock is a busy place, as we found. Hundreds of workmen are engaged in clearing the trees to the water line, in preparing for the foundations of the dam and for the erection of the power house. We noticed a ferry boat hauling workmen in to supper at a rapid rate, and observed that a dismantled Ford auto was installed on the boat to furnish power. The ferryman wanted us to make him a present of the Wachovia, for he said he needed such a boat in his business, but we thought too much of her to part at this time with such a good river traveler.

We cast anchor at Sunset Park, the campground where many Boy Scouts and Y. M. C. A. boys of Winston-Salem have passed pleasant vacation days, and before we established ourselves for the night walked up to the little village of High Rock. Years ago I had visited the sleepy little town with its two stores and tiny cluster of dwellings. It presents a startling new scene today. Houses for workmen are going up in all directions. The country roads are taking on the semblance of streets. Furniture wagons, tool carts, building material fill the streets. It was like a boom town in the mining days.

Travelers Incognito

As we were clad in khaki clothing and had the sunbrowned appearance of surveyors or engineers, we passed unnoticed in the throng, like Aeneas under the

magic cloud as he viewed the building operations in ancient Carthage. "Arma virumque cano," you remember. So easily did we pass as a part of the building force that the proprietor of the store asked us if we wanted our purchases charged on the company's books.

The few old inhabitants of High Rock sit around the stores on the sidewalk in their accustomed places, but they are too dazed with the marvelous awakening to make much comment on the weather or the price of corn and cotton.

There are a number of small buildings in the Sunset Park grounds, mostly in a poor state of repair. We preferred the open air, and stretched ourselves under a tree on the sandy beach, not even setting up our small tent, and spent a peaceful night.

Another Young Crusoe

Before sleep overtook us a couple of boys from the new village rambled down and asked if we had seen anything of a boy named England who was twelve years old and had run away from his widowed mother's home in Thomasville, seeking adventure and work in the new construction camp. We had not seen him, but they left implicit instructions that he should return to the home of his mother, "the yellow house near the mill in Thomasville." May fortune lead young England back again to the home where he is needed as a strong support for his widowed mother.

One other incident before sleep came may be recorded. A party of picknickers came down to the river and did a most foolish thing. They enjoyed a bountiful supper and then went in swimming. It is lucky that the water is not deep here and that they didn't stay in long, or we might have had to render first-aid to those affected by cramp or drowning.

Up at day break we made ready for our Saturday cruise. The Wachovia was holding up fine. Another fair, pleasant day was in prospect.

Before leaving we rambled once more through the grove of beech trees on the shady shore, glancing at the many names of visitors carved in the bark of the trees, and noted how antiquated appeared names carved as lately as three years ago, among them those of "Swift Hooper" and "Charles Creech."

In the glorious morning sunlight we sped down the river. A good current carried us along even though the water was still receding.

Double Fish Fall

While the mountainous cliff of High Rock was still in view we drew near another fish fall. This one was as pretty a specimen as we had seen, and was double. It was in the form of the letter "W." We crossed the river above and then re-crossed, looking for a break that we could navigate. Finally we decided to hit the line like football players instead of going around end. The Wachovia rode safely through in fine style. We ascended the hill nearby and snapped a picture of this double fall, the only one of its kind we found on the river.

The story of this day's travel is mostly one of rough places. Fall after fall greeted us. Within twelve miles or more that we traveled there is a drop of many feet in the course of the river; we would guess at least a fifty-foot dip. Two months before I had shot the rapids of the St. Lawrence, but that was on a staunch steamer

and the waters were clear, deep and in long stretches of turbulent flood, compared with the muddy, rocky and tumbling reaches of Yadkin rapids attempted in a light rowboat.

Bald Mountain Gets a Trim

We were in the thick of the rapids at Bald Mountain. Workmen are quarrying the entire surface of the high knob near the river, and waved as they looked down at us battling with the hard passages. But the flag on the prow of the Wachovia fluttered boldly as we successfully pulled through.

Tom volunteered to don a bathing suit and jump out of the boat from time to time and assist in the difficult straits. This was of great help and Tom enjoyed it at the time, but more of this anon.

A smoother stretch of water led us to the bridge that spans an island between the two banks. It is the new bridge which has just been opened to the public near the town of Newsom.

A large black-shelled turtle glistened upon a rock, sunning himself, until he caught the sound of our oars and then he glided into the water at our approach. He had not yet become accustomed to the new bridge or to strange navigators in his hitherto safe retreat.

Where Angels Fear to Tread

We entered now into the most difficult point of passage which we had met on the entire river. Nowhere from Wilkesboro, where the exploration of the Yadkin began a year ago, to the South Carolina line is there a harder piece of work cut out for the oarsman. This is the beginning of the famous Narrows of the Yadkin. The most dangerous point has been forever buried beneath the great dam at Badin, of which you will read if you can patiently follow this narrative a few miles more. However, the upper narrows are no child's play for a light boat.

Without knowing anything of the locality we pulled toward the sound of rushing waters. We noticed a sudden dip below and discovered tops of trees below the water line ahead of us. There must be a deep fall there. We pulled over to the right, seeking a channel. This we pursued and found to our surprise that this branch of the river kept plunging out in small channels lost amid a number of islands, very rugged, covered with driftwood and wreckage of bridges and buildings. Nowhere a safe entrance appeared. We were finally at the end of the channel, and the small tumbling stream led around right back again into the rapids, although striking at a point lower than the main entrance of the river. We scouted out the territory carefully only to find that the one thing to do was to face the music.

In, On, and Under the River

Both of us were now prepared to take to the water; so we plunged in the river and managed the boat from without rather than from within. Thus we waded through the rough, torrential passages, guiding the boat as it was carried by the swift current, many times tugging and pulling it to one side or another to escape sharp rocks in the way. Many times, too, we were thrown against rocks in the stream and somewhat bruised, and often we dropped into water over our heads, but kept a hand on the faithful craft. We never once had the fear of being drowned, for the deep pools were not large, but there was danger enough that we might be jammed against the boulders and sustain a fractured limb.

While we were thus strenuously engaged, two men in a bateau watched us from below and waved cheerily to us. They were fishing and had poled up to the foot of the falls where there were fine fishing pools

When we finally reached the fishermen they gave us some advice as to the further rapids, which were in view. We steered around an island and passed out of the worst point for navigation which we had struck in nearly two hundred miles of voyaging on the Yadkin.

How calm the waters seemed for next mile! We dried our clothing, examined the boat, and found the Wachovia had not shipped a drop of water.

Roll! Jordan, Roll!

At the next bridge we stopped for dinner and for rest.

Here we were told that the passage we had just manipulated was Mott's Falls. The evening before two darkies in a stolen boat had attempted to go over. Their

Parking With the Natives at Long's Ferry

boat capsized. One of them pulled to land; the other was nearly drowned before he could be rescued. As the darkies passed the bridge on their way home, the more fortunate of the two was heard to remark, "I sho was prayin' fo' you all de time you was in de watah."

This bridge is also a new one, just opened to the public. It is at the dividing line of five counties, namely, Davidson, Rowan, Stanly, Montgomery and Randolph. It is a sightly structure. We noted a mechanical device that records every machine that passes over the bridge. The toll is 25 cents, and $1.75 worth of trade passed over while we were enjoying dinner.

We met one of the owners of the bridge, Mr. Biles, whose deceased brother was a former resident minister of Winston-Salem, whom many people will remember as a man of splendid character and ability.

Mr. Biles stated that the river to the south was much smoother, and that the falls above were well known.

Johnny, Get Your Gun!

He gave us also a bit of interesting legend. It is believed by some that in the water several miles below us, where the backwater of the Badin dam has reached, there are buried underneath the flood at the depth of 30 feet 1700 guns. It is reported that these muskets were thrown into the water by soldiers of Wheeler's Cavalry at the close of the Civil War, rather than that they should fall into the hands of the Yankees. Anyone who believes the story is entitled to dive in and secure a musket.

It should be mentioned that Tom had spent several hours clad in his bathing suit exposed to the sun, but up to this time he had made no complaint.

A fairer day of autumn could not have been ordered for any celebration. It had the first touches of fall in the air, bright, stinging sunshine with a lurking cool breeze. This kind of weather is most conducive to out of doors enjoyment.

As we had entered another county, we explored several fields and found a few Indian relics, noting that the pottery of the Indians of Stanly County did not differ much from that of the upper Yadkin Valley.

We had but a few miles to go to reach our objective for the day; hence we rowed at leisure.

Late afternoon brought us in view of a deserted brick factory. Its accompanying rock dam and rapids were there also. We pulled through without much trouble, although a little carelessness caused us to send the boat through a swift channel where a flat submerged rock within a few inches of the top of the water grounded the Wachovia on a slant and several buckets full of water poured in before we could right her. This was the only time the river passed over the gunwales, and that would not have occurred if the oarsmen had been more watchful.

On Deep Water

Surrounding the abandoned mill was a settlement of houses, all deserted save for one, where children on the steps proclaimed a still inhabited dwelling. We were wondering why this desertion when we noted the waters remarkably calm and widening greatly before us. We were entering the headwaters of the big lake, and this was Tuckertown, a mill village abandoned when the great power plant at Badin was built.

We passed soon into deep water. It was quite a relief, and we rowed with ease. Tom was a little backward about rowing. He said he believed he had a touch of sunburn.

Our course lead steadily into deeper water. The little twigs emerging from the surface were the tips of willows that once lined the banks of the river, but now were buried many feet below.

In the light of the evening sun we pulled near the railway trestle just as the Southbound train headed for Winston-Salem thundered over the rails above us.

Beyond the trestle we were soon in harbor within a few feet of the railway station at Whitney.

Station Master Murray, a former resident of Stokes County, greeted us most cordially, and transmitted telegraphic messages for us to friends back home. Mrs.

Murray kindly sent down to the station some medicine for Tom's sunburn, which was assuming uncomfortable proportions. No Indian that once roamed the banks of the Yadkin had ever displayed a redder pair of shoulders.

On the borders of the silent lake we spent the night. It was starlight with new moon. Whitney is a most tranquil locality.

Night Not Dark

In living out in the open one is sure to notice how seldom the night is so dark that objects cannot be distinguished. If the sky is clear, it is usually possible, even without moonlight, to discern moving objects some distance away. Along the water courses, too, the surface of the water catches up the faint light of the stars and acts as a reflector for any glow in the skies. It is on the cloudy, stormy nights that darkness reigns.

We had not counted on Sunday travel, but as we were still several miles from Badin, where we hoped to spend the Sabbath, we left Whitney in the morning and

Teams Crossing at Bruner's Ford

rowed down the lake. The distance is only about five miles by rail, but longer by water. A stiff breeze blowing against us stirred the water into choppy waves and hindered us from making good time. Mr. Murrary at the station told us that on stormy days with strong wind the waves from the lake came rolling in sometimes three or four feet high. We observed a large motor launch stranded on the shore, which, we were told, could hardly master the waves in time of storm. We were thankful for the clear day of our passage.

