



Do You Know This Place?

It's Just One Of Many Brooks Near Portland

BY DEWITT HARRY.

FOR many years one of the principal playgrounds for the Portland city dweller has been in the vicinity of the junction of the Willamette and Columbia rivers. Varied lures for the sojourner existed there, but they are becoming more restricted. For a long time this delta area, overflowed by the waters of the two great rivers about twice each year, was land seldom explored. Then came the development of the gun clubs, the creation of preserves and the striving on the part of the sportsmen to kill the migratory game birds as they paused to feed on their long journeys. Later came the planting of bass and other game fish in this locality, with the result that more vacationists, many of them out just for an afternoon or a few hours, went down river to try their luck.

The colored picture reproduced with this article today shows just one of the many tiny brooks that traversed this country, small streams enticing in the extreme, that usually bore their full share of trout. Here it was that the lucky discoverer came and camped to while away the few hours of leisure from office or shop under the trees and in the open. It was far from a rich man's vacation land, for it was essentially a spot that could be reached at any time, with but slight trouble, by the less fortunate of the city residents. Good street car service put it near to their homes, and it was possible, in a few minutes, to be transported from the crowds and noise to peace and quiet. No wonder it was one of the favored spots and drew more than its share of visitors.

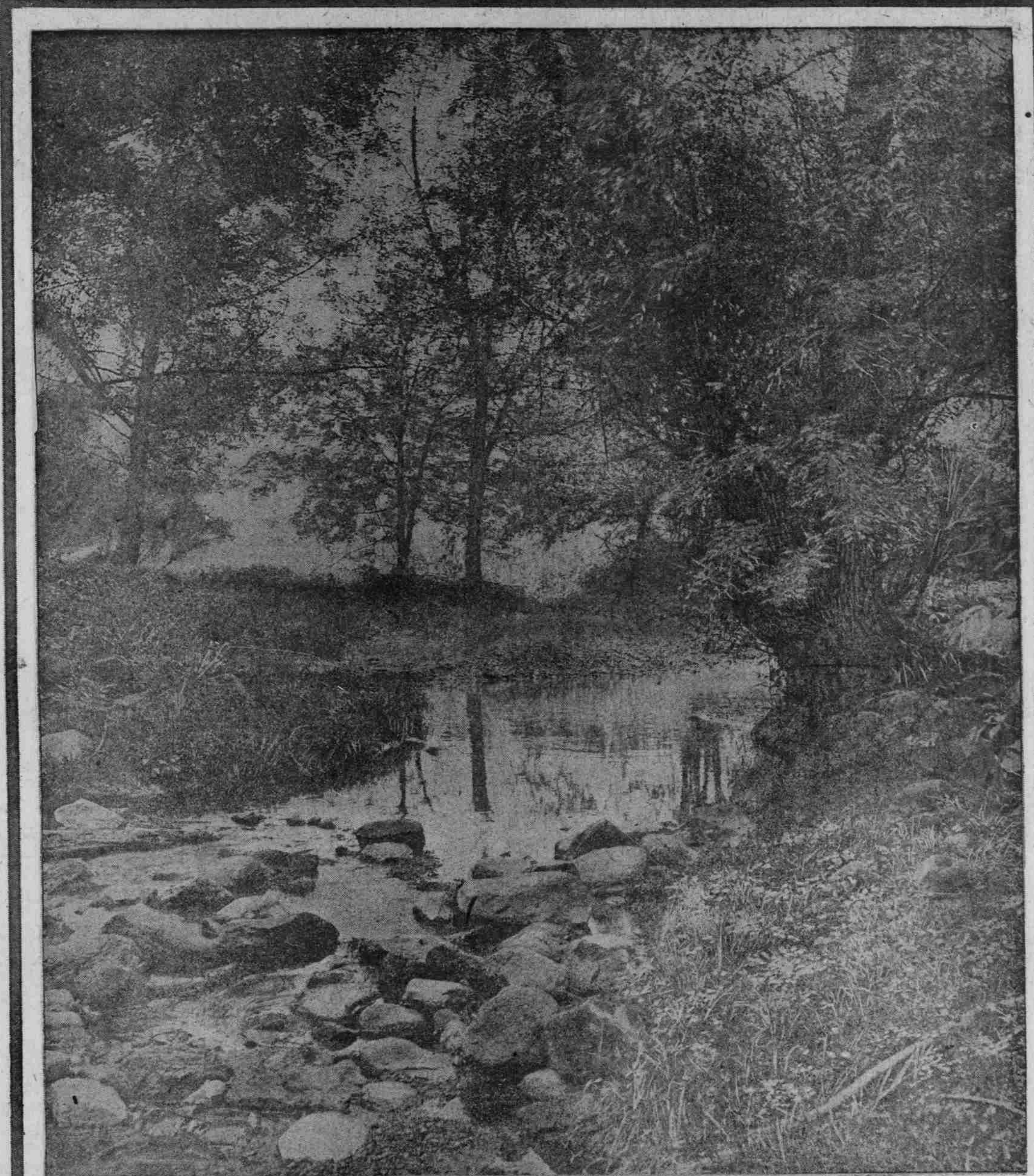
Loafing Area Had Delights.

