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# THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

*JANUARY --- NINETEEN SIXTEEN*

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY AUTHORITY OF THE  
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

*Volume Four*

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*Volume Four*

*January, 1916*

*Number One*

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Published by authority of the Oregon Fish and Game Commission  
from its offices, 533-536 Pittock Block, Portland, Oregon.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

*Carl D. Shoemaker*.....State Game Warden  
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*George Palmer Putnam*.....Secretary to the Commission

All material for publication should be sent to the Oregon Sports-  
man, Portland, Oregon.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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### TRAGIC CARELESSNESS.

Terry Lowe is dead because his brother, Auldren, thought he was a deer. Auldren saw the bushes move and fired the fatal shot. Had he exercised the ordinary precaution of any good hunter his brother would be alive today and his own mind would not be weighted down with the sense of the awful tragedy.

Frederick Layton was out hunting when a bullet from some unknown hunter's rifle entered his heart. Layton is dead, and his slayer is perhaps unconscious of the deed he has done. Carelessness was undoubtedly responsible for the snuffing out of this life.

During the hunting season last year three other men were mistaken for deer and killed. Think of it—four men dead because some other hunter was criminally careless. Accidents are liable to happen even to the most careful but there is absolutely no excuse for

mistaking a man for a deer. We respectfully call attention to the illustration in another place in this issue of *THE SPORTSMAN* which shows the absurdity of anyone making any such mistake. Back of such carelessness is the anxiety on the part of the hunter that he will miss his deer if he does not shoot when the bushes move.

In the first place a hunter who shoots at the moving brush without seeing the object which causes the motion may become a violator of the game laws even though he kills a deer. He is shooting on the chance that a buck deer is causing the motion. The motion of the brush may be caused by a doe. In at least four cases in the past year frightful experience has told us that a human being was the cause of that rustling in the brush.

Year after year the State Game Warden has issued warning not to shoot at moving bushes. In addition to this he has repeatedly cautioned hunters never to pull the trigger until the object to be shot at is clearly in his vision. In spite of these warnings, however, hunters will take chances. They are willing to place in jeopardy the lives of their companions simply on the chance that what they are shooting at might be a deer. If every hunter would follow the simple rule of never firing till the deer is in sight there would be no tragedies to record like those of last fall.

Of course it is impossible to avoid those accidents which will happen in spite of the greatest caution. But cases of this kind are rare indeed. Such a case was that of John W. Gates, who was carrying his shotgun under his arm in the approved fashion when he stumbled and fell. The gun was discharged by the trigger coming in contact with a twig. Gates lost the fingers of his right hand as a result.



On practically every cabin located on every game preserve in Oregon you will find a notice substantially as follows: "Unload your gun before bringing it into the cabin." Had a duck hunter observed this simple injunction William Blake would not now be lying in St. Vincent's Hospital with a bullet hole through his right leg. Blake had just come in from a duck hunt, emptied his gun on the outside of his cabin and was preparing something to eat when his companion came through the door with his automatic shotgun. Blake asked him if he had unloaded the gun. His companion said that he had not done so and the next instant Blake felt the contents of a twelve-gauge shell boring their way through his leg. This occurred on Thanksgiving day. Blake will be in the hospital for several weeks more. Carelessness alone was responsible for this accident.

Instance after instance could be recorded similar to those already related. Carelessness is responsible for more than ninety per cent of all the so-called accidents which occur through the use of firearms while hunting. An abundance of caution will prevent most of these accidents.

Sportsmen of Oregon let us hammer away at these simple rules against carelessness until every man who carries a gun will observe them!

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## TEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS BY 1917.

On December the first of last year the paid subscribers to THE SPORTSMAN totalled something over 400. Today we have more than 2,000 paid subscribers. The increase of five hundred per cent is the result of a

little wager made by the State Game Warden with the State Biologist. Credit, however, for the actual getting of the subscriptions must be given to the wardens located throughout the state who turned the bulk of the new paid subscriptions. James Stewart, deputy for Moro county, turned in the banner list with 225 new subscribers.

We want THE SPORTSMAN to be a power for the upbuilding of game protection sentiment in this state. If you like THE SPORTSMAN tell your friends about it and get them to subscribe, or better yet, send in their subscription yourself. It will be twenty-five cents well invested.

The editors have placed ten thousand subscribers as the goal for this year. This can be accomplished if you will help.

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### THE GAME PROTECTION FUND.

"One of the biggest wastes of big money in the state is the Fish and Game Commission. Cut off a few hundred of the wardens and salary-drawing officials, and no doubt some fellow would catch a string of trout or shoot a hen pheasant out of season, but which would hurt the taxpayers the most, the poaching or the paying?"

The above is a clipping taken from one of our leading county newspapers. It represents the common error into which uninformed citizens of the state fall. If every citizen of Oregon could be made to realize that the taxpayers pay absolutely nothing to the game protection fund, half of the troubles of the department would be obviated.

Every dollar that is spent for game protection and for the propagation and liberation of game fish comes from the sportsmen through the purchase of hunters'

and anglers' licenses. Instead of "a few hundred wardens" the game department employs from thirty-six to fifty wardens, depending on the season of the year. The fund is expended through a commission of four members and the Governor.

We call attention to this paragraph simply in the hope that it will be read by some who have fallen into the common error of believing that the taxpayers of the state are paying for the sport of hunting and angling.

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### THE OREGON SPORTSMEN'S LEAGUE.

The Oregon Sportsmen's League, which was in annual session in Portland in December, adopted THE SPORTSMAN as its official organ. The League and this publication stand for the same things. Both are fighting for cleaner and more wholesome sport, for a greater development of the idea of game protection, and increased efficiency in all departments of the fish and game service to the end that our streams and forests may abound in fish and game. The league has a splendid set of officers, who are actively co-operating with the game department to bring about the highest type of sportsmanship in Oregon. Our state stands pre-eminent as a hunters' and anglers' paradise. Eternal vigilance, however, is the price of keeping it so.

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### GAME SANCTUARIES COMING NEXT.

On January 4th, there was introduced in Congress a bill which has for its object the setting aside of isolated sections in our national forests for the purpose of propagating our larger game, such as deer, mountain goat,



antelope and other wild game animals. The final purpose of the act is to increase the national food supply. This legislation should meet with the approval of the sportsmen of Oregon, for here in our great state we have many such sections in our national domain which would make ideal sanctuaries. The work of creating these refuges will be carried on by the Department of Agriculture. It will be a federal offense for the violation of any of the provisions of the act and offenses will be prosecuted in the federal court. The penalty for such an offense is fixed at a fine not exceeding \$500.00, or by imprisonment for a period of not more than six months, or both.

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### FEEDING THE BIRDS

During the past month all of Oregon has experienced the most severe snow storms in many years. Early in January reports came into the office of the State Game Warden to the effect that game and song birds were unable to obtain feed and that unless heroic efforts were made by the department thousands of the birds would die. Hasty action was necessary. Governor Withycombe himself took a personal interest in the critical situation and issued an appeal to the people of the state to feed the birds wherever possible. Thousands of people throughout the state heeded this call and during the period of the heaviest snow it was a common sight everywhere in Oregon to see the children and their parents throwing out feed in the yard to the birds, which became so tame that they would literally eat from the hand. It clearly demonstrated that there is a greater interest today in game protection than ever before in the history of the State.

Members of various sportsmen's organizations in different parts of the State raised money, bought quantities of grain and took it out into the country in machines and wagons and scattered it where it was soon found by pheasants and quail. Deputy game wardens rendered important service in this time of need. Along some of the railroad lines grain was distributed by the conductors and the brakemen. The State Game department spent hundreds of dollars in feed for distribution in out-of-the-way places. The combined result was that the game and song birds of Oregon came through the snow period in splendid condition. Had not this co-operation between citizens, sportsmen and the game department existed the state would have suffered a frightful loss in birds.

The following remarks by Professor S. F. Sykes, of the Oregon Agricultural College, are significant as well as pertinent:

"Feeding the birds in snowy weather is only squaring our account with the birds. The few handfuls of grain thrown out for the birds during the recent snow storm will bring the best returns of the year. Many a little bird-guardian, robin, bluebird, siskin, gold finch or junco, which came months ago to clean up the weed seeds of last season to catch the cutworms and leather jackets lurking in the turnip or grass fields, was going about hungry and with cold feet. Many of them also have perished with cold.

"An examination of the stomach contents of birds during an open Winter has shown that they are at such a time entirely beneficial. In one robin's stomach were found 210 March fly larvæ. A China pheasant had eaten 673 larvæ at a single meal. These grubs resemble

cutworms and are a serious pest on root crops, grass and alfalfa. Moreover, five juncos were found to have destroyed in a single morning 275 May weed seed, 101 wild grass seeds, and 301 pigweed seeds. Thus the juncos, together with the siskins and green-backed gold finches, make away with millions of noxious weed seeds in the course of an ordinary Winter season."

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Buy your license early.

\* \* \*

Help out the game protection idea by talking it to your neighbor and your friends.

\* \* \*

A good resolution for every sportsman to have made at the beginning of the new year was, "I will be true to the highest ideals of sportsmanship in both word and deed."

\* \* \*

If you do not have a Rod and Gun Club or a Game Protective Association, notify the game department and it will assist you in organizing one. Associations of this kind have a great influence on game protection in any community.





## ISAK WALTON UP TO DATE

By BLAINE HALLOCK, Portland, Oregon.

I walked out upon a rude log foot bridge, the only crossing for many miles up or down the river. Above, the water threaded its crooked way across the widening prairie which stretched to the far blue jagged summits of the Cascades. Below, the pines advanced to touch branches in some places across the placid flow, and further down, the river became more turbulent until it finally tumbled, a mad white cascade, into the rocky gorge which it follows for about two hundred miles.

The water was like crystal, and from the middle of the bridge I could see, here and there along the yellow sand, big olive green spotted trout.

With high hopes, I sent the flies out over the water. But my hopes were soon blasted. Repeated casts showed that the fish were not feeding. I crossed the bridge and worked up the other side. The same luck. I could not get a rise. Finally, on a long back cast, I lost my tail fly in a small pine. Rather exasperated, I whipped the stream for another fifty yards, which took me well out of the timber where there was nothing to impede a long cast.

Now the fish were breaking water here and there. I could see the peculiar lumps and swirls caused by the big trout sucking tiny insects from the surface, and up or down the river an occasional flop would announce that some over-eager fellow had cleared the water. Still my casts availed nothing. The sky had been overcast all day, with a more or less intermittent drizzle, and it began to sprinkle again.

I heard Gibb, the genial owner of the car which had brought us to the prairie, give vent to a yell of delight. Looking back, I saw him land a good trout. This was encouraging in spite of the rain. A hundred feet above, out beyond a partially submerged log, several trout rose almost together. Wading as close to the log as my boots would permit, I put the flies out to the water along its shore side and finally took an eleven-inch trout. Upon being hooked, the fish promptly dove into the tangle of aquatic weeds which lined the bottom at that point. This resulted in the loss of my fly, though I landed the fish. Although but eleven inches in length, this fish was remarkably heavy. He was so deep in the belly and broad through the back that he looked almost deformed, but he was beautifully colored, being far more brilliant than the fish of the lower river. I remember what a distinct impression he made upon me at the time, though I have since noted that many of the Crane Prairie fish are like that.

Several other casts brought nothing, although the fish were still rising, and I was finally able to drop the flies two feet beyond the log. The trout were feeding on bugs so small that I could not see them. My fish had struck a number seven Kamloops. Now, I put on two tiny dry flies, size 14; a Red Upright, and a March Brown. No sooner had these hit the water than they were taken. And I use the word literally. A splash! The feel of my leader tightening over the log, and then that sickening realization that I was hauling in only the line. Another cast, this time with but one hook, a number 12, and as promptly another strike. The fish kept the deep water for a few moments, but finally darted under the log, and deprived me of another hook.

By this time Gibb, who had noted the performance from below, hurried to the spot and, not to be outdone, waded out through the icy

water toward the alluring log. He wore no boots, and the cold caused him to yell as he advanced. His shouts were an accurate register of the depth of the water. They increased proportionately. It was funny, very funny, for me. I laughed boisterously, but he who laughs last laughs best. Gibb would splash out into the deep water, cast feverishly beyond the log, where the trout were rolling over one another as they fed, lose a hook, just as I had been doing, and then plunging to shore like a scared moose, would stand for a second hugging his knees in an effort to renew his numbed circulation, re-rig his tackle and again take to the water.

My third cast with the dry flies was rewarded by a vigorous tug, to which I responded with one equally as vigorous. I reasoned that with the fish on the other side of the log, the odds were a hundred to one in his favor, and my flies were suffering at a rate which bid fair to work an early conclusion of my activities. So, before he had time to follow the example of his predecessors, I gave him such a long pull and a strong pull that he came flopping over the obstruction and darted into the tangle of weeds on the inside. But matters were not greatly improved. A little submarine maneuvering on his part so laced my line in and out through the weeds that I appeared to be pulling at a bale of hay. "This thing must stop," quoth I, "at any hazard," so I started back across the prairie, dragging what appeared to be a liberal slice of the bottom of the river, but from which I could catch, now and then, the gleam of an exceptionally big trout. How the tiny dry fly held I do not know. But it did. The rod, however, did not. I was excited like most fishermen when they hook a big trout. I was cold, too, and exasperated at the afternoon's luck. But at that, my performance was very unorthodox and quite inexcusable. The last heavy tug which brought the fish and his garnishment of weeds to shore, snapped the rod at the tip end of the middle joint. I was for quitting then as it had begun to rain in earnest, and this shortly changed to a heavy fall of big wet snow flakes. But Jack, the long-legged youthful member of our party, was taking fish from a point some fifty yards above, and he urged me to try a cast there. Being able to fix the rod after a fashion by scrapping down the broken end of the joint and forcing it into the ferrule, I half heartedly consented.

The submerged log lay just at the mouth of a small dead water stream, which emptied into the river at that point, and Jack had leaped this water course. I sized it up. It was about six feet wide and four deep. I learned later that it was also very cold.

I say, Jack had leaped it. Now, it must be remembered that Jack has two very long legs and that he did not wear hip boots. And let it be further understood that while I am blessed with a couple of the former, which on many similar occasions have served me well, I was heavily encumbered by a pair of the latter.

But you already suspect what is to follow. Why postpone the inevitable? What matter though I sought a point favorable to the leap? What matter though I carefully measured the distance with my eye? What matter though I selected a particular little hummock extending rather beyond the common margin of the stream, as the point from which I should essay the running jump. These things are of no consequence. The fact remains that the hummock was a delusion and a snare. It proved nothing more substantial than an overhanging bunch of grass. Gibb, my erstwhile friend, proved a heartless villain. He roared with mirth. And the water proved of a greater depth than I had thought, and of a temperature which Gibb's contortions did not even faintly suggest.



That ended it for the day.

How cold and disheartened and altogether miserable I felt as I shivered in the rain, trying to dry out at our feeble steaming fire. The boys were painfully sympathetic, and I noted more than one covert wink, and heard now and then the gurgle of a half suppressed laugh. Even the incomparable savor and flavor of fried trout, an hour dead, did not altogether revive my drooping spirits.

Supper over, our soggy little party dispersed its several ways to bed. And by this I mean that each made himself as comfortable for the night as conditions and possibilities would permit. Although we had our blankets, I do not think it can be said that any of us had a bed. Rather, I should call it a nest or a lair.

I have read a lot about beds of pine under the stars. I have slept on them, too, many of them, and capital beds they were. Often have I sprawled on a fragrant heap of pine boughs under an August sky, fascinated by the mountain stillness, and have watched the stars file across the velvet curtain of the night and disappear behind the tree tops to the west. On such a bed I have been lulled to sleep by the gurgle of a mountain brook; and hours later, long after any self-respecting fisherman should be up and away to the purple waters, I have been awakened by the warmth of sunshine sifted down through reaching boughs.

But there was no poetry about those beds on Crane Prairie. I remember the weird figures we presented as we grouped about our sputtering fire, performing the last ceremonies of the night. They were brief, those ceremonies, with just a touch of sadness. Discarding as much clothing as he dared (I recall wearing my hat to bed), each of several fishermen with a solemn "Good-night" crawled under his particular tree, rolled himself up in his damp blanket, and began the long vigil.

I will not dwell upon the details of that night. I think I slept a little—just a little—before dawn. At any rate, after what seemed an eternity of cold cramped twisting and turning, I was aroused by the touch of big wet snow flakes on my face. It was morning. That is, the east showed gray through the trees. It was morning for the woods. In the city it would still be the middle of the night.

Hot coffee, with bacon and trout, helped somewhat to dispel our disappointment at the weather, and proved a marvelous remedy for cold backs and cramped limbs. The flurry continued while we ate. Big feathery flakes came twisting down through the trees, and sizzled with the bacon. But the snow melted almost as it fell, so that the prairie beckoned fresh and green in the morning light.

Scattering up and down the stream, we began the serious work of the day. It was planned to leave at noon and we wanted full creels. But it appeared that we were again to be disappointed. Not a fish would rise. We tried the placid waters first—then the broken, swirling places below—but it was all the same. We changed our flies. We sank them. We skittered them across the surface of the deep still pools. We worked them down along the rapid riffles of the lower water. But it was to no purpose. And this continued for hours.

Along toward ten o'clock I found myself back in the vicinity of camp, away from the rest, tired, disheartened and fully determined to give it up. But I didn't, of course. You who fish for trout know that I didn't, because you know of that optimism, that persistence, that inexplicable something which so often grips the fisherman in his hour of disappointment, and carries him on to success. Gamblers call it a

hunch. Fishermen don't bother about calling it anything. They merely feel it—and they fish on.

That something urged me up the prairie, casting as I went. The sky was still overcast, and the trout were just as unresponsive as before. But there was an atmosphere of promise about the whole scene. I quickened my pace.

Suddenly, with apparently no reason at all, for the air and the water were quite clear of any insects, a huge rainbow trout broke the surface not more than ten feet from where I stood. Several hurried casts into the widening rings failed to incite the fish to further action. But I sensed a change. I felt it. I saw it.

A breeze came hurrying from somewhere out of the pines away off to the east, and caused the long prairie grass to nod and sweep in graceful waves. It danced along the bosom of the shining river and whipped little choppy wavelets about the reeds against the shore. It scattered the gray mists and rolled up little puffs of white cloud. It let the sun shine through and showed great patches of blue sky. And it stirred to life hundreds of gauzy winged May flies or uprights. They had been clinging to the shore grasses, but the lapping wavelets, the breeze and the sunshine put them to the air. Already the water well out from the shore showed signs of life. It lumped and twisted here and there in a most surprising manner, and I knew what it meant. I knew the time had come.

Two number 10 blue Uprights went whisking out on the next favorable breeze, but they were caught by a cross gust, and doubled back, falling into the water twenty feet short. I would try again. Hauling in the line in big swinging loops, I was on the point of retrieving the flies when a mighty tug accompanied by a swirl of the surface water quite upset my plan.

Here I would pause.

I want to feel it all over again—and I want you to feel it. That inexplicable thrill. That intense excitement—that quickening of the muscles; of the eye; of the senses. After hours of sickening disappointment—after so long and patient an effort—after hope when even hope seemed to be gone, this big fish, taking the fly almost at my feet, and the dozens of others rolling and leaping out there where the water flashed told me that the crucial moment was at hand.

I could have waved my arms and yelled with sheer joy, but for the delicate business at hand. As it was, I struck firm and hard. The little bamboo curved to the work and quivered as the hook went home. A splash, a spurt and a lordly leap; a gleam of red and silver against the blue. I can see him now in the sun. I have seen him a hundred times since that epoch marking day on the prairie. And as often have I seen the many others which followed him out of the cold sparkling water onto the green prairie grass at my feet.

Your true fisherman is an optimist indeed. He is a splendid example of the time-honored proposition that there is greater pleasure in anticipation than in realization. He goes a-fishing with high hopes. He conjures up scenes of magnificent pools full of great fish eager to take his lure. And he honestly thinks that some day, in some land, he will somehow find really ideal angling. So he plans another trip, and another, and another, always confident that the next will work a full realization of his highest hopes. If he be a fisherman born, he is never disappointed, even when he has to admit that the fishing wasn't all he had expected, because, behind it all, away back in his innermost

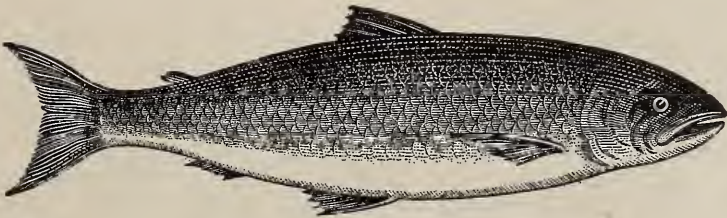


being there lurks still the hope, nay, the conviction that some day he will actually find the fishing of his dreams.

And so it was with me that day on Crane Prairie. I was realizing the fishing of my dreams. Literally every cast brought a strike. But every strike did not bring a fish by any means. Sometimes it was the hook that would go—sometimes the whole leader—while more often the tiny flies would tear out of the fishes' mouths. And the trout were big. They were huge. They fought as I had never known rainbows to fight before. Many times I was compelled to run up or down the bank for a hundred feet before I could check and finally land my fish.

How long this lasted I do not accurately remember. Probably about two hours. At any rate, when Gibb found me and pulled me away, urging that it was then past the hour of our departure, and that I had eaten no lunch, I discovered that my wrist was played out, that my legs were wobbly and that I had more fish than I could conveniently carry.

The rest is brief. A hurried gathering up of our duffle after a king's feast of trout, bacon and coffee. Congratulations all around for the other members of the party had shared very much my experience. Then the big Chalmers snorted a good-bye to the river, the green pines and the silent prairie and trundled us back across the forty-three miles of forest to Bend and the night ride home.



## OREGON SPORTSMEN'S LEAGUE MEETS

Third Annual Meeting Held in Portland December 19th and 20th—Organization Determines to Make Itself Felt.



H. B. VAN DUZER

President Oregon Sportsmen's League.

S. C. BARTRUM

Secretary Oregon Sportsmen's League.

The third annual meeting of the Oregon Sportsmen's League, held in Portland, December 19th and 20th, was more successful in point of attendance, enthusiasm and genuine work accomplished than any previous meeting of this representative sportsmen's organization.

Since the birth of the Oregon Sportsmen's League, the membership of which is composed of the different rod and gun clubs and game protective associations of the entire state, rapid advancement has been made in the work of educating the people that conservation of the wild life of the state is essential to the best interests of Oregon. It has been successfully demonstrated that the Oregon Sportsmen's League is a most valuable factor in assisting the State Fish and Game Commission, and other officials charged with the protection and propagation of fish and game, in carrying forward and building up one of the most valuable of the State's assets. These facts having been established, the League began the fourth year of its existence on a more solid foundation and with renewed enthusiasm and a determination to bend every energy to attain greater results in the year to come.

The first day of the League meeting was devoted to pleasure. During the day the delegates in attendance were the guests of the Portland Gun Club at their club grounds at Jenne Station, where they were royally entertained by the members of the club. Trap-shooting and fly-casting contests, and a hunter's lunch were among the special features of entertainment enjoyed by the visitors.

The business sessions of the League were held at the Imperial Hotel, and were given up exclusively to mapping out plans for the betterment of fish and game protection, the appointment of committees to investigate matters of vital interest and importance to the sportsmen of all sections of the State, the discussion and adoption of resolutions, and the discussion of ways and means to carry on the work of the League more effectively.

The work of the State Fish and Game Commission was commended. It was recommended that the League, with its allied associations throughout the State, cooperate in every way with the State officials of the game department in protecting the wild animal, bird and fish of the state; that the railroad companies of Oregon be requested to rescind their recent order, charging mileage for the movement of the State fish car in restocking the streams of the State with trout; that a grievance and investigation committee be appointed, to have power to act with officers of the organization and the Fish and Game Commission to receive complaints that might come from rod and gun clubs and game protective associations relative to matters of fish and game protection; that some method be adopted to provide finance for the League, and that a committee be appointed to take up this work; that a publicity committee be appointed, which is to aid the organization in getting full publicity of its doings throughout the state. These, and many other plans for carrying on the work successfully were adopted.

At the beginning of the business sessions the following committee on resolutions was appointed: I. B. Hazeltine, Baker; Dr. Albert Kinny, Astoria; Ira Hutchings, Brownsville; L. W. Humphreys, Portland; O. H. Rhoades, Hood River.

The following committee was appointed on nominations: Dr. E. C. McFarland, Portland; W. N. Matlock, Pendleton; Dr. J. M. Gill, Lebanon; F. R. Armstrong, Sutherlin; Joseph Bridges, Oakland.

The report of the resolutions committee, dealing with the Rogue River fishing question, was adopted, and a committee to investigate and recommend a settlement was appointed by the president. The committee is composed of A. E. Reams, of Medford; I. A. Robie, of Grants Pass; J. B. Johnson, of Gold Beach; Walter Backus, of Portland, and Dr. Bundy, of Medford.

The plan of the State Fish and Game Commission, submitted by State Game Warden Carl D. Shoemaker, to place the sale of angling and hunting licenses with sporting goods houses throughout the state, as well as with the different county clerks, was unanimously adopted. Another plan of the Commission, to aid sportsmen in various sections of the state, by letting them have the use of the films photographed by the Commission, was also received with enthusiasm.

Walter F. Backus, of Portland, introduced a plan for selling memberships in the League that was unanimously endorsed. The proposal is to distribute membership books to the various secretaries of the clubs affiliated with the League, to be placed at anglers' and hunters' license headquarters. In this way it is thought to reach all of the sportsmen, of which there are 60,000 in Oregon, and thus provide a fund for carrying on the work of the League. According to the treasurer's report the League accomplished its work during the past year on \$88.54.

R. E. Clanton, superintendent of hatcheries, stated to the meeting that 3,000,000 eastern brook trout eggs had been purchased and the trout would be distributed in various parts of the state. The securing of German brown trout eggs in trade for salmon eggs was also an-



nounced. Mr. Clanton stated, also, that nearly 20,000,000 salmon eggs were taken from the spring run of fish in the Willamette River and tributaries this year. The feeding pond system, established by the Commission during the past year, was a success.

Charles H. Flory, of the United States Forestry Service, told of the forestry department taking charge of trout fry planting in the streams within the national forests. This work was carried on during the past year with little or no expense to the state. The forestry service adopted this scheme, which originated with C. S. Bartrum, secretary of the Sportsmen's League.

I. N. Fleischner, member of the Fish and Game Commission, gave a short address. George P. Putnam, secretary to Governor Withycombe, gave a short talk in which he stated that Governor Withycombe regretted his inability to be present. H. L. Kelly, Master Fish Warden, also spoke before the meeting.

The Oregon Sportsman, the quarterly publication issued by the Fish and Game Commission, was chosen the official organ of the League.

At the election of officers for the ensuing year, H. B. Van Duzer, of Portland, was re-elected as president, as was also W. N. Matlock, of Pendleton, first vice president; Dr. J. G. Gill, of Lebanon, second vice president, and S. C. Bartrum, of Roseburg, secretary and treasurer. The newly chosen executive committee consists of the following:

District No. 1.—Multnomah County; L. W. Humphreys.

District No. 2.—Clatsop, Columbia, Tillamook, Washington and Clackamas; W. W. Goff, Forest Grove.

District No. 3.—Yamhill, Marion, Polk, Benton, Linn, Lane and Lincoln; M. H. Bauer, Corvallis.

District No. 4.—Douglas, Josephine, Jackson, Coos and Curry; J. W. Bennett, Marshfield.

District No. 5.—Crook, Wheeler, Hood River, Wasco, Sherman and Gilliam; Leslie Butler, Hood River.

District No. 6.—Umatilla, Wallowa, Baker, Union, Grant and Morrow; H. L. Cool, Canyon City.

District No. 7.—Klamath, Lake, Harney and Malheur; Robert Robertson, Klamath Falls.

Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next annual meeting of the League, the date being the first Monday in December, 1916.

The following standing committees were appointed by the president:

Publicity—Walter F. Badkus, of Portland; M. H. Bauer, of Corvallis; Gus Newberry, of Medford; S. B. Crouch, of Roseburg.

Club Extension—Dr. Albert Kenny, of Astoria; B. B. Bullwinkle, of Riddle; C. K. Cranston, of Pendleton.

After the business sessions, the members gathered at the Commercial Club building, where they partook of their annual banquet. Steelhead trout, the anglers' dream, and Alaska reindeer meat in luscious quantities, had the places of honor on the menu. Following the banquet, William L. Finley, State Biologist, entertained the gathering with the fish and game pictures used by the Commission in the educational department of the game service.

