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The OREGON SPORTSMAN

JANUARY, 1915



The Marten, a Valuable Fur-bearing Animal of Oregon.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Editor, Portland, Oregon

Volume III

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Number 1

CONTENTS

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	Page
Arthur S. Hubbard, Portrait.....	1
Arthur S. Hubbard.....	2
Making Game a Resource.....	3
The Fur-bearing Animals of Oregon, By Stanley G. Jewett.....	5
Statement of Game Protection Fund.....	7
Chinese or Ring-necked Pheasants Liberated.....	10
“The Warden’s Sixty Seconds”.....	13
Hungarian Partridges Liberated.....	14
California Quail Liberated.....	16
The New “Forest and Stream”.....	17
Bobwhite Quail Liberated.....	18
Silver Pheasants	18
Reeves Pheasants	19
Golden Pheasants	19
Pheasants Raised at State Hospital.....	20
“Pack-and-Saddling-It”	20
Begin with the Child.....	21

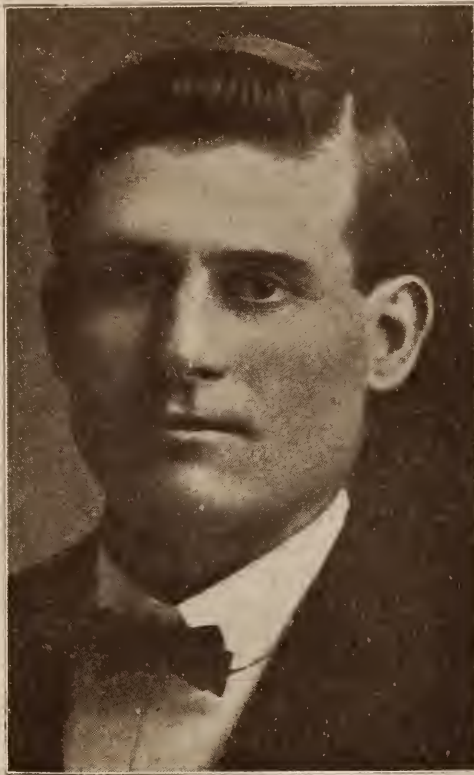
This issue contains a detailed statement of disbursements of the Game Protection Fund and other statistics of the game department for 1914. A detailed report of game licenses issued, bounties paid, violations and other records for 1914 will be published in The Oregon Sportsman for February.

The Oregon Sportsman

Volume III

JANUARY, 1915

Number 1



Arthur S. Hubbard

ARTHUR S. HUBBARD.

Deputy Game Warden Arthur S. Hubbard of Ashland was killed in the performance of his duty as a state officer on December 17, 1914. He was sent to the upper Trail Creek country to arrest a game law violator by the name of Loris Martin. Mr. Hubbard had secured evidence to prove that Martin was killing deer out of season. Soon after, he came upon Martin in the mountains, jumped from his horse and walked quietly toward him to place him under arrest. Hubbard made no effort whatever to draw a gun. Yet when within a few feet, Martin fired with his rifle at his hip, killing Mr. Hubbard instantly.

Arthur S. Hubbard was born near Redding, California, February 14, 1877. He lived in northern California until 1902 when he moved to Ashland. He was married in 1904. In July, 1911, he entered the service of the state as deputy game warden. He was a member of the Order of Macabees and also of the Ashland Lodge of Elks. He leaves a wife, Dora L. Hubbard, and two small children.

MAKING GAME A RESOURCE.

In the state of Oregon from the Columbia river to the California border, is a great public domain that will never be opened to settlement. This area comprises the Federal forest reservations. Here are 13,000,000 acres of forest land not subject to state tax, although the state derives thirty-five per cent of revenues from grazing, timber and other sources collected by the Federal Government. Approximately 25,000,000 acres more is covered with heavy timber and is not used for agricultural purposes. In eastern Oregon are other vast areas of land of no value from an agricultural standpoint. Much of it is unclaimed and unsettled and bears no taxes to the state.

How can the state of Oregon ever profit by this extensive territory within her borders? What are the resources of this great domain?

Our 38,000,000 acres of forests contain the finest mountain streams and our most beautiful lakes. To make them valuable to the state, they must be stocked with fish. Practically all our big game animals live in our forests. Our forest areas are the recreation grounds for our people. This is the area that will always be open to the poor man as well as the rich man. As population increases, this is the only area in the state where we can guarantee hunting and fishing to the poor man as well as the rich man.

Our splendid streams and lakes, our snow-capped mountains, our magnificent forests are attracting tourists from all parts of the world who come to fish, hunt and enjoy outdoor life in Oregon. Maine estimates her game resources are worth \$20,000,000 annually. California values her game resources nearly as high. Neither of these states has better opportunity than Oregon to become famous for fishing and hunting. Angling for Chinook salmon in the Willamette and fishing for rainbows in the Rogue, McKenzie, Deschutes and our other streams are attracting people from all over the United States. Every year tourists come from New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other states to take their outings in Oregon.

Of what profit is this to Oregon? Tourists spend a large amount of money in railroad and stage fares, at hotels and farm houses, in the employment of guides, hiring horses, purchasing equipment, supplies and numerous other items. This money goes directly into the pockets of our citizens. Fishing and hunting thus becomes a business proposition to the farmer, the fruit-grower, the timberman and every other land owner in the state by attracting the class of travelers who have money to spend and money to invest.

The records, which are not quite complete for 1914, show that 58,813 of our residents angled in our streams and lakes during the past year. The number of our people who actually engage in this outdoor sport rapidly increases each year. During the past year, there was an increase of 6443 anglers over the previous year. Out of the total population in Oregon at the present time of 790,000 people, from 85,000 to 90,000 of these residents take an active part in either hunting or fishing some time during the year. This shows we are an outdoor people and it is the duty of the state to furnish this recreation.

From an economic and business standpoint, the game and other wild creatures of the state are worth \$5,000,000 annually. This is not placing a high estimate on these resources. During the past year, the Fish and Game Commission has expended \$130,000 to protect and develop our game resources. This is an expenditure of two per cent a year on the investment. The expenditure is necessary if we are to increase the value of the resources. The money spent is paid in entirely by those who hunt and angle. Every effort has been made to spend this money economically and to get value received for each dollar. It can only be spent on duly authorized warrants, signed by three of the Commissioners, passed upon by the Secretary of State, and checks drawn by the Secretary of State and paid by the State Treasurer.

THE FUR-BEARING ANIMALS OF OREGON.

By Stanley G. Jewett.

The dense forests of the Cascade mountains and coast regions of Oregon, and the high, arid interior counties east of the Cascade range present ideal conditions for harboring a great number of valuable fur-bearing animals. It is the intention of this paper to show the reader the importance of intelligent legislation to conserve this asset to the state and the coming generation.

In Oregon about seventeen hundred men and boys took out trappers' licenses during the winter of 1913-1914, this license giving them authority to take all fur-bearers except the beaver, which is protected at all times. There is a closed season on mink, marten, muskrat, otter and fisher from March 1 to October 31 of each year, and each trapper holding a trapper's license is required by law to furnish the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners a verified report in writing at the termination of the trapping season, of the number and kinds of fur-bearing animals caught and killed, where sold and amount derived from sale of same. These reports give the members of the State Fish and Game Commission accurate data on the numbers and kinds of protected fur-bearers taken each year.

There is no denying the fact that all our fur-producing mammals are rapidly decreasing and some are on the verge of extinction, but by keeping records of each year's catch protection can be given those that are diminishing most rapidly, thereby giving these species a chance to re-establish themselves. The value of protection on a certain species is well illustrated in the case of beaver. Under protection they have increased wonderfully all over the state of Oregon. It is clearly apparent that more attention must be paid to the conservation of certain species in Oregon unless we want them to disappear from the face of the earth, like the Labrador duck, passenger pigeon and great auk. In Oregon the grizzly bear and sea otter are gone, or nearly so; the fisher, one of our finest fur-bearers, is rapidly disappearing, and, unless protection is afforded it, soon will disappear forever from our forests.

The same pitiful story will be told of others of our beautiful

and valuable animals unless protection is given them from the careless hunter and greedy trapper. The time has arrived when we are confronted with two facts first, Oregon's fur crop is economically profitable, and, second, the mammals which produce this fur are fast diminishing in numbers. We may either use these animals at once without thought of further supply, or we may wisely conserve them for the future and thereby bring a large revenue to the state in the years to come. It is true that those drafting laws for the protection of our fur-bearers may meet difficulties; some species are charged with various offenses against the farmer and the stock raiser. It is evident that these charges are exaggerated and not so serious as some would have us believe. The lack of definite information emphasizes the necessity of further study of the habits and numbers of these species.

The following data shows the economic importance of our fur: during the season of 1913-1914, 18,685 muskrat skins were sold for the sum of \$4062.16; 2466 mink brought \$7824.58 to the trappers of this state. Other protected species brought about \$4000, to say nothing of the large sums received from such species as skunks, coon, coyotes and bobcats, and less abundant species as the bear, wolf, cougar, ring-tailed cat and badger. Between October 1, 1913, and May 10, 1914, the state paid out \$21,267 bounty on such predatory species as the cougar, bobcat and wolf, and the skins of these brought the hunters an additional \$13,000. From the reports of hunters and trappers throughout the state, we find that from the sale of furs taken in this state last winter the people received a revenue of about \$100,000. The money paid for bounties, in most cases, goes to homesteaders and settlers who can use it to good advantage while developing their property, and killing off these predatory animals tends to increase the numbers of deer and other game, thereby bringing outside hunters to the state, who in turn leave a good sum of money by hiring guides and buying hunting outfits to take into the woods. The conservation of our fur as well as our game is a business proposition and should have as much consideration as the preservation of our forests and our water supply.

STATEMENT OF GAME PROTECTION FUND.

**Showing Moneys Received by State Treasurer and Disbursements
Made on Warrants Drawn by Secretary of State.**

From January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914.

Receipts by State Treasurer	Total to date	Balance
Balance on hand, January 1, 1914.....		\$ 42,428.66
Licenses, Game	\$110,459.15	
Licenses, Trappers'	1,061.00	
Licenses, Taxidermist	135.00	
Licenses, Alien Gun	200.00	
Licenses, Private Trout Hatchery.....	4.00	
Licenses, Collect Scientific Purposes.....	1.00	
Sale of Metal Game Tags.....	167.49	
Sale of Beaver Hides.....	199.50	
Redeemed Confiscated Property.....	133.75	
Fines Collected	2,639.04	
Refunds	80.02	
"Oregon Sportsman" Subscriptions.....	218.25	
State Game Farm Remittances.....	382.89	
Total	\$115,681.09	\$115,681.09
		<hr/>
		\$158,109.75

**Summary of Disbursements Made on Warrants Drawn by
Secretary of State.**

*Game and Trout Protection.....	\$ 58,579.63	
*Biological and Educational.....	15,942.29	
*Game Propagation and Distribution.....	12,891.16	
*Trout Propagation and Distribution.....	29,449.10	
*Miscellaneous Expenses	13,146.04	
Total	\$130,008.22	\$130,008.22
		<hr/>
Balance, January 1, 1915.....		\$ 28,101.53

*Note:—The above items are more fully itemized on the following pages.

Items of Disbursements on Warrants Drawn by the Secretary of State.

State Game Warden Salary.....	\$ 2,291.66	
State Game Warden Expenses.....	600.99	
Office Employees Salaries.....	3,416.08	
Office Expenses and Supplies.....	2,843.95	
Auditing Records	183.97	
Deputy Game Warden Salaries.....	31,786.15	
Deputy Game Warden Expenses.....	14,373.62	
Special Deputy Warden Salaries.....	1,216.50	
Special Deputy Warden Expenses.....	641.13	
Rewards to Informants.....	626.66	
Court and Legal Expense.....	17.25	
Game Refuge Expenses.....	561.32	
Sundry Expenses	20.35	
		<hr/>
		\$58,579.63
Biological and Educational Salaries.....	\$ 6,470.46	
B. and E. Expenses and Supplies.....	8,049.85	
B. and E. Office Expense.....	1,007.99	
Reed Inst. Experimental Station.....	413.99	
		<hr/>
		\$15,942.29
State Game Farm Salary and Labor.....	\$ 3,888.42	
State Game Farm Expenses and Supplies.....	4,385.00	
Game Farm Improvement and Construction.....	738.66	
Animals and Birds Purchased.....	3,717.08	
Animal Propagation and Exhibition	162.00	
		<hr/>
		\$12,891.16
*Trout Work, Operation	\$24,169.60	
*Trout Work, Construction	5,279.50	
		<hr/>
		\$29,449.10
Commissioners' Salaries	\$ 222.50	
Commissioners' Expenses	514.31	
Printing Licenses	2,466.79	
Additional Bounties	9,404.00	
Opening and Closing Seasons.....	149.73	
Mouth of Hood River Project.....	155.00	
Fishways and Irrigation Screens.....	40.71	
Trapping Beaver Doing Damage.....	193.00	
		<hr/>
		\$13,146.04

*Note:—The above items are more fully itemized on the following page.

TROUT PROPAGATION AND DISTRIBUTION—GAME PROTECTION FUND.

Disbursements from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914 on Warrants
Drawn by Secretary of State.

Superintendent Hatcheries Salary	\$ 600.00
Superintendent Hatcheries Expenses	266.70
Superintendent Hatcheries Office	677.98
Fish Culturists at Large.....	211.65
Bonneville	5,900.04
McKenzie River	1,292.43
Crescent, Odell and Davis.....	1,331.98
Spencer Creek	1,202.84
Tillamook	250.57
Sandy River	477.48
Winchester	299.51
Olive Lake	306.27
Strawberry Lake	487.28
Cultus Lake	89.70
Burns (Temporary)	103.52
Lakeview (Temporary)	151.84
Elk Lake	157.73
Upper Rogue (U. S. Government).....	946.59
Clackamas (U. S. Government).....	88.52
River Mill (U. S. Government).....	354.61
Yaquina	434.49
Siuslaw	285.62
Triangle Lake	332.50
Bailey Creek and Gales Creek.....	278.58
Seining Bass	816.30
Fish Car, Salary and Expenses.....	3,752.28
Trout Distribution	1,053.12
Trout Account (previous 3-1-14).....	625.41
Trout Eggs Purchased.....	1,394.06

\$24,169.60

Construction.

Bonneville	\$ 1,338.03
McKenzie River	1,824.29
Spencer Creek	1,141.12
Crescent, Odell and Davis.....	21.50
Tillamook	9.81
Strawberry Lake	51.97
Cultus Lake	565.07
Elk Lake	242.15
Marion Lake	13.50
Yaquina	40.00
Fish Car and Seining Bass.....	32.06

\$5,279.50

CHINESE OR RING-NECKED PHEASANTS LIBERATED.

The following is a report by counties of the Chinese pheasants raised at the State Game Farm and liberated from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914:

BAKER COUNTY	Liberated by	Number	
March 22	T. W. Ayers, Durkee.....	6	
August 17	W. D. Beck, Haines.....	24	
August 18	Rod and Gun Club, Newbridge.....	24	
August 18	S. D. Garlinghouse, Halfway.....	24	
August 18	Dr. I. N. Sanders, Richland.....	24	
August 18	John W. Flick, Home.....	24	
August 18	James Cunningham, Huntington.....	24	
CLATSOP COUNTY		—	150
August 4	R. B. Poole, Warrenton.....	12	
August 31	O. D. Hutton, Seaside.....	24	
September 9	W. G. Brown, Clifton.....	24	
September 18	W. F. McGregor, Astoria.....	24	
October 5	Elmer A. Coe, Svensen.....	12	
October 5	John Gertulla, Blind Slough.....	12	
October 6	George Lindstrom, Fernhill.....	24	
October 7	Victor Olson, Melville.....	12	
October 23	J. Q. A. Bowlby, Astoria.....	24	
COOS COUNTY		—	168
January 19	A. J. Sherwood, Coquille.....	12	
September 14	Lester Dement, Myrtle Point.....	12	
September 14	James Landrith, Marshfield.....	24	
September 14	R. H. Mast, Coquille.....	24	
September 14	J. W. Bennett, Marshfield.....	6	
September 29	James Thomas, Coquille.....	24	
September 29	Dr. George E. Dix, Marshfield.....	12	
September 29	William Bowron, Templeton.....	12	
November 23	Dr. E. E. Straw, Marshfield.....	24	
CROOK COUNTY		—	150
March 1	Baldwin Sheep Company, Hay Creek.....	10	
March 12	Harry Skuse, Bend.....	12	
August 28	Clyde McKay, Bend.....	60	
November 8	R. L. Schee, Redmond.....	24	
October 6	R. L. Schee, Redmond.....	24	
DOUGLAS COUNTY		—	130
February 3	S. L. Bigelow, Canyonville.....	8	
December 5	J. K. Howard, Glendale.....	24	
		—	32

DOUGLAS COUNTY

August 14	A. B. Searcy, Condon.....	24	
September 24	A. B. Searcy, Condon.....	12	
		—	36

GRANT COUNTY

July 31	S. A. Laurance, Prairie City.....	96	
August 19	Cy. J. Bingham, Prairie City.....	96	
November 20	Cy. J. Bingham, John Day.....	60	
November 21	A. P. L. Smith, Canyon City.....	8	
		—	260

HARNEY COUNTY

March 10	Dr. L. E. Hibbard, Burns.....	12	
November 5	R. L. Hass, Narrows.....	36	
		—	48

HOOD RIVER COUNTY

August 26	R. E. Scott, Hood River.....	12	
August 29	C. M. Hurlburt, Hood River.....	12	
August 29	W. M. Stewart, Hood River.....	24	
September 1	Franz Ahrens, Parkdale.....	12	
September 3	W. R. Winans, Dee.....	12	
September 3	O. Vanderbilt, Hood River.....	12	
September 5	J. W. Palmer, Hood River.....	12	
September 5	F. W. Buff, Hood River.....	12	
September 13	H. S. Buttersfield, Hood River.....	12	
October 5	Wm. L. Hodges, Jr., Hood River.....	12	
October 17	D. McDonald, Hood River.....	12	
October 28	Warren M. Cooper, Mount Hood.....	12	
November 12	E. Shelley Morgan, Hood River.....	12	
		—	168

JACKSON COUNTY

August 11	E. D. Stevenson, Medford.....	12	
August 11	A. D. McKee, Medford.....	12	
August 20	Roderick Macleay, Rogue River.....	24	
November 12	J. J. Brophy, Derby.....	24	
		—	72

JOSEPHINE COUNTY

September 6	Joe Schmitt, Grants Pass.....	12	
November 17	Joe Schmitt, Grants Pass.....	24	
		—	36

KLAMATH COUNTY

March 9	C. M. Ramsby, Klamath Falls.....	24	
August 24	W. O. Smith, Klamath Falls.....	192	
October 18	W. O. Smith, Klamath Falls.....	192	
		—	408

LAKE COUNTY

August 31 B. T. McKimens, Lakeview..... 96

LINCOLN COUNTY

May 14 J. Margson, Winant..... 1

July 29 Henry Rhoades, Toledo..... 12

November 9 Henry Rhoades, Toledo..... 12

MALHEUR COUNTY

October 7 C. E. Boyer, Ontario..... 48

November 8 C. E. Boyer, Ontario..... 36

November 10 James Elliott, Knappa..... 12

MORROW COUNTY

August 26 Dr. F. N. Christensen, Heppner..... 36

November 8 Dr. F. N. Christensen, Heppner..... 36

MULTNOMAH COUNTY

October 7 Chris Minsinger, Portland..... 12

SHERMAN COUNTY

July 29 L. Barnum, Grass Valley..... 24

October 5 George N. Crosfield, Wasco..... 8

TILLAMOOK COUNTY

August 2 George E. Leach, Tillamook..... 48

August 12 George E. Leach, Tillamook..... 24

September 3 S. G. Reed, Nehalem..... 24

September 29 George E. Leach, Tillamook..... 60

UMATILLA COUNTY

March 8 E. F. Averill, Pendleton..... 24

August 8 S. R. Oldaker, Hermiston..... 12

August 8 M. D. Orange, Pilot Rock..... 12

August 8 W. N. Matlock, Pendleton..... 12

August 11 G. L. Hurd, Stanfield..... 12

August 14 J. P. Lieuallen, Weston..... 12

August 15 Dr. J. D. Plamondon, Athena..... 12

August 15 Dr. J. D. Plamondon, Athena..... 12

August 15 Dr. J. D. Plamondon, Athena..... 12

August 29 E. P. Dodd, Hermiston..... 12

September 1 H. J. Taylor, Pendleton..... 12

September 1 Gilman Folsom, Pendleton..... 12

September 1 Louis Scholl, Jr., Echo..... 24

September 7 E. P. Dodd, Hermiston..... 24

September 24 S. B. Sanderson, Freewater..... 24

November 6 Dr. J. D. Plamondon, Athena..... 12

November 6 S. R. Oldaker, Hermiston..... 12

UNION COUNTY

August 17	Chris Johnson, North Powder.....	24	
September 13	Alex McKenzie, Summerville.....	24	
November 6	Arthur Hallgarth, Elgin.....	36	
		—	84

WALLOWA COUNTY

August 26	J. H. Jackson, Lostine.....	24	
September 1	H. K. O'Brien, Wallowa.....	24	
September 5	H. S. Gibson, Joseph.....	48	
October 6	W. C. Hinterman, Enterprise.....	24	
October 13	Dr. Charles King, Flora.....	12	
November 8	Dr. Charles King, Flora.....	24	
November 8	W. C. Hinterman, Enterprise.....	24	
November 11	H. S. Gibson, Joseph.....	36	
		—	216

WASCO COUNTY

July 23	Malcolm A. Moody, The Dalles.....	24	
July 24	L. D. Firebaugh, Ortley.....	12	
July 28	T. C. Queen, Dufur.....	24	
July 28	L. B. Thomas, Dufur.....	24	
July 28	W. A. Short, Dufur.....	24	
August 6	James Nelson, The Dalles.....	12	
October 6	W. F. Cushing, The Dalles.....	12	
October 25	J. T. Harper, Tygh Valley.....	24	
November 9	Rod and Gun Club, The Dalles.....	72	
November 9	Rod and Gun Club, The Dalles.....	24	
November 10	T. C. Queen, Dufur.....	48	
		—	300

WHEELER COUNTY

March 5	J. H. Tilley, Fossil.....	10	
September 6	Charles G. Millett, Fossil.....	36	46
		—	—

Total number of pheasants liberated.....3045

"THE WARDEN'S SIXTY SECONDS."

The Youth's Companion, January 14, 1915, contains an interesting story by Dallas Lore Sharp. The main part of the story is based on an experience which Deputy Game Warden J. J. Furber of Klamath Falls had while engaged in the performance of his duties two or three years ago. It is entitled "The Warden's Sixty Seconds."

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES LIBERATED.

The following is a report by counties of the Hungarian partridges liberated from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914:

BENTON COUNTY		Liberated by	Number
January 23	Dave Tom, Alsea.....	12	
		—	12
CLATSOP COUNTY			
March 3	Charles V. Brown, Astoria.....	24	
		—	24
CLACKAMAS COUNTY			
March 5	William L. Finley, Portland.....	24	
		—	24
COOS COUNTY			
March 2	J. W. Bennett, Marshfield.....	24	
March 2	A. J. Sherwood, Coquille.....	24	
		—	48
CROOK COUNTY			
March 7	Baldwin Sheep Co., Hay Creek.....	12	
March 12	Harry Skuse, Bend.....	12	
		—	24
DOUGLAS COUNTY			
January 15	Roy Booth, Yoncalla.....	12	
January 18	S. L. Bigelow, Canyonville.....	12	
March 11	Bartrum & Sykes, Roseburg.....	24	
March 11	J. H. Booth, Roseburg.....	24	
		—	72
HARNEY COUNTY			
March 9	Dr. L. E. Hibbard, Burns.....	24	
		—	24
HOOD RIVER COUNTY			
February 28	Leslie Butler, Hood River.....	24	
		—	24
JACKSON COUNTY			
January 15	Sam L. Sandry, Rogue River.....	24	
January 17	A. S. Hubbard, Ashland.....	36	
January 18	C. L. Springer, Jacksonville.....	24	
March 10	J. J. Brophy, Derby.....	12	
March 11	A. S. Hubbard, Ashland.....	24	
		—	120
JOSEPHINE COUNTY			
March 3	Fred Merrill, Grants Pass.....	12	
		—	12
KLAMATH COUNTY			
March 9	C. M. Ramsby, Klamath Falls.....	60	
		—	60

LANE COUNTY

January 17	L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	36	
February 4	Geo. M. Knox, Cottage Grove.....	24	
March 1	Geo. M. Knox, Cottage Grove.....	36	
		—	96

MARION COUNTY

January 15	C. A. Park, Salem	12	
January 16	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	24	
March 3	J. C. Curry, Pratum.....	24	
		—	60

MORROW COUNTY

March 8	C. A. Minor, Heppner.....	12	
		—	12

MULTNOMAH COUNTY

March 5	S. G. Jennett, Portland.....	24	
		—	24

POLK COUNTY

January 19	Joe Smith, Suver.....	12	
		—	12

TILLAMOOK COUNTY

March 4	George E. Leach, Tillamook.....	24	
		—	24

UMATILLA COUNTY

March 2	J. D. Plamondon, Athena.....	24	
March 2	E. F. Averill, Pendleton.....	24	
March 2	G. L. Hurd, Stanfield.....	24	
March 4	Clarence Carson, Hermiston.....	12	
March 8	E. F. Averill, Pendleton.....	24	
		—	108

UNION COUNTY

March 2	C. B. Orai, La Grande.....	96	
		—	96

WALLOWA COUNTY

March 1	W. E. Leffel, Joseph.....	72	
		—	72

WASHINGTON COUNTY

March 11	John Forbis, Dilley.....	12	
March 12	George Russell, Gaston	48	
March 12	Frank Holcomb, Hillsboro.....	12	
		—	72

WHEELER COUNTY

March 5	J. H. Tilley, Fossil.....	12	
		—	12

YAMHILL COUNTY

March 4	O. B. Parker, McMinnville.....	36	36
		—	—

Total number of birds.....1068

CALIFORNIA QUAIL LIBERATED.

The following is a report by counties of the California quail trapped in southern Oregon and liberated from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914:

BENTON COUNTY		Liberated by	No. of Birds	
Jan.	23, 1914	Dave Tom, Alsea.....	12	
			—	12
CLACKAMAS COUNTY				
March	6, 1914	William L. Finley, Jennings Lodge.....	24	
Dec.	4, 1914	Ben S. Patton, Estacada.....	24	
Dec.	25, 1914	Stanley G. Jewett, Estacada.....	11	
			—	59
CLATSOP COUNTY				
Feb.	27, 1914	O. D. Hutton, Seaside.....	8	
March	3, 1914	Chas. V. Brown, Astoria.....	12	
			—	20
COOS COUNTY				
Jan.	19, 1914	A. J. Sherwood, Coquille.....	24	
March	2, 1914	A. J. Sherwood, Coquille.....	12	
			—	36
CROOK COUNTY				
March	7, 1914	Baldwin Sheep Co., Hay Creek.....	12	
Dec.	4, 1914	Mrs. Evelyn H. Denny, Bend.....	24	
			—	36
HOOD RIVER COUNTY				
Feb.	28, 1914	Leslie Butler, Hood River.....	12	
Dec.	4, 1914	Leslie Butler, Hood River.....	24	
Dec.	4, 1914	William Stewart, Hood River.....	24	
			—	60
LANE COUNTY				
Jan.	31, 1914	L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	36	
Nov.	11, 1914	L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	24	
Dec.	5, 1914	E. C. Hills, Eugene.....	12	
Dec.	4, 1914	Curtis Veatch, Cottage Grove.....	24	
			—	96
LINCOLN COUNTY				
Nov.	24, 1914	O. F. Dickson, Toledo.....	7	
Dec.	4, 1914	O. F. Dickson, Toledo.....	24	
			—	31
MARION COUNTY				
Jan.	15, 1914	C. A. Park, Salem.....	12	
Jan.	16, 1914	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	48	
Jan.	16, 1914	Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, Salem.....	36	
Nov.	11, 1914	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	24	
Nov.	11, 1914	Roy Bremmer, Salem.....	24	
			—	144

MULTNOMAH COUNTY

Feb.	13, 1914	Reed College, Portland.....	24	
Dec.	5, 1914	Reed College (Finley), Portland.....	24	
Dec.	21, 1914	Dr. M. C. Holbrook, Portland.....	48	
Dec.	31, 1914	A. M. Smith, Portland.....	24	
Dec.	31, 1914	Mrs. Wm. M. Ladd, Portland.....	12	
Dec.	31, 1914	L. A. Klein, Portland.....	12	
			—	144

TILLAMOOK COUNTY

March	4, 1914	G. E. Leach, Tillamook.....	24	
			—	24

UMATILLA COUNTY

Feb.	12, 1914	E. F. Averill, Pendleton.....	48	
March	4, 1914	Clarence Carson, Hermiston.....	12	
			—	60

UNION COUNTY

Feb.	12, 1914	C. B. Orai, La Grande.....	48	
			—	48

WALLOWA COUNTY

Feb.	13, 1914	W. E. Leffel, Joseph.....	48	
			—	48

WASHINGTON COUNTY

Feb.	2, 1914	George W. Russell, Gaston.....	48	
Nov.	11, 1914	Chas. A. Russell, Gaston.....	24	
Dec.	4, 1914	Frank Holcomb, Hillsboro.....	24	
Dec.	21, 1914	Geo. W. Russell, Gaston.....	48	
Dec.	21, 1914	W. E. Metzger, Raleigh Station.....	55	
			—	199

YAMHILL COUNTY

Jan.	18, 1914	O. B. Parker, McMinnville.....	12	
		O. B. Parker, “.....	24	
March	4, 1914	O. B. Parker, “.....	24	
March	5, 1914	O. B. Parker, “.....	36	
Nov.	11, 1914	O. B. Parker, “.....	24	
Dec.	21, 1914	O. B. Parker, “.....	48	168
			—	—

Total number of California quail liberated. .1185

THE NEW “FOREST AND STREAM.”

With the January, 1915 number, Forest and Stream, published at 22 Thames street, New York City, becomes a monthly publication instead of a weekly. In future, the price of the magazine will be one dollar per year instead of three dollars.

BOBWHITE QUAIL LIBERATED.

The following is a report by counties of the Bobwhite quail trapped in the Willamette valley and liberated from January 1, 1914, to December 1, 1914:

DOUGLAS COUNTY		Liberated by	No. of Birds	
Dec.	31, 1914	J. H. Booth, Roseburg.....	12	
JACKSON COUNTY			—	12
Feb.	3, 1914	Sam L. Sandry, Rogue River.....	24	
Feb.	26, 1914	Sam L. Sandry, Rogue River.....	12	
Feb.	26, 1914	A. S. Hubbard, Ashland.....	12	
March	16, 1914	John Smuck, Rogue River.....	6	
March	21, 1914	A. S. Hubbard, Ashland.....	12	
KLAMATH COUNTY			—	66
Feb.	14, 1914	C. M. Ramsby, Klamath Falls.....	40	
March	9, 1914	C. M. Ramsby, Klamath Falls.....	12	
LANE COUNTY			—	52
Oct.	21, 1914	Griffin Hardware Co., Eugene.....	7	
Dec.	5, 1914	E. C. Hills, Eugene.....	12	
Dec.	17, 1914	E. C. Hills, Eugene.....	16	
MULTNOMAH COUNTY			—	35
Dec.	31, 1914	L. A. Klein, Portland.....	10	
Dec.	25, 1914	Stanley G. Jewett, Portland.....	24	34
			—	—
Total			199	

SILVER PHEASANTS.

The following is a report of the Silver pheasants raised at the State Game Farm and sent out for breeding purposes and liberation from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914:

BENTON COUNTY		Liberated by	Number	
September 26		S. C. Starr, Monroe.....	4	
JOSEPHINE COUNTY			—	4
September 25		C. H. Sampson, Grants Pass.....	2	
LANE COUNTY			—	2
August 6		L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	12	
November 19		Griffin Hardware Company, Eugene....	2	
YAMHILL COUNTY			—	14
October 24		Arlie Evans, Newberg.....	3	3
			—	—
Total number of Silver pheasants.....			23	

REEVES PHEASANTS.

The following is a report by counties of the Reeves pheasants raised at the State Game Farm and liberated from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914:

DOUGLAS COUNTY	Liberated by	Number	
August 2	Roy Booth, Yoncalla.....	12	
September 18	J. H. Booth, Roseburg.....	12	
		—	24
JOSEPHINE COUNTY			
September 25	C. H. Sampson, Grants Pass.....	2	
		—	2
LANE COUNTY			
July 26	L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	24	
August 6	L. F. Bean, Eugene.....	24	
August 8	E. M. Sharp, Cottage Grove.....	24	
October 21	Griffin Hardware Company, Eugene.....	2	
		—	74
MARION COUNTY			
September 22	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	12	
November 5	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	12	
		—	24
YAMHILL COUNTY			
November 3	Arlie Evans, Newberg.....	2	2
		—	—
	Total		126

GOLDEN PHEASANTS.

The following is a report of the golden pheasants raised at the State Game Farm and sent out for breeding purposes and for liberation from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914:

BENTON COUNTY	Liberated by	Number	
September 26	S. C. Starr, Monroe.....	4	
		—	4
JOSEPHINE COUNTY			
September 25	C. H. Sampson, Grants Pass.....	3	
		—	3
LANE COUNTY			
August 6	L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	12	
August 8	E. M. Sharp, Cottage Grove.....	12	
November 3	Griffin Hardware Company, Eugene.....	3	
		—	27
UMATILLA COUNTY			
August 20	G. L. Hurd, Stanfield.....	6	6
		—	—
	Total		40

PHEASANTS RAISED AT STATE HOSPITAL.

During the past three years Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, Superintendent of the State Hospital, has co-operated with the Fish and Game Commission in raising and liberating game birds at the poultry farm at Salem and at the Asylum Farm which is in a State Game Refuge. The report for the past year is as follows:

- 14 pair Chinese liberated early in the spring.
- 1 pair Reeves sent to Mr. Buckley.
- 1 pair Amherst sent to Mr. Buckley.
- 1 pair Chinese sent to Mr. Buckley.
- 3 pair Reeves sent to Washington county.
- 1 Silver male sent to Mr. Simpson, State Game Farm.
- 2 Golden hens for Mr. Fleischner for breeding, birds to be liberated.
- 7 Chinese cocks to be sent to Mr. Simpson, State Game Farm.
- 16 Chinese hens yet to be liberated.
- 12 Golden and Amherst pheasants yet to be liberated.
-
- 78—Total.

PHEASANTS KEPT FOR BREEDING AND SHOW PURPOSES.

- 10 Chinese pheasants.
- 7 Amherst pheasants.
- 7 Golden pheasants.
- 4 Reeves pheasants.
- 3 Silver pheasants.

“PACK-AND-SADDLING IT.”

December, 1914, issue of Recreation contains a very interesting article entitled “Pack-and-Saddling It” by George Palmer Putnam, who was recently appointed secretary to Governor Withycombe. Mr. Putnam has had many interesting experiences hunting, fishing and camping in Oregon and is well known as a writer on outdoor subjects. The above article treats of one of his trips in the high Cascades.

Begin with the child

Encourage the child to build a bird-house. If he builds a bird-house and puts it up in a suitable location where a wren or a bluebird will rent it, he is taking an important step in wild bird protection. He soon learns to watch and care for his bird tenants. He will also learn to put out food for his bird friends if a heavy snow comes during the winter. He soon becomes a protector of both song and game birds and will help rid the community of stray cats, which are the worst enemies of our birds.

Start the child on the right path. If he is given a gun, he may take to killing all sorts of creatures without restriction. If he is encouraged to build a bird-house, he develops a wholesome love for wild birds. Game protection is largely educational. We must begin with the child.

45,465

MAR 24 1917

The OREGON SPORTSMAN

FEBRUARY, 1915



Black-tailed Jack Rabbits

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Editor, Portland, Oregon

Volume III

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CONTENTS

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	Page
The Bob-white Quail, Colored Illustration.....	24
The Bob-white in Oregon.....	25
The Arthur S. Hubbard Memorial.....	27
Jack Rabbit Bounty in Harney County.....	28
The Death of Prof. L. L. Dyche.....	29
The Rainbow Trout. By John Gill.....	30
Discovery of a Rare Rodent. By Stanley G. Jewett.....	37
Notes from the Clackamas and Colliwash Rivers.....	38
Muskrats Driven Out.....	38
Statement of Game Licenses.....	39
Additional Bounty on Predatory Animals.....	40
Distribution of Game Fish.....	41
Report of Violations of State Game Laws.....	42
How to Build Bird Houses.....	43



The Bob-white Quail .

The Oregon Sportsman

Volume III

FEBRUARY, 1915

Number 2

THE BOB-WHITE IN OREGON.

The spring call of the male gave this bird its name "bob-white." It is the best known game bird throughout the United States, generally called quail through the north where the ruffed grouse is called "partridge." But Bob-white is often called "partridge" in the southern states. It is a bird highly sought by the sportsmen, a bird that is a valuable friend of the farmer.

In our Oregon country, Bob-white is loved by all. Since his coming many years ago, there has never been an open season in this state. No bird gladdens the heart of the Oregon farmer more than Bob-white as he calls from the top of an old rail fence, for the larger part of our farmers knew him in bare-foot days among the hills of the eastern states. He is the friend and companion about the garden and field. His call means gladness and satisfaction. To some of my farmer friends, he is always an optimist. If a shower is needed, one may hear Bob-white calling—"More-wet! More-wet!" After a dreary downpour, that has lasted for several days, Bob-white is sure to mount an old brush heap and sing just as confidently—"No-more-wet! No-more-wet!"

The history of the introduction of the Bob-white quail into Oregon would be very interesting if it were complete. A few birds were brought in from the east thirty or thirty-five years ago and liberated in the Willamette valley.

Mr. J. H. Raley of Pendleton writes that during the fall of 1893 he secured sixty Bob-white quail from the Willamette valley and liberated them on McKay creek on the place where he was then living. This accounts for the coveys of Bob-white quail along the Umatilla river west of Pendleton. During the summer of 1911, I heard several Bob-white quail calling on the grounds of

the State Hospital near Pendleton. They thrive well in the patches of willow and cottonwood along the river.

Years ago, Bob-white quail were introduced into the Boise valley in Idaho and from this point they have undoubtedly spread to eastern Oregon in the vicinity of Vale and Ontario in Malheur county and along the Snake river in Wallowa county.

Bob-white are also found in the northern part of Umatilla county and it may be these birds spread north from those that were introduced at Pendleton in 1893; or they may possibly have been introduced by some one in that locality.

During the summer of 1899 while on a cruise up the Willamette river with Herman T. Bohlman, we saw and heard Bob-white quail near Independence. They were not uncommon at that time in the country around Salem and south to Independence.

During the spring of 1908, I heard a Bob-white quail at Risley station between Portland and Oregon City. During the early spring of 1909, I frequently heard Bob-white quail calling in the vicinity of Jennings Lodge. I am very sure a pair nested in that locality, but after the summer was over I saw nothing more of these birds, nor were they there during the following year. They were likely killed by house cats.

In September of 1912, I saw three different flocks of Bob-white quail within a distance of a mile or so of Sherwood in the southeastern part of Washington county.

Mr. C. C. Bryan, Deputy Game Warden of Corvallis, reports that on May 20, 1912, he heard numbers of Bob-white quail calling about three miles west of Lebanon. He reports that during 1911, he saw but very few of these quail in the southern part of Benton county, but in 1912, the birds had materially increased in that locality.

During the fall of 1911, Mr. George Russell, Deputy Game Warden at Gaston, reports seeing a number of coveys of Bob-white quail in Polk, Benton and Linn counties.

Bob-white quail are now fairly common in the Willamette valley from the foothills of the Cascades west to the foothills of the Coast range, and from Oregon City south to Albany, and

especially in the vicinity of Corvallis and north to Dallas, McMinnville and Forest Grove. At the present time, they are perhaps more abundant in parts of Benton, Polk, Yamhill and Marion counties than in any other parts of the state. During the winters of 1913 and 1914, about 200 of these birds were trapped in Yamhill county, near McMinnville, and liberated in other parts of the state. During the winters of 1914 and 1915, over 300 were trapped near the same localities to stock other sections.

During 1913, a covey of Bob-white quail was reported near Grants Pass, but at that time, as far as I know, there were practically none of these birds to the south, especially through the Rogue river valley and across the Cascade range into Klamath, Crook, Lake and Harney counties. Since then Bob-white quail have been liberated in Douglas, Jackson, Josephine, Coos, Multnomah and Klamath counties.

For data on the economic value of the Bob-white quail and the rearing of the Bob-white quail in captivity, the reader is referred to two excellent articles by Prof. C. F. Hodge of the University of Oregon, published in the issues of The Oregon Sportsman for January and February, 1914. W. L. F.

THE ARTHUR S. HUBBARD MEMORIAL.

When it became known that Mr. Arthur S. Hubbard, Deputy Game Warden at Ashland, had been murdered by Loris Martin, whom he was sent to arrest, on Upper Trail creek, several of the wardens asked for the privilege of raising a sum of money for the purpose of establishing an Arthur S. Hubbard memorial for the benefit of Mrs. Hubbard and her two children.

A committee was appointed consisting of Mr. T. J. Craig, Mr. Sam L. Sandry, and Mr. George W. Russell. The various wardens and employees of the Game Department contributed \$69.50 which was sent direct to Mrs. Hubbard.

The matter was also taken up by the Oregon Sportsmen's League. Mr. H. B. Van Duzer, the president, appointed Mr. I. N. Fleischner, of Portland, chairman of the committee in charge to raise funds for this memorial.

Under the auspices of the League a series of moving picture reels were shown and lectures given at the Heilig theatre in Portland, January 22, 23 and 24. The net amount raised by these lectures was \$379.15; \$55.45 were sent in by the Elks' lodges and \$129.90 raised by private donations. With the amount raised by the wardens, this makes a total of \$634 which is to be turned over to Mrs. Hubbard.

A bill was also introduced in the Legislature and has been signed, Governor Withycombe appropriating \$3000 out of the game protection fund for Mrs. Hubbard and her children.

JACK RABBIT BOUNTY IN HARNEY COUNTY.

During the past year in certain localities in eastern Oregon, jack rabbits became so abundant that they were a continual menace to farmers' crops. The matter reached a climax in Harney county, where at the last election a four-mill tax was levied to create a jack rabbit bounty fund for the extermination of these creatures.

The assessed valuation in Harney county is \$7,783,570.00. This gives \$31,000 for the jack rabbit bounty fund.

The bounty law in Harney county became effective January 2, 1915. On February 18, 1915, the County Clerk's office had paid out a bounty of five cents each on 156,707 rabbits. This made a total amount of \$7,835.35.

The jack rabbit bounty law in Harney county provides that if the fund set aside for the payment of bounties should be exhausted, warrants shall be drawn, and that at the next period for making tax levies, the County Court shall make such levy as will provide for the payment of the debt thus incurred.

It will be interesting to find out how Harney county will come out in her experiment with the rabbits. The history of bounty laws is not one of successes. Too often the people who are most in favor of bounties, wish to make a profit out of the common pest. One of the serious objections to the bounty scheme is that as soon as the creatures grow less abundant, so that it

ceases to be profitable to kill them, the destruction of the pest stops. The creature has not been exterminated and it is but a short time before another bounty measure has to be passed. It is a question whether competent men cannot be hired, as the Government is now doing, and whether these creatures cannot be more effectively reduced in number and at a far more reasonable price to the taxpayers.

For several years the state has been paying out considerable money to destroy coyotes which are the natural enemies of the rabbit. The coyote and jack rabbit problem in eastern Oregon is a good example of overthrowing the balance of nature.

THE DEATH OF PROF. L. L. DYCHE.

Prof. Lewis Lindsay Dyche, State Fish and Game Warden of Kansas, died on January 20, 1915. He was well known throughout the country as a naturalist and for his work in wild life protection. He took an active part in the National Association of Game Wardens and Commissioners and for the past five years has acted as treasurer.