Soon Columbia slough, as this district was called on the Oregon and Columbia river or up side of the stream, became a regular haunt. There were few families in Portland who had not spent their share of loafing on the banks of the sluggish sloughs under the trees, who did not have their best spot all selected when they trekked from the city. Now this is all being changed, the exigencies of growth and the increasing value of lands close to a great city have forced protective measures with the result that immense dikes have been constructed and the waste lands of a few years ago, the places given over to pasture for hogish, grunting carp, are now feeling the initial thrust of the breaking plow. Virgin soil, rich in nutritive content beyond the dreams of man, deposited on their down journey by the waters of the rivers. It is land that would put the Egyptians to shame and Father Nile at his best never accomplished such a great deed for his people.

Duck clubs and ponds filled with browsing fish have had their day. The history of the progress of any great center of population is filled with similar tragedies, for the recreation place of thousands is gone. In its stead comes the truck garden, the small intensive farm, the great cannery and the indications are that there will be a lowering of living costs, for this city will no longer be dependent on imported green vegetables, plus icing and express charges. There are those who spent many happy hours in this vicinity who will insist that no production could be weighed against the pleasure to balance. They think, and it would seem reasonable to a certain extent, that the taking away of such a playground cannot be estimated in terms of dollars and cents. But the facts are that in the march of progress such things must happen, and pleasure must give way to the realities of life, matters of subsistence cannot be left in the background while a city plays.

Streams Tepid and Drying.

The fish and game commission of the state spent much time and money in stocking this district with game fish. One of their latest importations was the crappie or calico bass, and these little game fish have thrived to an astonishing degree. They haunt the still streams and smaller lakes of the region and provide a nice comfortable day's sport for the angler as well as a pleasant addition to his menu. Even to this date, for the dikes have not been closed long, there are many of these gamy little fellows in the ponds, but their day seems doomed. Though there will doubtless be some of the lakes that will remain for a long time, the most of them will dry up and but a muddy bed will remain to remind of their attractive and mirror-like surfaces. Already this tendency of the waters to recede is noticeable in some of the larger districts, such as the main area along the highway to Fairview. People who have been accustomed to go there at will and find plenty of shady spots and fresh water stand in amazement when they see only tiny, tepid rivulets where formerly were wide sloughs. It is not understandable to them, they register astonishment, for while they have doubtless read of the diking projects they did not realize what would be the effect on their favored camping places. However, it will not be possible to permanently remove the natural beauties of the district, even if this were the aim of the men who are behind the reclamation projects. A trip through this area is a revelation in scenery differing from the more ordinary Oregon type. Firs are mostly missing, the alder, poplar and other soft woods being predominant. Their delicate greens, many of their leaves being lighter shades on the under side, and luxuriant growth make it an area way out of the ordinary for this country. While it is close to the giant forests of the west, it is reminiscent of an eastern or mid-



die-western river, bottom. The expanse of land is so great that it lends the additional illusion of being far from Portland, in another state and climate.

Truck Gardener Moves In.

