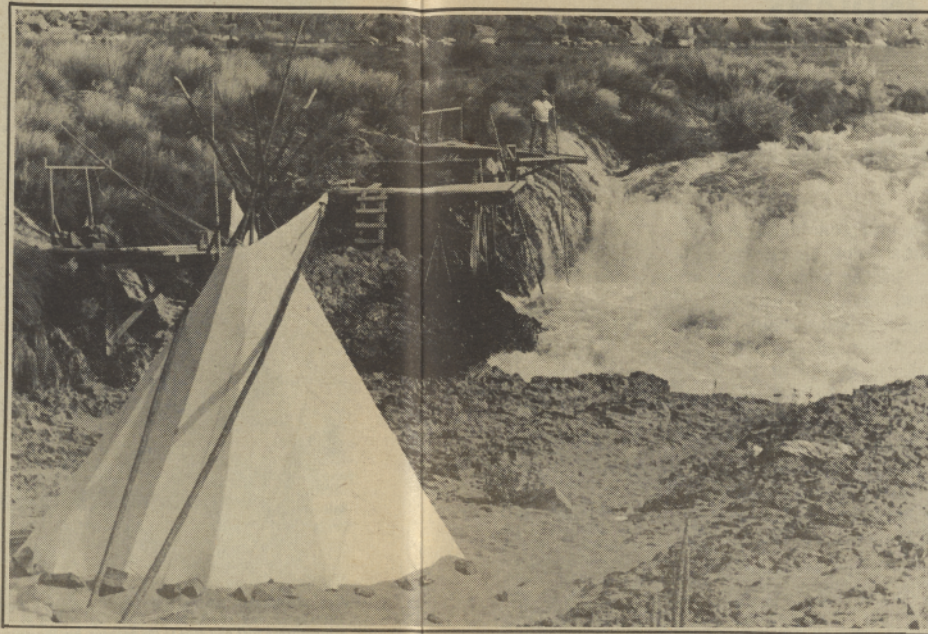


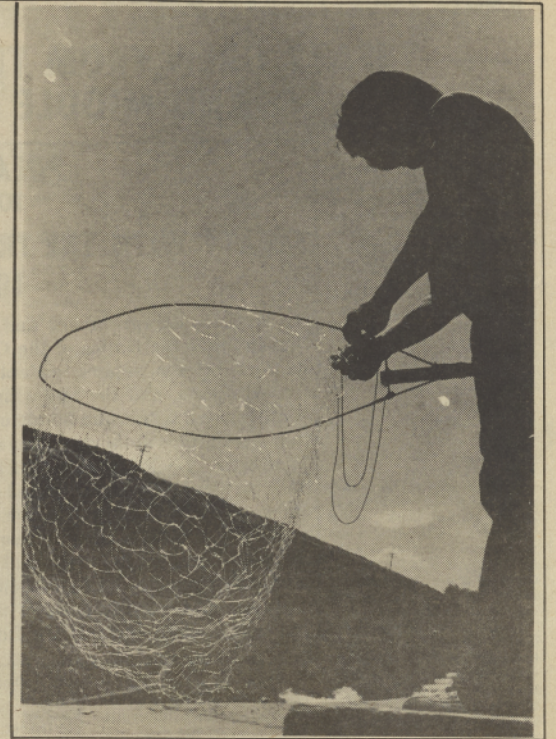
The Ancient Pursuit of Salmon at Sherar's Bridge



The hypnotizing swing-dip-glide of the net is the sign language spoken by fishermen at Sherar's Bridge.



The falls in the Deschutes River are a "usual and accustomed station" reserved in the Indians' treaties. Here the ancient pursuit of salmon lives on little changed . . .



. . . except for the often empty nets that tell of dwindling runs.

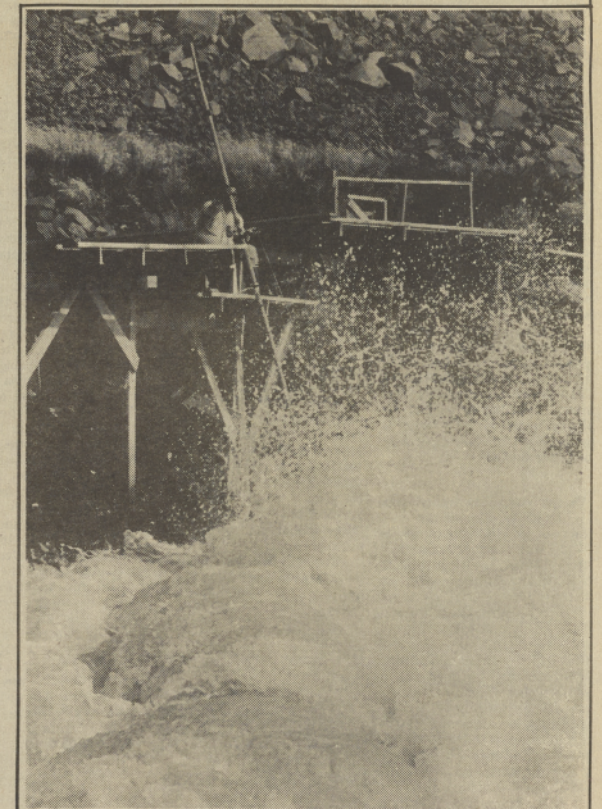


At night the waters become black but not lonely as the salmon push their way upstream and the eels cling to the dark rocks below.



The rhythm of dipping is broken now and then by a sharp tug. Muscles harden with the struggle. The fish arches beneath the club and a smile brightens the fisherman's face . . .

A Photo Essay
by
Cynthia Stowell



. . . but even if he catches nothing he can sit on the family scaffold and dream, perhaps of mighty Celilo where turbulent waters now calmed once offered plentiful salmon to the People.