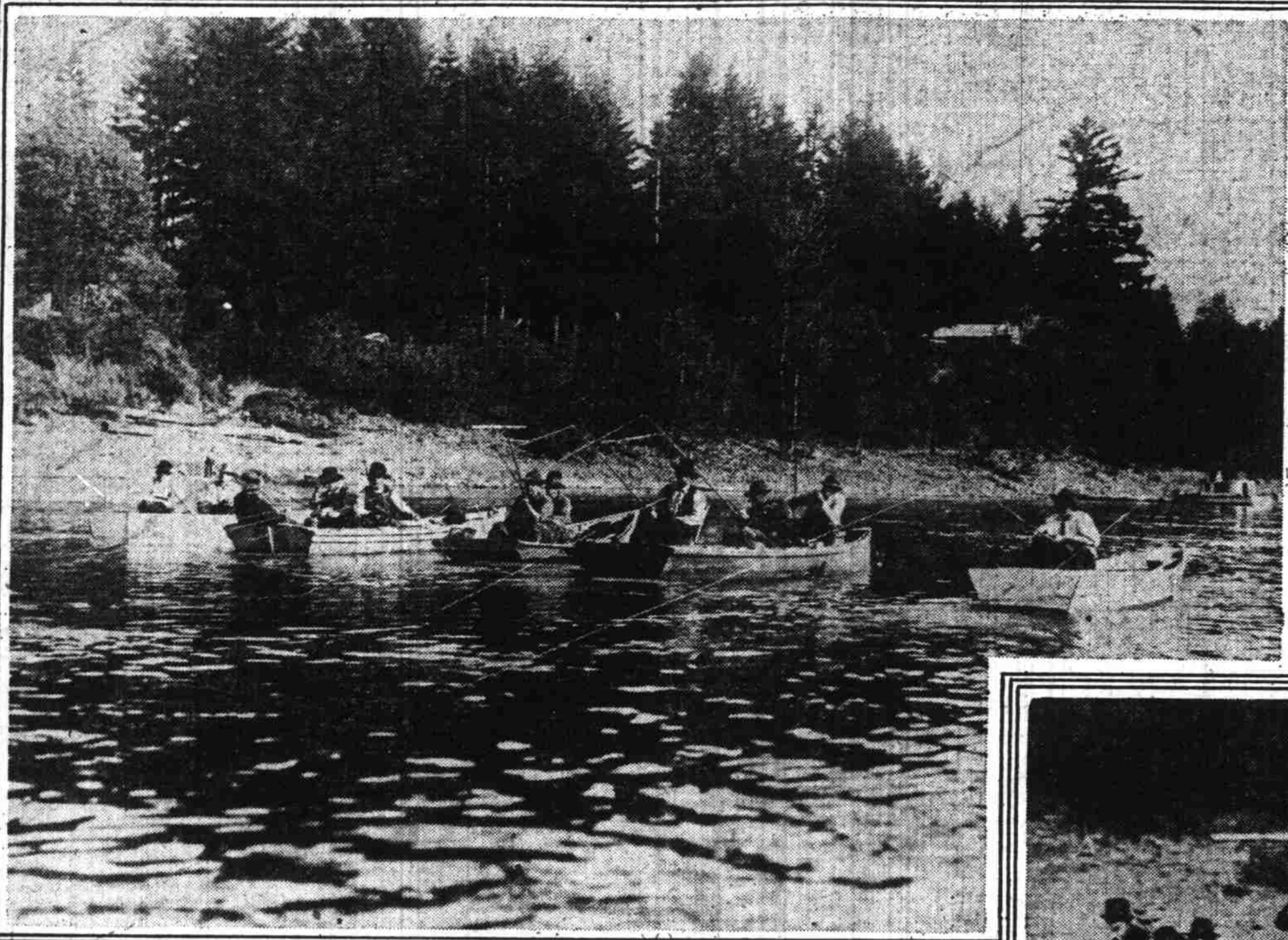


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 1915.

These Are Troublesome Days for King Salmon Where Sparkling Willamette Flows Knights of Hook and Line Dot River Daily, Combining Work and Pleasure in Angling



"GEE, I WISH A BIG ONE WOULD BITE"

One row of "Isaac Waltons" waiting opposite Jennings Lodge for something to happen at the other end of the line.