In Port at Badin

After covering six or seven miles we were pulling into the long cove toward the end of which Badin is situated. At the large dam with its transmission towers and lines, we could see where the river once narrowed into the swiftest and most dangerous spot on the Yadkin. We held this on our left and continued the remaining mile, slipping up into Badin in the quiet of Sunday morning.

It was nearing noon when we pulled into the dock . Several boys were coming down to the diving pier to frisk in the warm, inviting water. The great aluminum plant loomed up before us on the shore, but town and factory were quiet with the Sabbath stillness.

We paused a few moments to enjoy the scene of the wide spreading waters. The surface of the lake was four or five feet below the water line. We could easily see where the water had stood at the high level, as the drop of several feet left a clear pathway all along the borders of the lake.

Our Arrival Expected

Our friends at Badin were expecting us, and Dr. Frazier, of the first-aid staff of the aluminum company, greeted us before we had time to tie the Wachovia safe in harbor. He then conveyed us to the hospitable home of John W. Frazier, where we enjoyed a much-needed rest from our exertions of he week. We had not set foot in a dwelling house for six days, and had to accustom ourselves gradually to

Coming Out of Rough Rapids South of High Rock

the comforts of civilization. Tom was quite ready to yield to medical advice concerning his sunburn and bruises.

The two days spent in Badin were replete with interest. It is a community like no other in North Carolina.

The first site for the power plant was at Whitney, several miles up the river, and a dam was actually built. It is now covered with water; our oars scraped the top of it as we rowed out of Whitney.

Frenchmen Planned It

The second location was the present one. A French company began working on the project. They laid out the city in a very attractive and un-American way, with winding streets, boulevards, and plenty of curves and sharp corners. Their plan has been followed, giving the city a foreign air.

The Frenchmen planned to put the power station on the top of the mountain above the dam. They cleared the summit and leveled it. You can drive up there today and find the smooth plain with foundations started for future construction. But the terrible news of war in 1914 paralized all operations. Work on construction ceased. The metals being used were assembled and shipped quickly across the ocean to "la Patrie."

In 1916 the Tallassee Power Company renewed the conquest of the Narrows. While construction was underway, the great freshet of that year swept down upon the scene and wrought damage to the extent of many thousands of dollars.

Again the work was renewed and this time pushed to completion.

Home of Aluminum

A mile or more to the west of the dam, in the city, is the giant plant of the Aluminum Company of America. It is engaged in extracting the metal from ore. The ore is obtained mostly in foreign parts, some here at home. It is prepared at East St. Louis for the furnances and shipped to Badin In this condition it resembles flour, though not quite as white. The prepared ore is then put through the electrical furnaces, smelted out, and poured into moulds. The bars of metal are shipped to Pennsylvania to use in manufacture of aluminum ware and other articles. This, in a reduced form, is the story of the production of the lightest in weight of all commercial metals.

The Badin manufactory is employing about 1,800 men. They have a wonderfully equipped plant. Everything is substantial, neat, and pleasing to the eye. At the clean bath house provided with modern facilities every employee takes a bath before leaving the place. First-aid office and equipment are at hand.

This same careful direction and provision are seen in everything at Badin. It is clean, sanitary and well ordered. It is true that Badin was credited with the name of being a rough place when the rush of building came in its beginning, but that day has passed, and it is today a happy, orderly community.

The present manager of the plant, Mr. Copp, takes great pains to see that the employees are cared for and that the town is a pleasant and safe one in which to reside.

Before going to inspect the great dam we visited several citizens to secure information concerning the nature of the river here before the construction of this barrier to hold back the flood. We found an informing gentleman in Station Master Ross, who is a native of New London, several miles away, and has been from boyhood well acquainted with the course of the Yadkin in Stanly County.

The Narrows

He told us that the Narrows were formed by the passage of the river between the high rocky hills, and that the narrow channel was little more than thirty or forty yards across. It was the narrowest neck known in the stream. The water rushed through at a terribly swift rate. No person had ever gone through alive. Casualties by accident had been reported.

This was the scene of a picnic resort known to all the country around. Great fish frys were held here, and people from long distances came to share the pleasure.

I remember seeing a picture of the Narrows in an old geography book studied in youthful days. I will alway carry the picture of the swift water and the title printed below, "The Narrows of the Yadkin." However, we must content ourselves now with the thoughts of the past, for the Narrows will never again charm the eye of man. Probably it was a good thing for us, for I doubt not that Tom and I would have tried to navigate them, and then—

A Huge Undertaking

We went soon to see the dam and the power station. Upon the cleared summit of the hill on the west bank we overlooked the entire plant.

The mighty obstruction rises 210 feet. At the narrowest portion, the top, there is a 20-foot causeway, and the wall thickens gradually all the way to the bottom. There is a passageway built inside the dam, through which inspectors pass every day, looking for signs of danger.

On the opposite side, extending out of the cement wall down to the power station, which is a large building but appears dwarfed in comparison with the dam, are the the pipes through which the water travels to force the wheels and develop the electric power. Tnere are four of the pipes, each of them 16 feet thick. We stood watching the scene and thought how every drop of water from up river, from Wilkesboro, Ronda, Elkin, Donnaha, Idols, Yadkin College, and all down the line, passes through those pipes. For months now the water has not reached the level of the dam, and the pipes convey all the supply.

Thou Shalt Not

Before leaving the scene of industry we heard another story. When the dam was being built, two workmen were engaged on top of the structure. One of them was subject to profanity, and used oaths on every occasion. While this man was busy, using his customary blasphemous language, his companion fell from the top of the causeway and was dashed to death below. Without knowing the tragedy the profane man above continued to talk, with cursing and swearing, to the companion who was still in death. Turning suddenly, viewing what had happened, and realizing that he had been conversing profanely with the dead, the man halted and made a firm resolve. He never cursed again.

We paused again on the level of the mountain top and gazed up the lake, which extends for nine miles up river and branches out into many coves and channels. Evening was beginning to cast long shadows over the water and to sharpen the contrast between the dark boughs of the pines and the yellow waters of the lake. We were slow to leave the charming scene.

On Shore Leave

Indeed, this a good place to draw to a close this portion of the voyage. Tom is still a little stiff and like a brand just snatched from the burning; hence it looks like we will have to hold in to harbor for while.

This gives time to glance into the only book that was taken on our journey. It was the "Imitation" of Thomas A. Kempis, and we reached this timely chapter, "Of good government of ourselves in things outward, and of recourse to God in dangers."

As added solace for voyagers who have been through Life's Narrows, someone had pasted upon the fly leaf of this well-worn old volume a Scotch hymn, which may appropriately serve to close this chapter of river exploration:

In the warld there's tribulation,
In the warld there is wae;
But the warld it is bonnie,
For our Father made it sae;
Then brichten up your armor,
And be happy as ye gang:
Though your sky be aften clouded,
It winna be for lang.

It was September 12 when our metal boat Wachovia cast anchor at the dock in Badin. We had been five and one-half days on the voyage down Yadkin River from Winston-Salem.

Counting the boat trip of the preceding year down stream from North Wilkesboro to the Reynolds-Lybrook Farm, we had now explored about 120 miles.

The journey included some hardship, but was thoroughly enjoyable, and as good a tonic as you would want. We read in the paper the day of our arrival that there were one billionaire and 11,000 millionaires in the United States, but we will wager that not one of the bunch of 11,001 felt any more content than we.

A Full Cargo

Several inquiries had come concerning the cargo which the Wachovia carried. We stocked up pretty well. Among the articles included were the following: Pup tent as shelter for sleeping out of doors; blankets, changes of khaki clothing, straw hats, hunting caps and other requisite headgear, field glasses, bathing suits, extra shoes of light weight for use in water where there were sharp rocks, fishing tackle, water jug and two canteens, dry pine for fire kindling, first-aid kit and bandages, ointment for warding off mosquitoes and liniment to apply on the bites, kitchen equipment including pots, pans, tableware, cups, frying pans, also small folding stove and canned heat in case of rain, rain coats, extra flag for the Wachovia, pocket compass, ample food supply mostly in cans, pens, pencils, ink, and paper for messages, note books, postage stamps, beads and jews harps to trade to the natives, etc., etc. You can appreciate the size of the Wachovia by this outlay.

In fact, so well equipped were we on the first part of the voyage that we longed for only one thing missing. That was a bugle. It would have done us good to blow a blast every few miles and to see if we could rouse someone in the desolate regions of the silent river.

Our baggage was tied in bundles wrapped in oil cloth or packed into a large tin lard can or pasteboard carton carefully tied. Thus we suffered no damage from water affecting our goods.

After a consultation in port at Badin, it was found necessary that my companion Tom return home before the voyage was completed. This seemed to lay a handicap upon the project. We both took the train back to Winston-Salem.

A New Deck Hand

A few days later, however, I signed up a new seaman. This time it was a young sandy-haired artist named Bill. October 6 found us in Badin early in the morning, determined to hit the South Carolina line or know the reason why.

Kind friends provided a truck for porting the Wachovia around the two dams at Badin. We did not think it wise to try to shoot the 210-foot concrete fall.

We leaped on the truck, eager to secure the boat and haul it around to the shallow water. Before we had gone fifty yards, the truck caught fire. We managed to extinguish it before much damage was done.

Due to this delay and the ensuing repairs, it was 2 o'clock before we were around portage and our friends shoved us off into the Yadkin below the second dam.

The Euphonious Uwharrie

Just across from our port of embarkation we could see the Uwharrie River pouring in from the northeast. It is much smaller than the Yadkin, but carries a considerable volume of water, which was indeed welcome. Our course was now in shallow water, for very little is flowing through the power houses. These plants

The Double Fish Fall

release less water now than they have done for years. Dry weather has lowered the big lake by nearly a dozen feet.

The new deck hand found at once that Yadkin navigation is not a bed of roses, but he rose manfully to the occasion whenever reefs and rapids came in view.

Traveling was very slow. Finally we sighted a splendid new concrete bridge. It was Swift Island bridge, uniting Stanly and Montgomery counties.

Varium et Mutabile Est Femina

However, we found with some disappointment that we had lost the Yadkin. Like many a winsome maiden, the gentle Yadkin had slyly changed her name, for on the bridge is posted the title "Peedee River," and henceforth on our travels further to the south we are traveling the Yadkin no more.

But it seems to us that Yadkin is a much better name. We do not see why this title should not hold good down to the South Carolina line, and we will speak of the river as such, whether our neighbors to the south object or not.

Directly after passing Swift Island bridge we beheld a gang of workmen clearing the trees and bushes from the river bank, high up into the hills. This will mark the upstream limit of the new dam and power house, the largest in capacity yet planned for the river, which you will hear about a little later when we meet the builders several miles below.

We pulled in to the west bank well before dark and climbed to the top of the lofty ridge above the valley. An entrancing view spread before us, and the river, which we could discern only for short distances while on the stream, was now revealed below us for a mile or more. The sunset cast its glow upon the surface. Somewhere to the south workmen were burning huge piles of fallen trees and brush, clearing for the dam, and flame and smoke filled the air.