Delegates registered for the meeting were:

Ira Hutchings, Joe Cordingly and Seth Raistrick, Brownsville Rod and Gun Club; J. T. Burgess, Oakland (Ore.) Gun Club; O. Thompson, Yoncalla Rod and Gun Club; F. R. Armstrong, Sutherlin Rod and



Gun Club; Roger Newhall, Portland Revolver and Rifle Club; O. H. Rhoades, Hood River Game and Protective Association; George Tonkin, W. N. Matlock and C. K. Cranston, Umatilla County Fish and Game Association; W. A. Heyeman and Ben S. Patton, Estacada Rod and Gun Club; Mark Sidall, Capital City Rod and Gun Club; W. F. Backus, E. J. Wallace, L. W. Humphreys, Perry Kitzmiller and W. C. Block, Multnomah Anglers' Club; S. R. Crouch, Roseburg Rod and Gun Club; H. R. Everding, H. W. Metzger and Ed Morris, Portland Gun Club; B. Bullwinkle, Riddle Rod and Gun Club; Dr. A. Kinney, Astoria Anglers' Club; E. J. Boas, W. W. Goff and G. W. Russell, Forest Grove Rod and Gun Club; R. H. Young, Heppner Rod and Gun Club; Dr. J. G. Gill, Lebanon Rod and Gun Club; Carl Shoemaker, Tiller Fish and Game Protective Association; T. E. Burghduff and W. C. Block, Salmon Club of Oregon; M. H. Bauer, Corvallis Rod and Gun Club; F. Kincaid, Newberg Rod and Gun Club; M. F. Carrigan and A. F. Arthur, Yamhill Rod and Gun Club; Gus Newbury, Rogue River Fish Protective Association, Medford, Ore.; W. W. Hoch, Roundup Gun Club, Pendleton; J. H. Driscoll, Klamath Sportsmen's Association and Ashland Rod and Gun Club; Floyd J. Keys, Seaside Anglers' Club; C. L. Reames, E. A. Parsons, E. S. Catron and C. E. Miller, Portland; Charles Leith and E. G. Hawman, Woodburn.

The following resolutions, submitted by the committee on resolutions, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, There is much complaint by the sportsmen living along Rogue River to the effect that the steelheads, by reason of the commercial fishing operations at the mouth of the river, are destroyed, and because of the fact the steelhead fishing in said river through the counties through which the same runs, amounts to practically nothing, and

Whereas, It is reliably represented to this organization that when said river was closed to commercial fishing, the steelhead and other hook and line fishing was good in said stream, and that the complaints arising and presented are due and were caused by the manner in which said commercial fishing is carried on at the mouth of the river; now therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this organization that such measures be instituted as may be found necessary to remove the cause for the complaints lodged by said sportsmen, and that this organization be and hereby is pledged to support such measures as may be found necessary to bring relief to the sportsmen, and effectually remove the cause for the complaints made by them. Be it further

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the chairman, two of whom shall be residents of Jackson County, Oregon; one from Josephine County, Oregon; one from Curry County, Oregon, and one from Multnomah County, Oregon, to propose such measures or legislation as the committee shall deem advisable to bring about the results in this resolution proposed.

Resolved, That the hearty cooperation of all Rod and Gun Clubs with the officers and members of the Oregon Sportsmen's League is absolutely necessary to bring results.

Resolved, That some method be thought out to provide funds to finance this League, and that a committee be appointed to take up this work.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed, called "Grievance and Investigation Committee," said committee having power to act with the officers of this organization and the Fish and Game Commission, and

the duties of said committee being to receive such complaints that might come from the rod and gun clubs and game protective associations.

Resolved, That the Oregon Sportsman's League commend the work of the State Fish and Game Commission, and we recommend that the League, with its allied associations, cooperate very closely with the Fish and Game Commission in protecting our wild animal, bird and fish life. We further commend the policy of the Fish and Game Commission in its work of propagating trout fry for liberation in the streams of Oregon, for we realize that only through the constant restocking of our streams will there be a plentiful supply for the sportsmen of the state. We commend the legislative work of the Oregon Sportsmen's League in the past year, and especially their splendid efforts in saving the game fund and the Commission. We feel that the sportsmen of Oregon owe much to the labors of this organization regarding all matters that came up before the Legislature.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the railroad companies of Oregon rescind their recent order charging 10 cents per mile for the movement of the Rainbow—the State Hatchery fish car.

Resolved, That we thank the sportsmen of Multnomah County, the management of the Imperial Hotel, and the railroad companies for all kindnesses shown us during this session of the League.

The report of the Publicity Committee was adopted, as follows:

"The Publicity Committee of the Oregon Sportsmen's League, realizing the value of publicity in promoting any worthy work, respectfully recommends to the League as follows:

"That the Secretary of the League supply to the Portland press as full a report of this year's proceedings as the several papers are willing to publish.

"That the Secretary of the League prepare and supply to the Secretary of each of the membership clubs a complete copy of the minutes of this annual meeting, and we suggest and urge that the fullest publicity, to the extent if possible of the printing in full of these proceedings, be given by the several secretaries through the columns of their local papers.

"We recommend that The Oregon Sportsman be selected and designated as the official organ of this League, and suggest to the Secretary of the League that he supply that publication with all information concerning the doings of the League throughout the year, as shall, in his judgment, be advisable and proper.

"And, finally, we urge the individual members of the organizations composing this League to keep in mind the usefulness of properly directed publicity, as set out in the opening clause of this report, and to supply the local press with interesting items as frequently as possible."



## COLUMBIA RIVER DUCK HUNTING

By WARDEN E. H. CLARK, Portland, Oregon.

With the season drawing to a close for waterfowl, the sportsman will soon wipe the damp and oil carefully from the "scatter gun" that has stopped the swift flight of many a duck, and he will incidentally note the deep impression that each duck has made in his bank roll, for this has been an off season.

To begin with, the season opened on the 1st of October with many of the best haunts of the birds completely dried up. Gas engines and pumps were installed on many lakes and water pumped from neighboring sloughs. These, and a very few other clubs, had some shooting during October.

With severe storms along the coast to drive the flights inland and the lakes becoming normal, excellent shooting was to be had in early November. Most of the hunters securing the limit of thirty ducks each week, and I am sorry to say a few of them not stopping when the limit had been reached.

Continual rains during November and December brought the water to such a stage that most of the clubs were drowned out and the blinds which formerly stood on the shores could be seen sticking out of the lakes like partly submerged muskrat houses.

The shooting averages will fall considerably below that of previous years, and even so, it was good enough to draw many hunters from other states. About twenty-five miles from Portland there is a club of twelve to fifteen non-resident sportsmen from Seattle and eastern cities. These men come to the Columbia lakes in preference to the shooting grounds nearer their home cities because of the finer quality of the birds to be found here.

There are more than one hundred duck clubs within thirty miles of Portland and these clubs will feed each an average of five tons of wheat a season. This, added to the natural feed, will keep the birds in the finest condition.

The principal species to be had here are the Widgeon or bald-plate, Mallard, Green Winged Teal, Pintail, Shoveller, Blue-bill and a scattering of Canvas-back and Butterball. Of these the Mallard is the most common. Many of them breeding along the lakes here during the summer and furnishing some of the early shooting during October.

Arrests for violating the night hunting law are growing less frequent each year, which I believe is due to the fact that more sportsmen are becoming interested and educated to fish and game protection.

To the man not interested in duck hunting, another good sport is to be had near Portland in steelhead salmon fishing in the Sandy River. This "winter fishing" is becoming more popular each year and, beginning usually in December, good fishing is to be had until the last of February. The favorite pools are to be found in the vicinity of Bull Run station, about a two-hour ride on the electric, and a one-day trip generally brings results.





## FEEDING THE BIRDS

By FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY, Author of "Handbook of the Birds of Western United States."

So much snow fell in the Coast Mountains of Oregon in the winter of 1909 that at Garibaldi, a fishing village about a hundred miles southwest of Portland, there was sleighing for two weeks, which was quite phenomenal for that part of the humid coast belt where the ground rarely freezes during the winter. So much more snow fell in the mountains than on the shore that after the birds' food supply had been covered for a week the Mountain Robins and Snowbirds, as the people call them, came down, descending upon the village in a horde. A graphic account of the occurrence was given me by Mr. William Derby, who at the time was keeping the village hotel.

About a dozen of the birds came first and began to eat with the chickens. "That's the way we first noticed they were hungry," Mr. Derby said, and his wife added, "They were kind o' wild, chirpin' around in the trees." When the starving birds saw food they soon lost their fears. "It was just like the Gulls," Mr. Derby declared. "If they'd see you throwing out anything they'd light down just as the Gulls do. We went to feeding them bread crumbs at first, and the more we'd throw out to them the more would come." Some would try to fly into the windows, and once when the pantry door was open, about fifty of them swarmed in there, making a roar in the narrow space.

"They got so thick we didn't have bread crumbs enough to feed them and so took to feeding them corn meal by ten-pound sacks. They'd come every morning and we'd string corn meal around two sides of the piazza—the piazza was sixty feet long—and they'd swarm over that just as thick as they could get—Robins and Snowbirds together—there must have been a thousand of them. I never saw such a sight of birds after we began to feed them. The piazza would be just black with them. They were so nearly starved they would fight over the food, and some of them were so weak that they couldn't fly up after they'd flown down—they'd just reel."

"We fed them as long as they kept a-comin', about two weeks, all of seven or eight sacks of meal besides bread and oatmeal and potatoes," the generous landlord stated ungrudgingly.

"It must be fierce for those poor little fellows—get so hungry they can't hardly live," his sympathetic wife added.

When the tide was out, in spite of the rations served at the hotel, the beach would be covered with birds catching sand fleas.

On cold nights perhaps fifty Mountain Robins and Snowbirds would take refuge in the shed of the hotel. "Go out there with a lantern and they'd hop around and bump themselves," the landlord said.

"I saw lots of the Robins dead—no Snowbirds—up in the trees where they'd hang onto the branches," he concluded.





## FLY FISHING ON THE ROGUE

By J. N. JOHNSTON, Grants Pass, Oregon.

It is a long time from the first of November, when fly fishing is about over, until the warm days of spring cause the "fishing bug" to awaken from its slumbers, and we become so restless that we simply must get our feet wet in Rogue River to satisfy the cravings of the "bug." Before this winter, I have passed through this period of the year and been content to occasionally (oftener if possible) get my feet upon my desk and proceed to bore my friends by telling them about the big ones I caught last summer.

But about the middle of November, after my fishing tackle had been carefully stowed away in the cases and boxes and my left-over flies were hibernating among the mothballs, two prominent citizens of Grants Pass, I am not at liberty to mention their names, but one is the manager of a local picture show and the other a capitalist, came to my office and insisted that I go with them and be introduced to winter fishing. After some argument as to whether it was sportsman-like and whether it was worth the trouble, I consented. Was it worth the effort? I will tell the story and you can judge.

The morning for our trip arrived and I arose quietly so as not to awaken the rest of the household and went to a restaurant where we were to meet. Upon my arrival I found my two companions waiting for me and we soon made away with our hot coffee, ham, etc., and were on our way to the banks of the beautiful Rogue, as happy and gay a trio as ever started out for a day's sport.

At the river we found our boatman ready for us with a nice dry boat and plenty of bait, I mean salmon eggs) and soon we were floating down the river, fishing as we went, but on our way to the mouth of the Applegate River where we expected to do the most of our fishing.

Everything was ideal for the trip. My companions told me the water was just right, and soon the sun seemed to realize the importance of the occasion and shot its welcome rays over the mountains and stayed with us throughout the day. The boat had not gotten well out into the stream until we had our hooks baited and in the water ready for the hungry inhabitants. My friend the capitalist was the first to give the signal, "I got 'im." When I looked around his rod was forming a half moon and down the river about one hundred feet from beneath the water was a something making a desperate effort to wrest from my friend his entire outfit. We were in a nervous strain when all at once a beautiful steelhead leaped out of the water at the end of the line and shook himself desperately in an effort to free himself from the hook. When the fish came back to the water with a splash he was still a prisoner, for it seemed that with all his remaining strength he started for the ocean. Presently the rod straightened, the line sagged into the water and a more disgusted look I never saw on a human's face than was displayed by the man who hooked the first fish.

From this time on we were hooking and losing or landing fish all the time. Before noon we were where the Applegate empties into the Rogue. About 1 o'clock we made a fire and after making a pot of coffee we partook of a bounteous lunch. About this time a brother attorney of mine arrived with his automobile to join us in our fishing and to haul us and "the catch" back to town.

The four of us continued our efforts to exterminate the species of fish known as steelhead until the sun began to sink behind the Coast Range and we were aware that we must stop. Tired? Yes, but in a way that makes you love every one and feel that you were glad to be alive. I was elected official counter and as the last steelhead was placed in the sack I called out seventy-three. These fish ranged in weight from one to twelve pounds.

Upon our arrival in town we emptied the sacks of fish on the street and invited all our friends and passersby to help themselves. For several days we were kept busy receiving thanks from the recipients of these beautiful fish.

Thus was I initiated to the sport of winter fishing in Rogue River and when conditions are right I expect to repeat the performance.

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## DEER, FISH AND BIRDS ABOUND

By E. J. WRIGHT, Portland, Oregon.

While certain portions of Oregon seem to be well advertised for the amount of game contained therein, and consequently visited by hundreds of eager sportsmen and lovers of nature every year, there are places in this Oregon of ours so rich in scenic beauty, so full of the wonders of nature, so teeming with game, places of which we hear little or nothing, that the wonder of it is how has it all escaped us?

Big Lake should be the mecca of those ambitious sportsmen who would find new worlds to conquer. This body of water is in the extreme eastern end of Linn County, four miles west of the summit of Cascade Range, which is the dividing line between Linn and Crook Counties, as well as between the Deschutes and Santiam National Forest Reserve. Big Lake is three miles long and a mile across at its



Big Lake, situated in the extreme eastern part of Linn County, Oregon, three miles from summit of Mt. Washington.



widest point. This lake does not receive the waters of any creek nor does it have an outlet, but is fed by the melting snows of adjacent mountains in early summer, after which during the hot days of July and August the waters go down about eighteen inches or two feet, or until checked by the storms of early fall.

The lake is very deep and as the water is as clear as crystal one can see down to great depth, and the trunks of giant trees standing straight up are plainly visible, indicating that where the lake now is a forest once stood.

A few years ago the Fish and Game Department planted 8000 Eastern Brook trout in this lake, and I want to say if there are any doubting Thomases who think the fish hatcheries are not a good asset and not worthy of their support, they should give this and surrounding lakes the "once over" and be satisfied, for these lakes have had a chance to show what the hatcheries really can do and are literally teeming with these big red-meated gamy fish in a country comparatively virgin as far as sportsmen are concerned.

With the exception of a few people in "prairie schooners" going over the Santiam road, which skirts the north end of the lake, I don't believe more than half a dozen regular fishermen visited this lake all last season, and those that did were well repaid, even down to the most exacting nimrod.

The beautiful lake in the accompanying picture, which shows Mt. Washington standing sentinel two miles away, is Patjen's Lake number three. It was dynamited this last summer by a game hog. After a careful examination not a single live fish could be found where before the lake was well stocked with Eastern Brook trout, planted by the Fish and Game Commission. A pity it is that these lakes should be so isolated on account of being so little known as to make these pilferers almost immune.

Nor is the finny tribe the only lure which this region affords. There is plenty of deer and scads of grouse and quail, as well as black bear, which are fairly numerous and are to be found in the huckleberry patches which abound. Ducks inhabit the lakes and raise their broods, although not in considerable numbers. One interesting occurrence this last summer was the presence of a large number of sea gulls, though why they should be so far inland or at such an altitude I do not know.

Big Lake is situated on a 6,000 foot contour of the Cascade Range and is within the Santiam National Forest Reserve, with Belknap Crater and the Three Sisters on the south and Three-Fingered Jack and Mt. Jefferson on the north. As has been stated, Big Lake is immediately on the Santiam road with Cascadia Springs 45 miles to the west and Redmond, the nearest point to the railroad, 45 miles to the east. An auto stage runs daily between Redmond and Sisters, at which latter place conveyances can be arranged for at a very nominal sum.

Nature has been kind to this region and lavish in her coloring, and to him who knows Mother Nature at first hand, who has a speaking acquaintance with things found in wild places, to the man with a camera, I would say that such a beautiful combination of forest, lake and mountain invites you in particular. A trip once made and you will be glad for it. It is nature's reward.

## EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN ADVOCATED

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE, Baker, Oregon.

The money expended by the Oregon Fish and Game Commission at the various hatcheries and State Game Farm has in my opinion been of double value. In the first place it has supplied the need of restocking our hills and streams and secondly and of greater importance is the fact that it has brought the sportsmen nearer to the officials in charge of the enforcement of the game laws and in place of the old feeling of persecution it has brought about cooperation in the matter of better protection for game of all kinds.

The reorganization of the fish and game department a few years since and their efforts to make shipments of fish and birds to the remote places of the state tended to make the sportsman feel his responsibility in the matter of taking care of the little birds and fish and not only seeing that they were distributed judiciously in his particular section but that due protection was given them afterward. Rod and gun clubs were organized generally over the state not for the purpose of trap shooting altogether but to have some systematic means of raising money to cover charges of transportation, from the various railroad points, on game sent by the Commission for distribution in the various localities. This also had double value in that every one who became a member, whether he hunted or angled or not, had a personal interest on account of the fact that his money had assisted in distribution and therefore he at once became a booster for better protection.

The idea of an educational campaign to bring about better protection for game throughout the state was indeed a very beneficial move, I am sure. In former times, before the advent of the game license fee, the fund of course was nominal with which the State Game Warden had to be very careful in order to make ends meet as it were and many sections of the country had to get along with very little notice, especially the more thinly settled portions, which is the case in my territory, and if a man was sent out it was with the idea that unless he made a number of arrests his time was short; for this reason he sneaked around making arrests on the least provocation and thereby gaining the enmity of all sportsmen in the section, and was generally looked upon by people as about the lowest type of humanity possible and conditions, relative to better protection, were worse than ever when he got through with a section.

I have worked on another plan, that of making the sportsman know that a game warden should be the servant and not the enemy and that it was the duty of every good sportsman to give information to the warden of flagrant violations. This plan has worked out successfully in my territory and although I have found it necessary to make a number of arrests I have received the information in each instance from another and not "red handed" as it were.

However much better conditions are in my territory I do not take the credit on any particular efforts of my own, as I believe the Commission are directly responsible. To cite an instance will say that there was a Mr. X who had always been a violator of the game laws at all times. Well he had a shipment of Chinese Pheasants liberated on his ranch. I happened to be out there some time afterward and he was taking great interest indeed in them, had fed them all winter and in the meantime suffered a great change of heart, and as near as I can remember the reason he gave was about like this: "I have



always killed game out of season and as you probably know I had very little use for a game warden. Well, when the State sent me these birds I got to thinking the thing over and came to the conclusion that there were certain times in the year when the deer and birds did need protection, if we were going to have any left we would have to stand together on the proposition. I do not believe in some of the laws as regards the open seasons, but perhaps if we all get together we can have it changed a little so it will be a little better for some of the sections anyway as I suppose the legislators will agree to about anything the sportsmen in general want."

He concluded by saying: "Anyway you can depend that I will not cause you any trouble in the future." I thanked him for his promise to aid me and I can truthfully say that he is one of the best protectionists we have in his section of the country now. This is what the shipment of pheasants did for this man and there are probably hundreds of other similar cases where both fry and birds have wrought this change.

The main trouble has been in the past that most people who hunt and fish were in the same position of mind as Mr. X. They did not stop to look at the matter in the right light and that, as an example, if they killed off all the setting hens and cows with young calves what a very poor chance indeed they would have for an increase, or that if they did not protect the game now their children would never have the pleasure of the hunt that had been theirs. Of course there will always be violations of the game laws, nobody can deny that fact, and also some will be excusable, as is in the case of the needy poor, but with the present policy of the Commission conditions will never again be as deplorable as in the past.

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## DOUGLAS COUNTY GAME

By WARDEN J. H. SYKES, Riddle, Oregon.

I am what you would call a fawn in the game department, but I am pleased to note that the people of southern Douglas are taking an interest in game protection. We have a great many deer here, and the people are beginning to get wise to the fact that in order to have plenty of deer they have got to give them protection.

Mountain quail are plentiful in the hills south of Riddle, and I also ran onto a nice covey of Hungarian Partridges. I found them on very high ground in the brush. I was of the opinion that they would stay in the fields. I also find in my travels along the South Umpqua and its tributaries that the people are very much pleased with the way the fish are getting through the fishway at Roseburg. They say they have seen more salmon in the south river in the last year than have been seen in years.

The predatory animals seem to be more plentiful in some localities than before, especially the coyote, and I believe that the coyote is as bad at killing fawns as the wild cat.

I notice that there are a great many persons asking for permits to keep deer in captivity. Now if they have any idea how much bother, especially the bucks, are, there would not be so many asking for permits.

## YAMHILL COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN O. B. PARKER, McMinnville, Oregon.

On November 17 Mr. William L. Finley, State Biologist, arrived in McMinnville at the request of the sportsmen of this community and as a guest of the Rod, Gun, and Commercial Clubs of this city, to give an illustrated lecture with the aid of moving pictures on the wild bird and animal life of Oregon. Also showing a very interesting film on the propagation of salmon.

Mr. Finley gave two illustrated lectures, one in the afternoon to an audience of about six hundred school children and one in the evening to a large audience of the citizens of McMinnville. The children were very much interested in the films, showing the taming of, and the providing of homes for the birds. It is the universal opinion that Mr. Finley's pictures were the best of their kind ever exhibited in McMinnville.

The object of Mr. Finley's pictures and lectures was for educational purposes and plainly demonstrated the necessity of preserving the song birds, game birds and animals of our state. They also brought us in contact with their lives and habits, as well as convincing us of their true value to mankind.

The school children and citizens of McMinnville have a warm place in their hearts for Mr. Finley and his work, and all believe that more can be accomplished in this manner, for the protection of our dumb friends than in any other way.

We recognize the fact that the Fish and Game Commission is carrying on a great work, and are pleased to note that they have two of as capable men as Mr. William L. Finley to take charge of the Biological Department, and Mr. Carl D. Shoemaker in the capacity of State Game Warden.

The open season on upland birds has been a very successful one for the sportsmen of this locality, many of the hunters getting the bag limit, especially of Chinese Pheasants. In passing through the fields since the close of the season, I have noticed that there are many of these birds left and the prospect is good for the coming year. It is no uncommon thing to see beavies of these pheasants ranging from eight to fifteen birds and sometimes more. There has been a greater number of deer killed by the hunters of this county this season than for several years and among them some very large deer. The protection of these birds and animals has undoubtedly increased the game in this section, by so doing added much to the pleasure of the sportsmen.

During the month of November, Charles Siedel, of Bald Mountain, trapped two coyotes, and Lewis Dey, of Meadow Lake, also captured one in the same way November 20th.

Coyotes are known to destroy many fawns and claimed by some to even kill the full-grown deer. Therefore it is advisable to encourage the trapping of these animals, as well as all others that are known to destroy our game.

Up to the present writing the boys of this vicinity have succeeded in trapping about five hundred Bob White quail which have been shipped to the State Game Farm to be liberated in the different sections of the state, where there are none of these birds. They will be replaced here with California or Little Valley Blue Quail, which do well in this locality. Those that were liberated in this county the past two seasons are increasing rapidly and promise to be an interesting game bird.

## WHERE ARE THE ELK?

By WARDEN BEN S. PATTON, Estacada, Oregon.

Between thirty-five and fifty years ago, according to old settlers of this locality, elk were still plentiful all along the Cascade Mountains between the Columbia and Santiam Rivers. Even as late as twenty-five years ago they were still rather numerous in a few localities; but, like, the buffalo, went fast when they began to disappear. Some of these settlers who are acquainted with the history of the wild game think they were not all killed off—that they migrated to other parts of the country; that their coming in contact with civilization so disturbed their habits of life that the bands dwindled down and died off, etc. But on close analysis it is evident that they were about all killed off by hunters, whether white hunters or red, or both. These were about the years when the modern repeating rifles began to come into general use, and placed in the hands of men whose only idea of sport was to kill all the game they could without restriction, they were deadly to the wild game of the woods. The use of these modern rifles, too, seemed to bring another class of hunters into the woods—men whose habits of hunting were destructive to the game, and with a thirst for killing that was hardly known in the days of the old muzzle-loading guns.

When the elk come to be extensively hunted they scattered over the mountains singly and in small bands and were soon hunted down and killed. A good example of how many of the bands as well as single roving elk were killed off is shown by a case that happened 12 or 15 years ago in what is known as the Pike's Peak country, along the high divide between the Clackamas and Santiam watersheds. At one of the lakes in that region located in a deep basin-like area three hunters ran across a band of 17 elk. When the elk got sight of the hunters they stampeded and started up over a steep burned-over ridge in an exposed position. These hunters began shooting and killed 13 of the band before they got out of range. Not even the hides of these animals were taken; but they tried to pack out a little of the meat, which spoiled before they reached home. Mr. Edwin Bates, who lived on Salmon River, a tributary of the Sandy, in the early '70s, told of a band of 14 that were killed in that locality, in a like wanton manner. These are only two of many of such acts that were committed, but they are typical of the way in which the elk of the Cascades were reduced to only a few remnants of their former numbers.

But a point that is of interest at present, and will be in the future, in dealing with this problem, is that this region the elk roamed over is still in the wild state so far as it affects these animals. The mountains with their canyons, lakes and streams, timber and natural surroundings are still there. The only reason the elk and deer—the animals nature has bred up to go with such a region—are not there is because they have been destroyed; and not because of anything in the way of development or of reduction of their natural range that made it impossible for them to exist. When one gets into the rough part of the foothills and mountains, settlement ceases, for the reason that the country is too rough for anything like agriculture to be practicable to any extent. Much of it will remain about as it is indefinitely, with the exception of more and better trails that will make it more accessible. The wild life that nature has adapted to such country should be preserved; it will double the attractiveness of such a region to the people of the state. The Pacific Coast elk are the



largest and finest specimens of the American elk, and they are intensely picturesque and interesting animals in the woods. Every effort should be made to save what are left and increase their numbers.

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## BLUE CANYON CAMPING GROUND

By WARDEN EDGAR WALKER, Medford, Oregon.

Blue Canyon is a beautiful spot in Jackson County that is seldom ever mentioned, but to my notion it is one of the best places for a summer camping trip in this part of the state, on account of the splendid fishing, hunting, fine scenery and the abundance of huckleberries.

Blue Canyon is situated in the Crater Lake National Forest Reserve, on the headwaters of the south fork of the Rogue, about four miles north of Mt. McLaughlin. The canyon is about fifty-five miles from Medford and can be reached by auto or wagon to within five miles, the balance of the way by pack horse over good trail. This canyon has thirteen lakes, ranging from one to two miles in length and from one-fourth to three-fourths mile in width. There is fine fishing in most of the lakes, the fish running from one to six pounds, and are of the Rainbow and Steelhead specie.

Island Lake, the largest of these numerous bodies of water, has an island in the center of about sixty acres, which affords a great breeding place for deer, as they are protected from predatory animals. To enjoy the fishing best one should take along a canoe or boat, as there are no boats in the lake and the rafts that are left there during the winter months become watersoaked and can only be used one season.

The fish in these lakes reach them during the high water by coming up Rogue River. This is becoming more difficult each year, as the outlets are becoming filled up with drift wood. I am of the opinion that the lakes should be kept stocked with trout, to keep the fishing as it should be in the future.

The camper who travels by saddle and pack horse is always glad to find good feed for his animals, and this can be done at this place, as there are a number of glades of from ten to forty acres in extent. Once the saddles are off and the horses turned loose, they never leave.

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## A REAL RABBIT DRIVE

By WARDEN J. W. WALDEN, La Grande, Oregon.

Thinking that a description of our big rabbit drive that took place on Sunday, December 12th, might be of some interest to the readers of The Sportsman, will try and give a few details of same.

The Wing, Fin and Fleetwood Gun Club of La Grande was invited by the North Powder Rod and Gun Club of North Powder, Oregon, to take part in a big rabbit drive, which was pulled off on the Telocaset plains.

About 40 of the Wing, Fin and Fleetwood Club were met at the train by the North Powder Gun Club, and were immediately taken by

teams to the Telocaset plains, where the hunters were placed in skirmish line, and the hunt began. In all there were about 100 in line and the constant rattle of shotguns was not only deafening, but such as to lay low about 2000 rabbits. Men on horseback and with wagons followed to pick up the choicest victims. About 1000 rabbits were brought back to North Powder.

At noon coffee, sandwiches, pies and other good things were served by the North Powder Club. After the hunting was over, the hunters were entertained at a fine banquet by the local club. This was an affair that will be long remembered by all those who were fortunate enough to be present at this banquet.