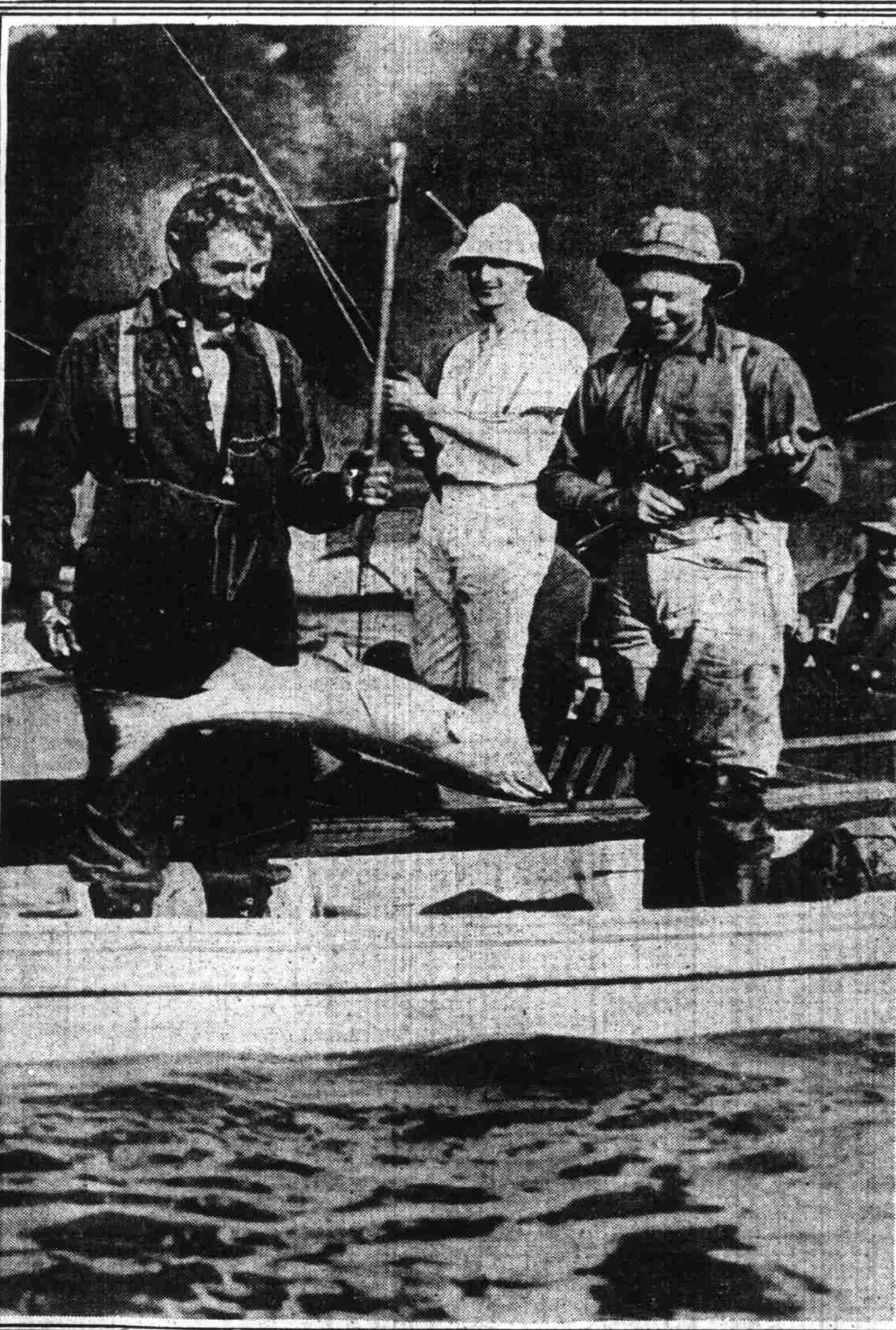
WELL, WELL, AND HERE ARE SOME MORE OF 'EM

Some of the anglers who are not so sure of their luck bring chairs along prepared to make a day of it. Two are in this picture.