Other Campers Were Here

We likewise explored briefly for traces of our aboriginal friends, the North

End of Nine Mile Lake at Badin

Carolina Indians, and discovered without difficulty the sites of former workshops where the Indians made their arrowheads in the long ago.

The site for night camp was a superannuated watermelon patch near the river, a sandy, cleared field. Beneath a friendly walnut tree we cast baggage. There was not much luggage, for we stripped the cargo on this portion of the voyage for speed. We carried no tent, fewer accessories, and little food. We determined to reach Cheraw, South Carolina, by the end of the week, if it was humanly possible.

The air was snappy, and two blankets for each were no more than enough besides the warmth of the fire.

A Silent Sentinel

We had a strange guard that night in the form of a scarecrow that formerly guarded the watermelons in this patch. This object loomed out gaunt and weird in the flickering light of the camp fire.

After shaking Bill several times I managed to rouse him and remind him of the ardors of the day ahead. We prepared light breakfast and explored the adjacent

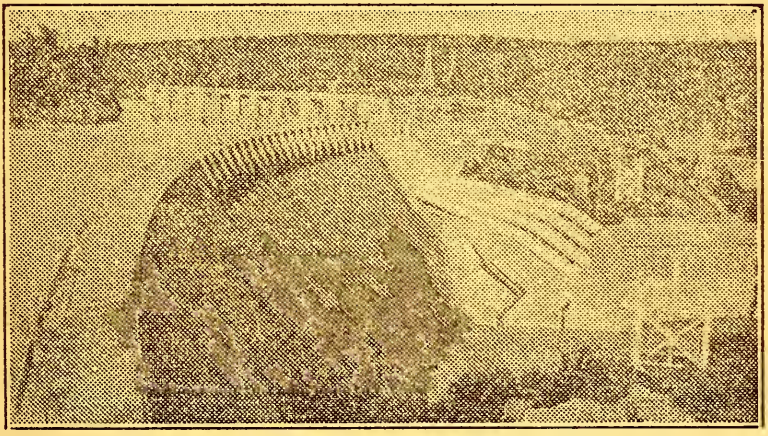
valley. All this land extending five or six miles will soon be covered by another lake formed for the power plant just under construction.

The mist was rising from the surface of the water, and seemed to struggle with the sun, though steadily beating a retreat.

To our dismay we found the water much lower than the preceding day. The power houses close down nearly the entire supply during the night and release it when needed the next day, thus completely controlling the river. Our time was very slow. Soon we were forced to jump out of the boat and pull around rocks and shallows. This happened again and again. It was a long time before we reached deeper water, and we must have lost two hours of good travel Thursday morning in this way.

Power Plants Numerous as Filling Stations

About four miles below we sighted the giant cranes which were employed in constructing foundations for the immense dam near Norwood. We pulled on



Badin Dam and Power Plant.
The Pipes Seen Leading to Power House are 16 feet in Diameter

among the rocks and shallows and drew up at the mound of earth and rock which has already been thrown into the river, extending nearly accross. Little trains were hauling loads of dirt and stone to build up the dam The giant cranes were lifting load after load of rock fragments from the foundation pits

There was only one point of passage here and that was the coffer dam. The river has been blocked all the way across with the exception of a small passageway about 25 yards in width. All the water of the river is converted through this narrow channel, deep and swift. We gazed at it with apprehension. A short trestle had been built across this narrow place, which added to the difficulty of passage.

Shooting the Chute

We were determined to go through the coffer dam rather than port around; so we set Bill up on the shore and called to the workmen to lend a hand if the boat capsized. Thus, single-handed, the Wachovia headed for the swift water.

The first thing I did was to run into the little trestle with the nose of the boat, but after that the Wachovia shot through like a race horse and went fifty yards through the channel in a jiffy while the workmen looked and cheered.

We now begin to leave the hill country behind. There is quite a mountainous stretch through which we had been traveling, but now we began to enter more level country. At Blewetts Falls, where we arrived next day, there are traces of hills, but nearly all the way down, twenty-seven miles, we were in lowlands.

The day previous we sighted seven wild ducks. However, this day we discovered thirty. The following day we observed the same number before we landed prior to noon.

We passed through another buzzard roost, also, and counted over fifty. When we whistled, they flopped away to other fields.

Our course must have trailed near the crow's nest, too, for in the late afternoon the sky seemed suddenly dark when a huge flock of the black cawing creatures crossed the river. I quickly snapped a picture. After it was developed, we could count over two hundred of these birds on the photo. Think what they could do to a field of corn or to a watermelon patch!

Two New Counties

The deeper water began to catch up with us and by the time we crossed the line into Anson and Richmond counties we were traveling on a much deeper stream. We could tell when we crossed the boundary, for Rocky River came rolling in from the west.

The afternoon's rowing was in smooth, deep water, almost like a mill pond. We preferred this to the shallow water, but found that it took plenty of elbow grease to shove the Wachovia across the deep channel.

You Can Hear the Paddles Chunking

In the late afternoon we sighted a strange craft tied up on the larboard side of the river. It turned out to be a side-wheel ferry flat. This was a new design, but we found that this is the prevailing type on down into South Carolina. The river does not furnish much current and machinery must do the work of hauling across.

We hailed the keeper of the ferry, A. A. Seagraves, who was fishing nearby, accompanied by his small boy. He judged the distance from the ferry to Wadesboro to be eleven miles. The deep water would continue for some distance to come. Cedar Creek was the next stream to enter the river, and Little River was perhaps five to seven miles below. He said the crossing here was called Dumas ferry, or something of the sort.

We gave the young Seagraves boy some Blue Ridge apples that we had on board, and plied the oars again.

We went a long distance on the calm, smooth water. The surface was as smooth as glass whereon you could not discern any motion from the movement of the water. The reflection was clear in the autumn weather.

Large Bubbles

Near sundown we caught sight of a boat far ahead, which swiftly sped across the river. In the wake of the boat there were some white objects on the water that appeared to be large bubbles. We soon understood that this was a fisherman out setting his traps for the night. When we came to the supposed bubbles, we found them to be empty bottles, well corked, which were tied to the traps by ropes extending far down into the water.

Mystery Story

This method of fishing would have seemed strange to us had it not been that the day before we found a board floating on the water near a ferry. Fastened to the board was a rope. Curiosity led us to examine the board and see why it stayed at the same place and did not float away. We lifted it and saw the rope leading down into the water. Curiosity again got the upper hand and we began to pull up the rope. Yard after yard was hauled in. Pulling became harder as the mud of the bottom clung to the rope We were getting highly excited. What was at the end of the rope? Something heavy was evidently dragging the bottom, as we felt the weight at last on the end. Now was the breathless moment. Was it to be an unexpected treasure or a gruesome discovery? A wire fish basket bobbed above the wave on the end of the rope and our excitement subsided.

The fisheman was surprised to hear the sound of our voices and probably thought we offered encroachment on his fishing domain, but he politely informed us in African brogue that it was probably five miles to Little River and fifteen miles to Bleweths Falls, where we wanted to arrive next day.

We came into shore as darkness fell. It was a select camping place, dry and provided with plenty of fuel. Supper was soon tastily prepared. We slept soundly. An owl in a nearby tree was our watchman for the night.

Bill is a Sound Sleeper

Friday morning I began the day, as I had the previous one, by shaking Bill several times. He was probably deep in profound artistic dreams, for slumber lingered heavily upon his eyelids.

We were soon out again on the water and found ourselves in a heavy mist, which covered the surface like a dense cloud. To our joy the water was of sufficient depth for speedy voyaging.

Another darky fisherman was out in a boat and told us he was setting his hooks for the day's catch. He said the distance to Little River was about a mile. The man the evening before had said five miles. We found it to be about three miles. The river comes in from the east and is a small stream as the name indicates.

(Note: Since writing the first instalments of this log, we have received several communications from interested readers who have followed the voyage of the Wachovia. A reader from New York said he traced the route on a North Carolina map. We suggest this method for those who are interested in the geography of the Yadkin Valley.)

Jugs and Bottles; Bottles and Jugs

After leaving the scene of our night's lodging we left behind the bottle fish trap affairs. However, near Little River, we found that the local fisherman had used a large jug for a float.

Possibly jugs and bottles were appropriate, for across the river near the point where we spent the night, a deputy sheriff was shot the following day when he was invading an illicit still.

Though the calculations of the natives concerning the distance to Blewetts Falls agreed at fifteen miles, this did not help us get through the deep water. Long stretches of rowing in still water was demoralizing the crew. Bill especially was interested in getting as far as possible with the least effort on our part. His in-

Swift Island Bridge—Later Destroyed

genious disposition began to assert itself. It was not long before the Wachovia was converted into a sail boat.

Sail Ho! On the Yadkin

This is how it was done: An old rain coat was brought out from the bundles. A short pole was thurst through the armholes, and this was lashed crosswise to a longer pole. This was held upright in the boat and the ends of the coattails were fastened with twine to the sides of the boat. It was an interesting experiment, but even more satisfying when a strong gust of wind filled the improvised sail and the oarsman found his stroke multiplied by this added power.

This expedition is probably the first on record wherein the Yadkin has been navigated from the upper to lower borders, but this was surely the first time a sail-boat skimmed the river above the South Carolina line.

We began to experience the enjoyments and disappointments of mariners who sailed the seas as we felt the pall of calm and the exhilaration of strong wind over

the deep. Had we enough power of the winds, we would probably have shortened our time by an hour in the day's work. but alas, the winds would not come boldly to our rescue.

Several miles over a monotonous backwater lake informed us that we were approaching the next power plant and dam at Blewetts Falls.

It was not yet noon, but we were tired already. Early rising, stillwater rowing and uncertainity as to distance caused the Wachovia crew to disembark and wearily ascend a high hill, hoping to catch a view of the end of the lake. We could discern none.

Again we set to work, I at the oars while Bill held aloft the sail, which fluttered like a well-behaved scarescrow. We suddenly rounded a cove and came abruptly

Dumas Ferry Near Wadesboro

upon a large barge with motor boat alongside. Two white men were superintending the work of a number of darkies in loading driftwood on the large vessel.

We must have made a strange impression on these folk, coming so unexpectedly, and especially with the raincoat sail aloft. The negroes were mightily interested, and one of them ejaculated, "Don't know who she is, but she waves de 'Merican flag." The darkies, also, wanted to know what the name "Wachovia" stood for.

We hastily hailed the bargemen and soon made acquaintance of the leader of the group, Furman Ingram, of the Blewetts Falls power station.

Here's to You, Mr. Ingram

Mr. Ingram is the most truthful man on the river, judged from his statements as to distance. He told us that it was twelve miles to the South Carolina border, then eight miles to Cheraw; that we had two rough places to pass, one of them just about the dividing line of the states, and then our troubles would be over. These we verified to a dot.

We shall be everlastingly indebted to Mr. Ingram, for without an approach from our side he offered to tow us the remaining distance across the lake and to

have the men carry our boat around the falls to the river. Bill's smile widened to the size of a pancake.