There were 800 rabbits sacked up by the Wing, Fin and Fleetwood Club and shipped to La Grande and turned over to the Salvation Army, where distribution took place. The finishing touch will be on Wednesday night, December 22, when the big annual "Hassenpfeffer" will be pulled off, with the Wing, Fin and Fleetwood Club as hosts.

I wish to say a few words in praise of the Wing, Fin and Fleetwood Club of La Grande. This club has about 200 members, and every one of them is a live wire, standing strictly for the enforcement of the game laws. They always have their ear to the ground listening for the footsteps of some game violator. This club should be proud of the gentlemen they have selected as their officers, such as L. M. Hoyt, president; Pat Foley, vice-president; A. A. Wentzel, secretary; C. R. Harding, treasurer. These gentlemen never shirk their duty, never say no to anything that is for the benefit of the conditions of the game and fish laws. They are always ready night and day to assist me as Deputy Game Warden of Union County in prosecuting any violator, whoever he may be.



## "BILLY" MEADOWS ELK PASTURE

By WARDEN GEO. W. MITCHELL, Enterprise, Oregon.

Knowing that the people of the state are more or less interested in the elk, that noble animal which is becoming less every day, I will endeavor to give the readers of The Sportsman an account of my recent visit to what is known as the Oregon Elk Pasture, or more familiarly called the "Billy Meadows Pasture."

In company with Mr. Marion Jack, a member of the State Fish and Game Commission, we left Enterprise on October 14th for the Elk Pasture to investigate the condition of the fence and also to count the elk. The pasture is located about 45 miles northeast of Enterprise in what is known as the Chesnimis country. The pasture is very broken with bunchgrass ridges and lodgepole thickets of a very dense nature, which furnishes fine feed for the elk in winter until the snow becomes too deep. This timber is covered with a heavy growth of moss, which the elk delight to feed on. The pasture is two miles square and contains 2560 acres and is surrounded by an eight-foot fence.

On October 15th, Mr. Jack and I made a trip around this pasture and found that the fence needed some repairing. The next day we

started out to find the elk. It is no small task to find 56 elk in a pasture the size of this one. However, we succeeded in finding 28 elk that afternoon, the largest herd having 15 head—13 cows and two bulls. They are all doing fine. The increase in calves this past year was 17, which is pretty good. There were 28 head liberated in this pasture four years ago and now we have 56 head.

On November 15th I started from the J. T. Steen place with three four-horse loads of hay for the pasture, to be used in feeding the young elk. The roads were very bad and the snow was from ten to twenty inches deep. We left Steen's at 7 a. m., and did not get nine miles that day. It snowed and blowed all day and we did not stop until 9 o'clock that night.

The next day we had 11 miles to go to reach the pasture, and it was still snowing, the snow by this time being from two to three feet deep. We arrived at the pasture at 6 p. m. that night, wet and cold.

The hay taken into the pasture is to be used to feed the young elk, while the State Fish and Game Commission is capturing them and preparing to ship them to some other part of the state to be liberated. I have just completed corrals to be used in capturing the elk. There are three corrals, one large one to be used in feeding, and one smaller inside of the larger to be used for capturing the calves, and one just on the outside to be used to hold the elk until they are ready to ship.

I left there for Enterprise on December 10th. I had to go about a mile and a quarter through the pasture on my way out to the south gate, and in traveling that distance I counted 33 elk in different herds. They are quite tame.

I have not been able to cover my district thoroughly as yet, as I have had my appointment as warden only a little over two months and have been very busy at the elk pasture a good share of the time, but where I have been able to visit the game seems to be very plentiful—deer and grouse being the most plentiful. Not many bag limits were reported during the past season on account of the extremely dry weather.

We have liberated quite a number of Chinese pheasants in Wallowa County in the past year and they are all doing fine; also, we have a goodly number of Bob White quail and some California quail. With good protection we should have a regular sportsmen's paradise here in a few years.





## GRANT COUNTY FAIR EXHIBIT

One of the main attractions in the exhibit line at the Grant County Fair, held at Canyon City in October last, was the display made by the State Fish and Game Commission, through the personal efforts and under the direction of Deputy Game Warden I. B. Hazeltine of that district.

The Grant County Journal, in its write-up of the Fair, said of the exhibit:

"The State Fish and Game Commission has an exhibition that alone is worth making the trip to John Day to see. There is a fine assortment of birds of the state, with information as to which of them are of value and should be protected, and which are destructive and should be destroyed.

"One of the most interesting things in this department is the showing of fish and eggs, displaying the manner of the growth of trout, from the egg through eyeing period and up to the time that the fish are several inches in length. There are also a number of Hazeltine's bullfrogs on display, as well as Rainbow, Cutthroat and Eastern Brook trout."

Warden Hazeltine, who is charged with the duty of protecting the game birds, animals and fish in Grant, Baker and Harney Counties, is to be commended for the energy displayed in gathering together and arranging the exhibit, which was by no means no small undertaking.

The idea of making an exhibit of this kind originated with Mr. Hazeltine, and was so successful that the State Fish and Game Commission will probably adopt the same as a means of reaching the people of the state through the medium of the different county fairs in the campaign of education that it is endeavoring to carry out.

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## FAVORS REWARD ON VIOLATORS

By JOHN B. HAMMERSLEY, Gold Hill, Oregon.

A deputy state game warden has repeatedly asked me to write The Oregon Sportsman, giving my opinion on the protection and propagation of game and game birds in Southern Oregon.

During the summer of 1893 I started from Gold Hill with a party of three men on a hunting and prospecting expedition through the mountains of upper Pleasant Creek, Grave Creek, and following down Evans Creek to its confluence. I have recently visited the same sections, and am now cabined and writing this article at Willow Flat on Evans Creek, noted throughout the state as a great deer country.

Twenty-two years, reader, has brought many changes in the game conditions of this locality. There are yet to be found deer, but in my opinion not 50 per cent remains in comparison to my first visit in 1893. Hunters and predatory animals have caused the deficit. Can it be remedied? Yes. How? By closing the hunting season at intervals in small districts throughout the state, which will not materially affect the sale of hunting licenses, thereby allowing the game to breed and multiply unmolested at least by man. Deputy wardens could mark boundaries while patrolling these districts, thus saving the state extra cost of same.



John B. Hammersley of Gold Hill, Oregon, with dogs and three cougars killed in September.

In my opinion the State Fish and Game Commission should place a standing reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of violators, and when convicted, instead of a fine of \$25, make it from \$100 to \$500 with imprisonment, play no favorites, with no remitting fines, pay bounties on predatory animals sufficient to cause extermination, change past methods of protection, cause the deputy game wardens to do more patrolling in the districts in which violations are being committed, and note results.

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## JACKSON COUNTY DEER HUNT

By GENE M. INGRAM.

I have before me the October number of *The Oregon Sportsman*, and finding it so full of real interest, I cannot but commend your able editorial staff for the excellent manner in which it is gotten up. Let the good work go on, and ere long you will have the hearty co-operation of every Oregon sportsman in a more substantial way than mere words.

There are few people today with as much as a gleam of human intelligence but realize that no element is more insistent in making the call to marsh, field and stream than that furnished by our wild life. A single year has not passed during the last eighteen in which I for one have not taken at least one round at fish, birds and big game, all of which are now decidedly on the increase.

During the last five years I have taken my annual deer hunt with my life-long friend and companion, Mr. J. H. Cochran—a better companion and cleaner sportsman cannot be found in the state. During these years we have confined our operations to the territory lying just south of Mt. McLaughlin in Jackson County, making our camp near



the shore of Fish Lake, a beautiful body of mountain water filled with the gamiest of mountain trout. Since our first trip there, Mr. Cochran has erected and equipped, at considerable expense, a snug little hunting cabin that is known as "The Shack."

Last fall Mr. Cochran and I left Medford for our annual hunt at about 4 a. m. on October 1, using his automobile for the first thirty miles to the Farbow ranch on Butte Creek, where we had breakfast, got our saddle horses in readiness and were met by our teamster, George Fry, with the supply wagon. It was not long after breakfast until all was ready, and we mounted our horses and began the last fifteen miles of our journey over the rugged mountain road that leads to Fish Lake, filled with hope and enthusiasm. We had lunch at the McCallister Soda Springs, or rather, a banquet, for such are the lunches that are prepared by Mrs. Cochran. Few people ever have been endowed with the ability and good taste possessed by her for preparing lunches for hungry men.

When we had reached a point about three miles from Fish Lake, J. H. instructed our teamster and sent him on, while we cut through the woods by way of Rye Flat on a preliminary scouting trip for deer. Rye Flat is our favorite hunting grounds and is situated about a mile from and north of "The Shack," at the top of a mountain, the name benign derived because of a little prairie, in which some wild rye-grass grows. Around this mountain is sure the home of the old bucks. On this scouting trip we found plenty of "beds" and big tracks and saw several small deer, so feeling assured of success, we rode on down to "The Shack," where we found Mr. Fry and one of Mike Hanley's cowboys—"Milo Connelly"—preparing dinner. After dinner we engaged in reminiscences, hair-breadth stories and plans for the following day.

The following day we were out of bed, eyes half closed with sleep, at 2:30 a. m. Some early, you will say, but if the reader will recall it was very dry about the first of October, and we thought our chances better in the early morning. After breakfast we rode north of the gentle slope that leads to Rye Flat. Upon reaching the hunting grounds we separated, J. H. going to the west and I to the east. I hunted cautiously, but failed to get my optics fixed on a larger deer than a spiked buck, he being sacrificed with the hope of getting a larger one later. I returned to camp before noon and was joined a little later by J. H., who wore a broad smile on account of having a fine five-point buck tied behind his saddle. He had been fortunate enough to find two big bucks, but was able to only get the one shot. We had seen lots of bear sign and plenty of small deer. Part of the afternoon was spent in fishing, and we succeeded in taking sixteen nice lake trout, measuring from 12 to 16 inches. The evening brought forth its usual quota of thrilling stories.

Sunday being a day of rest, we did not arise until 8 a. m. Then, again, we wanted to be in camp, for another member of our party was to arrive that day, Mr. P. L. Cochran, of Stevensville, Montana. The breakfast dishes were hardly washed, when in stepped P. L., worn and tired from his hard trip, and in possession of the greatest appetite I ever saw in a little man. We finally filled him up, though. This was quite a reunion, we three not having met for many months. As the day drew on we decided to take a little hunt. J. H. took the west side, P. L. the center, and I the east, hunting north toward Rye Flat. This was a real "water haul," no deer being jumped so far as we knew.





Out at 3 o'clock the next morning, with full determination to bring one of those wise gray-nosed boys into camp. We took the same line-up of the previous afternoon, every one to hunt his own way. The sun had just begun to cast its first rays. I had left my horse some little distance away and was resting on a fallen tree, when my attention was attracted by a suspicious noise about eighty yards away. Looking in that direction, I could see the brush moving as though an old buck was horning one of the little trees. I did not have time to gulp my heart down more than twice until there walked out the largest and most beautiful black-tail buck it has ever been my privilege to see. A moment later the lordly old fellow had fallen a prey to my 250-3000 Savage. This deer was a five-point and tipped the scales in Medford five days later at 184 pounds. Mr. Cochran also "connected" with a nice four-point buck, while P. L. got one chance shot and missed. J. H. again took his deer into camp. I left mine to be carried in later. No amount of time had been spent on this morning hunt, so we had time during the day to initiate P. L. in the fishing game. He sure hooked a lot of 'em, but they had a way about them of wriggling off the hook before they came to the net. On arriving at camp again, Milo, who was still with us, reported seeing a large brown bear across the lake. We had agreed, however, not to kill any bear, so little enthusiasm was shown. J. H. didn't care to go out any more that day, so P. L., Milo and myself went back to get the big buck. We had a real scrimmage putting him on the horse, but we finally got him there and fastened a "long" hitch, then Milo took him to camp, while P. L. and I took a little evening hunt. I did not see a deer, but P. L. bagged a dandy forked horn, which we took to camp with us, arriving there quite a while after dark. Every one was happy over the success of the day. Milo got up a fine supper, after which he washed the dishes, got in night wood and a big armful of pitch for morning. The Cochrans and myself sat back with a display of considerable dignity and smoked cigars.

Tuesday was an uneventful day. Although we put forth considerable effort, no big bucks were sighted. Each saw a good deal of fresh bear sign, a few wolf tracks, and a good many small deer. Nothing of real interest, however transpired.

Wednesday we arose at 2:40 a. m., having arranged for our day's hunt on what is known as Dry Creek, about three miles away. Considerable frost was on the ground and the air was actually piercing. We arrived at the Dry Creek burn soon after daylight, and to our joy found plenty of big deer sign. We separated two hundred yards apart and hunted east. J. H. struck an enormous buck track, which he followed until it "blew up," at least he couldn't follow it any longer. He soon found another track and not long afterward I heard his 30-30 ring out with a keen report. Knowing him to be a good marksman, I said under my breath, "Well, that takes John's last tag." P. L. "jumped" several, but failed to see any. I was also having similar luck, when at last I sighted an old fellow that had sighted me first and was stealing through a small opening in an effort to make his way to shelter in a clump of trees just beyond. I had just stepped upon a log at the time, and when I raised my gun to fire my wooden leg slid off and threw me down. This rattled me to some extent, but I quickly regained my equilibrium and fired just before he walked behind a bunch of snow brush. I managed to get over that way, fearful that I might have missed him, but lo and behold! he was there for keeps. This deer was a six-point and is not shown in the picture. He was the fattest deer I have ever killed, the tallow near the rump actually measuring two inches in thickness. By shooting a few signal shots the party was soon together again, P. L. and I finding each other first. A little later we looked across a small burn and saw J. H. with his usual smile, and behind his saddle reposed another big four-point buck.

Everybody in the party was happy, but our spirits were somewhat dampened to learn that J. H. had bruised his leg severely. We reached camp, having now six big fat bucks strung on a pole, and on examining Mr. Cochran's leg, decided to leave for home on the following day, which we did. The six-pointer was given to Mr. Farlow, while the other five are shown in the accompanying picture.

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## COUGAR HUNTING NEAR ALBANY

By WARDEN J. W. METZGER, Albany, Oregon.

A few years ago myself and two others were returning from a deer hunt in the vicinity of Upper Soda Springs on the Soda fork of the South Santiam. Right here I might spend considerable time in explaining the different forks of the Santiam River, but unless the reader had a map before him the explanation would sound like Greek. If you want to get the country straightened out in your mind, get a map from the forestry department showing all the trails, streams, ranges, cabins and about everything else one will want to know—except where you will find the big buck you are seeking or find the best day's fishing.

We started on our homeward journey about the 10th of September, leaving Soda Springs about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at the Canyon ranch about 5 o'clock that evening, where we made camp for the night. While the boys were getting things ready for supper, I cut off a piece of venison and took it to the ranch house



near by, known as the old McKinnon place. One of the McKinnon boys was living there at this time, whom I had not seen for a number of years. When I returned supper was coming along nicely and in a few minutes we were enjoying a feed fit for a king. Venison, flapjacks, potatoes and onions—maybe the bill of fare does not appeal to you, but get out in the open for a few days and eat. Why, you will just poke it down.

After our meal we piled more wood on the fire, and were soon joined by Mr. McKinnon. Things went from bad to worse, each one trying to outdo the other in telling a hunting or fishing story, when finally McKinnon spoke up and said:

"Father and mother moved in here when I was just a boy. I had an older brother who used to hunt a lot, and it was not very long before we boys knew where to find the game. I remember one time when Father came back from a trip to the valley. He brought me a hunting knife a foot or so long, just what I had been wanting. I carried that knife on every hunting trip I went on after that, and thought how I would like to meet a cougar. I thought I could finish him in no time; in fact, I had it all planned out just what would happen to that cougar if I only could meet up with him. One day my brother and a boy who lived up the road and myself went up Moose Creek to "lay out" for deer. We camped about thirty or forty feet back from the creek in a draw, making our beds with our heads toward a big cedar tree. Just beyond our feet was an old fir tree that had fallen down with the top in the creek, so in getting water we would walk down the tree trunk to the creek. Before retiring for the night I went down to the creek for a drink and, lying flat on my stomach, proceeded to satisfy my thirst. As I raised up I heard a thud on the log beside me. I thought first it was the dog we had brought with us and called him by name, but the dog had not followed me. The thought that it was a cougar then entered my mind, and right there and then I changed my mind about ever wanting to meet one with my beloved knife. I hastily started up the log, when I heard the cougar slip off into the brush. Reaching camp, I said nothing, but, crawling into bed, slept with one eye open, expecting every minute to see the cougar put his head over the log. My wait was too long, however, and I finally fell asleep. On opening my eyes in the morning, the first thing I seen was my brother peering over the log and reaching for his gun. I joined him as quickly as I could, but the cougar had gone before he had time to shoot. We soon had our dog on the trail of the cougar, and I don't think it was over ten minutes before we had them up a tree, for there were two cougars instead of one, and we got both."

With the end of the story, some one yawned, and our friend said he would have to be going, so we bid him good-night and turned in to dream about cougars.





## MALHEUR LAKE GAME RESERVATION

By WARDEN F. W. TRISKA, Burns, Oregon.

It might be of some interest to the sportsmen of Oregon to read something about the Malheur Lake game reservation in Harney County. The Malheur reservation is not very well known on account of it being located so far from the railroad, but still Government statistics show that it is one of the best in the United States. This reservation is about thirty miles south of Burns and covers about 80,000 acres, and is an ideal natural refuge for birds of all kinds. A large body of water, surrounded by tules, makes it a wild fowl paradise. There are plenty of "Thrash" fish in this lake for the pelican, carallone, cormorant, tern, blue heron and other birds to feed on.

Malheur Lake is fed by two rivers, the Silvies and the Blitzen, also a large spring on the south side. These two rivers abound with trout higher up in the mountains, where sportsmen get their fishing. This lake is a shallow body of water, varying in depth from two to eight feet. There are about 15,000 swan on the lake now, and during the summer there are thousands of birds nesting on the reservation. The pelicans nest in colonies on an island. There were about 10,000 of them on the reservation this year. Pelicans are increasing since the reservation was created in 1908.

This year, eight permits have been issued to trappers to trap on the reservation, of which seven are trapping. Their combined catch for the month of November was 3700 muskrats and five mink.

On account of low water, hunters from the outside were disappointed in not getting as good shooting this year as usual on the adjoining sloughs.

The Biological Survey Department furnishes a motor boat for the warden, with which he patrols the reservation, also a canoe for the Blitzen River, the channel of which affords a good passage to the main lake. Many visitors this season enjoyed a trip on the lake.

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## EXPERIENCES OF A GAME WARDEN

By WARDEN JAS. H. DRISCOLL, Ashland, Oregon.

October 20, I received word that hunters were flocking to the hills, and that it behooved all game wardens to do likewise. The next morning Warden Edgar Walker, of Medford, and I started for Snow Shed Camp via Butte Falls. The first day out we made Butte Falls, and as it was too late to make camp, put up at the hotel. As Mr. Walker had put in several years at Butte Falls in charge of lumbering interests for Edgar Hofer, we found ourselves perfectly at home, and were soon listening to the many things that go to make up the sum of life in the small town. Right here I wish to say that one cannot fail to be impressed with the energy of a people who have literally carved a town out of the wilderness. They have built a good hotel, stores, dwellings, sidewalks, installed a water and light system, and last but not least, erected a beautiful school building that will be a credit to the town for many years to come.

Here is where the Fish and Game Commission have promised to build a hatchery, and this proposed hatchery has aroused the keenest interest in all that pertains to the work and wishes of the commission.

Returning hunters told us the gossip of the hills and the conditions we should find, and it is needless to say that we found things exactly as represented. Thus it was that the citizens of Butte Falls made a "hit" with me.

We "pulled out" bright and early the next morning. The road wound among the hills and through the tall pines. Jack Frost had touched the maple and Oregon grape, and the sun shining upon them brought out their truly wonderful colorings. We arrived at Snow Shed Camp about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and struck camp. We found a party of three hunters already there, one of whom was Chris Beale, old-time game warden, hunter and trapper. Around the campfire that evening he told us many tales of bygone hunting days, cougar hunts, bear hunts, and pointed out the spot where they had killed a famous old grizzly many years ago. The next morning we were awake long before daylight. Beale and party were preparing for a deer hunt, Walker and I to visit some of the various other camps.

Snow Shed Camp is situated some seven or eight miles west of Mt. Pitt, and it has all the requisites of a good camp, plenty of horse feed, wood close at hand and the best water I have ever drank. For the person who loves the beautiful in nature, I know of no more beautiful setting. Sunrise and sunset on Mt. Pitt present equal charms for beauty. In the morning you can see the first sunbeams gilding the top, gradually showing more and more until the whole mountain is flooded with light. In the evening you can watch the shadows climbing higher and higher, until only the highest point is bathed in sunlight, and with the passing of that one bright spot you find that darkness has come. To the hunter or camper who finds joy in material things, deer abound. And just west of camp, amid the pine burns, you will find acres and acres of the finest wild blackberries. When blackberry time has passed one can travel east a few miles, until he crosses the divide and drops down into Blue Canyon, with its myriad of pretty lakes. Here he can find fair fishing, and when tired of fishing he can find plenty of huckleberries to pick.

We left our camp about 7 a. m. and started to make the rounds of the various hunters' camps. The first day out little of interest occurred. The next day we started for Camp 76, on Four-Bit Creek. As we were riding through the timber we heard several shots down on the brakes near the creek, and as this was known to be a "Doe Country," we instantly jumped to the conclusion that some hunter was trying for camp meat. As we were near the camp, we concluded to go over and see who were camped there. We found two camps. One of the parties had just arrived. Dropping down to the camp, found Mr. Warner and Jack Tungit hard at work getting their camp straightened out. We inquired if they had heard any shooting, and they told us that Mr. Hutchins had left the wagon at the ford and was making his way to camp along the creek bottom. Shortly afterward Mr. Hutchins came into camp. His hands and hunting coat were covered with blood, and in the pockets of his hunting coat were the heart and liver of a small deer. Mr. Hutchins showed considerable surprise at our presence, and remarked that we had caught him "red-handed." He remarked further that he had killed a spiked buck lower down on the creek and had come in to get the other boys to help him carry it in. By this time suspicion was rife within us, and Hutchins' most innocent remarks were construed as evidences of guilt. Telling the boys that we must be on our way, we started back over the same route we had come. As soon as we were hidden from the camp we compared notes, and as both had concluded Hutchins



had killed a doe, we started for the ford. There we found where Hutchins had left the others. With infinite patience, we followed his wanderings until we found where he had made the "kill." Hidden away in the ferns and fir boughs we found a beautiful little spiked buck, just as he had told us. By this time it was lunch time, and we sought a little spring from which the cold water trickled and proceeded to eat our lunch. After resting a short time, Walker picked up his gun, remarking, "We had better be going, Jim." In almost the same breath he whispered, "There's a big buck!" By this time the buck was in motion, and as he passed through an open space in the woods, we both fired and at the report of the guns down came the buck. He proved to be a beautiful four-pointer, known to every one who hunts in that vicinity as a "Bench Leg." We weighed him later and found that he dressed 185 pounds. We examined his bed and found that he had been lying within forty feet of us during the time we were eating our lunch. This proved conclusively to us that occasionally a buck will be found in the most pronounced doe country.

We spent the remainder of the season patrolling the country for miles around. Twice we made long hard trips, locating hounds which we had heard baying far up on Mt. Pitt. In both instances we found they had been running bear and the owners of the hounds were able to produce the bear. On the evening of the 30th it began raining, and on the morning of the 31st we started for home. About four miles from camp we unhitched, hobbled our horses, and turned them loose, while we culled the country to see how many does and fawns we could see. In about two hours we counted 35 does and fawns and one buck. I took a shot at the buck, but for some "unaccountable" reason made a clean miss. About 2 o'clock we made another start and reached Butte Falls late that evening and Medford the following afternoon.

Since we were in that section the storms have come and driven the deer down. About two weeks ago Chas. Love, a friend of ours, en route from the Pelican Bay logging camp to Medford, passed over the same ground and without leaving the trail counted more than 100 deer, mostly does and fawns.

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## BALD EAGLE IS KILLED

By WARDEN W. O. HADLEY, The Dalles, Oregon.

Two Pendleton hunters, Edward Harlow and Fred Stickler, while on a hunting trip after geese near Blalock, Oregon, killed a large bald eagle in a rather peculiar way. They had put out their decoys on the high bluff and were waiting for the geese to make their evening flight from the grain fields to their resting place on the Columbia River. As it was early for the geese to come in, the men were not paying any attention to their decoys, but hearing a noise in that direction and looking that way, much to their surprise they saw a large bald eagle alight near their decoys, no doubt attracted by them. They shot the eagle and carried it back to Pendleton with them to show the superiority of Pendleton-made decoys.

On a high rock island, just below the resting bar near Blalock, for several years two eagles have made their headquarters during the time the geese are on the Columbia River, and several times during the night, if you are within a mile of the island, you will hear the whole band of geese set up an awful roar when the eagles fly in among them to capture one. As this bar in the Columbia is one of the favorite resting places for geese, I think these eagles should be killed.



## DEER ARE VERY PLENTIFUL

By SPECIAL WARDEN VIRGIL L. POWELL, Vernonia, Oregon.



Picture of seven months old pet deer saved from being killed by dogs by Special Warden Virgil L. Powell.

During the time I have been serving as a deputy game warden, which is about 18 months, I have spent considerable time in the protection of deer from dogs, mostly in the vicinity of which I live. This I consider to be one of the most important laws in all the game laws. In fact, the only arrest I have made during the term of my office has been for running or hunting deer with dogs.

About 18 months ago, when I first began the work of protecting the deer from dogs, I would say that not more than 10 or 15 deer were left in the township where I am located, being township 5 north of range 4 west, Columbia County, near Pittsburg. At that time hounds could be seen or heard running deer every week in the year. Now hunters use their dogs several miles distant from this place, and what they do not kill they drive over to my township, where they find protection. And I would say at this time that the deer have increased in this township in the past 18 months from 10 or 15 to, I would say, anyway 50 or 75 deer.

The deer have become quite tame within the past year. I have counted a number at different times from May 1 to August 20 browsing in my field, and would scarcely run from me.

The most of these, however, were does which had fawns or soon would have.

During the past 20 months I have taken three deer away from hound dogs in the Nehalem River, which would have soon been killed by the dogs. Two of these deer died soon afterward from being pursued by these dogs and getting hurt. The third one, which I took away from dogs, I got in the Nehalem River near Pittsburg on June 11, 1915. This was a little fawn, scarcely a week old. This I brought home and raised on a bottle, and still feed on the bottle up to this writing. He runs with the cows during the day and follows them in the barn during the night.

Certainly no hunter would hunt deer with dogs if he had gone through the experience with a deer such as I have this one.

Some of these hunters using dogs assert that they cannot get deer in this brushy country without using dogs. This is just the country where dogs should not be used, as it makes the deer so wild that when the hunter who does not use a dog goes out after a deer when the season opens up, is unable to get even a shot at one, for the least little noise, the deer are so scared they are off to the thick brush. And should every hunter use a dog, which should be fair if the other hunter does, the deer in this state would be a thing of the past in a very short time.

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### **THIS IS A DEER STORY.**

Last Thursday afternoon as Herman Messenger happened to look toward Silver Creek from the window at Eastman Bros. garage he saw a full grown doe rise in the air and shoot over the dam just above the bridge. She swam as pretty as you please right down under the steel bridge and on over the lower falls and out of sight.

The deer was seen by others farther up the stream, but Mr. Messenger was the only one to see it glide through town.

Some years ago, a deer came over about the same route and took refuge in a clump of willows near Dr. Blackerby's dental office. Henry Grazer, then a young man full of life and vigor climbed out over the bank and lassoed the deer. The deer was then taken to the home of Joe Moser and placed in a small enclosure with a high fence, one that Joe said no living animals could scale. The deer, when liberated, walked to the center of the arena, looked around, collected its senses, let out a snort and over the fence it went without the least trouble and bounded away. Joe said well I'll be d-d-d-d-doggoned if I ever thought a living animal could jump that fence. No one has bobbed up and claimed that this was the same deer.—Silver Appeal.

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### **USELESS HORSE BRINGS \$93.50.**

J. C. Oliver & Sons, prominent stockmen of the John Day Valley, have in the past suffered considerable loss in their flocks on account of predatory animals and more particularly the coyote. Mr. Herman Oliver, foreman, hearing of the success of the method of poisoning introduced as an experiment by the U. S. Forest Service, recently determined to try it out. He selected a favorable spot near the home ranch, killed an old horse for bait and scattered the poison in the manner specified and awaited results. To date the "set" has been made not to exceed three weeks and he has been successful in taking seventeen coyotes. With the \$3.00 bounty and an additional \$2.50 for the hide it brings the total of \$5.50 for each coyote, or a grand total of \$93.50, which is considered a mighty good price for the horse. So Mr. Oliver thinks, outside of the fact that he has also prevented further loss to the flocks by ridding the hills of these predatory beasts.