In 1899 when an effort was made to kill off the sea lions on the coast of California, Professor Dyche, by a study of the food of these animals at Monterey Bay and an examination of the stomachs of about 25 individuals, furnished evidence which demonstrated conclusively that these sea lions instead of feeding entirely on food fish, fed largely on squids and in consequence permission to kill the animals on Government reservations was rescinded and the extermination prevented.

Professor Dyche has made more than twenty scientific expeditions to various parts of the continent, to the Arctic regions, including Greenland, and to points on the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Mexico, in search of material for the University of Kansas Museum. The Kansas State exhibit of big game animals which he prepared for the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 attracted much attention and favorable comment. In connection with his work for the University Museum he was fortunate in securing an important series of mountain sheep in northern Washington representing a form now almost extinct.

THE RAINBOW TROUT

(*Salmo irideus*)

A Story of the Habits and Characteristics of the Rainbow and How Distinguished from Other Species

BY
JOHN GILL

Perhaps before this chapter is in print there will be no Rainbow trout. The debate of the question whether the Rainbow and Steelhead trout are one and the same has waxed warmer for some years among learned men. The greatest American ichthyologist, Dr. David Starr Jordan, has during the past twenty years held four opinions on this question, and may even now have changed his mind again. This readiness to reconsider his views on the subject indicates a broad and receptive attitude, and it also indicates to the layman that this question is a difficult and puzzling subject.

In one of his earlier descriptions Doctor Jordan has written: "There are no circumstances in which I have not been able to distinguish the Rainbow from the Steelhead." In a work by Doctor Jordan and Charles F. Holder (1909) the opinion is less positive, as follows: "Very careful comparison of specimens leaves no doubt that the two are distinct."

Two years ago Doctor Jordan told the writer of this article that he thought it probable the two types sprang from a common parentage and might be one and the same fish. The apparent difference between a Steelhead recently from the sea and a typical adult "Redside" or Rainbow is surely greater than the difference between a Rainbow of a pound weight and a Clark trout of that size; yet we have no confusion of the two latter. The greatest chance for doubt is when the Steelhead, in the spawning season, acquires a red side and enlarged head and jaws.

THE RAINBOW STRIPE.

Let us leave out any consideration of the fish least known to both scientist and angler—Mason trout, which is believed to inhabit only streams west of the Cascade summits—and take into account the type which most anglers know as Rainbow or Red-

side, found only in streams of the Cascades and eastward, at least in Oregon, Washington and northward.

The first and most prominent distinguishing trait of a Rainbow adult fish, of two years old and more, is the peculiar red stripe along the side, following pretty closely the median line



Almost a Strike. The Rainbow Trout.

from the opercle to the tail. This mark in the Rainbow is a narrow stripe, not half an inch wide in fish of a pound weight, and not much wider than half an inch in very large specimens of even five pounds and more. Both sexes bear this mark, but it is brighter and bigger on males.

On a typical Rainbow this stripe is densely red, nearly Indian red, and so clearly defined that it appears as if painted with one sweep of a narrow paintbrush. It is not a rosy blush such as we see on the side of a male Cutthroat, but a dense, livid, narrow bar. This mark is more brilliant at the beginning of the mating season, and grows misty and faint after spawning. I think this mark is more pronounced on Rainbows of waters east of the Cascades. Certainly no such vivid band is seen on Clark or Mason or Dolly Varden trout, nor ever on the Steelhead of my acquaintance.

On any but the Rainbow, where a rosy or purple tint is seen on the sides of the trout it is a thin, transparent tint, extending over more than half the side of the fish vertically. In the Rainbow typically marked the stripe is vivid, dense in color, sharply defined—not shading faintly away into the general color as it does in other species—and is a narrow stripe, not more than one-sixth the width of the side.

There seems to be no good reason for naming this fish “Rainbow,” but it is a splendid name. In no trait save the red side does he resemble the bow of heaven more than his fellows; and the stripe instead of being seven-hued is one bright, dense, brick red. A trout so marked is certain to have all the other traits of the Rainbow and to be no more readily mistaken for any other species than a carp for a salmon.

But not all Rainbow are thus distinguishable. Until two years old, when they first spawn, all the family are much less vividly marked, and may be readily mistaken for Clark trout when the latter are adult and in spawning dress, when the male Clark or Cutthroat trout has the wide, faint, rosy sheen which then appears.

Old males of the Irideus or Rainbow family frequently take on livid, blotchy colors and the whole fish is sometimes as red as a spent dog salmon.

From an Angler's Diary these notes will help to fix the “stripe” feature. The reader will observe that one lot of fish is from Blue mountain waters and the other from Cascades.

“May 28, 19—, Reuben Montgomery displayed in a window a lot of fine trout caught by him in the McKenzie river. One was a big Dolly Varden, 28 in. long, weight $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. dressed. Eight were Rainbows of one to two lbs. weight. The red bar on side was very striking; as deep as if painted in Indian red. On every fish this extended from opercle to base of tail.”

“Oct. 28, 1912, Mr. Finley has fine specimens of Rainbows caught yesterday in Umatilla by C. K. Cranston. All typical, no doubt about them. Eight to twelve inches long. All bear distinct stripe of deep red along median line and a little below. In the largest this stripe is half inch wider midships. It begins

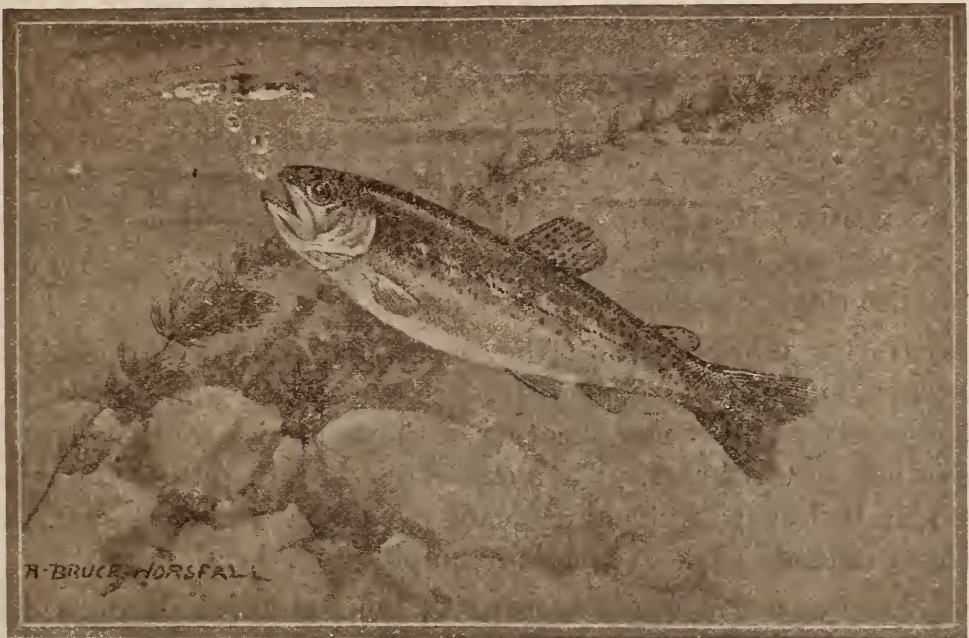
rather narrow and fainter in color at the opercle and diminishes near the tail."

OTHER CHARACTERISTICS.

Two great ichthyologists state that the "Rainbow may be known by the numbers of scales in a line from head to tail, which is about 120." Both say its scales are larger than in the Steelhead or Clark trout.

One of these scientists is Doctor David Starr Jordan. He named this trout "Rainbow" in 1870, the specimen being taken in San Leandro creek, near Alameda, California.

The description given by Doctor Jordan of the Rainbow seems to be followed implicitly by many writers, though very in-



The Parr or Young Rainbow.

complete, and even questionable. The statement that "its head is larger than any other Pacific trout" is open to question, the pictures illustrating the article showing the Clark trout's head to be the larger of the two. Perhaps the Rainbow trout of California differs from ours, but two-year-old Rainbows, eight to ten inches long, from Oregon waters, show a considerably smaller head length than Clark trout of the same size. In unusually large fish of

either species, especially breeding males, the head is disproportionately large.

SHAPE OF THE TAIL.

In all under-size trout the tail is much more deeply indented than in mature, large specimens. All big Rainbows I have seen show a "square" or nearly right line along the margin of the tail when fairly extended. This is so noticeable a feature that in many places this trout is commonly called "square-tailed trout."

Certainly the shape of the Rainbow's tail distinguishes him easily from Clark trout, which has a rounded hollow in the mid-margin, and the corners or lobes gracefully rounded. In the Rainbow the points are sharply angular, as in the Steelhead. The difference between the tails of all the salmon is easily learned, but is so little as to confuse Steelhead and Rainbow.

HEAD, MOUTH AND EYE.

One of the characteristics given by Doctor Jordan is: "Head obtusely ridged above." Several other writers copy this description exactly. It is plain that they have taken the Doctor's statement without question, permission or examination. Look for the "obtuse ridge," and see if there's any such feature.

Doctor Jordan says, "the mouth is smaller than in Cutthroat," and so it is. This difference is evident. The gape of the Rainbow from tip of jaw to corner of the mouth is about one-fourth less than in Cutthroat. The angle of the open mouth in Rainbow is just in line with front edge of eye-pupil. In Cutthroat the mouth extends back to middle of pupil or farther.

In young and medium size fish the Rainbow's head is distinctly more blunt and rounded than in any other of our trouts. In this feature there is a noticeable difference from the adult Steelhead, which has a more pointed upper jaw.

Comparison, I believe, will establish this difference as one certain mark of recognition. There is an "innocent" air in the profile of the Rainbow, due to this roundness of the front of the maxillary.

The eye seems to be a very notable point too. In recent examinations I have observed the eye of Rainbows to be peculiar

by reason of its larger size—one-fifth greater diameter than that of Clark trout—and by a staring look which the latter has not. The iris in Rainbow is broader than the Clark and of a clear, pale yellow, with rarely any spots in or on the iris, while the eyes of many Clark trout examined recently show the iris to be almost covered by dark spots resembling the spots of the surrounding skin. The narrow band of iris surrounding pupil is also of a darker, rich gold.

My opportunity for observation of Rainbow is rare, and I do not venture to be dogmatic concerning him; but I hope this peculiar difference in size and marking of the eye may prove to be distinctive.

One other peculiarity marking the Rainbow is the usual presence of spots on the cheek or opercle, black and round. Color and shape of these spots, as well as the peculiarity of their placing, seems a distinct trait.

SPOTS AND COLORS.

The general color of the Rainbow, except in breeding season, differs little from Clark trout, except the red bar. Sometimes a Rainbow is very profusely spotted, but usually the Clark trout is more numerously speckled.

There is, I believe, a real difference in the majority of the spots, in shape. I thought two years ago that in the spots was a sure mark. Specimens of Rainbow then seen were marked mostly by little crescent-shaped spots, sometimes joined together making a "3," and with occasionally a third crescent attached to the "3"; but I found some Clark trout with the same marks. However, the spots of the Clark are mostly larger, and are of an irregular circular or hexagonal type. The spots on base of tail are larger and blacker in the Clark trout.

The variation of spots and colors in all trout, at certain times, is so great that few naturalists would risk an opinion on these alone. The Rainbow frequently has red stripes under the mandible, but they are narrow. The Clark trout is sometimes almost without these, but where present they are twice as broad as in a Rainbow of the same size. Both fish return from the sea with hardly a trace of this throat mark.

HABITAT OF THE RAINBOW.

Authorities referred to above state that the Rainbow is the typical trout of coastwise streams, and that it is not found east of the Sierra Nevada or Cascade ranges; yet in the same chapter the waters of the Klamath lake and its tributaries are cited as the most remarkable Rainbow trout fishing in America.

The great typical Rainbow is not found in Oregon or Washington coastal rivers, though abundant in Rogue river above Grants Pass. Neither is it seen in the west-side streams of the Willamette.

It prefers, apparently, the large streams of the Cascades, both east and west slopes, and appears to be more abundant in the southern rivers—McKenzie, Rogue, Klamath, Shasta, etc. It finds its way up the Sacramento to Goose lake, and is also abundant in Deschutes, Klickitat, White Salmon and a few other mid-Columbia rivers.

Some of the finest specimens ever seen in Portland came from Silvies river, a large stream flowing into the land-locked waters of Malheur lake.

Lewis river is the farthest west that I have seen Rainbow trout, but probably Kalama has some too.

Naturalists speak of Rainbows (as distinct from the Steelhead) being found in the waters of the sea on British Columbia and Alaskan coasts. Dolly Varden trout of great size swarm in the Alaska seas in the neighborhood of the rivers, and thousands are canned as salmon on Bristol bay, in the southeast corner of Behring sea. Several times I have seen Clark trout among young salmon from Puget sound, and they had been netted in the same haul at sea. The eastern brook trout goes to sea from St. Lawrence river, and returns silvery and spotless as "seatrout." The tendency of this tribe of trout seems to be to go to sea, at least from adjacent rivers, and the Rainbow is probably no exception. Of the Clark trout's going to sea and return we know a little—more than is known of any of the others, yet very little. There are few things else that I would rather know with certainty than these times of the trout's sea-going, the trout's reasons therefor, the changes produced in their traits by this sea-dwelling, and their

return to the rivers. The difficulty of observation is very great, yet some of our coast streams seem to offer ready opportunities.

As to the sporting quality of the Rainbow, most of my readers are better informed than I. Men who write good books upon angling give this trout high praise, and some say he is the greatest fighter among the trouts. Most eastern writers think him inferior in this trait to the eastern brook trout.

The Rainbow has been successfully planted in many waters of the eastern United States, in Europe and in New Zealand. In the latter country it has increased enormously both in numbers and size, the giants of the tribe being numerous there.

DISCOVERY OF A RARE RODENT.

By Stanley G. Jewett.

In the forests of Lane county, one of the rarest animals known to naturalists has been found. It is the second one that has ever been discovered, and is known to scientists as the white-footed lemming (*Phenacomys albipes*—Merriam).

This little creature has never before been found in this state, although naturalists have collected in every part of Oregon in the forests and through the mountains.

The first white-footed lemming ever discovered was collected by Walter K. Fisher in the redwoods of Humboldt county, California, in 1899, and was first described by Dr. C. Hart Merriam in the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, July 19, 1901, pages 125 and 126.

The animal is about six and one-half inches long from tip of nose to end of tail, the tail is about two and one-half inches long. The fur is long and soft and on the back is deep brown, shading to creamy white on the belly. The tail is sharply bicolor, brown above and white underneath, and the feet are clear white. His ears are so small that they are almost concealed by the long fur on the head, and his face is ornamented with long, black whiskers.

During the month of May, 1914, I was camped on the McKenzie river about two miles below the little town of Vida, and on the 18th I caught one of these lemmings in a mouse trap baited with oatmeal. The trap was set for shrews, and was placed among the rocks at the side of a small stream where it flows through a dense forest of spruce and fir timber. At this place both banks of the stream were lined with an almost impenetrable jungle of salmon-berry bushes and sword fern, where jumping mice and deer mice, as well as several species of shrews were collected.

NOTES FROM THE CLACKAMAS AND COLLIWASH RIVERS.

Mr. Ben S. Patton, deputy game warden of Estacada, reports that on a trip up the Clackamas and Colliwash rivers, which he made between December 9 and December 15, he saw elk tracks in the snow. On the Colliwash there was six inches of snow, and he saw where a band of timber wolves were hunting. He and Mr. Hugh Mendenhall caught one of the wolves in a trap. They also saw where another wolf had been caught in a trap, but nothing was left except the foot.

A few years ago deer were common in this locality, but now there are comparatively few because of the wolves.

MUSKRATS DRIVEN OUT.

Mr. F. H. Fawcett of Narrows, Oregon, reports that on January 27 he saw two muskrats in the streets at Narrows. Some of these animals are also taking refuge in the dwellings about Malheur lake, and have been seen out in the sage brush several miles from water. Mr. Fawcett says that the winter has been very cold, the ice is thick on the lake and he thinks the shallow portions of the lake are frozen to the bottom, so the rats have been forced to move out on account of food supply.

Malheur lake is the best trapping ground in Oregon for muskrats. During the winter of 1913 and 1914, 10,250 of these were trapped about the lake.

**STATEMENT OF GAME LICENSES ISSUED BY THE COUNTY CLERKS
FOR WHICH MONTHLY REMITTANCES ARE MADE
TO THE STATE TREASURER.**

From January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914.

COUNTY	Hunters	Anglers	Combi- nation	Non-Res. Hunters	Total
Baker	\$ 871.00	\$ 1,028.00	\$ 666.00	\$ 2,565.00
Benton	1,271.00	892.00	430.00	\$ 20.00	2,613.00
Clackamas	1,477.00	1,925.00	212.00	3,614.00
Clatsop	810.00	974.00	380.00	50.00	2,214.00
Columbia	656.00	586.00	228.00	160.00	1,630.00
Coos	2,395.00	1,780.00	796.00	10.00	4,981.00
Crook	706.00	1,509.00	620.00	20.00	2,855.00
Curry	524.00	319.00	172.00	130.00	1,145.00
Douglas	2,260.00	1,265.00	828.00	60.00	4,413.00
Gilliam	250.00	117.00	54.00	10.00	431.00
Grant	385.00	482.00	290.00	1,157.00
Harney	543.00	263.00	256.00	20.00	1,082.00
Hood River.....	450.00	869.00	144.00	1,463.00
Jackson	2,948.00	3,003.00	354.00	60.00	6,365.00
Josephine	1,156.00	703.00	256.00	10.00	2,125.00
Klamath	1,559.00	1,236.00	502.00	190.00	3,487.00
Lake	601.00	624.00	286.00	10.00	1,521.00
Lane	3,085.00	2,558.00	1,354.00	90.00	7,087.00
Lincoln	501.00	872.00	90.00	1,463.00
Linn	1,896.00	1,410.00	504.00	20.00	3,830.00
Malheur	547.00	206.00	162.00	50.00	965.00
Marion	3,708.00	3,380.00	508.00	10.00	7,606.00
Morrow	208.00	321.00	112.00	641.00
Multnomah	8,384.00	13,222.00	2,848.00	150.00	24,604.00
Polk	1,236.00	932.00	274.00	20.00	2,462.00
Sherman	146.00	268.00	28.00	442.00
Tillamook	700.00	1,351.00	198.00	2,249.00
Umatilla	1,999.00	2,900.00	710.00	90.00	5,699.00
Union	1,406.00	2,026.00	578.00	4,010.00
Wallowa	997.00	1,462.00	172.00	20.00	2,651.00
Wasco	669.00	1,300.00	200.00	2,169.00
Washington	1,818.00	1,087.00	218.00	3,123.00
Wheeler	85.00	76.00	68.00	229.00
Yamhill	1,520.00	1,512.00	368.00	3,400.00
Total 1914 ...	\$47,767.00	\$52,458.00	\$14,866.00	\$1,200.00	\$116,291.00
Total 1913 ...	48,490.00	46,060.00	12,620.00	1,630.00	108,800.00
Decrease	\$ 723.00	\$ 430.00
Increase	\$ 6,398.00	\$ 2,246.00	\$ 7,491.00

STATEMENT OF ADDITIONAL BOUNTY PAID ON PREDATORY ANIMALS.

On Warrants Drawn by Secretary of State on Game Protection Fund.

From October 1, 1913, to December 31, 1914.

COUNTY	BOBCATS		COUGAR		WOLF		Total Amount
	No.	At \$1.00 Each Amount	No.	At \$15.00 Each Amount	No.	At \$20.00 Each Amount	
Baker	104	\$ 104.00	\$ 104.00
Benton	19	19.00	19.00
Clackamas	101	101.00	4	\$ 60.00	7	\$140.00	301.00
Clatsop	121	121.00	2	30.00	151.00
Columbia	86	86.00	5	75.00	161.00
Coos	271	271.00	18	270.00	541.00
Crook	409	409.00	2	30.00	439.00
Curry	68	68.00	60	900.00	968.00
Douglas	327	327.00	85	1,275.00	12	240.00	1,842.00
Gilliam	20	20.00	20.00
Grant	182	182.00	4	60.00	242.00
Harney	1039	1,039.00	1	15.00	1,054.00
Hood River	33	33.00	3	45.00	78.00
Jackson	269	269.00	28	420.00	3	60.00	749.00
Josephine	111	111.00	11	165.00	276.00
Klamath	150	150.00	1	15.00	165.00
Lake	452	452.00	452.00
Lane	258	258.00	24	360.00	4	80.00	698.00
Lincoln	139	139.00	139.00
Linn	78	78.00	10	150.00	5	100.00	328.00
Malheur	595	595.00	595.00
Marion	10	10.00	2	30.00	40.00
Morrow	37	37.00	37.00
Multnomah	20	20.00	1	15.00	35.00
Polk	5	5.00	3	45.00	50.00
Sherman	11	11.00	11.00
Tillamook	97	97.00	1	15.00	112.00
Umatilla	2	2.00	2.00
Union	25	25.00	25.00
Wallowa	144	144.00	144.00
Wasco	86	86.00	3	45.00	131.00
Washington	38	38.00	1	15.00	53.00
Wheeler	97	97.00	97.00
Yamhill	21	21.00	21.00
Totals	5425	\$5,425.00	269	\$4,035.00	31	\$620.00	\$10,080.00

NOTE—The payment of additional bounty on Bobcats was discontinued on all hides presented to County Clerks on or after August 14, 1914.

DISTRIBUTION OF GAME FISH DURING 1914 BY COUNTIES, INCLUDING FISH LIBERATED THROUGH CO-OPERATION OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF FISHERIES.

Baker county	135,350	Linn county	170,135
Benton county	70,050	Lincoln county	600
Coos county	20,000	Marion county	175,770
Clackamas county	750,446	Malheur county	28,300
Clatsop county	147,900	Morrow county	65,000
Columbia county	21,200	Multnomah county	*560,570
Crook county	207,500	Polk county	60,520
Douglas county	417,064	Tillamook county	692,443
Grant county	53,500	Umatilla county	290,515
Gilliam county	41,500	Union county	244,500
Hood River county.....	98,400	Wallowa county	40,000
Harney county	40,000	Wasco county	128,500
Jackson county	821,844	Washington county	223,079
Klamath county	300,830	Yamhill county	170,925
Lake county	48,780		
Lane county	241,789	Total	6,267,010

*Out of this number, 545,070 were steelhead fry liberated into Tanner creek from the Bonneville central hatchery.

Summary.

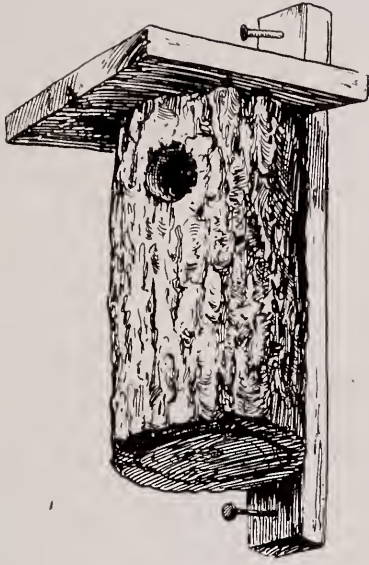
U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.....	844,023	
State hatcheries	5,422,987	6,267,010
Brood fish held at McKenzie river hatchery.....	206,723	
Broo fish held at McKenzie river hatchery.....	206,723	
Total trout	6,553,033	
Black bass released in streams and lakes.....	204,200	
Crappies recovered from landlocked sloughs.....	70,500	
Catfish recovered from landlocked sloughs.....	106,000	
		6,933,733
Early Chinook salmon liberated at the request of Multnomah Anglers' Club	538,500	
Fall Chinook salmon liberated at the request of Riddle Rod and Gun Club	103,200	
Total	7,575,433	

REPORT OF VIOLATIONS OF STATE GAME LAWS.

From January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1914.

COUNTY	Number of Cases	Convictions	Acquittals	Fines Imposed	Imprisoned or Fines Suspended	Fines Pending	One-half Amount of Fines Paid
Baker
Benton	5	5	..	\$ 200.00	\$ 100.00
Clackamas	19	18	1	550.00	\$ 350.00	\$ 50.00	75.00
Clatsop	8	7	1	175.00	75.00	50.00
Columbia	15	11	4	300.00	25.00	137.50
Coos	7	7	..	175.00	25.00	50.00	50.00
Crook
Curry	11	11	..	825.00	650.00	50.00	62.50
Douglas	17	17	..	450.00	125.00	162.50
Gilliam
Grant	4	4	..	100.00	25.00	37.50
Harney	6	4	2	150.00	25.00	62.50
Hood River	5	5	..	125.00	62.50
Jackson	18	18	..	725.00	465.00	130.00
Josephine	5	4	1	110.00	25.00	42.50
Klamath	8	8	..	205.00	25.00	90.00
Lake	1	1	..	25.00	12.50
Lane	11	8	3	150.00	25.00	25.00	50.00
Lincoln	12	10	2	225.00	25.00	25.00	87.50
Linn	9	7	2	125.00	50.00	37.50
Malheur	7	7	..	175.00	125.00	25.00
Marion	19	19	..	325.00	100.00	112.50
Morrow
Multnomah	54	53	1	1,160.00	750.00	160.00	125.00
Polk	11	10	1	250.00	125.00
Sherman
Tillamook	23	19	4	650.00	200.00	225.00	112.50
Umatilla	25	23	2	1,325.00	450.00	75.00	400.00
Union	9	8	1	490.00	25.00	40.00	212.50
Wallowa	1	1	..	25.00	25.00
Wasco	6	6	..	250.00	157.00	46.50
Washington	9	9	..	210.00	25.00	92.50
Wheeler
Yamhill	8	7	1	205.00	50.00	55.00	50.00
Total	333	307	26	\$9,680.00	\$3,672.00	\$905.00	\$2,551.50

HOW TO BUILD BIRD HOUSES.

**The Right Way.**

The time of the year is at hand for children to build bird homes. It is important that they are built correctly if children wish to attract feathered tenants. **The door to a bird house is an important feature.** This should never be on a level with the floor, but at least six inches above. The house should be eight inches or more high.

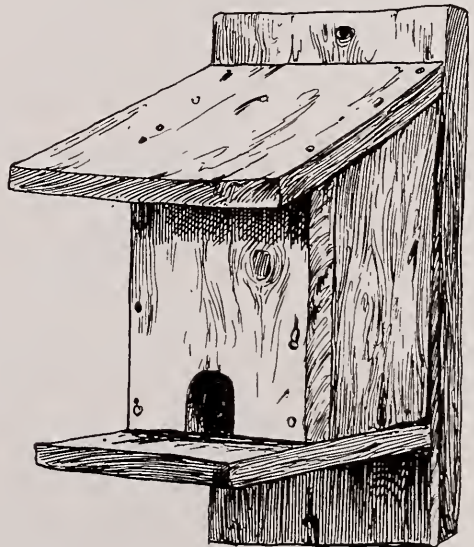
The natural home for bluebirds, wrens, violet-green swallows and chickadees, is an old deserted woodpecker's house. The nearer one can imitate this bird home the better. A round limb of a tree sawed in two and then hollowed

out and fitted together again, makes a good bird house.

The door-way may be as small as a fifty cent piece, or even smaller for wrens and swallows. The size of a dollar is good for bluebirds, and a hole from two to three inches in diameter suits a flicker.

Any spot that is slightly sheltered is a suitable location whether it is on the side of the building or in a tree. Bird homes should be located from at least eight to twenty feet above the ground.

Especial attention is called to a most useful publication issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, entitled "Bird Houses and How to Build Them" (Farmers' Bulletin No. 609). The pamphlet contains many drawings and specifications for constructing bird-houses. Every teacher of a bird study class should possess one, and may procure it by writing to Henry W. Henshaw, Chief of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.

**The Wrong Way.**

45, 465

MAR 24 1915

The OREGON SPORTSMAN

MARCH, 1915



The Coyote.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Editor, Portland, Oregon

Volume III

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Number 3

CONTENTS

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	Page
The Mountain or Plumed Quail, Colored Illustration.....	46
The Murderer of Hubbard Goes Free.....	47
Reed College Game Refuge—By R. Bruce Horsfall.....	51
Fishing in Oregon Waters—By Blaine Hallock.....	52
The Mountain Quail—By William L. Finley.....	57
Error in February Issue.....	60
Angling Improves in Umatilla County.....	60
Method of Poisoning Coyotes—By Cy J. Bingham.....	61
Rabies Among Coyotes.....	63
Cow Affected with Rabies.....	64
Bass in Cold Springs Reservoir.....	64
A Clearing House for Outdoor Information.....	65

This issue contains the first of an interesting series of angling articles by Blaine Hallock. They have the tang of outdoor life and will give you the fishing fever. You need The Oregon Sportsman. Send in your subscription.



The Mountain or Flumed Quail.

The Oregon Sportsman

Volume III

MARCH, 1915

Number 3

THE MURDERER OF HUBBARD GOES FREE.

In the January issue of The Oregon Sportsman, we gave a brief account of the killing of Deputy Game Warden Arthur S. Hubbard of Ashland, while in the performance of his duty. Hubbard was shot on December 17, 1914, in the upper Trail Creek country when in the act of arresting a game law violator by the name of Loris Martin. The trial of Martin was held in Jacksonville, Jackson county, beginning March 1. A verdict of acquittal was rendered Tuesday afternoon, March 9. The presiding judge was F. M. Calkins. Attorney A. E. Reames defended Martin and Judge E. E. Kelly handled the case for the State.

We are printing our version of the facts in this case, because this is the first time in Oregon that a game warden has been threatened and killed by a man who openly defied the game laws and the trial brings out two points very strongly, namely: that courts do not always administer justice and that in Jackson county there is a diseased condition in official circles that should be remedied by the law-abiding people.

On July 9, 1911, soon after Mr. Hubbard was employed as deputy game warden, he arrested Loris Martin for fishing without a license. Martin paid a fine of \$25. The testimony showed clearly that Martin bore a bitter feeling against Hubbard for this act.

Martin Makes Threats.

At various times and places after the date of his arrest, up to within two days of the time he shot Hubbard, Martin had made threats that he would kill Hubbard if he ever attempted to arrest him again. Andrew Poole told of a conversation with Martin in which Martin said, "If Hubbard bothers me, damn him. I'll kill him." Mrs. Poole and her daughter swore that they had at other times heard Martin threaten to kill Hubbard.

Mr. Vogeli, who was out hunting with Martin, said he asked Martin if he had a hunting license. Martin told him no, he

didn't need one as long as he had his rifle. When asked if he was not afraid of being arrested by a game warden, Martin told Mr. Vogeli that if any game warden tried to arrest him, he would get shot. Mr. T. C. Gaines also testified hearing Martin threaten Hubbard.

Mr. Ed Van Dyke testified that two days before the shooting he was helping Martin saw down some trees near his cabin. A conversation came up about Hubbard who had made a trip into that part of the country a few days previous to investigate game law violations. Martin, with an oath, swore he would kill Hubbard if he came up there and tried to arrest him.

A few days before the tragedy, Mr. Hubbard furnished the State Game Department with evidence that Martin was killing deer out of season. He was instructed by District Game Warden Sam Sandry of Rogue River to take Warden F. B. Herrington of Riddle and go and arrest Martin. Owing to an accident, Mr. Herrington could not go, so Mr. Hubbard took Constable A. L. Irwin of Ashland.

Hubbard, a Careful and Fearless Officer.

In order to be legally prepared, Hubbard first secured a search warrant from Justice of the Peace Taylor of Medford giving him a right to search and take the venison from Martin's cabin. Martin was not at home, so the two officers took two hams of fresh venison from the shed which was a part of Martin's cabin and tied them to the saddle. After waiting for some little time, they came on back down the trail and met Martin who was carrying a bag, an ax and a rifle.

"Hello, Loris," said Hubbard. "Hello, Hubbard, what the hell are you doing here?" replied Martin. They were within a few feet of each other and Irwin rode a little behind Hubbard. As Hubbard stopped, Martin set down his ax, threw his gun from his shoulder and held it ready for use at his hip. Hubbard threw his leg over the horn of his saddle, jumped from his horse and started toward Martin. Hubbard could not have advanced more than a few feet when Martin backed a little and with the rifle still at his hip, pulled the trigger. The muzzle of the rifle was not more than from four to eight feet from Hubbard's breast.

The soft-nosed bullet entered about the center of the breast bone, causing instant death.

The moment Hubbard fell, Martin reloaded his Winchester and faced Irwin who was still on his horse. "That man done me dirt and there is the result," said Martin.

The Line of the Defense.

From the above statements, one would arrive at the conclusion that it would be impossible for a jury to acquit Martin, but the impossible sometimes happens. The line of the defense was shrewdly built up from two standpoints.

In the first place, it was spread broadcast by Hubbard's enemies that the first time he arrested Martin for fishing without a license, he had baited his hook for him and thus it might be said encouraged the violation of the law. This was untrue, but coupled with the other stories that Hubbard had also made threats against Martin, a sentiment was built up against Hubbard as an officer among a certain class of people in Jackson county. This sentiment was strong among the people in the official circles in the town of Jacksonville. Sheriff Singler and his deputy not only did not assist the state in any way from the beginning to the end of the case, but they assisted the defense and were used as their witnesses. County Assessor Grieve was also a witness for Martin. But one of the real causes for the acquittal lay in the instructions that Judge Calkins gave the jury, which favored the defense strongly and were unjust and unfair to Hubbard as a police officer.

In the second place, the defense laid great stress on the claim that Hubbard was attempting to draw his gun when Martin pulled the trigger and therefore Martin shot in self defense. However, certain facts which are admitted by both sides, show that he could not have drawn his gun. He carried a Luger pistol in a holster under his left arm. Hubbard's coat was buttoned when he fell and it was still buttoned when the body was examined by the coroner and sheriff. The undeniable proof was that the bullet penetrated both lapels of Hubbard's coat.

Why should Hubbard attempt to draw his gun? Martin had him covered from the beginning. Irwin, who was a few feet behind Hubbard, said that when the bullet struck, Hubbard swung partly around and he saw both his hands clutch at his breast as

the body twisted and fell face up, the head within two or three feet of where Martin was standing. Irwin testified that he did not see anything of Hubbard's pistol, although he went up to Hubbard's body after the fatal shot.

How Did the Gun Get There?

The climax in the case which gave Martin his freedom was Hubbard's revolver which was found at the side of a little bush over four feet by actual measurement and a little to the rear of the spot where Hubbard had stood. How did Hubbard's gun get there? From the first, Martin dominated the scene with his thirty-thirty. He refused to surrender. He refused to accompany Irwin. He refused to leave the spot, but finally agreed to give himself up if Irwin would go down and get one of his friends.

Irwin returned an hour or so later with two of Martin's friends, but still Martin refused to surrender. Then he showed just where Hubbard's gun had fallen, for Martin's plea was self-defense. But granting Martin's trumped-up case was true, Martin knew Hubbard was an officer of the law. He saw that the officer had the undeniable evidence of his guilt for killing deer out of season. He assumed an attitude of resistance and when pressed by the officer, pulled the trigger in a spirit of diabolical hatred with which his soul was filled.

The weeks that Martin, the murderer, spent in the county jail did not soften his heart in the least, for toward the end of the trial when he was asked if he shot to kill Hubbard, his eyes still gleamed hate and passion, when he answered, "Certainly, I shot to kill!"

The jury filed in and settled in their seats. It was a solemn moment. The verdict was unanimous. Then a great burst of joy from the throats of a court room full of sympathizers. Hooray! Congratulations! Martin, the Trail Creek murderer, is free! It's not a crime to kill a game warden in Jackson county!

The Secretary of Agriculture has advised Senator Harry Lane that the complaints in regard to the killing of ducks and geese on the Klamath Indian reservation will be investigated. Steps will be taken by the federal authorities to enforce the laws protecting these game birds.

REED COLLEGE GAME REFUGE.**BY****R. BRUCE HORSFALL**

During the past winter, from fifty to eighty wild water birds have been living on Crystal Springs lake, which is a part of the Reed College Game Refuge. The greater number of ducks are scaups or bluebills. There have also been a few teal, mallards, spoonbills, baldpates, redheads, grebes, both pied-billed and horned, coots, Wilson snipe, killdeer and one lone great blue heron. The ducks keep well out toward the middle of the lake during the day, but work along in shore toward night.

The question of putting out food for the ducks and attracting them to the lake has been attended to by Dr. W. C. Morgan. Wheat has been kept on hand for ducks and it has not taken them long to learn where to go for food.

This splendid lake is within the limits of the city of Portland and an effort will be made to give careful protection to the wild birds here in the hope that within a few years they will be tame enough to eat out of the hand. In Golden Gate park in San Francisco where birds have been carefully protected for years, flocks of ducks, geese, coots and other birds are so tame that they furnish a great attraction.

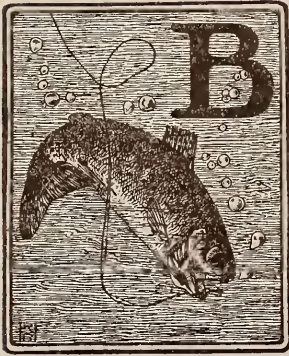
The birds soon recognize places where they are given protection and food. At Titusville, Florida, where the hotels allow no shooting within certain limits, the scaup ducks take bread from the hands of people sitting in boats or upon the wharves, while beyond the "dead-line" these same ducks are so wild that one cannot get within gun shot. The same conditions prevail at Lake Worth, Florida. In the middle of New York City, wild mallards, recognizing the absolute freedom from molestation, nest about the shores of the little lakes in Central Park where thousands of people pass daily.

Quite a number of Hungarian partridges, bob-white and valley quail have been liberated on the Reed College Game Refuge by the Fish and Game Commission. It is hoped careful protection will be given these birds so they will increase. Chinese pheasants are already very common. Some silver-gray squirrels are also to be liberated in the groves about Reed College.

FISHING IN OREGON WATERS

The First of a Series of Sketches Devoted to the Gentle Art
of Angling

BY
BLAINE HALLOCK



Y WAY of preface, let me remark that this series of articles, devoted to the gentle art of fishing, appear here somewhat against my better judgment. They have been penned, not by a scientist learned in all the Latin classifications and anatomical arrangements of the many finny creatures, but by a simple fisherman who loves more the sound of gurgling brooks and the sight of open blue sky than the doubtful joy of a knowledge that his Latin classifications are correct or his theory on genus, as disclosed by fin arrangement or scale markings, is faultless.

These articles will abound in errors in biology. A fish's caudal fin I shall be pleased to call by its unlovely sobriquet, his tail. Perchance I may confuse the *salmo irideus* with the *salmo gairdneri*, and the char may even be referred to here, without further apology, as a trout; but underneath it all I hope my patient reader may catch some useful hints on angling, or, not being a fisherman himself, may end by holding in higher regard those prevaricating, though harmless, individuals who are so classed.

One day a friend of mine remarked that since the fishing season had closed he supposed my days off must hang very heavily upon my hands. Somewhat to his surprise I replied that the fishing season never closes. And such is indeed the case, especially here in Oregon. Fish' of ten inches or more in length may be taken on rod and line the year round, with no violation of the law, and this without regard to kind. Salmon, trout, char,

bass, grayling and any of the many varieties of bay fishes may be taken by angling at any season of the year, subject only to the qualification as to the first three named, of their measuring ten inches or over.

It is a popular idea that the fishing season opens in the spring of the year, and, to most purposes, so it does. About the time when the first wild flowers venture to peep at the uncertain weather, and after the last snow patches have disappeared from the hollows of the lower woods, we read on the calendar that it is the first of April. The state says we may now go "a fishing." And though we have been fishing often during the preceding months of winter and early spring, we have gotten into the habit of calling this first April day the opening of the season.

Let us then begin our fishing with the first of April. We have looked forward to the date, recognizing in it our first chance to catch a mess of early brook trout. And here, at the expense of appearing inconsistent, permit an amplification. The trout here referred to is not that gorgeous little fellow popularly known as the eastern brook trout; the brook trout of the east, is not a trout at all. Sounds like a paradox, doesn't it? One might well ask the conundrum, when is a trout not a trout? And the answer would be, when it is a char. To be more exact, while the small trout of our Oregon brooks, the cut-throat or black speckled trout (*salmo Clarkii*), the mountain and western brook trout (*salmo purpuratus*) and the rainbow or red-side (*salmo irideus*) are really brook trout, since they are true trout living in brooks, the so-called eastern brook or red-spotted trout (*salvelinus fontinalis*), which is not a native of our streams but which is always referred to by that misnomer, is actually no trout at all. He is a char.

If you live in Portland some day after you have eaten your lunch at noon, step over to First and Alder streets and observe the trout in the tank in Constantine's market. There, side by side, you will see the native cut-throat and his eastern brother, the brook trout. This fellow with his pink and gold spots, his red belly and fins, and his peculiarly mottled back, is the *fontinalis* or char.

The story runs that our pilgrim fathers, eager to learn if the many streams which they found on this new continent would afford trout fishing such as they had left in Merrie England, soon discovered this brilliant little fellow, and, though he was quite dissimilar to the brown and Loch Leven trout at home, promptly named him brook trout. Although probing scientists

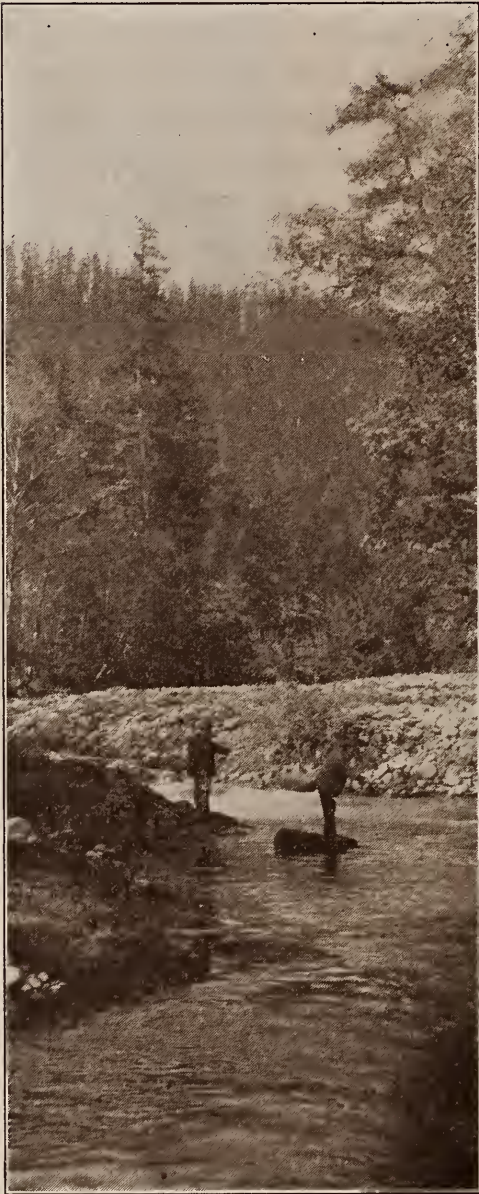
later proved this fish to be a char and not a trout, the name stuck, and today he is quite generally known as the eastern brook trout.

But enough of *fontinalis*, be he trout or char. We started out this April morning for a mess of brook trout and these we will get. Real bona fide trout of our western brooks.

It is April. On the higher levels little rusty patches of snow still lie, though already, in the broken glades, white trilliums glisten against the deep moss and the first anemone has pushed up a round, heavy bud full of promise.

There are no flying bugs about, though many such in the embryo, fat larva, can be found if we but know where to look. We may well expect to find the particular brook decided upon still milky from snow water and clouded by spring freshets.

Where shall we go? We want to catch some little trout,



Along an Oregon Trout Stream.

within a few hours of Portland. We think of the famous old Columbia Gorge, with its many dashing water courses. There is Herman creek, near Cascade Locks; Eagle and Tanner creeks, near Bonneville; Pierce creek, Dry creek, Williams creek, Bridal Veil creek, Latourelle creek, Gordon creek, Trapper creek, Cedar creek, and many others. All good. But my own little pet brook for early April fishing I have purposely refrained from mentioning. Being particularly fond of this tiny stream, I am loath to let you in on my secret. It is quite the prettiest, coolest, daintiest little rill that I know of, and each year it affords me quite a respectable creel of small cutthroats. So I have learned to consider it, with its accompaniment of blossom and brake, my own tiny April domain. But I know this is selfish indeed, so I turn it over to you in its wild loveliness. Young's creek! We shall try its purling waters.

