

# OREGON CITY COURIER.

21st YEAR

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11 1903

NO. 18

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**THE PIONEER EXPRESSMAN**  
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Prompt delivery to all parts of the city  
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**THE COBWEB**  
Oregon City's Leading Wine House  
All the leading brands of California Wines kept in stock.  
Come and see us.  
**E. A. BRADY**

## In the Hop Fields.

This Week Will End the Picking Season.

A Medium Crop of Fair Quality Has Been Harvested.

What tobacco is to Kentucky, what corn is to Iowa, wheat to Kansas and cotton to Texas and the South, the hop crop is to Oregon and Washington. Oregon has the distinction to growing more pounds of hops and of better quality than any other state in the Union. Oregon hops are known the world over and in fact the big end of the Oregon hop crop is bought by English buyers and shipped by them to "Old England" and there they become the important feature in the brewing of beer.

There are hundreds of acres of hop yards in Clackamas county, not as many it is true as there are in Marion, Yamhill and some of the counties South of us. Yet the quality of the crop grown in Clackamas is as fine and is just as remunerative as those grown in any part of the coast country. On account of the extraordinary price of hops for the last two or three years many new hop yards have been planted out this year and they will be in full bearing next season. Just how many acres are planted to hops in Clackamas county it would be more than difficult to say, but there must be in excess of 1,000 acres and possible two thousand acres.

Hops last year were sold in the open market for from twenty to thirty cents per pound and those of our citizens who were lucky enough to have a good yard "feathered their nests" in royal fine style. This year the price is almost as good and many crops are being sold for twenty three to twenty five cents and the lucky owners of hop fields will have large bank accounts this winter.

Hop picking has been in full blast during the past two weeks and this week will see the end of this branch of the work. The picking season is the jolliest season of the year. Men, women and children go to the yards for an outing as well as to make a little pin money and to buy fall clothes with and the many "Jim cranks" of life that add to the pleasure and the enjoyment of life on this humane sphere.

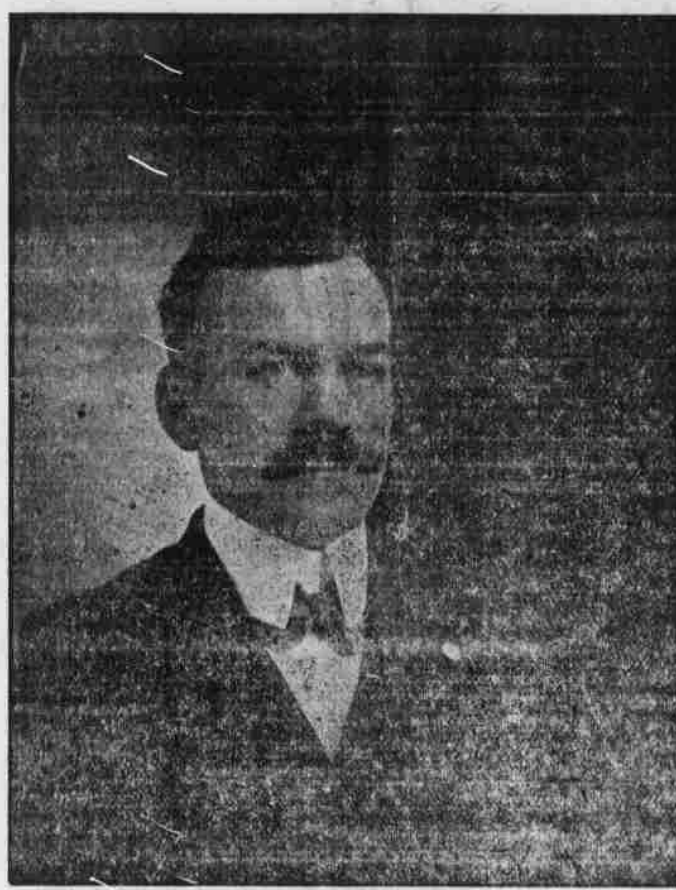
If you should pass through any of the pretty villages in the Willamette Valley, or any other of the hop regions of the Pacific Northwest, about September first, you will wonder what has become of the inhabitants of all the beautiful homes, where fine gardens and fruit laden orchards are everywhere maturing in the sunshine, left to the mercy of the passer by, or cared for only by some lonesome-looking dog who watches you pitiously as you pass, or howls mournfully behind the picket fence. But by and by the mystery is solved. Along the roadside you notice rows and rows of hops, climbing up tall poles or gracefully festooning long, heavy wires that stretch from post to post across the field.