## ROD AND GUN CLUB NOTES

(Editor's Note—The secretary of every Rod and Gun Club and Game Protective Association in Oregon is asked to contribute a short article to this department. All the publicity possible should be given the work carried on by the clubs. Make this department a mirror, reflecting the activities of your club in protecting the wild animal, bird and fish life of the state.)

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Sherwood, Oregon, January 8, 1916.

Mr. Carl D. Shoemaker,  
State Game Warden,  
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

I thought perhaps you would be interested to know what the Sherwood Rod and Gun Club is doing. The club has 140 members now, and during the past week has fed the game and song birds for miles around Sherwood. Besides this work, done by the members in town, the officers have phoned members and friends living in the country, urging them to do the same.

I am sending a photo that will give you better idea of how the committee is working. Yours truly,

H. L. GRAY,  
Deputy Game Warden.

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## CORVALLIS ROD AND GUN CLUB

Corvallis, Oregon, December 7, 1915.

The Oregon Sportsman,  
Portland, Oregon.

By request of your very efficient deputy, Mr. C. C. Bryan, I am sending you a few items about our Rod and Gun Club. We now have 55 members in good standing. Although we are only a little over two years old, we have done considerable toward the protection and propagation of game and fish.

This year we have planted two cars of trout fry, and with what we have planted in the past, makes Benton County one of the best counties in the state for the fishermen. During the open season the dozens of sportsmen come in with a good creel, speaking well for the Fish and Game Commission, for if it was not for the efforts the state makes to keep our streams well stocked, our nearby streams would be depleted. From all reports the fry has made a splendid growth, and there seems to have been very little violation of the fishing law the past season. Yours very truly,

CORVALLIS ROD AND GUN CLUB.



## SHERWOOD ROD AND GUN CLUB

Mr. Carl D. Shoemaker,  
State Game Warden, Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

The following is the report of the organization of the Sherwood Rod and Gun Club:

One hundred forty men signed up for membership in a Rod and Gun Club, with headquarters at Sherwood, at a meeting held for that purpose on Tuesday evening, December 14. This meeting was a continuation of one held a week previous, at which time Mr. Harry L. Gray, deputy game warden, outlined the plan and purpose of such a club, and assisted in interesting the local sportsmen in the organization.



Starting Out to Feed the Pheasants Near Sherwood

Enthusiasm marked the meeting, and every man present became a member. No name has yet been selected for the club, this detail being left until the next meeting, to be held Tuesday, December 20.

Officers chosen were: President, J. H. Morback; vice-president, Dan Hough; secretary, Roy S. Blodgett, and treasurer, C. I. Calkins. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, which will be submitted to the club at its next meeting.

A feature of the meeting was the fact that nearly all sections of the Tualatin Valley were represented, showing the intense interest in this locality in the protection of fish and game. Those who are familiar with organizations of this kind are most optimistic over the prospects for a large club, and say it only remains for a little work to bring the membership roll up to several times the number who have already joined.

This infant among sportsmen's clubs solicits the suggestions and advice of the State Fish and Game Commission; also the assistance and co-operation of older clubs of the state, to the end that we may get off on the right foot and make the affair a success, for our own good as well as that of the great principle of fish and game protection and propagation. Very truly yours,

ROY S. BLODGETT,  
Secretary.

## HALFWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB

Contributed by Rod and Gun Club of Halfway, Oregon.

Mr. A. V. Lansing, president of the Halfway Rod and Gun Club, of Halfway, Baker County, Oregon, recently noticed an account in an Eastern newspaper of the taking of a sturgeon, which weighed some four hundred pounds, with tackle consisting of a half-inch rope, which, according to the newspaper, was considered some feat, but Mr. Lansing boasts of an individual experience which he thinks will eclipse the above story and relates the following, which he can substantiate by photographs and eye witnesses.

Mr. Lansing was residing at the town of Copperfield some two years ago, which is situated in Baker County on the bank of the Snake River. He and his wife decided one day that they would try for sturgeon and accordingly fitted up a tackle for the occasion, consisting of some two hundred feet of ordinary carpenter's chalk line, to which three No. 10-0 hooks were attached some two or three feet apart on the end of the line. They started out after dinner and soon came to a favorable looking place, where they proceeded to throw out their line. After only a short wait they had a "strike," and within ten minutes had succeeded in landing a sturgeon weighing over three hundred and twenty-five pounds and measuring nine feet and one inch in length. The fish had taken the top hook and in the struggle the other two had been broken off, but had been picked up again and were tangled in the line some distance from the one he had seized. Mr. Lansing is willing to give all due credit to his wife for her assistance, as she took care of the slack line during the various rushes and kept the tangles out, which otherwise might have resulted in the loss of the fish. It happened to be near the railroad at this point and was hauled into Copperfield on a hand car, and after being viewed by envious eyes, was cut up and divided among the many friends of the Lansings there.

Mr. Lansing further states that he tested the strength of the line with some spring scales he happened to have, and after various tests it always broke at not to exceed a thirty-five pound pull.

Hood River, Oregon, January 8, 1916.

## "PROTECT FEMALE PHEASANT" SAYS WARDEN

By WARDEN ROY BREMMER, Salem, Oregon.

Sportsmen who hunted Chinese Pheasants in Marion and Polk Counties the past season have enjoyed the best sport they have had for a number of years. There were more pheasants killed in this district this past season than for a number of years, and the number of birds that escaped the hunters are very few. If there is not some restrictions placed on hunting the female Chinese Pheasant during the coming season, it will be but a short time before this bird will be one of the past. As the law is at the present time, it is very hard to enforce with regard to the female pheasant. The only way that this bird can hold out is to protect the female at all times.

During the year ending December 1, 1915, I have made 32 arrests for violating the game laws in Marion and Polk Counties, and as a result there have been 27 convictions.



## HOOD RIVER ASSOCIATION NOTES

Mr. Carl D. Shoemaker,  
State Game Warden.

Dear Sir:

I am pleased to advise that the annual meeting of the Hood River County Game Protective Association was held January 4th, at which time we held our election of officers, as follows:

D. McDonald, president; H. Garrabrant, vice-president; Alva L. Day, secretary; A. J. Derby, treasurer; O. H. Rhoades, J. B. Hunt and Sol J. Spear, trustees.

We had a very profitable meeting and took in seven new members. We are causing more interest to be taken along these lines than has been taken heretofore.

The protection of our bear was brought up and the members recommended by resolution that the bear be protected by a closed season during the months of May, June, July and August. During the summer the bear is valueless for meat or hide and it is a waste to kill them. The members also recommend that the grouse and deer seasons open September 1st.

We have a very good supply of Chinese Pheasants and California Quail, which are demanding our attention at this time. The snow is getting deep enough here to call for feeding the birds. A number of ranchers are feeding the birds on their places. We have provided wheat for some of the birds in the open country and along the river.

Very truly yours,

ALVA L. DAY,  
Secretary.

## 2000 DEER KILLED IN DOUGLAS COUNTY

By WARDEN ORRIN THOMPSON, Roseburg, Oregon.

Referring to the question of the number of deer killed in Douglas County last season, will say that I have given the matter considerable thought and have secured some figures and data on the subject that will without doubt interest the readers of The Sportsman.

When we take into consideration the number of hunters' licenses issued in the county, and the number of hunters from counties and states who hunted in Douglas, and after figuring on the number of deer killed in the localities where I am very familiar with the situation and allowing a reasonable number to every locality where hunting was done, I am quite sure that 2000 is a low estimate. I have also gone into detail in this matter with several men who have a good knowledge of hunting in this county. Some of them said I was too high until we took pencil and paper and began to figure. After that all said the estimate was too low, if anything.

Mr. Guy Ingram and myself spent considerable time going over and making estimates to ascertain the possible number of deer killed. Mr. Ingram is well posted on game conditions in Douglas County.

Prior to the first of November last, licenses were issued in Douglas County as follows: Hunters, 2334; combination, 333; non-resident, 4, making a total of 2671 licensed hunters. Add to this the hundreds who came from the counties outside of Douglas and it will give an



idea of what the bucks were up against. Of course, there were hundreds who did not kill any deer. There were also hundreds who killed the limit—and "then some"—in a good many cases.

We meet some people who tell us it is not worth while to protect the deer, but when you figure the food value of the deer, even at the average of 50 pounds each, it means 50 tons of meat. Surely a good many people must have derived some benefit from them. The people should realize the value of the deer and take more interest in saving them. Too many look upon the killing of a deer simply as sport and give no thought to the value as food. I figure that a big fat buck is worth from \$12 to \$15 to a man with a family as food if he takes proper care of the meat.

I believe a law should be passed forbidding the killing of spiked bucks. They are not wary like the old ones, and are easily killed. I meet a good many hunters with spiked bucks, which I am positive they shot without seeing the horns. I think many an old doe is shot by the hunters, thinking that perhaps it is a spiked buck. If left alone for a year or two the spike would amount to something worth while.

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## BOB WHITE QUAIL PLENTIFUL

By WARDEN S. B. TYCER, Brownsville, Oregon.

A few lines from Linn County, the original home of the famous Chinese Pheasant, might prove of interest to readers of The Oregon Sportsman. At the close of the shooting season last fall there appeared to be left more pheasants in the fields than has ever been known before.

Bob White Quail are becoming very plentiful in Linn County, especially in the eastern portions. The California Quail, liberated in the neighborhood of Brownsville last year, are doing well. It is reported that about fifty of these birds were seen recently on the Montgomery farm. There were twelve of them when they were liberated by the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club.

Sportsmen report one of the poorest deer hunting seasons for many years in this part of the state. On the South Santiam and the Callapooia ranges there were scarcely any deer killed. The chief cause seems to be that the season was extremely dry and warm, and the deer failed to come down from the higher mountains before the season closed.

The gray wolves and cougars, however, have not failed to make their appearance. Reports come to me that the mountains are full of them. Dr. E. W. Howard, of Brownsville, with his famous fox hounds, has within the last year killed sixteen bobcats and six bears. The sportsmen are proud of the Doctor and his dogs. He would like to try the dogs on cougar, but is afraid that the wolves would get hold of them.

Linn County can boast of one splendid fishing stream. It is the Callapooia. Since the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club began restocking this stream three years ago we have had some excellent fishing. All other streams of the county can be brought up to the standard attained by the Callapooia if the sportsmen of the different sections of the county will take the interest in restocking them that this club has.

Everything in this part of the country seems to be running along smoothly. The sportsmen are respecting the laws now more than they have done before.

## PANTHER IN CURRY COUNTY

By WARDEN JOHN F. ADAMS, Agness, Oregon.

There was a big bear harvest in Coos County this season, reports from all sections being to the effect that many were killed. Elmer Miller, of Pistol River, with his fine pack of bear dogs, holds the record so far, with 15 bear to his credit. Bill Coy, of Eucher Creek, has bagged seven with his dogs. Thacker brothers, of Lobster Creek, have trapped five, and there are others too numerous to mention.

Panther appear to be decreasing slowly, fewer being killed this year than ever. The coyotes are working into this country very fast. What effect they will have on the deer we do not know. Undoubtedly they will pick up a good many fawns. At present there is a bounty of \$23 on coyotes in this county, but the country is so rough it is seldom that one is killed.

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## BENTON COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN C. C. BRYAN, Corvallis, Oregon.

There seems to have been a less number of deer killed in Benton County this year than in former years, according to reports from various sources. These facts were not due to the scarcity of deer, as was generally admitted, but rather to the fact that the number of hunters has increased so rapidly in the last few years and the bucks have become more alert.

Hunting was good during open season for Chinese Pheasants. October was an ideal month for bird hunting. Many sportsmen bagged their limit. These birds were hunted so hard that it looked for a time like there would not be one left, but the Chinese Pheasant is a wary old bird, he took to the hills, and from the way he is showing up at the present time there will be enough left for next year's crop. Since the season closed, in the Beaver Creek section, near the foot of the mountains, I saw a goodly number of these birds. On November 29 I counted seventeen Chinese Pheasants in one flock in Pleasant Valley, near the foot of Alsea Mountain. It is very evident to me that these birds were driven from the valley and were seeking protection in the hills.

Up to the present time there has been but a limited number of ducks bagged. There is quite a number of geese being killed in Southern Benton on the grain fields.

In the month of September I spent two days on the line between Benton and Polk Counties, and during those two days it was a surprise to me to note the number of Fan-Tailed Pigeons feeding on cascara berries in this locality. I should judge there must of been between 250 and 300 of these birds.

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## HUNTING WITH AUTOMOBILES PROHIBITED.

Michigan has passed a law prohibiting the use of automobiles in hunting patridges. Indiana has passed a similar law in regard to hunting game near a public highway.

## FISH HATCHERY AT BEND

By WARDEN CLYDE M. MCKAY, Bend, Oregon.

The fish hatchery at Bend this season has stocked the following streams and lakes in Jefferson, Crook and Klamath Counties with Eastern Brook, Rainbow and Steelhead Trout: The Metolius River, Blue Lake, Dark Lake, Suttle Lake, Trout Creek, Dry Creek, Squaw Creek, the Deschutes River at Cline Falls, Bend and above Benham Falls, Tumalo Creek, Tumalo Lake, Sparks Lake, East Lake, Paulina Lake, North and South Twin Lakes, O'Dell Lake and Crescent Lake. The stocking of the above places was done through the co-operation of the sportsmen of Sisters, Redmond, Bend and officials of the Deschutes National Forest.

A great deal of interest has been taken in the hatchery, and although it did not do as well as expected, due to unusual conditions, there is no question as to its success, and every one is anxious to see it in operation after the first of the year.

On behalf of the fishermen the State Fish and Game Commission closed the Deschutes River and tributaries above a point three hundred feet below the confluence of the Metolius and Deschutes River to fishing from December 10, 1915, to April 1, 1916.

Deer hunting was very poor this fall and only a few parties were successful. Duck shooting on the Deschutes and lakes tributary has been the poorest known, and ducks are as hard to find as hen's teeth. Even Silver and Summer Lakes, the duck and goose hunters' paradise for this section, is as bad off.

Reports from the quail and pheasants, which have been put out here during the last year or so, has been very good. Mr. J. N. B. Gerking, of Tumalo, stated that he received six pairs in the fall of 1914 and has at least seventy-five quail now. Prineville and other places give the same results as to the pheasants.

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## TILLAMOOK COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN G. E. LEACH, Tillamook, Oregon.

The duck season opened with fairly good bags.

Geese have not been plentiful on Tillamook Bay, but there are millions on Netarts Bay. This is probably due to the new law which prohibits shooting from any kind of a boat on Netarts Bay.

Snipe (Jack) are seen on Nehalem Bay in flocks of twenty-five to thirty. A party of six bagged their limit in approximately two hours.

I want to note the interest being taken by the farmers in caring for the Chinese pheasants sent here from the State Game Farm and liberated at Fairview. Cyrus Randall, a prominent farmer living at this place, is feeding them in large flocks. The interesting part is to watch them come for their food when he drums on a tin pan with a stick. The pheasants are so gentle they will eat from his hands.

Trout fishing has not been very good of late on account of the extreme high water, but anglers are beginning to have a great deal of sport with the steelheads.

The cougar and bobcats are coming down in the valley early this year. Some cougar have been seen and several bobcats killed.



## WINTER FISHING IN CLATSOP COUNTY

By WARDEN C. W. LOUGHREY, Seaside, Oregon.

Fishing this fall and winter has been remarkably good in all streams throughout Clatsop County. The Necanicum River is the most favored stream by the anglers. There is no doubt in my mind that it furnishes more sport to the anglers than any other stream in Oregon. Through the summer hundreds of anglers can be seen every day whipping the stream. Seaside is the leading summer resort of Oregon, and it is an everyday sight to see men, women and children hiking out for the different streams. The Lewis and Clarke and Youngs Rivers are only six miles from Seaside and both are known for their beautiful trout and salmon. The north fork of the Nehalem River is about twenty miles away, easy to reach by good wagon road, and will compare with any river in the county. Elk Creek is nine miles from Seaside, and is a beautiful stream emptying into the Pacific Ocean. And Indian Creek, close by, is noted for its mountain trout, but is rather difficult to reach.

Clams, crabs and mussels are in abundance; rock cod and sea trout are caught throughout the year. A party here last summer ventured out in a rowboat over the breakers and returned with 400 pounds of different species of deep sea fish of good quality. If a pier were built beyond the breakers then deep sea fishing would flourish. It is a well known fact that halibut banks are close by.

From Warrington to I. N. Fleishner's game and poultry farm, a distance of fourteen miles, there is a chain of lakes which would make the very best frog lakes with plenty of natural feed. I intend to bring this matter before the sportsmen's club here in the near future and expect action to be taken that will finally result in making these lakes famous for their frog fishing.

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## LINCOLN COUNTY A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

By WARDEN W. G. EMERY, Newport, Oregon.

Lincoln County is without a peer among Oregon's counties as a paradise for the hunter and angler. Its streams abound with trout, its bays with salmon, flounders, perch, etc.—fifteen varieties of fish in all—and its hills and forests are the natural breeding grounds for large game such as deer, bear, cougar and bobcats.

While hiking down Canal Creek, one of the tributaries of Alsea River, last October I caught 24 trout from six to ten inches long without stopping long enough to take my pack from my shoulders. I would just turn in at a likely looking place, make a few casts, hook a fish or two and then hike along again.

Alsea River, Drift Creek and the Siletz River are streams without an equal in the Northwest for trout. Yachaats River is also a most excellent stream for angling. While working in that neighborhood last fall I saw a gentleman come into camp with a string of 43 trout that measured from twelve to sixteen inches in length.

As to salmon trolling, Royal Ferr, of Newport, caught 42 Silver-sides just outside the bay this season, and many others also made

large catches. A woman on the upper Alsea River makes a regular business of catching salmon with troll and selling to the cannery.

The tule lands and tideflats on Yaquina, Alsea and Siletz bays, and lower Salmon river, are favorite feeding grounds for wild fowl, and they furnish grand sport for the "scatter-gun" men.

I have no means of knowing the number of deer killed in Lincoln county during the season just passed, but I do know that every party that went into the mountains brought back venison. It is no unusual thing for the ladies to get their venison also. Mrs. Nellie Ryan, of Drift Creek, killed a big buck from the door of her country home last October, and Mrs. L. F. Wilson, of the upper Salmon river, killed three deer during the season and proudly shows her license with the three tags torn off, probably the only woman in the West with such a souvenir of her own prowess.

The best hunting grounds for deer are south and west of Table mountain, Cummings Creek divide, Drift Creek, the Big Elk countries, Schooner Creek, and the headwaters of Salmon River. Any of these localities are easy of access, and a vacation passed at either, if well extended into the deer season, will add ten years of enjoyment to the ardent sportsman.

The farmers and ranchers in this part of the state are kindly and considerate, their prices for accommodations are reasonable and they have a hearty welcome for every one but a game hog. If you belong to the latter class, better stay away, for telephone lines run all through Lincoln county, and a game warden soon gets a tip to wander that way.

A party of five such, with five hounds, the ten of a kind hailing from near St. Johns and down the Columbia, established themselves last season in a cabin near Cummings Creek, turned their stock loose in the pasture of an old man named Sharmer; told him insolently to "go to hell" when he complained of such action; turned their hounds loose and proceeded to run all the deer out of the country. Two days thereafter three game wardens walked into their camp, rounded them up and persuaded them to leave for other parts.

Men of that calibre are not wanted here, but the true sportsman is always welcomed, and can enjoy himself to his heart's content without ever seeing a game warden. The latter will know where you are, but he will also know that you are the right sort. Otherwise the ranchers, who are rapidly learning the lesson of game preservation, will be the first to turn in a complaint of a law violation.

The policy of our present State Game officials in discouraging the snoopy police methods formerly followed, and insisting on working along educational lines, is to my mind responsible for the hearty co-operation I am receiving from men formerly opposed to game wardens and game laws.

Such a policy I truly believe will do more for the protection and preservation of our fish and game than would the woods full of detectives. Such a system followed up for a few years will make all Oregon what Lincoln county is now, a sportsman's paradise.



## MANY ELK IN UMATILLA COUNTY

By WARDEN GEORGE TONKIN, Pendleton, Oregon.

The deer sign in this county indicate that the deer are more plentiful than for the past few years, but fewer deer than usual have been killed in the hunting season of 1915. We had a very dry fall and the bucks seem to be growing more alert and shy. There are few places now that cannot be reached by the automobile parties and more hunters are in the hills each succeeding year.

It is estimated that fifty deer were killed in this county during the past season. Only five hunters were known to have killed the limit; very few got two, and several reported no success at all.

Several hunters from various parts of the county who had seen deer during the season were questioned as to the number and sex of the deer that they had seen and also asked their opinion regarding the hunting laws. The forty-two hunters thus questioned saw four hundred and thirty-four deer; one hundred and thirty-seven of which were deer with horns and the remaining two hundred and ninety-seven were does and young deer. They killed twenty-six bucks.

Some hunters contended that there were too many does in comparison with the number of bucks and that the killing of at least one doe in a season should be permitted. That is what led me to question the hunters and find out if possible something upon which we could base our estimate of the comparative number of the two sexes.

Though we have hunters who want to kill the does, I believe we have more who would rather see the season closed for at least two years.

Umatilla County now has about 110 elk, 90 of which are native elk ranging in the hills in the southeastern part of the county. Many of the elk that were liberated in the northeastern part of the county have left for haunts of their choosing. It is believed that the action of the State Fish and Game Commission in offering \$100 reward for conviction in elk killing will nearly, if not quite, perfect the protection that has been given these animals in this section. They are increasing rapidly and should afford some excellent hunting in a few years.

Duck shooting has been below the average this season. There were many local birds at the beginning of the season but the migratory birds did not arrive until late and most of these went directly to the small creeks in the foothills, thus escaping the hunters at the ponds in the lower end of the county where the shooting is usually so much enjoyed.

China pheasants have found this county to be an ideal home. They are multiplying very rapidly. Our Hungarian Partridges, Mountain Quail, Valley Quail, and Bob White Quail are also doing very well. Most of our ranchers like to have these birds about the place and many declare that there will always be a closed season for them on their ranch. This is especially the case regarding the Bob White. It is thought that such protection will afford excellent refuge for enough birds for propagation when such a time comes that we may have a hunting season for them.

Rainbow trout are now running in the Umatilla River but this season finds most of the sportsman engaged in other lines of sport and very little fishing has been done.



## SHERMAN COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN JAMES STEWART, Moro, Oregon.

The fishing streams of Sherman County consist of the Columbia, John Day and Deschutes Rivers, which form the boundaries of this county on three sides. Besides these there are Buck Hollow, Pine Hollow and Grass Valley Creeks, each of which is from twenty to thirty miles in length. Although these are the principal streams, there are a number of smaller ones running into the John Day and Deschutes in which there are a considerable number of trout. Buck Hollow, Pine Hollow and Grass Valley creeks all carry a good deal of water at all seasons and were formerly fine fishing streams, but have been badly fished out—blasted out and netted out—for lack of protection in the past. We hope, however, to be able to get some trout fry to stock both these creeks and the Deschutes River next season. We are also anxious to get some catfish to stock the lower part of the John Day, which is devoid of any kind of food fish of value, except a few salmon trout in the fall of the year, on their way to the spawning grounds on the upper reaches of the stream, and these cannot be caught with hook and line.

This river forms the boundary line between Sherman and Gilliam counties and for the greater part of the year is so muddy and full of sediment that it would be hopeless to try to stock it with trout, although I believe that on the headwaters in Grant County, where the water is clear, trout would do well.

The fishing streams of Gilliam County consist of the Columbia and the John Day Rivers, which form its northern and western boundaries, and the lower part of Williw Creek, Rock Creek, Hay Creek and Thirty Mile Creek and their tributaries. As each of these streams is from thirty to forty or more miles in length and has numerous tributaries it will be seen that they are, or rather, have been fine fishing streams, but like the streams of Sherman County, are now badly fished out and need restocking. A great deal of the damage here to fishing has been caused by the irrigating ditches, of which there are many, and few of which are screened. We expect, however, to have this matter attended to before next season's irrigating starts, after which it will be in order to get the streams restocked again.

The fishing streams of Wheeler County consist of the John Day River, Butter Creek, Pine Creek and Bridge Creek, and their tributaries, of which there are many as these creeks head in the Blue Mountains and carry a good deal of water at all seasons. Besides these, there are numerous smaller and shorter creeks in this county, most of which also head in the mountains and empty into the John Day, which flows nearly through the county. Most of these streams have mountain trout in them. But here, as in Gilliam County, there are a large number of irrigating ditches, few of which are screened, so great numbers of fish are lost. We also hope to get this matter remedied and give the fish a chance so that in time, with adequate protection and some restocking there will be fine fishing in the streams of this county.

I see by an article in the last issue of The Oregon Sportsman, written by Warden McKay, of Bend, that East Lake and Paulina Lake in his district were stocked in 1912 with Rainbow trout, and in June last trout were caught there that weighed  $8\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. I also see by the same article that Eastern Brook trout were planted in the

upper Deschutes River in 1913 and 1914, and that this last summer some were caught above Crane's Prairie that were over 16 inches in length. At this rate it should not take us long to solve the problem of the high cost of living, once we get our streams restocked and protected until the fish can get a start. Besides this, there is the sport of catching them without having to make a trip of from 50 to 150 miles.

We are now getting live rod and gun clubs organized all over these counties and the work is only beginning. These will assist greatly in enforcing the law for protection of both birds and fish, as it is quite impossible for a game warden to be everywhere at the same time. My idea is to show the people, and especially the owners of the land, that it is as much to their interest to protect the fish and game birds and animals as it is to take care of their live stock. Some of them look at it that way now, and others are fast getting the same idea.

What we need most of all is a campaign of education along these lines.

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## LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER NOTES

By WARDEN JOHN LARSON, Astoria, Oregon.

Herewith a few facts pertaining to the wild game and wild fowl conditions of Clatsop County.

During the years 1914 and 1915, Hon. William L. Finlay, State Biologist, collected and liberated in Clatsop County about four hundred China pheasants. The climatic conditions in this county seem to agree with Chinese pheasants and from my observations, and reports that have been made to me, they are doing exceedingly well. The citizens of this county are giving them the best protection they possibly can. Protection should be afforded these birds for at least two years to come and after that they should be plentiful in the county.

At the opening of the hunting season, on the 1st of October of this year, ducks were plentiful in practically all parts of the county and particularly on the lakes and marshes, on Columbia Beach and on the various small streams between Astoria and the Columbia County line, and it was easily possible for anyone to obtain the limit during the early days of the season. The season as a whole has been a very successful one. There are some exceptionally fine spots for duck hunting in this county, the most desirable places being, however, at small islands in the Columbia River, between Astoria and the Columbia County line, and the small lakes that dot the landscape between Warrenton and Seaside on what is known as Clatsop Plains.

In the southern part of the county are several bands of elk. There are also smaller bands scattered about in different parts of the county, one being a few miles south of Knappa and some being in the vicinity of Saddle Mountain. The county is fairly well supplied with deer which are more plentiful in the vicinity of Saddle Mountain and in the mountainous country off the Nehalem River. However, they may be found in other parts of the county than those hereinbefore named. Bear and beaver are plentiful, in some places the beaver are doing considerable damage to farms but as a general proposition they are in an uncultivated part of the country and do not interfere with farmers.

The Sportsmen in this county have been exceptionally fair this year and have endeavored to protect the wild fowl and wild game in this county and have given considerable assistance to the officers whose duty it is to enforce the fish and game laws. We have had very little trouble in this county this year and do not anticipate but little as those who hunt are inclined to obey the law and make it their business to see that others do the same. Sportsmen are gradually learning that the protection of game and game birds is to their own interest, and that killing birds or animals that are forbidden by law, only tends to diminish the supply, and that a continuation of the policy that has been pursued by some in the past, would in the end practically destroy hunting in Clatsop County, and it should be the duty of every sportsman to report any violation of the game laws either to the Deputy in his respective county or to the State Game Warden.

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## COOS COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN J. M. THOMAS, North Bend, Oregon.

The deer season closed in Coos County with the majority of the sportsmen well satisfied with their luck. The most of them who had the time to spare got their limit with but very little trouble. Those not getting their three deer attribute the cause to the very dry weather during most of the open season. This writer is pleased to state to the readers of the Oregon Sportsman, however, that Coos County has plenty of deer left to insure good hunting for all who enjoy the sport in 1916. From general observation, I think I can safely say that the deer in Coos County are holding their own.