Now comes the advent of the small farmer in this district. The hunter after the ease and rest, the city man who would coax leisure far from the sounds of traffic, must search elsewhere for his recreation. Within a few years this entire district will be closely cultivated. Already most of the land has felt the plow and the first crops, astonishing in their results, are in evidence. Truck gardeners are displacing the dairyman who formerly pastured his cattle on the lush bottoms, always on the alert to drive them to safety before the advent of the rising waters. The land is too valuable now for grazing, it must produce and produce liberally to make adequate return on its value. Here the vacationist and lazy man of the city has been going for years, spending his sunny afternoons of leisure stretched at length on land worth untold sums, never realizing to what ultimate uses it would be put. The great paternal rivers piled this land up—some of it is 30 feet and more deep—on this delta and likely at the time they were doing it the guardian saint of agriculture realized that here was new domain of his own.

in the making. It took some Portland men with vision to realize the value of this terrain that was subject to bi-yearly overflow, and to take steps to reclaim it from the onslaught of the rivers. This they did, and in doing it have added many millions to the landed wealth of Multnomah county and at the same time started a movement that is expected to result in materially lower living costs in the city, when the produce begins to reach the local markets. Land formerly worth around \$40 an acre and that cost \$50 under bond to dike is now selling for \$500 and up. This year, in the largest of these districts, one that contains 8000 acres, the increase in taxes over the assessments of last year is \$50,000. This proves what a factor this land is in reducing costs, for it is already assuming its share of the burden of an already heavy tax requirement.

Great Beans Give Shade.

Instead of the sheltering trees with leaves that rustled in the wind on hot summer days, the land is now being covered with prosaic beans and corn and other garden truck. Men who have devoted their lives to the feeding of the people marvel at the regular patches of highly cultivated land, with hard-surfaced roads traversing the area. It is not the intention of the writer to pose in the light

a test garden that bore eight-foot corn a week ago. This corn was not yet in the tassels and the indications were that it would attain a height of 12 feet or more before reaching full maturity. String beans were out of all proportion. Realizing that some astounding growth was to be expected, this man planned for it and when he put in his climbing beans had 12-foot stakes there to carry them. Already, with the beans only in blossom, the vines have gone four and five feet over the top of the poles, 16 and 17 feet high, and the legend of Jack and the beanstalk seems outdone. How the farmer of this region will harvest his crop will be a matter of mystery if the growth continues as astounding as is the case with that of this year. It will not be too far a flight of the imagination to consider beans being harvested by means of aerial ladders from the city fire department and five-ton trucks groaning under a load of half a dozen pumpkins.

As one of the greatest inducements for the tired recreationists was the accessibility to the city, this is expected to be a great magnet for drawing new settlers to this location. In a few years where the green trees and lush meadows once were will be regular patches of highly cultivated land, with hard-surfaced roads traversing the area. It is not the intention of the writer to pose in the light

of a peeper into the future or to predict what may happen, but there is little doubt but that changes will be rapid here. It is not difficult to foresee this terrain peopled by a well-content set of skilled farmers serving the city by means of small trucks, with Portland no longer paying tribute to the imported produce of the south, marketed here at their own price plus icing and express charges. If this is too high a price to pay for the closing of a number of small streams and the doing away with a certain amount of sport, then it is the province of the promoters of the district to suffer. Some of these men had vision and they were forced to fight from the inception of the scheme to assure its success. A number of the property owners developed extremely bad cases of frigid pedal extremities and sold out. They were likely the people short in foresight.

Plow Shows Prosperity.

But even if the acreage now reclaimed does take away some of the open spaces nearly valueless that were used by Portlanders for rest areas there is plenty more of it yet to be found near the city. Much of the land near the mouth of the Willamette subject to overflow has not been even surveyed for its possibility, and the chances are that it will be some time before it is placed in districts. Along the lower reaches

of the Columbia, within easy reach of the city, there are numbers of small islands that offer all manner of inducements to the seeker after a day's sport with rod and line or just a big loaf. Here the sluggish carp can be seen as they barely move in the warm waters, and the invitation is to linger and take it easy. Inside the diking district the carp float very near the surface and many of them find their way into the sump and pumps and are cut to bits by the rapidly revolving blades.

A country's prosperity is not judged by the amount of wild land in evidence, rather by the area under the plow. Thus with the taking over of this territory at the mouths of the rivers Portland should present a much better appearance, at least so far as evidence of worldly wealth is concerned. Much of the land near the city is hilly and does not lend itself very well to cultivation, and the men who state that there is plenty of recreation area near by point to this territory. They hold that the land that permits farming should be developed and that any lessening of productivity is a direct offense against the people resident in the district.