As it was nearing noon and time for dinner, Mr. Ingram had the men climb into the launch, ourselves included, while one held the tow chain of the Wachovia. Leaving the barge we crossed in fine style and at high rate of speed, arriving shortly at the beautiful little settlement at the falls.

It happened that as we pulled into port an elderly gentleman was on the bank to welcome the travelers. He was S. Z. Holder, a native of Forsyth County, now residing in Richmond County.

Mr. Holder is a Confederate veteran, and spoke with pride of his former captain, our late citizen, beloved to the entire community, Major Brown.

Like the Scotch

Unexpectedly we had come upon a native of our home community. It may be said in time of Winston-Salem people, as it is of the Scotch, you will find some of them in every clime.

The plant at Blewetts Falls is splendidly equipped. It is operated by the Carolina Light and Power Company. There can be developed here about 32,000 horsepower. The large concrete dam is 49 feet high.

While Bill went to pay his respects to the storekeeper and procure a little grub, I examined the plant with interest.

An Honored Yadkin Name

A name on some of the machinery attracted my attention. Several of the large machines had inscriptions of the firm name S. Morgan Smith, York, Pa. Not many people in this portion of the river country know it, but this is the name of a Yadkin River boy. The late S. Morgan Smith was a native of Davie County, near the Yadkin. He went to Pennsylvania as a student, later residing there. His inventive genius and tact in business relationships developed a large and profitable industry in York, Pa. Thus a Yadkin boy's name is appropriately inscribed on the machines of his firm's manufacture which today are making the Yadkin a benefit to thousands of mankind.

It is worthy of note, also, that the children of Mr. Smith have recently sought to make careful provision for the former home church at Macedonia, in Davie County, which is near the Yadkin river.

Bidding goodbye to the kind friends of Blewetts Falls we set out for the last few North Carolina miles. We struck the first rapids as Mr. Ingram directed, near the railway trestle. This is the Seaboard line that crosses from Rockingham to Wadesboro.

Shooting Rough Rapids

We did some pretty shooting of the rapids here. In fact, all afternoon we took risks that we had before not attempted. So near were we to our journey's end that now we did not fear damaging the craft and delaying the voyage; hence we picked out the deepest and swiftest falls and rapids and went through in grand style. Sometimes one of us would stand in the boat while we shot through the

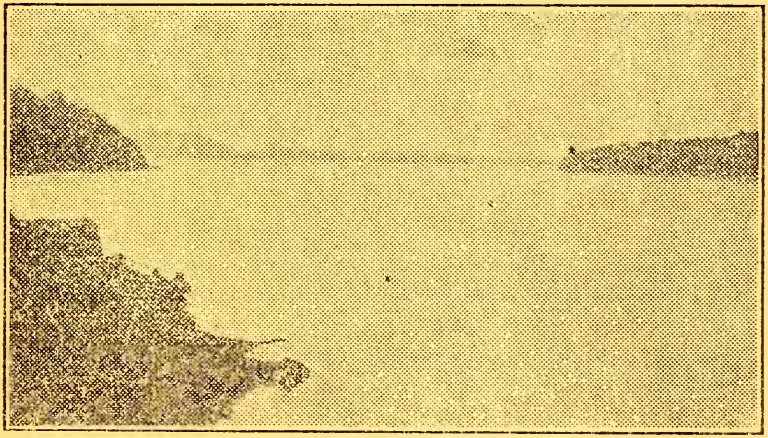
rough waters. The Wachovia bore up wonderfully well, but we could see that there was a small leak somewhere, which, however, never became dangerous.

The rapids down in this part of the country extend for long distances. We would float, like coasting down hill, for quarter-mile at a time, winding in and out of swift and turbulent flows.

Bill Improves with Age

Bill was doing well with the oars, improving every hour. I found that he was not only of artistic temperament, able quickly to discern a beautiful sunset, a strange wild flower, or buzzards feasting on carrion, but that he could also turn his hand to practical affairs. I believe that if we could have been on board a week longer, he would qualify for any varsity crew in North Carolina.

Two more covered ferry flats we passed, peculiar to the Peedee section, and then through a series of rapids that required nearly an hour for passage. Mr. Ingram had told us that we would find a hard passage near the line. We supposed



Backwater Above Blewetts Falls

this was the place. On and on we threaded our way. Once or twice we had some real difficulty, but on the whole, we would rather have the swift-moving water than the placid pools which require hard rowing.

The sun was getting low, but we continued on our way. Another mile and the sun had disappeared. Should we keep on to Cheraw in the dark? We had agreed that if we found any danger of missing our goal by the end of the week, we would travel by night as best we could. Seven o'clock came, or thereabouts.

At last we arrived at a fish fall that stretched completely across the river. There was not an opening anywhere passable. The narrow passages for water were too slim for the Wachovia. With this formidable obstacle ahead we decided to tie up for the night and start out before daylight.

Over the Line at Last

We could not have found a better place for our last night's camp. I left Bill to tie up while I climbed a steep hill and saw a field of cotton that I knew could

grow nowhere except in South Carolina. Somewhere ahead I heard the voices of darkies singing. Walking up the road I met a white-haired old colored man driving a mule.

"Is this North or South Carolina?"

"South Ca'lina."

"Where's the line?"

"Jest 'bove dat tree".

"Who's place is this?"

"Miss'r McGee's."

"How far to Cheraw?"

"Eight miles de way we go."

"We are traveling by water, coming down the river. May we spend the night here?"

"Yas sah, boss; reckon so."

The splendid camp site was supplied with a large quantity of dry oak chips, shavings, and logs, where lumber workers had been laboring. We made a cheerful fire and then feasted on pork and beans and that article of food made popular by the comic supplement, namely, corned beef. This "corn willie" or "monkey meat," as the soldiers call it, made hotel fare look second-rate.

A Prescription

Just another bit of advice. If you are troubled with lack of energy, overworked nerves, poor digestion, or loss of appetite, follow the routine of the crew of the Wachovia for a few days. No charge for this prescription.

In the morning, while the stars were still shining and before the sun peered over the trees, I shook Bill several times and woke him. We were in unknown waters in a foreign land and had to make port that day.

Where the Shad are Caught

Our first task was getting over the fish fall. This fall was made in a narrow stretch of river. A row of rocks runs across the river, supporting a fence-work of logs and planks. Several boxes are placed at intervals, through which the water runs freely, and at several places large frames are placed, which have flooring of laths with openings for water passage. We learned that these falls are used at certain seasons of the year for catching shad, which come up the river in large numbers. It is certain that South Carolina has the crown for this kind of fishing. We encountered in eight miles of travel down there four of these affairs in splendid condition and several others needing some repair.

A New Way of Putting 'em Over

The only safe way to cross was to remove our baggage and pull our boat over the dam, dropping it into the water below.

Another mile ahead we met a similar fall and lifted over.

Another mile and the same operation.

Then, our patience being sorely tried, we ventured the hope, with no hard feelings toward anybody, and wishing nobody harm, that the next fall might be

one destroyed by the river. When we were nearly up to the next fall we observed that it had been broken by the force of the river current and we slid through in safety.

We were now speeding along. Lengthy distances we traveled on swift current, sometimes threading around islands and into narrow channels. At other times in the still deep water we forged ahead; the miles were not long in our morning eagerness.

We noted again the wild ducks, fishing grounds, falls for shad, and thought how the sportsmen in this neighborhood make use of the river.

Channel Narrow at Cheraw

It was impressed upon us how narrow was the stream. With this thought in mind we moved out into rapids, which proved to be our last, for as we sped safely and swiftly through we beheld a bridge crossing the river. It was the railway bridge leading into Cheraw. Three hundred yards further we pulled under the single span of a highway bridge and moored before the docks at Cheraw, South

We Meet the Ba:gemen

Carolina. The river here was not as wide as it is at Salisbury or West Bend, and did not seem to be much wider than at Wilkesboro. After two hundred miles of travel, this was a surprise.

Two husky darkies were secured to convey the Wachovia to the freight station.

We took a breathing spell and chatted awhile with some of the good people of Cheraw. They were mightily interested in our voyage, although we were a little reticent about making our appearance in public places. During the war I had the pleasure of speaking in the town hall of Cheraw on a certain occasion, boosting the sale of Victory Loan bonds; but now, after several days roughing it on the river, I was glad to take a back seat.

King Cotton Wears Cheap Crown

The day being Saturday, and cotton having dropped a cent a pound the day before, Cheraw's clean streets were lined with cotton wagons, stretching out for blocks, waiting turn to weigh in at the freight station Bales were already piled high awaiting shipment.

We found this an historic locality. Probably the scene that interested us most was the old churchyard at St. David's. This parish was established by colonial decree in 1768. In 1781 the church was used as a hospital for British soldiers of the Revolution, some of whom found their last resting places in the shady church yard. Again in the Civil War was the old church occupied, this time, tradition says, by horses of the invaders. It stands today a monument of historic interest.

Before setting out for home we inqured about the river and learned that we had reached the exact spot where navigation ceased years ago. Steamboats once came upstream from Charleston and discharged their passengers exactly where the Wachovia cast anchor.

Forty Miles to the Ocean?

We were informed that the ocean is only forty miles away. (That is false.) Next summer, if nothing prevents, you may hear of the Wachovia investing itself with an outboard motor, and of a voyage to the ocean strand which marks the termination of the glorious old river we call the Yadkin.

Closing Ode

The honored poet of old Salem furnished the closing ode:

There's a lone, cool nook, where the shade is deep,
And the waves of a river softly run
To the shore where odorous muskrats creep
From dripping roots when the day is done.
Between green rushes and silver reeds,
Where dragon-flies are ever at play,
A winding path to the water leads,
And there a boat lies rocking away—
Rocking, rocking, at rest and asleep
In the lone, cool nook where the shade is deep.

When the day is hot you may lie at rest
In the boat and dream till the sunlight fades,
While the lulling sounds that the ear loves best
Are whispered by waves and long reed blades;
And a vine with trumpet blossoms of red
Is lightly flung on the branches high
Of a leaning tree—in such a bed,
Forgetting the world, you may idly lie
Rocking, rocking, at rest and asleep,
In the lone cool nook where the shade is deep.

At night, when the sky is full of stars,
When shadowy birds flit down the shore,
And the water-snake glides to the sandy bars,
You may touch the waves with a noiseless oar
Till you float far out on the shining stream,
Where winds from the corn-land freshly blow,
And there you may gently drift and dream
With stars above you and stars below—
Drifting, drifting, may dream and rest
On the peaceful river's cool, sweet breast.

THIRD STAGE—CHERAW TO GEORGETOWN
OCTOBER, 1928

The Yadkin river has its source on the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains at Blowing Rock.

A drop of water, falling as rain into the rivulet that issues from the spring in Green Park, courses with the ever enlarging waters of the Yadkin and Great Peedee rivers into the Atlantic Ocean. Another drop of water, falling a few feet away, finds itself in a similar brooklet flowing northwest, becoming New River, which flows later into the Ohio and the Mississippi, finally reaching the Gulf of Mexico.