Ducks have not been as plentiful as they were last year. I think the cause of this is that formerly we had our big flight of ducks from October 10th to the 25th, and usually we have a storm or a spell of bad weather about this date, and the ducks light on our bays and lakes to rest and if they are not molested for awhile become attached to the locality and stay. And why not? All good people, as well as ducks, that light on Coos Bay always stay. This year, all through October, it was very fine weather and the birds on their southern flight did not stop to become acquainted with us. Probably it is well they did not for if they had, John D. Goss and Harry McKeown would likely have bagged the whole of the flight, and Attorney L. A. Liljeqvist would not have had a look in.

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## LAKE COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN M. S. BARNES, Lakeview, Oregon.

Deer are on the increase in this section of the State. There seems to be more than usual this year.

It is estimated that there are from two to five thousand antelope in the eastern part of Lake County.

The duck shooting on the numerous lakes in this county has not been as good this season as formerly on account of the past dry season.

Sage hen shooting was good during the open season, especially in the Hart Mountain country.

Quail are increasing. They are to be found in nearly every canyon and come down into the valleys every time it snows.



# ITEMS <sup>OF</sup> INTEREST

## TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



### MANY TRAPPERS' LICENSES ISSUED IN OREGON.

That Oregon is one of the chief fur-bearing states of the Union is shown by the statement that there has been 976 trappers' licenses issued by the State Game Warden up to the 20th day of January, and the trapping season is just at its height. Fur-bearing animals, for which a license is required to trap, are the otter, mink, fisher, marten and muskrat. There are many other fur-bearing animals native to Oregon for which no license is required to take.

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### OLDEST OREGON TRAPPER.

Thomas Bashaw, of Richland, Baker County, is the oldest person in Oregon to obtain a license to trap the fur-bearing animals of the state. Mr. Bashaw is 83 years old.

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### BEAR PLENTIFUL IN SOUTHERN DOUGLAS.

Deputy Game Warden J. H. Sykes, of Douglas County, reports bear as being quite plentiful in southern Douglas County.

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### TRAPPER CATCHES WHITE COYOTE.

Charles Deckert, a trapper who resides near The Dalles, killed a white coyote recently which he obtained the bounty on from the county clerk of Wasco County. Mr. Deckert will have a rug made of the handsome fur.

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### PURE WHITE DEER KILLED IN OREGON.

Everett Wells, who resides on the Trask River in Tillamook County, killed a pure white deer while hunting in that county last fall. The deer was a three-point buck and a very pretty animal.

Two white deer were killed in Oregon during the past hunting season, one in Tillamook County and the other in Southern Oregon.

## **MANY COYOTES AND BOBCATS KILLED IN WASCO COUNTY.**

During the month of November, 164 coyotes, 18 bobcats and one cougar were killed in Wasco County, for which the sum of \$538 was paid out in bounty money. During December, in the same county, 272 coyotes, 34 bobcats and one cougar were killed, for which \$894 was paid out in bounties.

The records for the whole year show that there were 1484 coyotes, 117 bobcats and two cougars killed in Wasco County. During the same year, \$180.50 was paid out by the county clerk of Hood River County as wild animal bounty money.

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## **WILD DUCK JOINS DOMESTIC FLOCK.**

Deputy Game Warden C. W. Loughrey, of Seaside, Oregon, reports a peculiar case in his county wherein a wild mallard duck has seemingly changed his mode of life and become domesticated. One morning recently when Mr. Wm. McRoberts went out to let his tame ducks out of the pen one member of the flock became frightened and flew to the river, much to the surprise of Mr. McRoberts. Investigation disclosed that the duck was a wild mallard. Since that time the mallard returns every night and goes into the pen with the tame ducks and has become so tame that it won't fly away when Mr. McRoberts feeds the flock.

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## **INDIANS WILL PROTECT GAME.**

Indians as protectors of wild game in Oregon is something new, yet Parsons Motanic and Phillip Jones, two of the best known and most reputable Indians on the Umatilla Indian Reservation, have received appointments from the State Game Warden's office as special deputy game wardens.

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## **MANY NEW GAME LAWS.**

More than 240 new game laws were enacted in the United States during 1915—a larger number than during any previous year except 1911. The largest number enacted in any one state was 61 in North Carolina. Several states, Oregon among them, added 10 or more new game laws to their statute books.

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## **ONLY A FISH STORY.**

Deputy Game Warden E. C. Hills, of Eugene, vouches for the truthfulness of the following fish story which he relates on Senator R. M. Veatch and son, H. H. Veatch, of Cottage Grove. While the Senator and his son were fishing in Sharp Creek, says Warden Hills, a fish 15 inches long swallowed the hook of the young man and not being satisfied also swallowed the hook attached to the line with which the Senator was fishing. Mr. Hills says "they both caught a fish, one fish and two hooks, or two hooks and one fish, all at the same time."

## MOOSE HUNTING IN WYOMING.

For the first time in twelve years moose hunting is permitted in Wyoming, while in Maine the moose are to be protected for four years. This is the first absolutely close season on this specie of game animal in Maine for 35 years.

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## NATIONAL GAME PRESERVES ESTABLISHED.

Fourteen new game preserves were established during 1915 in different states, and three were established upon the national forests of California. These game refuges or preserves will not interfere with agricultural settlement or pursuits, for they are located mostly in remote regions or upon areas not suitable for anything else, and are in reality breeding places for game.

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## WILL IT COME TO THIS?

The days of the hunting dog are numbered. There will, no doubt, be a movement started to wipe the hunting dog off the map. Farmers who have heretofore been driven to distraction by dogs running their stock will have an opportunity at the next election to vote against the nuisance.—Silverton Appeal.

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## CHINESE PHEASANTS IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

Five years ago three residents of Redfield, S. D., bought twelve Chinese pheasants and put them in a grove near that town, where they did well, and the following year a collection was taken up among the residents of Redfield and some fifty-seven more birds were purchased and planted in the same place, and from the beginning of sixty-nine birds the number has grown until now it is estimated that there are not less than 20,000 of these birds in Spink County, the county in which Redfield is located. The birds have been seen almost to Aberdeen and nearly to Huron, forty miles either way from Redfield, and they have been encountered as far east as Doland and also fifteen miles west of Redfield.—American Field.

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## ALBINO QUAIL IS SEEN WITH FLOCK.

An albino quail, its plumage as white as the snow that glistens on the mountains, was seen with a flock of 36 valley quail feeding upon wheat scattered under the bushes back of Fred Merrill's home on the south side of the river this morning, says the Grants Pass Observer. Mrs. Merrill has been putting out wheat for the quail in that neighborhood during the past few days of storm, and every day numbers of the little beauties have been accepting the charity. This morning with the three dozen was the white one, his every feather being as free from color as that of a dove, his crest feathers also being pure white. He mingled with his fellows, and the entire covey being gentle and unafraid, he was viewed at close range by Mrs. Merrill.



**DUCK HUNTING.**

By GEORGE FITCH.

Early in the spring the wild duck leaves the south for the summer resorts on Hudson's Bay and as he wings his way north, life is one long Fourth of July for him. What with dodging chilled shot and yawning gun muzzles, he rarely has a chance to enjoy the scenery for so much as a minute at a time.

Duck hunting is a favorite athletic sport in America. The game of golf is supposed to have a firm grip on its victims, but a golfer is fickle and unenthusiastic beside a duck hunter. When the weather gets nasty and the cold wind roars wickedly, a duck hunter will leave a cozy club corner, an evening with his fiancée, a winning hand at poker, a wheat squeeze in which he is the squeezer or a bulletin board of the world's championship series in order to be present at sunrise in a rice swamp waiting to be attacked by a wild duck.

To enjoy duck hunting in its prime, the hunter must first select a day on which the Humane Society wouldn't allow a dog to be kept out of doors. He should then dress himself in canvas clothes, put on twenty-pound hip boots, put forty pounds of ammunition and a sandwich in his pockets, rent a leaky boat and row five miles in a gale, bailing out with his cap. Having done this, he should build a blind of weeds and lie in the mud until evening, smoking a pipe for warmth and occasionally breaking the ice around his legs. Many men can only afford one day of such bliss each year, but they look eagerly forward to it and will not accept any substitute, although they could soak themselves all night in a tub of ice-water in the back yard at far less expense.

Because wild ducks are of a retiring disposition, and do not warm up to humans, it is often necessary, when assassinating them, to attract them by means of decoy ducks. Decoy ducks are made of rubber and are used to attract the real birds in the same way that prominent directors are used to attract investors in a stock company. When the wild duck has stopped to share the meal that the decoy duck has found, the hunter, who corresponds to the promoter, gets in his deadly work.

The wild duck when roasted is so delicious that it pays to remove his feathers one by one after a long day's hunting. Duck hunters pay an average of \$5 for every duck they shoot and usually give most of them to their friends. This makes a duck hunter second only to a theater treasurer in popularity and it is no trick at all for a good shot to get elected to the legislature.

**STATE BOARD OF FISHERIES AND GAME.**

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 2, 1915.

State Fish and Game Commission,  
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

I have been on the point of writing you for some little time and the receipt of the "Oregon Sportsman" this morning prompted me to act. I am very much pleased with the little publication, and I think it is very complete indeed, and if it is not too much trouble I would like to have you mail me another copy.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN M. CRAMPTON,  
Commissioner.

**COUGAR ATTACKS EIGHT YEAR OLD GIRL.**

FROM GOLD BEACH GLOBE.

A thrilling story of the escape from death of his eight year old daughter from a large cougar is related by Hathaway Jones who lies on a ranch near Marial, Oregon, in the following words:

"I was working at a fence near the barn, and sent my little girl Myrtle, eight years old, across the field a few hundred yards to get the horses. On returning with the horses a large cougar or panther met her about midway of the field in the plowed ground and made a spring at her. The child jumped to one side and the large cat lit where she was standing. In her fright the girl screamed for help, which attracted the attention of my son Bill, who saw the animal make the jump, and told me a big animal jumped on Myrtle. I picked up the ax and run to her assistance but met her coming, loosing no time through the plowed ground. In the meantime the boy went to the house for the gun and my wife accompanied him back. After arming myself with the gun, and my wife with the ax, we advanced like the Germans on the allies.

When we reached the place where the cougar was, Myrtle showed us where it had disappeared under some small fir trees. We went there and was looking for it, my wife saw a big lump in the leaves, she went to part some limbs to look farther into the brush when the big cat, which was lying about twelve feet away, made a spring at her. I was only about eight feet from my wife at the time ready to shoot instantly, and as the varmint made its spring at my wife I sent a bullet through its heart which was a timely shot as it fell within four feet of my wife as it was, notwithstanding its fatal shot, the savage brute tried to spring at us the second time, but was hurt too bad. I have killed more than one hundred cougars covering an experience in Curry of over 29 years and this one was the most savage one I have ever seen. This experience should be a warning to all neighbors and families living in the woods, least some of their children have a like experience with less fortunate results.



Thousands of Birds Were Fed in This Manner During the Recent Snow.



A careful study of this picture will avoid many accidents during the open deer season.

Read the poem on the opposite page.



**HOW MAN OPENS THE SEASON ON HIMSELF.**

A hunter popped a partridge on a hill,  
It made a great to-do and then was still;  
It seems (when later on his bag he spied)  
It was—the guide.

One shot a squirrel in a near by wood—  
A pretty shot, off-hand, from where he stood;  
It wore, they said, a shooting hat of brown,  
And lived in town.

And one dispatched a rabbit for his haul  
That later proved to measure six feet tall,  
And lest you think think I'm handing you a myth,  
Its name was Smith.

Another nimrod slew the champion fox,  
He glimpsed him lurking in among rocks;  
One rapid shot! It never spoke nor moved—  
The inquest proved.

A "cautious" man espied a gleam of brown;  
Was it a deer—or Jones (a friend from town)?  
But while he pondered by the river's rim,  
Jones potted him.

—Technical World.

**HUNTING SEASON TAKES DEATH TOLL.****Six Men Were Killed and Ten Seriously Injured During 1915.**

Statistics collected through the office of the State Game Warden disclose the deplorable fact that six men were killed during the year 1915 while hunting in Oregon. Three of the six men were mistaken for deer, and two were killed through the accidental discharge of their own weapons. One hunter shot at a grouse and hit another hunter, who was out of sight behind a clump of bushes.

A total of ten non-fatal shooting accidents occurred during the same period. Three of the hunters meeting with non-fatal accidents were mistaken for deer, one for a bear, and two were shot while hunting birds.

**Fatalities.**

Frederick Layton, of North Albany, Benton County, was killed at Alder Creek on August 25. At the coroner's inquest it was brought out that the bullet with which he was shot was of a different size from the ones he used in his rifle. His slayer is unknown.

J. L. Meyers, of Grants Pass, Oregon, was killed at Cow Creek October 20, having been mistaken for a deer by James Manuel, of Grants Pass.

Robert Melis, of Mist, Oregon, was killed on October 11. Adolph Melis, the deceased man's father shot him, mistaking him for a deer. The accident occurred on their own farm.

Albin Floss, of Ardenwald station, at Willsburg, was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

Harry Frey, of Lake Creek, Jackson County, Oregon, was killed September 5 on Little Butte Creek. Frey accidentally shot himself in the leg below the knee, and died one-half mile from his own home from loss of blood.

John Hornung, of Goshen, Lane County, was killed September 24 on the Siuslaw. John Johnson, of Goshen, shot at a grouse and the bullet went on through the brush, striking Hornung.

### Accidents.

Edward Berry, of Yamhill County, was mistaken for a deer on August 15 by John Moulett and shot in the head with a shotgun. He was not fatally wounded.

A. R. Barnett was shot in the foot by the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of his son, Clare, on October 17, at The Meadows, 25 miles south of The Dalles.

Dud Kunz accidentally discharged his shotgun on October 27, and shot Bert Edwards in the head. This happened near Salem. Edwards will recover.

Andrew Petterson, of Bay City, was taken for a bear and shot in the hip by Charley Morgan, inflicting only a light flesh wound. They were hunting together when the accident occurred.

T. R. Simmons, while hunting at Loalla, Douglas County, was taken for a deer by Joe Wilson and was shot in the left shoulder, on September 22. Simmons recovered.

William Dysert was shot in the right arm above the elbow by Charley Dysert, his son, while they were hunting at the head of the Coos River in Douglas County. This happened on October 4.

Ernest Hoffmeister was accidentally shot in the arm by his brother while they were hunting birds near Eagle Creek, on August 2. The arm was amputated.

John W. Gates, of Portland, fell and discharged his gun, losing all the fingers of his right hand, on August 26. This happened in Douglas County.

Loren Davis, a deputy sheriff in Lane County, was accidentally shot while pheasant hunting, but has recovered.

W. E. Blake, 401 North Twenty-fourth street, Portland, was shot on Thanksgiving Day, November 25th, on Sauvie's Island, near Portland, by Carl Everest. In unloading a shotgun it was accidentally discharged, the whole charge of shot going through the right leg just below the knee.

**SOME NEW YEAR "DON'TS."**

F. M. Brown, chief clerk of the State Game Department, gives to the sportsmen of Oregon a few timely "Don'ts" that should be "pasted in tht mind" of every huntsman and angler, as follows:

Don't guess the law. Get a copy at the State Game Warden's office.

Don't hunt or angle for anything which the law protects by an absolute closed season.

Don't violate any of the game and fish laws and then blame the officer who arrested you for doing it. Be a sportsman.

Don't try to inform any one what the law is unless you know.

Don't hunt or angle without first securing a license to do so.

Don't hunt with a dog or gun upon the cultivated or enclosed land, or the occupied unenclosed land of another, without first obtaining permission from the owner, occupant or agent thereof. You will violate the trespass law if you do.

Don't take any non-game bird for scientific or educational purposes without securing a permit to do so from the State Game Warden.

Don't shoot from a public road or highway.

Don't kill song and insectivorous birds at any time.

Don't hunt ducks from boats propelled by mechanical power.

Don't forget that one of the objects of The Sportsman is to inspire the citizens of Oregon to use their efforts toward promoting the conservation of the wild life of the state.

Don't forget to lend the State Game Department every assistance possible in the effort to propagate and preserve the wild life of Oregon. Let us take only what the law allows, that the next generation may enjoy the same pleasures that the fields, forests and streams of our glorious state now afford us.

Don't forget that the courts have held that wild game is the property of the people, and can be hunted, killed, possessed and disposed of only as the people direct. It is well to bear this fact in mind always, especially when you meet a game warden, charged with the enforcement of the edict of the people. Treat the warden with the courtesy and respect which his official position entitles him to receive at the hands of all law-abiding citizens.

Don't forget that it will be through the tireless efforts of the authorities in chargt of fish propagation that the Oregon sportsmen of the future will enjoy the wonderful sport of angling for the trout abounding in every mountain stream in the state.

Don't forget that the "Closed Season" laws are the most important of all. They are aimed to protect wild birds, animals and fishes during and after the breeding season.

Don't forget that the "Limit Laws" curb the thoughtless and selfish and guarantee the decent hunter and fisherman his share in the sport and its product.

Don't forget that the State Game Department is entirely self-supporting, receiving its annual revenues for maintenance from the sale of hunting, trapping and angling licenses. Not one penny of the money of the taxpayers of the state is diverted to the work of protection and propagation of the wild game and fish of the state.



Don't forget that no person within the State of Oregon under 14 years of age shall be issued a hunting license or be permitted to hunt with a gun on lands other than his own or those of a parent, relative or guardian.

Don't forget that all hunting or angling licenses are subject to the inspection of any game warden or other officer of the State of Oregon charged with the enforcement of the game and fish laws of the state, or the owner, or his agent or representative, of real property upon which the holder of such license may be hunting or angling.

Don't trap or attempt to trap any of the fur-bearing animals of the state without first having obtained a license from the State Game Warden.

Don't hunt or kill migratory birds before sunrise or after sunset. If you do you will violate the Federal law.

Don't keep in possession, alive or dead, any game bird or game animal during the closed season without a permit to do so from the State Fish and Game Commission.

Don't kill more than three male deer during the open season.

Don't kill female deer at any time.

Don't kill a fawn with a spotted coat.

Don't have trout in your possession during the open season less than six inches in length.

Don't forget that the use of dogs is prohibited in hunting, pursuing or killing any of the game animals of the State of Oregon.

Don't forget that no person shall within the State of Oregon at any time between one-half hour after sunset and one-half hour before sunrise hunt or catch any of the game birds, game animals or game fish of the state.

Don't forget that no shotgun larger than a 10-gauge shall be used in hunting game.

Don't forget that it is unlawful at any time for any person to hunt or kill any game birds or game animals within the corporate limits of any city, town or public park.

Don't forget that any person in the State of Oregon, convicted of violating any of the laws for the protection of any of the wild game animals, game birds, or game fish, shall forfeit his hunting and angling licenses in addition to penalties otherwise provided, and shall be denied the privilege of hunting and angling for any of the game animals, game birds or game fish of the state for the balance of the calendar year in which the offense was committed.

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## THE HUNTER'S STORY.

By A. E. HILDRETH, Butte Falls, Oregon.

'Twas August, if I don't miscalculate,  
That something happened which I'll now relate;  
That is to say, I'll tell you how one day  
Two splendid bucks I ruthlessly did slay.

I'd traveled through the woods two hours or more;  
The day was hot, my feet were tired and sore.  
So, when I came upon some open ground,  
I sat down on a rock and looked around.

And while I sat there cooling in the shade,  
And gazing on the beauties God had made,  
Three squirrels frisked and played among the trees,  
Their long tails swaying in the gentle breeze.

Now, squirrels, thought I, by some are counted game,  
But not the size or kind for which I came;  
So I will now resume my stealthy tread,  
And look for deer, both sides, and straight ahead.

Then suddenly, far off upon my right,  
I heard a sound, though nothing was in sight.  
But, as upon my feet I quickly stood,  
Two noble deer came bounding through the wood.

I watched them coming nearer leap by leap,  
And felt the ague chills all o'er me creep;  
For, while I hoped that I might get a shot,  
I had a dreadful fear that I would not.

Then in a patch of brush they passed from sight.  
Would they come through? Or, turning to the right,  
Run down the gulch and leave me standing there  
To breathe my sorrow on the summer air.

A moment passed, and I could hear the sound  
Of their sharp hoofs upon the rocky ground.  
Then suddenly, and to my great delight,  
They once again were well within my sight.

Controlling now my nerves as best I could,  
With rifle raised, scarce breathing there I stood,  
And while I sighted with an eager eye,  
No instinct warned them of a danger nigh.

The rifle spoke; at once the larger fell.  
The other bounded forward, ran like—well,  
Perhaps you know how fast a deer can run  
When startled by the sharp voice of a gun.

A few quick leaps, again the rifle spoke;  
The shot was bad, although a leg it broke.  
He wheeled and started back, half crazed with pain;  
Another shot, and this one, too, was slain.

Four points had one, while three the other bore,  
And each upon his antlers velvet wore;  
And as they lay upon the mountain side  
I felt my being thrill with hunter's pride.

For thus 'tis man's delight to hunt and kill  
A handsome, timid beast that does no ill.  
The antlers I retained, and have them yet,  
Though I recall the killing with regret.

Yet when the hunting season comes again,  
I know from hunting deer I can't refrain;  
And should I have what hunters all call luck,  
I'll shoot another noble antlered buck.

## REMINISCENCES OF A GAME WARDEN

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE, Baker, Oregon.

I remember having attended a meeting of the sportsmen of Eastern Oregon held in a neighboring town some two years ago. The State Game Warden, one or two of the Commissioners and Master Fish Warden were also in attendance. The usual banquet followed the convention, and when the calls for responses included some of the deputy wardens I began to have all the symptoms of "stage fright," as I had often heard it described, contraction of the organs of the chest and throat, violent trembling and an anticipated weakness of the knees every time the toastmaster arose with list in hand to announce a new victim, thinking that I would surely be called on next. But as time advanced to a late hour and I had not been discovered apparently, I somewhat regained my composure, tipped my chair back against the wall and began to enjoy one of the really excellent cigars supplied for the occasion by the committee in charge. About this time, however, my suspicions were again aroused by the preliminary words of the toastmaster, who was saying "that they had with them a man from a faraway section of Eastern Oregon, a country they knew little about, etc., etc.," and, horrors upon horrors! I had been called upon at last to tell some one hundred and fifty strangers all about Grant County, my territory at that time. I hope that some of you have had similar experience that you may the more fully appreciate and sympathize with me in my predicament at that moment. There was my natural fear of speaking in public, and this was magnified many fold by the fact that I was not very well acquainted with my superior officers in a personal way at that time, and wanted to make a good impression on them. I finally managed to rise, by the aid of table and chair, and after having quite an argument with my heart to induce it to stay below my organ of speech, I managed to utter some kind of vocal sound, but if it took the form of words I am unable to recall the fact. They were a decent bunch of fellows, though as all true sportsmen always are, and gave me just as much applause as though I had really made an eloquent address.

I remember, though, that it impressed me at the time as preposterous that all sportsmen should not have heard all about Grant County and just what a great game country it really is. It speaks well, though for the balance of the state, as far as the game interests are concerned, in that the sportsmen do not have to leave their own dooryards to find game plentiful, and therefore have had no occasion to explore other sections of the country.

Grant County has a total of some several hundred miles of trout waters, in which good catches can be made at all times. She has also several beautiful mountain lakes, nestling among the rough crags of her beautiful scenic hills, which are inhabited by all members of the trout family common in the West. Her great mountainous area abounds with big game, deer, bear and elk being found plentiful. Of the upland birds, Blue and Ruffed Grouse are the most plentiful of the specie on which there is open season, but the Mountain Quail introduced there a comparatively few years ago now, in my opinion, outnumber all other game birds. This is an example of co-operative protection, as a farmer in that section would almost murder you if he caught you killing one of these little game birds. The climatic conditions, compared to any other mountainous region, are ideal, and one going there in the summer season, either for game, recreation or both, will certainly not regret it. The farming area of this county is not as large as that of neighboring counties, and this fact therefore makes it one of the most important game sections in Eastern Oregon.



Baker County, while she has not the area of some of the other counties in this part of the state, is very important from a game standpoint also. Of the upland birds the Sagehen is by far the most numerous, but numberless others may be listed also. Among them are the Blue, Ruffed, Columbia Sharp-tail and Franklin Grouse, the two latter species, of course, not being as plentiful as in former years and, in fact, I think the Franklin specie is rarely found now. The quail here, as in Grant County, are becoming very numerous indeed, on account of the protection afforded them by the people in general, and in very few years will undoubtedly outnumber all the others. The Chinese Pheasant, which was only recently introduced here, seems to be doing exceedingly well and will no doubt in a very short time take the place of some of the native specie of game birds, which are becoming so few, and which it will be impossible to propagate in captivity, owing to their wilder nature. On the higher hills are to be found big game in plenty—deer, bear and elk, also fur-bearing animals of all the different species common to the Northwest territory, I believe. The climatic conditions are identical with Grant County and the camper may select any altitude from three to ten thousand feet.

She has one feature that probably few sections can boast of, and that is in having a group of some half dozen lakes of good size within a few minutes' travel of each other, and all of which contain trout in great numbers of the different species. These lakes are surrounded by the most beautiful mountains imaginable, and are at an altitude of possibly an average of six thousand feet. They are somewhat inaccessible now, owing to the fact that there is no road in there, the only means of reaching them at present being over a trail which is somewhat rough in character. As these bodies of water are situated only a few hours from Baker, a city boasting of nearly ten thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are lovers of outdoor recreation, a movement has been started which will eventually result in the construction of a good road which will be a great boon to the office men, in that they will be able to make this trip in a day by auto, and spend most of the day at that in angling; heretofore they have had to forego the pleasure of this trip on account of the time consumed in getting in there.

Many streams teeming with trout are to be found in the mountain ranges bordering the extreme eastern and western sections of the county, and here also is to be found some of the most magnificent and wonderful mountain scenery, the beauties of which it would be useless to describe, only that it is of the class that makes the mortal, who may have the good luck to view it, feel just how small and insignificant he really is after all. I happened to be in the eastern part of the county during the last "Indian Summer" and was standing somewhat above the floor of a rugged granite canon. In looking up this canon a short distance there was a small basin; it was in the afternoon and the sun was nearly down, and owing to the haze the distance effect gained rapidly; this caused the little basin to have the appearance of a gigantic stage set for an outdoor scene, the contour of the ridges of the little side canons being sharply defined and representing the wings, and in looking upon it I wondered what tragedy or otherwise might have been enacted there in reality by the peoples of long ago.

Please excuse my poor attempt at description, but I want to impress upon you the fact that we have natural wonders right at hand that would back up the slogan of "See Oregon First." We have the scenery, climate and also the game. Why go elsewhere?

## WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

## NEWS-PRINT MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

18 East 41st St., New York City, New York, Nov. 20, 1915.

Hon. Carl D. Shoemaker,  
State Game Warden, State of Oregon,  
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of the "Oregon Sportsman" for October, 1915, and if agreeable to you, I would be very much pleased if you will put my name on your permanent mailing list to receive this publication regularly.

I want to congratulate you on the excellent character of this publication, and remain,

Yours truly,

G. F. STEELE.

Brownsville, Ore., Nov. 11.—(Editors Oregon Sportsman.)—Am just in receipt of copy of Sportsman and think it is a great improvement over any published heretofore. It will certainly interest the sportsmen at large more, partly because of the communications from all parts of the state. Am glad to see the improvement.

A. CRANDALL,  
Secretary Brownsville Rod and Gun Club.

Waldport, Ore., Dec. 8.—I am very much pleased with the Sportsman and consider it ought to be in the den of every sportsman in the state. Wishing it all kinds of prosperity, I am,

Yours very truly,

WM. R. WAKEFIELD.

2919 So. Dakota Ave., Washington, D. C.

Mr. Wm. L. Finley,  
Editor Oregon Sportsman, Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

A few days ago I wrote you that I had not been receiving the Oregon Sportsman. At that time I was under the impression that the publication was issued monthly. Upon my receipt yesterday of the third quarter issue, I discovered my error.

Permit me to congratulate you upon this very interesting little magazine.

Very sincerely yours,

JAS. SILVER.

**Trout Propagation and Distribution Game Protection Fund.**

Disbursements from January 1, 1915, to December 31, 1915.