This creek tumbles down through the rocky defiles of Shepard's Dell, near Bridal Veil, and finds its way to the Columbia about a mile west of that point. But it cannot be ascended from its mouth. In places the water plunges sheer for many feet, and the footing is uncertain. So we will follow the Bridal Veil Lumber Company's logging road till we get up onto the bench land to the right of Bridal Veil creek. Then take the road to the right over the divide, and a few minutes' brisk walk brings us to the rough little stream. If we are lucky enough to be first in, and are not discouraged by brambles and rough walking, we should take a fair catch of pretty cutthroats.

The Right Bait.

It is too early for fly fishing. We will have ample opportunity to indulge that later. This is a plain case of bait. Come with a bait box full of fresh, clean angle worms. To toughen and prepare them for bait, place in a clean earthen jar, half-filled with moss which has been dipped in water and squeezed nearly dry. On this drop a teaspoonful of milk and a light sprinkling of corn meal. After worms have been left in the jar for twenty-four hours they will be found bright, tough and lively.

For brook fishing use a short, light, rather whippy rod, about seven feet long. A long rod is very unwieldy in the brush, while a short casting rod is too stiff. Fifteen or twenty yards of medium weight oiled silk line is plenty for this fishing. The reel is the least important item. Use a three-foot light leader single hook loop. Very often the only line out will be the leader. A half dozen No. 8 sneek hooks will complete the outfit.

Fish slowly and carefully and keep well out of sight. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized. These little trout are extremely wary, and any sudden movement of the fisherman sends them off in a flash to hide under some rock or sunken log till they are reassured.

Fish the deeper pools under overhanging banks and beside submerged rocks. Pinch a split shot onto the leader above the hook, and lower it into the likely places, being careful to keep it moving slowly with the current.

Freshets and swollen streams cause the banks to cave off here and there, and the fish eagerly watch these places for worms and grubs. They are hungry and vigorous in the early spring, and will bite readily, although rarely will they take food from the surface.

The day is spent working along the stream from pool to pool, taking a fish here and losing one there.

Budding nature greets us upon every hand, and if we do not bring home three wild flowers to every trout, we have missed the essence of the excursion.

We will clean our little catch before we leave the stream, being careful to keep them away from the water as much as possible. Fish cleaned dry keep much better than those washed and packed in wet grass. A few fresh ferns lining the basket keeps the fish cool and firm. Garnish the pack with water cress, and if my humble stream has not yielded a full complement to your yawning basket, fill the top with wild flowers.

With this offering you should be able to buy permission for another jaunt, and reconcile "her" to the idiosyncracies of a fisherman.

THE MOUNTAIN QUAIL.

Notes on the Life History of This Rapidly Decreasing Oregon Game Bird.



I SHALL never forget my first impressions of this game bird when I used to see a flock of them many years ago dusting in the road or feeding towards evening at the edge of the woods. I remember occasionally coming upon a flock unexpectedly. One of the birds would start off down the road in alarm, his neck stretched and his long crest feathers extended straight up making his legs seem very short and giving his body a peculiar squatty appearance.

The mountain quail (*Oreortyx picta*, a painted quail of the mountains, named from the Greek, *orus*, mountain, and *ortyx*, quail, and the Latin, *picta*, meaning pictured or painted.) is the largest and handsomest quail found in North America. It is sometimes called "Big Blue Quail" by sportsmen distinguishing it from the "Little Blue Quail" which is the California or Valley Quail.

The call note of the Mountain Quail is a plain short whistle, which is given with the beak up and the wings drooped and sounds like the whistle of some boy signaling to his friend.

This quail was formerly more abundant than it is today. Thirty years ago in the Willamette Valley it was extremely common. Coveys of them were found in every patch of woods, in the vicinity of every farm and even within a short distance from the center of our towns. Fifteen years later their numbers had greatly decreased. Today they are quite rare in many parts of the Willamette Valley.

Because of the scarcity of quail in the Willamette Valley and parts of Eastern Oregon, the last legislature closed the season on Mountain and California quail throughout the state, except in Klamath, Jackson, Josephine, Coos, and Curry Counties. The season on bobwhite quail is closed for the entire state.

A Gradually Disappearing Species.

The Mountain Quail does not stand the advance of civilization as the Bob-white and California or Valley Quail. I do not know the reasons, except that they are more shy and as the groves are cut, the swales drained and the land cultivated, these quail gradually disappear. Today they are more abundant in some of the small coast valleys of southern Oregon than any place I know. I remember in the early nineties of seeing a great many of these birds in Coos County, especially up some of the small streams not far from the coast. They thrive best on the brushy side hills along a stream at the edge or even away from the cultivated field.

The nest of the Mountain Quail is often made at the edge or a little under an old brush heap where it is carefully protected from above, or it may be carefully hidden in the ferns or at the base of a small fir sapling. I have found fifteen eggs in a nest, although the average number is from ten to twelve. The eggs are cream or buff colored and unspotted. The period of incubation is twenty-eight days, it might be a day or so more or less according to the weather.

Raising Quail in Captivity.

On May 7, 1908, we set fifteen eggs of the Mountain Quail under a bantam. On June 4, eleven quail eggs hatched. One of the eggs had been stolen by some animal. One egg was addled; the other two were slow in hatching. The chick in one of these eggs died, but by picking a ring around the second egg with a pin point and then wrapping it in a warm, wet cloth, this chick came out of the shell all right. We wrapped him in a woolen cloth and put him where it was warm; in about an hour he was out and running around as lively as any of the others.

Young quail seem to have a great deal of vitality. They were very wary from the first, for whenever their bantam mother fluttered her wings, the little quail scattered like a shower of bullets for a hiding place under ferns or leaves.

When first hatched, the Mountain Quail chick is definitely marked with a brown streak edged with light yellow extending down his back. Under each eye was a black streak. The rest of the body was speckled brown and black. A few days after hatching, the chicks showed two or three fine stiff black feathers on

their heads which were soon to develop into top-knots. The wing feathers developed rapidly as in the grouse or pheasant.

At first, the quail had a soft note like the peep of a chicken, but in two or three weeks this note changed to a twitter and a warning cry of "Quit! Quit!" like that used by the mature bird.

We did not find the quail hard to raise. They adapted themselves to the bantam's note and came when she called them. They were fed on hard boiled egg, cracked wheat, lettuce, clover and were very fond of any flies or insects. Although very few of these birds are raised in captivity, I see no reason why some of the people in our state who are interested in raising game birds should not raise some Mountain Quail and get good prices for them.

One of the recognition marks of the Mountain Quail is the thin long black crest feathers that extend back from the crown or stand straight up when the bird is alarmed or excited. The upper parts of the bird or the back, wings and tail are olive-brown. The breast is bluish slate. The throat and flanks are deep chestnut, the latter barred with black and white. The male and female are identical in dress, the crest of the female is a little shorter than that of her mate.

Two Species Called Mountain Quail.

From a scientific standpoint, there are two quail in Oregon, both locally known as Mountain Quail. One cannot be distinguished from the other by the ordinary sportsman. The trained ornithologist, however, can pick out slight variations in the color of the plumage and distinguish the Mountain Quail (*Oreortyx picta*) from the Plumed Quail (*Oreortyx picta plumifera*). The home of the former is the humid transition zone of the Pacific Coast from the southwestern part of Washington south to Monterey County, California. It was formerly introduced on Vancouver Island. The native home of the latter is the semi-arid transition zone from the Columbia River south through the Cascade Range and along both sides of the Sierra Nevadas in California to Lower California.

While these are the latest records on the geographical distribution of these two subspecies, quail have been trapped and introduced from one locality into another until the student of geographical variation often finds that the present records do not hold true. The Mountain or Plumed Quail ranges in con-

siderable numbers out into Lake, Harney and Malheur counties. In the collection of skins belonging to the Fish and Game Commission, are specimens from the following localities: Portland, Eugene, Salem, Roseburg, The Dalles, Sisters, Klamath Falls, Adel and the Alvord ranch in Harney county.

According to the old records, the Mountain or Plumed Quail were not native to the state of Washington. In the early seventies, Prof. O. B. Johnson of the University of Washington wrote that these birds were rarely found north of the Willamette Valley. At that time they were very abundant in Oregon and many were trapped and shipped alive to different markets. Some of the birds sent to Seattle were liberated in that locality, on Whidbey Island and other places.

W. L. F.

ERROR IN FEBRUARY ISSUE.

In the report of game fish distributed during 1914 which was published on page 41 of the February issue of The Oregon Sportsman the number of brood fish which have been kept in the McKenzie river hatchery was repeated. The second line should have been left out and the following line inserted: "Brood fish held in Bonneville hatchery, 79,300."

ANGLING IMPROVES IN UMATILLA COUNTY.

During the past year game conditions have improved in many parts of the state because of the large numbers of game fish liberated in the various streams.

Dr. J. D. Plamondon of Athena writes as follows:

"I have been fishing in the waters of the Meacham creek, which is the principal tributary of the Umatilla river, for about fifteen years and wish to state that the past season's catches have exceeded all other seasons in my experience both in number of fish and size.

"Other sportsmen of this vicinity, some of whom have fished the Umatilla and Meacham for many years, concur with me in this opinion.

"More and more people visit these streams annually and the fact that the catches are better each year speaks well for the results obtained by the Fish and Game Commission in its methods of fish protection and propagation."

METHOD OF POISONING COYOTES.

**Cy J. Bingham, Forest Supervisor,
John Day, Oregon.**

Of all the predatory animals that harass the stockman, the coyote is perhaps the most destructive. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that he is found in much greater numbers than any of the other animals.

Experienced trappers and hunters know that the coyote is the most difficult animal on the range to capture. It is a very clever trapper indeed who can place his trap so that these cunning animals will not detect it. The most extreme care may be used in concealing the trap, and in leaving no scent around it, and yet the chances are greatly in favor of the coyote detecting it and passing around.

If properly used, poison is much more effective in ridding the range of coyotes, than is either trapping or hunting. Strychnine has been used, but usually with no great degree of success. The use of strychnine, in fact, should be discouraged. If the bait containing this poison is not eaten by coyotes or other animals it retains its deadliness for an indefinite period, and may be picked up months later by a dog with fatal results. Thus a valuable animal may be destroyed and no good accomplished.

A poison should be selected that will lose its effectiveness in a short time after being placed, so that in case it is not picked up by a coyote it will do no damage. The Northwest Hide and Fur Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota, sells a small capsule containing enough poison to immediately kill a coyote. The price of these capsules is \$1.75 per hundred. In ordering them it must be stated that they are for coyotes, as different sized capsules are required for different animals. The capsules are called "Suredeath poison capsules."

To prepare the capsules for use take a roll of old butter, preferably a little rancid. Warm it until it is soft enough to handle well, but not enough to melt it. Care must be used not to touch the butter with the hands. Use a small wooden paddle that has no human scent on it. With this paddle cut off a piece

of butter about the size of a marble; lay it on an unscented board and flatten it out; place the capsule on the strip of butter; roll the butter around the capsule leaving it as nearly round as possible. Take a small pair of wooden pincers and place the butter rolls in a jar that is free from scent. Never use metal to handle the butter or capsules—always wood.

The jar containing these butter rolls should be placed where the rolls will freeze. After freezing, they should be kept in a cool place. In this manner they will keep indefinitely.

The carcass of an animal should be used for bait. It is better to secure an old cow or horse, lead it to the desired spot, and kill it. A fresh-killed carcass is much better than an old one.

The most desirable spot for placing the bait is on the top of a knoll or hill from which one can see in all directions. Such spots are usually frequented by coyotes. Ground should not be selected, however, which is thickly covered with brush, rocks, or other natural hiding places, since poisoned coyotes will if possible hide themselves.

Lead the animal which has been secured for bait to the spot you have selected. Do not kill the animal by shooting, since the discharge of firearms leaves a scent, and the noise of the discharge may frighten any coyotes within hearing so that they will not return to the spot. The best method of killing the animal is to cut the main arteries in the neck. Such a death, while not so instantaneous, is just as humane and painless as shooting. In this manner the animal bleeds profusely and the odor of the blood will attract the coyotes for a long distance. The killing must be done from on horseback. In fact, all the operations must be conducted without dismounting. Otherwise an odor would be left on the ground which would keep the coyotes away.

After the animal is killed, the poison capsules should be scattered around it for a distance of 50 or 60 feet. The poisoned butter rolls must not be touched with the hands. They should be removed from the jar with a stick or pair of wooden pincers. If there is snow on the ground they may be thrown into the snow. If there is no snow they should be placed under dry cow chips or other natural debris. This may be done without dismounting

by the use of a long stick. About two or three dozen capsules should be placed around each carcass. At each subsequent visit to the carcass a few fresh capsules may be scattered. The carcasses should be three or four miles apart.

In cold weather the carcass should not be visited oftener than twice a week. If the weather is warm it should be visited daily and the capsules put out more frequently. The dead coyotes must be removed without dismounting. To do this requires some practice. A noose is made in the end of a rope. By the use of a long stick it is hooked over a leg of the coyote. At the second carcass a half-hitch is placed around the leg, and so on. With a little practice it will be found that six or eight carcasses may be removed at one time with a single rope. The carcasses should be dragged at least half a mile from the bait before being skinned.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the necessity of leaving no human scent either on the poisoned rolls of butter or on the ground about the carcass. Firearms should never be carried. One might occasionally be able to shoot a coyote if he had his gun along, but in doing so he would do more harm than good. Everything used in the preparation and placing of the bait should be absolutely free from scent. One should never dismount within half a mile of the carcass for any purpose, nor leave anything about the bait that could possibly carry a human scent.

RABIES AMONG COYOTES.

During the past winter, there have been a great many reports throughout eastern Oregon of coyotes affected with rabies. There are many reliable cases where coyotes have been killed and the heads sent in to the State Board of Health for examination. There has been no question as to the disease being prevalent in parts of Umatilla, Union, Baker and Grant counties. More numerous reports come from Umatilla and Baker counties.

There have been a number of reliable cases where dogs, stock and even people have been bitten. A good many dogs and stock have been killed. A number of people have been treated by the State Board of Health, but we know of no deaths.

In order to kill off the coyotes and wipe out the disease,

Governor James Withycombe sent a special message to the legislature and a bill was passed increasing the bounty from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per head on coyotes. This bounty bill is in effect until January 1, 1916.

COW AFFECTED WITH RABIES.

Mr. F. H. Fawcett of Narrows, Oregon, reports that on March 6 he went to see a cow that was reported to have been bitten by a coyote with rabies. The cow was owned by Mr. Haas of Narrows. He gives the facts as follows:

"A few weeks ago a coyote found its way into the corral while the hired man was milking. He happened to turn around and saw the coyote within a few feet of him. He went over the fence without much ceremony, secured a gun and killed the animal. It showed no signs of rabies.

"On March 5 the cow seemed uneasy and kept walking about the corral much as a cow does just after being taken from the herd, but her mouth was covered with froth continually.

"Some time during the night of the 6th, she broke out of the corral and on the morning of the 7th was charging around at everything she could see or hear. She appeared to be partially blind and occasionally she would run into a wagon or fence. Sometimes she would stumble and fall. She was killed by the owner."

BASS IN COLD SPRINGS RESERVOIR.

Reports of splendid catches of bass in the Cold Springs reservoir near Hermiston have been made during the last few weeks by anglers from Pendleton, Echo, Stanfield and Hermiston. Several of the fish taken are said to have weighed five pounds each while large numbers of smaller ones have been caught.

The first bass were liberated in the reservoir four years ago this fall when 20,000 were planted. The following year 20,000 more were planted. There is an abundance of food in the reservoir and the entire environment is apparently ideal for the shallow water around the edges of the reservoir is said to be literally alive with the smaller fish of this species.

The reservoir also contains rainbow, steelheads and chinooks.

A Clearing House for Outdoor Information

The Oregon Sportsman has reliable up-to-date material from various parts of the state. It acts as a clearing house for out-of-door information.

The Oregon Sportsman keeps a list of reliable guides who are equipped to take out hunting, fishing and camping parties.

The Oregon Sportsman can tell you of good recreation places and splendid outdoor camps and hotels. You may want to know where to go and how to get there.

The Oregon Sportsman frequently receives letters from people in other states, and especially from sportsmen in the East, in regard to hunting and fishing conditions on the Pacific Coast.

If we cannot furnish the information desired, perhaps we can put you in touch with people who can.

Send The Oregon Sportsman to some of your Eastern friends.

Have you subscribed for The Oregon Sportsman?

If not, send 50 cents now.

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The OREGON SPORTSMAN

APRIL, 1915



Angling Along Klamath River.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Editor, Portland, Oregon

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CONTENTS

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	Page
The California or Valley Quail, Colored Illustration....	68
The California or Valley Quail—By William L. Finley..	69
Exhibit of Oregon Game Birds.....	72
Decision on Columbia River Fishing.....	72
“In the Oregon Country”.....	73
An Outing on the Deschutes—By Blaine Hallock.....	74
A National Bird Census—By Henry W. Henshaw.....	79
Annual Meeting of the Multnomah Anglers' Club.....	81
Oregon State Trapshooters Tournament.....	81
Changes in Washington Game Laws.....	82
California Quail at McMinnville.....	82
Notes for the Angler—By W. F. Backus.....	83
Live Fish Exhibit taken to San Francisco.....	84
Federal Law Still Effective.....	84
Items of Interest.....	85
The Itching Hour—By Billy Dills.....	87

Read the second of a series of angling crank sketches in this issue by Blaine Hallock. It is the next thing to casting a fly in the Deschutes.

In the May issue, you will want to read a complete account of the new game laws, as well as other items of interest about the game conditions.

The Oregon Sportsman is devoted to fostering a love for outdoor life and educating people in the protection of their game resources.

A true sportsman is not necessarily a man who carries a rod or a gun. He is a lover of woods and streams, fields and flowers, trees and mountains, fish, birds and animals.



The California or Valley Quail.

The Oregon Sportsman

Volume III

APRIL, 1915

Number 4

THE CALIFORNIA OR VALLEY QUAIL.

A Valuable Bird About the Farm, Introduced from Southern Oregon into All Parts of the State.



IF THE farmers throughout the state want a bird that is valuable both from the economic and game standpoint, they should encourage this bird which is often known as the Little Blue Quail. The food of the bird is largely weed seed and insects. It is a native of the southern part of our state and during the last two or three years has been introduced into almost every part of Oregon. With a little encouragement, the California or Valley Quail will thrive in every section of the state.

During 1914, nearly twelve hundred of these birds were trapped in Jackson and Josephine counties and were liberated in sixteen different counties in various parts of the state, according to the reports published in *The Oregon Sportsman* for January, 1915. In order to protect these quail and give them a chance to increase, the legislature has closed the quail season during 1915 and 1916.

The call note of the California or Valley Quail is easily imitated and sounds like, "Coo-coo-coo! Coo-coo-coo!" with the emphasis on the second syllable. It differs distinctly from the single whistle of the Mountain Quail. This call is one commonly used as a sort of a signal from one bird to another or for the flock. If one comes upon a flock of these birds unexpectedly, the first note is a danger signal, "Tst! Tst! Tst!" which might be described as a sound made by suddenly exploding or drawing in a breath of air.

Quail have a great many enemies. In order to protect themselves while feeding, one bird will often mount to the top of a fence or take a position in a tree and act as a sentinel for the rest of the company. Eternal vigilance is the price that the quail

pays for its life every day in the year. The birds are quite local in character; if food is abundant and there are natural hiding places such as the brushy banks along a creek, the flock will stay around day after day in the same region.

Climate has considerable effect upon the plumage of some of our birds. The song sparrow, for instance, that lives in the moist rainy belt along the Oregon coast is darker in dress and a trifle larger than the song sparrow that lives in the higher, drier zone. The ruffed grouse of western Oregon with its reddish phase of dress is quite different from the gray ruffed grouse of north-eastern Oregon. The same is true of the pine or red squirrel that

lives in Oregon. In the series of specimens in the collection of the Fish and Game Commission, we find a very interesting gradation of change. The red squirrel from Tillamook is rich dark brown above and underneath the fur has a very marked reddish tone. The same squirrel from the vicinity of Portland and along the Columbia river is lighter on the belly, while in specimens from eastern Oregon, especially Wallowa county, the reddish tint underneath is faded out entirely until it is pure white in color.



Along the Pacific coast, the same kind of a change is traceable in the California Quail. Speaking from a scientific standpoint, there are two quail, the California Quail (*Lophortyx californica*, named from the Greek, *lophos*, a crest, and *ortyx*, a quail) and the Valley Quail (*Lophortyx californica vallicola*). The former is a native of the humid transition zone from southern Oregon on the west side of the Cascades south to

Monterey county, California. This bird was also introduced on Vancouver island and in the state of Washington. The latter is a native of the higher Cascade range from the Klamath Lake country south through California and east to the mountains of western Nevada. It is somewhat smaller and paler in dress. Since the habits of both birds are identical, they will both be treated as a single species.

The California Quail may easily be distinguished from the Mountain Quail. It is smaller in size. There is a decided difference in the crest. That of the California Quail is shaped like a comma; it curves forward and is larger at the upper end. The plume of the Mountain Quail is long and narrow and extends straight back. The throat of the California Quail is black bordered by a white line. There is also a white line running across the gray forehead and extending over each eye. The breast is bluish-slate, while the feathers of the belly are white and yellowish bordered with dark brown, looking as if the bird were covered with scales rather than feathers. On the center of the belly is a chestnut-red patch. The back is bluish like the breast, but with a brown tinge and the flanks are dark brown streaked with white. The female is duller and of a general slate-brown color, lacking the black and white markings on the head and the chestnut color on the belly.

I have known of two or three cases where the California Quail crossed with the Mountain Quail in the wild state. A very interesting hybrid was secured by Mr. George D. Peck on April 1, 1911, along the Silvies river, Harney county, about two miles north of Burns. The crest was a curious combination of both birds. It was narrow like that of the Mountain Quail, but curved forward like the crest of the California Quail. The coloring on the body of this bird showed a very even balance of character derived from both birds. In size, it was a little larger than the average California Quail and thus more like the Mountain Quail.

While on a trip through Wasco county in 1908, I heard a quail call and recognized the note of the Mountain Quail. I crept up closer to where I could get a view of the bird and found it was a California or Valley Quail. It seems in this case the habitat of the two species overlapped and the one had learned the call note of the other.

The nest of the California Quail is a little hollow in the ground lined with grass. From twelve to eighteen eggs are laid. They are cream colored and peppered or blotched with brown. They can easily be distinguished from the eggs of the Bob-white Quail or the Mountain Quail, because these eggs are unspotted.

W. L. F.

EXHIBIT OF OREGON GAME BIRDS.

The exhibit of live game birds which has been installed at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco by Mr. 'Gene M. Simpson, superintendent of the State Game Farm, is attracting considerable attention. To show the different game birds that are found in Oregon, a rustic lodge has been built in front of the Oregon building at San Francisco just on the shore of the bay. In one end of this is a reproduction of the Columbia river with miniature canneries, fish wheels, boats and other equipment that shows the fishing industry.

In the other end of the lodge, the space has been divided and Mr. Simpson has installed coveys of wild quail, all three varieties that live in Oregon, bob-white, valley and mountain quail. There are also grouse and pheasants, Chinese or ring-necked, Reeves and others, a flock of wild pigeons and a lively bunch of silver-gray squirrels. Many people who come from the East are attracted by these wild creatures which make Oregon famous as a game state. No other state in the Union has such a variety and abundance of game birds. Many eastern tourists will be attracted to Oregon to hunt and fish during the coming summer and fall.

DECISION ON COLUMBIA RIVER FISHING.

On March 23, a decision was handed down by the Supreme Court of the state of Oregon upholding the constitutionality of the act which forbids the taking of salmon with nets in the waters of the state of Oregon by persons who have not resided in this state for a period of six months or longer. The opinion was written by Chief Justice Moore and affirmed a decision of Circuit Judge Eakin of Clatsop county. The law at the last session of the legislature was amended requiring a residence of one year which is now in effect, the bill carrying an emergency clause.

"IN THE OREGON COUNTRY."

This is the title of a new book by George Palmer Putnam. It is a series of sketches covering different phases of outdoor life in Oregon. The book is well illustrated and has an appropriate introduction by Governor James Withycombe.

There is plenty of good literary material in Oregon, especially from an outdoor standpoint. A greater part of the state is a big outdoor playground for the angler, the hunter, the camper, the tramper and everyone else who likes mountains, woods and rivers. Mr. Putnam has seized upon some of the opportunities. There is no better theme than "On Oregon Trails" or "A Canoe on the Deschutes."

Mr. Putnam is a nature lover. He came to Oregon from New York. He lived at Bend, the heart of a great country with its pine-covered slopes on the west and the gray sage plains on the east. He is an enthusiast. He absorbed the life of the land. He saw that part of eastern Oregon pass out of the frontier class. He rode with the old stage driver from Shaniko to Bend.

"Do you chew?" asked the driver.

I, who sat next to him, plead innocence of the habit.

"Have a drink?" said he later, producing a flask. And again I asked to be excused.

"Don't smoke, neither, I suppose?" The driver regarded me with suspicion. "Hell," said he, "th' country's goin to the dogs. These here civilizin' infloences is playing hob with everythin'. Las' three trips my passengers haven't been fit company for man or beast—they neither drank nor chawed. Not that I mean to be insultin'"—I assured him he was not—"but times certainly have changed. The next thing along'll come a railroad and then all this goes to the scrap heap."

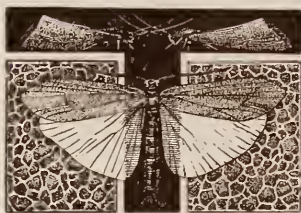
His gesture, with the last word, included the battered stage, the dejected horses, and the immediate surroundings of Shaniko Flats."

If you want to ride the old stage into Bend before the coming of the railroad and feel your spine twist as it lurches from one chuck hole to another, or if you wish to hook a few rainbows in the Deschutes, or pack through the forests of the high Cascades, you have only to wade into some of the chapters in Putnam's new book.

AN OUTING ON THE DESCHUTES

In Every Pool, Behind Every Sheltering Rock, for a Distance of Two Hundred Miles, Lurks a Gorgeous Rainbow

BY
BLAINE HALLOCK



THE CADDIS FLY

THE question has been often put to me by enthusiastic anglers, "Where can I go for a Sunday fishing trip, that I may get a mess of trout and still lose no time from work?" And I reply, "The Deschutes." This, too, with very little consideration for the so-called "fishing season." Big fish can be taken from the Deschutes the year round.

Even today but comparatively few of the cult realize what an angler's paradise this wild stream really is. Tumbling from the high mountain meadows and draining a myriad of crystal lakes at the very top of the Cascades, the Deschutes river rushes north for nearly the entire length of our good old state, finally roaring into the Columbia east of The Dalles, where its turbulent waters are soothed and blended into that great flow to the sea.

In every pool, behind every sheltering rock, along every choppy riffle for this whole distance of more than two hundred miles lurk gorgeous rainbow trout eager to attack the proffered lure. This stream is at our very dooryards. Two nights on a sleeper, a whole eighteen-hour day on the river, and we are back on the job, refreshed from the jaunt and richer by a full creel and a full heart.

There are at least three kinds of game fish in the Deschutes, the beautiful, gamey rainbow (*Salmo irideus*) or red-side, as he is locally known; his less sportive though more powerful cousin, the Dolly Varden (*Salvelinus malma*), who is a char as distinguished from a true trout; and the rather inconspicuous though really good fish, the whitefish (*Coregonus oregonus*) sometimes called a grayling.

Each of these fish commands our respect for its different fighting qualities. The lordly surges and spectacular leaps of the trout excite keenest admiration. The vigorous power and sullen resistance of the char compel us to respect this voracious fish and cause us some uneasiness for the safety of our tackle. As to the whitefish, his skillful dodges and quick turns in white, foamy water give us many a thrill, while his ability to grab, in swift current, a spoon hook three times the size of his tiny square mouth is a source of constant wonder.

From the first of April till well into the winter fish can be taken from the Deschutes, and I have no doubt bait fishermen can get them even during the winter and early spring when the stream is swollen and cloudy. The very cream of the season, however, extends from about the first of May, when the caddisflies hatch, till the last one disappears toward the end of June. At this time the merest novice can get fish, and they are in the pink of condition.

These flies emerge from the pebbled shell where they have spent the larval stage of their brief career, and hang in great numbers upon the willows and brush along the banks of the stream. It is then that the fish lie close under the banks, waiting for the flies to drop. And it is then that the fishing is at its easiest and best.

Start your day's work with plenty of No. 4 and No. 6 caddisflies, tied especially in imitation of this insect, and don't forget to soak up a half dozen six-foot leaders for immediate use. The fish are large and powerful, and your tackle is bound to suffer. I have learned to pin my faith on the big hooks at this season of the year. Nothing smaller than No. 6.

Approach the stream with caution. Although the fish are close in, they are by no means as bold as this might seem to indicate. They are close to shore because the flies are there, but for this very reason they are even more shy than usual. Do not expect too much of the big, fine-looking pools. The fish are not there in May. Leave them for the September fishing.

Cast your fly lightly into the comparatively still water above some low-hanging willow or on the river side of a half-submerged

rock near the shore. Keep well out of sight and let the fly float naturally along with the current. Do not attempt to keep it on the surface. A big trout seldom takes his food from the very surface of the water. However, do not allow the slack line to pull the fly; let the fly pull the line. By all means keep your eye on



The Deschutes, Famous for Fishing.

the hook. These red-sides are as quick as lightning when they strike. But do not expect a wild rush. It is only the little trout which splashes at the fly and leaps out of the water before it is hooked. Your big trout moves rapidly up to the partially submerged fly and sucks it into his mouth with lightning-like rapidity,

though with hardly a flutter of the surface water. The strike of a big trout is known in the fisherman's vernacular as a "lump." When the water appears to lump up in the vicinity of your fly, strike quick and hard. The fish can spit out the fly with quite as much dexterity as he can pick it up, and he loses no time in doing so when he finds that he has been fooled.

Your line is brought up taut against a firm, quivering something out there under the willows! For a second it remains stretched motionless. You wonder if you have hooked a snag. But only for a fleeting second are you in doubt. Then follows a battle royal. The big, brilliant fish leaps clear of the water time after time. He rushes madly out into the current, and you must check his heavy surges. He dashes back to the home pool with such marvelous speed that to recover your slack line is a problem. When he makes one of these home runs it is best to ignore the reel for the time being, and haul in line off the rod with your free hand.

But gamey as he is, the fish cannot last long against such heavy odds, and with luck you are soon able to dip him up in your landing net, and a beauty he is indeed.

And so the day advances. You land some of them, and more you lose. Many a lusty fellow takes or breaks a hook and leader, and many another works the hook from his mouth in the fight.

During the heat of the day the fish are close under the banks in the shade of the willows. In the afternoon they move leisurely across to the shady side, and if you happen to be on the wrong side of the river, then you had best crawl under the trees and take a nap. The evening's fishing will tax your strength and nerve.

When the last rays of the sun have left the river, pick out a long, choppy, deep riffle with foamy, broken water at its head, and whip out fifty or sixty feet of line. You will now have to wade out, and cast all the line you can handle. A 9½ or 10-foot rod, with plenty of backbone, is needed for this work. If you are going to buy a rod get a good one. A hand-made Hardy, Leonard, Thomas or any other of the standard rods. A cheap, whippy rod is worse than none at all. For long, accurate casting you should have a tapered line of at least thirty yards.

The fish are now in the open water and you are not hid from them as you were in the morning. A long cast, therefore, is indispensable.

Use two flies. If they do not strike a caddis, try a McGinty. It is a great taker for evening fishing on the riffles. Cast the head of the riffle and work down. As the bait comes quartering in off the current at the toe of the swift water, look out. Your fly is under the surface. You are handling lots of line. Your footing in the swift water is precarious. This is a test of your nerves.

Watch the fly—or the spot where you think it is! Any quiver of the waters, any slacking of the line, any lumpy swirl, the faintest gleam of red or silver, is the sign. Strike! You may miss him—you may be fooled, but you cannot afford to wait for the jerk. If you do, you have waited too long. Your fish is quicker in the swift water than he is in the still places under the willows. The lump, the gleam of silver, the slack in your line; they mean that a fish wants your fly. Try to take it away from him. You will find that he is the quicker. Your very act will send the hook home to the bony substance of his hungry mouth.

Then the fight all over again, with variations, until your fingers grow cramped from gripping the rod and your shoulders ache from the weight of the heavy creel.

Finally the shadows lengthen and the light fades from the water. A breeze springs up from the south. The fishing is over for the day. You dry your wet feet and legs by the uncertain heat of a sagebrush fire over which you have brewed a tin pot of coffee and fried a scrap of bacon. The purple shadows gather deep in the hollows formed by the high rim rocks. The ragged summits of the bare hills are silhouetted against a far sky studded with millions of tiny brilliant stars. The day is done. And it has been a good day. You are tired but happy, and as you doze in the little station building out there in the big, still night, waiting for your train, you offer up a silent little prayer of thankfulness. You are glad to be alive—and you are not ashamed to be a fisherman.

A NATIONAL BIRD CENSUS

How the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture Expects to Work Toward a Rational Basis for State and Federal Laws

BY

HENRY W. HENSHAW

Chief Biological Survey, Washington. D. C.

The passage of the Federal law placing migratory game and insectivorous birds in charge of the Department of Agriculture makes it desirable to obtain more detailed and definite information concerning the distribution of bird life in the United States, and for this data we must look mainly to voluntary observers. This bureau desires to obtain a series of bird censuses, beginning with last summer (1914), taken during the breeding season, with a view to ascertaining how many pairs of each species of birds breed within definite areas. Such censuses will serve as a basis for determining later whether the present state and Federal laws are effective and whether game and insectivorous species are increasing or diminishing in numbers. In this undertaking you can materially aid by taking a census of the birds breeding this summer on some area or areas selected to fairly represent the average character of the country in your immediate neighborhood. The ideal tract of land would be one that exactly represents the average conditions of the neighborhood in the proportions of woodland, plowed land, meadow, etc., contained in it. As this idea is practically unattainable, an area should be selected representing fairly average farm conditions, but without woodland. It should not be less than 40 acres—a quarter of a mile square—nor more than 80 acres, and should include the farm buildings, with the usual shade trees, orchards, etc., as well as fields of plowed land and of pasture or meadow.

The area should be selected not only with reference to the present summer's work, but should, if possible, be chosen so that the physical conditions will not be much changed for several years; if succeeding annual censuses show changes in the bird population, it will be known that they are not due to changed environment.

What is wanted is a census of the pairs of birds actually

nesting within the selected area. Birds that visit the area for feeding purposes should not be counted, no matter how close their nests are to the boundary lines.

It is practically impossible to take this census on the scale of 40 to 80 acres in a single day. A plan which has been used with advantage for several years is to begin at daylight some morning the last of May or the first week in June and zigzag back and forth across the area, counting the male birds. Early in the morning at that season every male bird should be in full song and easily counted. After the migration and the birds are settled in their summer quarters each male can safely be taken to represent a breeding pair.

The census of one day should be checked and revised by several days of further work, in order to insure that each bird seen is actually nesting within the area and make certain that no species has been overlooked.

The height of the breeding season should be chosen for this work. In the latitude of Washington—latitude 39°—May 30 is about the proper date for the original census. In the latitude of Boston the work should not begin for a week later, while south of Washington an earlier date should be selected.

The final results of the census should be sent to this bureau about June 30 and should be accompanied by a statement of the exact boundaries of the selected area, defined so explicitly that it will be possible 25 years hence to have the census repeated. The name of the present owner of the land should be given, together with a careful description of its character, including a statement whether the area is dry upland or moist bottom land, the number of acres in each of the principal crops, or in permanent meadow, pasture, orchard, swamp, roads, etc., the kind of fencing used, and whether there is much or little brush along any fences, roads, or streams, or in the permanent pasture.

If there is an isolated piece of woodland conveniently near and comprising 10 to 20 acres we should like to have a separate census made of the birds nesting therein. In which case the report, in addition to the size and exact boundaries of the wooded tract, should state the principal kinds of trees and whether there is much or little undergrowth.

Still a third census desired is that of some definite area—as 40 acres, for instance—forming part of a much larger tract of timber, either deciduous or evergreen. While the number of birds on such an area would be far less than on an equal area of mixed farm land, their correct enumeration will require considerably more care and time.

The above are three kinds of bird censuses considered desirable, and it is hoped that you will volunteer to take one or more of them this season. In this connection we shall be very glad to have a statement from you concerning any changes you may have noted in the bird life of your locality, especially if your observations extend over a considerable number of years.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MULTNOMAH ANGLERS' CLUB

At the annual meeting of the Multnomah Anglers' Club, which was held in the convention hall of the Portland Commercial Club the evening of March 26, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Lester Humphreys, president; John Gill, vice-president; Dr. E. C. McFarland, secretary-treasurer.

The following members were elected to serve on the executive committee:

Mr. A. E. Burghduff, Dr. L. L. DuBois, Mr. Walter Backus, Mr. Elmer Wallace and Mr. L. H. Dart.

OREGON STATE TRAPSHOOTERS TOURNAMENT.

A great deal of interest is centering around the annual state trapshooting tournament which is scheduled for April 25, 26 and 27 at the grounds of the Portland Gun Club. The winner of the main event is the champion of Oregon and has the honor of representing the state at the annual grand American handicap to be held at Chicago during the summer. Last year Pete O'Brien represented Oregon at the big event.

Practice day has been set for Sunday, April 25, at which time the out of town delegates will have an opportunity to try out the local traps. The first event in the regular tournament will start Monday, April 26, at nine o'clock. The officers of the state association are: H. F. Wihlon, president; Henry Veatch, vice-president, and E. A. Bean, secretary-treasurer.

CHANGES IN WASHINGTON GAME LAWS

BY

L. H. DARWIN

Chief Game Warden of Washington

There seems to be considerable confusion as to whether the trout season will open in Washington April first or May first this year. This arises by reason of the fact that the last legislature passed a law opening the trout season on April first, instead of May first.

The law passed by the last legislature does not contain an emergency clause and, therefore, it does not become effective until June 10. For that reason, the trout season will open May first this year instead of April first; but, in 1916, the trout season will open April first.

The new law also changes the season for bass, and makes it open at the same time as that for trout. Under the present law, the bass season does not open until July 15. As the new law becomes effective on June 10, this year it will be lawful to fish for bass commencing June 10 instead of having to wait until July 15.

There is a provision in the new law which makes it unlawful for county game wardens to hunt while on duty.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL AT McMINNVILLE.

Mr. F. W. Masterson of McMinnvillle reports that the California quail which have been liberated in that locality are doing well. "They seem to be better rustlers than the bob-whites, for they will feed over a hundred acres while the bob-whites feed over ten acres. They generally fly farther than the bob-whites.

"I think the worst enemy the quail have is the wild house cat," continues Mr. Masterson. "I have seen places where a number of bob-whites have been eaten in brier patches. While cats are valuable mousers, I think the sportsmen and farmers' boys would do well to start a crusade, for I think if they were thinned out there would be an increase of quail. I am very sure a large number of young pheasants fall victims to the field cat also. These creatures are far more destructive than foxes."

NOTES FOR THE ANGLER.

BY

W. F. BACKUS

Salmon trolling at Oregon City opened about March 15, at which date there was a light run of spring Chinooks in the river. The members of The Salmon Club got busy at once, and on March 21 first honors for the season were taken by O. P. Locke, who landed a Chinook weighing 24 pounds. This was the first salmon which Locke had ever hooked, and it was taken on a light two-joint bass rod. On the same day F. W. Knoll got one weighing 15 pounds, also on light tackle.

On Saturday, March 27, another man got his button, the lucky angler being L. W. Humphreys, who caught one scaling $21\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. By the way, this was Humphrey's eighteenth trip to the falls after a button fish, and he ought to have a special reward for perseverance. March 28, two more salmon were taken on the light gear, one weighing $23\frac{1}{2}$ pounds by Perry Kitzmiller, and a 20-pounder by Warren Cornell.

The next tussle will be to see who gets the first 30-pound fish, as the winner will receive a fine Hardy fly reel as prize.

After dozens of local anglers had combed the Sandy river for steelheads all winter, it remained for F. M. West to get the biggest fish just a few days ago. While fishing in the Bull Run, a short distance below the power plant, West hooked his big steelhead on trout tackle. It took almost an hour to tire the monster fish, which tipped the beam at 27 pounds. The big steelhead was poor, owing to his long fast in fresh water, and must have weighed at least 35 pounds when he first left salt water.

From Bull Run also comes the tale of a big fish which got away. While fishing the deep pools above the station, Warren Cornell hooked a fish which was probably a steelhead of immense size. For fully two hours this fish fought his way down stream, and at no time was Cornell able to get him near enough to even get a fair look at him. The stream is filled with huge boulders at this point, and the fish worked down from one rock to another, always keeping down out of sight. Constant rubbing over the rough boulders finally proved too much for the line, and it

suddenly gave way, leaving Cornell with a week's supply of angling conversation.

Bass fishing has also opened early and some good strings have already been taken. The grand-dad of all the bass in Oswego lake was caught last week. That is, Carl Liebe got one there which weighed $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounds and, so far as we know, it is the largest one ever taken in the lake.

LIVE FISH EXHIBIT TAKEN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

During the month of February the Oregon fish distribution car Rainbow was used by the United States Bureau of Fisheries and the state of Washington in transferring a live fish exhibit from Seattle to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. The trip was made under the direction of Mr. T. J. Craig who has been in charge of the car ever since she was built.

The Rainbow left Portland for Seattle on February 8, where some good specimens of Dolly Varden, rainbow and steelhead trout were secured. Crappies, bass and sturgeon were loaded from the Columbia river. More steelheads were taken at Grants Pass, while at Sisson and Dunsmuir some fine golden trout and others were added to the exhibit.

At the Federal building in San Francisco a splendid exhibition of live food and game fishes of the Pacific coast has been installed. It was found that the water used at the Exposition was not satisfactory for the live exhibit, so special apparatus for aerating and purifying the water had to be put in to make the exhibit a success. It is attracting the attention of many people at the Exposition.

FEDERAL LAW STILL EFFECTIVE.

Many of the press comments on the decision of the United States District Court, rendered March 20, at Topeka, Kansas, holding that the Federal Migratory Bird Law is unconstitutional, are erroneous and are apt to mislead the public concerning the real situation in this matter.

The Kansas decision, like a former decision to the same effect in the Eastern District of Arkansas, is limited in its operation solely to the district in which it was rendered. Neither decision

settles or nullifies the law, and the exact contrary has been held by the United States District Court for South Dakota.

The Arkansas case has been appealed to, and is now pending in the United States Supreme Court. The Act of Congress protecting migratory birds stands effective until the Supreme Court finally decides the question of its constitutionality. In the meantime, it is incumbent on every law-abiding citizen to observe its provisions and the regulations. It is the duty of the Department of Agriculture to enforce this law and the officials in charge will endeavor to do so as long as it is in force, and the Fish and Game Commission has instructed its wardens to co-operate and assist the Federal officials.

Reports of violation will be carefully investigated and when sufficient evidence is secured they will be reported for prosecution. In this connection it should not be forgotten that an offender against this, as in the case of other United States laws, is subject to prosecution any time within three years from the date the offense is committed.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Dr. J. C. Bartlett counted seventy-two antelope in Barren valley in Malheur county not long ago.

The movement is on foot to establish a sportsmen's organization in Lebanon. Dr. Gill is the leading spirit and N. N. Newport is assisting.

Mr. William M. McBratney, former member of the Idaho legislature and a member of the game committee, is now a resident of Ontario. He is very much interested in local game conditions.

Mr. F. B. Herrington, Deputy Game Warden at Riddle, reports that while on the headwaters of Cow creek a few days ago he learned that a large number of Chinook and silverside salmon were reported in that region during the fall and winter. This seems to prove that the new fishway built at the Roseburg dam on the South Umpqua has rendered immediate service.

Mr. H. W. Harris, Forest Supervisor at Wallowa, reports by actual count thirty-seven elk in the Billy Meadows pasture. He places an estimate of the total number of elk in Wallowa county at 265.

Mr. A. A. Derrick and his son, who live at Jamison in Harney county, are engaged in ranching and stock raising. They are very enthusiastic in matters of game protection and report quite a few antelope in the Steins mountains.