In a voyage of several stages an endeavor has been made to trace the course of the first raindrop, and to follow the Yadkin-Great Peedee River from mountains to the sea, over the four hundred miles of sinuous flow.

This river drains a basin of more than 10,000 square miles. Its first hundred miles are among steep foothills of the Blue Ridge; the next hundred are over the Piedmont tableland; the remaining miles cross the coastal plain. Thus it touches the main geographical features of the Carolinas.

Tempus Edax Rerum

In the brief space of two years since the Wachovia last headed southward, fleeting time has wrought great changes.

The power plants at High Rock and Norwood have been finished, and now two lakes have spread over many miles of river which we traversed two years before. The upper lake has lifted the water of the streams as far as within a few miles of Mocksville. The lower lake necessitated the building of another huge concrete bridge to take the place of the Swift Island bridge which was submerged. The latter was shattered by explosives in experiments by U. S. Army land and air forces prior to its submersion.

New hunting and fishing laws have gone into effect; various modes of fishing observed on the former expeditions are now obsolete. No longer will the voyager behold the bounce nets planted every mile or so along the shore line. However, fishing has taken a big move forward, and the new laws and efforts of such organizations as the Izaak Walton League will provide royal sport for fishermen.

Since our last voyage, also, we have heard of at least eight people who have been drowned in the waters of the Yadkin. These tragedies occurred at places we had passed in comparative safety. It is a striking reminder that swimming should be a part of general education, and that swimmers should use precaution, even in the waters where danger is least anticipated. Figures for the past year show that 6,000 people were drowned in the United States, and the significant fact is reported that seventy-five per cent. of these unfortunates perished within thirty feet of the shore.

Strange Case of Mr. Nalls

One of the mysteries of the Yadkin-Peedee River this year was the strange case of Mr. Nalls. We quote the account of the happening, dated May 31, as printed in The Winston-Salem Journal:

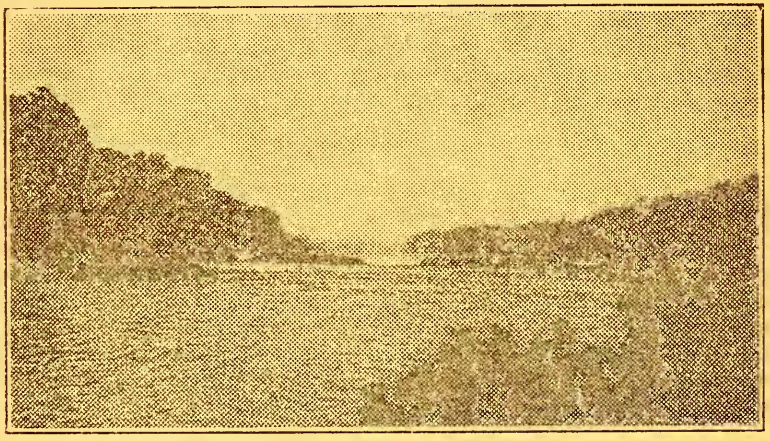
"Rev. J. F. Nalls, pastor of the Lilesville Methodist Church, who disappeared late Tuesday afternoon after saying he was going swimming in the Peedee River

below Blewetts Falls Dam, and who presumbably was drowned, was located this morning at Patrick, S. C., and is now again at his home in Lilesville.

"The affair is mysterious. Mr. Nalls appears to be in a serious mental condition, and so far as can be learned, has not told anything about his movements. It is reported that, clad in a bathing suit and little else, he sought to engage a room in a Cheraw hotel Wednesday night, more than 24 hours after he disappeared on the river bank fifteen or more miles above Cheraw.

"His appearance and demeanor were such that the hotel clerk directed him to the police station, and he was seen no more in Cheraw. Apparently he was carried or walked to Patrick, S. C., several miles south of Cheraw.

"It is unknown how Mr. Nalls got down the river to Cheraw. He may have caught a log and floated down with it, and that seems the only reasonable sup-



The Broken Fish Dam

position, for while he is a good swimmer, the water was swift and rough, and he hardly could have survived in it for so many miles."

Seeking to Clear the Mystery

As our boat had passed over the rough waters and fish dams between Blewetts Falls and Cheraw in 1926, and as we had found miles of rapids, we had curiosity enough to write to P. C. Allen, merchant of Lilesville, who had brought Mr. Nalls back home from his wanderings. Mr. Allen wrote us as follows:

"The case of Mr. Nalls is still a mystery to everybody. He and his wife went to the river fishing. He decided to swim and went down the river a little piece to go in. He dived into the water and hit his head against something and the next thing he knew he was at Cheraw, S. C., about 18 hours afterwards. Not fully himself he wandered on, and the next day about 11 o'clock walked up to the station at Patrick and asked the operator to send a message to his wife. We went after him at once, and found him in bed. He seemed to know but paid very little attention. We had the doctor to see him and it was several days before he was normal

again. He says he does not remember anything that happened from the time he jumped into the water until he was in Cheraw, and that was just for a moment. He seems all right now and is getting along fine. He preached three sermons last Sunday"—(one week after the strange dip).

All Aboard for Cheraw!

On the morning of October 4 we were speeding over the highway southward. The Wachovia and baggage were loaded on a truck which followed our modest motor car. Through towns and country the school children stared with wide open eyes at the scene of a boat transported over dry land. At High Point, Ashboro, Rockingham, and other halting places, curious crowds surrounded our craft and made comment. The further south we arrived, the more we were cautioned about high water. Although the Yadkin in its upper valleys had risen some feet during

The Edge of the Swamp

the week before, no serious danger threatened. However, voices of warning increased as we traveled south.

Shortly before noon we reached the valley of the Peedee near the Cheraw Bridge. Signs of the recent flood were immediately borne upon us. The waters had overspread the valley for two miles or more. A flock of buzzards and considerable odor marked the field where a herd of cattle owned by the Cheraw community had been drowned. Mud stains were half way up the walls of the filling station and a boat was still tied to the gasoline tank. Verily this had been a flood. The waters had reached the height of 43 feet, the highest recorded at this place for the past fifty years. Whereas our first venture upon Yadkin navigation had been in the drought season, the final embarkation would be on the heels of a great flood.

Here we stored our car, bought supplies, mixed fuel for the outboard motor, dined, and left our card with the secretary of the Kiwanis Club, who was to send out a relief party in case we were lost in the swamps. We would gladly have lingered awhile with the hospitable people of Cheraw, but a stiff job was ahead of us.

As will be observed, the people as well as the river reveal marked differences from those of North Carolina. Even at Cheraw, Bill, my artistic companion, remarked, "The people already begin to talk like Dr. Izlar."

And let it be said with emphasis, a finer, more hospitable, and more genteel class of people cannot be found than those we encountered on this voyage.

In order to transfer boat and baggage from road to river we called in the services of two boys who were building a hut out of drift timber among the thickets bordering the stream. As more help was needed, we stopped a colored driver who had just disposed of his cotton in Cheraw and was returning home. He lent an able hand to the boat, for which we were grateful. The name of this dark hued assistant was none other than Dram Sellers. Now we have heard of dram cellers, and sellers of dram, but it seemed rather odd to find anyone surnamed Sellers rejoicing in the Christian name of Dram.

Cranky Cranking

Safely on the water at the old docks now submerged by overflow where steamers once landed, we began to manipulate the motor we had brought along and attached to the Wachovia. Our experience heretofore had been confined to oars, with which we had become reasonably familiar. With a deep, broad river before us, and with a sturdy little outboard motor, we expected to push off from shore and speed down stream without delay. At 2:15 we pushed off, but at 2:30 we were still coaxing the little engine with a pull and tug at the crank to start the fireworks.

Several blisters were the only results thus far. Finally there was a cough, a chug, and a whirr, and the motor started with a sudden vivacity that shocked us, especially as it raced off backwards, carrying the boat upstream instead of down. If we had not found the cut-off, we would probably have landed up in North Carolina about the place where Mr. Nalls dived in. Three times the performance was repeated, obviously against our will. At last the truth dawned; we had been cranking the machine backwards.

The river for some distance appears confined within a narrow channel no wider than is found far above in Rowan, Forsyth or Yadkin counties in North Carolina. However, the channel is deep and the shallows have been left behind entirely. We were entering the coastal plain, which begins after the last rocky dip just below the State line. Never again did we behold a rock jutting out of the water.

After the Flood

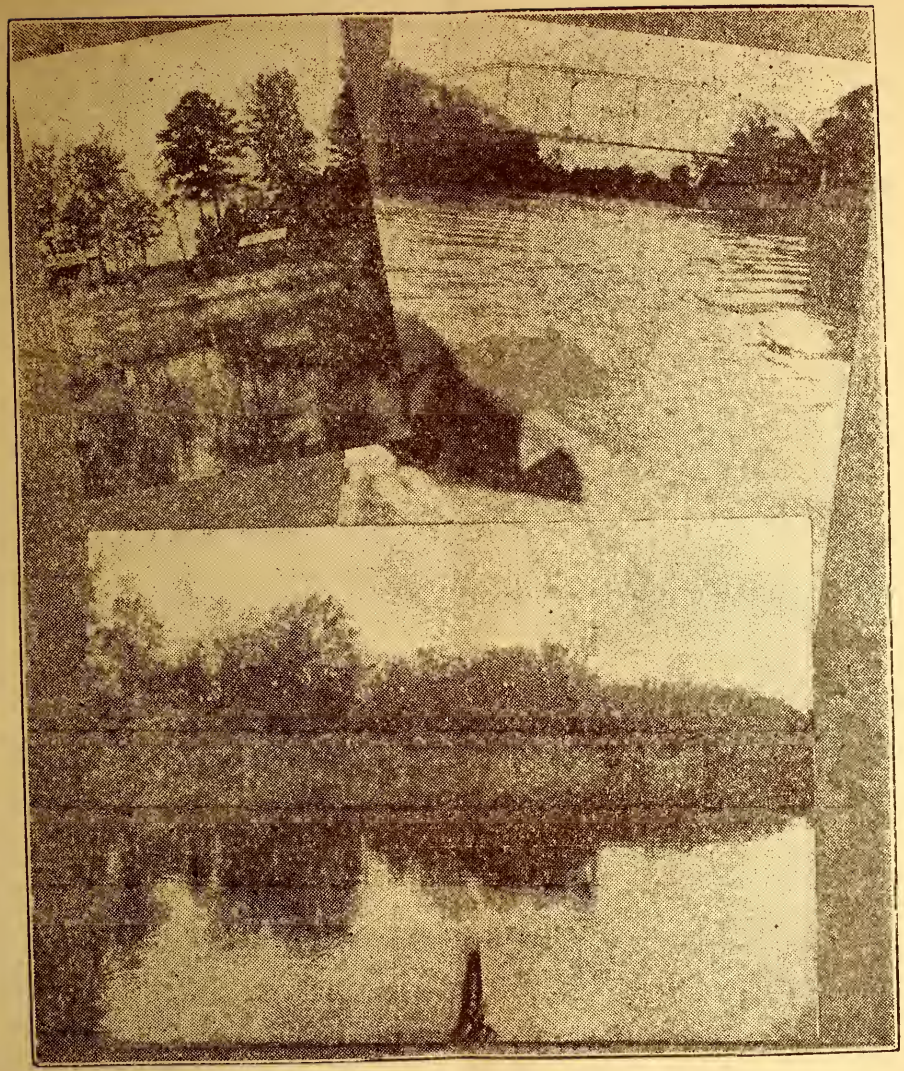
Flood scenes greeted our eyes as we moved swiftly down the stream. From high banks at turns in the river, portions have been swept away, and the shore at these places resembles miniature palisades. Large trees have been undermined and swept into the water. The yellow mud stain marking the crest of the swollen waters, which reached their height just one week before, painted the trees and foliage on either shore to a height of twenty feet or more.