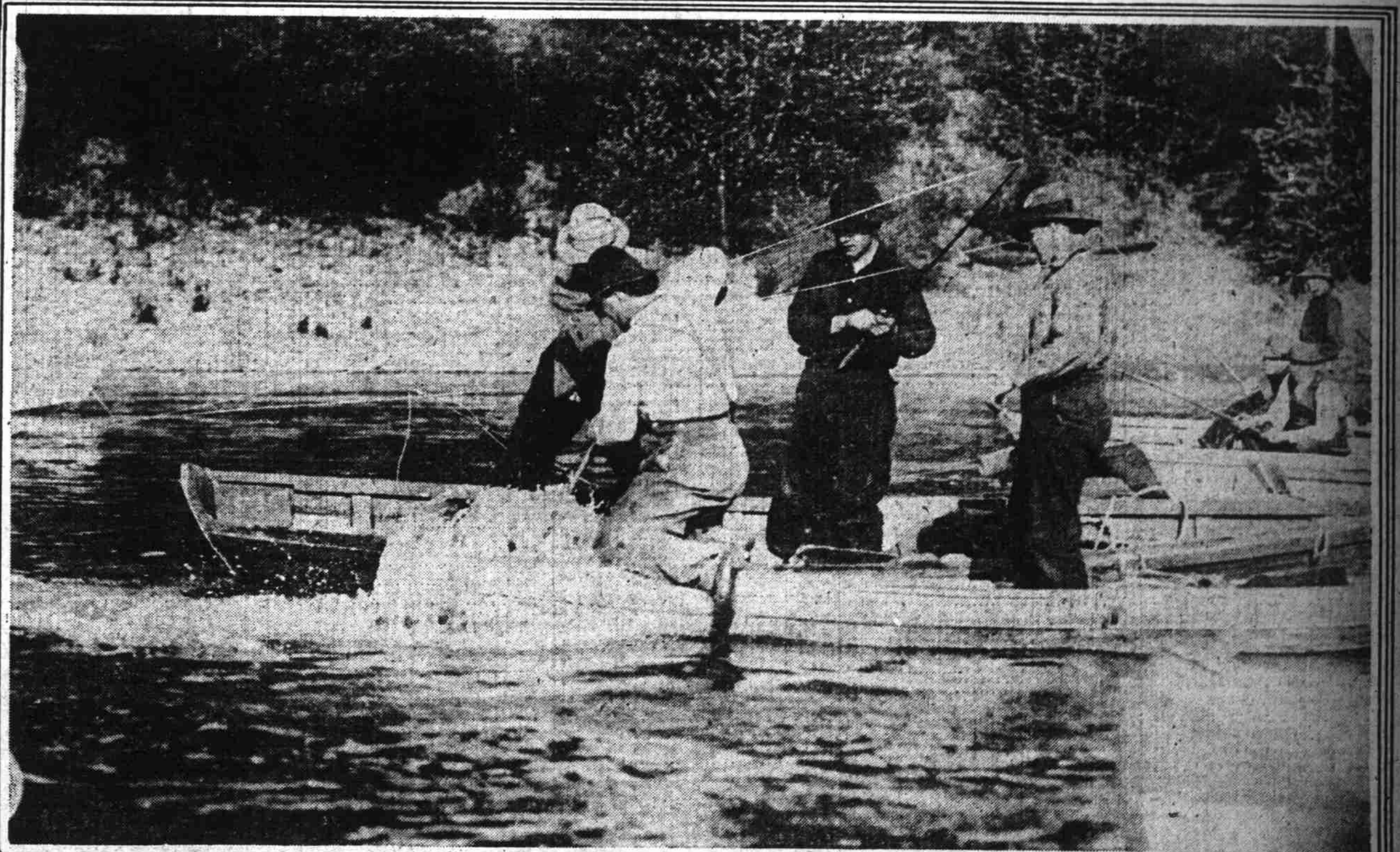
"YE-E-E, I LANDED HIM ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS"

After you had struggled with a whopper many minutes, and you were becoming nervous, and you were being watched by the whole bunch, and then you got him.



ONE OF THE MANY CATCHES

The smile-that-won't-come-off brightened this fisherman's face as he held up this monster salmon that he had just yanked out of the water so he could get in the same picture with it.



SALMON CREATES GREAT FUSS TO REGAIN LIBERTY

Here is a scene that would make the eyes of eastern fishermen pop out with envy. The big salmon is making a desperate fight to escape, and is churning the water like the blades of a propeller. After the strike the fish was pulled to the side of the boat, where it was hooked.