The Brownsville Rod and Gun Club are furnishing and decorating their club home. The members are keeping up their push and enthusiasm which dominated the club from the beginning. As a result of stocking the streams in that part of Linn county, fishing is very good.

The Big Luckiamute in Polk county is among the finest trout streams in the state. Sportsmen of that locality have complained on account of the lack of adequate fish ladders over some of the dams. An effort is now being made to have these constructed. A new railroad is soon to be in operation up the stream which will make the region more accessible to anglers.

The fishway over the dam recently constructed by the government at Three Mile falls in the Umatilla river has been completed and the run of steelheads which was being held back by this obstruction are now ascending the river. Until recently the water in the river was very low, but at the present time the fish are having no difficulty in ascending.

Mr. J. H. Nichols, president of the Rod and Gun Club at Baker, reports over two hundred members. The anglers in that locality are enthusiastic over the improvements in lake fishing since these waters were restocked. The pheasants liberated by the Fish and Game Commission in Baker county have survived the winter in good shape. Mr. E. A. Lincoln, a rancher at Keating, has been feeding seventeen pheasants on his place during the winter.

THE ITCHING HOUR.

Midway between March first and Easter,
When it's time for the bee and the flower;
Comes a pause in the grind everlasting,
It is known as the itching hour.

I hear in the realm about me,
A music that's soft and sweet;
It's the sound of a Clackamas eddy
Where the silvery ripples meet.

I see in the vision before me
By the stream, where the fir trees tower,
A camp of Old Walton's disciples,
It's on me—the itching hour.

I'm unable to work in the morning,
I'm unable to work in the night;
I can see nothing but fishpoles and fishhooks,
My studyroom looks like a fright.

I walk in my sleep in the night time,
'Tho to rest I try with all power;
My appetite's left me forever,
It's got me—the itching hour.

In puddles all over the pavement,
The "rainbow" are swimming about;
From vegetable wagons and mail carts
The salmon come jumping out.

My calabash looks like a great big gaff
That could hook the old boy from his bower;
Be good to me, "kids," I know I am bugs,"
But I'm "down" with—the itching hour.

The bathtub is covered with grampus,
Grasshoppers jump under the bed;
Salmon eggs float over my coffee,
At times I wish I was dead.

Girls in their ears wear spoonhooks
Too big for a shark to devour;
Their handbags are made out of fish heads:
It's awful—this itching hour.

I'm trolling when lying in bed,
And casting while walking the street;
I see baskets of trout and big pack sacks
On every man that I meet.

So I oil up my reels and fix up my flies,
And make ready my "kit" for a shower;
I'm waiting to "beat it" long days in advance,
It's "s-o-m-e time"—this itching hour.

BILLY DILLS.

MAR 24 1917

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Making Friends of a Young Bluebird.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Editor, Portland, Oregon

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CONTENTS

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	Page
The Friendship of the Birds—Dallas Lore Sharp.....	89
The Oregon Ruffed Grouse Drumming, Colored Illustration	90
Sea Trolling for Salmon.....	91
Minnesota Follows Oregon's Plan.....	92
The Oregon Ruffed Grouse—by William L. Finley.....	93
Sportsmen Win in Pennsylvania.....	95
After Steelheads in the Rogue—by Blaine Hallock.....	96
Changes in Oregon Game Laws.....	102
Foresters Study Game Conservation.....	105
Newport Rod and Gun Club.....	105
Oregon Sportsmen's League Commended.....	106
Items of Interest.....	107
Significant Figures	109

The Friendship of the Birds

“If we should let the birds have their way they would voluntarily fall into civilized, if not into domesticated habits. They have no deep-seated hostility toward us; they have not been the aggressors in the long, bitter war of extermination; they have ever sued for peace. Instead of feeling an instinctive enmity, the birds are drawn toward us by the strongest of interests. If nature anywhere shows us her friendship and her determination, against all odds, to make that friendship strong, she shows it through the birds. The way they forgive and forget their endless efforts at reconciliation and their sense of obligation, ought to shame us. They sing over every acre that we reclaim, as if we had saved it for them only; and in return they probe the lawns most diligently for worms, they girdle the apple trees for grubs, and gallop over the whole wide sky for gnats and flies—squaring their account, if may be, for cherries, orchards and chimneys.”—Dallas Lore Sharp.



The Oregon Ruffed Grouse Drumming.

The Oregon Sportsman

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SEA TROLLING FOR SALMON.

Trolling for Chinook salmon off the mouth of the Columbia river furnishes excellent pastime for sportsmen who like to land these big fish. For many years the fishing below the falls at Oregon City during May has afforded recreation for many people, but it was not until during the past two or three years that fishermen discovered they could make big catches on the other side of the Columbia river bar, just before and during the time the spring Chinooks were entering the river.

Since the Oregon law does not permit net fishing in the Columbia river between March 1 and May 1, many fishermen from Astoria go out beyond the bar and troll for salmon for commercial purposes. It is not unusual for some of the commercial fishermen to land three to four hundred pounds of salmon in a few hours off the Columbia river. Of course, these men do not use light tackle, but they have several poles set out like the ribs of a fan with several hundred feet of line attached. When a fish is hooked the line is heavy enough to haul the fish aboard without much delay.

Some of our sportsmen have also thought that the falls at Oregon City was the only place where a Chinook salmon would give a man a good lively tussle, but the spring Chinook seems to be a gamey fish wherever he is. During the past two or three years sportsmen have landed some of these fish by trolling above the falls at Oregon City, especially along the rapids and in the lower stretches of the McKenzie. The Willamette river between here and Eugene has never furnished much of anything for the ardent angler. If some of our sportsmen from Oregon City up to Eugene should discover that during April, May and June they could land two or three big Chinook salmon within as many hours along the riffles of the upper river it might be something worth while.

Last summer some of the sportsmen from southern Oregon made a trip to the mouth of the Rogue river. Here they found the big Chinook and steelheads lying in wait ready to take

almost anything they saw. One of these ardent anglers told us a forty-pound Chinook took hold of his tackle and in trying to save his pole he was carried over the bar and had to swim back empty handed.

The Salmon Club of Oregon was established to encourage the catching of salmon on light tackle instead of using a pole as strong as a baseball bat, or a line that would hold an ordinary gasoline tug. Why not encourage some of our enthusiastic anglers to try light tackle on one of these forty-pound Chinooks out in salt water? They are a little more lively there than at Oregon City. The rollers might be a little bothersome, but we guarantee the fish will give fight enough to keep a member of the Salmon Club from getting seasick. We recommend a special large button made of something more precious than gold to the angler who can land a forty or fifty-pound spring Chinook off the Columbia bar on the light tackle subscribed by the club. The ocean off the Columbia bar is full of Chinooks in April and May. Tuna fishing in southern California waters between Catalina and San Clemente is outclassed and angling for tarpon in the Florida waters is a back number. Let's bring out some of the eastern anglers who can afford to go across the continent to test their tackle and give them the try of their lives off the Columbia bar.

MINNESOTA FOLLOWS OREGON'S PLAN.

The Minnesota Game and Fish Commission, upon the initiative of its virile executive agent, Carlos Avery, has inaugurated a new policy for the protection of game and fish in that state, the policy being that educating the people at large will do as much, if not more, good than apprehending and punishing. In other words, educating the people to the value of game and fish and the necessity of obeying the laws for their protection and propagation, will prove far more beneficial than prosecutions for violations of these same laws. In furtherance of this plan the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission will publish monthly an official bulletin entitled "Fins, Feathers and Fur," in which every subject in which the commission is interested will be treated.—American Field.

THE OREGON RUFFED GROUSE

A Drummer of the Deep Woods, Called Partridge in the North
and Pheasant in the South and West



HE drumming of the Ruffed Grouse is a sound dear to all woods' lovers. When drumming the bird stands at full height and beats its wings rapidly towards its sides. It begins slowly and seems to work up speed until in the end it is a rapid whir. This drumming of the grouse is heard not only during the spring, but frequently I have heard it in September and October. I remember on October 20, 1914, when over in Tillamook county, I heard a Ruffed Grouse drumming in the

deep woods. I tried to sneak up slowly to where I thought the bird was, but after going for fifty yards, I seemed to be no nearer but the sound seemed to come from another direction. In fact, it was so elusive and uncertain I could not tell exactly where it was.

On May 19, 1909, I found the nest of a Ruffed Grouse about eight miles south of Portland near the bank of the Willamette River. When I found the nest, the eggs were just beginning to hatch. The mother had been disturbed by some men cutting trees for a roadway. She slipped off the nest when I approached but stayed in the bushes nearby, making a sound exactly like the whining of a puppy. A little bit later she came to me boldly as if to frighten me away, but when she got within a few feet she seemed to lose courage. She spread her feathers and fluttered her wings and then retreated to the cover of a large log. The nest was at the foot of an alder tree. One of the eggs was just hatching and the chick was halfway out. Several other eggs were pipped. I went away and returned in an hour's time and found seven of the chicks were out of the shell. The other two eggs were cut around so that the chicks were ready to come out. It seemed as if the hatching of every egg had been timed like clock-work.

I approached very slowly and got up within a few feet of the mother as she sat on the nest warming the chicks. She purred and talked to them just as a cat does when it is anxious about the kittens. She mewed in a kind of a subdued way. I have often found that a mother bird will make unusual sounds when scared and anxious for her young.

Several times I have examined shells in the nest of a Ruffed Grouse after the chicks have hatched. They were all opened the same way, as if by machinery. The chick pounds a little hole in one place in the egg, then he withdraws his bill and turns slightly and pecks another hole. This is continued until he makes a complete revolution in the shell and the cap drops off. In this way the top of the large end of the egg is cut around very evenly.

The enemies of the Ruffed Grouse are many, just as are the enemies of all game-birds. No matter whether it is down in the valley where there is an uncleared patch of woods with fields surrounding, whether it is along the river bank where the rose briar, vine maple and ash trees grow thick so as to form abundant cover, or whether it is in the deep forests far back in the mountains, it is my experience that about all the Ruffed Grouse can do is to hold his own. I remember certain places where I have gone year after year and I was always sure to find one or two of these birds. During the winter I could flush them almost any day. In the spring they would nest and bring off a brood of from six to ten birds, but after the fall and winter season most of the young birds are killed from one cause or another. If one or two remain they spread out to some other place. For all the protection we have ever given the Ruffed Grouse, his numbers do not increase. If it is far back in the mountains, the bobcats and hawks and owls keep the numbers of grouse down. I remember on the upper headwaters of the Willamette during the winter of 1913, seeing where two Ruffed Grouse had been killed by a Goshawk. In one case I came upon the hawk just after he had killed the grouse. He picked up the bird, and flew away with it. But the enemies of the grouse are just as abundant down in the valley where the country is settled, for here instead of bobcats are tame house cats that are always on the hunt.

The Ruffed Grouse is called Partridge in the northern states, but in the south and west it is called Pheasant. Here in Oregon

it is known as the Native Pheasant. The bird may readily be recognized by the black ruff or shoulder feathers. They are dark, glossy green, prominent in the cock bird but rather undeveloped in the female. The back of the bird is mottled with dark reddish-brown and black.

The food of the Ruffed Grouse consists largely of wild berries, fruits and buds. In some of the stomachs I have examined, I have found catkins of hazel and alder; also pieces of leaves. In one stomach I found a part of a toad-stool. During the fall season around the edge of the fields the birds often pick up wheat that has fallen after the harvest, although wheat is not essential as a food. They are very fond of wild crab-apples.

The Ruffed Grouse may be raised in captivity and with a little care the bird becomes quite tame. The most interesting experiment that has ever been made in raising this bird in confinement, was made by Mr. C. F. Hodge, of the University of Oregon. In The Oregon Sportsman for March, 1914, Mr. Hodge published a very interesting account of the Ruffed Grouse, giving some of his experiences.

It is the same in the case of the Ruffed Grouse as in some of our other birds, climate has considerable effect upon the plumage. The Ruffed Grouse of western Oregon (*Bonasa umbellus sabini*) has the reddish phase of dress. It is quite different from the Canadian Ruffed Grouse (*Bonasa umbellus togata*) of the northeastern part of the state, which has the gray plumage instead of the red-brown.

W. L. F.

SPORTSMEN WIN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By a vote of 111 to 55, the lower house of the Pennsylvania legislature, on March 17, appropriated the \$334,800 collected in that state for hunters' licenses to the State Game Commission. Objection was made to the bill, as it carried provisions that the salary of the commission be raised from \$4000 to \$5000, increased the pay of wardens from \$900 to \$1200 a year, and added thirty new wardens to the twenty already employed. Evidently the legislators of the Keystone state, or a majority of them, believe in applying money to the purposes for which it is collected. Other state legislatures would do well to follow Pennsylvania's example.—American Field.

AFTER STEELHEADS IN THE ROGUE

Once He Feels the Sting of Your Hook, the Steelhead is a
Wild, Reckless Fighter; Seven Pounds of Quivering,
Angry, Stubborn Fish is Contesting With
You His Right to Live

By

BLAINE HALLOCK



RECALL having read in one of Henry Van Dyke's exquisite little fishing stories a line which he modestly credits to our long-deceased and much-respected brother, Ike Walton, but which I truly suspect originated in his own fertile brain. Musing on the excellence of a luscious wild strawberry which he finds ripening on a sunny bank, he volunteers that "doubtless God could have made a better berry—but doubtless God never did."

And now, on this particular spring morning, when the call to go "a-fishing" is strong, the thought comes to me that doubtless God could have made a finer trout than the steelhead, but doubtless He never did.

I think it will be admitted by all who have taken steelhead (*salmo gairdneri*) trout on light tackle that they are easily masters of their kind. The rainbow, especially of a pound and a half or two pounds weight, is a worthy adversary. He can rush and leap and sulk with a style all his own, and he is game, every inch, from the tip of his stub nose to the end of his square tail. A big cut-throat in small water is worthy of your best efforts. Even the cannibalistic Dolly Varden, with his slower though more ponderous surges, will come in for his share of credit as a game fish.

But to the steelhead, the powerful, lithe, quivering steelhead of the Rogue river, belongs the title of king.

I refer to the Rogue river steelheads because to me they typify the perfect trout. Perhaps this is purely imaginary. It is possible, and for that matter quite probable, that the fish of the

Rogue river which we catch in the fall with a fly are the same fellows who visit our northern streams in January and February, or, if not the same fish, then at least of the same family. True they are all of the genus *salmo gairdneri*. True they are all steelhead trout. But I cling nevertheless to the fancy—if it must be called such—that the trout of the Rogue are the finest, the gamest, the best trout in the Pacific Northwest.

Along toward the end of December, and in greater abundance during January, the steelheads of our northern waters ascend the many tributaries of the Columbia and the coast streams. At this time very fine specimens are taken from the Sandy river, Bull Run creek, Beaver creek, Clatskanine river,



Angling in the Rogue River.

Hood river, Nehalem river, Salmon creek, etc., in Oregon, and from the Klickitat, White Salmon, Washougal, Lewis, Cowlitz, and many other rivers and creeks in Washington.

In these streams and at this season the fish, for some inexplicable reason, readily strike a bait of fresh salmon eggs. For this fishing a short, light casting rod with free running reel is used, and the bait—a luscious chunk of roe probably half as large as a man's thumb—is tied onto a number two or three hook with red thread.

Why the fish take this lure remains an enigma. They are evidently not feeding. This is apparent from the condition of their stomachs, which are absolutely empty and have contracted

to the point where they are hardly distinguishable from the intestines. Probably they strike the eggs in a vicious desire to mutilate and rid themselves of unwelcome fish babies in the embryo who have dared to invade their particular spawning water. But even though such may be the case, I know from my own experience that steelheads in the White Salmon have been taken on a grasshopper bait, which would seem to explode that theory, and the fact that the anadromous Rogue river fish, which does not feed in fresh water, eagerly strikes a gaudy fly in the summer and fall, renders it still more perplexing.

There are two recognized seasons or periods during the year when steelheads can be taken in the Rogue. The upper river yields fish from as early as the middle of June clear through the summer and late into October, while on the stream below Grants Pass the steelheads will not strike before probably the first of September. It was my good fortune last year to make one of a party of three who spent several days in July on the famous stream, at "French's," some seventeen miles from Medford.

Our excursion properly began—the enchanting part of it at any rate—when we emerged from our rather cramped sleeping quarters on a southbound Southern Pacific train to find ourselves weaving in and out through the very heart of a magnificent broken hill country, sprinkled with fine fir, cedar and hemlock, and covered underneath with a mixed growth of laurel, chaparral, manzanita, and great ferns. If our fishing ardor cooled during the hot night in proportion as our temper and our temperature ascended while tossing in those stuffy berths, the freshness and beauty of that morning in Cow Creek canyon, with the click of the rails marking off the rapidly decreasing distance from our mecca, caused that ardor to re-ascend to a much higher level.

It is experiences such as these which add to fishing excursions their inexplicable charm. It is this full appreciation and enjoyment of the lovely bounties of God's great big out-of-doors which endears to the fisherman his hobby. Perhaps he himself doesn't fully realize this. At least he doesn't stop to analyze it. But be he at heart a true fisherman, then unconsciously will he drink in the wholesome, happy, healthful influence of open sky and trees and sunshine—the songs of birds—the perfume of fra-



Wade in Deep so You Can Cast Out to Where the Big Fish Lie.

grant growing things—the ripple of wild water and the joy of life. Indeed your true fisherman “finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything.”

From Medford an accommodating Ford trundled us across a rolling valley country of fruit orchards, ripening grain fields, vineyards and broken glades, from whose patches of laurel and chaparral little coveys of quail would rise and whirl away.

Then French's, a modest, rather isolated farm, on the very bank of the river, and then—the river itself. And such a river it is indeed! Imagine a mountain brook with all its eddies, its riffles, its tumbling, broken water and its deep, still pools magnified a hundred times, and you have the Rogue. Imagine, too, the fish of the brook equally magnified, and you get an idea of the size of the monsters of the tribe piscary which (unless you are a dexterous fisherman like myself) are quite apt to take your proffered lure. I almost completely prevented such a catastrophe. But my two friends, who were less skillful, actually found themselves on several occasions in the embarrassing situa-

tion of having allowed a big steelhead to seize and retain their flies, which necessitated their playing and landing the creatures in order to recover their property.

Before this experience on the Rogue I entertained a modest idea that I had some notion of fly casting. After fishing with and watching my two companions, both masters of the art, I have concluded that I know more about pragmatism or the fourth dimension.

In order to catch a Rogue river steelhead one must first locate the likely water. This is really quite important. The fish do not lie in every pool, nor on every riffle. On the contrary, you may walk a long, long way and may pass many otherwise likely places before you find proper steelhead water. But finally, when you do find a long, swift, rather choppy stretch flowing over seamed bed-rock, at a depth of from four to twelve feet, get ready for business. The first requisite is supplied.

Now as to the fly. A No. 6 is perhaps the best size. There are many favorites. A "Grizzly King," "Silver Doctor," "Brown and Gray Hackle," "Queen of the Water," or "Royal Coachman"; each may prove a winner. I know of a Rogue river fisherman who, by way of experiment, took seven consecutive steelheads on as many different flies in one afternoon.

Use the heaviest quality of gut leader. A steelhead, once he feels the sting of your hook, is as wild and reckless a fighter as you can find in any water that flows.

Now wade out. Not up to your ankles or your knees or your waist, but up to your neck if need be. Get out where the big fish can be reached. Find a reef of bed-rock if you can, which will afford shallower water for your footing. If you can't, hang on to the bottom with your toes. The famous "Big Kelly" of Rogue river says he doesn't believe in deep wading. He says he can't cast after the water begins to run into his ears. He refuses to go any deeper than his neck.

Now cast. If you can whip out forty feet, then whip some more. Forty won't do. Neither will fifty—nor sixty. When you get out seventy feet of line, you are beginning to reach the fish. At this distance your fly is quite submerged. It ought to be. Your steelhead wants it from four inches to a foot below

the surface. Let the fly swing down and in across the tail of the flow above the lower broken water. Watch the line. *There!* It straightens out in a flash! A broad swirl twists the surface water way out where your line disappears. The tip of your rod is jerked down, and the reel sings. Now mind your footing. It's well that you have plenty of filler. Already the tapered line is clear out and twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five feet of the filler flies from the reel. Then a mighty splash! Seven pounds of quivering, angry, stubborn fish is contesting with you his right to live. He knows more wiles than a politician, and he tries them all. Time after time he leaps clear of the swift water and scatters diamonds with his lusty tail. Over and over again he lets you coax him to more favorable water, only to rush with renewed vigor back into the swirl.

But the best fish that swims cannot fight for long against that constant strain of good bamboo and a firm wrist. Little by little he yields, until finally, from sheer exhaustion, courageous to the last, he rolls over and without further protest allows himself to be lifted from the water at your feet.

Now, at close range, you can see how it was that he proved so formidable an adversary. Every line in this lithe creature suggests strength. His fine body, from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, is just one highly developed, powerful, exquisitely efficient muscle. Unlike most creatures whose force must be applied through different limbs and parts working more or less independently, his whole effort is expressed in the one muscle, which is the fish himself.

I will say here for my two friends, those gentlemen who wielded the fly so marvelously, that at this juncture of the performance they lifted the prize from the water, very gently extracted the hook from his bony mouth, gloated over his beauty and his fighting qualities for a brief moment, and returned him to the stream, a wiser fish and none the worse for his experience.

I say my two friends did that. I did not. My fish (I use the word in its singular sense); the one I finally did land after days of failure, could not have purchased his ransom with all the wealth of King Midas.

CHANGES IN OREGON GAME LAWS

Statutes Passed by the Last Session of the Legislature Become Effective the 22nd of May

According to a law passed at the recent session of the legislature, the terms of the present members of the Fish and Game Commission will expire this month, and Governor Withycombe will appoint a new commission to take office May 22. The new law provides that four members are to be appointed by the Governor. The terms of these men are to be one, two, three and four years, so that hereafter one member of the commission is to be appointed each year. Two members are to be appointed from that part of the state lying east of the Cascade Mountains, and two are to be appointed from Western Oregon. The Governor serves as Chairman of the Board.

During the past two years women were required to have licenses to hunt and angle, but the last session of the legislature changed this law so that after May 22 no fishing and hunting licenses will be required of women.

A law was also passed granting free licenses to all veterans of the Civil War to hunt and angle. Arrangements have been made with the County Clerk of each county so that upon presentation of the proper credentials, a free license will be given all Civil War Veterans after May 22. The bill originally included all veterans of the Spanish American War, but this part was eliminated from the original bill.

The 1913 session of the legislature passed a law setting aside six large areas in different parts of the state as game refuges. Considerable objection has been made to two of these, so a law was passed recently abolishing the Imnaha Game Refuge, which was a large body of land situated in Wallowa, Union and Baker Counties.

The Capital Game Refuge was also abolished. This included an area of land about eight miles square around the city of Salem. It included the property of a number of people who objected to being in the reserve. Although the Capitol Game Refuge is abolished, yet under the law of 1913 setting aside all state land as game refuges, there are still some two or three thousand

acres on which state institutions are located, which are still within the state game refuge.

During the past two years, one-half of all the fines imposed for violation of game laws was paid into the state treasury and deposited to the credit of the Game Protection Fund; the other half went to the general fund of the county in which the arrest was made. The new law which takes effect May 22 provides that all fines collected for violation of the game laws shall be placed in the general fund of the county in which the arrest is made. The statute also provides that each county shall be given five per cent of all moneys collected from the sale of hunting and angling licenses. These changes in the laws will mean that the various counties of the state will receive from ten to twelve thousand additional funds during the present year, which was formerly a part of the Game Protection Fund.

The following changes have been made in the game laws in regard to seasons and bag limits:

The deer season in both Districts No. 1 and 2 was shortened fifteen days. Instead of opening August 1, it opens August 15, and closes on October 31, as before. The limit is three bucks. It is illegal to shoot any deer without horns.

The season on Silver Gray Squirrels in District No. 1 was changed. It opens one month earlier, beginning September 1 instead of October 1, and closes the same as before, October 31. The bag limit is five in one day, or five in any seven consecutive days.

While there were several changes in the laws concerning ducks and geese, yet the Federal Law, which supercedes the state law, is still in effect, making the season uniform throughout Oregon, Washington and Idaho—October 1 to January 15. The federal law does not have anything to do with the sale of game. The new law opens the sale of geese which are killed in Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, Harney, Crook and Umatilla Counties during the open season, which is October 1 to January 15. The bag limit is thirty in any seven consecutive days.

The season on Chinese Pheasants and Grouse in District No. 1 remains the same—October 1 to October 31. During the past two years it has been unlawful to kill female Chinese Pheasants.

but the new law allows the hunter to kill one female in a bag of five birds; or two females in a bag of ten birds, which is the limit for Pheasants and Grouse in any seven consecutive days. The season was opened in Jackson and Union Counties on Chinese Pheasants from October 1 to October 10. The bag limit is the same throughout the state.

The season still remains closed throughout the state on Bobwhite Quail. The season on California or Valley Quail and Mountain or Plumed Quail is closed entirely throughout the state, except that there will be an open season in Coos, Curry, Jackson and Josephine Counties from October 1 to October 31; and an open season in Klamath County from October 1 to October 10. The bag limit is ten birds in any seven consecutive days.

In District No. 2, the Grouse season will open fifteen days earlier, inasmuch as it begins August 15 instead of September 1, and extends to October 31. The bag limit is five birds in any one day, or ten in any seven consecutive days.

The season on Sage Hens was opened fifteen days earlier, beginning July 15 instead of August 1, and extending to August 31. The same bag limit prevails as in the Grouse season.

Heretofore the season on Prairie Chickens, or Sharp-tailed Grouse, has been closed, but during the next two years it will be open in Sherman, Union and Wasco Counties from October 1 to October 15. The bag limit is five of these birds in any one day, or ten in any seven consecutive days.

In District No. 1 the season on Doves remains the same—also in District No. 2—September 1 to October 31. The bag limit is ten birds in one day, or twenty in any seven consecutive days. According to the Federal Law, it is unlawful to shoot Wild Pigeons at any time during the next four years.

The law in regard to the use of nets in fishing for Salmon in the Willamette River was changed so that after May 22 no net fishing will be permitted south of the bridge at Oregon City. The Trout season remains the same as it has been during the last two years in both District No. 1 and District No. 2.

The open season is from April 1 to October 31, except that trout over ten inches may be caught all the year. It is unlawful to take any trout under six inches in length.

FORESTERS STUDY GAME CONSERVATION

University of California Instructs Students in Saving Wild Birds and Animals From Economic Standpoint

Students in the newly established Forestry School at the University of California are to receive instruction in game conservation. They will be taught to recognize at sight the different species of game fish and animals and will be informed as to the economic value of each and the means by which they can be conserved. Dr. H. C. Bryant, in charge of the Bureau of Education, Publicity and Research recently established by the California Fish and Game Commission, will give the introductory lectures. He will be followed by N. B. Scofield, in charge Department of Commercial Fisheries, and Dr. W. P. Taylor, curator of mammals in the University of California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, who is one of the most active game conservationists in the state.

As all forestry men in California, by virtue of their position, become deputy game wardens, these lectures will be of service in developing interest and in affording training to those who will later become guardians of our wild life. In addition there is an intimate relation between the two great natural resources—forests and wild life. Each is dependent more or less on the other. It is necessary that every forest conservationist should have complete knowledge as to the value of birds as destroyers of forest insects. And every game conservationist should be brought to realize that protection of forests means better protection of game and that reforestation means better food and cover for game. Co-operative work such as this planned between the State Forestry School and the Fish and Game Commission will help to develop the men to whom the administration of our forests and game will ultimately be intrusted.

THE NEWPORT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

The Newport Rod and Gun Club was an unknown quantity on January 1. Two months later, or on March 4, a hundred sportsmen gathered around the banquet table in the Club's own leased building. There were a hundred and sixty-four members in good standing on the membership roll, at one dollar each.

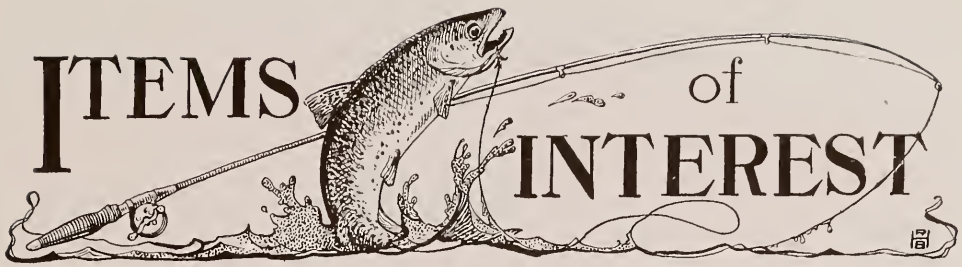
In the beginning, a few who were skeptically inclined said, "They will never make it go," but by March 4, with their one hundred and sixty-four members, they had under lease for one year, with an option to purchase, a building forty-two by one hundred feet, formerly the Opera House, from which the stage had been torn out and the floor extended, giving a good hall for dancing. The balcony was remodeled and made into three rooms, a reading room, kitchen and billiard room. Modern plumbing has been installed on the upper and lower floor. Practically all this work and the material used has been donated by club members. The building is now complete, in an ideal place for club purposes.

The officers of the club are R. D. Morse, President; E. J. Carter, Vice President; C. V. Averill, Secretary; Jessie Frey, Field Captain. The meeting nights of the club are the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

OREGON SPORTSMEN'S LEAGUE COMMENDED.

In the April issue of Recreation, the Oregon Sportsmen's League is commended very highly for its good work in this state. As to the form of the organization, Recreation has the following to say:

"The Oregon sportsmen are to be congratulated upon adopting this particular form of organization for a state association. This magazine has long advocated that state associations be formed upon the league plan, the membership of the league consisting of local clubs or organizations of sportsmen throughout the state, each club being entitled to representation according to membership. The working body of the Oregon Sportsmen's League consists of an executive committee of seven members, one from each of the seven districts into which the state is divided. The theory of such an organization is that it is much more representative of the interests of its members; and furthermore, has less difficulty in securing and maintaining a large individual membership in its various local organ associations or clubs, than does the state association that is organized upon the direct individual membership plan. The work of the new league will be watched with much interest."



Mr. W. O. Hadley of The Dalles, Oregon, reports that on April 23 while on a trip to Cascade Locks he saw 45 swan near Wyeth. This is the largest flock that has been in that locality for some time.

Deputy Game Warden C. C. Bryan of Corvallis reports under date of April 8 that when at Sulphur Springs near the headwaters of Soap creek he heard a large number of sooty or blue grouse hooting.

Deputy Game Warden Tycker of Brownsville, under date of April 18, reports that Dr. Howard and his hounds last week succeeded in bagging one of the largest bob-cats ever killed in this community.

Mr. Ed H. Wood, of Rockaway, Tillamook county, Oregon, reports on April 7 finding a sick female beaver on the ocean beach in the breakers. The animal weighed from 35 to 40 pounds. He took the beaver home and she seemed apparently perfectly well the next morning. He has her in a pen.

The park board of Tacoma, Washington, recently erected a platform at the lagoon in Wright park for the benefit of those interested in bait and fly casting. The new platform was dedicated the other day with an interesting exhibition of scientific angling by members of the Tacoma Bait and Fly Casting Club. The club is planning to invite the casters who will take part in the national tournament at San Francisco to come to Tacoma. President G. T. Dutcher and Captain W. J. Bailey have the plans in charge for this event.

Mr. J. Ross Leslie reports counting fifteen Chinese pheasants from the car window on a trip between Enterprise and Joseph during the winter. On one occasion he saw a flock of thirteen where some hogs were being fed. This shows that the pheasants which were liberated from the State Game Farm are thriving well in Wallowa county.

Mr. J. A. Dewey, who lives on the headwaters of Cow creek, killed six cougars and eight bobcats since November 1, 1914. All of these were treed by his dog, Keno. About March first the dog was lost between the head of Cow creek and the South Fork of the Umpqua river, near Tiller. It may be the dog has met with foul play by falling in with a pack of wolves. Mr. Dewey is anxiously seeking information as to the whereabouts of his dog.

The state of Wisconsin recently received twenty-nine elk from the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, to be placed in a state game refuge. In the herd there were six males and twenty-three females and all except two reached their destination in very good condition, considering the long ride they had to make in freight cars. Howard Eaton, an old hunter, accompanied the herd from Wyoming to Wisconsin, and saw that the animals were fed and watered every day during their journey. The elk cost the state of Wisconsin nothing except for their capture and transportation.

Anglers in and around Pendleton, Oregon, are having great sport these days, owing to a run of steelhead trout in the Umatilla river. Many big fish have been landed, but a still greater number have taken tackle away with them. The unusual run is attributed to the work of the fish and game commission in liberating 100,000 steelhead fry in the headwaters of the river four years ago. The fish had been kept in a nursery pond until they were from three to five inches long before being liberated. They are believed to have remained in the stream until they were two years old, when they went to the ocean and are now returning to spawn. The fish being caught are all the way from eighteen to thirty-two inches in length and many of them have a weight of ten pounds.—American Field.

Significant Figures

A few years ago it was impossible to get a jury to convict people in certain parts of the state for violation of game laws. This is gradually changing. Farmers and other landowners have become more interested in game protection. They have come to understand that game is one of our most valuable resources.

From the time the Fish and Game Commission took office, on May 21, 1911, to December 1, 1912, 632 arrests were made for the violation of game laws. Out of this number, 420 convictions were secured, or 66½% of the persons arrested were convicted.

During the year of 1913, there were 312 arrests and 229 convictions, or 73% of those arrested were convicted.

During the past year of 1914, there were 333 arrests and 307, or 92% of those arrested were convicted.

In the biennial report of the California Fish and Game Commission recently published, concerning the arrests and convictions during the past two years, it says:

“The percentage of convictions obtained, 83%, is, so far as we know, the highest ever obtained in the country by any Fish or Game Board.”

The credit for the high percentage of convictions in game cases, and for the improvement of game conditions in Oregon, must be given to the warden service throughout the state. These men have worked carefully and intelligently to interest people in the value of our game resources, and to get co-operation in making Oregon a great game state.



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The OREGON SPORTSMAN

JUNE, 1915



Dinner Time. Golden-Mantled Ground Squirrel.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Editor, Portland, Oregon

Volume III

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Number 6

CONTENTS

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	Page
Conservation Through Education.....	111
The Sooty or Blue Grouse, Colored Illustration.....	112
The Sooty or Blue Grouse—by William L. Finley.....	113
Birds and Forests.....	115
Trolling for Nehalem Chinooks—by Blaine Hallock.....	116
Rocky Mountain National Park.....	122
Pheasants Going to Roost—by Alfred C. Shelton.....	123
Food of the Lesser Scaup or Blue-Bill.....	124
Birds and Lighthouses.....	124
Wolves Low in the Hills—by Alfred C. Shelton.....	125
Trapshooting for the Public.....	125
It Pays to Advertise.....	126
Fishing in Wallowa Lake.....	126
“The Birds of California”.....	127
Destruction of Deer by Wolves.....	127
Hump-Backed Salmon for New England Waters.....	128
Jack-Rabbit Investigation in Lake County.....	128
Items of Interest.....	129
“Fisherman’s Luck”—by Henry Van Dyke.....	131

Conservation Through Education

This is the motto adopted by the California Fish and Game Commission in the publication of its quarterly magazine entitled "California Fish and Game." The campaign of education adopted in California is bringing rapid results in more effective game protection.

Representative Linthicum of Maryland in discussing the Federal Law for the Protection of Migratory Birds in Congress said:

"We should begin a campaign of education, teaching not only the pleasure to be had from a closer acquaintance with our bird friends, but also the benefits which farmers derive from their presence. To many it has never occurred that man is the only living creature who takes life for sport or pleasure; others take life, but when they do so, it is always for food or in self-defense—never for pleasure alone. Legislation alone will never assure that complete protection toward which this measure is a step. Real protection will come through educating our people as to the value of birds, that they may realize the part played by them and other inhabitants of our fields, forests and streams as economic factors in our every-day life. Unless backed by strong public co-operation, legislation will accomplish little."



R. BRUCE HORSFALL
1914

The Sooty or Blue Grouse.

The Oregon Sportsman

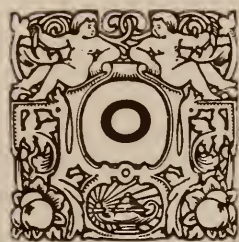
Volume III

JUNE, 1915

Number 6

THE SOOTY OR BLUE GROUSE

The Largest of Our Wood Grouse, Commonly Known Because
of the Elusive Hooting of the Male During
the Nesting Season



ONE of the first signs of spring in the woods of western Oregon is the hooting or booming of the sooty grouse. The love call or hooting of the sooty grouse is a sound that is very hard to locate and equally difficult to describe. It is a deep, resonant "hoot! hoot! hoot!" that may be imitated by a sound made back in the throat with the mouth closed. It is repeated three or four times rather slowly, then two or three times more rapidly, as if running down the scale. When the male is booming, the air sacs on each side of the neck swell out. This hooting of the sooty grouse is very different from the drumming of the ruffed grouse or native pheasant which is made by the rapid beating of the bird's wings against its body.

There are two species of blue grouse nesting in Oregon. The sooty grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus fuliginosus*) lives throughout the western part of the state and in the Cascade mountains, and the Richardson's grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus richardsoni*) is a resident of the mountainous sections of eastern Oregon. I have found the latter species quite abundant in parts of Wallowa and Baker counties. This bird seems to migrate to a certain extent here in the eastern part of the state. It is found in the higher mountainous regions during the winter time, but comes down in the valleys to breed. When found in the fall season in the mountainous sections, it is not very wild, not nearly so wild as the sooty grouse of the western part of the state. One can often get quite close to the Richardson grouse. I remember in the summer of 1912 of seeing a flock of about fifteen or twenty of these birds along the south shore of Wallowa lake. They were feeding at the time on grasshoppers which were very abundant. They flew

along the edge of the lake for a little way, some lighting on the ground again and others lighting in a large pine tree where they seemed to make no particular effort at hiding. In this section they are very much easier hunting than the sooty grouse in the western part of the state.

The Sierra grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus sierrae*) differs slightly from the two species mentioned above. It lives in the Sierra Nevadas, ranging through California, and has been found as far north as the Fort Klamath country.

In early days in the Willamette valley, the sooty grouse or "Hooter" was very abundant. It lives about the fields and on the side hills in the spring and summer, but during the winter retires into the higher fir trees, where it lives almost entirely on buds and is seldom seen on the ground. As the fir groves have been cut and the country settled more, these birds have gradually disappeared. Even though they become exceedingly wild and wary, yet they do not seem to stand the advance of civilization.

During the mating season, a sooty grouse will take his place on a limb of a big fir tree and hoot for hours at a time, every few minutes apart. This hooting of the male sounds quite like the whirring of a slender stick rapidly through the air. When a bird is flushed from the field and flies up into the firs, it is extremely expert in hiding. It is difficult to find a bird that sits perfectly still among the fir foliage. It is a surprising thing that one may see several of these birds fly up into a tree or a flock fly into a small grove and yet even by searching very carefully, the ordinary person cannot pick out a single bird. In some way nature has made it possible for this bird to hide so effectively in the firs that only the trained eye can detect it. The hooting of the bird, too, is elusive and deceiving, for oftentimes as one stands in the woods, it is impossible to tell whether the sound comes from in front or behind.

The sooty grouse is the largest of the wood grouse that are found in the United States, but not so large, however, as the sage grouse of eastern Oregon. It may be recognized by the bluish-slate color on the back, finely mottled with gray and brown. Above each eye of the male is a small streak of yellow skin not

covered with feathers and something like a small comb. The tail is blackish with a wide bluish-gray band. One of the distinguishing marks between the sooty and Richardson grouse is that the former has the gray band on the end of the tail, while the latter is without this distinct terminal band. The feet of all the grouse are covered with hair-like feathers.

The blue grouse nests on the ground, oftentimes at the foot of a tree. The eggs are cream colored with fine red-brown spots, very much like a turkey's egg, only smaller. The number of eggs in a nest ranges from six to ten as a rule.

A very good description of the booming or hooting of the sooty grouse was published in *Forest and Stream*, May 23, 1889, by a correspondent from Vancouver Island, British Columbia. This writer was driving through the woods when he saw a pair of blue grouse near the trail. He saw the cock bird give a very entertaining exhibition of the charms he displays in wooing his mate.

"Like a turkey cock, he strutted about with his wings trailing on the ground, his tail feathers erect and spread out fanlike to their fullest extent, his neck distended, and on each side of his neck the feathers were turned out so as to resemble a pair of round, white rosettes nearly three inches in diameter, with an oblong red spot in their center where the skin of the neck was exposed. His head seemed to be crowned with a fiery red comb. Excepting the rosettes, he was in appearance a miniature turkey gobbler. Every few seconds, he would strut up to his demure but sweet looking mate, puff out his neck and with a jerky movement of his head, utter his boom or hoot, *boom—boom—boom.*"

W. L. F.

BIRDS AND FORESTS.

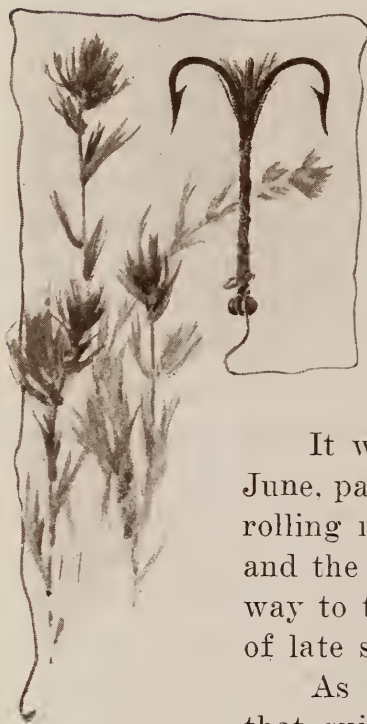
As a general rule, people do not realize how much birds do to protect the forests. According to a writer in "*American Forestry*," more than half the food of chickadees and almost all the food of woodpeckers consist of moths, caterpillars, boring beetles and other insects injurious to trees.

TROLLING FOR NEHALEM CHINOOKS

How a Pair of Amateur Anglers Exploded the Theory of the
Oldest Resident and Caught Salmon
On a Running Tide

By

BLAINE HALLOCK



HE dawn climbed quietly up above the ragged spruces and bathed the many-colored slopes of old Neah-kah-nie and the long white lines of surf at its base with the tints of an Indian summer morning. I thought of Browning's immortal lines:

"Day!

Faster and more fast

O'er earth's brim, day boils at last."

It was September. The early violets which, in June, painted the whole mountain-side and the lower rolling meadows above the sea a delicate lavender, and the myriads of purple irises of July, had given way to the brilliant fireweed or Indian paint brush of late summer.

As we trudged down the slope, Jim and I, on that quiet morning, bent on a day's angling at the bay some three miles distant, I glanced back at the majestic pile. The sun was just tipping its rocky apex. There it stood, the mountain of Neah-kah-nie, frowning down upon the wrinkled sea below. And I meditated the mystery of that mountain and of the sea beach stretching to the south. Jutting out from an impenetrable forest of spruce, fir and hemlock, the mountain presents a south slope absolutely devoid of trees, save for a few clusters of young growth here and there in the deep ravines, and a bold stand of birches clinging to the sheer walls of the cliff far down the rough incline.

The soil is intensely fertile, yet produces only meadow grass, salal, ferns and wild flowers. Did some mighty cataclysm, ages

ago, send a once flourishing growth like that of the forests of the north hurtling down the mountain in a mad landslide to the sea, leaving a bare slope to seed, centuries later, to fern and shrub?

Did the Indians, as tradition has it, fire this mountain on the sea side that later green meadows might develop, affording better hunting grounds for the deer, which even now come down to the springs for water?

And the mystery of treasure cove—that wild pocket in the mountain's base where roving pirates are reported to have buried fabulous wealth. Who knows what lawless band adopted as its stronghold this rockbound cove, where sea birds wheel out in widening circles and scream above the incessant pounding of the waves. At least two rock tablets have been found in the vicinity bearing inscriptions in a locked cipher—perhaps the mystic “Open Sesame.” Many venturesome souls, in search of the hidden treasure, have explored the damp and hazardous recesses of the cove, but I know of no more valuable discovery than a rusty sea chest containing a very ancient and partly decomposed piece of parchment.