This great inundation proved beneficial to us. Driftwood, snags, log jams, and other obstacles have been swept away as cleanly as if a giant dredge had preceded us. We met but few snags and the steering of the Wachovia was a matter of little labor. The wide-spreading waters also had swept away leaves and undergrowth and killed out some of the remainder, so that we could during the first hours of travel sometimes see inland. That the flood brought us some hardships, also, will be seen from later developments.

At 2:45 we reached the mouth of a small creek flowing in from the northwest. By 3:15 we had passed a small island, half-moon in shape. Several buildings had

Home Nearly Carried Away by High Water

Third Stage—Leaving Cheraw



High Flood-Swept Banks Resembled Palisades

been observed, built near the river's edge. All showed effects of the flood. Some of the low structures have been completely overswept, and we could see people at work restoring them. The houses are on the eastern shore. One of them was built high and dry on a steep bank and suffered little. It was a log house, and three goats viewed us sagely from the front yard.

Wild Life

Wild ducks had already put in their appearance. Many flocks of these birds were sighted in the course of the voyage. We could often see them far down stream swimming and diving, splashing in the sunlight, and our boat was almost upon them before they rose in flight. Once an old and a young duck led us for about four miles down stream, each time waiting until we were within hailing distance before they whisked up from the water to fly further down.

At 4:00 o'clock we reached a ferry where we met two men in a boat. One of the men was a native of Sparta, Alleghany County. They crossed the river where we saw at their landing a chute for sending logs down into the water. This is a great lumber country, and many logs are transported down this stream.

The abundance of wild life became more noticeable. More ducks, herons, kingfishers, and other birds were plentiful. Turtles basked in the sunshine on many a fallen log near the bank. Sometimes they took fright and slipped off into the water as we drew near, but usually they lifted an inquiring head and remained stationary until we had passed.

Spanish Moss

Tree moss began to make its appearance. First a few gray strands were seen on a water oak. More and more frequent these venerable gray festoons appeared, and when the swamp lands were reached, the rich draperies of Spanish moss changed the entire shore line into semi-tropical scenery. We have noticed the intrusion of the moss as far up as Flint Hill, Yadkin County, but this plant is not at home until the lowlands of the coastal plain are reached.

By 5:30 we had passed another creek flowing from the northwest, announcing that our camp site for the night was near at hand. We had planned to stop at the bridge crossing the river near Society Hill. We were neither desirous of sagatiating in high society, nor of climbing hills, but this first bridge with highway would afford us a contact with civilization. The land and people were unknown to us, and we wanted to keep at least on the border land of enlightenment.

Campers' Delight

Darkness fell early. We pulled to the east shore in the dusk. Up the declivity of the bank we climbed to reconnoitre, finding a coating of mud everwhere. In the clearing above we found an old darky, his cabin, and his mule. "Ef you stay 'round heah, de moskitos eat you up," was his warning. We were ready to believe him without debate. Stagnant pools had been left in all directions by the overflow, and swarms of the pests flew out to greet us. If they treated us awake thus, what would they do when we were asleep? It was fearful to contemplate.

We walked across the long bridge to the other shore. Good camp sites were numerous, but damp and muddy, and the ominous hum of the mosquito tribe followed threateningly. The fisherman's cabin by the creek near the bridge had been entirely under water. Upon advice of passersby, we walked half a mile to the toll

gate of the highway, where E. W. Carrigan, the affable operator, bid us welcome to all the outdoors we desired on the upland. Across the road from the toll house we had noticed a clearing adjoining the woodland, and our plan was to pitch camp under the trees along the edge of the wood.

Our boat was tied securely in the little black water creek, and our camp equipment was transported the half mile to camp after darkness had fallen. Upon reaching our proposed lodging we found an unpleasant surprise awaiting us. One of those big mud puddles, swarming with mosquitoes, extended to the edge of the wood. Where we had hoped to make our beds a big bull frog sat on the muddy ground. We were in no mood for frog steaks, though they were there for the picking, and so for fun Bill dropped his hat on the big green croaker. The agile creature took two long leaps with the hat on, and Bill had some trouble recovering his headgear.

Mr. Carrigan's Hostelry

A hasty supper, by the aid of a small brush fire, refreshed us. We packed up again and went up the road to the toll house, in the yard of which Mr. Carrigan afforded us a dry, sandy lodging room under the trees of the yard. The gate keeper told us that the water from the river had come up to the very doors of the gate house, which is situated in the middle of the big road.

Our camp was located three miles from the settlement of the delectable name Society Hill. The revolving light of the airplane station at Hartsville, twenty miles away, flashed clear in the distance.

Memories of the Red Men

This corner of the State of South Carolina is called Welsh Corner, due to early settlement of pioneers from Wales. There are interesting bits of history of this section. The name Cheraw, applied to the large town on the river, is derived from a tribe of Indians who once lived along the banks of the stream. These Indians were probably met by De Soto and his Spanish conquistadores in 1540 somewhere in Southwestern North Carolina. They later had their settlements near the Sauratown Mountains, and the tribe was known there as Sawra or Saura. Pressed by their enemies and decimated by disease and liquor, a remnant of the tribe took refuge in Virginia, but later settled on the banks of the Peedee, where they were known as Cheraws. The tribe dwindled and at last merged with the Catawbas.

The morning of October 5 dawned fair and propitious. We were up early. In rousing Bill I noted that he had completely disappeared in a roll of blankets, endeavoring to defeat the evil designs of the mosquitoes.

Remarkable South Carolina Scene

Some road workers offered to transport our luggage to the river. While waiting for the truck we watched the most diligent colored man we had seen for a long time. It was scarcely daylight when we heard a rifle crack two or three times in the woodland across the road. Soon the darky appeared striding at rapid rate with his game (probably bull frogs) in his pockets. In quick succession he led out his cow and calf into the field, filled the water barrel, visited the pig pen, held conference with a neighbor, and hitched a team; all this in the brief period of time in which we were waiting for the truck. There is something surely the matter with that man.

Sea Serpent

At 7:30 we were again aboard the Wachovia. We pulled out of the black water creek and started the motor. As a morning greeting, a large water snake swam to meet us. Bill grasped an oar to give the visitor a warm reception, but the reptile paused at a safe distance and watched us speed on. It is remarkable how lightly these creatures rest upon the water and how much of the body remains in the air as they swim.

All Comforts of Home

This day we were to spend over twelve hours on the boat. During the course of the day we adjusted ourselves so well that nothing seemed lacking. Beginning with breakfast our meals were prepared and served on board. There was plenty of room for reclining, and the motion of the boat did not prevent several naps.

Bill Guards the Wachovia in Port at Sand Island

Reading, writing, shaving, and other duties and pleasures were managed with facility. The weather was mild and the water calm.

At 9:30 the railroad bridge appeared. Wild ducks and white herons began the procession of wild fowl for the day. At 9:30 we espied a man on the east bank and half hour later observed two men in a boat. These were the last signs of human life we saw for six hours.

The river became perceptibly broader. The shore line dropped lower and the swamps which we were to thread for miles began to spread out from the river. At 12:35 we arrived at the large island where an arm of the river strikes off to the west and encircles a considerable body of land. There are two ferries here, one across the main stream and one over the narrow channel. Doubtless the island is used for grazing purposes in part as it does not appear to be all swamp.

Shore Leave

A railroad bridge was sighted at 3:30. It led to the town of Peedee on the east side of the river. Our maps being rather uncertain guides, we journeyed on to the highway bridge, which we thought would be nearer the town. When we arrived at the crossing, we found that the town was three miles away.

In need of fuel for the motor we did not relish walking three miles on a warm afternoon with a five-gallon tin of gasoline to keep us company. A young man in a boat, gathering in fish from traps, showed us where we could land at the old ferry below the bridge, and directed us to a filling station on the west side of the stream, less than a mile away. By this short cut we reached a combination store and filling station and procured the needed supplies. We were also fortunate in hailing an auto which hauled us back to the river, for which we were profoundly grateful to the South Carolina spirit.

The Proper Spirit

In reference, or reverence, to the aforesaid spirit, we make allusion to one garage proprietor with whom we dealt. We handed him the pay for $1.29 worth of gas and oil; he returned a dollar bill, saying I had handed him two bills stuck together in the place of one, and added that this trait of honesty was a characteristic of the men of his county. May it ever flourish!

Historic Regions

The young merchant near the Peedee Bridge recounted some items of interest which made us want to know more of the history of this section. He stated that the wreck of an old steamboat had been salvaged sometime before from the river nearby. This had been sunk in a battle, doubtless during the Civil War, He stated that some noted military leader, he forgot the name, in a desperate moment dashed himself from the high bluff which extends along the west shore and perished in the stream.

10 Minutes or 70 Miles

Referring to incidents of recent date the young man said that a week before he was on the other side of the river and arrived at the bridge just ten minutes after traffic was forbidden on account of the dangerous rising water. In order to reach his home a mile away across the bridge, he had been compelled to travel down stream to the next bridge and up the west side, a journey of over seventy miles to reach home.

Again the Poor Indian

Since we were near the town of Peedee on the Peedee River, it behooved us to inquire for the Peedee Indians, whence the name originated. Little seems to be known of them here. These Indians lived somewhere below to the east. They probably roamed considerable distance up and down the stream. This tribe is one of the few mentioned that possessed negro slaves.

Nearer the coast lived another tribe now long forgotten, whose tragic experience has been recorded. Having seen the white traders sailing in from the East with ships laden with beads, mirrors, and other trinkets so precious to the savage desire, they conceived the plan of outdoing the white man by taking their wares direct to market. They supposed the sea could be crossed with little difficulty, and gathering all the women and children of the tribe in a safe place, the warriors loaded many canoes with furs and set out to cross the ocean to the white man's land, where they could sell their goods at a better figure. A short distance from the shore a terrible storm was encountered, and only a few survivors reached land to tell the sad story of this ill-fated expedition.

We were ready to leave the bridge near the town of Peedee and at 4:30 we were again afloat. The high bluff dropping sheer into the river extends for some distance.

