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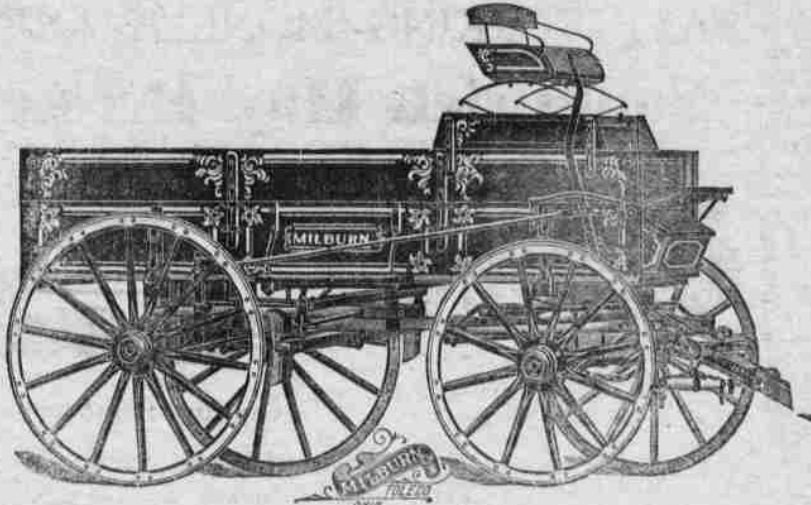
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PORTLAND,

OREGON

THE UPPER HATCHERY.

Artificial Propagation of Salmon
By the States' Experts in the
Heart of the Cascades.

About 65 miles from Portland, by wagon road and trail in the heart of the Cascade mountains, on the Clackamas river, Superintendent Crumbley, of the Upper Clackamas salmon hatcheries, and his assistants, J. H. Straight, W. Smith and Al Richardson, are doing a work for the people of Oregon that is but little understood by the general public. On a recent trip to the scene of that isolated but important industry—the upper hatchery on the Clackamas—a party consisting of a representative of the Oregonian, Professor H. W. Caldwell, of the University of Nebraska, and two others, some photographic views were taken and items noted that will undoubtedly interest the Sunday readers of this paper.

A wagon ride of 35 miles brought us to the end of the road and the west end of the trail, the latter of which starts from the home of George Lockaby, where wagons are run under shelter and the horses are loaded with their packs, for the long trip up and down the mountains and across numerous turbulent streams to the hatchery. To the novice, the packing of a horse or mule for a mountainous journey is a thing of much moment. The experts discuss the merits of the "diamond hitch," the "Lang hitch," the "squat hitch," etc. No matter which you personally may adopt, you will take several hitches before you reach your destination.

Followed by much wittiness, if not reassuring advice from bystanders, we started down the hillside, and, in half an hour arrived at the crossing of the north fork of the Clackamas. In July and August the crossing of the north fork is easy. The stream, however, has a rapid current, and the channel is full of boulders, so that when in flood from rain or melting snow, earlier in the spring, or later in the fall, fording is both difficult and dangerous.

On one occasion, in November, the writer saw a hardy mountaineer try to cross on horseback. His horse stumbled over a rock, throwing him into the water. Undismayed, he seized the horse by the tail and the faithful beast brought him safely ashore.

The first upward climb of the divide starts at this point. The trail winds up the mountain until the backbone between the north fork and main stream is reached, when, for a distance of about nine miles it runs through a fine forest of fir timber until it reaches the bluffs of Roaring river. Then it pitches down the mountain side, at the rate that made our pairie professor inquire if there were others like it. The elevation at the summit is said to be 3000 feet above the river.

Forty five minutes were required in making the descent, which brought us to the junction of Roaring river and the Clackamas. Crossing the smaller stream on a six-foot bridge, the trail follows the Clackamas bottom for some distance, then gradually ascends the side of the bluff, until an elevation of 200 or 300 feet is reached; there it clings to the mountain side, the ledge so narrow that, in several places, a single misstep would throw horse and rider into the river.

UP AND DOWN HILL.

The way is now up and down, over spurs of the mountains and across Snappy, Cripple, Oak Grove and other creeks, where expert fishers can easily take fine strings of trout. Every turn in the trail presents some new and interesting feature in the landscape.

Arriving within sight of the hatchery buildings, a scene presented itself that instantly arrested the attention. An Indian camp, where a score or more copper-colored citizens were busy slashing, salting, drying and smoking salmon that the hatchery men had killed and thrown away in the process of taking the spawn—that is, the spawners were busy, for, with two or three exceptions, the Indian lords were not bothering about work—they were disclosed to our view.