Within a few years, when the dikes have settled so as to permit, it is likely that one of the greatest highways in the state will be one that will crown the dam for miles with the

wide Columbia to one side and the garden tracts on the other. It is not the contention of any who have missed their playground that the county will suffer when it is transformed, for they realize that it will be a great gain for them along with the rest of the citizens. Set in a bower of gardens with her surrounding hills, Portland stands to prosper much more in the future than has been the case in the past, as the direct result of the diking projects, always providing they have the influence that their projectors claim for them and that seems to be indicated. In all of the districts now in operation or being enclosed there is an aggregate acreage exceeding 12,000, with much more possible. In the center of the Columbia river, just above Vancouver, Wash., there is one large island that is in the state of Oregon, that contains many thousands of fertile acres, but whose residents have to take a ferry to Washington to get to the city. This island could be diked and engineers are even now working on preliminary surveys. That the average minimum value of \$500 set on this tract is not high can readily be conceived from what has happened in central California, where insurance companies control much of the land on mortgages at a valuation sometimes eight times as high as has been set on the Oregon area. Productivity is what most governs these valuation figures. The warm, moist weather conditions in this locality are highly favorable to the growth of vegetation and right at hand lies the main market at Portland.

State Diking Act Used.

The work in these districts is being done under the state diking act, which enables property owners to organize under the control of a board of supervisors with the assistance of the state engineer. When the greater proportion of the owners in the district sign and endorse the project the work is started and then allowed to finance itself, always under state supervision. Bonds are placed on the market and one fact that shows a healthy state of these districts is that the securities brought the best rates and the interest was held low.

The development of these projects started in 1910. The Sandy drainage district was organized in 1917, and the work of reclaiming all the land between Fairview and the Sandy river undertaken. In 1916 the Peninsula Industrial company, owners of lands held in connection with the Swift interests, organized Peninsula district No. 1, and the following year the same interests, with other land owners, organized Peninsula district No. 2. Just about this time the organization of Multnomah drainage district No. 1 was completed, embracing all the land between the Peninsula districts on the west to Sandy district on the east, making it a continuous reclamation project for more than 17 miles along the banks of the Columbia.

The result of this is that all of the land hitherto seen from the Vancouver street cars as a series of lakes and swamps is to be reclaimed and diked and brought under intensive cultivation. Nothing will serve better to give an idea of what kind of land it is than the picture shown on this page. The diking does not mean that scenes such as this will disappear, or that water will be fought in every place, for it is only the river floods that are looked on as enemies. The owners of this land have to get water in order to grow anything, and they will carefully preserve any small fresh streams such as the one shown herewith.

U. S. Destroyer Keeps Dog for Mascot to Personnel.

Animal Recognizes Vessel From Bridge of Another Craft When Passing at Sea—Commander Sends Boat to Recover Pet and Take Him Home.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6.—Except for the serial numbers painted boldly on the bow, most persons have the greatest difficulty in recognizing one of the 300 destroyers in the United States navy from another, but there is a dog aboard the destroyer Schneck No. 159 which seems in this regard to have far more than human intelligence.

This dog, of no particular breed, has been aboard the Schneck for about two years, a friend of everybody aboard from Commander Osborne down to the Filipino boys who wait on table in the officers' mess. He is continually on the job, rushing forward and back, barking when the whistle blows or when they put over the anchor. He meets all persons who go aboard the vessel and is kindly to all who wear the navy uniform but highly suspicious of those who wear civilian clothes.

Officers aboard the Schneck are telling the story of how, not long ago, when the vessel went from Pensacola to Guantanamo, the dog was lost. He could not be found when the time for departure arrived, although the crew had been searching the town for him for almost two hours. So it was a gloomy crowd aboard the destroyer when she pulled out for the new station.

It developed that the dog after the Schneck departed, reached another destroyer. He seemed so insistent about being taken along that the officers consented, and the other destroyer went out to sea.

During the voyage the two destroyers passed well out to sea. The dog was on the bridge and barked so loudly that he attracted the attention of the Schneck, which put a boat overboard to bring him back.