When again the lowland appeared, we were on the lookout for deer, which we were told were in abundance in this neighborhood. None were sighted.

Into the Night

The country now became so low and swampy that we found no place that seemed a safe and convenient landing. The sun had set. Twilight slowly faded as we chugged along. We made the decision of necessity to travel on into the night until we reached the bridge of which we had heard. Since we had found the upland so unwelcome the night before, we were all the more convinced that it would be folly to land in the bogs along the river.

Flashlights were brought into play. They were of some aid, but the reflection from the sky was our best guide, dim enough but sufficient to distinguish the middle of the river which was our safest channel. There was a solemn hush as darkness enveloped the surrounding country and evening advanced. The flashlights were dispensed with altogether, and with both mariners on sharp lookout, we sped on, mile after mile. A feeling of awe crept over us which we will not soon forget. The stars blazed with unusual brilliancy as we gazed up at them from the gloomy river bed. From the stars we could well calculate the direction of travel. Inclined to the southeast, we wound around curves large and small that carried us to every quarter of the compass.

Home of the Herons

As the last glimmer of daylight was fading, the most extraordinary scene we had yet witnessed was suddenly brought to view. In rounding a sharp bend we came abruptly upon the roosting places of huge flocks of white herons. Startled by our intrusion, hundreds upon hundreds of these beautiful birds darted into the air with their peculiar sharp and plaintive cries. flying in multitudes down stream before us. We could see the willow branches dotted with these white creatures stirring in commotion; young fowls in attempting flight fell into the water between us and the shore; a vast army filled the air with their shining white plumage plainly discernable in the darkness. The ancient mariner who shot the white albatross might well have quailed at such a scene.

We made nearly thirty miles after dark, and we would probably have spent the night in the boat on the river if we had not found the bridge. It was after 9 o'clock when we observed a light on the starboard. Directly after this the dark form of the bridge loomed across our path. Guided by the light we pulled for the west shore. To our surprise we found a fair landing backed by a steep hill, almost another bluff.

In Port

Ten minutes later we were saluting W. C. Baker, gatekeeper at the highway toll gate, a short distance up the road. He invited us to camp in the sandy yard under shelter of the trees. We had already selected this site as we passed along.

Among my baggage was a little folding cot, light of weight, easily handled, and most comfortable. Bill, my companion, had no such convenient apparatus, and went literally back to nature, sleeping on the hard, hard ground. The cot was not only comfortable, but also some safeguard against crawling insects or reptiles. This accounted for Bill's consternation at the following event.

Bill Sees Things

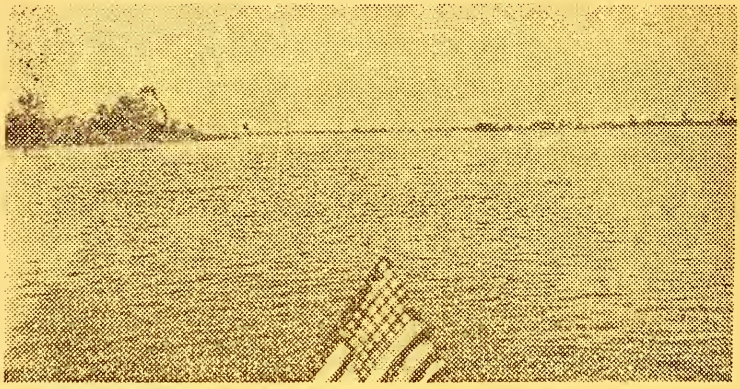
As we were approaching the toll house, near our future lodging place, we nearly stepped on a dark, stringy object on the ground. The glare of the flashlight re-

vealed a yard long non-venomous snake slowly wriggling across the road. Viewed under the light the scaly creature was as bright and shiny as if just turned out of a German toy factory.

A moment later Mr. Baker was indicating the camp ground for the night. "By the way," he said, pointing to the place where we had chosen to make our beds, "I killed two big rattlesnakes there this week. It seems that the floods have driven them up from the swamps."

What a comfortable thought for evening meditation! Bill especially was struck by this casual remark, and looked first at the ground that was to be his bed and then at the snake that could still be seen wriggling slowly across the road. My fellow camper's eyes resembled two fried eggs.

This is, indeed, a good year for snakes. Rattlers have been abundant in many quarters. One of them was found wrapped around the wheel of a moving wagon in Stanly County. On our way back home we found one killed but still writhing



Broad Channel Near Winyah Bay

in the road. The man who had slain it had cut off six rattles. This was in Richmond County.

In the Stilly Night

As we had spent over twelve hours on shipboard, we were ready for sleep. Bill sought to atone for his lack of a cot by setting up a little pup tent and rolling himself like a cocoon in blankets therein. There I found him at 2. a. m., when a severe thunder shower broke over us. His feet were resting in a puddle of water when I roused him to the rescue of our belongings. We were pretty well soaked before we gained shelter under the toll house roof that extends over the big road. There we reposed until daylight, the first and the last time we hope to lodge in the middle of the road.

Such experiences ever bring to mind the Vergilian strophe, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." Such hardships, severe and unpleasant as they are, result in memories not to be forgotten, that eventually result in a sense of satisfaction, if not of pleasure.

Sightseeing

On the morning of October 7 we were not hasty in taking our departue. The weather showed signs of clearing and the atmosphere was mild. We refreshed ourselves at an artesian pump 520 feet deep and then spent awhile sightseeing.

There is a thick bed of limestone or marl visible on the cliff near the river. On the opposite side the bridge runs for a mile through swamps. Had it not been for the beacon we observed the night before, we might have landed on the wrong side and floundered around in the marshes, vainly seeking a harbor.

Near our boat we found a dugout canoe, which we examined with care. Such a vessel as the Indians once hollowed out of a log is still the type of canoe in use in these waters. We saw several others later on.

Our host for the night gave us much information about the river. He had lived in the regions near the sea. His directions were very helpful to us when we

Four Mast Schooner at Wharf

were nearing Georgetown However, our estimates that the next bridge was only thirty miles away caused us some anxiety before the day was over.

The scene of our encampment was on the road which runs from Georgetown to Mullins. The tobacco market in the latter town is open for a longer season that that of many other South Carolina sections; hence there was considerable passing by this highway.

By 7:30 we were weighing anchor. Several logs were floating down stream, showing that the water was still above normal. We judged that our motor made something better than ten miles an hour where we had the help of the current, and more than twenty miles to the gallon of fuel. We had covered about half the distance of our voyage.

Song of the Swamp

Our course now seemed to lie in the thick of the swamps. We could see the water spreading out far among the gray-bearded trees. Just here, perhaps, it will be appropriate to quote a few lines from a South Carolina author's descrpition, "The Edge of the Swamp":

'Tis a wild spot, and even in summer hours,
With wondrous wealth of beauty and a charm
For the sad fancy, hath the gloomiest look,
That awes with strange repulsion. There, the bird
Sings never merrily in the sombre trees,
That seem to have never known a term of youth,
Their young leaves all being blighted. A rank growth
Spreads venomously round, with power to taint;
And blistering dews await the thoughtless hand
That rudely parts the thicket. Cypresses,
Each a great ghastly giant, old and gray,
Stride o'er the dark, dank tract—with buttresses
Spread round, apart, not seeming to sustain,
Yet link'd by secret twines, that, underneath,
Blend with each arching trunk. Fantastic vines,
That swing like monstrous serpents in the sun,
Bind top to top, until the encircling trees
Group all in close embrace. Vast skeletons
Of forests, that have perish'd ages gone,
Moulder, in mighty masses, on the plain;
Now buried in some dark and mystic tarn,
Or sprawl'd above it, resting on great arms,
And making for the opposum and the fox,
Bridges, that help them as they roam by night,
Alternate stream and lake, between the banks,
Glimmer in doubtful light; smooth, silent, dark,
They tell not what they harbor; but, beware!
Lest, rising to the tree on which you stand,
You sudden see the moccasin snake heave up
His yellow shining belly and flat head
Of burnish'd copper . . . .

The Swamp Fox

The author knew his swamps. He also knew his history. His pen has sketched in poetry the gallant deeds of Francis Marion, the Revolutionary general. Marion was a native of Winyah, in the swamp lands towards which we were heading. His prominence as a leader of a band of patriots with stronghold in the swamps has made him a hero proclaimed in song and story. For forty miles this river skirts the county which bears his name. South Carolina's share in the War of Independence does not seem to have been estimated at its full value. Edward McCrady writes that 137 battles, actions, and engagements took place in that State. Some of these were near the scene of our day's travel. General Francis Marion, whose ability to dart from his hiding place in the swamps with his band of picked men, caused much embarrassment to British forces. Here are a few lines from "The Swamp Fox," his romantic cognomen:

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste,
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low,
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears and flies from Marion's men.

Thus merrily, too, did we speed on into the heart of the swamps. By covering thirty miles in three hours we hoped to reach the last bridge on the river by 10:30. Now broad and deep was our channel, with little movement on the surface to reveal the current.

A deserted logging camp was passed on our right. Next came a black water stream flowing in from the same side, which we supposed to be Lynch's River. By our calculations and maps we expected that bridge not later than 11 o'clock.

All Is Not Well

On a wide sweep of the river we observed a large arm strike off to the southwest. This puzzled us. So large was this that we first thought it might be the true channel, but we continued straight ahead. Maps were consulted again. We came to the conclusion that map makers are among the world's greatest prevaricators. It was now 12 o'clock, and as yet no bridge. An ancient map culled from an atlas at home and an auto tourist's map were our guides. We regretted our negligence in not procuring a large State map of recent date. Things were beginning to look uncomfortable.

Again after numerous miles we sighted a deserted lumber camp, also first signs of humanity for the day. Four little darkies eyed us from the small clearing. We kept on full speed.

Sailor, Beware!

The strange hallucination of mirages began to afflict. We could testify that bridges appeared far ahead, which turned out to be only river bends or fantastic shapes of trees.

Once more a small clearing, with fisherman's shack, appeared on the right. We steered near the shore and shouted. No response. It was now 12:30, and we should have passed the bridge two hours before. We were lost and acknowledged it. There was nothing to do but to plunge straight ahead.

The river had become a veritable swelling flood. Each long sweeping curve revealed only a wide expanse of water slowly edging on. There was little here to remind us of the rocks and rapids of the upper Yadkin; we were in a strange land —and water.

A Stygian Tide

Suddenly a stream of black water poured in from the left, mingling with the tawny element we were traveling. The Peedee had been gradually changing color with our progress southward. More surprised than ever were we when, a few miles further, a great river came sweeping in, again from the left, seemingly almost as large as the channel we were beginning to call our own. The great addition to the main stream transformed our course into a veritable lake; its black, sombre waters changing the hue of the surface to a deep chocolate color. Where were we? We supposed only one small stream from the west would meet us before we passed the bridge. How could we account for the unexpected, glowering tributaries? Had we strayed into some side channel that had dumped us into an unknown lake or bay? Only two gallons of gas remained. It was probably miles to shore through thick swamps on either side. With no fuel, and little perceptible current, we might be hours, or days, reaching any landing. An accident or a tie-up in a river detour with no barbecue stands or filling stations every hundred yards was not a trifling adventure.