Superintendent of Hatcheries, Salary, Traveling		
Expenses and Office Expense .....	\$1,412.62	
Bonneville .....	7,505.35	
Bonneville Cold Storage Plant .....	102.85	
McKenzie River .....	1,561.99	
Sandy River .....	373.62	
Tillamook River .....	6.06	
Siuslaw River .....	321.26	
Spencer Creek .....	2,280.47	
Crescent, O'Dell & Davis .....	1,073.59	
Olive Lake .....	406.65	
Cultas Lake .....	678.30	
Triangle Lake .....	80.02	
Lakeview .....	41.60	
Yaquina .....	427.00	
Bailey Creek .....	15.66	
Gales Creek Hatchery .....	620.10	
Gales Creek Feeding Ponds .....	580.31	
South Coos .....	117.87	
Sprague River .....	611.16	
Drews Creek .....	608.69	
Dry Creek .....	277.51	
Honey Creek .....	87.12	
Gold Creek .....	17.50	
Eagle Creek .....	927.46	
Crane Creek .....	269.71	
Applegate .....	774.25	
Bend .....	663.21	
Bull Run .....	358.00	
La Grande .....	38.40	
Willamette .....	1,171.23	
Santiam .....	141.39	
Umpqua .....	5.67	
Seining Bass .....	584.06	
Reed College Experimental .....	.34	
Fish Car, Salary and Expenses .....	4,155.55	
Trout Eggs Purchased .....	1,442.43	\$29,739.00
Upper Rogue River (U. S. Government) .....	\$1,022.06	
Clackamas (U. S. Government) .....	384.76	\$ 1,406.82
		<hr/>
		\$31,145.82



**Construction.**

Bonneville .....	\$1,569.15	
Bonneville Cold Storage Plant .....	3,477.58	
McKenzie River .....	738.96	
Sandy River .....	5.00	
Spencer Creek .....	623.74	
Crescent, O'Dell & Davis .....	7.69	
Cultas Lake .....	26.50	
Gales Creek Feeding Ponds .....	123.37	
Sprague River .....	863.82	
Drews Creek .....	473.45	
Dry Creek .....	333.54	
Honey Creek .....	208.63	
Eagle Creek .....	770.04	
Crane Creek .....	512.48	
Bend .....	939.87	
Bull Run .....	182.44	
La Grande .....	21.35	
Seining Bass .....	19.52	\$10,897.7

### DISTRIBUTION OF GAME FISH DURING 1915, BY COUNTIES, BY STATE OF OREGON.

Baker County .....	166,360	Lane County .....	1,260,831
Benton County .....	73,062	Linn County .....	100,551
Coos County .....	265,985	Lincoln County .....	55,281
Clackamas County .....	1,168,334	Marion County .....	141,571
Clatsop County .....	387,744	Morrow County .....	88,001
Columbia County .....	23,240	Multnomah County .....	68,331
Crook County .....	258,950	Polk County .....	24,131
Douglas County .....	124,519	Tillamook County .....	221,941
Grant County .....	52,850	Umatilla County .....	157,481
Hood River County .....	141,700	Union County .....	292,041
Jackson County .....	43,250	Wallowa County .....	300,551
Josephine County .....	38,400	Wasco County .....	75,001
Klamath County .....	706,895	Washington County .....	522,221
Lake County .....	306,985	Yamhill County .....	28,001
Total .....			7,094,261

**SUMMARY.**

State hatcheries .....	7,094,261
(We have not yet received figures showing fish liberated through co-operation of United States Bureau of Fisheries.)	
Black Bass released in streams and lakes .....	103,201
Crappies and Catfish recovered from landlocked sloughs .....	15,001
Early Chinook Salmon liberated at the request of Multnomah Anglers' Club .....	352,001
Total .....	7,564,461

**Violations of Game and Fish Laws.**

December 1, 1914, to November 30, 1915.

Offense	Number Arrests	Fines Imposed
Hunting without license .....	22	\$ 460.00
Deer, closed season, killing or possession.....	32	2,670.00
Female deer, spotted fawns, killing or possession...	6	150.00
Running deer with dogs .....	11	290.00
Deer meat, dried, in possession unlawfully.....	6	275.00
Deer skins in possession unlawfully .....	3	50.00
Deer, in possession without being tagged.....	3	75.00
Elk, killing or possession .....	1	50.00
Beaver, trapping unlawfully .....	1	50.00
Chinese pheasants, closed season, killing or possession	31	495.00
Ducks, closed season, killing or possession.....	13	260.00
Quail, closed season, killing or possession.....	4	100.00
Grouse, closed season, killing or possession.....	4	100.00
Pigeons, closed season, killing or possession.....	1	25.00
Swan, killing or possession .....	1	25.00
Selling wild ducks .....	2	35.00
Angling without license .....	32	760.00
Selling trout and other game fish.....	10	235.00
Catching trout under size .....	6	100.00
Illegal fishing for game fish .....	9	100.00
Catching more than 75 trout in one day.....	1	25.00
Putting sawdust in streams .....	6	175.00
Non-Game birds, killing, destroying nests, etc.....	6	125.00
Shooting from public highway .....	8	175.00
Hunting within city limits .....	3	25.00
Hunting on game refuges .....	17	254.00
Resisting an officer .....	1	50.00
Violating alien gun law .....	3	70.00
Hunting before sunrise and after sunset.....	17	275.00
<hr/> Total violations .....		<hr/> \$7,199.00



## Arrests, Convictions, Etc., by Counties.

December 1, 1914, to November 30, 1915.

County.	Number of Arrests	Number of Convictions	Amount of Fines	Fines Suspended	Cases Pending	Found Not Guilty on Trial	Cases Dismissed	Jury Failed to Agree
Baker .....	9	4	\$ 100.00	2	1	4		
Benton .....	6	6	150.00					
Clackamas .....	14	12	375.00	3		2		
Clatsop .....	7	7	225.00	1				
Columbia .....	8	5	100.00		3			
Coos .....	23	22	1,655.00	5		1		
Crook .....								
Curry .....	13	13	1,125.00	3				
Douglas .....	13	13	325.00	4	4			
Gilliam .....	1	1	25.00					
Grant .....	8	7	150.00	3		1		
Harney .....	1	1	75.00					
Hood River .....								
Jackson .....	5	5	225.00	3				
Josephine .....	1	1	50.00					
Klamath .....	5	3	150.00			2		
Lake .....								
Lane .....	4	3	150.00		5			
Lincoln .....	9	8	200.00	1	1			
Linn .....								
Malheur .....								
Marion .....	19	18	404.00	8				1
Morrow .....								
Multnomah .....	55	47	915.00	15		6	2	
Polk .....	17	13	350.00	2		4		
Sherman .....								
Tillamook .....	4	4	100.00					
Umatilla .....	15	12	275.00	6		3		2
Union .....	22	17	400.00	1	1	3		
Wallowa .....								
Wasco .....	1	1	25.00					
Washington .....	19	17	470.00	1	2			
Wheeler .....								
Yamhill .....	10	9	230.00		1			





**RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.**

December 1, 1914, to November 30, 1915.

**Game Protection Fund.****Receipts.**

Balance on hand December 1, 1914.....	\$ 31,787.45
Anglers' and hunters' licenses.....	\$106,680.25
Trappers' licenses .....	738.00
Taxidermist licenses .....	96.00
Alien gun licenses.....	175.00
Private trout hatchery licenses.....	4.00
Scientific purpose licenses.....	4.00
Sale of metal game tags.....	183.72
Redeemed confiscated guns.....	117.30
Fines collected .....	1,592.79
Trustee fund.....	500.00
Oregon Sportsman subscriptions.....	153.95
Sale of Pheasant Farming Book.....	90.35
State Game Farm.....	1,053.97
Sale of horse.....	30.00
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$111,419.33</b>
	<b>\$143,206.78</b>

**Disbursements.**

State Game Warden salary .....	\$ 2,400.00
State Game Warden expenses .....	720.80
State Game Warden office salaries.....	4,126.25
State Game Warden office expenses.....	4,207.81
Deputy Game Wardens' salaries .....	29,791.41
Deputy Game Wardens' expenses .....	12,978.61
Special Deputy Game Wardens' expenses .....	2,275.24
Special Deputy Game Wardens' salaries .....	706.99
Printing anglers' and hunters' licenses.....	1,453.88
Bounties on predatory animals.....	3,426.00
Fishways and screens.....	792.49
Commissioners' salaries .....	312.50
Commissioners' expenses .....	708.89
Superintendent of Hatcheries.....	1,412.62
Trout propagation—operation expenses.....	28,746.56
Trout propagation—construction expenses.....	10,897.13
State Biologist salaries .....	3,232.00
State Biologist expenses .....	4,678.14
State Game Farm expenses.....	9,664.44
Miscellaneous expenses.....	4,039.30
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$126,571.06</b>
	<b>\$126,571.06</b>
Balance on hand November 30, 1915.....	\$ 16,635.72

NOTE—The receipts for the six months ending November 30, 1915 are \$9959.87 less than the same period of 1914. This is accounted for in part by the five per cent retained by the County Clerks for collecting game license. Also by the fifty per cent of all fines which formerly went into the Game Protection Fund and are now retained by the various counties.

The disbursements are \$4849.65 more than for the same period of 1914. This is accounted for in part as follows:

Bills contracted for prior to June 1, 1915.....	\$ 820.
Hubbard Estate, allowed by Legislature in February, 1915.....	3000.
Cold storage plant at Bonneville.....	3477.

Total .....	\$7298.
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## OREGON FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS.

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Hon. I. N. Fleischner.....	Portland
Hon. Marion Jack.....	Pendleton
Hon. J. F. Stone.....	Klamath Falls
Hon. Frank M. Warren.....	Portland

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George Palmer Putnam.....Secretary

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H. L. Kelly.....	Master Fish Warden
Carl D. Shoemaker.....	State Game Warden
R. E. Clanton.....	Superintendent of Hatcheries
William L. Finley.....	State Biologist

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Office of the Commission.....533-36 Pittock Block, Portland

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John F. Adams.....	Agness	Clyde M. McKay.....	Bend
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# THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

APRIL - - - NINETEEN SIXTEEN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY AUTHORITY OF THE  
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

Volume Four

Twenty-five Cents a Year  
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Number Two

## *In This Issue*

### **CAUSE OF POOR ANGLING IN ROGUE RIVER**

By GEO. PUTNAM, OF MEDFORD

### **WASHINGTON GAME LAWS**

By STATE GAME WARDEN, L. H. DARWIN

### **DUCK SHOOTING ON THE COLUMBIA**

By FRANK PATTON, OF ASTORIA

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# THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

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*Volume Four*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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### ATTRACTING EASTERN SPORTSMEN

Each year more people are attracted by the enjoyment of outdoor life in Oregon. This applies to the people who live in this State, and especially to those who come from other places to spend a part of the year in Oregon. On account of European conditions at the present time, more of the American people will see America this year than ever before. The Pacific Coast will have a greater tourist travel this year than in any previous year. An effort is being made by the Oregon Fish and Game Commission to make this state one of the greatest outdoor states in the Union. There are certain definite reasons why this should be accomplished.

In Oregon we have a great public domain that will never be open to settlement. This comprises thirteen million acres in the Federal Forest Reservations. It is

a great body of land that is not subject to state tax, although the state derives thirty-five per cent of the revenues from grazing, timber and other sources, collected by the National Government. In addition to the Forest Reservations there are approximately twenty-five million acres covered with heavy timber which is not used for agricultural purposes.

It is very important to every citizen in the State that this extensive territory within our borders should be utilized in every way possible. It is essential that the outdoor resources of Oregon be developed. Maine has estimated that her game resources are worth twenty million dollars annually. California values her game resources nearly as high. California has also capitalized her climate to the extent of millions of dollars. Neither one of these states has a better opportunity than Oregon to become famous for fishing and hunting. No place in the world has such a lure for the angler as the Willamette River, as this is the place where the Royal Chinook Salmon are taken with rod and line. Every year thousands of sportsmen from the Eastern states make long trips into the mountains and forests for the recreation of angling and hunting. If angling for Chinooks in the Willamette and fishing for Rainbows in the Rogue and McKenzie, the Deschutes and the Umpqua, and other streams, were as well known in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other states as it is known here in Oregon, the migration of the tourist sportsmen to Oregon would tax our railroads to the limit and fill our hotels to overflowing.

It is a surprising thing that our own citizens are not really yet awake to the great possibilities of developing



our outdoor resources in Oregon. Our thirty-eight million acres of forests contain the finest mountain streams and the most beautiful lakes. Our magnificent scenery has been practically hidden up to the present time. The gorge of the Columbia has just been opened to the eyes of the world. The beauties of our snow-capped mountains and the wonders of Crater Lake are comparatively unknown. Our great forest areas, which are the recreation grounds for our people, have scarcely been penetrated at all. The efforts of the Fish and Game Commission has been to carry on an educational campaign to use these great undeveloped resources and make them a profit to our citizens.

It is a well-known fact that the tourist sportsman spends a large amount of money in railroad and stage fare. He lives not only at the best hotels, but at the farm houses. He employs guides and hires horses and purchases equipment, supplies and many other items. The money he spends goes directly into the pockets of our citizens. Fishing and hunting therefore becomes an important business proposition to the farmer, the fruit grower and the timberman, as well as every land-owner in the State. It is a well-known fact that when a tourist comes across the continent to view the wonderful scenery in Oregon, to hunt Chinese Pheasants in the Willamette Valley, to angle for Chinooks in the Willamette or for Rainbows in the McKenzie, Deschutes or the Rogue, he goes away fully satisfied. He goes away to tell his friends and to come back again. As a rule, he not only has money to spend, but money to invest. Therefore, all loyal Oregonians should not only commend, but actively assist in this great work of really developing Oregon's outdoor resources.

## FEEDING THE BIRDS

In many respects the past winter was the most severe ever experienced by the birds and game of our state. The heavy snows and the intense colds following them made the sportsmen throughout the state feel that a great many of the birds and deer would perish. And they would have done so had it not been for the splendid service rendered by the good citizens of Oregon. Everywhere the people came to the rescue and fed the birds. Back in the hills settlers permitted the deer to feed with their stock. The result is that instead of the wild animal and bird life of Oregon being greatly diminished on account of the severity of the weather it has been saved. Very few birds perished and only a few deer are reported as having died as a direct result of the heavy snows. Reports coming from all sections of the state to the Game Warden indicate that the Chinese Pheasants will be plentiful this fall. Similar reports are to the effect that the deer are more numerous than last year. Sportsmen know that the deer shooting last season was the best in many years with the exception of certain portions of Eastern Oregon.

The State Game department feels that it owes a debt of gratitude to the good people of Oregon who assisted so nobly in the work of feeding and caring for the wild game during the past winter. It will try to compensate them by an even more faithful service and co-operation this coming season.

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## THE MEAT OF IT

Game protection sentiment is growing. It is taking hold of every community. Old violators are falling into

line. The younger sportsmen are boosting for it. The children are being educated to it.

Why?

Because everyone knows that the sport of hunting and angling would soon become a myth without it. Any intelligent person who will ponder seriously for ten minutes on the subject will become a convert to game protection for the simple reason that he does not want the game to become exterminated.

The absence of game protection sentiment would mean in a few years the absence of game. This thought has sunk deep into the minds of sportsmen and because of it there have sprung up over a hundred game protective associations throughout Oregon.

Let the good work go on!

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### 5000 COPIES THIS ISSUE

In our January number we said that we were striving for 5000 subscribers for the April issue of THE SPORTSMAN. This has been accomplished and, what is more, THE SPORTSMAN is now entered as second-class matter at the Portland Postoffice. It costs less to mail the 5000 now than it formerly cost to mail the few hundred.

We now aim to get 5000 more subscribers by January, 1917. We want to publish and mail ten thousand copies of that issue. We can do it if you will help. If you like THE SPORTSMAN mail it to some friend who is not now a subscriber. It costs but a quarter a year and affords you a hundred times that amount of pleasure in reading it from cover to cover.



## ANGLING

The angling season has been backward. The high waters with their attendant mud and murk have hindered the angler in pursuing with rod and line the trout. However this fact has only made the angler's itch all the more annoying and the streams are now fairly alive with anglers. The first catches have been good and a splendid season is anticipated by sportsmen everywhere.

The greatest good that the Fish and Game Commission can do is to keep the lakes and streams of Oregon constantly stocked with trout. That is its greatest problem also. The commission is doing its utmost to this end and the coming season will see many millions of trout fry liberated in the waters of Oregon.

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Always carry your hunting and angling license on your person. By always doing so you may avoid trouble and lengthy explanation.

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We have tag, flag and flower days. Why not a "License day" to help the cause of game protection and fish propagation along?

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The true sportsman will not take a chance with the game laws just because he is morally certain that the game warden will not find it out.

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More game protection sentiment means less money spent in patrol service which means more money for propagating trout for liberation in our streams.

## CAUSE OF POOR ANGLING IN ROGUE RIVER DURING THE SEASON OF 1915

By GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune.

The Rogue River is the most beautiful of the many beautiful rivers of Oregon. Like a silver ribbon, its crystal waters gleam and sparkle, as they rush wildly down rock-ribbed gorges, tumble madly in cascades and waterfalls, as it winds through picturesque panoramas of stately forest clad hills and smiling verdure clad valleys, from its source in the summit of the Cascades to its mouth in the Pacific, 200 miles away. Occasionally the swirling waters pause between swift riffles in placid pools that mirror the varied scenery of the banks—ere resuming the swift dash to the sea, wantonly wasting more power than Niagara.

The Rogue is an overgrown mountain brook with the charms of the brook magnified a hundred fold. It is the finest fly fishing stream in the world and in its swift waters lurk the gamiest and fiercest of fighting fish—the King of trout—the Rogue River steelhead. Yet, the Rogue River occasionally has an off season, and the year 1915 furnished the poorest steelhead angling on record—and this despite good cut-throat trout angling and a large run of salmon at the mouth. This raises the question: What made the season poor?

By poor fishing is not meant the unsolvable problem of days and even weeks when the erratic and whimsical trout will not raise readily to a fly, when as if at a given signal the finny tribe go on a hunger strike, for these vagaries and uncertainties only add to the charm of the sport—a challenge to the skill and patience of the angler. The Rogue, even in the most favorable season, is not a fish-hog's stream—except to the unsportsman-like bait fisherman—and the most skilled angler earns his reward—for fishing waist-deep in the turbulent Rogue is not a gentle parlor pastime. By poor fishing is meant an actual scarcity of fish.

As theorizing and philosophizing about trout is a feature of the sport, second only to preparedness and realization, the following reasons for poor angling are given for what they are worth by one who knows the river and has studied the fish persistently enough to know a great deal more than he does about them.

Important factors to be considered are:

The supply of fish—the native stock, the rate of depletion and the rate of replenishment.

The food supply.

The water—its quality, quantity and temperature.

The Rogue was abundantly supplied with trout by nature. Its many gravel bars are the natural spawning beds of both salmon and trout. The rate of depletion by anglers has increased many fold with the growth of population. There are a hundred anglers now where a decade ago there was one, and there is no closed season for trout. But this is largely offset by the decrease in commercial fishing. The entire river is closed to commercial fishing for steelhead. Salmon fishing is permitted from May to November from the mouth to the Illinois River, and for a sixty-day season on a ten-mile stretch at Grants Pass. There is an honest effort to enforce the law against taking steelhead by the cannerymen, but the irresponsible fisherman who does the catching resents the restrictions and is a frequent violater. The seine is

undoubtedly a contributory cause of poor fishing. Hatchery operations show an annual increase in recent years in the number of steelhead planted, but need enlargement.

The natural food supply in the Rogue is abundant. Fish culturists state that it exceeds all other streams in variety and quantity of fish food—and the rapid growth and prime condition of the fish proves the assertion.

In average years there is an abundance of water in the Rogue. Clear and sparkling its quality, fed from mountain springs and melting snows, is unsurpassed. Its temperature is now even in the summer months, averaging at the Elk Creek hatchery a mean of 52 for June, 55 for July and 56 for August. In years of deficient rainfall, the quantity of water flowing shows a marked decrease and the temperature a marked raise, particularly in the lower river.

The steelhead is an anadromous fish—that is, one that ascends from the sea at regular intervals, and the volume of discharge of the fresh water probably governs its attractiveness. When low, the water of the lower portion of the stream becomes warm and repels rather than attracts the fish, which delay ascent until spawning time. That this is the cause also with chinook salmon was shown in 1915, a dry year, very few chinook coming up stream, although there was a large run at the mouth, the fish lurking in the deep pools of the lower river until forced by nature to rush toward the spawning beds. On September 1st there were remarkably few chinook at the Elk Creek hatchery, yet the take of chinook eggs at the close of the season a few weeks later was the largest in recent years. The steelhead and silverside salmon did not come into the river in any quantity before November—evidently delaying their fresh water jaunt until forced by nature to enter for spawning.

That the stage of the water in the river has more or less to do with the quantity of fish seems more than probable, after a study of stream conditions. Records published by the State Engineer in "Water Resources of Oregon," show the flow of Rogue River for the past ten years. The stream discharge for the season is given at Gold Ray in second feet (the season being computed from October 1 to October 1) as follows:

Year.	Max. Flood Discharge.	Mean Daily Discharge.
1906-07.....	48,300.....	4,250
1907-08.....	29,400.....	3,140
1908-09.....	29,800.....	3,550
1909-10.....	48,300.....	3,670
1910-11.....	31,000.....	3,110
1911-12.....	35,000.....	3,530
1912-13.....	11,300.....	3,050
1913-14.....	21,200.....	2,850
1914-15.....	6,980.....	1,764

Any angler who consults his diary will find that the best fishing years were 1907, 1909, 1910 and 1912, while 1908 and 1913 were fair years, and the year 1911, the year of forest fires, the first of the two years the stream was closed to all commercial fishing as the result of the initiative bill passed in 1910, and the years 1914 and 1915 afforded poor angling, the latter the poorest on record.

Consulting the above table, it is apparent that wet years, years of flood and water and high average value of water, were the best fishing years, and dry years the poorest; that the quantity of steelhead varied with the volume of water in the river.



With commercial fishing, especially with seining, in progress in the lower river, it is always the tendency of the anglers of the upper river to blame the commercial fishermen for poor fishing experienced. Yet stringent restrictions govern this fishing, heavy penalties are provided for the taking of steelhead trout, game wardens are supposed to be vigilant, the trout cannot be sold, canned or utilized, and incentive is lacking for violation. Moreover, with the exception of two years the river was closed, for thirty years there has been commercial fishing at the mouth, and until the past five years there were no restrictions against taking steelheads commercially, and both salmon and steelheads were taken indiscriminately. Some of these years furnished the best angling on record—so while the commercial fisherman is a contributory cause, it is evident that there are other causes.

Undoubtedly a contributory cause is the lack of protection given the trout during the spawning season, from the many alleged sportsmen who make a practice of slaughtering spawning steelhead. These fish-hogs clamor for legislation to curb the commercial fisherman, but become very indignant at the suggestion of curbing their own rapacity, which does more to exterminate the trout than the summer operations of the salmon fisherman. It is true that the state law prohibits the taking of trout under ten inches in length between October and April, but except in the cold waters of the mountain streams few fish under ten inches in length are matured sufficiently to spawn in Southern Oregon streams, and in the colder waters the spawning months are April, May and June—so that the law really affords little or no protection to the spawning fish.

The steelhead trout spawns from November until May. The summer run, coming into the river from the sea in late spring and summer, which furnishes the season's fly fishing, are the first to spawn, beginning in November. The great run of spawning steelheads comes up during the high water of the winter months and scatters along the gravel bars of the Rogue and its smaller tributaries. February and March are the principal spawning months.

Spawning, like childbirth, is an exhaustive process, depleting the strength and vitality of the fish, which becomes emaciated and weak—commonly called "spent"—and requires a period of rest and recuperation and feeding to become again in prime condition. The great bulk of the spent fish drift down to the ocean for recuperation, though a percentage remain in fresh water.

The trout, either before, during or after spawning, is not good to eat. Its meat is flabby and juiceless. In its weakened condition it is not able to give the angler much of a battle. It offers the chance sought by the butcher for slaughter, but not the angler for sport. Every steelhead caught during the winter and early spring months means so many hundreds fewer fish in the future, and with the number of anglers increasing annually there is a constantly increasing slaughter.

No one knows where the steelhead go after entering salt water, but it is within the bounds of probabilities that occasionally disaster overtakes them, that for some unknown cause there has been an unwanted increase in natural enemies to thin their ranks, or that some submarine upheaval has exterminated entire shoals—for all anadromous fish have their unsolved mysteries of off seasons due to ocean tragedies.

The wantonness of commercial fishermen, the rapacity of bait-fish hogs, the low water, the hot summer and the enigmatical calamities, the sea—some of them factors, perhaps all of them—contributed to make poor steelhead angling in the Rogue River for the season of 1915.

## WASHINGTON GAME LAWS

By L. H. DARWIN, State Game Warden and State Fish Commissioner for Washington.

A large number of Oregon sportsmen are interested in the game and game fish laws of the State of Washington because of the fact that such a large percentage of Oregon's population is situated along the northern boundary line of that state, which is the southern boundary line of Washington.

Just a moment's reflection shows that all the largest cities of Oregon are situated on the extreme northern boundary line—Portland, Astoria, The Dalles, Hood River, Rainier, St. Helens and a number of others may be mentioned. As a result, many of her residents take out hunting and fishing licenses in this state. Clarke County, for instance, opposite to which on the Oregon side is situated the city of Portland, issues more non-resident fishing licenses than all the rest of the Washington counties combined.

The laws of the two states, as regards the work of protection and propagation, differ materially. In Oregon the work of protection and propagation of food fish and game fish is all entrusted to one commission, as I understand it, and the funds derived all go into the hands of this one commission. As regards the enforcement of the game and game fish laws, the state is divided into districts, and deputy state game wardens are assigned to these different districts.

If I am correctly advised, the State Fish and Game Commission apportions the funds, allowing so much to the game department for the protection and propagation of game, and so much to the food fisheries department for the protection and propagation of food and game fish.

Frankly, I feel that our Washington system is preferable. Both Oregon and Washington are practically divided into two separate communities—East and West. In both states people residing east of the Cascade Mountains are very little interested in the food fishing industry, and less so in Oregon than in Washington, through which the Columbia River flows before it reaches down to become the boundary between the two states. By reason of this our Eastern Washington people are in a position to secure more salmon than the Eastern Oregon people.

As against this so-called state system, we have a dual state and county system. The work of propagating both food and game fish in our state, and of enforcing both the food and game fish laws, are centered in one person—the State Fish Commissioner. There is no divided responsibility, as is the case in the State of Oregon.

The State Fish Commissioner of Washington is also State Game Warden. He has the right to appoint as many fishery inspectors as the legislature might appropriate money to pay for the enforcement of the food fish laws.

For the enforcement of the game and game fish laws, he has a chief deputy state game warden who resides in Eastern Washington. The law gives the chief deputy in Eastern Washington the same rights in certain things as possessed by the State Game Warden, who exercises these same rights in Western Washington. The particular right referred to is the matter of appointing in Eastern Washington the county game commissioners and removing them, if he so desires. The chief deputy game warden's action in this in Eastern Washington is final, and similarly the State Game Warden's action in Western Washington in this is final.



As to the appointment of game commissioners, however, the law specifies that they must first ask the Board of County Commissioners to recommend persons for appointment on this Board of Game Commission. In case the County Commissioners do this within ten days after notice, the State Game Warden in Western Washington and the Chief Deputy Game Warden in Eastern Washington must appoint the person recommended, although they can remove them at the bottom of the page on which the appointment is made. This means he must immediately ask for another recommendation.

The county game commissioners in turn appoint the game wardens and deputy game wardens for their respective counties, and each county in the state has a county game commission. The wardens which they appoint for their counties may be transferred in Western Washington by the State Game Warden to go to any other county, and in Eastern Washington they may be transferred by the Chief Deputy State Game Warden.

The respective game commissions of the respective counties are charged with the work of game and game fish protection and propagation within their counties. These county game commissions can, subject to the approval of the State Fish Commissioner and State Game Warden, construct game fish hatcheries and can without his approval establish county game farms. Already about a dozen counties in the state have built their own trout hatcheries, and three or four counties in the state have their own county game farms.

The Auditor of each county issues and sells the county hunting and fishing licenses, and receives from the State Auditor and sells the state resident and non-resident hunting and fishing licenses.

In short, a man can go to any county auditor and buy either a state or county license. The county game fund gets 90 cents out of every dollar received for a county hunting and fishing license, and \$1.00 out of every \$5.00 received for the state hunting and fishing license which it sells.

Ten per cent of the county hunting and fishing license money and 80 per cent of the state hunting and fishing license goes into the state game fund.

From the state game fund are paid the salary and traveling expenses of the state game warden, and chief deputy state game warden, and their respective office expenses.

Also, from the state game fund are paid the cost of construction of the state trout hatcheries and rearing ponds, and of the maintenance of the state trout hatcheries, of which Washington now has six hatcheries and two sets of rearing ponds.

Also, from this fund are paid the salaries and expenses of four special deputy state game wardens, two of which are assigned to Eastern Washington and two to Western Washington.

The reason for the appointment of these is because of the fact that some of the smaller counties of the state do not receive a sufficiently large game fund to properly police the county. Consequently they are assisted from the state game fund, for these special deputy game wardens can go in during those times when they are most needed and aid these small counties in the enforcement of the laws.