Then there is the mystery of the Nehalem bees-wax. For a distance of several miles down the beach from the mountain many discoveries of this peculiar wax have been made. These finds are shrouded in doubt. Not only its source, but the very substance itself baffles understanding. The wax, which is found in pieces varying in size from a baseball to a wash tub, analyzes more nearly common bees-wax than any other known substance. Perhaps it is some local evidence of natural oil. Or it may be a crude form of paraffine. Many in the neighborhood cling to the belief that it forms bits of what was once an ill-fated ship's cargo, wrecked there many years ago, and this theory appears to be pretty well substantiated by the recent investigations of the United States Interior Department, a report of which was published a few weeks ago. Some of the pieces bear strange heieroglyphic carvings.

And not the least of the mysteries of Nehalem is the eternal enigma of the salmon. Year after year, without a pilot, with no charts to aid their navigation, with nothing to guide them but their infallible instinct, countless thousands of Chinook (*Oncor-*

hynchus tshawytscha) and Silver (*Oncorhynchus kisutch*) salmon thread their certain way along the paths of the trackless ocean, straight into the shallow and devious channel of Nehalem bay.

And this brings me back to my fishing.

The quaint, sleepy little town of Nehalem straggles along the margin of the bay on the north, and is seriously threatened by a very obstinate and very flourishing growth of verdure encroaching from the hills above. The town presents an aspect of uncertainty. It appears to have approached the bay with some misgivings, establishing itself temporarily up by the old cannery. Then gathering itself up, it ambled further down, stopping here and there, until it finally located in the little hollow against the western hill.



"The game was on! Forty yards away a huge, silvery monster cleared the water and hit it again with a mighty splash."

Here at Nehalem, after a forty-minute walk from the mountain, we negotiated for a small skiff, loaded in our miscellaneous assortment of tackle, and were on the point of shoving off when an ancient citizen, who had been eyeing our movements from the wharf, volunteered a bit of advice.

"Y' ain't goin' to try it on this tide, are y'!"

"What's the matter with it?" I inquired. "Looks to me like a good, strong, vigorous sort of a tide."

A broad grin wrinkled his weathered face.

"That's just the p'int. Y' won't catch nothin' but sea weed when she's runnin' like this. You're a-wasting your time. Wait for the ebb."

"When's the ebb?" I asked with some misgivings.

He pulled out a little, much-thumbed table, and ran his finger down a column of figures.

"Seventeen minutes after five."

I looked at Jim. We had hurried that three miles through the woods because we wanted a full day on the bay, and we had promised them at the cottage we would be back for dinner at six o'clock sharp. It was then eight in the morning.

"And say," ejaculated a boy who had joined the old man, "better take off that there copper riggin'. These fish wants this kind of a hook. Won't take nothin' else," and he displayed a big red and silver combination resembling more a choice article in women's hat adornment than any fish hook I had ever seen.

We were crestfallen. Our kit boasted no such marvelous creation. This was our first day on the bay. It bid fair to be a dismal failure. Rather mechanically Jim began to take down his rod. A little bunch of sea weed drifted by. I noticed for the first time that there were many similar patches floating in on the tide.

The old man had left us, evidently feeling that he had done his full duty. The boy turned and started away.

"Say, boy," I called, "how much for the hook?"

He looked at it lovingly.

"I got five on it yesterday," he volunteered.

"What'll you take for it?"

"And Bob got three Sunday, and the day before that—"

It was too much.

"I'll give you fifty cents," I shouted, by way of opening a trade.

That boy was fully twenty feet from our boat, but he covered the distance in a bound.

"It's yours."

With a face struggling to suppress his glee, he pocketed the coin, grinned at us for a moment, and said, rather slowly:

"If you need any more, you can get 'em over there at the store, two for a quarter."

"Jim," I said, "we're a couple of fools."

"Why 'we'?" said Jim.

With that we decided to adopt our original plan. Why not fish on a running tide? We were there with the whole day before us. We would fish even though it was a forlorn hope. Rowing a boat was better than sitting on the wharf waiting for the tide to turn.

So we started out. The morning was ideal. Over against the west, indistinct in the haze, a long, yellow line marked the sand spit dividing the placid waters of the bay from the rolling sea. We noted the very spot where the ill-fated "Mimi" rode the breakers and wedged herself on an even keel high on the beach.

To the east the verdant hills closed in about the upper reaches of the bay and quite concealed the outlet of the North Fork, hid away among the meadows.

Monarch spruces on the south shore, with their bare roots twisting into the bay, extended heavy festooned branches which brushed the surface of the blue-green waters. Was ever morning lovelier than this?

A half hour's pull up the bay netted us nothing but frequent bunches of sea weed, and some well-meant advice from a passing fisherman that our tackle was all wrong.

"That red thing would scare a shark," he assured us. "What you want is a number six nickel spinner sunk deep with a couple ounces of lead."

Our suspicions as to the feathered contraption already having been somewhat aroused, we willingly made the change, and started afresh.

This time we trolled for nearly an hour before again receiving advice. A swarthy young fellow in a heavy boat passed just as we were cleaning sea weed from our hooks for the hundredth time that morning. We didn't see him until we had bumped into his boat.

"In the first place," he snapped, "no fish in the bay would take that. You want a brass tandem and no lead at all. In the

second place, fish don't bite on this tide. And in the third place, if you *did* hook one he'd smash those whips you're usin' first flop. Throw 'em overboard and use a hand line like we do."

We drifted apart.

"I beg your pardon," said Jim, with an apologetic air. "You see this is our first try and we are a little green," and he added after a pause, "I hope we're not in the way here."

I was a little peeved. The thing was getting on my nerves. I began unstringing my rig again.

"Going to try the brass?" queried Jim.

"No, I'm not going to try the brass, nor the nickel, nor the feather, nor the lead. I'm going to put on the number five copper, as we originally intended, and I'm going to fish on this running tide in spite of all the sea weed and all the advice in Tillamook county. And I'm going to catch fish. And I'd advise you to do the same."

We got back to our first love, and out went the hooks. We were under way again.

"See that old dolphin," said Jim, catching the spirit. "Before we get there I'll have a—"

He never finished the sentence. I heard the hum of his reel. I saw his rod twice whack the gunwale. I saw him clutch at the grips as his line went out in long spurts. I saw him jump to his feet, and the light of joy was in his eyes. That inexplicable joy known only to fishermen. The game was on!

"Owee!" he yelled, "look at that!"

Forty yards away a huge, silvery monster cleared the water and hit it again with a mighty splash.

What followed I shall not attempt to describe. To you who have caught salmon, the story is old. And those who have not, must get the same experience before they will understand. Like all big Chinooks, fresh from the sea, and hooked in salt water on light tackle, this fish of Jim's fought with every ounce of his strength. He rushed and he leaped. He circled about the boat. He dove deep and "sulked" for many minutes. He was often worked carefully to the boat, only as often to rush away again leaving a path of bubbles in his wake.

At last, after a long, hard contest, and to Jim's intense relief,

the big fish was led to gaff, and was hauled aboard. Our first salmon of the season! Caught in our own fashion, on an unprecedented tide and with a hook the subject of local derision.

"Jim," I said, "not so bad. But watch me now. We've drifted way below the dolphin. I'll get one before we get back.

And I did.

What magic there was about the dolphin, or the water in its vicinity, I shall not pretend to say. But the fact remains that of the many trips we made that memorable day, up and down past the weathered bunch of piling, not one failed to reward us with a strike.

How the sun got way over into the west and slid into the sea while we thought it was still morning, I shall never know. That we, with our beach appetites, should forget all about lunch remains one of the unexplained things. Why the long shadows stretched away from the spruces in midday, and what strange phenomenon painted the placid surface of the bay with evening purple and gold, when by all reason it should have been noon, I know not.

But I do know this. We hooked and played that day fourteen Royal Chinooks, and of these we landed seven. I remember, too, that we were late for dinner, and I shall not soon forget that evening trudge through the woods with Jim's heels striking at every step the tail of a big Chinook strung on a stick across our shoulders.

What's the joke, Jim?" I had heard him softly chuckling.

"I was just thinking," he said, "how we exploded the theory of salmon fishing on a running tide."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK.

As our country becomes more settled, there is but one way that we can keep our larger game animals from becoming extinct. This is by setting aside certain areas as game refuges. The Yellowstone National Park is the best example we have of a big game refuge.

The Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado was established by a bill which passed both houses in Congress without a

dissenting vote and was signed by President Wilson on January 26.

According to Mr. Enos A. Mills, who has worked for many years to have this area set aside as a national park, wild life is abundant. There are more than two hundred bighorn sheep, some elk, a fair supply of deer, several colonies of beavers and plenty of ptarmigan and grouse. The streams are well stocked with trout.

"This park embraces about 360 square miles of the most characteristic and striking scenery in the Rocky mountains of Colorado. In it are more than fifty mountain peaks that are above 12,000 feet altitude, about 200 lakes and tarns, primeval forests of Engelmann spruce and lodge-pole pine, scores of beautiful park-like meadows, several small glaciers and a number of wild canyons. Longs Peak, 'king of the Rockies,' altitude 14,225 feet, is the highest point."



Hen Pheasant and Young.

PHEASANTS GOING TO ROOST.

BY

ALFRED C. SHELTON

On the evening of December 10, 1914, the writer was returning to Eugene from a two-days' shoot in the duck marshes of the Long Tom swamp, some fifteen miles west of Eugene with a party of local sportsmen. Some eight or ten miles west of town is an old uninhabited ranch, the buildings long unused, and nearby an old orchard, long uncared for. As we passed this orchard just before dusk, we stopped, amazed at the pheasants which were coming into the old orchard apparently to roost. The orchard was fairly

alive with pheasants; they were along the fences, feeding in the grass beneath the trees, and flying up into the trees to roost. We carefully estimated their numbers, and from seventy-five to one hundred pheasants were coming into that orchard for the night. It was by far the largest number of birds I had ever seen in one flock, and the sportsmen with whom I had been shooting all agreed that it was the largest single flock any of them had ever seen. It is also unusual to find these birds taking to the trees to roost.

FOOD OF THE LESSER SCAUP OR BLUE-BILL.

On November 23, Mr. Botsford of Reed College, Portland, found at the head of the south ravine leading into Crystal Springs lake a dead female lesser scaup or blue-bill duck. The bird might have been killed by flying against telephone wires, or it might have been killed by a stray shot. Examination of the stomach contents showed the crop well filled with small clams, three varieties of snails which are found near the shores of the lake and an angle worm. No green water plants or grasses were traceable, though the lake affords duck weed and other water growths.

BIRDS AND LIGHTHOUSES.

Every night during migration, thousands of birds, attracted by the powerful glare of lighthouses, after circling for hours about the lights, fall exhausted, and die. It is said that as many as 1800 woodcock perished in one night at a single English lighthouse. Prof. J. P. Thijsse found that if a lighthouse is fitted with proper perches near the light, the birds will rest upon them, and few will lose their lives. The lighthouse at Terschelling, in Holland, has been thus equipped for the last three years. At this lighthouse, which stands directly in a path of migration, multitudes of birds formerly died every night; now the deaths do not exceed a hundred throughout the whole season of migration. Perches have recently been fitted to two English lighthouses, The Caskets, in the English Channel, and St. Catherine's, on the Isle of Wight. The birds fly to the lighthouses only on dark nights.—Youth's Companion.

WOLVES LOW IN THE HILLS.

BY

ALFRED C. SHELTON

University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.

Timber wolves seemed to come lower in the hills this past winter than usual. For several weeks one ravaged the hills between Wendling and Marcola, in the Mohawk river country, not over twenty miles from Eugene, where it was very destructive of both sheep and cattle. The beast was finally killed by Mr. A. B. Wilkins and proved to be a big black fellow of unusual size and color. His hide is now in the possession of Mr. Stacy Russell of Eugene. This wolf was killed the latter part of February.

At the same time, about February 25, Mr. John Vaughn and his partner, trappers in the Fall creek region, on the middle fork of the Willamette, were after wolves which were ravaging that section of the country. These trappers tried poisoning at first and were successful in getting the wolves to take the bait. In the words of Mr. Vaughn himself, the wolves "ate up two horses and four bottles of strychnine." But the poison was not sufficiently deadly to kill at once, and the trappers were never able to trace or find the brutes after they had taken the poison. At last they resorted to traps and two wolves, a male and a female, were secured. These were taken in the hills near Fall creek, on the Middle fork of the Willamette, and again not over twenty or thirty miles from Eugene. The female, a light yellowish colored brute, was purchased by a resident of Eugene, but the male, another big black fellow, is in the museum at the State University at Eugene. This is the first record of these wolves, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, ravaging so low in the hills, and so close to civilization as the localities given above.

TRAPSHOOTING FOR THE PUBLIC.

The interest in trapshooting is growing rapidly in various parts of the country. It is good outdoor recreation. Traps have recently been established in Lincoln park, Chicago, and the pop of the guns within the city draws as big a crowd as the monkeys

and lions at the zoo. The park is frequented by thousands of people every day and in order to prevent accidents, the range is on the shore of Lake Michigan and the danger zone on the lake is fenced off by buoys to prevent motor boats from coming too close.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

"The Oregon Game Commission will find it a profitable investment to spend one thousand dollars a year in advertising Oregon's fishing and hunting advantages," said Mr. Joseph C. Rader, of Reading, Pennsylvania, who has just returned to his eastern home.

Mr. Rader said that he was attracted to Oregon by the lectures given by the woman commissioner from Oregon at the Buffalo Exposition in 1901, and that he knows of five permanent settlers in Oregon as the result of the same woman's work. These five families brought to Oregon for investment about \$462,000.

Mr. Rader has been visiting the expositions in California and stopped in Oregon for an outing. He went to the Hood River valley to make a visit to Lost Lake. He made the trip to the lake on foot, carrying a Klondike pack. He said the ice was not all out of the lake and that there was some fallen timber across the road beyond Cedar springs. This is Mr. Rader's third visit to Oregon, but his first to Lost Lake. He said he had excellent fishing.

According to Mr. Rader, the sportsmen who are organized throughout the state of Oregon are doing splendid work in protecting game birds and animals and in helping to get more fish into our streams. This work will be the means of bringing a great deal of money into Oregon, for there are many people all through the eastern states who are willing to cross the continent for good fishing and hunting.

FISHING IN WALLOWA LAKE.

Wallowa lake is one of the most popular summer resorts for those who like outdoor life. It is beautifully located in the edge of the mountains. For several years it has been well stocked with fish by the Fish and Game Commission and even the most

inexperienced angler has little or no trouble in landing rainbows, Dolly Vardens and dwarf bluebacks or redbfish, commonly called "yanks," which are so abundant in the lake. One of the most attractive camping spots in the state is at the head of this lake.

"THE BIRDS OF CALIFORNIA."

In 1909 Mr. W. Leon Dawson in collaboration with Mr. J. H. Bowles, published a splendid work in two volumes entitled "The Birds of Washington." Since then Mr. Dawson has moved to Santa Barbara and for several years has been engaged on a very elaborate work entitled "The Birds of California." This new publication in which Mr. Dawson has the assistance and help of all the leading ornithologists of the state, promises to be the most complete and artistic production that has ever been published on the bird life of any state.

DESTRUCTION OF DEER BY WOLVES.

During February from the 16th to the 25th—10 days in all—I made a trip up the Clackamas River and its main tributaries, the Colliwash and the Oak Grove Fork. The destruction of deer by timber wolves has been serious for a number of years. From personal observation I have seen the deer almost disappear from large sections of the country where they were numerous a few years ago, and where they would have increased in spite of the hunters if it has not been for these predatory animals. In talking over the situation with Hugh Mendenhall, the District Forest Ranger of that locality, he made the statement that in his opinion there was not over one-fourth the deer in that general region that there was four or five years ago. And it is naturally a good deer country and practically unmolested by hunters during the close season. On this trip, especially along the Colliwash river, I saw more tracks of wolves than I did of deer.

If it was necessary to go into details there are many reasons I could state why the regular bounties on these animals in a locality that is so far from any settlement, and so extensive in area, will not induce trappers to go in there, equip for the work, and stick to it long enough to accomplish anything. For that

reason I think a special bounty offered to only one or two who are competent is about the only practical way to deal with the problem. And with the understanding that the pelts, skulls and all data are to be turned over to the Fish and Game Commission.

BEN S. PATTON, Deputy Game Warden.

HUMP-BACKED SALMON FOR NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

As a substitute for the fast disappearing native species, the Atlantic salmon, the fish commissioners of Maine have recently placed 7,198,922 fingerling hump-backed salmon from the Pacific coast in the rivers and lakes of that state. They were sent across the continent last year while in the egg stage. The planting of hump-backs in New England waters will continue until the species is firmly established.

The hump-backed salmon is a slim fish with a strong dorsal hump and long, strongly hooked jaws. It is a bluish color with silvery sides, and when fresh from the sea its flesh is of a rich red color and fine flavor. In weight it runs from three to ten pounds.

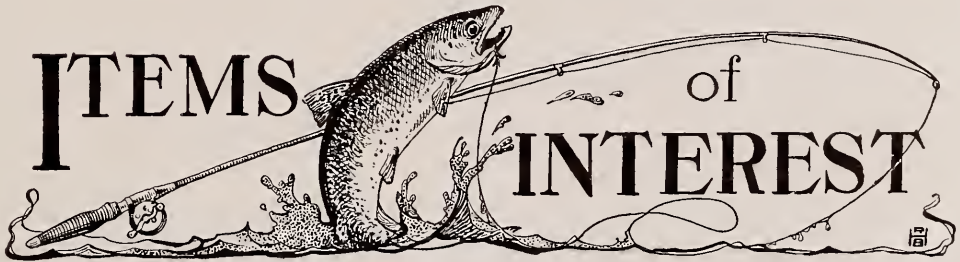
This salmon spawns near salt water, and it is hoped that for this reason it will escape the fate of the large native species now nearing extinction. The pollution of the streams by sewage, the chemical waste from the mills and the removal of the forests from the headwaters, together with the increasing number of dams in the upper rivers are the main causes for the disappearance of the Atlantic salmon.

JACK-RABBIT INVESTIGATION IN LAKE COUNTY.

James Silver and Fred Egli, in the employ of the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, have completed an investigation of the jack-rabbit situation in northern Lake county with a view to recommending ways and means for extermination of the pest. The investigation began early in the winter and was concluded in March. Owing to the absence of heavy snows in the course of the winter, Mr. Silver said, trapping and poisoning the long-eared animals was impracticable; and he could not recommend inoculation as an effective means of ridding the country of the pest. Rabbit drives and

fencing against the jacks were suggested by Mr. Silver; but ranchers have been too busy with their spring planting to promote drives. One drive late in the winter at a point half way between Silver Lake and Fort Rock netted more than 2000 rabbits. Several homesteaders of the high dessert country, those whose crops were destroyed by jacks last season, will not re-seed their land this year. Others, notably the Allen brothers and Oliver Osmundson, are fencing considerable areas with wire netting made to turn rabbits. Messrs. K. C. and Lloyd S. Allen, who have 240 acres thus fenced, believe the netting the easiest and most economic method of combatting the nuisance.

Lake county is watching the bounty experiment in Harney; but it is not probable any scalp bonus will be hung up in this part of the state.



Mr. Arthur Perry of Estacada trapped a good specimen of timber wolf during the last week in March, about a mile and a half above the Oak Grove ranger's station. The animal was a female, and upon dissecting her Mr. Perry found four pups, which would likely have been born some time in May.

Mr. W. O. Hadley, Deputy Game Warden of The Dalles writes that on April 9, Mr. P. E. Lamar of Bonita Ranch, ten miles southeast of The Dalles, dug out a den of eight young Coyotes. The pups were about eight or ten days old. The mother was in the den with the pups which is rather unusual as the old coyotes are generally away from the den during the day time.

Mr. Stanley G. Jewett, writing from Willow Creek above Heppner Junction, says he saw several pairs of Chinese pheasants in the alfalfa fields. These are birds liberated from the State Game Farm. The residents in that locality give the birds careful protection and they are thriving.

New Brunswick stands out as a notable example of what may be accomplished by proper methods of game protection. A history of New Brunswick written in 1825 contained a statement to the effect that the last moose had vanished from the forests of that province. According to the report made by the Chief Game Warden of New Brunswick the number of deer killed in that province in 1913 was 2075; moose, 1499; caribou, 454; a total of 4028.

Mr. Allan Brooks, the artist and ornithologist whose colored pictures of quail recently appeared in the Oregon Sportsman, enlisted with the Canadian troops and is at present on the firing line in France. He is one of the very few exceptional bird artists in this country and his return will be anxiously awaited by those who have admired his drawings.

It is said more ducks have been seen in Kansas this spring than before in ten years. Is the federal migratory bird law to be given credit for this condition? If not, what is it that makes the water-fowl more plentiful in Kansas this spring than before in many years? This is a condition for sportsmen to consider well before they denounce the federal law.—American Field.

According to the new game law of Arkansas, no person shall be licensed to hunt in that state except he or she be a bona fide citizen and resident of the state, and shall have, previous to the issuance of the license, resided in the state twelve months. An annual tax of one dollar is placed on all dogs in the state used for hunting quail. The new law makes the daily bag limit on quail fifteen and on ducks twenty-five. Quail can be hunted only between December 1 and February 1 of each year, and it is unlawful to ship fish and game from the state.

Fisherman's Luck

“Never believe a fisherman when he tells you that he does not care about the fish he catches. * * * Watch him on that lucky day when he comes home with a full basket of trout on his shoulder, or a quartette of silver salmon covered with green branches in the bottom of the canoe. His face is broader than it was when he went out, and there is a sparkle of triumph in his eye. ‘It is naught, it is naught,’ he says, in modest depreciation of his triumph. But you shall see that he lingers fondly about the place where the fish are displayed upon the grass, and does not fail to look carefully at the scales when they are weighed, and has an attentive ear for the comments of admiring spectators. You shall find, moreover, that he is not unwilling to narrate the story of the capture—how the big fish rose short, four times, to four different flies, and finally took a small Black Dose, and played all over the pool, and ran down a terribly stiff rapid to the next pool below, and sulked for twenty minutes, and had to be stirred up with stones, and made such a long fight that, when he came in at last, the hold of the hook was almost worn through, and it fell out of his mouth as he touched the shore. Listen to this tale as it is told, with endless variations, by every man who has brought home a fine fish, and you will perceive that the fisherman does care for his luck, after all.”

—Henry Van Dyke.



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The OREGON SPORTSMAN

JULY, 1915



Pintail Duckling Posing for His Picture.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Editor, Portland, Oregon

Volume III

5c a copy—50c a year

Number 7



Columbian Sharp-tailed Grouse or Prairie Chicken.

The Oregon Sportsman

Volume III

JULY, 1915

Number 7

COVERING A BROADER FIELD

In the first issue of The Oregon Sportsman published in September, 1913, the aim of the Fish and Game Commission in establishing this publication was clearly defined. The idea was to make fishing and hunting important resources of the state. There is no reason why Oregon should not use her wild birds and animals as a prudent farmer protects and uses his flocks and herds. Fields and forests that abound with game and streams that are stocked with fish furnish a most attractive advertisement for the state. Good hunting and angling invite a desirable class of tourists who have money to spend and money to invest. Game protection and propagation are business propositions, not only for the man who lives in the city, but for the farmer, the fruit-grower and the timberman. Game laws will be better observed when we get the real interest of farmers, homesteaders and other land owners throughout the state. It is felt this can be accomplished through education and publicity more effectively than in any other way.

As the work of the Fish and Game Commission has increased steadily during the past four years, it has seemed best to enlarge the scope of The Oregon Sportsman and to make it more distinctly a state publication, acquainting the public more fully with the work that is being done to develop our game resources and make Oregon a greater game state. The aim of the Commission is to furnish our readers with a larger and better magazine. This cannot be done at present by publishing once a month as heretofore, so the following plans have been adopted.

Beginning with the next issue which will be October 1st, The Oregon Sportsman will be published quarterly instead of monthly. It will be three times as large as the present issue and its scope will be broadened so as to cover more completely the work in Oregon relating to all the phases of fish and game protection and propagation. No effort will be made to make a magazine in the popular sense of the word, but to publish a

quarterly bulletin furnishing full information on what is being done at the various hatcheries, the number of fish liberated and where planted; the same facts concerning the State Game Farm and the raising and liberation of game birds; also to work out the various problems of game protection and propagation and publish facts of scientific and popular value concerning wild birds, animals and fish, with the idea of gradually working up a complete natural history and survey of the state.

The sportsmen and public generally have a right also to know more often than once in two years or even once a year just how the money of the Game Protection and Hatchery Funds is being spent and what is being accomplished. So every three months a complete financial statement will be issued in *The Oregon Sportsman*.

In order to carry out these plans, arrangements have been completed to increase the editorial staff to a board of three, Mr. George Palmer Putnam, Secretary to the Fish and Game Commission; Mr. Carl G. Shoemaker, State Game Warden, and the present editor who has been elected to the position of State Biologist. Mr. Putnam is well known as a writer of magazine articles and the author of two outdoor books, entitled "The Southland of North America" and "In the Oregon Country." Mr. Shoemaker was formerly editor of the *Roseburg News* and is well known as a newspaper man.

GAME DESTRUCTION.

There are 5,000,000 hunters in the United States. This rather astonishing statement was made the past week to the national conference on American game breeding and preserving held at New York. It is no wonder that game is extinct in so large a part of this country.

It has sometimes been thought that strict game laws are not democratic. Every farmer's boy cherishes the privilege of getting out with his gun. A hunter's license law, with a small fee, looks aristocratic to the farmer, creating a privileged class. But the result of free game shooting appears at the present time. Most men, to get a good bag, have to travel many miles and run

an expense bill of railroad fares and hotel charges. That is not a democratic condition of things.

This country was originally rich with all kinds of wild game. Every variety had its value. Most of them added each an element of beauty, color, and life to the woods. The majority were useful as food for the human race. Then comes man, blazing away regardless of times and seasons. Today many of our finest varieties are extinct or practically so. Man is a spendthrift and a wastrel, who pollutes his rivers, burns up his forests, and destroys the wild life that might serve and cheer him. When game was abundant hunters were satisfied to get out after the real vermin of the woods, the varieties that are destructive. But if foxes and raccoons are exterminated in a given section today, the more ignorant hunters at least will get out after song birds that protect the farmers' crops from insects.

The delegates who gathered to the conference above referred to should do something more than pass resolutions. They should appoint themselves a national committee to work in every state for strict game laws, strict enforcement of them, and for the propagation of many of the fine species of wild life that have been wiped out.—Astoria Budget.

A FLICKER'S BREAKFAST.

Two flickers dropped to the ground in our back yard the other day and went poking about among the grass tufts directly beneath my window not more than six feet away. The female, whom I watched closely, found and devoured seven cut-worms in about that many minutes, all within a space of less than ten square feet.

Knowing the potential possibilities of seven cut-worms, a bird like this flicker is worth her weight in gold. Suppose she duplicates this meal several times a day, which is not improbable; it shows her to be a bird of great economic value. The progeny from the cut-worms eaten during one day by the flicker would, before the summer was over, reach the total of fifteen hundred or enough to completely destroy a town-lot vegetable garden.

R. B. H.

COLUMBIAN SHARP-TAILED GROUSE

A Rapidly Disappearing Species Commonly Known as the Prairie Chicken of the Northwest

Among the sportsmen who are licensed to shoot game birds during the open season, it is surprising to find that a comparatively small number really know one game bird from another. Where a certain species is almost extinct and the state makes a law protecting the one species but permits the killing of other similar species, the statute is often violated through ignorance. This is the case with the bird commonly known as the Prairie Chicken in the eastern part of Oregon. In some counties, the bird is protected, but at present there is an open season in Union, Wasco and Sherman counties from October 1st to October 15th each year. The open season on Ruffed Grouse and Blue Grouse in eastern Oregon is from August 15th to October 31st. The season on Sage Grouse is from July 15th to August 31st each year. Sportsmen who shoot in eastern Oregon should be able to distinguish the Prairie Chicken or Sharp-tailed Grouse from the Sage Grouse, Ruffed Grouse and Blue or Sooty Grouse.

The Columbian Sharp-tailed Grouse, Pin-tailed Grouse or Prairie Chicken (*Pedioecetes phasianellus columbianus*) was formerly quite common throughout the eastern part of the state from Klamath county to the Columbia river and in the counties to the east. Its range does not extend across the Cascades. This bird was first discovered by Lewis and Clark in 1805-6. They found it very common along the plains of the Columbia and it was named by Ord in 1815 *Phasianus columbianus* or Pheasant of the Columbia.

This grouse is one of our best game birds, but it has decreased very rapidly with the change of conditions because it does not prosper in the vicinity of man. It has always held its own in the sage brush with the coyotes and other natural enemies, but like the Sage Grouse, it has suffered a great deal on account of the extensive pasturing of sheep. Where the flocks tramp through the brush in the springtime hunting for grass, they destroy many nests. As the sage is grubbed out and gives

way to the fields of alfalfa and grain, one might expect that the Prairie Chicken would thrive. But where it builds in a cultivated field, the nest is so often destroyed by irrigation.

The only way this grouse can be saved from extinction in many of the regions where it lives is by the setting aside of certain areas not fit for agricultural purposes as wild bird refuges where hunting is forbidden and the birds are well protected. Otherwise, the history of this western grouse will be the same as that of its cousin, the Pinnated Grouse or Heath Hen. The Heath Hen was so abundant that in the early history of Massachusetts, the articles of apprentices sometimes specified that they were not to be compelled to eat the meat of this grouse oftener than twice a week. This bird was not only abundant in Massachusetts, but in Connecticut, Long Island and New Jersey. From uncountable numbers, it grew less and less as the country was settled, until in 1907 the individuals of this species were fewer than a hundred. The only place where this bird is now found in the wild state is on the island of Martha's Vineyard. They have been given protection here by the legislature of Massachusetts setting aside this place as a special game refuge.

The Sharp-tailed Grouse may readily be distinguished from the Sage Grouse because of its smaller size. The former has the white belly and white wing linings. The chest of the Sage Grouse is white, but the belly or lower part of the body is black. The upper parts of the Sharp-tailed Grouse are grayish-brown variegated with black and reddish. The reddish is noticeable on the back. The wing coverts have a row of conspicuous white spots, one on the end of each feather. In winter the plumage of this grouse is dense and the feet and legs are rabbit-like and feathered to the toes, making good snow-shoes. In the coldest weather they roost under the snow like the Ruffed Grouse.

The nest of the Prairie Chicken is a slight hollow in the ground, generally lined with a few grasses and feathers. The number of eggs are generally from eleven to fourteen, pale buff in color lightly spotted with reddish-brown. The period of incubation is about twenty-one days.

The courting antics of the Sharp-tailed Grouse or Prairie Chicken are described by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson as follows:

“After the disappearance of snow and the coming of warmer weather, the chickens meet every morning at gray dawn in companies of from six to twenty on some selected hillock or knoll and indulge in what is called ‘the dance.’ This performance I have often watched. At first, the birds may be seen standing about in ordinary attitudes, when suddenly one of them lowers its head, spreads out its wings nearly horizontally and its tail perpendicularly, distends its air sacs and erects its feathers, then rushes across the ‘floor,’ taking the shortest of steps, but stamping its feet so hard and rapidly that the sound is like that of a kettle drum; at the same time it utters a sort of a bubbling crow, which seems to come from the air sacs, beats the air with its wings, and vibrates its tail so that it produces a low, rustling noise, and thus contrives at once to make as extraordinary a spectacle of itself and as much noise as possible.”

“As soon as one commences all join in, rattling, stamping, drumming, crowing, and dancing together furiously; louder and louder the noise, faster and faster the dance becomes, until at last, as they madly whirl about, the birds are leaping over each other in their excitement. After a brief spell the energy of the dancers begins to abate, and shortly afterward they cease or stand and move about very quietly, until they are again started by one of their number ‘leading off.’ ”

W. L. F.

USE OF DEER MEAT FOR BAITING TRAPS.

BY
BEN S. PATTON

When the Oregon game laws were revised about two years ago, it was made unlawful to use the flesh of any game animal or bird for baiting traps. With certain hunters and trappers who have been accustomed to taking more or less liberty in such matters, this law has been criticised a good deal. They have claimed that such bait was necessary in order to catch predatory animals such as the wolf, cougar and others that are so destructive to game. The same idea has prevailed to some extent with other people who are interested in game protection, but have little knowledge of these predatory animals and the methods of

reducing their numbers. This has led to a feeling that the game laws have put an obstacle in the way of people who would trap these animals.

As an illustration of this feeling, two trappers were arrested on the headwaters of the Molalla river on December 22, 1914, and fined for killing deer. The "Molalla Pioneer" in reporting the case intimated that such action was questionable, claiming they killed one deer only and were trapping to exterminate wildcats, cougar, etc. But as a matter of fact they were trapping for the money they could derive from pelts, and for any animal that would produce a pelt of commercial value. As to the actual disposition of this deer referred to: they threw the hide in the river; had part of the meat in camp and were using it; had taken part out to their home near Scotts Mill; were feeding it to their dog, and had baited their traps with what was left. This is a fair example of what would be done with a good many deer if the practice of baiting traps with game was permitted. Besides, a greater part of the trapping such men do is not for wolves or cougar, but for otter, mink, marten and other small fur bearing animals which are more numerous and more easily caught. Many of them are incapable of catching an animal as elusive as the wolf or cougar, even if they did use an unlimited supply of deer meat for bait. If such a practice was allowed trappers would soon be a menace to the game of the woods and mountains. It is only fair to say that a good many trappers are willing to obey the law on this point; but there are others that have neither regard for the game or the laws for its protection.

As to the necessity of using deer meat for baiting for the wolf, cougar and others, any one that has had long experience with these animals knows that when hungry they will eat the flesh of almost any kind of animal, either domestic or wild, so long as they do not smell or see signs of man around to make them suspicious or afraid. That point alone is the difficult one, and not the kind of meat used. Many of the best trappers do not use bait, but depend on prepared scents, and "blind sets."

The law in question is a good one and should be enforced.

WILD BIRDS AND THE FARMER

BY

F. E. L. BEAL

Assistant, Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.

Whether a bird is beneficial or injurious depends almost entirely upon what it eats. In the case of species which are very abundant, or which feed to some extent on the crops of the farmer, the question of their average diet becomes one of supreme importance, and only by stomach examination can it be satisfactorily solved. Field observations are at best but fragmentary and inconclusive and lead to no final results. Birds are often accused of eating this or that product of cultivation, when an examination of the stomachs shows the accusation to be unfounded. Accordingly, the Biological Survey has conducted for some years past a systematic investigation of the food of those species which are most common about the farm and garden.

Within certain limits birds eat the kind of food that is most accessible, especially when their natural food is scarce or wanting. Thus they sometimes injure the crops of the farmer who has unintentionally destroyed their natural food in his improvement of swamp or pasture. Most of the damage done by birds and complained of by farmers and fruit growers arises from this very cause. The berry-bearing shrubs and seed-bearing weeds have been cleared away, and the birds have no recourse but to attack the cultivated grain or fruit which have replaced their natural food supply. The great majority of land birds subsist upon insects during the period of nesting and moulting, and also feed their young upon them during the first few weeks. Many species live almost entirely upon insects, taking vegetable food only when other subsistence fails. It is thus evident that in the course of a year birds destroy an incalculable number of insects.

In winter, in the northern part of the country, insects become scarce or entirely disappear. Many species of birds, however, remain during the cold season and are able to maintain life by eating vegetable food, as the seeds of weeds. Here again is another useful function of birds in destroying these weed seeds and thereby lessening the growth of the next year.

THE CHINOOK IN NEW ENGLAND WATERS

The Greatest Fish of the Pacific Waters Transplanted for the
Benefit of Eastern Anglers

BY

GEORGE H. GRAHAM

Fish and Game Commissioner, Springfield, Mass.



NO MORE interesting experiment has ever been carried on in the line of fish culture than what has been done in the past ten years with the Pacific salmon known as "Chinook" in some of our New England lakes. The splendid record that has come from Lake Sunapee, N. H., and more recently what has been the result of planting these fish in Lake Quinsigamond in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, attracts the attention of fish culturists and anglers all over the country. Knowing what had been the results of planting these salmon in Lake Sunapee and believing that equally good results could be obtained in the old Bay State the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game began to look around to see where to try the experiment. They found in Lake Quinsigamond what they considered an ideal lake; it has a large area of deep water and is very cold in places. It has a large amount of food for the salmon to feed upon in the shape of landlocked smelts which seemed to be increasing at an enormous rate.

The lake was screened at the outlet so as to prevent the young fish from going down stream and when the fish were planted they were good sized fish from four to six inches long. Ten thousand of these fish were planted during the fall of 1912 and during July of 1914 or within about twenty months from the time they were hatched, over 600 salmon were caught by the anglers, ranging from one and one-half to five pounds each.

These fish were caught both trolling and still fishing with live bait, and as there has been no limit on salmon in Massachusetts one man caught over twenty fish in one day.

The salmon that were planted in Lake Quinsigamond were kept in the hatchery until they were from four to six inches long,

and when they were planted they were well able to care for themselves. This lake, like so many others in our New England states, was well stocked with pickerel and perch and there were so many of these fish that doubt was freely expressed that the salmon would all be eaten up before they had a chance to grow.

The acme of all fishing is salmon fishing and it is a sport that has been enjoyed by only a very few people during the past fifty years. In recent years, one in order to secure any sport of this kind had to have a fat pocketbook and lots of leisure time. In the early history of New England, most of the large rivers were noted as salmon rivers and the salmon ascended the rivers every year to lay their spawn in fresh water, but since the rivers have been dammed to make power, the fish have been unable to ascend and it was only a few years after the dams were built when our salmon were all gone.

Since the salmon stopped running up the rivers very few people have had a chance to get them and there are but a few lakes and streams in all New England where salmon can be taken today. So scarce have these fish become that many men spend large sums of money each year to go to lakes in Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. It is no wonder then that much interest has been displayed by sportsmen all over the country in the experiments that have been carried on with the Pacific salmon known as Chinook salmon, in our lakes of New England.

There has never been a fish introduced into our eastern waters that has appealed to our sportsmen as much as has this species of salmon and when it is known that the government is in a position to furnish millions of these eggs from the fall run of Chinook salmon without injury to the commercial interests and by taking eggs that will not be otherwise used it is no wonder that our people are interested in having the eggs sent to New England. No activity of the Bureau of Fisheries has been more successful from the angler's point of view than has the work done with these salmon.

THE MINK, A VALUABLE FUR-BEARER

BY
STANLEY G. JEWETT

The mink (*Lutreola vison energumenos*—Bangs) is one of the best known fur-bearing animals in Oregon. A full grown mink is about twenty-two inches long, including the tail, which is seven or eight inches. The slender, sinuous body, long neck, short legs and dark-brown or chestnut coat, is rather a rare sight as the mink swims or dives in a clear, deep pool along some of our trout streams, because he is a sly, wary creature.



The Mink.

The mink is strictly carnivorous and feeds mainly on fish, frogs and small birds and mammals which he catches in and along the watercourses. He is an extremely powerful animal for his size. Sometimes he invades the poultry yard and kills chickens. He also hunts and kills animals equal to or greater than his own weight, such as muskrats and rabbits. Mr. H. E. Anthony in the "Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History," Volume XXXII, describes the method of hunting used by a mink. He saw one in pursuit of muskrats in a beaver pond on Willow creek

in Malheur county, Oregon, on August 20, 1913. Mr. Anthony writes as follows:

"The dam made a large, still pool, grown up about most of the margin by willows. Large clumps of dead willows were in the pond, and low, rank grass on the side I approached. I heard something drop off into the water as I came up, and marked the animal's progress through the shallow, grass-encumbered water by the movement of the grass tops. Presently from my right (the first animal had made off to the left) about two minutes later, a slight noise disclosed the approach of something. It came following the low, grass-overhung bank to within six or eight feet of me, the vegetation hiding it. Then the animal came ashore and darted yet closer through the grass, the movements of the tops showed quick, hurried motion below. Back then, the way it had come, and the hasty glimpse I secured showed a fine, large mink. All his movements seemed so quick and businesslike. I think he must have been trailing some animal, probably a muskrat, for their burrows and runways were quite plentiful in this vicinity. Beyond a doubt the first animal I heard was the muskrat which would surely have been caught had I not taken his place, for the mink came straight to where I stood, in his bloodthirsty quest. Although I waited some minutes for a shot, expecting him to appear farther down the bank, I never saw him again."

It has been reported that mink sometimes invade the docks along the waterfront in Portland and kill chickens in shipping crates that are awaiting transportation. At one time, the writer was stopping at a logging camp in the mountains, where the cook had boiled a large pot of salt codfish which he set on a bench just outside the camp door to cool overnight. Next morning every particle of that fish had been carried away, but the mink left his telltale tracks, thereby settling all doubt as to the robber.

Mink are widely distributed over the state of Oregon. There is probably not a stream or lake in the state where this animal is unknown, and he is one of the few species that seems to have wits enough to hold his own in settled regions where others soon disappear under constant persecution. Mink live in burrows along or near our watercourses and in the spring, April to June, the female mink gives birth to from four to eight young. Both

old and young mink are very playful, and seem to take great delight in chasing each other up and down the bank of a stream, or swimming and diving in the water, sometimes keeping it up for considerable time. They are good climbers, but hunt mainly on the ground, and can run swiftly. Their long, slim, graceful bodies allow them to run in and out of all sorts of nooks and crannies in search of food.

One day as the writer was slowing coasting along near shore in a launch on Tillamook Bay, two mink were surprised as we rounded a point, and instead of diving as is their usual habit under similar circumstances, both mink swam to a nearby log that was leaning almost perpendicular against the high bank, and they ran up that log as nimbly as two squirrels.

The mink is one of the most valuable fur-bearers, and annually large numbers of their skins are sold in the fur markets. During the fur season of 1913-14 two thousand four hundred and sixty-six skins were reported from trappers in Oregon. These were sold for \$7824.58, making an average of \$3.25½ each. Of course this is not the total number of mink caught in the state. The greater number of these skins came from the coast counties, Tillamook and Columbia counties providing the greater number of skins. Eastern Oregon skins bring a higher price to the trapper. Lake county skins last winter average \$3.90 each as compared to \$2.85 in Lincoln county. Tillamook county skins averaged a little over \$3.00 each.

DISCOVERY OF THE TREE MOUSE

(*Phenacomys longicaudus*—True.)

BY

VERNON BAILEY

Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Aureleus Todd, of Eugene, Oregon, sent to the National Museum a new species of mouse from Marshfield, Coos county, near the coast of Oregon, and with it an interesting letter on habits. He called it the Tree Mouse, and said that it built nests in the branches of Douglas spruce trees. He had then seen but two of the mice. The next year he sent another skin and skull to the Biological Survey from Meadows

Lane county, Oregon. The mouse was very different from any other known species. Collectors have since searched eagerly for it, but until recently in vain. I have often set traps over the branches of trees, on cushions of tree moss and on logs high above the ground, but to no purpose.

In 1907 Dr. William Bebb of Los Angeles showed me several specimens of the tree mouse that he had taken in Oregon at a lumber camp. The men were chopping down tall Douglas spruces and he watched when the trees came down and caught several of the stunned or crippled mice as the nests were crushed by the fall. I tried to persuade Dr. Bebb to publish a note on this, but have never seen any further reference to his interesting discovery. The main new fact which he made known in regard to the habits of the mouse was that they lived in the tops of tall trees, often 100 feet or more from the ground. This made collecting a good series of specimens seem more difficult than ever, and it is no great wonder that from 1890 to 1914 no more specimens were secured for the National Museum collection.