The morning of our arrival the hatcherymen made a haul with the seine, taking 500 salmon. From these they selected such as were ripe for spawning, putting them into pens for safe keeping, and returning all immature fish to the river.

Taking the spawn was a revelation to the tenderfoot members of our party. An Indian helper, with a small rope, at the end of which he had made a noose, reached into the pen, where the female fish were confined, and slipped the noose over the tail of a salmon, instantly thereafter jerking it tight, and lifting the surprised fish from the water.

Another red man, standing ready with a club about the size and shape of a baseball bat, or rather of a policeman's club, struck Mrs. Salmon on the head, killing her. Immediately the fish was placed in a narrow box, on its back, whereupon an assistant proceeded to "strip" the eggs (spawn) from it. A single fish, by the way, yields from 5000 to 8000 eggs. The spawn was caught in a can which holds about two gallons.

FERTILIZING THE SPAWN.

Two male fish were then taken, and, by a movement similar to that of stripping the eggs, milt enough was run from them into the can to fertilize the spawn, a workman meanwhile stirring the eggs by turning the can from side to side. The male fish were then returned to the river alive. In answer to our inquiry, we were informed that the female salmon are killed for two reasons, it being much easier to take the spawn from a dead than from a live fish, and as they would die anyway, after stripping them of spawn, it is but humane to kill them at once.

Superintendent Crumbley and his assistants are meeting with much success, and confidently say that they will break the record with this season's hatch of salmon, both chinook and steelheads. While it may be true that some state employes have downy places, these hatchery men have nothing especially to boast of in a way of a "soft snap." If their critics could see them in the icy water, building racks to stop the progress of the ascending salmon; wading to the waist, drawing seines and struggling with a 30 and 50-pound fish that it takes the grip of a vice to hold, shut out from the rest of the world, by the everlasting hills; seeing nothing of their fellow men from early spring till late in the fall, except when an occasional small party, on a mid-summer outing, strays along; compelled to pack every pound of supplies over a difficult long mountain trail—a task of no mean proportions, when it is considered that from five to 10 tons weight of necessities are required to be carried in each year—they would surely concede that these men are earning their salt.

The Indians are a picturesque feature about the upper Clackamas hatchery. They come mostly from the Warm Springs reservation, in Eastern Oregon, over the mountains, for the purpose of drying and curing the salmon that are thrown out by the hatchery men, after being stripped of spawn. Following a tributary of the Deschutes up to the summit of the Cascades, some ten miles south of Mt. Hood, a trail leads down the headwaters of the Clackamas river to the hatchery. This is a route followed by the Indians of other days, and which is familiar to hunters and mountaineers of the present time.

The hardships of the difficult trail do not deter the old braves, nor are the women and children less valiant, for it is a strenuous life, that of the reservation Indian, and he must needs rusticate in the woods, whither the spirits of his fathers lead him. So they come, in parties and families, squaws, papposes, dogs, ponies and camp equipment, packing over the mountains down into the canon of the Clackamas, there to establish themselves on the river bank near the hatchery.

Hobbling his pony, or ponies, just over the ridge, where wild pea vines furnish abundant sustenance for the hardy mustangs, the noble red man proceeds to take his easy while the women folks attend to camp duties. A crude rack is erected, with crosspieces some six or seven feet above ground, from which to suspend the salmon thrown out by the hatchery men, over smoldering fires that are kept going all day

and night, for the purpose of curing the fish, and strict attention is paid thereto until the salmon run is over, when the redskins disperse to their homes. The operation of artificial propagation is watched with some interest by the bucks who ornament the shady places of the landscapes, and keep tab on the fish discarded by the hatchery men, a wise old chief seeing to the impartial distribution of the spoils.

After the day's work the chief comes upon the scene and proceeds to divide the salmon among the representatives of the various families of the Indian village. The children of the forest squat themselves down in a semicircle and receive their allotment without a murmur; there is no gaying the umpire whatever. The women and children look on from a respectful distance in the rear.

When the dignified old chief has made the final distribution, from which there is no appeal, the squaws bestir themselves and make way with the fish. Our party observed one box-dancer who hauled six 50-pound salmon at the end of a rope, some 200 yards to the Indian camp. By passing ropes through the gills of the salmon allotted to them and making them fast to the last ones of the lot, the women continue to drag their respective piles to the river, where they wade in the shallow water by the bank, snaking the fish along behind them to their destination. I. M'GOWAN, In Sunday Oregonian.