And the rows are alive with a busy jubilant crowd of pickers, with great baskets, each of which holds four and one-half bushels of the yellow-green hops. Everybody is picking, from the tiny toddler who sometimes fills a small market basket in a day, to Grandpa, who feels uneasy if he fails to fill his large basket ten times between hisasty breakfast and the supper—eaten more leisurely, by the light of a campfire that sends its fluttering red fingers up among the fir branches. Jokes fly thick and fast, and the pretty, rosy girls, disguised in the neglect of togs, yet find time enough for flirting to render life endurable.

If they are picking from poles, you hear the shout: "Hop pole! Hop pole! Hop pole!" in all tones and keyed to all pitches save that of patience. Then, if you follow the "pole-puller" to the vociferous picker, you will find one holding a "mule"—two long, light sticks fastened together to form a prop for the heavy pole—which the pole-puller wrangles loose at the bottom and lowers into the prop.

The pole once settled in position, nimble fingers soon strip the pretty hops from the vines. The basket filled, the picker calls lustily, "Mee-aw-ree!" and from somewhere along the rank growth of vines another man appears, carrying a huge burlap sack, and into this he empties the basket, gives the picker a ticket, "good for one-half box of hops," and the picker goes on filling and empty-

## Is Being Urged to Run for Mayor.



HON. GRANT B. DIMICK.

Hon. Grant B. Dimick, who for the past three years has been mayor of Oregon City, and who recently announced that in no event would he be a candidate for re-election, is being urged by the business men of Oregon City to make the race again. On Wednesday he was called upon by a committee of the best business interests of the city and urged to reconsider his determination to retire from the mayorality office. He has as yet given no expression of opinion as to what he may do in the matter. Mr. Dimick's administration of the office of mayor has been eminently satisfactory to the business element, and they are loathe to lose his services.

ing the basket. These tickets are worth from 20 cents to 25 cents each, and the star pickers who carry off from ten to fourteen of them each day reap a small fortune in the two or three weeks of hop picking.

When a goodly number of boxes has been gathered, a man comes with a horse and sled, loads on the sacks, burlap with fullness, and drives to the hop house. The great sacks are lifted by means of pulleys to the second story, where the hops are emptied into a sifter made from boards an inch or more in width, with spaces about a half inch wide between them. Over this coarse, heavy cloth is stretched tightly, and a fire is built in the room below. Pans of salt and live coals are placed in this lower room, the fumes bleaching the hops and bringing to an untimely end the multitude of insects residing in them, and whose pulverized bodies doubtless add a toothsome flavor to the beer later on.

When thoroughly dried as to hops, and thoroughly defunct as to bugs, lice and other creeping things, the mass is scooped off into a huge bin, where it rests until it has accumulated sufficient dampness to admit of the baling process. When baled it is sold to the wholesale hop dealers.

The pickers' tents are pitched in cool, shady places, and the owners of the hop fields in most cases make their employees welcome to vegetables and fruit in abundance, thereby reducing the expense of living to a minimum.

When the long-looked-for season is over, the pickers return home in boat loads, wagon loads and carloads, each one with the reward in his or her purse, and as happy as they are dirty—which is saying considerable.

It has been the pleasure of the Courier scribe during the last two weeks to spend much of his time at Aurora, just over the line in Marion county in the hop yard of Mr. George Wiley, the railroad agent at that place and to Mr. Miller and his son and family we are indebted for kindnesses extended.

## STREET FAIR ENDS.

Labor Day Celebration a Success Despite Bad Weather.