In 1914 Alfred Shelton of the University of Oregon, secured two immature specimens of this rare mouse and learned to recognize their bulky nests in the tree tops and pointed out a number of them to me. Many of the nests were in unclimbable trees, but we found a few in trees that were not too large to be half encircled by our arms and with the aid of Shelton's climbing irons we went up them and examined the nests, selecting the most promising and taking turns in climbing and watching from below. The work was hard and we were scratched and covered with pitch, but to me the game was worth all it cost, for at last it was my good fortune to find a nest with a mouse in it. This nest, or house, as it might better be called, was about 80 feet from the ground on three radiating branches close to the trunk of a Douglas spruce. It was a bulky mass about two feet wide by one and one-half feet high and evidently many years old. The twigs of which it was largely composed had settled in a half decayed and earthy mass as solid as a muskrat's house, and beginning at the top a tiny burrow wound down spirally through the structure to one after another of the four or five fresh, clean little nests of green spruce leaf

fibers. The mouse finally ran out at the bottom of the house from one of the several burrows or doorways leading out along the top of each of the supporting branches and as he was out of reach of my arm when first seen and too close to be safely shot, I watched him run slowly and steadily along the top of one branch and across to another until at the right distance for a shot with my pocket collecting pistol. I could take no chances of losing so precious a specimen, but wanted to watch every move and learn as much of its habits as possible. It crept cautiously along the branches entirely mouse-like in its motions and not even *Peromyscus*-like in sprightly activity. It ran freely from one branch to another and could have gone on for miles among interlaced branches without coming nearer to the ground. It made no leaps or quick motions, but seemed entirely at home, and with its sharp, curved claws is evidently well adapted to an arboreal life. Its warm yellow-brown fur, long black tail and dark feet distinguish it from other mice of the region.

Other nests were found, some higher but none much lower down. Some were larger and evidently older and one encircled the tree trunk, resting on the whorl of seven radiating branches. Some had only one nest and others had as many as five. The nests were fresh and clean and always of the same material, the fine midribs of a great number of spruce needles, the sides of which had served as food. The feces were deposited around the outside of the house and helped to build up its solid walls and render it weatherproof.

Green tips of twigs were found in the houses and even in the nests that were in use and the stomach of the one mouse taken contained only a milky green pulp, evidently of the young spruce leaves.

Recently a series of a dozen specimens of apparently this species have been received from Mr. H. E. Wilder from Humboldt county, California, with interesting notes on habits. Mr. Wilder found these in low spruces, sometimes only 20 feet from the ground, and one nest within reach of his hand. It is to be hoped that others will be found in Oregon and that more will be learned of their habits.

RELATIVE NUMBERS IN SEXES OF THE TREE MOUSE.

BY

WALTER P. TAYLOR,

Curator of Mammals, Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, University of California

Of the many significant discoveries made by field naturalists during the last few years the "rediscovery" of the tree mouse (*Phenacomys longicaudus*—True), is acknowledged to be one of the most interesting. It was the good fortune of the writer, in connection with his regular duties as leader of the North Coast Counties expedition of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology of the University of California in 1913, to be able to study the habits of this species. Upon examination of the specimens collected it immediately becomes apparent that the females are much more numerous than the males. In fact, in a series of eight adult specimens, six are females and only two are males. This difference in numbers immediately prompts the question as to why such a condition should obtain.

There are at least two possibilities to be considered: (1) that the mice practice polygamy, and that there are actually more females than males; (2) that the adult females remain more closely in the nests than the males do, and so were taken in great numbers by our methods of capture, which involved the dissection of the nests.

Of the young specimens available eight are males and thirteen females. It appears that among the young individuals the proportion of females to males is well below two to one, while among the adults the proportion is four to one. If males and females are born in equal numbers, a non-selected series of young should divide up equally between the sexes. Since our specimens do not divide in this way, one is tempted to the conclusion, on the one hand, that the females are actually about twice as numerous as the males. On the other hand, the difference in proportions of females to males in the series of young and adults respectively seems to indicate that the females do remain more closely in the nests than the males and so were taken in greater numbers by the methods of capture employed.

It is realized that the numbers of specimens examined in this

connection are too small to make conclusions more than tentative. The observed facts are worthy of notice, however, and their explanation, which will doubtless be forthcoming in the future, will inevitably lead to a clearer insight into the family relations and life history of the species.

WEIGHTS OF FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

BY

ALFRED C. SHELTON

University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon

Discussion often arises over the weights of certain animals. We hear of bob-cats weighing forty pounds, or a 'coon which weighs thirty pounds, so these remarks on the weights of a few animals may not be amiss.

This winter the writer spent some seven weeks with the trappers in the high Cascades, and had an excellent opportunity to secure data on this very subject.

A large bob-cat, in fact one of the largest brought in to McKenzie Bridge this winter, is now in the University of Oregon museum and this animal, a male, weighed just twenty pounds and twelve ounces. Large male bob-cats will average from twenty to twenty-two pounds. One Cascade trapper tells me the largest bob-cat he ever caught weighed twenty-three pounds. A female cat will not average over twelve or thirteen pounds.

For their size, beaver are by far the heaviest of the fur-bearing mammals. They are compact, and very heavily built. Well muscled and solid, with bodies set close to the ground on short legs, their appearance greatly deceives their true weight. A small young beaver taken this winter at McKenzie Bridge, not over two-thirds grown, weighed twenty-nine pounds and two ounces. A large specimen taken last spring at Medford, Oregon, weighed just forty pounds, while another, an old female, taken this winter at McKenzie Bridge, weighed just forty-five and one-half pounds.

'Coons from the coast streams have been reported to me as weighing as much as thirty or forty pounds. I have no reliable data on these animals from the coast region, but I do know that

a 'coon taken at McKenzie Bridge this winter, which was said there to be as large as any taken in that region, weighed just thirteen and one-half pounds. A comparison of 'coon skulls from the mountains and from the coast region shows no difference which would indicate any great difference in weight, and I greatly doubt if there is any such extreme difference as that reported. This is but an example of how careful one must be in accepting estimated weights of animals when there is no evidence by standard scales to back up the assertions.

Bear, cougar, and wolves were taken in the mountains beyond McKenzie Bridge, this winter, but the trapper who secured them skinned them in the field, and no weights could be secured; and the estimated weights were so unsatisfactory that they are withheld from publication. The writer would appreciate information on the weights of any of these animals from any one who has definite data of weights on standard scales.

DUCKS VS. MALARIA AND YELLOW FEVER.

"For some years I have been using ducks to keep down mosquitoes in swamps that would have been difficult and expensive to drain," says Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, the Pennsylvania Commissioner of Health, in the journal of the American Medical Association, "but I never fully appreciated the high efficiency of the duck as a destroyer of mosquito life until the foregoing test was made." The test he describes was made after several unsuccessful attempts to destroy the larvae by means of fish.

He divided the swampy place into two equal parts, each about fourteen hundred square feet in area. One he stocked with goldfish, and the other he left as a feeding ground for ducks—both were ideal breeding places for mosquitoes.

In the fish division, mosquito larvae flourished, while in the side with the ducks, larvae were entirely absent.

Then he put ten mallards in the fish pond and within 48 hours only a few small larvae were left.

The Doctor considers that many larvae were drowned owing to the commotion the birds raised in the water.

For health's sake, let's have more ducks and less fever!

R. B. H.

The Lure of the Hunt

“But I suppose the very best about hunting can never be told at all. That is true of any really good thing and there is nothing better than a long day after the birds. It is always good to be out of doors. And there are seasons when one is glad to wander slowly over the fields and byways; there are times when it seems best of all to be still—in the heart of the woods, on the wide hill pastures, in the deep grass of the meadows. But not in the fall! Is it a breath of the migrating instinct that makes us want to be off and away, to go, and go, and go? Yes, fall is the time for the hunt—gay, boisterous fall, rioting in wind and color to keep up its spirits against the stealthy approach of winter. And whether we shoot well or ill, whether our game pockets are heavy or light, no matter what the weather we find or the country we cross, it is all good hunting, very good. And at night we come in to a blazing fire, feeling tired, oh, so tired! and hungry, oh, so hungry! and with soul and body shriven clean by wind and sun.”—Elisabeth Woodbridge, “In the Wake of the Partridge.”



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FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

Volume Three

*Fifty Cents a Year
Fifteen Cents a Copy*

Number Eight



COUGAR KITTEN

A



MALE AND FEMALE MALLARD DUCK

CONTENTS

Editorial Comment—	Page
The Sportsman in New Form.....	155
Chinese Pheasants.....	156
Game Protection	156
How Many Sportsman.....	158
Trout Propagation and Distribution.....	158
The Commission.....	160
Trapping in Oregon	163
Spare the Hen Pheasant.....	164
The Protection and Propagation of Game and its Relation to Transportation.....	167
The Edible Bull Frog.....	170
Conservation through Education	172
The Mallard.....	173
A Plea for Salmon Conservation	175
Notes on the Band-Tailed Pigeon	177
Sunrise and Sunset in Oregon.....	179
Questions Asked About the Game Laws	180
The Duties of a Game Warden	182
Breeding of Minks in Captivity.....	183
A Southern Oregon Mountain Trip.....	184
Good News About Sharp-Tailed Grouse	184
Over the Stiens on a Desert Greyhound.....	185
Lake Tahoe Trout in Oregon	187
Bob-White Whistle is Cheerful	187
Wild Game as it Used to be	188
Rod and Gun Club Notes—	
All Sportsman are Members	189
Seaside Club has 115 Members.....	189
Fry Doing Fine at Gold Hill.....	190
Youngest Club Doing Well	190
Good News from Coos Bay	191
The Brownsville Rod and Gun Club	192
Notes from Counties—	
Plea for the Protection of Wild Game.....	194
Wild Game in Benton County.....	195
Game in the Second Smallest County in the State.....	196
Hunting and Fishing in the Deschutes Country	197
Game and Fish Abundant in Coos County	198
Curry County	198
In the Game Wilds of Douglas County.....	199
A Trip to the Badger Lake Country	199

CONTENTS—CONTINUED

	Page
Hood River County.....	200
Klamath County	200
Reeves Pheasants in Lane County	201
The Duck and Goose Problem.....	202
Linn County	202
Marion County	202
Polk County	203
The Game Situation in Sherman County	203
Tillamook County	204
Washington County has Snow White Buck.....	205
Yamhill County	205
Game Conditions in Yamhill County	205
Items of Interest—	
Elk in Southern Oregon	207
Valley Quail are Thriving	207
These are not Bear Stories	207
Chinese Pheasants in Clatsop County	208
Party Saw 51 Deer.....	208
Some Trapper.....	208
Coos County	208
Mountain Quail Doing Well.....	209
Chinese Pheasants in Portland.....	209
Hungarian Partridges in Umatilla Connty	210
We Leave it to You.....	210
A 1916 Suggestion.....	211
Porcupine destroys Orchard	212
Fun with a Tillamook Cub Bear	212
Oregon Fish and Game Comissioners	214
Regular Deputy Game Wardens	214
Regular Fish Wardens	214

THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

Volume Three

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All material for publication should be sent to the Oregon Sportsman, Portland, Oregon.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE SPORTSMAN IN NEW FORM.

With this issue the OREGON SPORTSMAN changes from a monthly to a quarterly publication. The change was decided upon after mature consideration on the part of the Fish and Game Commissioners. It is believed that the SPORTSMAN in a quarterly form will serve the interests of its subscribers and readers better than would a monthly publication. This is more apparent when we take into consideration that the quarterly will contain about five or six times as much reading matter as one issue of the monthly.

We want the SPORTSMAN to have a personal appeal to its readers. To assist in bringing this about we have inaugurated with this issue brief items of interest from the men in the field. No man is better able to ascertain conditions in his territory than is the Deputy Game

Warden. He is on the firing line; he knows the best hunting and fishing grounds, and his intimate acquaintanceship with the sportsmen places him in a position to learn accurately and at first hand the situation with regard to game and fish. We believe that the reports from our wardens will be of interest to sportsmen generally and for that reason we have devoted considerable space in this issue to these brief reports from the front.

The editors of the SPORTSMAN earnestly solicit the co-operation of Rod and Gun Clubs and Game Protective Associations throughout the state in making the Quarterly a magazine which will fill a real need in our efforts at making game protection popular.

We need the help of every true sportsman of this state in this great work and we know that we will get it.

CHINESE PHEASANTS.

The season which is closing on Chinese pheasants has been filled with much pleasure for sportsmen; for never before have these magnificent game birds been so plentiful. These birds have been liberated by the State Fish and Game Commission at great expense. It is mentioned here just to point out another activity of the Commission which is carried on for the sole benefit of the sportsmen.

GAME PROTECTION.

The enforcement of our laws relating to game protection rests with a warden service, which, though not perfect, is as good as conditions and finances permit. It is wholly impossible to patrol every stream, lake and

forest within the state and apprehend all violators with a total of forty deputy game wardens. The Game Department must depend to a great extent on the good citizenship of the people to assist in this work of protection. The game and fish of this state belong to the people as a whole. It is as much to their interest to help in its preservation as it is for them to help in the enforcement of the other laws of our state. If a citizen saw some one shoot his neighbor's cow he would report the incident and appear against him. If he knows of persons who violate the game laws he should with equal promptness notify the deputy game warden and assist in prosecuting the case. The people of our state must realize that the game is not inexhaustible and that if we expect to long continue to enjoy the splendid recreation of angling and hunting we must all of us actively cooperate in its protection.

The wardens are located in your county to help you protect your own fish and game. They cannot ferret out all violations. They expect that you will do your part in aiding them to enforce the laws. Game protection is as necessary to perpetuate hunting and fishing as is insurance against unexpected fire damage.

We assume that every good citizen is a deputy game warden without salary and that he will not only give us his moral support but his active and sincere co-operation.

In the final analysis game protection rests largely on the attitude of the people of the state. If that attitude is friendly the warden service becomes highly efficient. On the other hand if that attitude is hostile, unfriendly or apathetic the efficiency of the warden service is greatly handicapped. The result is that game protection would become more or less of a myth.

It is gratifying to note that the attitude of the people in the past few years has tended more and more toward the game protection idea. From every nook and corner of the state reports reach the game department stating that conditions are much improved. With the development of this attitude will come protection of the highest character and violations will be reduced to a minimum.

HOW MANY SPORTSMEN?

Up to October 1st there had been sold 47,433 anglers' and 30,584 hunters' licenses. For the past few years the number of anglers' licenses sold has steadily increased. This is due largely to the policy of the Fish and Game Department in constantly restocking the streams of the state, thus making a fair catch reasonably certain to him who loves to spend a day on the stream. Of course we must take into consideration the fact that our angling streams are easier of access than our hunting grounds. A fisherman can spend a day angling and return home in the evening with his catch. A hunter spends from a couple of days to a month on his hunting trip. He has to go farther for his big game or his birds. It takes more preparation and demands a larger outlay of money. All these items enter into a consideration of the causes underlying the fact that each year there are more anglers' licenses sold.

TROUT PROPAGATION and DISTRIBUTION

Bonneville is the most modern and largest hatchery in the world. Oregon has a reputation throughout the

Union as being a "sportsman's paradise" and Bonneville does much to maintain this reputation. Were it not for the propagation of game fish and their liberation in our streams the splendid sport of angling would long since have passed into the category of classic myths. But the Commissioners were far sighted and have established hatcheries and feeding stations in various locations in the state which are favored by climatic conditions and a plentiful supply of water of a proper temperature.

These smaller hatcheries and feeding stations play an important part in this great work of game fish propagation. Millions of eggs are taken from them annually. Some of these eggs are exchanged in the East for the eggs of Brook Trout and other varieties of game fish not native to Oregon. In many other ways these smaller stations serve a most useful purpose and it is hoped, as finances permit, to increase their number and enlarge their efficiency.

Bonneville was visited during the past season by thousands of people from all parts of the state and the nation. No one who has not visited this hatchery has any adequate idea of what the Fish and Game Commission has undertaken for the benefit of the sportsmen of Oregon. During the past season between six and eight million trout fry have been liberated from Bonneville and the other stations. The sportsmen know how well this has been done in their own communities. But they do not know, unless they visit Bonneville, the amount of care and attention that the State gives to make this distribution possible. From the time the eggs are taken from the female fish till the trout are finally planted in the waters of some lake or stream they are

looked after and cared for like so many pets. They are fed and nourished daily. Their growth is watched from day to day and when one of those little minnows dies there is positive sorrow at the station.

Mr. Angler, do you realize when you cast your hook into the stream and a trout jumps at your fly and you reel in a beautiful specimen of a rainbow, a steelhead, an Eastern brook, a cut-throat or any of the other game fish within our waters, what has been done to make this possible? You do not think of the many weeks that sturdy men have stood over troughs and ponds and fed and cared for that fish. But it is a fact. The men who have charge of the little fish at the feeding stations are as anxious that you should catch fish as you are. They take a personal interest in their work. That the work of propagation has attained such a marked degree of success is due largely to the excellent system of taking care of the young fry which is under the direction of the Superintendent of Hatcheries. The men working with him at the stations take a great pride in the success of their own endeavors.

All honor to these men who from day to day stand over and guard the safety of our trout fry. To their faithfulness and industry must be credited the abundant supply of fish in our re-stocked streams.

THE COMMISSION.

The Fish and Game Commission is taking a great interest in all phases of its work.

At the head of the commission is Governor Withycombe, who has displayed a deep knowledge of the needs and desires of both hunters and anglers, and who con-

stantly makes many helpful suggestions for the betterment of fish and game conditions. In his travels over the state Governor Withycombe has an excellent opportunity of meeting sportsmen and learning from them the situation in their territory. He is taking an active personal interest in the work of the Commission which is proving of benefit to the sportsmen.

Hon. I. N. Fleishner, of Portland, is one of the best known sportsmen in Oregon. From sunrise on the first day till sunset on the last day of the open season he is very active with his rod and line, his flies and his spinners; and during the closed season he likes to tell his friends what happened during the open season. He is a thorough business man who has been remarkably successful. He has an intimate personal knowledge of many of the angling streams and lakes of the state, and is familiar with many of the best hunting districts. He has a serious interest in the work of the commission and takes pleasure in it.

Hon. Marion Jack, of Pendleton, is one of Oregon's successful ranchers. One of the serious problems of the commission is the screening of our irrigation ditches. His knowledge of this problem, gained at first hand through a long study of the irrigation question, has proved of great value to the commission. He knows the needs of that vast territory of our state popularly known as Eastern Oregon. He brings that part of the state into a close relationship with the work of the commission. He represents the agricultural interests of the state, whose co-operation in game protection is vital and essential. Mr. Jack is a sportsman himself, and appreciates what it means to have plenty of fish in the streams, birds in the air and wild game in the forests.

Hon. C. F. Stone, of Klamath Falls, is a lawyer with a statewide reputation. Like most successful men he is a man of wide experience and varied activity. He comes from a part of the state where the sportsman has an abundance of trout fishing, duck shooting and deer hunting. He has participated in all these sports and thoroughly understands them. He takes a keen delight in his work as a commissioner and in the deliberations of the commission is active, earnest and sincere in his advocacy of measures and policies for the best interests of the sportsmen of the state. His experience as a lawyer gives him a broad vision which he uses intelligently in his work as a commissioner.

Hon. Frank M. Warren, of Portland, is head of one of Oregon's large salmon packing industries. He was brought up in the business and knows it in all of its intricate details. His interest in the work of the commission may almost be termed a hobby. He is strong in his belief that our streams should be well stocked with trout and our wild birds and animals well protected. While his private interests are almost wholly confined to the commercial fishing industry he never loses sight of the requirements of anglers and hunters. He personally applies to his work on the commission those same methods which have made for success in his own business.

The Fish and Game Commission is composed of representative men of affairs who give their knowledge and experience to the development of our fish and game resources. They have a single purpose in view—the stimulation and encouragement of fish and game protection. They realize that with the popularization of protection there will be an increasing fund for the purpose of propagation of game fish, game birds and game ani-

mals. The Commissioners are engaged in a good work. Let us all encourage and assist them in carrying it out. For in the end that which they are doing redounds to the benefit, pleasure and recreation of every true sportsman.

TRAPPING IN OREGON.

Last year the Game Department issued nearly one thousand trapper's licenses. The law provides that trappers must at the end of the season (February 28) furnish to the Commission a verified report of the number and kinds of fur-bearing animals caught and killed during the season and where sold and the amount derived from the sale. Only 64 per cent of those taking out licenses made such a report. The total amount of money derived from fur-bearing animals caught by those who turned in their reports aggregated nearly \$10,000.00.

Under our laws otter, mink, fisher, marten and muskrat are considered fur-bearing animals, on which there is a closed season. The open season on these five species begins on November first of each year and continues through to March first of the next year. There is no closed season on predatory animals, such as cougar, wolf, bear, cats, skunk and coyotes.

There is no open season on beaver.

We believe that along many Oregon streams and in the wilds of her forests there is an excellent opportunity for good trappers. We would like to see more trapping done in this state. In addition to the money which is derived from the sale of the pelts there is a bounty paid on wolf and cougar by the various counties and an additional bounty by the Fish and Game Commission. Tak-

ing everything into consideration a good trapper should be able to make more than a good living following his occupation.

“SPARE THE HEN PHEASANT”

During the years 1911 and 1912 the Legislature closed the season for killing Chinese Pheasants. The numbers had been growing smaller and it was thought best to give these birds a chance to recuperate. In 1913 and 1914 the season was again opened, but for the shooting of males only; the hen pheasants were protected by law. This was a good law. Sparing the hen pheasant is the best method of insuring birds for the following year's crop. There are very important reasons why the hen pheasants should not be killed.

In the first place the Chinese Pheasants are polygamous in nature. They are entirely polygamous when kept in captivity and they are to a large extent polygamous in the wild state. If there are as many cocks as hens in the wild state, the birds will pair off, yet if there are more hens than cocks the hens will be cared for much the same as they are in the tame state where a cock is kept in a pen with from four to six females.

The most vital reason why the hen should not be killed is that she is a smaller bird than the cock and less able to protect herself in the wild state. At the State Game Farm, for instance, where cocks and hens are kept in an open field, they are sometimes attacked by hawks and owls. In over thirty birds that were caught in this field by hawks and owls, every single one was a hen. Although the cock stands out in the open, he is strong and big and able to protect himself, while the hen is not.

We have several times seen a cat attack a hen pheasant, and yet make no effort to spring at a big male bird. In other words, out of twenty hens and twenty males in the wild state the chances are that not one of the cocks would be caught or killed by hawks, owls, cats and some of the other predatory animals, where ten or twelve of the females would be killed. After the first few days of the shooting season the cocks become much wilder than the females. They are more able to take care of themselves while the females lie closer to a dog and are more likely to be killed. Every sportsman, therefore, or any other person interested in the real protection of the Chinese Pheasant and keeping up the future supply, should refrain from killing hen pheasants.

There may be some excuse for a man having an undersized fish in his possession, because he can't tell in advance the length of the fish which has snapped at his fly, but there is no excuse for that same man fishing without a license.

If you believe in game protection help it along by speaking a friendly word in its favor whenever you get the opportunity. It will mean more fish, more birds and more deer for you in the years to come.

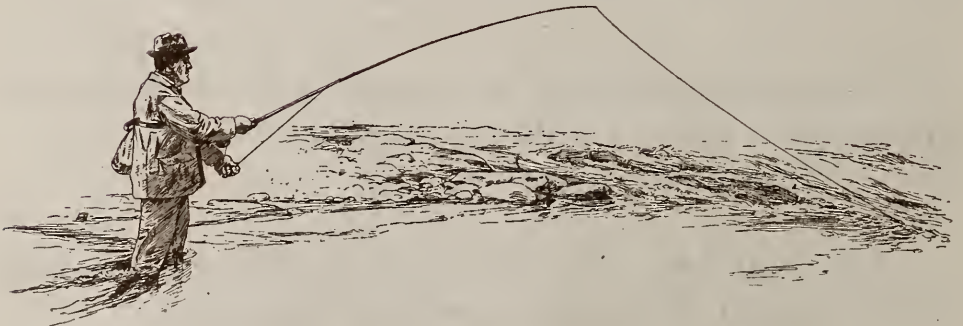
When duck shooting be careful or the Federal warden will get you if you don't watch out.

Get your license for 1916 early in January. It may help you and it surely will help the department.

Douglas County still claims to be the banner county in the number of hunting parties entertained and deer bagged. Does any other county want to contest for the laurel.

The fiscal year of the Fish and Game Commission ends December 1st. The January number of the Quarterly will contain a complete financial report.

The hunter who will pack around three or four china hens and, when caught, say that his friends each shot one deserves a seat of honor in the Ananias Club.



The PROTECTION AND PROPAGATION *of* GAME AND ITS RELATION *to* TRANSPORTATION.

(From an address of State Game Warden Shoemaker, given at a recent meeting of the Transportation Club.)

The commercial fishing industry of this state is so important that were it to be wiped out entirely over night it would directly effect the means of livelihood of about 8000 of our citizens and indirectly would cripple the incomes of many hundreds more, while thousands of dollars worth of nets, wheels, geer, boats and machinery would become idle and useless. Since authentic records have been kept the salmon industry on the Columbia river has produced over \$100,000,000, or approximately \$25.00 per acre per year for every surface acre on our majestic river. Yet up to two years ago the industry was losing ground. The pack was falling off from year to year and it was freely predicted that the industry would within a short time become unprofitable and discontinued.

The 1913 pack somewhere approached 400,000 cases. 1914 came and went with the largest pack in the history of the industry when about 650,000 cases were put up. This year when the fall pack has been completed it is estimated that something over 750,000 cases will have been packed and made ready for the market, the value of which is said to be over \$4,000,000. Men in a position to speak with authority say that within three or four years these figures will be doubled.

What then has caused this immense increase in the pack each year for the past few years? Surely we cannot attribute it to the natural increase of the fish—for until two years ago the catch was annually falling off. The increase is due to one cause only and that cause is the development of modern hatchery methods. Five years ago the state of Oregon adopted, in spite of many doubts expressed as to its wisdom, the system of feeding salmon fry in retaining ponds. Prior to that time spasmodic efforts had been made along this line but it was not followed up each year in order to determine its value. Fishermen themselves shook their heads and would give little, if any, encouragement to the idea. In the fall of 1910 the Fish and Game department of the state determined to give the plan a fair and square trial. Under the direction of Hatchery Superintendent Clanton the work was commenced. It takes four years to obtain results in this work, and in 1914, the first year in which results could be expected, the industry had the largest pack from a financial standpoint in its history. Still there were some who doubted the work of the hatchery department and expressed the idea that the run last year was unusual but liable to happen any time. But when the figures for the 1915 pack began to roll in with an increase of 15 to 18 per cent over those of 1914, the most skeptical literally "sat up and took notice" and are now among the strongest in their praise of modern hatchery methods.

This season there have been liberated in the commercial streams of the Columbia River district about 17,000,000 Chinook salmon fry by the Fish and Game Commission. At the Bonneville hatchery the state has on hand about 3,000,000 sockeyes which will soon be liberated. None of the commercial fish are liberated till they are from four to six months old and from four to five inches in length. By retaining them in the feeding ponds until they have attained this age and size they are more able to withstand the rigors of the streams into which they are liberated and are better able to protect themselves from the cannibal fish which infest all our waters.

It takes about 600 pounds of food a day to feed the young salmon at the Bonneville hatchery now and in the height of the season as high as 2000 pounds a day are fed. By using spent salmon, smelt and the offal from the canneries the state is able to obtain this food at a very low cost, and through the installation of a cold storage plant the food can be obtained when it is most plentiful and kept in a frozen state till it is required for feeding.

You, gentlemen, who are hosts here today, know better than I how to translate the foregoing figures into freight. You know the number of cars which you have handled annually for the commercial fishermen of the state. The propagation of salmon, therefore, has a peculiar and pertinent relation to the railroads of Oregon. Should the state take a backward step and discontinue the modern feeding system the packing industry would begin to slump and the railroads would lose proportionately. For the most part the hauls connected with the salmon industry are long hauls which are much preferred and greatly desired. The transportation companies of Oregon can therefore well afford to take a very pronounced interest in the work of the hatchery department. At no expense to the taxpayers the state is keeping alive and growing an industry which is of vital importance to thousands of her citizens. To paraphrase a familiar quotation—the state of Oregon casts its fish into the waters and in four years they return manyfold to bless and enrich us.

So far I have only touched on the propagation of commercial fish. From this industry we get tangible, visible results and the transportation companies know absolutely what is their share of the money which annually flows to Oregon from the Eastern markets.

We have still another department of our hatcheries which is just as important although the results cannot be measured so accurately in dollars and cents. I refer to the propagation and distribution of game fish in the streams of our state. The planting of these fry, like the commercial fish, was conducted spasmodically up to the year 1911. That year the game department liberated nearly two million trout fry. Since that time there have been liberated from the several hatcheries and feeding stations an average of over 6,000,000 annually. It is safe to say that there are very few of the angling streams of the state which have not been stocked and restocked since first this work began. In the past three years trout fry have been liberated in 175 lakes, which prior to stocking had never had any fish in them. The planting of trout in these lakes has created new recreation grounds for anglers and has materially widened the field of this splendid sport. Reports from every nook and corner of Oregon state that never before has fishing been better. This is a striking testimonial for the work of our hatcheries.

In 1913 we issued 54,000 hunters' licenses and a few more than 52,000 anglers' licenses. Last year the figures remain the same for hunters but—and the statement is significant—we issued 59,891 anglers' licenses—an increase of nearly 8000 or about 15 per cent. It is estimated from the meagre reports on hand at this time that the increase will hold good for this year.

What has brought about this increased desire to angle? Certainly it is not because the people of the state want to help out the Fish and Game department by showing their interest through the purchase of a license. *The real reason is because the fish are in the streams and are being caught.* And the reason the fish are there in plentiful quantities is *because they have been planted there and have grown and multiplied.* You take a day off, wade the rippling trout stream

and return home with a bag full of delicious trout. You relate your day's outing to your neighbor and your friends. You tell of the big ones you didn't get and the smaller ones which you actually landed and you create a desire among your auditors for a day of similar sport.

These anglers for the most part use some form of railroad transportation to and from their favorite angling stream. Literally thousands of them take from one to twenty trips in a season. This means actual money spent with the steam and electric lines of our state. I need not remind those of you who have charge of the traffic here of the crowds which have every Saturday and Sunday invaded your cars for a Sunday's angling on the many streams within a radius of forty miles of Portland. Your report sheets tell the story more eloquently than I can. While it is true that the automobile has taken some of this traffic, yet, with the increasing interest taken in the sport, due in a large degree to the work of stocking and restocking the streams, the railroads should show an increased number of fares collected from sportsmen.

With the exception of those trout which are liberated directly into the streams from the feeding ponds all the work of distribution of fry is accomplished through the agency of the state fish car, which has been fittingly named the "Rainbow." Last year the Rainbow traveled between twenty-two and twenty-three thousand miles. This year the travel record will be higher. This car accommodates 177 cans. When the Rainbow reaches its destination it finds enthusiastic sportsmen from all walks of life ready to assist with their time and their means in the task of transporting these cans from the car to the streams where the fish are liberated. These men are busy men and in their own community are representative of its varied activities. They put in from a half to a whole day of their time. They furnish their autos and other conveyances and they do not charge the state a single cent for anything. They do it because they love the sport. It is a splendid example of unselfish devotion to a cause from which they themselves reap only a very small proportion of the benefit. Were we to be charged for the actual cost of auto hire and two men's time with each machine the cost of distributing each car of fish would approximate something over \$100.00. Prior to August the first of this year the hauling of the Rainbow has been done free of any charge by the railroads of the state. We were notified some time ago that hereafter a charge of ten cents a mile would be made for this service. It is estimated by us that the cost of transporting the Rainbow next year would maintain three feeding ponds of good size. I mention this merely as a matter of fact and not in the nature of a criticism.

In addition to the liberation of commercial and game fish the state conducts quite an extensive game farm from which about 4000 Chinese pheasants will be liberated this year. Wild bird refuges have been established and a movement is now under way for the establishment of wild game preserves within the national forests which will be under the control of both the federal and state authorities.

The citizens of our state have grasped the idea that if they are to continue to enjoy the splendid recreation of hunting and angling they must encourage not only the protection but the propagation of our game animals, birds and fish. Conditions are rapidly shaping themselves for the propagation of wild animal life in a similar manner to that which we now employ with Chinese pheasants and trout. Rod and gun clubs and game protective associations are giving helpful and active co-operation in our efforts to make the fish and game of our state worth more and more as a real tangible asset. It is estimated

that the hunting and fishing, aside from the commercial industry, is worth annually over \$5,000,000 to the business interests of Oregon. The transportation companies derive more than an average proportion of this amount. On them the sportsmen must depend for transportation to and from their field of sport.

From what I have said it is seen that every phase of the distribution of both the commercial and game fish of our state is accomplished without any charge from those who do the final work of planting. In concluding, I want to express my belief that with a better understanding of conditions the transportation companies of the state will in the future be equally as good sportsmen as they have in the past. I have a firm faith that this belief will not be misplaced.

THE EDIBLE BULL FROG.

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE.

Some twenty-three years ago a Frenchman, residing on a ranch near Boise, Ida., imported a number of the large edible specie of frog from France and planted them in a pond which he had prepared on his place. They multiplied very rapidly and he thereby added a very economical dish to his table, which it is needless to say was not envied by the native population at that time. During the flood season one year his dam gave way and the frogs were liberated in a tributary of the Boise River and are now plentiful in the sloughs and ponds tributary to this and the Payette River, and also in those of the Snake River as far north as Weiser, I believe.

The people, however, have gradually gotten over their aversion to the frogs and now esteem them as a great delicacy for the table. Only the hind legs are eaten, but as the bodies of the larger ones sometimes attain a total length of over 11 inches, this member would compare favorably in size to that of a chicken.

Frog hunting is considered as great sport in the above named section as trout angling is in other parts of the state. The method used in taking them is to either use a 22 calibre rifle, or angle for them with a long pole fitted with hook and line and baited with a small piece of red flannel, which is lowered over their heads. I have been informed that it is common for one of the larger ones to jump at least a foot into the air to grab it. As great caution must be used in getting close to the big ones as is used in trying for the old and wary trout, and the person catching the largest specimen of the day feels just as proud as you or I when we have put it over on the other fellow just a little in the length of the Rainbow taken during the day's angling.

In going over my territory I had noticed many sloughs and ponds which were worthless from a sportsman's point of view, and so far as stocking with edible fish was concerned, and having heard of this specie of amphibia I determined to take the matter up with the Fish and Game Commission and see if I would not be permitted to introduce them in my district, which comprises Grant and Baker counties in Eastern Oregon. The Commission did not have the necessary funds for this purpose at this time, but gave me permission to go to Idaho after them if I could arrange elsewhere for the expense. This I did, through the rod and gun clubs of my territory, and was successful finally in liberating some 30 dozen tadpoles and about six dozen of the fully developed frogs. Of course I cannot give any definite report

on the success of the venture until next season, but I see no reason why they will not do well, as identically the same conditions exist here, weather and otherwise, as where they are found in Idaho.

I inquired of several managers of grilles as to the possibility of getting a market for frogs' legs and all without exception said that the only reason why they were not on their respective menus was that they were unable to procure them. This, and the great number of inquiries I have had from all parts of Eastern Oregon and elsewhere since the undertaking has been made public, leads me to believe that if persons owning land surrounding sloughs or ponds would stock the waters with this frog they would, if successful, have no difficulty in procuring good prices for the legs in the market.

For the benefit of those who might think of stocking some of the waters in their section, will state what little I have been able to find out regarding the kind of places suitable and conditions favorable to the propagation of this amphibia. The pond or slough, running water is not advisable, must have mud bottom, be deep enough so that there is no danger of the water freezing to the bottom during the winter season and contain vegetable matter favorable to the propagation of water insects and a fringe of willows or other brush furnishing shade. Regarding conditions other than this, will say that ducks, and muskrats are said to be very injurious to the young frogs and that it would be practically useless to place them in ponds where either this specie of bird or animal were abundant. The females are said to lay from three to five thousand eggs during the season and that they will mature to marketable size within from one year to fifteen months from the time of hatching.

In conclusion, I might say that the fully developed frog will stand shipment alive for long distances if properly cared for in transit, and that the common toad will disappear from all waters where the larger specie become abundant. It is not whether it is a case of "the big fish eat the little fish" or not, but, nevertheless, it seems to be an established fact. I might also add that the frogs for stocking purposes can be procured for \$1.00 per dozen at Payette, Idaho.

I will gladly assist any one who desires, to procure frogs for stocking purposes, as I am deeply interested in the matter and believe if conditions are favorable, generally, over Oregon, they will some day to some extent take the place of some of our game animals and birds which are becoming so few, and thereby furnish recreation and food for the sportsman in localities where other game does not abound. And lastly and of greater importance, to myself at least, as my venture has been taken lightly by some, I want to see "the scoffer return to pray," as I verily believe he will after he has overcome his prejudice and tasted some of these legs cooked by a chef who knows how to serve them.



CONSERATION THROUGH EDUCATION.

By HAROLD C. BRYANT, in charge Education, Publicity and Research, California Fish and Game Commission.

In Mr. Henry Chase's well known book, "Game Protection and Propagation in America," it is stated that the most needed thing to forward the great movement of game conservation is a campaign of education. Mr. Chase says: "Connected with the game department in each state there should be a bureau of education and publicity, presided over by an expert. With these bureaus co-operating with each other and with the national one, a campaign of education along correct lines can be conducted which will accomplish more and better results in a few years than has been done altogether in the past. . . . Unquestionably, nothing can be of more value to the cause of game protection at this time than a systematic campaign of education conducted officially by the game department in every state of the Union, and an extension in the work on that line now being performed by the Federal bureau."

The California Fish and Game Commission, convinced of the truth of Mr. Chase's opinion, instituted a year ago a Bureau of Education, Publicity and Research, as a fundamental method of bringing about proper game conservation. Results are already noticeable, although this bureau has only been in existence a year.

Though the motto of this new department is "Conservation through education," and the primary function is to educate the people to the value of California's wild life, much emphasis has been placed upon research; for proper education and publicity must always be backed with indisputable evidence. In order to supply this evidence, data is being collected regarding the life history and the status of all of the native game birds and mammals. The food habits of birds are being studied in order that the real dollar-and-cents value of each species may be well understood. In connection with the problem of restocking depleted game covers many investigations are being made. The one of present interest is that of the status of the ring-necked pheasant, as a result of which more information will be at hand showing why Oregon has been so successful in the efforts to establish this game bird, whereas California and other states have been unsuccessful. In order that future generations may have evidence upon which to base their efforts in the direction of game conservation, a collection of photographs showing the work of the Fish and Game Commission and the status of game is being assembled. These and other investigations are furnishing the backing for educational and publicity work.

The principal means used in the campaign of education are lectures, bulletins and correspondence. Many illustrated lectures on game and game conservation have been given in various parts of the state to organizations of sportsmen, farmers and teachers, as well as to the general public. Realizing the advantages to be gained from co-operation with educational institutions, a series of lectures was given to a class of prospective teachers in a course in advanced vertebrate zoology in the University of California. Such training is of particular importance in California for all forest deputies by virtue of their position become game wardens.

A quarterly periodical, California Fish and Game, is now being published and sent free to all citizens of the state who make application. This quarterly follows the motto, "Conservation through educa-

tion," and furnishes to the public accurate data and information regarding game and game conservation in California. Many of the articles appearing in this publication have been reprinted in newspapers throughout the state. A series of articles under the general heading, "Game Resources of California," published in the San Francisco Call-Post, were regularly reprinted in about twenty newspapers. Numerous other newspaper items have given publicity to the work of the commission and to the status of game.

Legislation will never afford wild life complete protection any more than legislation will totally prevent murder, for it does not meet the problem at its source and prevent it there. Pure enforcement of law is an attempt to remedy the result with no consideration of the cause. Education must be joined to legislation if either is to be effective. This is particularly applicable to the problem of conservation. Unless backed by strong public co-operation, laws avail but little. Without a knowledge of the need for a game law and without sympathy for it, there can be no consistent obedience of that law. Consequently this new step taken by the California Fish and Game Commission is sure to bring about the most adequate type of game conservation.

It is hoped that the people of the State of California will, through the results of this campaign of education, become so interested in the wild life of their state that public sentiment will demand proper game conservation and game laws will then have become an expression of the will of the people and the function of the game warden will have become the positive one of conserving game rather than the negative one of prosecuting the violator. By encouraging such a sentiment the Fish and Game Commission can assume its proper role.

It took many years to develop a public sentiment that would properly protect our forests. It may take even a longer time to develop a public sentiment favorable to proper game conservation. But the California Fish and Game Commission feels that in thus making use of an educational propaganda they are using the best method to attain this ideal. It is inevitable that a public which is properly instructed as to where its best interests lie will co-operate with those whom they delegate to further these interests.

THE MALLARD.

The Wild Duck That Can Be Raised in Captivity With Ease and Profit

Many sportsmen have the idea that the great number of Mallards scattered along the Columbia River and through the Willamette Valley every year are birds that come from the far North. This is not so. The Mallard is largely a local bird. Formerly large numbers of them bred along all our waterways and about our marshes and ponds. A great many of these birds still breed in various parts of Oregon, especially along the Columbia River and through the Willamette Valley. In a single field near Gaston, in Washington County, I saw the nest of a Cinnamon Teal and a Mallard last spring. Of course, the greatest breeding ground for Mallards and other ducks in Oregon, and, in fact, in the whole western part of the United States, is in the vast lake region of southern Oregon in Klamath, Lake and Harney Counties.

An ideal breeding ground for wild ducks is in the wide syampy area where the Klamath River meanders through the marsh. The lowland extends for miles and miles in places from the river channel back to the hills. On the edge of the fields and especially on the grassy islands on either side of the river, one can easily find duck nests if he knows where to look. Yet the actual finding of the nest is not always so easy, for it is generally an accident. I was wading along through the tall grass south of Keno along the Klamath River one morning, wondering why I did not find a nest, when suddenly with a roar of wings a female Mallard flushed squarely between my feet. I had straddled the nest of ten eggs and had put my foot within three or four inches of the mother before she flapped lamely off through the grass. It is a common trait, for twice during the morning I nearly stepped on a brooding duck before she flushed. A Mallard is loath to depart and show the location of her home. But I found that after once discovered they become wilder, generally flying when I approached within fifteen or twenty feet.

In one place I found a grassy island about two hundred yards out from the wooded hillside. This place had been a regular rendezvous for ducks, for we located eleven deserted nests. On close examination of the egg shells, I found that they had not hatched, but had been raided by some egg-sucking animal.

The destruction of duck nests along the edge of the swamp likely has something to do in influencing different ducks to nest back away from the marsh. I saw one Mallard nest back in the woods a distance of half a mile from water where one would never think of looking for a duck. I found another Mallard a hundred yards up on the side of the ridge above Tule Lake under a sagebrush. Along the Columbia River, Mr. O. J. Murie found a Mallard nesting seven or eight feet from the ground on a leaning ash tree. The side of the tree was covered with scattered moss, dried leaves and sticks which had accumulated in the crotch. In this rubbish the bird had made its nest.

The Mallard (*Anas boschas*) is the best known, perhaps, of all our wild ducks. It is commonly called "Green-head," and ranges in general throughout the United States, more particularly in the interior than on the coasts. The Black Duck or Dusky Duck (*Anas obscura*), breeding in the northeastern states from Illinois and New Jersey north to Hudson Bay and Labrador, is almost identical with the Mallard, but can always be distinguished from the Mallard by the lack of white in the wings.

Two or three years ago, my attention was called to some sick Mallards that were found on Government Island in the Columbia River. Two males were found swimming about on the lake, but they could not fly. Two dead birds were also picked up and examined. In the stomachs of one of the dead Mallards we found forty-two shot. Some of these were the size of No. 6 shot; others were as small as dust shot, showing that they had been worn down by the action of the stomach. For many years there has been a great deal of duck shooting along the Columbia. There is naturally a great deal of shot scattered about. In feeding along the mud bottoms of the ponds, ducks eat these shot, mistaking them for seeds or gravel. Mr. J. H. Boyles, of Tacoma, records the same thing on the flats surrounding the mouth of the Nisqually River where it empties into Puget Sound near Olympia. He examined the stomachs of two Mallards and found one contained nineteen shot and the other twenty-seven. It seemed to be purely a case of lead poisoning. The Mallard seems to be the only species that is affected.

The Mallard is one of the easiest ducks raised in captivity. It is not at all difficult to domesticate. It is surprising that farmers do not raise more of these birds from a business standpoint. They not only bring a good price as decoys, but they always demand a good price for table use. Since the sale of ducks killed in the wild state was prohibited in Oregon, there is no reason why the demand cannot be partly supplied by wild ducks raised in captivity. The Oregon law permits this to be done by licensed breeders and sold when they are tagged under the authority of the Fish and Game Commission. A fat wheat-fed Mallard is a fit article for any table. The proof is in the eating.