We Remember Kubla Khan

Probably the most awesome thing of the whole business was the ghastly appearance of the black glistening flood of water with straggling borders of moss-bearded cypress. Coleridge, under the influence of a drug, wrote those lines of weird, uncanny description which I immediately recalled when that last black river rolled down its tide:

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure dome decree;
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea . . .

In these dismal surroundings we held a conference. It was now 1 p. m. By estimating the distance we had traveled since we started at between fifty and sixty miles, we came to the conclusion that we had passed the point of the supposed bridge two hours before and that we were now below the mouth of the Little Peedee River, which was the large black stream we had just seen. The highway map showed another line crossing the river some distance further on, which might be a bridge. We would reach it in half an hour. That would settle the question.

The Peedee branched again to the right, but we had so wide a channel that we paid little attention. At 1:30 the lookout sang out, "Bridge ahead!" This time no illusion, but a long steel frame structure spanned the river and disappeared in the swamps. We pulled gratefully to its welcome moorings. Our last calculations proved correct.

Terra Firma

We decided to go ashore, not only to replenish our failing cruise of oil, but also to see how good it felt to set foot on land again.

This bridge is two and one-half miles in length, or rather, as a young fellow on the bridge corrected us, "not two and one-half, but two and five-tenths miles across." There are several islands banked up to serve as breaks in case of fire. A watchman is continually on guard in the tower above the center of the bridge. While we leave the explorers striding across the mile or more bridge to the little

settlement on the east shore, we may engage in comment on the various changes of color in the water of the river at different stages of its course.

Complexion Changes

Rivers have identification in a peculiar way by the complexion they acquire from the land through which they pass. It stamps them with an individuality; it is the mark of environment; it impresses the traveler. Who does not remember?

> On Linden, when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
> And dark as winter was the flow
> Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

Did not the Syrian general prefer the snow-fed Abana and Pharpar to the muddy Jordan?

The Rhine in the neighborhood of Strasbourg has an olive drab tint, which further downstream, under a clear sky, shades into blue. The Rhone, dashing through the valleys of Switzerland, is a milky white. On a sunny October afternoon in Rome the "Yellow Tiber," as described by Horace, is a pale yellowish green. The Seine at Paris seems to impress most as having a hue of gray, which harmonizes with the horizon blue of the uniform of the poilu. The lower Thames in its sluggish course has a tinge of brown like the Hudson at New York. Shakespeare's Avon at Stratford is much like a meandering creek, raw umber in color in the shade, and catching the brighter hues in the sunshine, as if reflecting tragic and comic nuances from its beloved bard.

The Yadkin-Peedee begins crystal clear and so runs for a score of miles. It then assumes the colors of the hills, yellow and red. After hard rains of spring and summer, the reddish shade is fresh and bright. In South Carolina a darker shade is added from black water additions and the river changes from tawny yellow to dark chocolate, at last, as it nears the waters of the sea, assuming the appearance of weak coffee.

Meanwhile the voyagers had secured fuel, learned more about the river and seen a dog just bitten by a water moccasin. The river bed here is about a quarter mile wide, with low swamp lands extending five times that distance on either side. The bridge is located at Port Harrelson, an important landing place in former days. A wide arm of the river broadens into a lake to the left below the bridge. A steamboat makes daily trips by here, going to some point above on the Little Peedee.

One Mistake Deserves Another

As we had been assured at Port Harrelson that we would have no further trouble if we followed the wide channel of the river, we set out in lighter mood than we had spent the forenoon. The Wachovia nosed under the big bridge and cut a trail through the wide river. Its water seemed to us very dark in contrast with the white sand we had seen on the distant shore.

We ran a hundred yards or more and then found the river dividing. Once more the map makers were handed our compliments, especially makers of road maps. The aforesaid bridge had been drafted on the chart as bestriding two branches of the river. As a matter of fact, the division comes lower down, where we met it within sight of the bridge. The large main channel, which we intended to take, swept around to the left, so still and smooth that we mistook it for the lake; the

branch into which we turned was almost as wide and had visible current, leading us to believe it was the true course. So for a second time in one day we were lost on the river. As we did not know it, we felt no anxiety, and motored along as happy as you please.

This channel proved deep and wide. It was a scenic route, reminding us much of the rivers of Florida. There was a tinge of color to the leaves; the mossy decoration was tastefully hung; short palms or palmetto stalks lifted patches of green out of the river's edge; wild fowl flew overhead; the late afternoon sun cast a golden glow over the peaceful scene.

Old Church Built 1737 at Georgetown

A Good Omen

From 2:30 until 5 we journeyed thus, in moments of calm repose after the suspense of earlier hours. Delighted were we with the serene enchantment of the panorama unfolding before us. As if to add a finishing touch to the glory of the afternoon, the Master Hand spread a rainbow above our heads, a vast arch-in-heaven, with an end resting on either shore; it seemed so near that we appeared to be entering a new strange country under the iridescent vaulted gateway, while a few raindrops from light scurrying clouds overhead pattered around us, and clear heavens and sunlight brightened all. It was a gracious token for the peaceful close of the day. We sought early a camp ground for the night, and fortunately pulled directly into a dry shore with easy landing at a lumber camp.

Tracks of a narrow guage railway came down to the shore. There was a wide clearing. A great liveoak tree heavily laden with long moss stood nearby, while beyond was a deserted dwelling. We prepared our dormitory before dark, securing armfulls of moss for pillows. Bill once more found a large snake in close proximity, and forthwith made his bed with two heavy boards laid high and dry over crossties. It was hard, but easing to the imagination, for not all snakes are great climbers. His bedstead reminded me of the kind used by O. Henry's traveler who slept on a plank and was charged next morning with board as well as lodging.

It Was So Still That——

The stillness was unbroken that night, save for the cry of some strange creature across the river that might have been a loon. We have seen none other than human

kind, so cannot tell. Resounding echoes were returned to a shout or two that we ventured. The sounds must have been similar to those heard by William Byrd in his survey of the Dismal Swamp, which he calls, "That Prating Nymph Echo, who, like a loquacious wife, will always have the last word, and sometimes returns three for one."

First of the Last Day

Much refreshed we were early on board, not too late to see colored workmen coming down to camp. They called to us, in answer to our inquiry, that Waccamaw River was ten miles down stream.

The river was so calm, glinting in the sunlight, that we might have likened it to "a sea of glass mingled with fire." On either hand we caught glimpses of the rice fields. Pools among high rushes reminded us of the haunts of the duck hunters. Dr. Fred Anderson, our fellow citizen, enjoys the sport in these waters.

Ashore at Sand Island

Again the river divided. A beautiful stone homestead appeared on the right bank at the fork, where we could see hands waving a salute to our craft. Several

Moss Hung Churchyard at Georgetown

miles down the left channel we reached a high sandy shore with well defined landing place for boats, also a cluster of houses. We docked, climbed ashore, and hailed a colored youth who was carrying home a bucket of milk. In a strange brogue he informed us that his name was Robert Elliott; this was Sand Island; the rice fields were across the river; the Waccamaw was just around the bend.

Waccamaw River

We had not yet found out our mistake, and when our channel soon united with a great body of water from the left, we thought this was the Waccamaw River alone. However, it was the combined streams of the Waccamaw and the branch of the Peedee we had left at Port Harrelson.

We were now on a large watercourse indeed. Signs of habitation and boat landings were interspersed with the rice fields and rush thickets. Ahead of us a

large rowboat with a makeshift sail crossed carrying several negroes. A mile below at a good landing we met a man crossing in a fair sized boat. In pleasant conversation we told him of our exploit, which interested him very much, for while this portion of the river is much traveled, no record is there of a voyage from the headwaters. He informed us of our error, and we learned that we were twenty miles nearer our journey's end than we had thought. Georgetown was just ten miles away and our informant assured us there was no danger in crossing the bay in our cruiser.

Like an Ocean Liner

We were elated at the good news; the Wachovia likewise seemed to know that we were nearing the goal. Our flag fluttered proudly as we steamed, or rather, gassed down the channel, which was now marked with buoys and towers for steamboats. When a seagull flew over our heads, it made us feel like we were an ocean liner.

At 11 o'clock we entered the bay. The water was much rougher than the river above, and the choppy waves lapped the sides of the Wachovia, some spilling over. As we neared the docks where the ferry steamer Cornwallis was moored, we looked down Winyah Bay, which gathers the waters of the Yadkin-Peedee into a large basin to pour them some distance below into the great Atlantic.

Greeting in Foreign Port

We stepped out of the boat on a shore covered with shells and sand fiddlers. The ferry station was deserted. It seemed odd to us that the first person we met in this foreign port was a traveling saleman who drove up to the ferry. He represented the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, of which you have probably heard.

The city docks are up the dredged channel of a little stream at a distance of half a mile. We swung into the channel and were soon passing the business houses of the water front. The rear of these houses faces the channel, but enterprising merchants have posted their signs in plain view and have provided accommodating docks at the back doors.

Why Not Gondolas?

We viewed the business section of the river, which extended to a giant lumber company where a four-mast sailing vessel was loading. Then we returned to the center of the town, where, like "Il Molo" in Venice, there is a public quay.

Our reception was most cordial. Historic Georgetown is a leader in hospitality. We presented our respects to the Chamber of Commerce, under authority of William T. Ritter, and delivered an appropriate address to the Mayor, with greetings from Mayor Thomas Barber.

Georgetown

When you are in Georgetown you will see the old church built in 1737, Indigo. Hall, and the quaintest newspaper edifice in the country, which houses The Times We refer you also to a dinner of sea food at the Gladstone Hotel. A ramble through the city will show you many scenes of architectural and historic interest. Many Georgetown students at our Salem College have revealed the culture of this ancient community, which, like the metropolis of the upper Yadkin country, antedates the Revolution.

The River Symbol

There is only a closing word.

What does this voyage signify? Aside from the pleasure and adventure there comes a striking remuneration. The river is a symbol of the well-spent life.

With its orgin among the clouds, its source in the heart of the earth, it bespeaks the mystery of our advent. A brooklet crystal clear, with jocund leap and silvery chatter, pictures childhood, pure, innocent and gay. A strong current through the foothills, assuming the native hues of the soil through which it runs, it becomes in the middle stage of its career a vast power for service, sending out its strength of electrical energy to countless factories and homes; this is but an examplification of the well-spent life that gives the strength of mature years to the benefit of our kind. At last, richer, depeer, fuller, it moves calmly onward borne by the very accumulation of the past, not as some rivers that dissipate their reserves over dry and arid plains and finally trickle out amid the sands. Thus, too, the well-spent life, gathering the accumulation of the past, enters serene and brave into the lowlands of old age, and moves steady and unafraid to mingle at last in the great ocean we call eternity.

Georgetown—The End of the Voyage