It can be seen from this that every county in the state has both county or local and state police protection for the enforcement of its game laws. I feel justified in saying that never in the history of the state have the game laws been so satisfactory and on the whole so well observed and enforced as at the present time.



And within the last three years there has been more game bird and game fish propagation work done than during any ten years before.

Among those counties in this state which have established trout hatcheries are Clarke, just opposite Portland, and Skamania, opposite Hood River. Hundreds of thousands of fry have been hatched annually in these two hatcheries and liberated into the streams of their respective counties.

Both counties are much resorted to by Oregon fishermen.

Some of the other counties to establish hatcheries, or jointly construct with the state, are King, Snohomish, Kittitas, Yakima, Stevens, Pend O'Reille, Spokane, Whatcom, Ferry, Wenatchee and Okanogan.

Game farms have been established by King, Thurston, Island and—in a small way—Spokane County.

The splendid work which we are doing with the state trout hatcheries is shown by the fact that in 1912—the last year of the preceeding administration—there were some three million trout hatched by the state, as against sixteen million during the fiscal year of 1915, which ends the 31st day of March (this month).

In this state no fish can be planted without the consent of the State Fish Commissioner, and I have steadfastly refused to grant a permit for the original planting of bass. In a few instances we have given permission for the planting of bass fry in those lakes which have heretofore been entirely given over to this species of fish.

Washington is very fortunate in having a Governor in entire sympathy with the preservation and propagation of our game and fish. Governor Lister is the ex-officio chairman of the State Fish Commission, which in our state deals with the general matters of policy. But for his veto of objectionable sections our game laws would have been in sorry condition now as a result of the last legislature passing a bill to restore the use of sneak boats and to take from the railroads any liability for the illegal transportation of game.

Without this latter provision it would be almost impossible to enforce our game laws. We did get the last legislature to change most of our open seasons to conform with the Federal migratory bird act and consequently, when some thirty days since I received notice from the United States District Attorney advising that, because of the action of two United States District courts in declaring the Federal migratory laws unconstitutional, his office would no longer institute prosecutions until further advised by the department, I was able to assure the sportsmen of this state it mattered not in the least, for our own state laws covered the subject. And the seasons would close just the same as though the Federal migratory bird laws were being enforced.

In Washington we are doing some splendid team work in game and game fish law enforcement. At Spokane, on February 11th, we completed the organization of the Washington State Association of County Game Commissioners and Game Wardens.

About two years and a half ago, at Tacoma, we held the first meeting of this kind which had been held in the state. That meeting was attended by the county game commissioners and game wardens of Western Washington. It was determined at that time that we should have another meeting very shortly, when we would organize the Association of Western Washington Game Commissioners and Game Wardens. And this was held about a month later at Bellingham.

Other meetings of the Western Washington Association have since been held at Mount Vernon, Olympia and Seattle. At the Seattle meeting here in January the question of consolidating with the Eastern Washington Association, which was formed about sixty days after Western Washington, was broached and, the response from Eastern Washington being favorable, the two associations met there and effected consolidation at Spokane on February 10th last.

These meetings have been highly profitable, resulting in the exchange of ideas and recitation of conditions which has made for propagation and law enforcement work in each of the counties.

At the present time, by reason of the Fish Commissioner also being the Game Warden, the food fish and game fish men aid in the enforcement of both sets of laws.

Governor Lister conceived the idea of still further co-ordinating the work of two of his departments by having the employes of the State Fish Commissioner, and the State Game Warden, and of the State Fire Warden work for both the protection of game and enforcement of game laws, and the protection of the forests from destruction by fire.

As a result of this, it is assured that hereafter the game and forests of Washington will have better protection than at any time in their history.

Our present fish and game code had been in effect about two years and eight months when our Spokane meeting was held, last February. Without exception, every county in the state reported the new laws were working entirely satisfactory and that game and fish were more abundant than in many years past. Various county game commissions for the fiscal year of 1914 purchased and liberated in this state 4,523 birds. The fiscal year of 1915 closed on February 28th, but we have not as yet received the report of all the county game wardens, but undoubtedly many more birds were liberated in 1915 than in 1914. I have already told how we are increasing the supply of game fish.

In 1914 the number of county hunting and fishing licenses was 122,249. It is known that this number was largely increased in 1915.

I was much surprised to find on looking through the figures that about eighty per cent of the male voters of the State of Washington take out a hunting and fishing license. Our state does not require women or children under the age of 16 to take out licenses. Undoubtedly the proportion of women and children fishing is almost as great. It would seem that in any state where this great a percentage of the people are interested in a subject that they would be able to secure the enactment of the laws which they desire relating thereto.

This certainly can be done if they will but organize. The nucleus of an organization of those in this state who are interested in the preservation of our game and bird life was formed at Spokane on February 11th last. I expect this summer to have the special state deputy game wardens assist in organizing game and game fish clubs all over the state.

Our State Association of Game Commissioners and Wardens joined with the State Federation of Women's Clubs in an appeal to the National Audubon Society to send one of their organizers in this state to assist in this work, but no reply has as yet come. Their assistance will be appreciated, if it can be had. The work, however, will go ahead with or without it.



Washingtonians feel that they now have the best game and game fish laws of any state in the Union, and they propose to maintain in this state the best fishing and hunting conditions to be found anywhere in America.

We all feel that Puget Sound, in the next few years, is destined to be the summer playground of America, and believe that nothing can assist so materially in bringing this about as an abundant supply of game and fish.

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## DUCK SHOOTING ON THE COLUMBIA

By FRANK PATTON, Cashier Astoria Savings Bank.

The Quinn Hunting Club, or the C. L. Houston and Frank Patton Hunting Lodge, as it is sometimes called, is situated about forty miles up the Columbia River from Astoria.

Houston and I are the club members. We have two houseboats and a barn there. One houseboat, built on pontoons, we use for headquarters on our trips. We have three bedrooms, a bathroom, store-room, sitting-room and kitchen in that one. The other houseboat we use merely to store things, such as our hunting togs that we're not likely to use.

The decoy ducks make themselves at home in the barn. After a day in the water they troop solemnly up to the barn door and wait for the keeper to let them in. In their own apartment, in the barn, the dogs also lodge, and a third apartment is used for storing wheat and corn to feed the ducks and geese.

We have a linguistic keeper, who is a game warden as well, and upon whom we have depended for years. Houston and I call him the man from Delmonico's, because he can't cook for sour apples.

We are thoroughly equipped with good sensible quarters, and our lease allows us to shoot over about five thousand acres of willow bottoms.

Every now and then someone asks me whether we have good shooting in Oregon. That question always amuses me. For years Houston and I have averaged eight hundred ducks for the season. More than once we have got the limit within the hour.

For years we have invited W. E. Martin of McMinnville to take a shoot with us. He's a fine shot, and a genius when it comes to handling dogs.

Last year we invited H. C. Hamblet and his son (Ed) down, and we had one of the best trips we ever had.

Hamblet had never done any shooting and he was keen for the experience.

We gave him the best blind on the ground, because we wanted him to have a lot of good shooting. Houston and I went to our covers and were kept very busy, as the birds were flying thick. From Hamblet's cover there issued a roar like artillery fire, prolonged and loud. I thought that I would find him with at least five hundred ducks, and that our keeper would be forced to turn Hamblet over to the authorities to languish in durance vile.

I went over to his cover just in time to see him bowl over a mud hen that had alighted near him. Scattered everywhere were shells,



shells, shells. He'd used over four hundred and was loading again. He proudly pointed to eight mud hens, the result of his great fusillade. But he was enjoying himself immensely.

I led Harry away from this scene of slaughter, and Houston, who had shot his limit, joined us and we all retired to the houseboat. It was then only 10 o'clock and Hamblet alone was short of the limit, but then he had slain eight mud hens, which was a pretty fair record itself.

It was raining hard, and the house seemed very comfortable after the long morning on the willow bottoms, but Hamblet decided that he and I should go and get the decoy ducks. Those tamed mallards, picketed with little collars about their necks, impressed Hamblet deeply. Nothing would do for it but that out into the rain we must go and turn loose the decoys so that they could get under the shelter of the barn roof.

I pretended that I didn't know where the decoys were, and Hamblet bravely started out to show me. He started out in the right general direction, but he soon lost the trail, and before long we were deep in the thicket, at least a mile beyond the covers.

When we had gone far enough so I knew there was no hope of Hamblet's knowing where we were I stopped and looked around.

"Well, Harry," I said, "Don't you think we've come far enough?"

He said he thought we'd come a lot too far.

I asked him why he didn't say so before and he stood, first on one foot and then on the other, and didn't answer.

"Well," I said, "Then let's go home!"

He took a wrong turn into the thicket, and away we went again. After we had gone about a mile he stopped and asked me for my knife.

"Knife!" I ejaculated, "What do you want of my knife?"

"We'll have to cut some willows to lie on; we're lost!" he explained.

"If we're lost, we're lost and that's all there is to it. We stand up all night and we won't get the rheumatism." He didn't say anything to that, but after a bit he asked me for a match.

"A match! What in the world do you want of a match?" I asked him.

"We might start a fire and keep warm," he suggested.

"Start a fire! Why, man, are you crazy? How are you going to start a fire when it's raining like this, and only green willow for wood."

We were silent for awhile, and then Hamblet conceived the idea that we might find out where we were by the direction the ducks were flying. I pretended to grow very angry and pointed out that they were flying in all directions. "We're lost," I told him. "So don't keep on telling me about it; I know we're lost." "Well, Frank, I'll stay with you anyway," he assured me.

"Fine!" I said; "You're lost, too, so you've got to stay with me."

After we'd stayed there about an hour and I thought the joke had gone far enough, I took a swing through the thicket and swung around so as to bring us out into the clearing at the edge of which Hamblet had been shooting.

He recognized the place and located the blind and his spirits rose. But I doused cold water over them by announcing that I was going back into the thicket for the ducks Houston had near his blind.

Harry plead with me, pointing out that I'd get lost again, but assuring me that he would stick to the ship and get lost with me again if necessary.

So into the thicket we plunged again, and by following a little creek we came to the ducks near the river bank.

I hoo-hooed, and the man from Delmonico's came and got the ducks; Hamblet and I went up to the houseboat.

It was a lot of fun to hear his account of our misfortunes.

But, taken altogether, Hamblet enjoyed the trip so much that he ended up by leasing the land adjoining our lease, and this year he did much better. He can tell a mud hen from a mallard just as easy!

Houston and I have used LaFevre guns for twenty years and found them altogether satisfactory. We use No. 6 shot the first of the season and No. 5 shot later in the season. And that reminds me of one morning Houston and I were out without the dogs, and with No. 5 shot in our guns, and ran into a flight of jack snipe. We got 122 before we stopped, and there's no telling how many we never found.

As I said before, it always amuses me when people ask whether there's good shooting in Oregon.



## NOTABLE BIRDS OF McKENZIE BRIDGE

By FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY.

The long covered bridge that spans the green, foaming McKenzie, in the heart of the Cascades, is fifty-six miles by stage above Eugene, on the road to the snowcapped Three Sisters, numbered among the noblest peaks of Oregon. The immediate neighborhood of the bridge does not afford any great list of Oregon birds, for the narrow strip of original prairie, a few houses and the cottages about the log house where families of enthusiastic fishermen, some of them from distant states, gather to spend the summer, are surrounded by dark coniferous forest, in which few birds care to live. For much of the moisture from the Pacific, blowing in above what has been well described as the "low-lying and tranquil Coast Mountains," is precipitated by the lofty glacier-clad peaks and high rocky ridges of the Cascades, so that the flora and fauna with a slight variation of species is the counterpart of that of the actual Humid Coast strip.

The rhododendron tree, found here, seems to have shot up like an overgrown boy from the familiar low growth of the east, and the rare yew tree, the English form of which, according to song and story, supplied Robin Hood with his good tough bows, is here a scraggly moss-bearded tree often forty feet high, suggesting the redwood with its flat dark green foliage and pointed needles. As in the Humid



Coast strip, the heavy cushions of brownish-green moss grow mainly on the deciduous trees, such as the alder and maple, probably because the bark of the coniferous trees is chemically unsuited to the nourishment of moss.

The gardens and orchards of McKenzie Bridge during my stay in 1914 attracted a few families of familiar dooryard birds, which sang unawed by the shadow of the great forest. In the vegetable garden of the Log House one of the numerous Western Chipping Sparrows of the neighborhood trilled monotonously, Rusty Song Sparrows gave their rich contralto call full of home content and happiness, and a Western Robin was seen flying by on important business. Close by, in the alders and willows bordering the river a small Flycatcher, presumably traili, fed its young and sat in the sun calling "pre-deer," while in the orchard a pair of greenish Swainson Vireos went about in the sunshine, the songster of the family sitting in a willow with head up, white line over the eye showing, and throat feathers parting as he sang his modest lay beginning with its stereotyped tir-rut-ty; while in the river thicket a Russet-backed Thrush, taking me back to the fragrant bracken fields of Tillamook Bay on the coast, sang the sweet musical song that dominated the morning chorus. The red head of the Western Tanager was often seen projecting his black-winged yellow body across the garden and one day he was found picking about in the moss of a dead branch, flying off with his bill full across the river, where he doubtless had a nest.

An occasional white-spotted stone along the shallows of the river told of the presence of the Water Ouzels, whose hunting grounds were found farther up the McKenzie, and a Kingfisher was sometimes seen flying swiftly up or down the river. Now and then Vaux Swifts and a flock of Swallows were seen in the sky, and for some time two pairs of Pacific Nighthawks were to be found at sunset hunting, cavorting and booming in courtship play over the prairie park across the road from the Log House, sometimes, under cover of the twilight being seen to take a turn close around the kitchen, where they doubtless helped dispose of the abundant house flies. Along the fields and fences Western Bluebirds sometimes flew up, and a band of yellow-eyed Brewer Blackbirds hunted for insects, at night coming to roost in an evergreen on the road by the Log House.

The songster most in evidence about the house, one not seen at Tillamook Bay, was the Lazuli Bunting, whose beautiful blue coat and pinkish chest band gave a surprisingly bright touch of color to the somber landscape. His profuse song, very similar in character to that of his eastern relative, the Indigo Bunting, given indifferently from a telephone wire or the top of an apple tree or conifer, begins with some bright clear notes with a lilt in them, and growing faster burrs and wings around with several repetitions of a flat concluding cha-cha-cha.

Where was the nest? When I went out to watch the pair from the bank above the river bottoms I was surprised to have the nondescript brown mother bird fly down close beside me, ignoring my presence in her absorbed search for insects. Poor little seed eater forced to supply insects for a clamorous brood of carnivorous nestlings! She sat around looking amusingly bewildered for some time, but finally catching sight of a diminutive insect flying low over the ground, gave chase as if life depended on a gnat, twisting and turning in a way that would have done credit to a born Flycatcher. Victorious, up she rose, taking a straight course over the haycocks to the bushes under the trees by the river. Following after, I hunted vainly through



the undergrowth for a nest, though getting near enough to set her chipping for her mate. Then they both tried to lure me away, his gay coat serving well at such a juncture. When they had drawn me out by the haycock they stopped fussing at once, quite content, and she flew off for more insects while he fell to singing his bright cheery summer song.

One morning as I went out through the hotel yard, what was my surprise to see an Evening Grosbeak sitting on the fence. Quite unafraid, it flew down into the grass and hopped about, standing high, as if drinking dew drops from the grass blades. It was evidently a young one, for, in contrast to its big yellow bill, its body looked very gray, and when it flew its wing markings were much restricted, while an adult male who flew with a small band of Grosbeaks from the trees below the garden had not only the yellowish olive body set off handsomely by yellow forehead, black wings and tail, but a white wing patch that fairly hit the eye. Another of the band when in a tree facing my way was almost lost in the green background. For several days the plaintive single whistle and the beaded note of the flock were often heard about the hotel in the early mornings, and the lovely birds were sometimes caught sight of aggressively disappearing in the edge of the forest.

Here the split vibrant note of the Varied Thrush was occasionally heard until the time when family cares became all engrossing. The second week in July a pair of Sierra Creepers were feeding young in their tree trunk nest. Western Flycatchers were carrying food in the greenery, Juncos were feeding grown young out of the nest, and a family of young Golden-Crowned Kinglets were being fed in a low growth of the white fir. The full Kinglet song, ti-ti, ti-ti, followed by still shorter notes, with a Warbler jumble for termination, was also heard at this time. Among the somber-hued Creepers, Juncos, Flycatchers and Kinglets, it was a keen pleasure to catch a glimpse of the flashing gorget of a Rufous Hummingbird as it darted about in the clearing.

Inside the timber jolly little Western Winter Wrens came up and sang their tinkling songs in friendly fashion, then disappeared secretively in the dark shadows. Loquacious Coast Jays and a family of the delightfully fluffy camp Jays, friends of the woodsman, were seen in the treetops in passing. Small bands of Chestnut-backed Chickadees trailed through the tree tops and solitary Woodpeckers tapped on the tree trunks or flew silently about through the timber. A female Pileated Woodpecker which came bounding down to a tree trunk full of life and spirit, through a sad misunderstanding, was shot, and the loud laments of her mate, which echoed through the forest for several days, bore touching testimony to the belief that these noble birds remain mated through life. After listening in vain for the Slender-billed Nuthatch at Tillamook Bay, it was good to find him here, the sweet far away, henk, henk, in the stillness of the high bolted conifers falling with light, harmonious touch upon the ear.



## INTERESTING POINTS OF CURRY COUNTY

BY KATE LEHNHERR.

The first point of interest after leaving Coos County and entering Curry is Blacklock Point, about two miles north of Sixes River.

Here are rocks covered with mussels and a small boat can be launched for sea fishing, which is of the best at this point, as well as all other points of the Curry County coast line.

In the early day a sandstone quarry was operated at Blacklock Point, but it was found that the sandstone was too soft and it was abandoned. Two miles below Blacklock Point, Sixes River empties into the ocean. At its mouth is a bed of razor clams.

In the stream good trout fishing can be had, with deer hunting in season along its banks. In the fall of the year salmon fishing is one of the industries of the people.

After leaving Sixes River the next place is Cape Blanco. On this cape, which is the most westerly point in the United States, is located the Cape Blanco wireless station and lighthouse.

From here the best of sea fishing can be had, and on the rocks off the coast are a great many sea lions. So during the summer months a great deal of sea lion hunting is done.

Elk River is the only stream of any importance between Cape Blanco and Port Orford. In this stream, as in all of the streams of the county, there is good trout fishing, and in the fall salmon fishing for commerce. About five or six miles south of Elk River is located the town of Port Orford.

Around Port Orford are several very interesting places for the sportsman.

A good automobile road has been built out to the lake and Agate Beach. In this lake trout and other fish abound, and on the beach are a great many very beautiful agates.

Deep sea fishing is carried on off the coast from Port Orford.

Port Orford has one of the best deep water harbors on the coast. Here also is located Battle Rock, on which the battle of Battle Rock was fought. Half way between Port Orford and Wedderburn is the Arizona Inn. It is beside a small stream, and all kinds of fishing and hunting abound. Many tourists stay over for the fishing and hunting. At Rogue River commercial fishing is the leading industry, but at Hunter's Creek, about two miles south of the river, the very best of trout fishing is obtainable.

Two miles north of Rogue River is the Bailey Beach, where a great many beautiful agates are found. All along this beach a great deal of mining was done in the early days, and some mining is still done.

Near the mouth of the river are situated the towns of Gold Beach and Wedderburn.

Wedderburn, on the north side of the river, is where the cannery of the Wedderburn Trading Company is located. Gold Beach, on the south side, is the county seat. Good hunting and fishing can be had throughout all this section.

At Hunter's Cove are beds of clams, rock oysters and mussels.

Boats can be launched from any place here for the sea fishing, which is especially good at this point. In Bristol River, which is sixteen miles south of Gold Beach, is very good trout fishing, and some salmon fishing in the fall.

From Bristol River south to the Chetco River, a distance of some thirty miles, there are several small streams with abundance of trout and various points on the coast where oysters and mussels are plentiful.

There is plenty of deer hunting in season. For those who carry a camera there is always a beautiful view to be taken.

The road follows the coast line very closely through the whole county, and most of these places can be reached with an automobile.

At the mouth of the Chetco River are the towns of Harbor and Brookings. On the north side is the new mill town of Brookings and on the south, Harbor. In this stream also can be found trout, with salmon in season.

South of this is the Wind Chuck River. This stream is practically at the California line, and in it, as in all the other streams, good fishing can be had. Curry County, with an abundance of fish, game and beautiful scenery, is an ideal place for all sportsmen and lovers of nature.

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## THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

S. S. HUMPHREY, 1517 Yeon Building, Portland, Ore.,  
Oregon State Secretary N. R. A.

The National Rifle Association of America was organized in 1871 by a number of men who believed that the sport of rifle shooting should again become the sport that it was in early days of our country, when the riflemen under Morgan and from Kentucky gave such a good account of themselves. They hope that this country will again become a country of riflemen, such as Switzerland, where every man knows how to shoot and the man who is the best shot in his locality is looked upon as we look upon our heroes of the athletic sports, which have become so prominent in this country in the past few years.

For a number of years very little progress was made, but fifteen years ago Lieutenant Albert R. Jones was appointed National secretary, there being at that time only 10 clubs, whereas last year there were 398 new clubs organized, which affiliated with the National Rifle Association, and gain in membership of over 125 per cent. This was due a good deal to the act of Congress of 1914, whereby each club was entitled to have issued to it 120 rounds of Krag ammunition per member, as well as one Krag rifle for each five members. This year it is hoped and expected that Congress will give more substantial aid.

The requirements for membership are simple, as only ten men are required, and the annual dues for the first year, including initiation fee, is \$10.00; thereafter the dues are \$5.00 for each club. Individual membership is \$2.00 a year, life membership \$25.00. There is no military obligation connected with membership.



Clubs have organized in Portland, Clatskanie, Mosier, Medford, Roseburg, Eugene, La Pine, Wallowa and Oregon City, and a number of other localities are planning on organizing clubs.

The Sportsmen of this state should take hold of this work and see that, in place of the few clubs that we have, that we have ten times as many, for they will find it very interesting. The National Rifle Association holds a number of inter club matches during the year, both for gallery work using the small bore rifle and the outdoor work using both the small bore and the military rifle. Those qualifying as marksman, sharpshooter and expert will receive medals, and a medal will be furnished for the best shot in the club.

Those desiring further information can obtain same from me, also application blanks, and I sincerely hope that the sportsmen of Oregon will co-operate with me in making the sport of rifle shooting one of the leading outdoor sports, not only for their own pleasure, but their country may some day need them, and we should have a million men who at least know how to shoot.

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## A DEER HUNT IN HOOD RIVER COUNTY

By ALVA L. DAY, Secretary Hood River County Game Protective Association.

Last season I made a number of trips into the hills close to town after grouse, and on more than one trip I saw deer signs that looked like the bucks might be running on those same ridges later in the season. The does were down well and close in, and I often saw signs within an hour from the time I left home.

I was out about two weeks before the season closed with my rifle, but I failed to see any signs where I expected to find them, so I decided to go higher up the following week.

I talked with my friend, Charles Evers, who likes to hunt, and arranged to take a trip with him. Evers is a good sport and knows how to hunt to get the most out of the trip, both in pleasure and in game. No matter how wet he gets going through the wet underbrush, it only takes a good fire to thaw him out and make him ready for the night.

We planned on using the last two days of the season for our hunt, so on Friday I got my work in shape to leave and packed my pack-sack with blanket and feed enough to last two days and the necessary little chopping ax. That evening Mr. Evers was in town with the team and wagon and I went out to his place, eight miles out, to spend the night and be ready for an early start the next morning.

The next morning came (Saturday, October 30) and it was raining, so we got a late start—about eight o'clock. Mrs. Evers drove us to the top of the hill on the way to Green Point and there we had a good place to turn toward Mt. Defiance. The road was just wet enough to make it hard traveling for the horse and the clay on the grades was very slippery. We got our packs on our backs and told Mrs. Evers not to look for us until she heard us coming, and started off. Rain or shine, we were off for a buck.

We had not gone far until we met a man coming in carrying a 30-30 carbine. We ordered him to halt and account for himself, and he said his party was on the southwest slope of Mt. Defiance and had a fine big buck. He was going home for the team and expected to get back to camp that evening. The party was figuring on coming out the next day.

We tramped on, and as we worked into the timber we looked for signs, but no fresh signs could be found until we got well up on the ridge. I remarked that I would rather see the signs in the making than to see the fresh signs ready made. We didn't stop long for our lunch, but made all the time we could to get in where we were sure of better chances. The country is very brushy in places and one has to pick his way to keep out of the hard going. By evening we had crossed over several small ridges and the main ridge. We came to a small lake near the top of the ridge and found a good place for the night and left our packs. We looked around to see the country and returned to our packs in about an hour.

On coming back to our packs we looked out over the little lake and noticed a black duck swimming near the shore on the opposite side. I had a few metal patch shells in my pocket for small game, so I took the soft point shell from my rifle and inserted the all-copper point shell. I took a careful sight and got the duck. This was a good start as we now had some game and was sure of not having to go home without game.

Now we were to have some camp life for the night and the little chopping ax was put to work. We had a-plenty of good wood and soon had a good fire which was needed badly at this time to dry us out. It had rained all day and there was wind enough to drive in what we didn't get off of the underbrush. We built up a shelter of fir bows and were soon as comfortable as it was possible to be. We ate a good supper and enjoyed the fire and the stillness of the woods. The wind died down and the rain could do no harm to us under the fir bows. Our fire was burning good and as the time slipped away we talked of trips we had taken with other parties and game killed. We planned on our course for the next day and wondered what the next day would bring. Now and then one of us would throw another stick on the fire or move the sticks around to give the most heat. Mr. Evers looked at his watch and said it was 10 o'clock. I looked at mine and found him to be correct. The time had slipped away. We had enjoyed a very pleasant evening, and as we were dried out we spread our blankets and said "Good night."

I dreamed of all the Happy Hunting Grounds and when I awoke my watch said it was 4 o'clock. I got up and stirred the fire a little by pulling the remainder of the logs together and throwing on some more sticks. Mr. Evers sat up and asked if it was time to get up. He looked at the time and suggested that we put on the coffee and get ready for the day and get an early start for the ridge above.

"Here is to the buck that falls today," I heard Mr. Evers say. I lost no time in getting in on that, "Here is to the buck."

We ate a hearty breakfast and by daybreak were packed ready to move. The wind was coming up and we were at a loss to know what the day would be. We started for the top of the ridge and had not gone far until the snow and rain began to fly. As we neared the top the stronger the wind and it looked at times that we had no show to see any game. The wind was so strong that we had to look out for falling branches and the dead trees in the burn. A dense fog had settled and we could not see more than one hundred yards at times.

We traveled to the southwest around the northwest slope of the mountain and saw very few signs of deer. The fog lifted for a minute or so and we had a chance to look around and saw a strip of small timber farther to the west. This strip of timber ran down a ridge to



the north and toward the Columbia River and looked like it would afford more shelter than the dead snags in the burn, so we turned our steps that way. On reaching the timber we found good feed and shelter for the deer and also some fresh signs.

We started down the ridge and I often remarked about the fine feeding grounds for the deer. The underbrush was scattering and one could travel without much trouble. As the fog was heavy we had to go slow and watch very careful lest we start our game without seeing it.

We had gone but a short distance down this timbered ridge when I saw something jump. I throwed my rifle up and looked carefully, and at the second jump I saw it had horns. I said, "Deer," to give Mr. Evers a chance in case he did not see it, and as the buck came in sight on the third jump I had a good bead on him and fired. I did not see him jump again so I thought I had him down. We went to where we last saw him, but no buck could be found. On looking around we found that he had changed from a jump to a trot. His tracks were very plain in places, but we were not able to follow him very far by his tracks on account of the fallen leaves and sticks, and there was no blood to be found. We spent some time figuring on the way he turned and decided to separate and cover the ridge on our way down. About three hundred yards below and to my left I saw him walk out from behind a small fir tree. He was not far away and was walking with his head down. I planted a piece of hot lead in his shoulder and he was down to stay.

He was a fine big buck, a three-point on a side, and a very heavy set of horns. "Here is to the buck," we said with a smile.

It was almost 12 o'clock, and while we were dressing the buck we heard the noon train on the O.-W. R. R. & N. go east. It sounded very close and I suggested that we go out that way and find a downhill route to take the deer out and have some one meet us on the Columbia River Highway. This sounded very good to Mr. Evers, so we put the deer in a good place for the night and started down the ridge. The fog was so heavy that we were not sure of just where we were or of the distance to the highway. We knew that the country we had traveled over was very hard to pack over and very much up hill for most of the way. The buck was more than we could pack and we were not going to leave a pound of meat or hide in the woods. It was now one o'clock and we started down the ridge we were on expecting to find the highway not far below. The ridge ran out to a point where two creeks ran together, so we crossed over to the next ridge. Looking through the fog I thought I saw the brow of the hill and suggested that it was the cliff above the highway. We traveled some distance when Mr. Evers said that we must have passed that cliff, as we were still going down the ridge. This ridge ran out between two creeks and we had to cross over to the next one.