W. L. F.

A PLEA FOR SALMON CONSERVATION.

By H. L. KELLY, MASTER FISH WARDEN.

"You will never miss the water till the well runs dry," sang an old song. The idea contained therein applies to many of the blessings which we continually enjoy, yet too often never seriously consider. Among these, and one of vast importance to every individual in the state, is our well-established salmon industry.

How many of our citizens realize what a calamity it would be, if for some reason or other not a single salmon of any kind should enter our Oregon streams next year? Thousands of people from the mouth of the Columbia River to the extreme southern confines of the state would be thrown out of employment and their entire earnings cut off, while other thousands would be deprived of a large share of their annual income. That would awaken our interest and sympathy at once, as many would have to be assisted until they found other employment. All others, not directly interested in the work would be affected by such a condition for, with approximately thirty million pounds of salmon taken off the market, the price of other fish and meats would be correspondingly raised.

The salmon is worthy of a great deal of our attention and consideration, for besides being a most interesting nature study, this king of fishes helps to boost the state's prosperity figures about \$4,000,000 each year.

How many of us are thankful to an all-wise Providence for having created a salt water fish which delivers itself at our very doors fresh from the ocean? Yet such a fish is the salmon. A sea fish pure and simple of most delicious flavor, rich in food value, and which can be caught hundreds of miles inland virtually "fresh" from the sea.

When compelled by instinct, they leave their rich feeding grounds in the mysterious depths of the ocean and enter the rivers by hundreds of thousands. Nets, seines, traps and wheels take their toll, but tens of thousands manage somehow to escape all these death devices. Up rapids and over dams and falls they fight their way, many killing themselves in their persistent efforts to pass whatever barrier blocks their way. Still thousands get by, although many are badly bruised and cut, and on they go to the coldest, purest waters. Here the spawn is deposited in the clean sand and gravel of the shallow riffles. This is the salmon's last act, for shortly after spawning they die. All this is done to plant the seed for the future "crop" that will automatically deliver itself and save us the trouble and expense of going out to the ocean to gather it.

The commercial value alone of the salmon should create a desire

in everybody to prevent the useless destruction of a single fish. A further appeal to our sportsmanship and love of fair play is made, when we consider their gameness to fight and to continue fighting though battered and scarred by nets and rocks. Without food or rest after entering the fresh water, but solely on the stored-up force and vitality gained in the ocean, they strive for and reach the very headwaters of the rivers, whether a hundred or a thousand miles inland. However, many people apparently are quite indifferent to the salmon's value to the state, or whether or not it gets a square deal. This is undoubtedly due to thoughtlessness or ignorance.

Mills, factories, power plants, irrigating ditches, etc., are of paramount importance. In operating these a little forethought in placing fish ladders and screens, and in preventing acids, dyes, sawdust, etc., entering the streams will help save thousands of fish each year. Another loss occurs after the salmon have reached the spawning grounds. Here hundreds are killed by sportsmen(?) to get the eggs for trout fishing and many are shot or killed just for the "sport" of killing something. The killing of just one of these may be the means of depriving the state of more than \$100 worth of fish.

There are laws covering all these points and the law will be applied wherever violators are found. A very little study of actual conditions pertaining to salmon fishing should enable anyone to appreciate the economic reason for the law, and voluntarily comply with the spirit of it, which is to allow the greatest harvest of fish possible each year, but saving enough for seed purposes to insure the future supply.

True, there are some who are utterly indifferent to the common good of the state or community and have a regard only for their selfish interests. These can be held in restraint only through fear of the law. Still there is hope that most of these can be reached if the proper educational methods are used, and it behooves all who are interested in fishing to help spread the gospel of "Saving the Spawners for Spawn."

It is hoped no one will be led to believe from this article that there is any danger of our streams becoming depleted of salmon. Due to the hatchery work the supply of fish is gradually increasing year after year, and we have a right to hope that in time the salmon will become as numerous as they were before the demand created by the canneries made such inroads upon the natural supply.

The point for consideration, and which is a most important one, is the waste of spawning fish. These can be saved at very little additional expense in most cases, and in many instances at no expense whatever. The saving would possibly add half a million dollars to the state's revenue each year.

Germany's success in the war thus far is due primarily to the national thrift which backs up her army. Who can say when the United States will have to fight a world power or a combination of them? But whether that ever happens or not the practice of thrift is a national necessity. Is there a better way for Oregonians to start the practice of economy and the conservation of natural resources than in the cultivation and preservation of our salmon fisheries?



NOTES ON THE BAND-TAILED PIGEON.

Report of Investigations in Tillamook County to Determine the Economic Status of the Wild Pigeon.

By STANLEY G. JEWETT.

(Occasionally a report is sent in to our office to the effect that wild pigeons are destroying crops in some of the coast counties. To ascertain the facts regarding the food habits and abundance of these birds, Mr. Jewett spent the greater part of the month of May in 1913 in Tillamook county. He was in the field each day from May 2 to and including May 25 and collected the following data.—EDITOR.)

The wild pigeons arrive in Tillamook County from the south about the first week in April and become common about the 20th of the month. At this time most of the farmers are sowing oats, and the pigeons congregate in flocks of from twenty to one hundred, and from the evidence I gathered, they feed mainly on oats picked up from the surface of the ground. All the pigeons I saw were in the agricultural districts where they remain until the elderberries are sufficiently grown to offer them food. I was told by several local farmers and sportsmen that elderberries, huckleberries, salal and cascara berries are the main food supply of the pigeons during the summer and early fall months.

The food supply appears to be the main controlling factor in the distribution of the pigeon. In early spring when the oats are first sown or just sprouting, the birds are to be found in the fields, a little later they will be found along the rivers and foothills where the elderberry is plentiful, and in the fall on the open hills along the coast where they find an abundance of huckleberries.

Several complaints reached me of the damage done by pigeons to the oat crop in Tillamook County, but upon interviewing several reliable farmers, I came to the conclusion that most, if not all, of these reports were greatly exaggerated. For example, on May 5 a farmer living along Wilson River about five miles from Tillamook sowed a ten-acre field to oats; next day I saw some fifty or sixty pigeons about this field. I again visited the place on May 24, and found a good stand of oats about three inches high. I never knew of this bird pulling up rooted grain, although some kernels with sprouts as long as three-quarters of an inch were found in the crop. It is a well-known fact that grain lying on the ground in wet climates will sprout, but one or two days' sunshine will shrivel it up and make it entirely worthless, so the pigeons should be welcome to it.

Their method of feeding is very interesting. A flock will circle over a field several times before lighting, when all at once they drop to the ground, and instead of spreading out, keep close together, alternately walking and flying, some in the air all the time, others walking along picking up kernels of oats left on the surface of the ground. Then all at once the flock rises and flies off to some tall, dead spruce or alder tree to rest awhile before the performance is done all over again.

On rainy days I believe the pigeons feed off and on all day, but on clear days most of the feeding is done during the early morning hours and just before sundown in the evening.

Data in regard to the nesting habits of the band-tailed pigeon are greatly desired. I met two persons, only, in Tillamook County who had seen their nests. Mr. A. Biggs told me of seeing "a nest in a vine-maple tree on Sutton Creek some years ago," and his son-in-law says: "I saw two nests placed in alder trees near Tillamook River; both were high up and contained young late in the summer." On May 4, I shot a female from which I took a fully developed egg with a soft shell. Several females shot from May 5 to May 10 showed every evidence of breeding.

The flesh of the band-tailed pigeon is delicious and compares favorably with that of other game birds. The average weight of ten birds killed in May was three-quarters of a pound each, weighed shortly after being shot.

Table Showing the Results of Examination of 22 Crops and Stomachs of Band-tailed Pigeon (*Columba fasciata*) From Tillamook, Oregon.

Collector's		Date		Crop.	Stomach—
No.	Sex.	1913.			
1496	Male	May	3	848 oats	Partly digested oats
1498	Female	"	4	Empty	Oat hulls
1499	Female	"	4	65 oats	Oat hulls
1500	Female	"	4	Empty	Oat hulls
1501	Male	"	4	85 oats	Partly digested oats and hulls
				2 wheat	
1502	Male	"	5	112 oats	Partly digested oats and hulls
				1 wheat	
1503	Female	"	6	247 oats	Partly digested oats
1504	Female	"	6	Empty	Few oat hulls
1505	Male	"	6	Empty	Partly digested oats
1506	Male	"	6	Empty	Oat hulls
1511	Female	"	10	631 oats	Partly digested oats
				25 wheat	
				1 unidentified seed	
1512	Male	"	11	49 oats	Oat hulls
				2 unidentified seeds	
1513	Male	"	11	Empty	Few oat hulls
1514	Female	"	11	Empty	Oat hulls
1516	Male	"	11	Empty	Oat hulls
1518	Male	"	12	Empty	Partly digested oats
1519	Male	"	12	Empty	Oat hulls
1520	Male	"	12	390 oats	Partly digested oats
				19 wheat	
249	Male	"	12	341 oats	Partly digested oats and hulls
				3 wheat	
				1 unidentified seed	
250	Female	"	12	Empty	Oat hulls
251	Male	"	12	593 oats	Partly digested oats and hulls
				3 wheat	
252	Female	"	12	Empty	Oat hulls

SUNRISE AND SUNSET IN OREGON.

The State Game Department has received so many inquiries regarding the hour of sunrise and sunset that it has prepared a table showing the exact time the sun rises and sets during the months of November, December, and up to and including January 15th, 1916. Beginning November first the only open season for shooting will be on migratory birds, such as ducks, geese, etc. The shooting of these birds is controlled by the Federal Migratory Bird Act. It is unlawful to begin shooting before sunrise and one must cease shooting at sunset. Cut out the table which appears below and paste it on the back of your hunting license. It may save you trouble.

Date	—November—		—December—		—January—	
	Sunrise	Sunset	Sunrise	Sunset	Sunrise	Sunset
1	6:52	4:57	7:33	4:27	7:53	4:37
2	6:53	4:56	7:34	4:27	7:53	4:37
3	6:55	4:55	7:35	4:27	7:53	4:38
4	5:56	5:53	7:36	4:27	7:53	4:39
5	6:58	4:52	7:37	4:26	7:53	4:40
6	6:59	4:50	7:38	4:26	7:53	4:41
7	7:00	4:49	7:40	4:26	7:53	4:43
8	7:02	4:48	7:41	4:26	7:52	4:44
9	7:03	4:47	7:41	4:26	7:52	4:45
10	7:05	4:46	7:42	4:26	7:52	4:46
11	7:06	4:44	7:43	4:26	7:51	4:47
12	7:07	4:43	7:44	4:26	7:51	4:49
13	7:09	4:42	7:45	4:26	7:50	4:50
14	7:10	4:41	7:46	4:26	7:50	4:51
15	7:12	4:40	7:47	4:26	7:49	4:52
16	7:13	4:39	7:47	4:26		
17	7:15	4:38	7:48	4:27		
18	7:16	4:37	7:49	4:27		
19	7:17	4:36	7:49	4:27		
20	7:19	4:35	7:50	4:28		
21	7:20	4:34	7:50	4:28		
22	7:21	4:33	7:51	4:29		
23	7:23	4:33	7:51	4:29		
24	7:24	4:32	7:52	4:30		
25	7:25	4:31	7:52	4:31		
26	7:27	4:30	7:53	4:31		
27	7:28	4:30	7:53	4:32		
28	7:29	4:29	7:53	4:33		
29	7:30	4:29	7:53	4:33		
30	7:32	4:28	7:53	4:34		
31			7:53	4:35		

QUESTIONS ASKED ABOUT THE GAME LAWS.

The State Game Warden receives several letters each day from sportsmen over the state asking for an interpretation of various sections of the Game Code. The questions and answers which follow are taken from his files:

Q. Is a confederate veteran entitled to an angler's and hunter's license free of charge, the same as a federal veteran?—C. H. Z.

A. The law does not presume to make any distinction between Union and Confederate veterans. The law says that the county clerk shall issue a license to *any veteran* of the Civil War upon proof of such service.

Q. Has any other person than the one killing a predatory animal any right to obtain bounty thereon?—F. F. B.

A. No. The person who actually killed the animal must claim the bounty.

Q. Does the State Game Warden enforce the laws of trespass?—A. C.

A. No.

Q. Does a combination angler's and hunter's license include a license to dig clams, take crabs or trap for commercial purposes?—W. W. V.

A. No. Separate licenses must be secured for each class mentioned.

Q. Is there any open season for trapping beaver in this state?—O. S. O.

A. No. Beaver are protected at all time and it is unlawful to have them in your possession. When beaver are doing actual damage to one's property the state game warden may issue a permit to trap a few, but the pelts must be sent to the Fish and Game Commission.

Q. Is it necessary for me to post notices on my farm to keep trespassers off?—C. O.

A. No. The law provides that before a person can go on your property to hunt he must first obtain permission from you, your agent or your lessee.

Q. Is it lawful to sell deer meat or jerky under our laws?—M. J. B.

A. No. It is always unlawful to sell deer meat in Oregon.

Q. What proportion of the fine money does the game department get?—D. B.

A. Formerly we received one-half but the last legislature did away with this and the entire fine now goes to the county. Persons who inform on violators of the commercial fishing laws receive one-third of the fine money.

Q. Is it legal to shoot game birds in season from a row boat on open waters, say for instance, on Columbia Slough or the Columbia River?—H. B.

A. It is lawful to shoot game birds from a row boat in any of the waters of the state, not in game refuges or preserves, except Netarts Bay, in Tillamook County.

Q. Is it legal to catch bass or croppies less than six inches in length?—H. B.

A. The only game fish the law specifies shall not be caught under six inches in length are trout.

Q. Is it lawful to use any other than carp or pike minnows for live bait?—H. B.

A. It is unlawful to use the minnows of any game fish for bait.

Q. Is it lawful to use the plumage of Chinese pheasants on hats or otherwise?—O. D. B.

A. Yes, provided the bird has been shot in the open season and in a lawful manner.

Q. Is it necessary to obtain a trapper's license to trap predatory animals?—W. B.

A. No.

Q. What bounty does the Fish and Game Commission pay on cougar and wolves?—B. R. H.

A. On cougar, \$15.00. On wolves, \$20.00. These are paid in addition to the bounty paid by the county in which the animal is killed.

Q. I would like to get two dozen mountain quail from the state game farm to send back to my brother in Iowa. How shall I go about it?—A. H.

A. The State Game Department does not raise its birds for distribution outside of this state. There is no way you can get them from the state for this purpose.

Q. What proportion of the license money does the county get?—A. T.

A. The county which issues the license gets five per cent of the license money. This will cut the game protection fund about five thousand dollars this year as this provision was passed by the last legislature.

Note.—The new Fish and Game Laws are ready for distribution and any person who desires a copy will be furnished with one upon sending a request to the Fish and Game Commission.



THE DUTIES OF A GAME WARDEN.

By WARDEN L. L. JEWELL.

The duties of a game warden are various. We have the disagreeable duties to perform as well as the pleasant, and we sometimes see the comical side of life. One thing quite certain, is the fact that it is the unexpected that happens, and usually there is something doing all the time. If a man phones you about game violations in his section of the country it might be wise to go in the opposite direction if you want to catch the violator. Of course, this does not always happen, as there are many honest people who want to see the game laws enforced and will assist in every way possible. This brings to my mind a little incident that happened not long ago in my territory.

About noon one day the phone rang long and loud and I felt that something unusual was about to happen, so I was not surprised, as I took down the receiver, to hear the following: "Is this the game warden?" "Yes." "Well, this is Mr. VanDusen of the Tenderfoot Ranch at the foot of Rattlesnake Mountain, and I want you to come over here and shoot a pack of dogs that are running deer every night and morning on the east side of the mountain." "Have you seen them?" "No." "Do you hear any shooting?" "No, but the dogs do lots of barking and you can hear the big yelps when they catch one." "All right, I'll be over tonight."

Now, I knew this honest German, and I was satisfied he was in earnest about it, so I took my sixteen-year-old boy, two guns, enough grub for a day, and about four p. m. got into my auto and made the thirty miles in about two hours. Rattlesnake Mountain is a favorite place for great big old bucks to sun their horns in the fall, and in years gone by I had helped to get many a big fellow from the rocky mountain side. There is an old Indian legend as to the reason it came to be called by that name. It was said that two young Indian bucks fell in love with the same Indian lassie, and the father of the girl told them that the one who would bring in the biggest buck before the next full moon should have his daughter for a wife. So these young hunters started out with their bows and arrows to prove which was the mightiest hunter. At the end of a week each had bagged an eight-point buck; but had not gained the girl. Finally Fire-Eater decided to go to this big mountain twenty miles away to get his buck, as he knew it was the home of the big ones. As he started up the rocky steep he spied the track of a monster. It was so big that he stopped and rubbed his eyes twice to make sure he was not dreaming. Then he selected his choicest arrow and slowly and cautiously crawled up among the rocks, till he spied the noble beast a hundred yards away, and as he looked at its great antlers his heart swelled with pride to think what good fortune was in store for him; but he must get nearer, so he crawled up behind a big rock, got his arrow ready to shoot, bent his bow and raised up and shot over the rock. True was his aim, and the arrow pierced the vitals of his game; but as he shot a monster rattlesnake, laying on top of the rock, also made a true shot and fastened on the Indian's cheek. He never flinched, but killed the snake, took the buck, which had fifteen points, and started for home. It took him two days to get there, and when he arrived he could not talk, but just pointed to the buck, and dropped down dead. He won his bride, but it cost him his life.

After my arrival at Tenderfoot ranch I got all the particulars obtainable from our old friend, the German, and then took my auto up an old wood road as far as possible, made our beds with fir boughs

under a big oak tree, and camped for the night. Along about three or four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the most unearthly noise I ever heard, and before I was aware of it we were both standing up with gun in hand, expecting to be swallowed alive any minute. As soon as my scattered senses came back to me, and I had pinched myself to see that it was really I, I burst out laughing, for there in the brush, not two hundred feet from us, was a large pack of coyotes, who had scented us and set up a yell that would rival the Apache Indians. It seemed as if there were fifty of them by the variation of their voices; but probably ten or twelve was all. After we had listened long enough to satisfy our curiosity, two well directed shots in the darkness silenced the pack, and we had rest till morning. As I listened to the far-away yelp of an occasional coyote, I said to myself, "There are the dogs that our friend has heard running deer."

When daylight came we ate our breakfast and started out to climb Rattlesnake Mountain, as I was anxious to see what the deer sign was, as the open season was now on. As we climbed up the brushy hillside I could occasionally hear the yelp of coyotes, and I even took a far-away running shot at one of them, but only cut off a little hair from his back. A little later I struck one of those big buck tracks, with two smaller ones, and I sent my boy around on top of the ridge, while I came up through the brush. After waiting the proper time for him to get located, I proceeded up through the brush. When about half way up I started the quarry and could hear him going up the mountain, and it was not long before a rifle shot rang out clear and loud, and a cheery "I got him!" from the boy met my ear. It took me twenty minutes of hard work to get through the brush to see, as I supposed, a big seven or eight-point buck, but I was disappointed to find it was only a small three-pointer. It was evident that the small deer was ahead and at the crack of the gun the big one sneaked off through the brush in another way. All I said was, "Good boy, but we will get the big one in early October, when he is a little fatter."

When we returned to the ranch and inquired of our German friend if he had heard the dogs after the deer that morning, he said, "Yes, did you find them?" I told him we had, but did not get them, as they were coyotes, and he could shoot them and get \$3.00 apiece for them at the County Clerk's office. I gave him a piece of venison and instructed him how best to get those "deer dogs," and left him figuring up how much money he could make on a dozen coyotes at \$3.00 each.

BREEDING OF MINKS IN CAPTIVITY

Mr. Ned Dearborn, of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, has given considerable attention to the breeding of minks and other fur bearers in captivity. At a recent meeting of the Biological Society in Washington, Mr. Dearborn read a paper on the breeding of minks, in which he brought out a number of interesting points. He stated that the period of gestation was found to be forty-two days. The number of young was from one to eight. The eyes of the young remain closed for one month after birth. The young may be weaned at six weeks. Minks breed when a year old. Their fur is suitable for market at a year and a half. Experiments show that different types of diet have no effect on the quality of fur. The character of food is about the same as one would feed a cat. Minks are polygamous in nature. Mr. Dearborn is satisfied that minks may be raised to good advantage for commercial purposes.

A SOUTHERN OREGON MOUNTAIN TRIP.

By WARDEN L. C. APPLIGATE.

Departing from the city of Rogue River, a beautiful little city situated on the banks of the famous river of that name, on the 14th day of August, I traveled for some distance along the valley of Evans Creek, thence along Pleasant Creek from its mouth to its source, then at length over partly blazed trails filled with logs, rocks and brush, and by perseverance finally reached the timbered mountain tops and grassy ridges at the hour of 9:15 a. m. on the 15th. From this elevation I heard numerous shots from the deadly 30-30 Winchesters and with haste sped in the direction of the battle ground. In the meantime shot after shot was heard, and finally when I reached the lucky hunting party they had before them one eight-point, two five-point, one four-point and one three-point buck deer. The hunters were residents of Rogue River and Medford, Oregon, and were greatly pleased over their reward for a three hours hunt. Soon they had their booty piled in an auto, together with rifles, ammunition, water bags and a French harp, and getting aboard glided off and in a few seconds all that remained to mark the path of the delighted hunters was a cloud of dust.

I continued my course through the mountains until I reached the north fork of Evans Creek, which I ascended until I reached the famous Willow Flat hunting camp. Here I came in contact with two amateur hunters from Gold Hill. The boys had good luck, having bagged between them four fine bucks. The Evans Creek country is a very good hunting ground, due to the numerous small streams that join the creek in this section, thus cutting up the mountains and providing many canyons and small breaks that are so much used by the intelligent buck deer.

This section can be reached by pack horse from Willow Flat Camp on Evans Creek. Other important hunting camps that can be reached from Evans Creek are Battle Mountain, Round Top Mount, Spikenard Butte, Skeleton Mountain, Red Mountain, Cedar Mountain, Salt Creek, Raspberry Creek, Boulder Creek, Battle Creek, Sand Creek, Pea Vine, Gulliwaiy Top, Cow Creek, Buck Camp, and numerous other smaller camps.

My advice to hunters would be to wait until after a good rain before trying for the limit, because of the fact that the dry leaves and breaking twigs under foot attract the attention of the deer and put them to flight before the hunter can get a shot.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT SHARP-TAILED GROUSE.

Mr. E. F. Averill, of Pendleton, Oregon, reports that in 1912 there was a small band of Columbian sharp-tailed grouse or prairie chickens on the farm belonging to J. M. Tabor, Hermiston, Oregon. These birds have been carefully protected by Mr. Tabor, and last winter Mr. Averill counted over 150 birds in the flock. He thinks it has increased to at least 200. This bird has been very rapidly disappearing in Oregon, and this seems to be one of the few places where they are not only holding their own, but increasing.

OVER THE STIENS ON A DESERT GREYHOUND

By WARDEN F. W. TRISKA.

The writer, accompanied by Miles A. Brecount, of Burns, had what was considered a novel experience recently—a trip over the Stien Mountains on two Harley Davidson motorcycles. This narrative might possibly appeal more forcibly to the readers of the Sportsman if they were acquainted with the country we passed through, this being the first time that the feat was ever accomplished by other than a saddle horse.

We left Burns on August 14th for the Narrows, arriving there at 8:45 p. m., after traveling a distance of thirty miles. We were up at 5 o'clock the next morning and, strapping our guns to the motorcycles, were off for the Grain Camp, one of the Hanley ranches, some twenty-two miles distant, for breakfast. We traveled the Canal Road, which is a highway constructed on the banks of a canal some thirty miles long running along the Blitzen River. We reached Grain Camp at about 7 o'clock, a trifle late for breakfast, and had to be content with a light repast. This was hard on two young men gifted with healthy appetites. Our next stop was at the P Ranch, eighteen miles distant, where we sat down to a "buckaroo dinner," to which we did ample justice. After looking over our "Greyhounds," and taking some good-natured gaff from the boys at the ranch, we left for Home Creek, also one of the Hanley ranches, located about twenty-five miles south of the P Ranch on the east side of Catlow Valley and with an elevation of 9800 feet. We then went to Three Mile Ranch and inquired about the road to Smith's Flat, a lower plateau of the Stien Mountains. After obtaining the necessary information, we set out for Milton Modie's Camp, distant twelve miles, the road being nothing but a mere horse trail. It was here that our real experiences began.

My motor lights being out before we reached Modie's Camp, I had to be guided by the rear light on "Count's" cycle. We were getting along famously, however, when within a mile of the camp the lights in the windows began to show up and I undertook to "cut across country" and beat "Count" into camp. I was rapidly nearing the lights and going at a fairly good rate of speed, when I ran into a washout caused by a cloudburst. I did not stop for the washout, but kept right on going. The motorcycle did, however. After gathering myself together and abstracting the motorcycle from the ditch, I towed the machine into camp and found "Count" enjoying a dish of cold rice. He informed me that he never knew rice tasted so good before. Making the raise of a blanket from a trapper who was stationed at the camp, we turned in, sleeping so sound that had not Mr. Modie awakened us and told us it was raining we would never have known it. It had been raining an hour when we were awakened. We moved under the cook tent and slept until the breakfast bell rang. After eating a hearty breakfast, we went out and shot some sage hens, which are very plentiful in that locality.

The Stien Mountain Reserve line being only about three miles distant, we concluded we wanted a deer, so leaving our motorcycles and chartering two saddle horses, we lit out for the east rim of the mountain across the divide. The elevation here was about 8000 feet. Stationing our horses here we descended about 1200 feet over an almost perpendicular rim, at the bottom of which I saw the ears of a coyote and "blazed away," hitting him in the hind quarters. I was a little in

advance of "Count" and, hearing an avalanche coming down behind me, I turned quickly and saw "Count" crawling out from under a mass of loose rocks and crying excitedly, "Where is the buck?" Imagine the disgusted look on his face when I informed him it was only a coyote.

Feeling certain that there was a buck in the vicinity, I went along a small rim of rock, while "Count" went down about 100 yards. I had not gone far when I heard the familiar thump-thump, and saw a nice five-pointer hitting it from the rimrock. I shot and hit him in the flank, the bullet coming out at the upper part of the brisket. The deer ran for a small "hogback" and "Count" got a shot that caused him to throw up his head and fall. The bullets from each gun were not more than six inches apart and running parallel to each other. There is always a thrilling sensation in dropping a good buck, but that was nothing compared to the yells let out by "Count" when he found he had killed the deer. "I got him, I got him!" he yelled. He was too excited to assist in the dressing of the meat. The deer was taken to camp and the antlers tied to "Count's" cycle as a trophy to his prowess, it being his first deer.

The next morning we struck across the mountain on a horse trail with our motorcycles, and having but one quart of gasoline between us, Mr. Modie volunteered to pull us up to the top, where we arrived at about 10 o'clock. At this point we were about 9000 feet above sea level, and from this on our descent started. Tying a riata to the motors, we took them down one at a time, the path being so steep that two men held back on the machines from the rear on a rope while the other steered the machine down the descent of more than 1200 feet in a mile and a half. Getting down safely, we mounted our motorcycles and started to coast down the mountain side to Mirandas Station, a distance of about four miles. Here we filled our tanks with gasoline and accepted Mr. Mirandas' hospitality for the night. It was here also that we learned much about the game conditions from him, as he is well versed in the habits of all kinds of game in that country.

We left Mirandas Station for the well known Alvord Desert, a dry lake bed about fifteen miles long and nine miles wide. The lake bed is a natural speedway, smooth as a floor, and a great resort for motorists. We decided to try the speed of our machines, which were registered to seventy-eight miles per hour. They surely done justice to the record, crossing the desert in five and one-half minutes. We reached the Alvord ranch in the evening. This ranch is owned by Frank Clerf and consists of 15,000 acres all in one body. There are thousands of mountain quail on this ranch and about 300 prairie chickens. Mr. Clerf has a pet doe with two fawns, which are so tame that they will come up to the house and allow themselves to be petted by the ranch help. There are also two cow elk left here of the herd taken there by Mr. Divine some twenty-five years ago.

Leaving the ranch the next morning, we went to Alberson, a station about twenty-five miles north, near the line of the Stien Mountain Reserve, then down to Diamond. After dinner we started for Narrows and had gone about a mile when I broke my machine and had to be towed back to Diamond. Not having the necessary tools with which to repair the machine, "Count" offered to tow me and my machine to Burns. If the reader has ever had a similar experience of being towed for sixty miles in the soft sand and dust, he can appreciate my predicament. We arrived in Burns at 6 o'clock in the evening, having completed the feat of crossing the Stien Mountains on a motorcycle.

LAKE TAHOE TROUT IN OREGON.

The California Fish and Game Commission recently presented the State of Oregon with 100,000 fry of the Lake Tahoe trout. These were shipped from the hatchery at Sisson, California. About 20,000 of these were taken to the government station at Trail Creek on the Rogue River to be held for liberation in Crater Lake. The remainder of the shipment was sent to the Central State Hatchery at Bonneville, until they reach the fingerling stage, when they will be placed in Wallowa Lake in the northeastern part of Oregon.

Both of these Oregon lakes are similar in condition to the home waters of this trout in California and the fish are certain to thrive in their new home. It will be a new species for Oregon sportsmen to angle for.

Crater Lake, known throughout the world as a beauty spot, is already well stocked with Black-spotted and Rainbow or Steelhead trout. These fish were introduced there many years ago from the government hatchery on Rogue River. They are now abundant enough for the most inexperienced angler to catch.

Wallowa Lake is a splendid body of water lying just above the town of Joseph in Wallowa County. It is about five miles long and a mile wide, and is one of the best known summer resorts in the state. It contains as large a variety of fish as can be found in any other lake in the West. It is the home of the Rainbow and the Dolly Varden. It is perhaps best known as the home of the dwarf Redfish, Kennerly's salmon, or a fish locally known as the "Yank." This is a fish ten or twelve inches long and weighing half a pound, which lives in the lake and runs up Wallowa River in great schools to spawn during the fall season. In addition to these fish, during the past few years the Fish and Game Commission has introduced Chinook salmon and Blueback into the Wallowa Lake.

The Tahoe Lake trout spawns in the spring, much the same as the Rainbow, entering the shallow water of streams for that purpose. It grows to a weight of from three to six pounds and is a fish of both food and game importance. Its habitat is western Nevada and the eastern portion of California, especially the Truckee, Humboldt and Carson Rivers, as well as many streams on the east slopes of the Sierras.

W. L. F.

BOB-WHITE WHISTLE IS CHEERFUL.

Mr. S. R. Oldaker, of Hermiston, Oregon, reports that the game birds released by him near Hermiston had multiplied rapidly. He recently saw three flocks of Valley quail, about sixty birds in all. He says the Chinese pheasants are quite plentiful. Some of the old cocks are so tame that they frequently get in a fight with the chickens. He writes: "It sounds quite cheerful out on the farm to hear the whistle of the Bob-White and the crow of the pheasant, and the landscape is beautified by an occasional flock of these birds that are busy all day long destroying grasshoppers and other noxious bugs and worms."

Mr. Oldaker also reports that he saw two flocks of pinnated grouse or prairie chickens, each of which contained about fifteen birds. These birds had become very scarce in Umatilla County, but they now seem to be on the increase.

WILD GAME AS IT USED TO BE.

By WARDEN J. R. METZGER.

In the year 1864 I came with my parents to Oregon, making the trip by boat from San Francisco to Portland. At this time Portland was a small town and all freight was hauled by teams to the smaller towns up the valley. My father hired a farmer to haul us to within about five miles of Salem, where we lived on a small farm for some time. In those early days wild game was very plentiful. Elk, Black-tailed Deer and White-tailed Deer were numerous. The White-tailed deer, which are now almost extinct, where natives of the Willamette Valley. They are a little larger than the Black-tailed Deer, whose home is in the mountains. Most all the oak grub lands was full of White-tailed deer in those days and when fresh meat was needed some one would take the old muzzle-loading rifle and many times not being gone from home but a half hour, would return with a deer.

Blue grouse and native pheasants were also as thick as black-birds in those days, and all kinds of native quails abounded. It was not uncommon to see 25 or more elk in a band, almost as tame as the cattle. Of course, the elk were found in the foothills and mountains, but not as far back as you find them today if you find them at all. I know of several bands of elk, but it is not often that you will run onto them.

Where is all of our game today? It has been wasted by men not as thoughtful as the Indian, for the Indian killed only what he wanted for food. In those days deer hides sold for 40 to 50 cents apiece. I have seen on the North Fork of the South Santiam River great numbers of deer carcasses. The deer had been killed by hunters, their hides and the hams taken and the balance thrown in the creeks. The hides and hams were taken to Lebanon where they were disposed of. In the old days it was an easy matter to kill deer in large numbers as they came down from the high mountains in the fall when the first rains set in. The deer had regular trails and oft times they would come in bunches, the does and fawns first and then the bucks. Hunters would lie in wait on these trails and slaughter them until they were satisfied. A great many hunters killed more than they could use simply for the "sport" of shooting them. I recall that one man killed five elk and only packed one out of the mountains. Is it any wonder that we have very few of these noble animals left?

The streams in those days were not fished out at all and there were plenty of "large ones" that would make a sportsman go some to land with the old-fashioned hazel pole and no reel.

I delight in the sport of hunting, but never killed many deer, although I have spent a number of years in the timber and mountains and am a lover of the great outdoors. In closing this article I want to enlist the services of every true sportsman in the effort being made to restock our state with fish and game and to bring it back to where it was a few years ago in this respect. It can be done only through the united and untiring efforts of the loyal sportsmen and citizens of Oregon.

ROD AND GUN CLUB NOTES.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The secretary of every Rod and Gun Club and Game Protective Association in Oregon was asked to contribute a short article to this department. The following contributions only were received. The editors want more items from these organizations for the next issue, which will be published in January. Contributions for this department must be received before December 15. Won't you urge your officers to send us a short article of your Club's activities?]

ALL SPORTSMEN ARE MEMBERS.

Dufur, Ore., Sept. 11, 1915.

Mr. C. D. Shoemaker,
State Game Warden,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of 9th inst., regarding the sending in of reports from the different Rod and Gun Clubs as to work being done and progress made, received. As to what the Dufur Rod and Gun Club has accomplished will say that nothing startling has happened. Practically all the sportsmen of the community are members of the organization and all take an interest in it and in the enforcement of the game and fish laws. During the past two or three years many pairs of Chinese pheasants have been liberated in this vicinity and all are apparently doing well and multiplying fast, and in a few years more the country here will be well stocked with them. There are two special game wardens here who look after the enforcement of the game and fish laws.

Yours very truly,

DUFUR ROD AND GUN CLUB,
T. C. Queen, Secretary.

SEASIDE CLUB HAS 115 MEMBERS.

The Seaside Anglers' Club, one of the most enthusiastic and progressive organizations of the kind in the state, has made wonderful strides during the past year in bettering the conditions for anglers and in the protection of game fish.

This club, which numbers 115 active members, has planted five cars of the various kinds of trout in the Necanicum River and tributaries during the past four years and has been instrumental in assisting the Astoria Anglers' Club in securing a large consignment of bass that were planted in the several lakes on Clatsop Plains a short distance from Seaside.

Among the results obtained by this organization, aside from restocking the streams, has been the maintenance of a friendly feeling between the sportsmen and the ranchers along the several streams in this vicinity who have assisted the anglers materially in planting the fish in the streams.

During the existence of the club \$300 was raised by public subscription for the cleaning out of the snags from the Necanicum River in order that fly-casting and trolling might be made a pleasure to the sportsman while fishing for salmon and salmon trout.

The planting of two cars of Eastern and Cut-throat trout was made during the past month and the Fish and Game Commission members were greatly pleased with the manner in which these fish were handled during the night by the members of the club.

The Anglers' Club members are commencing to receive the benefits of their great care in the protection and careful handling of trout at this point, as the best of fly-fishing, trolling and bait fishing may be had at most any time of the year in which trout and salmon may be caught with hook and line.

Since the planting of the streams with large Eastern brook trout, the club has secured the closing of the streams tributary to the Necanicum river by the Fish and Game Commission and during the next two years great results are anticipated by the members, when these trout propagate in sufficient numbers to declare the streams open to fishing.

Seaside streams are noted far and wide as among the best for all year-round fishing in the State of Oregon. The Necanicum and Wahanna rivers that flow through the heart of the city are daily besieged by fishermen who return with baskets well filled. The Lewis & Clark River, six miles distant over the mountains, is teeming with mountain and cut-throat on the upper river and near the mouth hundreds of salmon trout are caught. The Nehalem river, within a half-day's travel of Seaside by wagon affords the wielder of the rod and reel a paradise for angling never to be forgotten.

SEASIDE ANGLERS' CLUB,
C. M. Godfrey, President.

FRY DOING FINE AT GOLD HILL.

Gold Hill, Ore., October 23, 1915.

Mr. Carl Shoemaker,
Portland, Oregon.

My Dear Sir:

Complying with your request for a report on the condition of the fry liberated in Rogue River at this place a short time ago, I beg to state that from close observation they seem to be doing exceedingly well. At the point where they were liberated there is a comparatively large expanse of smooth water and in the evening thousands of the fish can be seen jumping out of the water. Included in the shipment were quite a lot of Eastern brook trout and these can be easily distinguished by the red marking on their sides.

Yours respectfully,

H. D. REED,
Sec. Gold Hill Rod and Gun Club.

YOUNGEST CLUB DOING WELL.

By FRED E. SAFELY, Sutherlin, Oregon.

Perhaps the youngest member of the many organizations of sportsmen in Oregon is the "Sutherlin Rod and Gun Club."

Though only about a couple of months old it contains about 50 enthusiastic members. The object of its existence is, as is stated in its constitution, to become better acquainted with the wild animal life, the birds and fish of Oregon and to render all the assistance possible to the conservation and development of those resources which make Oregon and especially Douglas County a veritable "Hunters' and Fishers' Paradise." Many of us came here from the Middle West and states even farther east and we have recollections of boyhood days,

when the streams back there contained bass, pickerel, pike and other game fish, where now only the worthless carp and humble bull-head exist.

We have seen the prairie chicken, quail and grouse become almost extinct and where in spring and fall countless flocks of wild ducks and geese darkened the skies, only a few scattering flocks are now seen. Such conditions will some day reach Oregon if the proper attention is not given to the propagation and conservation of her game and fish. To avoid just such conditions is the prime object of the Sutherlin Rod and Gun Club.

We have already planted in the Calapooia and other streams tributary to the Umpqua River several thousand Rainbow and Steel Head fry and we are now trying to obtain a few cans of Eastern brook or Red Speck trout to plant in the head waters of the Calapooia.

We expect to build this fall on the Calapooia somewhere near its source, a hunting and fishing lodge which will be used as a common meeting place for members of the club and their guests and also as a distributing and experimental point for different species of trout. The club is also making some investigations as to the advisability of stocking this locality with other variety of birds, the Bob-White quail for example.

While it is true that there is a selfish impulse back of the club's existence (we desire to have the best kind of fishing and hunting) still the true spirit that brings such clubs into existence, might be well described by a quotation from that fisher, hunter, statesman and man, Grover Cleveland, which is as follows:

"It seems to me that thoughtful man should not be accused of exaggerated fears when they deprecate the wealth-mad rush and struggle of American life and the consequent neglect of outdoor recreation with the impairment of that mental and physical vigor absolutely essential to our national welfare, and so abundantly promised to those who recognize Nature's adjustments to the wants of men. Manifestly, if outdoor recreations are important to the individual and to the nation, and if there is danger of their neglect, then every instrumentality should be heartily encouraged which aims to create and stimulate their indulgence in every form."

GOODS NEWS FROM COOS BAY.

Marshfield, Ore., September 24, 1915.

Mr. Carl D. Shoemaker,
State Game Warden,
533 Pittock Block,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 9th inst. was duly received, but owing to my absence from the office, I have been unable to give same my attention.

It will now be too late for us to get any mention in the "Oregon Sportsman," but, nevertheless, I would like to outline briefly the work which this association has already done.

We organized this association on November 30 last, for the purpose of interesting the residents of this locality in the propagation of the game and fish, and also for the purpose of securing different species of fish and game, which are not now to be found in this locality. We started with a membership of 32, and since that time have secured a

number of new members. We have been in touch with the State Fish and Game Commission, and have already received several dozen Chinese pheasants, several dozen Bob-White quail, and one hundred thousand mountain trout eggs. We have orders in for about twenty thousand small mouthed bass, but I have received a letter from Mr. Clanton in which he states that the Fish and Game Commission will not allow the shipment of these bass to any lake or stream which has an outlet. I was under the impression that the lake which I had in mind had no outlet, but I believe I am mistaken as I have taken the matter up with others who are convinced that during the winter months this lake has an outlet to other lakes in that vicinity.

We endeavor to assist the game warden in this locality in the protection of game. We do not anticipate being able to do much during the coming winter months, but next summer will again become active and again endeavor to do everything in our power to assist this officer, and also make this portion of the state one of the best game reserves.

If there is anything further in the way of information which I can give you, I will be glad to hear from you.

Thanking you for the interest you have taken in this matter, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

W. J. CONRAD, Secretary.

THE BROWNSVILLE ROD AND GUN CLUB

It has been delegated to the writer of this article to give the readers of the Oregon Sportsman an outline of the organization, history and object of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club, which is one of the most enthusiastic and thoroughly progressive sportsmen's organizations in Oregon.

The Brownsville Rod and Gun Club was organized under the laws of the state, March 11, 1913, with twenty-five charter members. From the birth of the club the enthusiasm of this live bunch of sportsmen spread rapidly until the membership had increased to such an extent that the members began to discuss ways and means to provide the club with a home of its own. It was about this time that the membership numbered 168, and the proposition to erect a club building was seized upon and devoured with the determination and vim of an "Oregon Redside" after an Oregon troutfly.

The plan adopted by the club to attain the desired end was most effective. It consisted of a proposition to subscribe enough cash with which to purchase the material necessary to construct a building according to the plans already adopted, and in addition enough donated labor to build the same.

As proof of the statement that intense interest and enthusiasm guided the members, it is only necessary to say that construction work began in February, 1914, and the building was completed, with the exception of the interior finish, during the following March. A short time later the interior was finished in like manner. All labor was donated, including cement foundation and concrete walls.

Today the members of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club enjoy a beautiful home of their own, all complete, worth at least \$2,000, and practically free from debt. The rooms of the building, besides being appropriately decorated with pictures and mounted birds and animals,

are equipped with a bowling alley, shooting gallery and other amusement features, including reading tables, etc., all of which are thoroughly enjoyed by the members and are a source of pride to the community.

Among the membership of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club is counted the names of practically all the leading business and professional men of Brownsville. The membership roll includes also the names of several Albany and Portland sportsmen, and others from surrounding towns.

The object of the club, as set forth in the first article of the Constitution and By-laws, is "To promote the practice of field sports among the members; to protect the fish and game of the state of Oregon, and to enforce all laws in connection therewith." The object set forth in the foregoing is being attained in no small measure.

There are many other features about the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club that would be of interest to the readers of the Sportsman, especially to those who contemplate forming an organization of a similar kind, but these features cannot be enumerated at this time.

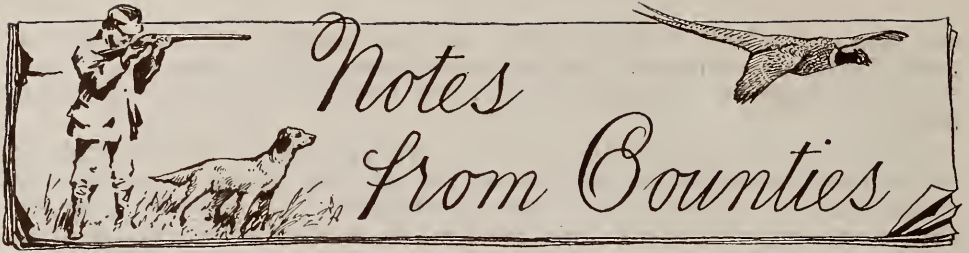
Through the efforts of the club the Calapooia River, one of the finest trout streams in the state, is being constantly stocked with the gamiest of fish, while other streams of the county are also receiving attention along this line. Bob White and California Valley quail have also been liberated around Brownsville under the direction of the club.