The street fair came to a close Tuesday night. The fair was not as great a success as it might have been. Several things served to keep down the attendance. The first day opened with inclement weather, but still there was a fair sized crowd in town, especially at night, and the crowd seemed to enjoy itself immensely, throwing confetti and engaging in other innocent amusements. The fair was not opened Sunday, nor was any of the shows. There were two reasons for this. One was that the ministers of the various churches of Oregon City had unearthed a statute whereby any one running a place of amusement on Sunday could be arrested and fined. Another was that there was no crowd in town. There were fewer people in town Sunday than any previous Sunday for months. Probably for one or both reasons the managers of the street fair concluded that it would be a good plan to keep the doors closed. At any rate they kept closed.

Arnold's shows, which were the leading attractions at the fair, were very good show indeed. The Japanese troupe of acrobats and jugglers, Alice, the girl with the long hair on her face, and Lorett, twins, the kinetoscope and the glassblowers and even the old plantation were all well patronized and were ap-

## Mysterious

Disappearance of a Clackamas County Citizen.

A. C. Ryan Comes to Town and Mysteriously Disappears.

A. C. Ryan, a young farmer of Marquon, is missing and his friends are seeking to learn his whereabouts and express considerable anxiety as to his safety. Ryan came to town Saturday on business. He put his horse he had ridden in Dimick's livery stable. He told his people at Marquon that he would return Sunday. Sunday passed and Ryan did not come home. Tuesday morning no word had been received from him and his father-in-law, George Slaughter, decided to come to town and see if something had not happened to him. When he arrived here he found Ryan's horse in the stable. A thorough search failed to reveal the whereabouts of the missing man.

Ryan drew \$110 from the bank Saturday and from that time his whereabouts are unknown. His father-in-law took the horse home with him Tuesday and expressed the gravest fears as to the safety of Ryan. He said that he did not drink nor gamble and was unable to account for his mysterious disappearance.

He thinks that Ryan may have met with foul play and that he may have displayed the money which he drew from the bank to some of the numerous mountebanks with which the town was filled during the street fair.

Ryan is described as a man of about 40 years of age, medium height, and weight with a sandy complexion. When he disappeared he was roughly dressed, wearing a light coat and vest and dark trousers. He had on a gray hat with a leather band. Local authorities have been notified and a rough search will be made for the missing man.

## UNKNOWN BODY FOUND IN PORTLAND.

Wednesday morning an unknown body was found propped against the bank of Sullivan's gulch slough, in Portland, which is believed by many to be the body of the unfortunate Ryan. While the description tallies in many points the body has not been identified as Ryan's. Ivan Dimick, son of D. B. Dimick, the liveryman, left for Portland Thursday morning to see if he could identify the remains, but no report had been received from him up to the time this article was written. Coroner Finley held a post mortem examination over the remains Wednesday afternoon, but no decision could be reached as to how the man came to his death.

When found the man's hands were tightly clasped to tufts of grass at his side, while the man lay against the bank with his feet up to his knees in water. There were no marks of violence upon the body.

It is said that no one of the same description as the man found in Sullivan's Gulch has been reported missing from Portland. The body had evidently been on the bank but a few hours and death had not preceded finding the body by many hours. Nothing was found upon the body but a handkerchief and three lead pencil stumps. It is generally believed here that the body will prove to be that of Ryan. If such is the case there is very little question but that he has been robbed and murdered.

## Croup.

Usually begins with the symptoms of a common cold; there is chilliness, sneezing, sore throat, hot skin, quick pulse, hoarseness and impeded respiration. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, (the child will cry for it) and at the first sign of a croupy cough apply frequently Ballard's Snow Liniment externally to the throat 50 cents at Charman & Co's.

## No More Excursions on the U & E.

The popular Sunday excursions to Newport have been discontinued and no more will be run to that point this season. Trains will run, however, every day except Sunday.

## Oregon City Machine Shop

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Keeps in Stock a Line Shafting and Pulleys, New and Second Hand. Also Engine and Saw Mill Machinery

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7th St.

A. O. U. W. Building

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