OUR LIBERTY.

How strangely strange are things today,
Liberty's shrieks are on every hand,
And slaves their masters must obey;
'Tis wealth now that rules the land.

Before the days of vile pollution
Were allowed to run their wicked race
We felt secure in the constitution,
And gladly sought its sure embrace.

But c'rmorants have spread their wings,
They scent the carrion's stench afar,
And while Rome burns, gladly sing,
'Men of wealth you need not fear.'

Though Arnold made a sad retreat,
When he crossed the Atlantic wave,
We will now amend his one mistake,
His bones with us will find a grave.

Why could not those Boston boys
Have stayed at home and sipped their tea,
Nor stirred the ire of English lords
To crush the buds of Liberty.

Again on heights of Baeker Hill
Wealth was met by a daring foe,
Briton's blood enriched the field
But then the rustics had to go.

But George must lay his laurels down,
The pen of Paine be lost forever
And patriots shall lose their crown
Won through seas of blood and treasure.

The hopeful youth shall shine in vain,
Freedom's star is lost from view,
Nor shall it ever appear again,
Its peaceful paths once more pursue.

See on hand in the Philippines,
We there were bent on subjugation,
We knew that might could surely win,
Nor need we stoop to legislation.

Heathen lands are ours by right,
Provided always we're the master mind;
Europe laid this pathway out
And to us it seems divine.

Yet we'll hold this land of ours,
Land of the free, home of the brave,
But it matters not for freedom's laurels,
Our fathers won for us to save.

Let mothers beg within the street,
Let orphans pine away for bread,
Let labor kneel beside our feet
And beg for place to lay its head.

We'll pass them by in proud disdain,
We need not now stoop so low,
We live today by others' gain,
We made the laws to have it so.

We have the courts, we have the chink,
We have labor by the ears,
It is the safest we think,
Not to yield to threats or tears.

Dem's may shout till they are hoarse,
Yet they did one noble thing,
They laid Bryan in the lurch,
His sad requiem now let us sing.

And Pops may chirp in every bush,
As crickets chirp among Autumn leaves
But they have given their hardest push,
Are now receding like the waves.

But Socialists, we fear that name,
A great Hercules may prove to be,
We know not from whence they come,
Monsters perchance from out the sea.

But Socialists, Pops or Dums,
It matters not what name they bear,
Are opposed to us all the same
Their combined forces we moanly fear.

Yet wealth is strong, has always won,
A shrine of worship for high and low,
Its tested strength is plainly seen,
In its wake are streams of woe.

What care we if all the gold,
Earned by toil of others' hand,
Shall fall to us a thousand fold
Some must work while others plan.

So the world is strangely strange
The eagle shrieks from sea to sea
Once we held an honest name,
But now are ruled by perfidy.

Slumber not ye sons of toil,
Freedom's lamp is still aflame,
Remember now those noble sires,
Who fought for you in Heaven's name.

Remember now these tender youths
That look to you for daily bread,
And in the days that are to come,
Will wish a place to lay their head.

Wm. J. PHILLIPS,

Clackamas, Or.

Death Stood Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but he continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation and dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at George A. Harding's drug store.

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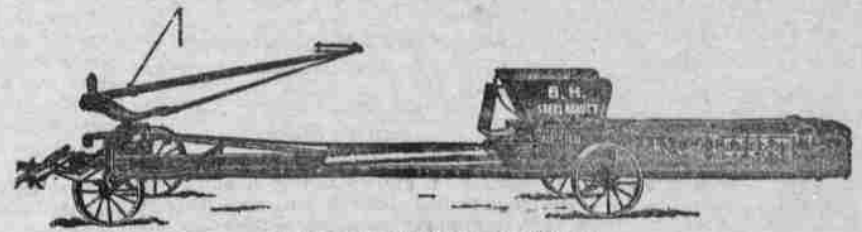
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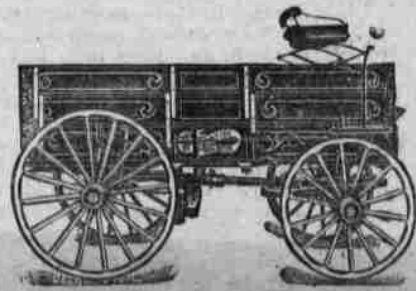
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