A good deal of the success of this club is attributed to the splendid illustrated lectures given at different times by State Biologist W. L. Finley. This Club has also taken a prominent part in the organization of the Oregon Sportsmen's League and its maintenance and in the enactment of fish and game laws that will improve and perpetuate the fishing and hunting resources of the state. The first vice-president of the Oregon Sportsmen's League was Mr. A. Crandall, a prominent sportsman of Brownsville, who contributed much to its organization. Mr. Crandall is at present a member of the executive committee of the League.

This in brief is the record of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club, attained in a little over two years and a half of existence. Is there another sportsmen's organization in the state that can equal it?

—F. M. B.





PLEA FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD GAME

By WARDEN BEN S. PATTON.

In reporting the game conditions of Clackamas county for the Oregon Sportsman, will say that nothing has been done that has shown up to better advantage within a short time than the planting of trout fry in the streams of this section—principally the Clackamas, Molalla and their tributaries, including several good streams and lakes that formerly contained no fish. A great deal of this work has been accomplished by the help of the people of the different localities, and it has been the best means of enlisting their support in protection generally. It is very noticeable that as soon as certain people of a section begin to help to plant fish in the streams, procure and liberate game birds, and work of that kind, from that time on they take more intelligent and active interest in the fish and game of the locality. With the number of fish that have been planted in the above streams the fishing has held up well in spite of the increasing number of fishermen, and the fishing today is better than it was four or five years ago. But with the new electric lines running out from the towns, good automobile roads, and trails into the mountains, that are making all parts of them accessible, it is going to take constant effort to keep up both the fishing and hunting, and will require a grade of knowledge and application that will have to be a new departure from some of the old contracted ideas of game preservation that have prevailed over this state.

As to the deer of the mountain regions of this locality, while there are still a good many, they have been reduced to away below what such a region could easily support. There is an extensive mountain country to range over that is too rough for settlement, with an abundance of feed such as deer use. For years past adverse conditions have existed that have brought about the reduction of the deer; but they are conditions that can, and will be, gradually eliminated. It is not an easy task to kill off hordes of wild predatory animals in a rough, inaccessible region that prey on deer and other game; and it takes time for the people of a community to change from a rambling, pot-hunter class, that often kill for the sake of killing, to a class of sportsmen and citizens that look upon the deer and other wild life as one of the chief attractions of the mountains, woods and fields, and something to be conserved and not destroyed.

Of the forces that have contributed most to the destruction of deer and other game of the mountain region of this section, I will put the predatory animals—the timber wolf, cougar, wild-cat and coyote, at the head of the list. The winter hunting that only a few years ago was so general, has run them a close second. Of all the classes of winter or other illegal deer hunters, the hound running element have been the most destructive. They are an element that have no more regard for the game than the wolf or coyote, will kill does and fawns just as quick, and hunt out of season when they think they can get

away with it. Fortunately, their tribe is decreasing, and none will mourn their loss if they become totally extinct.

During the winter months it is natural for deer to leave the high mountain areas and come down into the foothills and river bottoms. The feed is better, they escape the deep snows and wild animals of the higher country, and conditions generally are better for getting through the winter. But during the years when little attention was paid to game laws, they were killed and harrassed so much by hunters when they did venture down, that they have changed their habits somewhat, and seldom venture below certain limits. This has been a detriment to the deer aside from the numbers killed. When they are allowed to come down into the river bottoms and foothills unmolested during winter, escaping many adverse conditions, they will raise more young and thrive better generally. If the animals that prey on them venture down it gives settlers a chance to kill them without going miles back into the mountains. By correcting such evils there is no reason why the deer, and elk, too, need not become nearly as numerous in these rough regions as they were in the early days. Legal hunting alone will not deplete the deer in such a region, at least until there is far more done than at present.

There are two or three small bands of elk in this territory. They were about reduced to the point of extermination at one time, but are now showing an increase. Within a few more years there will be quite a band if nothing happens to them. The number of pieces of elk horns that have been found are a mute testimony to the hundreds that once roamed over this region.

WILD GAME IN BENTON COUNTY

By WARDEN C. C. BRYAN.

The deer season opened with a rush in Benton county. Hunting parties could be seen on their way toward the mountains with nearly every mode of conveyance except ox-team. The greatest rush appeared to be for the Alder Creek section, this being considered one of the favorite hunting grounds of the county, as it is easy of access and is generally known to be inhabited by a goodly number of fine bucks. The Alder Creek Camp is reached by way of Philomath, following the Alsea road and passing over the mountains to the Coast side. Immediately at the foot of the mountain flows the little stream known as Alder Creek. Here you will find a beautiful camping ground and by following the creek north for a short distance you will find yourself in the happy hunting grounds. This section is timbered with dense underbrush, affording excellent protection for the deer. It was in this locality some years ago where Frederick Layton, of North Albany, was killed by accidental shooting. At the time of the accident there was a large number of hunters reported to have been within almost talking distance of the unfortunate man. It is evident that there was a great deal of wild shooting from the number of shots reported as having been fired, but only one deer was taken out of that locality on that day. It was shot by Albert Woods, of Pleasant Valley. This accident was such a shock to the hunters that this locality was practically abandoned up to the present time.

No great number of deer have been bagged this season owing to the dry hot weather. The largest number reported killed by any one party is six. These were killed in the Siuslaw country by Prof. A. B. Cordley, Prof. George W. Peary and W. A. Jenson, who were accom-

panied by Bert Hawley and brother. The largest deer bagged in Benton county this season is credited to W. E. Brien, of Corvallis. It was a five-point, weighing about 175 pounds dressed, and was killed in the Alder Creek section.

Bob White quail are quite plentiful in this county this season. On August 29th the writer counted a covey of seventeen Bob White quail on the R. L. Glass farm, and on September 3rd a covey of fourteen was counted on the Whitaker farm near Winkle Buttes, and again on September 7th a covey of thirty-seven was counted north of Albany near Spring Hill. M. A. C. Tunnison, residing one mile north of Corvallis, reports counting forty Bob White quail at one time on his farm.

GAME IN THE SECOND SMALLEST COUNTY IN THE STATE

By WARDEN W. BROWN.

Pursuant to the request to furnish the Oregon Sportsman with an article showing the game conditions and situation in Columbia county, where I have been stationed since my appointment, which is of recent date, I will say that I have traveled over the country pretty thoroughly and have found the county, in my opinion, to be one of the most interesting in the state. As I have traveled through many of the counties of Oregon, and with all due consideration to the importance of the other counties, I believe in a normal season that Columbia county would prove a greater hunter's paradise for certain game than any other section. The county, to my personal observation, presents more nearly the primitive state from the fact that the virgin forests still comprise the major portion of the county.

Columbia county, of course, is the second smallest county in the state, being only 677 square miles in area, and the population being, I should judge, about 12,000 or 13,000 people. Outside of the cities of St. Helens, Rainier and Clatskanie the population is scattered over this area of rugged picturesque country. I say picturesque for the reason that I believe every person who has had the good fortune to explore the three corners of this county and follow the meander of the Columbia River for the other corner, will readily agree with me that this county will not suffer in its charming location with any other county in the state.

The sportsmen who revel in the best wild game hunting to be found in the West will find Columbia county the field for action. For illustration, cougar, wildcats, timber wolves, and some bear abound to some extent, and some of these, for instance, the cougar, are proving a great menace to the deer, and if the cougar is not exterminated more rapidly the deer will become extinct within a few years. I have not had sufficient time yet to give as thorough a study to this important branch of the state's resources as I will have accomplished in another year.

During the month of August, the first deer taken in Columbia county weighed 150 pounds, and was killed by the Rev. Snyder party, of St. Helens, and the place where the deer was shot was in the vicinity of Trenholm.

I have information of a number of wildcats killed in this county during the month of August also.

I have taken special pains to watch for violations of the game and fish laws, and am proud to say that we have among our sportsmen citizenship a very law abiding class.

For those desiring information as to facilities for getting into Columbia county, will say that the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway traverses the entire western part of the county, as well as the Columbia River, which furnished good transportation facilities, which will take the hunter to bases to start in any direction from which he desires to the mountains. There is plenty of good drinking water as well as fine camping spots. Clatskanie seems to be the mecca from which the hunters meet and depart in all directions.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE DESCHUTES COUNTRY

By WARDEN CLYDE M. MCKAY.

Fishing throughout the Deschutes Country has been very good ever since the season opened up. Local parties have been out and caught more fish than any season yet. This is also true of outside parties, and there is no question that there were three times the people fishing along the river than any year before. At the present time parties are bringing in from forty to sixty trout for an afternoon's fishing.

The Deschutes is an ideal stream for camping and fishing. From Redmond, Laidlaw and Bend parties can go north and reach the river at any point with teams or auto. The absence of underbrush along the river makes it one of the best streams in the state for fly fishing.

The stocking of the rivers and lakes by the Fish and Game Commission has given a great impetus to fishing in this part of the state. East Lake and Paulina Lake were stocked in 1912 with rainbow trout and this June trout were caught that weighed $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Booth Lake and Square Lake, northwest of Sisters, were stocked three years ago with eastern and rainbow trout. In July fishermen caught eastern brook in these lakes that were twenty-two inches long. Eastern brook trout were planted in the Deschutes in 1913 and 1914. A great many were caught this season and some were caught above Crane Prairie at the very head of the river that were over sixteen inches long.

Fishing at Crescent Lake and O'Dell Lake has been very good. On the Metolius River the fishing has not been up to the average and the stream will have to be restocked.

Hunting has not been very good up to the present time. Sage hen hunting has been very poor and hunters brought in very few. This is also true for other game, and very few deer have been killed. On this side of the Cascades it has been very dry all this year and the sheep have covered more ground than usual. These two combinations have made it very hard to get sight of a deer and hunting will not be good until there is a rain or snow storm.

GAME AND FISH ABUNDANT IN COOS COUNTY

By WARDEN J. M. THOMAS.

Coos county ranks among the best in the state as to abundance and kind of wild game and fish in her mountains and streams. Deer are very plentiful in many localities, more so than formerly. Many

hunters have returned from their vacations and report securing the limit with but little trouble. Two of the largest deer I have seen this season were killed by Carl McCulla and Bert Gould, of Coquille. One was killed on the West Fork of Coos River and the other near Elk Peak in the northern part of the county, and both were forked-horns.

Bear also are reported plentiful on the West Fork of Coos River and a number of hunters have had the sport of shooting at them, but so far none have been killed that I know of.

Fishing in the streams of Coos county is unsurpassed. Our lakes also abound with the speckled beauties, and trolling on our bays and rivers for salmon cannot be surpassed anywhere. A glimpse of Coos Bay on a fine October morning when her waters are dotted with all kinds of watercraft and the occupants trolling for salmon will convince anyone that this is true.

Duck shooting in season on the bays and lakes and in the Coquille Valley is very good. In the latter valley, however, the shooting is not good until the rains come in the fall. The valley is very dry during the summer season, but when the fall rains come and flood the valley the ducks flock in and remain until late in the spring. This writer has seen hundreds of wild ducks within the city limits of Coquille in the month of April—real wild ducks. If this statement is doubted the reader is requested to write District Attorney Liljequist at Coquille for a statement of the facts.

Up to the present time Chinese Pheasants have not been a success in Coos county. They have been tried a number of times in years past, but do not increase. I think the house cat and the small hawk are really responsible. Many pairs of Chinese Pheasants have been liberated on the Dement Reserve, but there is not a bird to be found on the Reserve at the present time. The Hungarian Pheasant could probably be raised to better advantage here, as the climatic conditions are low.

CURRY COUNTY

Hunters report plenty of deer in Curry county, but are unable to get many on account of the dry weather.

A good crop of sweet acorns on the high divides makes good bear hunting in October.

Frank Thasker killed an extra large panther at Snow Camp last month; W. R. Coy also reports killing a panther. He got the big "cat" on the Colebrock sheep range where it had been living on sheep.

Fly fishing is better than usual this year on the lower river. Everybody reports good catches.

Salmon trolling is at its best at the mouth of the Rogue River. From ten to fifteen salmon a day per boat is the record.

IN THE GAME WILDS OF DOUGLAS COUNTY

By WARDEN ORRIN THOMPSON.

In response to the request for an article for the Oregon Sportsman from the game wilds of Douglas county I will give the following items:

I have spent most of the time since the open season began on the South Umpqua River above Tiller. Hunters in this district have had good success, considering the dry and very hot weather that has prevailed. One hunting party, composed of Messrs. Earl and Pearl Wood and John and Sidney Morley, bagged nine bucks and a coyote in one week's hunt. These men were from Silverton, Oregon. Another party ran onto an old female bear with three cubs and killed them all. I do not consider this a very sportsmanlike "stunt" to slaughter these harmless animals at this time of the year when the old ones, especially, are good for nothing. I believe they should be protected by law at this season of the year.

John W. Gates, of Portland, met with an accident while hunting on Bear River above Tiller just after the season opened. He fell and dropped his gun and the hammer striking a rock the weapon was discharged, the bullet striking him in the hand. It was necessary to amputate three of his fingers.

On a recent trip to the higher ridges dividing the waters of the Rogue and Umpqua Rivers, I saw a greater amount of wolf signs than usual at this time of the year. I also heard them howling on several occasions. Some of the "Old Heads" tell me this is a sign of a hard winter.

I have seen a large amount of "buck sign" in my travels, which convinces me there are plenty of deer left. The wily old bucks have shed the "velvet" from their horns and gone into the brushy canyons where they will surely give the nimrods a "run for their money."

In the district where I have been, I have noticed an unusually large number of Mountain Quail. I have seen very few Blue Grouse and I do not believe they have done very well in this section.

A TRIP TO THE BADGER LAKE COUNTRY

By WARDEN W. O. HADLEY.

One of the many interesting trips that can be made from Hood River or The Dalles, is the trip to Government Meadows, then on to Lookout Mountain and on over Gumquack to the Badger Lake Country.

From Hood River the trip can be made by a good wagon road to Mt. Hood postoffice and then on a good trail to Government Meadows, which is twelve miles long. From The Dalles the trip to Government Meadows can be made by wagon or automobile on a good mountain road, either by way of Mt. Hood or Dutch Flats, the distance being twenty-eight miles. When you reach the "Flats," which are south of The Dalles, you have a beautiful view of the valleys and the Colum-

bia River for many miles. Government Meadows consist of about 100 acres and are fringed all around with a fine growth of trees. This remarkable "nook" in the mountains lies at an altitude of about 5000 feet above sea level and slopes to the southwest. From the northeast side can be obtained a fine view of Mt. Hood. From the Meadows there is a good trail via the big bend in Eight Mile Creek and over Long Prairie to Lookout Mountain, which is 6287 feet high and located about eight miles east of Mt. Hood. From Lookout Mountain you have a grand view in all directions. To the west, down into the valley of the East Fork of Hood River and on across the valley to Mt. Hood; south down into Badger Lake, five miles away, and on south until you see Mt. Jefferson looming up forty-five miles away. There is a zig-zag trail down the south side of Lookout Mountain, then it runs on over Gumquack and down into Little and Big Badger Lakes, which are situated in a big horseshoe curve of the mountains.

Big Badger Lake is down in the bottom of the valley and has an area of about fifty acres. Little Badger Lake is on a bench of the mountain side, 900 feet higher and one mile north of Big Badger, and has an area of about twenty acres. On a ridge above and north of Little Badger Lake, one of the grandest views of the mountains can be had—looking southwest one can see the two lakes below and further on the hills and valleys and in the distance grand old Mt. Jefferson.

HOOD RIVER COUNTY

A feature of the distribution of a carload of Rainbow trout fry in the streams of Hood River county September 4th, was that of the transportation of twenty-eight cans of trout to Fall Creek by a company of forest rangers.

KLAMATH COUNTY

Deputy Game Warden H. D. Stout, of Klamath county, reports the planting of 5,000 crawfish in Crater Lake and 3,000 in Diamond Lake early in the month of August. The crawfish were taken from the waters of Sprague River and O'Dell Lake and transported to the above named lakes by automobile, where they were liberated. The work of stocking Crater and Diamond lakes with crawfish was successfully accomplished by the State Game Department under the direction of the Oregon Fish and Game Commission, and was done for the purpose of providing food for the trout and young trout fry which have been planted in these lakes within the last year or two.

Gus Melhase, a Klamath county sportsman, killed one large buck deer and three bear on a recent hunting trip and now declares that deer hunting is too tame entirely. Gus says nothing but bears go hereafter with him, and grizzlies are preferred.

A black-tailed deer that weighed 173 pounds was killed on Parker Mountain a few days ago by Jack Pringle. A number of other Klamath county sportsmen have had good luck in bagging large deer this season.

REEVES PHEASANTS IN LANE COUNTY

During the past few years between two and three hundred Reeves pheasants have been liberated in Lane County, especially in the territory around Eugene. These birds have been raised at the State Game Farm and a special effort has been made to stock the refuges about this section of the county because it is considered an ideal locality for the birds. The Reeves pheasant is not as hardy as the Chinese or Ring-neck pheasant, but it is a larger and more beautiful bird, and it will be a splendid addition to our Oregon birds if the sportsmen will give it careful protection until it can get a good start.

During the summer of 1914 seventy-four Reeves pheasants were liberated in Lane County, twenty-four of these set loose on game refuges near Cottage Grove. Mr. E. M. Sharp, of Cottage Grove, reports that these birds are doing well in his locality. Under date of September 4th, 1915, he writes as follows:

"I have had reports from a number of different farmers in this section in regard to the Reeves pheasants. Mr. McReynolds, whose ranch joins that of Mr. J. H. Hawley, the place where we liberated the Reeves pheasants last year, reports a flock on his place. Mr. McDowell, also joining Mr. Hawley, reports seeing a few. Mr. Dugan, a mile west, says a flock of twelve or fourteen young ones are on his place. Mr. Foster, living four miles north of Mr. Hawley's place, says there are ten or fifteen young Reeves pheasants on his place.

Mr. Sharp also reports that the Hungarian partridges liberated in that locality are doing very well. The farmers are all interested in protecting these birds.

Two dozen Reeves pheasants were liberated on the Luckey game refuge a few miles north of Eugene. Three large Reeves cocks stayed about Mr. Luckey's house all last winter. They became quite tame. On the first day of last March I visited this refuge with Mr. L. E. Bean and saw these birds, as well as a flock of Silver pheasants that had been liberated in this section. The Reeves pheasants were in beautiful plumage, especially with its long tail feathers. During the summer a flock of Reeves pheasants hatched in the wild state were seen here on the Luckey reserve. Several broods of young Reeves pheasants were sent from the State Game Farm and placed on the Luckey farm early last spring.

In August two dozen Reeves pheasants were sent to Eugene and liberated on the College Crest Game Refuge. On September 7th Mr. E. C. Whitton, of Eugene, wrote Mr. 'Gene Simpson, superintendent of the State Game Farm, to the effect that all the birds were doing well, with the exception of one hen that was found dead in the county road about a quarter of a mile south. One leg was broken, and a slight bruise on each hip. It was thought that the bird came in contact with a telephone wire or with a woven wire fence.

Deputy Game Warden E. C. Hills, of Eugene, reports seeing a flock of young Reeves on Mr. Warner's place, about two miles above Oak Ridge. These are likely some of the birds that were liberated near Eugene in the past two or three years.

If the Reeves pheasants are to get a start in Lane County, it is very essential that the sportsmen in that locality take great pains during the shooting season in October that they do not kill Reeves pheasants for Chinese pheasants. While the male birds are very different and cannot be mistaken, yet the females are somewhat alike

and a Reeves hen might be mistaken for a Chinese pheasant hen. On account of this, people hunting around Eugene should, for the sake of preserving these birds, refrain from shooting hens.

W. L. F.

THE DUCK AND GOOSE PROBLEM

By WARDEN M. S. BARNES.

The open season on ducks and geese in Oregon is a month too late for the Oregon sportsmen as the ducks and geese are practically all gone when the season opens, October 1st. The ducks, especially, are all grown and flying out in the fields before the first of September.

On a recent trip to the north end of Lake county I saw, as I was passing Summer Lake, hundreds of ducks flying from the lake to the fields, and it seems to me to be too bad to hold the season closed until October 1st, when the ducks are all gone to California. As it is, we protect and feed the ducks for the California sportsmen.

LINN COUNTY

Sportsmen of Linn county take great pride in the fact that it was in that county that the first Chinese Pheasants were liberated. They were imported from China by Judge Denny, and for years thereafter were known as the "Denny Pheasant." From the time that Judge Denny liberated the birds near Peterson's Butte, seven miles north of Brownsville, they have multiplied very rapidly and spread throughout the Willamette Valley in large numbers until today they afford the greatest sport in season in the state. It was in Linn county, also, that the first Bob White quail were liberated. They, too, were turned loose near Brownsville, by Mr. S. L. Wright, now of Crowley, La. Mr. Wright brought seven pairs of Bob White quail to Oregon from Parke county, Indiana, in the spring of 1879, and liberated them between Brownsville and Tangent.

MARION COUNTY

The finest catch of Eastern Brook trout that has been made in Marion county was by Arvil Wilson, of Salem, on July 25th, in a lake near Oallie Butte in the eastern part of the county. The largest fish were eighteen inches long and weighed two pounds, and the shortest fourteen inches. Mr. Wilson caught twenty of the beauties. These fish were planted three years ago.

Messrs. A. R. Wetson and Geo. W. Johnson, Jr., residents of Salem, returned home August 29th from Lake Elenor with some of the finest Rainbow trout that has been seen in Salem. A number of the trout measured twenty-three inches long and weighed three pounds. Lake Elenor is situated ten miles east of Jordan on the headwaters of Thomas Creek. Six years ago John Santner and Henry Shakes planted

about 1200 Rainbow trout in this lake. Prior to this time there were no fish in the lake. The elevation of the lake is 3660 feet and covers about twenty acres. The depth is unknown. Parties wishing to visit this lake will find a trusty guide in Thurston H. Thomas, of Scio, Ore.

The prospects for a good hunting season for Chinese Pheasants in both Marion and Polk counties was never better than at present. The young birds are more plentiful than for many years, but are rather small for this time of the year. The reason for this is said to have been the wet weather in June, which destroyed most of the first hatchings. The second hatchings, however, have more than made up for the loss. In the vicinity of Salem the birds are more plentiful than in some other localities, the reason for this being the fact that the Capitol Game Reservation has been in existence for the past few years. The last Legislature repealed the Capitol Game Reservation Act and hunters will have no trouble in bagging the limit around Salem when the season opens.

POLK COUNTY

One of the most successful deer hunting parties of the season, composed of M. D. Ellis, H. G. Black, Roy Black, D. J. Grant and F. Whitney, all of Dallas, returned from the headwaters of the North Fork of the Umpqua River, in Douglas county, on August 28th. The party was out ten days and killed fifteen deer. Besides the deer killed, the party saw 51 deer and two bear while on the trip.

THE GAME SITUATION IN SHERMAN COUNTY

By WARDEN JAMES STEWART.

The game birds of Sherman county consist of Grouse, Prairie Chickens, Quails, Doves, Sage Hens, Wild Ducks, Geese, and Chinese Pheasants, the latter just being introduced into the country. As there has been little or no protection for game in the past, there having been no game warden here until recently, the numbers have been very much reduced. But some of the game birds, the quail especially, are now increasing very fast, large numbers of young quail being seen along the streams this season. In addition to this, in co-operation with Wm. L. Finley, State Biologist, I have been trying to introduce the Chinese Pheasant here this year. There was a small number of these celebrated birds liberated here a year ago, all of which have done well, and this year we are liberating about twenty-four dozen birds at about twenty-four dozen different places in the county. I have tried to pick out the best locations for these birds, where there is plenty of brush and running water. Have interviewed the owners of the land and found them in every instance not only willing but anxious to get the birds. They have also agreed to feed them in the event of a hard winter and protect them in every way until they get a start. In doing this work I find that there is a great deal of interest in this county in fish and game protection and I hope to be able to organize a Fish and Game Protective Association that will cover the entire county as soon as the fall work is over and the people have more time.

I consider that the number of pheasants now liberated here should be sufficient to stock this county inside of a few years, and I hope to be able to do the same thing for Gilliam county next year. In this way we will soon have Chinese Pheasants all over eastern Oregon.

The game animals of Sherman county are nearly a thing of the past. They have been killed off for lack of protection at the right time. However, we still have a few deer in the broken country along the John Day and Deschutes Rivers. There are also some beaver in these streams and I believe they are on the increase on account of the protection which the law now affords them.

The wild geese will soon be coming in now to their old roosting grounds along the John Day and Columbia Rivers and I expect to take a camp outfit and team and travel up and down both streams and do what I can to enforce the laws for their protection.

Should this article be of sufficient interest I will send a write-up on the fish and game streams of this section of eastern Oregon for the next issue of the Sportsman.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY

On August 22nd, while Chas. Morgan and Andrew Peterson were hunting deer in the hills back of Bay City, Morgan mistook Peterson for a deer and shot him in the hip. The wound was not fatal.

Deer appear plentiful this season in Tillamook county, many hunters bagging their limit. W. J. Himes killed three spike bucks on Trask River. The largest buck killed in this county so far this season was bagged by Alvin Wells. It was a seven-point and weighed 219 pounds dressed.

On the first day of September a large 10-point bull elk was seen drinking at the creek at Bridge No. 8 on the Salmonberry by trainmen of the Southern Pacific.

The campers and pleasure seekers are having much sport killing bear in Tillamook county, seven having been killed on Kilchis River during the last week in August.

The anglers have had a fine season. Tons of trout have been taken from Wilson and Trask Rivers this summer. At the present time the anglers are having great sport with jack salmon along the head of tide waters.

Ducks are coming into Tillamook Bay in large numbers, and the shooting is excellent.

WASHINGTON COUNTY HAS SNOW WHITE BUCK

By WARDEN G. W. RUSSELL.

The anglers of Washington county are circulating a petition asking the State Fish and Game Commission to close the Tualatin River and its tributaries to winter fishing. Since the season has been open on trout ten inches in length and over during the winter season, the fish in the Tualatin and its tributaries have rapidly decreased and the sportsmen attribute this decrease to the constant winter fishing. Winter fishing undoubtedly takes from the streams a great many trout that are almost ready to spawn.

Deer are plentiful in the mountains of Washington county this season, but very few have been killed on account of the dry weather. Another thing that has prevented the killing of deer in Washington county is the fact that the brush is becoming very thick. On September 1st Roy Walters, of Gaston, killed two fine bucks on the headwaters of Tanner Creek, the largest one being a four-point and the finest deer killed in this section this season. Hunters report seeing a snow white buck deer near the Harper place in Scroggin Valley. One hunter shot at this deer several times, but failed to bring him down.

YAMHILL COUNTY

Deputy Game Warden O. B. Parker, of Yamhill county, reports that Alex McKern, ex-county clerk of that county, killed a five-point buck on August 18th that dressed 200 pounds. The deer was killed near Fairview. Warden Parker relates that the deer was too heavy for Mr. McKern to pack, so he left it in the woods and returned to camp, where he told two other men in the party that he had killed a deer that no one man could pack. One member of the party replied that he could pack any deer into camp killed in the Coast Mountains. Mr. McKern offered to pack the head into camp if his partner would carry the deer. Accordingly they returned to the scene of the killing and the deer was placed upon the back of the strong man, who, after staggering about ten feet, fell down and could not get up again. His only remark, as he crawled from under the deer, was that he didn't know there were any such heavy deer in the Coast Mountains. The deer was divided into halves and the hunters finally landed it in camp.

GAME CONDITIONS IN YAMHILL COUNTY

By WARDEN O. B. PARKER.

At this date I know of sixteen deer having been killed in Yamhill county since the beginning of the open season. One casualty has occurred in the county when Edward Berry was shot by John Moulette, who was hunting with him near Green Mountain, about ten miles northwest of McMinnville. Mr. Berry had killed a deer which they had dressed and resumed their hunting. Mr. Moulette saw the brush move and thinking it was a deer, he shot Mr. Berry in the head. Mr. Berry has recovered so far that he has been out hunting again. This accident occurred on the first day of the open season.

On Sunday, August 29th, W. L. Duncan, special deputy game warden, and myself left McMinnville in Mr. Duncan's automobile at 5 A. M., driving to the P. E. Holdridge farm ten miles south of McMinnville on

the Salem road and from there to Dayton, making a drive of about seventeen miles. On the trip I counted 253 Chinese Pheasants, the largest band containing 35 birds; 45 Bob White Quail, and 32 Grouse.

Six miles west of McMinnville, where George Kauffman is camping on the McFarland farm, he reports there are from 300 to 500 wild pigeons in the vicinity of his camp.

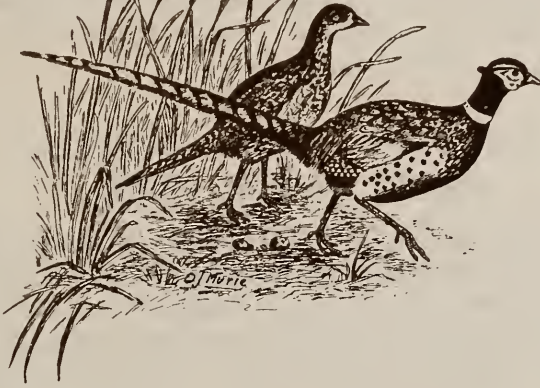
The California or Little Valley Blue Quail, and Hungarian Partridge are reported to be increasing rapidly in the different localities where they have been liberated in this county. There is a large crop of game birds in Yamhill county this season. Chinese Pheasants, especially, are very numerous.

There have been three arrests in Yamhill county so far this season for violating the closed season on Chinese Pheasants. In all three cases the defendants were fined \$25.00 each with costs added.



ITEMS ^{OF} INTEREST

TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



ELK IN SOUTHERN OREGON

That elk in southern Oregon are doing well and are increasing in numbers is attested by the fact that within the past two weeks no less than 31 head, of which number five are calves, were seen in one day in that part of the state. The State Game Warden's office is informed that elk in other parts of the state are also doing well, and doubtless the increase this year will be considerable.

VALLEY QUAIL ARE THRIVING.

Mr. W. H. Sharpe, of The Dalles, Oregon, reports that on his place twenty Chinese pheasants wintered in good condition. Birds released here from the State Game Farm have increased. He also writes that there are several hundred Valley quail on his place and perhaps about fifty prairie chickens or sharp-tailed grouse. The latter birds are rather scarce in Wasco County.

THESE ARE NOT BEAR STORIES.

Last year Mr. Sam L. Sandry reported that 165 deer were brought out of the north fork of Evans Creek. This year from August 15th to October 1st, 68 deer were killed and brought out by hunters who went hunting in this territory.

On Saturday, September 11th, Mr. John Hammersley, of Gold Hill, killed three cougar on the north fork of Evans Creek. One was an old female and the other two yearlings.

CHINESE PHEASANTS IN CLATSOP COUNTY.

Mr. W. G. Brown, of Clifton, writes that he does not need any more Chinese liberated in his section. "We had twenty-four last fall, besides those already on the place. Some of them must have raised three broods, as there are coveys of various sizes. If they do as well next year, the ranch will all be pheasants."

PARTY SAW 51 DEER.

One of the most successful deer-hunting parties, composed of the following residents of Dallas: M. D. Ells, H. G. Black, Roy Black, D. J. Grant, and F. Whitney, returned August 28 from a ten-days' trip from the headwaters of the north fork of the Umpqua River. They killed fifteen deer and saw 51 more; they also saw two bear.

SOME TRAPPER!

Mr. George Hargadine reports that on the Modoc Reserve he trapped the following creatures: One coon, five skunks, two civit cats, three hawks, one owl, nineteen house cats. This report shows the predominance of house cats in some localities. These creatures are more destructive to game birds and song birds than any of our wild animals.

COOS COUNTY

Game Warden J. M. Thomas, of North Bend, whose district embraces the county of Coos, is credited with having made the most important catch of game violators so far this year. About the middle of July, Warden Thomas arrested two men in the almost inaccessible mountains of Coos, seizing 400 pounds of jerked venison, a number of deer hides, and two guns, all of which was confiscated by the state. At the time of the arrest two deer killed that same day were found near the camp of the hunters. The men plead guilty to killing deer out of season and were fined \$400 each, or \$1.00 a pound for each pound of cured deer meat found in their possession at the time of their arrest. Payment of the fines imposed was suspended upon the promise of the men not to violate the game laws in the future.

Hunters report plenty of deer but are unable to get many big bucks on account of the dry weather. Outside hunters postponing their hunting trips until after the first rain. There is a good crop of sweet acorns on the high divides so we will have good bear hunting about November.

Frank Thacker killed an extra large panther at Snow Camp last

month. W. R. Coy also killed a panther last month. He got the big cat on the Colebrock sheep range where the animal had fed on sheep. Salmon trolling is at the best at the mouth of Rogue river—10 and 15 salmon per day to the boat are being taken out. Fly fishing is better than usual on the lower river this year, and everybody reports good catches.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL DOING WELL.

Mountain, or Plumed, quail have made their way for the first time across the mountainous partition that divides Silver Lake and Summer Lake Valleys, north Lake County, and have scattered to several parts of the Silver Lake country. A covey of approximately fifty quail passed the winter at the Cove ranch, owned by F. D. Duncan, at the south end of Silver Lake. Another covey of twenty-nine wintered at Mr. Duncan's Lone Pine ranch on the west shore of the lake. There were thirty-two quail in the covey that fed about the grain stacks at the Circle M ranch of O. A. Morris, at the north end of Silver Lake; and Lloyd S. Allen, of the Allen Brothers' ranch, east of Thorn Lake, reports that at least thirty birds wintered in his barn yard. With the coming of spring, these birds scattered to the hills. The nests of several pair have been found in the gulches leading back from Silver Lake. One bird is rearing her brood at least five miles from the water.

CHINESE PHEASANTS IN PORTLAND.

By WARDEN E. H. CLARK.

Having been requested to prepare a report from this district, or an article which may be of interest to the readers of the Sportsman, I am submitting the following on "The Chinese Pheasant of Portland":

The gamy China pheasant well knows where protection is afforded him and there he thrives and increases. Within the residence section of the City of Portland these birds have increased in numbers to such an extent that there are probably more of the noble birds here than in any other place of the same area.

The many lovers of the wild life in this city take great delight in the taming of these birds, which is done by placing food and water during the dry season in their yards and the adjoining vacant lots. The birds soon come regularly for the food and in this way may soon be closely approached. It is no uncommon sight during the breeding season to see a mother pheasant strutting across a paved street in the residence section of Portland, followed by her brood of chicks, or to see several of these beautiful birds feeding in the early morning near some home where food has been placed for them.

During the spring and summer months, many complaints come to me of sportsmen who train their dogs on the birds within the city limits, not knowing it is a violation of the game laws to do so. The dogs not only scatter and make the birds very wild, but unless closely watched may kill the young birds.

The greatest violator of the game laws within the city, however, is the house cat, which, as a general rule, is a very successful hunter and does far more damage to the birds than does the boy with his small rifle or bean-shooter. Recently I received reports of two angora cats in the Mount Tabor district, that had been seen bringing home eight young China pheasants, beside numerous smaller birds, during a period of two weeks. The owner of these animals has spent nearly \$50.00 in fencing the rear yard with an eight-foot wire fence, and still these cats find a way of climbing over and continuing their depredations.

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES IN UMATILLA COUNTY.

Mr. C. K. Cranston, of Pendleton, reports that Hungarian partridges are becoming abundant on the Upper Walla Walla River above Milton. These birds are probably the result of liberation by the Walla Walla sportsmen, in Walla Walla County, Wash. The birds have spread over the line and up the canyon.

Mr. Cranston also reports that Chinese pheasants that have been liberated around Pendleton have spread out in various directions. They are ranging out into the wheat fields away from the stream courses. Farmers report seeing many of these birds in different sections of the county. During 1914, 252 Chinese pheasants raised at the State Game Farm were shipped to farmers in various parts of Umatilla County and released. A greater number of birds have been released during the present season, so that with one or two more breeding seasons pheasants will be numerous in this part of the country.

WE LEAVE IT TO YOU.

Over in a neighboring state not many hundred miles away there is a game warden who likes to go Webster one better when it comes to using the King's English. The story leaked out a short time ago and we copy it from a recent issue of one of our leading sportsmen's magazines:

"State Fish and Game Warden ——— knows how to play up to the ladies. He received the other day a letter from a lady asking if she could troll for whitefish in the upper river. After taking a long glance at the inquiry and making up his mind that there was nothing in the laws of the state to prevent the lady from fishing as

she desired, he sat down at his desk, pressed the button that called his stenographer and, after placing a fresh stogie in the starboard side of his mouth, dictated the following reply, which in our humble opinion should go down in literature as a masterpiece alongside of Webster's famous reply to Hayne:

May 22, 1915.

Dear Madam:

I am in receipt of your letter of recent date and am pleased to inform you that ladies are permitted to angle for whitefish in the manner which you mention.

I sincerely hope that you are situated so that you can go fishing often and that you catch lots of fish and BIG ones, and I trust your example will be followed by all your lady friends, for besides being good to eat and the fun of catching them—fishing gets one out of doors in God's fresh air, and we all need lots more of that than we get, and especially does this apply to the ladies.

Wishing you good luck, I am,

Very respectfully,

.....

A 1916 SUGGESTION.

The Lacey Act, the Federal Law regulating the importation of certain animals into this country, prohibits the traffic of the mongoose. In discussing the regulations, Hon. I. N. Fleischner, one of the Fish and Game Commissioners, was reminded of an incident which occurred to him when he was visiting in Egypt a few years ago. He said that he was standing in front of his hotel one day in Cairo as an Arabian peddler was passing. Following at the heels of the Arab was a long, slender animal which was new to Mr. Fleischner. He asked an acquaintance of his what the animal was, and was told that it was a mongoose. His friend then told him the story of a man in Chicago who was walking down the street one day carrying a large covered market basket. He was approached by a friend who asked him:

"John, what have you in the basket?" John replied that he had a mongoose.

"What in the world are you going to do with a mongoose?" his friend exclaimed.

"Well," said John, "you know I have been getting home from the club pretty late the last few nights, and every time I go home I see a lot of snakes and I bought this mongoose to kill the snakes."

"Why!" his friend replied, "these snakes that you see are only imaginary snakes."

"Well," said John, "that is the kind of a mongoose I've got in the basket."

PORCUPINE DESTROYS ORCHARD

By WARDEN ED WALKER

An interesting incident occurred in Jackson county some weeks before the deer season opened that will no doubt amuse the readers of the Sportsman. Mr. Connor, an orchardist of the Rogue River Valley, discovered one day that a number of the young shoots on the lately grafted pear trees in his orchard had been broken off and the tender ends eaten up. In looking for the cause, Mr. Connor discovered a number of deer tracks in the orchard and at once decided that the deer were doing the damage. He immediately notified a local game warden, who, after an investigation, came to the same conclusion that Mr. Connor had—that deer were responsible for the damage to the orchard. Accordingly, application was made to the State Game Department for permission to kill the deer which were apparently using the orchard. The permit was granted, directing Deputy Game Warden L. C. Applegate and the writer to kill the troublesome deer.

Armed with the permit and their trusty rifles, the wardens proceeded to Mr. Connor's orchard to carry out the orders of the Game Department, when it was discovered by the wardens that a small quantity of hair had been left by the animal sticking to the waxed ends of the grafted limbs of the trees. It could be plainly seen that the hair was not that of deer, and it was finally determined that the hair came from a porcupine. The wardens stationed themselves in the orchard and waited until about midnight, when a large porcupine came out of the brush and entering the orchard, climbed a tree and began breaking down the limbs and eating the ends. The animal would break down a number of limbs and then go to another tree and repeat the operation. One porcupine, working at the rate this one did, could easily ruin eight or ten trees in a single night. Had the wardens not discovered that the porcupines were doing the damage they might have killed the three or four does which lived and reared their fawns in the timbered strip along the Rogue River adjoining the orchard. The wardens, however, proceeded to kill the porcupine and the skin is mounted and in graceful form now graces the collection of wild animals in the State Game Department museum at Portland.

FUN WITH A TILLAMOOK CUB BEAR

By WARDEN G. E. LEACH.

Upon complaint of a farmer at Fairview that bear were breaking down his apple trees and eating the apples, C. S. Wells and myself started out with five dogs to catch the offenders. After making an investigation of the orchard we come to the conclusion that an old bear and two cubs were doing the mischief. We then set about to find

where the bear were staying during the day, which proved to be a small patch of brush a short distance from the orchard. Having located the bear we circled around on the opposite side of the brush, the dogs all the while turning somersaults in their endeavors to get lose. We finally unsnapped their chains and let them go. In about two minutes they had caught the old bear, and the way they made the hair fly wasn't slow. The bear made a little circle in an opening, and as she started back to the brush we both shot. As we were following her in the brush we spied one cub, weighing about 40 pounds, making for a tree. As I made for the cub Wells called to keep it up the tree until he came back as he wanted to catch it alive. By punching the cub with my gun and a stick, I managed to keep him up the tree until Wells returned. After killing the old bear, which weighed about 400 pounds, Wells came and sized up the cub. While he was doing this the cub walked out on a limb and let go, falling to the ground. No sooner had it struck the ground than Wells was upon it, and the fun commenced. During the scuffle, which lasted about fifteen minutes, sometimes Wells was on top and sometimes the cub. As the cub was making it too warm for Wells he began to kick and every time he kicked the cub would tear a good sized piece out of his trousers. Finding this mode of capture would not work out successfully, Wells seized a spruce knot and struck the cub over the head, which ended the fun. "What was I doing," you ask? Sitting on a log close by having the biggest laugh I have enjoyed in a long time. It is needless to say that it was necessary for Wells to purchase a new pair of trousers, for the ones he wore in the battle with the cub were certainly beyond mending. The other cub got away.



OREGON FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS.

Hon. James Withycombe, Governor and Chairman.....Salem
 Hon. I. N. Fleischner.....Portland
 Hon. Marion Jack.....Pendleton
 Hon. J. F. Stone.....Klamath Falls
 Hon. Frank M. Warren.....Portland

George Palmer Putnam.....Secretary

H. L. Kelly.....Master Fish Warden
 Carl D. Shoemaker.....State Game Warden
 R. E. Clanton.....Superintendent of Hatcheries
 William L. Finley.....State Biologist

Office of the Commission.....533-36 Pittock Block, Portland

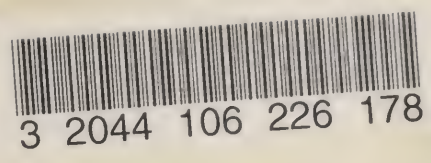
REGULAR DEPUTY GAME WARDENS.

L. C. Applegate.....Gold Hill	G. E. Leach.....Tillamook
John F. Adams.....Agness	Clyde M. McKay.....Bend
William Brown.....St. Helens	J. R. Metzger.....Albany
M. S. Barnes.....Lakeview	O. B. Parker.....McMinnville
C. C. Bryan.....Corvallis	Ben S. Patton.....Estacada
Roy Bremmer.....Salem	Geo. S. Russell.....Gaston
E. H. Clark.....Portland	H. D. Stout.....Klamath Falls
Jas. H. Driscoll.....Ashland	J. H. Sykes.....Riddle
Overton Dowell, Jr.....Mercer	James Stewart.....Moro
W. G. Emery.....Newport	George Tonkin.....Pendleton
I. B. Hazeltine.....Baker	Frank W. Triska.....Burns
W. O. Hadley.....The Dalles	Orrin Thompson.....Roseburg
E. C. Hills.....Eugene	J. M. Thomas.....North Bend
L. L. Jewell.....Grants Pass	S. B. Tyser.....Brownsville
C. W. Loughrey.....Seaside	J. W. Walden.....La Grande
John Larsen.....Astoria	Edward Walker.....Medford
Robert H. Young.....Heppner	

REGULAR FISH WARDENS.

S. L. Rathbun.....Portland	W. G. Emery.....Newport
W. O. Hadley.....The Dalles	Overton Dowell, Jr.....Mercer
Jas. H. Driscoll.....Ashland	B. L. Jewell.....Gardiner
Geo. Leach.....Tillamook	Sam Powell.....Wedderburn
John Larson.....Astoria	

THE IVY PRES
JOHN M. MAN
PITTOCK BLOC
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