We came to the cliff above the Columbia River Highway just at dusk and we lost no time in finding a way down, which was a steep climb. Neither of us could recognize the point we came down over, so we set out up the highway knowing we would come to a station before going far. After we had covered about three miles we came to Viento. We waited for the east-bound local on the O.-W. R. R. & N. and were soon back to Hood River. We had decided during the afternoon that we would not bring the deer out down hill, but would take another man in with us the next day and pack him to the top of the ridge and over the other side.



We went from the Hood River station to the home of Mr. Evers by auto and made ready for the trip over the ridge after our buck. We had a good rest and got an early start with the team and wagon and a third man to help us pack out. We went up the Green Point road to where we had turned off toward the mountain two days before and left the wagon. We put the pack saddles on the horses and started for the top of the ridge, taking the same route as we had taken before. The horses were used to such traveling and had no trouble in getting over fallen timber and through the underbrush. The horses were tied in a clump of second growth fir where there was shelter from the wind and rain and a manger formed by two logs laying close together.

Leaving the horses, we took as near a short cut to the deer as possible. The weather was clearing up and the balance of the day looked very promising for nice weather.

On reaching the place where we had left the deer the day before we found that there had been a visitor during the night. The offal of the deer had been cleaned up and the blood licked off the log that we had laid him over to drain out. Where the fir needles and fallen leaves were cleared away by us in tramping around the deer while working with it the bear tracks were very plain. He must have been satisfied with what he had eaten, for he did not touch the deer at all. He may have been figuring on the deer for his next meal, but we were not prepared to stay and watch for him. We skinned the deer out and cut it up, being very careful not to get the meat down in the fir needles and the dirt, packed it in our packsacks and started for the horses. We had the meat, hide, head and horns, and if there was more we would have packed it too, although we had about as much as we could travel under for such a steep climb. It was now one o'clock and the sun shining, the wind was blowing enough to keep us cool under our packs. Some hard work followed and we rested often, arriving at the horses at six o'clock.

The horses had been there before and seemed to know that we had game. When about in shouting distance from them Mr. Evers called to them and they answered with a snort and a whinny. The pack down the ridge to the wagon was the hardest part of the trip as the horses were ready to go on the jump and the moon did not give much light. However, we could follow the trail most of the way by landmarks such as extra large trees, clumps of second growth fir and the outline of the hills against the sky. The wagon was a welcome sight at nine o'clock and the horses smelled the grain in their bags. While the horses were eating the grain we took the packs off and harnessed up, ate the remainder of our sandwiches and made ready to start. We arrived at Mr. Evers' place at eleven o'clock, horses and men tired out.

The next morning we laid the head and my packsack on an apple box, leaned my rifle against the horns and took the picture. Buck weighed 187½ pounds.

"Here is to the Buck we get in 1916," we said with a smile.



## ANGLING IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

By DR. M. H. OYAMADA, of Portland.

Four thousand miles across the Pacific Ocean there is an island country called Japan and spelled N-I-P-P-O-N. Full of mountains, streams and lakes allow her inhabitants to fish within one's striking distance. As far as I know there is no country that has so many different kinds of fish as Japan has. One going for an outing generally brings home ten or more kinds of fish, all good eating. The country is thickly populated, and fish being the common food, there are no fish laws or limit. Of course, for hunting there are laws much the same as here, but anglers get off easy (even foreigners) not having to have a license. In spite of everybody indulging in fishing the supply is abundant. The fish are extremely cunning and you must use the lightest tackle available. For instance, the line must be fine, mist colored silk with ten or eight feet of knotless leader and hooks are tied with single horse hair (gray hair of the tail). You can make the rods to suit your case, for bamboo sticks are easy to get. No bright trimmings are welcomed on the rod. Usually the rod is smoked somewhat to make it dark. In reels avoid bright metal or the click. Hooks are rather small and sinkers and float about the same as used here. Now the tackle is ready.

For bait angleworms, insects, silk worms (dried), flies, frogs and wood worms in river fishing, and shell fish, fish meat and rock worms for the ocean. One peculiar way of fishing is to use one of the species alive as a fighter or champion. Pass two lines through both sides of its gills and tie them at the tail, putting a small tripple hook at the end of the line, then turn the fish loose in the river using a fine line. Fish of the same species will come and strike him with the result that they are snagged. In this kind of fishing the angler must be skilled in handling the champion or he will be overcome by the enemy and play out.

Night fishing with the bell-rod is another interesting sport. Small silk net casting and various ways of trapping are common there. Spearing in the winter is great sport too, but I have not the time to explain all. Now I will tell you a true fish story. If it sounds fishy in any way the reader can take it as he sees fit.

Two years ago I took a trip to my old home, not forgetting to take along the Heddon rod and accessories so I could try the old pastime, fishing. I was busy calling on old friends whom I had not seen or heard from for seven years when I first left Japan for the United States. I found most of them were married and rearing families and their conversation dwelt more of politics, housekeeping, irrigation and money making. You know fishing over there is more for the youth and grandpa's pastime. One April day I visited a friend whom I used to go to school with and found him to be the head of the agricultural department of the county headquarters. He said he did more hunting than fishing but would go fishing the next day for my sake. I got full information of funa (wide-mouth fish of the bass family). Coming home I met an old man called Jiu, who used to fish a great deal and cared for nothing in this world but to fish and eat. He sleeps but little and could talk of fishing all night and would be the first one to be at the spot where we had arranged to meet next morning and then fish all day. Well, when I met him he hardly recognized me, but I spoke first and asked him to join our party the next day. He said he would not miss the pleasure of the trip at any cost. I told him to meet us at our home at 4:30 in the morning.



I was awoken by my mother's whispering and thought something very serious had happened, for I saw her with a revolver in her hand trying to get to the front door. I stopped her and asked what the trouble was. She said a burglar is going to dynamite the house. So I jumped up and investigated through the look-out window. I saw a dark object on the stoop down near the front steps lighting matches occasionally. Taking a good look I saw it was only old Jiu sitting there smoking while waiting for me. Mother, not knowing of my fishing trip and his coming to meet me, thought it was a burglar, and I can't say that I blamed her a bit, for it was quarter past 2 in the morning. I opened the door and invited him in and talked about fishing asking him hundreds of questions concerning things since my absence. At three-thirty Kino came equipped with carp-webbed bait box and a 10-foot rod. Jiu was to supply all the worms we needed. So we started as if we were ten years young, even Jiu felt younger. His voice often broke his bass key and jumped up to tenor tone.

We came to Dakoku Ike (Snake Gulch) where two streams form a big pool and the water is as clear as crystal and very deep. I sat down at a likely spot and the creeking of my reel attracted my companions' attention, and it took me a good half hour explaining American tackle. With envious eyes they watched me put a fat juicy worm on the hook and drop it in. The three of us kept silent a while eagerly watching our rods as all anglers do. With the rising of the sun a soft breeze sprang up scented with the perfume of cherry blossoms. The birds were beginning to sing in the flower-covered meadow. I could not help being impressed with the change from this scene to that of America with its street cars and autos where I had been for seven years. All of a sudden I heard my reel sing and before I could grab the rod the tip went down and touched the water. I had something hooked. (Here I must explain that when one goes fishing in Japan you don't know what kind of a fish you have until he is landed for there are so many kinds in all the streams. When you get something different from what you contemplated you call it an odd customer.) I played with my fish as we do with trout or steelhead and waited for it to get tired before pulling in. It was not five minutes before my line snapped. The other two laughed heartily, for it amused them after my boasting what my line could hold, and I felt cheap too. Nobody got another bite for quite a while, but when the clouds gathered thick and threatened a warm rain Jiu hooked one about 10 inches long, a four-year funa. Then I landed two in succession and one was four-year and the other five-year funa. Kino was out of luck not getting a bite, so he started to talk about hunting, but I was engrossed with fishing and paid no attention to him. Soon after he got three. Later in the afternoon the sun came out sending forth lazy rays of spring warmth causing Jiu to become sleepy and he was soon nodding. Si Kino winked at me and I found a frog jumping around and catching it I gently put it on Jiu's hook. The frog was pulling Jiu's float something awful. I screamed "Fish on! fish on!" in genuine Oregon City tone. On waking he grabbed his pole and lifting it up very laboriously, said: "I got big one." We laughed as heartily as children do. But to our surprise I could see something very big splashing the water and fighting viciously. Finally Jiu landed a four-pound catfish. Then the laugh was on us. Evidently the live frog attracted the attention of the catfish and grabbed it before Jiu grabbed the pole. Thus we ended our fishing toward evening having caught thirty-seven fish of five different species and satisfied my long desire of fishing in the Flowery Kingdom.



## PRACTICAL GAME CONSERVATION

[NOTE.—The letter offering below accompanied the manuscript of this story, Oregon Sportsman will be the judge as well as the jury to determine the question.]

Hayward, Cal., March 14, 1916.

Carl D. Shoemaker, State Game Warden, Portland, Or.

My Dear Sir—I am sending you an article on "Practical Game Conservation." It may be a little bit radical, but it is what I have been preaching in the different papers for the last twenty years, and is the only practical solution to the question. Have been very busy with fifty mallard hens, hence this delay.

This is written from a California standpoint and will deal with conditions found here, in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay, and the Sacramento and San Joaquin River districts, where twenty-five years ago, the webfeet lived and bred in countless millions, where birds could be had for the shooting in any kind of weather.

No gun license, night and day shooting, no bag limit, few game wardens and hardly a conviction in the courts, for any offender of the fish or game laws. Too late we realized that making game laws, arresting offenders which we could not convict and ourselves going to the marsh and bringing home more game than we could use, was making a big hole in the duck supply of the state; but protection on paper, without propagation among the ducks, give us the conditions as they exist today, which are not very flattering, in regard to any attempt of conservation of the duck and shore birds of California. What is true of this place is repeated, or has been repeated, all over the United States, which at one time contained a greater number of game birds than any country in the world.

The conditions as we find them today in California, with few exceptions, will be found to exist in all the states.

In the year 1914, California issued nearly 160,000 hunting licenses, had 117 paid men working for the commission, a hundred (and then some) fish and game laws, and in the last twenty-five years little or no attempt made for propagation and restoring the duck to the marshland.

Just how long the 97 per cent of the license holders will pay their dollar so that the 3 per cent may have the ducks and sport is a question.

California may well be proud of her record in the conservation of her fish, as well as many other states; not a creek, river or lake where conditions are anywhere near right but what will be found stocked with fish suitable to its waters, but the conservation of the fish came not by making laws, but by making fish.

The sport fishing of today would be in exactly the same condition as the game bird shooting if we were taking all the fish produced in a natural way, with no attempt to relieve the great drain or toll collected by the millions of fishermen, by artificial propagation.

The conservation of our game and food fish has been a strictly business transaction, while with the exception of a few states the conservation of our game has been a costly experiment, making game laws instead of game birds. In California we have released from our state game farm one game bird for every forty-four square miles of land in the state; not a very good prospect for the hunter to see results, if he has to walk over forty-four miles of California looking for that bird.

No one of the present day will question that the artificial propagation of our fish has not been more than successful in every way, and the same field is wide open for the artificial propagation of game birds with the results in sight at all times.

The rich sportsmen of San Francisco are today paying more for a duck pond to shoot on than it would cost to raise four times the number of ducks they have a chance to shoot at; and instead of taking home a mixed string of spoon bill, teal and mud hens, they could show to their friends a limit of big fat mallards at half the cost. New York and Massachusetts gun clubs by the score are raising more ducks, quails and pheasants on their preserves than they are shooting, the surplus being sold on the market to help pay expenses. This is conservation. This is conservation, when the production is more than the consumption, and it is the only answer to the question. A few more facts and I will close.

There was never a gun made that exterminated our game; it has always been man. The club and the net were far more deadly among the passenger pigeon than the most modern automatic could have been. It is simply man; not gun. Game laws, game wardens, arrests, convictions and fines are necessary for the protection of the game; but for many years we have tried to restore our wild life by legislation; is it not now time that we follow the same wise plan adopted by the different commissions in the conservation of our fish?

If you can buy your birds cheaper from the game farmer than you can raise them on your state game farms, or by contract (as you in Oregon have done), then do away with the state game farm; buy your birds of the private breeder; spend half the money derived from the sale of hunting licenses for game birds and you will have struck a method of conservation that will be popular with the three million hunters of the country, who will never object to the money so spent, as they can see results and are getting something for their money. Do this and let the rich gun clubs of the coast follow the lead of their New York brethren and raise some of the birds they are killing.

The conservation of our fish came through artificial propagation. The restoring of our wild game birds must come in the same way. The game farmer solves this and the greater problem — game for everybody. As man was the destroyer, so must he be the restorer.

FRED D. HOYT, Hayward, Cal.





## DON'T EAT THE NEST EGG!

CARL G. JOHNSON Tells Why You Should Leave the Trout in Big Lake for Awhile.

It was with a feeling that the worst had happened that I read in the last Sportsman a vivid description of the wonderful fishing to be had in Big Lake and the surrounding lakes. Being one of those responsible in starting the planting of trout in the Cascade Mountain lakes, of which there are several hundred, I have watched carefully their progress and growth, and it is with sincere regret that I am told and now see published stories and pictures of the big catches of the same trout that were transported at a great expense of money and labor by pack horses, over many miles of rough mountain trails.

A party of three men caught several hundred trout out of Santiam Lake in the summer of 1913 — one year after planting. They reported that these trout were of uniform size averaging about eleven inches in length. These were the fish planted the year previous and were never given a chance to spawn.

Big Lake was stocked with Eastern brook trout in 1913. In the course of a year the fish had attained an average length of nearly twelve inches. Last summer, only two years after they had been liberated, they had grown to be as large as eighteen and one-quarter inches. Good fishing in a great many of these truly wonderful lakes has been delayed for many years as a result of fishermen catching the original fish before they have had time to spawn. Pansy Lake, near Bagsby Hot Springs, is an example, and a little farther south, near Pike's Peak, Mushkoko Lake. Both were stocked in 1912. Many hundreds were caught in 1913 out of each lake and the rest were practically all caught in the summer of 1914. It is to be hoped that some escaped. A friend, at my request, tried Pansy Lake last summer, but he could not get a rise, although he tried spoons, dry flies and bait.

In the article referred to above the author makes the statement, in appreciation of the work of the Fish and Game Commission, that "if there are any doubting Thomases who think the fish hatcheries are not a good asset and not worthy of their support, they should give this and the surrounding lakes the 'once over' and be satisfied." It occurs to me that our appreciation of the work of the commission would be better shown by allowing the natural propagation to continue until well established, as was intended, rather than by undoing what has already been accomplished. The only protection which these young fish have at present is the inaccessibility of the lakes and the fact that their location is not generally known to sportsmen. Those mountain lakes are natural spawning grounds for trout, with abundant food and being free from other fish, so that, if given a fair chance to increase, the angling will be second to none in the whole country.

There are between twenty-five and forty lakes which have not as yet been stocked and it is to be hoped that the Oregon Fish and Game Commission will complete the task that was so well begun by Mr. Finley, Mr. Cranston and the 1912 commission. In this connection let me suggest that suitable notices, giving the date of planting, posted near these lakes for the benefit of the uninformed, would assist materially in this effort.

Let us then refrain from catching any large number of trout from those recently stocked, and in a few years' time we will have most excellent sport that will also be permanently established, and the joy of landing a large speckled beauty will not be marred by the thoughts of depriving fellow sportsmen in future years of that same pleasure. "It never pays to eat the nest egg or the seed potatoes."



## A BEAR HUNT NEAR DOLPH

By SETH B. DODGE, JR.

Being an interested reader of the stories in *The Oregon Sportsman*, I would like to contribute the experience of myself and party of friends on a bear hunt near Dolph, Oregon, Tillamook County.

I was informed one day by mail that a bear had been sighted in that neighborhood, and as I when a boy had spent the bigger part of my time in that vicinity, knew the different canyons and trails thoroughly, decided to interest a few of my Newberg friends on a chase I knew they would greatly enjoy.

In the party that left Newberg by auto that 10th day of October, beside myself, was I. W. Hill, Earl Hutzen, O. O. Smith and Dr. P. F. Hawkins, all glad to get away from the dull care of business, yet fully realizing that combined with a week of pleasure would be many a tiresome footstep and a bed as hard as steel and minus springs.

We had hardly arrived at our destination till we fully appreciated the value of a first-class restaurant man, for it was only a short time till Smith had the bacon and eggs cooked in "Hof Brau" style and it is needless to say he was unanimously appointed head chef during our stay.

As I had previously made arrangements for pack horses at Dolph, after a night's sleep and an early breakfast all was ready for the start. Being dark, the trail rugged and rough, our going was slow and tiresome, but soon the sun cast its first rays over the distant hills and we made fairly good time. After a tramp of several miles in the location I was informed Mr. Bear had been sighted; we pitched camp and located. As we were on the bank of a picturesque mountain stream, we felt well assured of a most enjoyable time.

We had not intended to start on a chase till the next morning, but decided to do a little scouting near camp, and two of the best dogs it has ever been my pleasure to hunt with had little trouble in picking up a trail made, from all indications, the day before, and we returned to camp highly elated over the prospects for the next day.

Both taking their 30-30's that afternoon about 4 o'clock, Hawkins and Hill started out on a little trip of their own, and imagine our surprise when they came stumbling into camp long past 6 o'clock with a beautiful five-point buck, the result of a well-placed shot by Hill. Needless to say all hands were happy and little time was lost before we had a chance to sample it.

Next morning, long before dawn, with dogs closely chained, we started, and some task it was to hold them, once the trail was scented. After we had been out about two miles the dogs were turned loose and with a yelp and jump were off. We started in to follow, but as the trail led down a very rough canyon it was difficult going and we were soon left far in the rear. The undergrowth of brush was so heavy I could not see any of my companions, but knew, with the experience they had in the hills, they were well able to care for themselves. Stumbling over logs, sliding down hills into the canyons below, only to gaze in awe at the task that lay ahead in climbing to the summit of others, the chase of seven long miles soon began to tell and I dropped exhausted to the ground. On only one occasion had I been able to sight any of my companions, and then only a brief glance of Hutzen as he was crossing a fallen tree.

The yelping of the dogs in the distance, a brief rest and a much appreciated tonic urged me on again. It was not long until I heard

the welcome sound, "bayed," and I knew the dogs had done their duty. Pressing forward as rapidly as conditions would permit, I soon got a glimpse of the big black monster and, standing there as he was, on a large log with the dogs occupying most of his attention, I felt well repaid to know in a short time I would be the proud possessor of the beauty's hide.

I was handicapped by a heavy undergrowth of brush, so could not get a clear view, and as I broke a twig in order to get a good shot he leaped off the log. A shot from my 30-30 missed completely, but the dogs kept on crowding and soon had him on the defense directly above me. A good clear shot in the side failed to make any impression and two more in rapid succession seemed only to make him more angry and vicious. With a loud and angry bawl he reared on his hind legs, fell off the rocks on which he was standing and came rolling down the hill directly toward me. Imagine my surprise when he finally gathered himself together and started off to another canyon, leaving a trail of blood that was easily followed and which showed he had been severely wounded.

I soon came upon him securely hidden in a hole by an uprooted tree and it was difficult for the dogs to get him out. At last, after much effort on the part of the dogs, he came charging out and before I could hardly realize what had happened had stuck his brownish nose up over the huge log behind which I was standing. Knowing full well that I was in close quarters and that he was not to be fooled with, I pressed my gun close to his brisket and fired, but he was mad enough to eat bullets and the only consolation I got was an angry growl and vicious lunge toward me. When for some reason a shell from my gun failed to explode I turned to make a hasty retreat and in doing so stumbled over a log and my gun went flying from my hands. Without any means of defense I lost little time in getting to a spot more comfortable and safe. However, the dogs soon came to the rescue and with them claiming his attention I was able to get my gun. As he was crossing a log I let him have another shot, which I knew took effect, but the only reward was to have him make for the other canyon beyond. Owing to the heavy undergrowth I was unable to see him for some time.

At last the dogs brought him to a stand and when I was within 100 yards was able to get a clear view and in position to get an excellent shot. Taking careful aim, so I would surely get him this time, you can imagine my surprise and chagrin when: "Crack," and before I had time to press the trigger the big black beauty went tumbling off the rocks, a bullet through his heart. With a shout of delight Hutzen, gun still smoking, came running from the bushes to my right and, after eight unsuccessful shots, I was cheated out of what I surely thought would be mine.

After skinning the animal we started on our tiresome tramp back to camp, and I had little to say. The other members of our party had given up the chase long before and were in camp on our return.

While we were successful in getting a number of deer before we broke camp, yet the memories of that chase will ever ring in my ears, and the thought of being cheated out of all honors at the last moment has kept me from hunting ever since.



## COUGAR HUNT IN JOSEPHINE COUNTY

By JOHN B. HAMMERSLY.

Most all readers of The Oregon Sportsman have had their outings. Some have gone far from the haunts of man, while others have driven their automobiles to a shady brook or stream and let their imaginations enthuse them with the spirit that they were roughing it hugely; but to take your provisions upon your back and "siwash" it, as the Northerners call it, which means no blankets except the starry or clouded sky above you, as the case may be. Under such conditions James McTimmons, Claude Bardon and myself started from Grants Pass on the morning of February 16th, with three trained varmint dogs and provisions to last us ten days. The object of the trip was to endeavor to find a cougar, panther or mountain lion, as the large cat is frequently called, and capture it alive if possible, as not a few of our townsmen and sportsmen remarked during the weeks previous to our starting, after learning that Mr. McTimmons desired to get some wild animals from our Oregon jungles for the purpose of later on making some pictures with a moving-picture camera. Those whom stories had been told of the cat's cunning and ferociousness doubted the ability of man and dogs to get to its habitat and remove it from its lair. But man can accomplish all but the impossible, if he knows the game and has the courage to undertake it. So, equipped with ropes and provisions, we sallied forth with my three hounds, headed for Greyback Mountain, where some of the cougar family are usually found. How the mountain Greyback derived its name I am unable authentically to state. However, I can state that no insects were visible in the vicinity, the snow being several feet deep where we were, on the western slope of the mountain. We had now been out four days. When we reached what is known as the Government Cabin, on Greyback Creek, we had crossed the divides of Murphy, Deer and Williams creeks without finding any cougar sign. As I had been



Picture showing cougar captured in the wilds of Josephine County by John B. Hammersley, James McTimmons and Claude Bardon.



elected leader or superintendent during the journey, I proposed following the ranges between the headwaters of the creeks mentioned westward, which was readily sanctioned by my companions. We journeyed on through snow sometimes two or three feet deep and an undergrowth of brush almost impossible at times to penetrate, but we traveled on in pursuit, and selected a camp for the night where the snow had melted and left the ground quite dry, and after the usual formality of cutting fir boughs to recline upon for the night, and night wood cut and piled near by, supper was the next consideration, and with three "tolerable" clean cooks was soon prepared and sooner partaken of. Tobacco and cigarette papers are next in order and a snooze and turn about keeping the fire going until another day arrives, which finds us early wending our way across ridges, through brush and across numerous mountain streams, which the melting snow had caused to become, like our spirits, temporarily expanded, for we have found a cougar track, the dogs have their noses near the ground and are at work on the track, but after several hours' following, perspiring and waiting, the track proves to be too old for the dogs to work out; next we find the carcass of a deer, which the cougar had killed and partly devoured, perhaps a week previously. We travel up creeks and down ravines for two days, finding a cougar track occasionally and where deer had been killed by them, but all signs appeared older than the first seen, two days before, and as some of our supplies were getting low I proposed to the boys that we go down to the creek's confluence, where it empties into Sucker Creek. There we could get lodging, replenish our supplies and hunt a day or so from that point. We arrived at the Grand Prize Mining Company's placer claims and find George Rasmussen and partner in charge, and through their hospitality succeed in again sitting down with our feet under a kitchen table with edibles thereon sufficient to satisfy even predatory animal hunters, and a real bed with mattress and springs to sleep upon. After a good night's rest Mr. McTimmons and I again hit for the hills with a lunch in our pockets, intending to return to our luxurious surroundings for the night. Again we were disappointed. We did not go far up the mountain until the dogs were again giving tongue on another cougar track, which looked to have been made the day before, but sufficiently fresh for the dogs to make fair progress, they having to do much maneuvering at times to continue on the trail. After about four or five hours of this cold trailing, uphill and down, through brush thickets where at times we men were compelled to travel on our hands and knees, began to fatigue both dogs and ourselves, as the day was very warm. However, after crossing another canyon, we came upon another deer recently killed by the cougar, and from there the chase began in earnest, and within 30 minutes the dogs were barking, "treed," across in another canyon. We (Jim and I) soon reached the scene and found a fair sized female cougar perched upon a branch of the tree, apparently feeling at home and in a place of safety, but with all of its endowments it failed to reckon that nature had created man with an instinct to master. McTimmons empties his pack sack at the trunk of the tree, which contained ropes, both wire, manila and cotton, and taking one selected for the occasion, is soon scaling up that tan oak tree. Mrs. Cougar attempts to bluff her disturber by hissing and snarling, but up he climbs to within seven or eight feet of her, coils his rope and lets fly, misses, and up goes the cougar to higher branches with man in hot pursuit. Again the animal makes a stand, the rope is again thrown at the beast, which immediately changes its tactics, grabs the rope with its paws as it is thrown, and with its sharp teeth cut the rope in two in less time than

it takes to write it, made a leap to lower branches, past the man and down the tree it came. When I shouted "go back," it heeded not and struck the ground running. Dogs were at once untied and "bow wow" is again sounded in the forest. It is now getting dark, the dogs are hot-footing it, bellowing like mad, while I take an occasional double-header over logs and brush in attempting to follow them. When I again hear the "tree bark" in the canyon three or four hundred yards away. I finally reach a steep bluff where the dogs are and take it for granted the cougar has climbed the fir tree, which is four or five feet in diameter, where the dogs are barking. Mr. Mc. has reached the tree also by this time, after gathering up our cougar tying outfit at the former tree. We hold a brief consultation and decide the only thing to do is to await the rising of the moon and go to camp and bring food and cross-cut saw, we having decided the tree was unclimbable, and we must saw this tree down and chase him to another tree more favorable to operate. A fire is built at the roots of the tree, the moon soon shows itself dimly in the forest. Mr. Mc. hits out for camp, about five or six miles away, while I remain supperless at the tree with the dogs. Thinking the animal might again attempt to make a sudden departure, I deemed it wise to induce the dogs to have a nap by the fire so as to be fresh for the chase again, as they had become almost exhausted during the long chase during the day. They snooze on while I remain a sentry at the tree. Dawn approaches after watching and waiting which appeared an age. I scan the branches of the tree when it is sufficiently light to see. What? Do my eyes deceive me? No! not a bit of it; for no cougar could be seen in the tree. I called to the dogs; they awoke with a start and ran down a steep embankment to a cedar tree, made a short circle and hit the track and away they again went. The cougar had been up the cedar tree until I got the dogs quiet, when it stealthily made its getaway while I, fool like, was looking up the wrong tree. I was soon joined by Burdon and McTimmons with cross-cut saw and provisions. It was decided that the cougar had several hours' start of the dogs and would be hard to catch, so we decided to send the saw and all surplus stuff to camp while two of us followed the dogs with a day and night's rations on our backs. The animal is again treed about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after making a detour of several miles. On our approach the cougar leaves the tree in spite of our efforts to keep it there by pelting it with stones as it comes down. They are off again, dogs and cougar, while we are attempting to keep within hearing distance; fortune favors us, for we hear the dogs driving it down the mountain toward the trail along the creek and again tree it. We reach the tree and seemingly the large cat is contented to remain upon this perch, which it does during the night, while we keep fires burning near the tree, keeping ever on the alert until the break of day, when my side partner again leaves me and the dogs, this time with a full stomach, while he enlists the services of the third party in camp. In the meantime the 'phone was carrying the news that three men were going to attempt to rope and hogtie a live cougar that dogs had in a tree up Greyback Creek, about four miles from the Grand Prize Mine. So when my two companions joined me they were re-enforced with five or six men and four ladies, who wanted to see the fun, and did, as the animal was within the next hour swinging on a pole while four men were carrying it to the wagon road, where a team awaited us to return us from whence we came.



## HUNTING WILD CATS IN LINN COUNTY



George Tetzie and Lewis Walker, of Brownsville, Oregon, With Dogs "King," "Bob" and "Trailer," and Sixteen Wild Cats and Two Coyotes.

By LYN A. BROWN, Brownsville, Oregon.

A brief account of a mid-winter hunt for predatory animals on the upper reaches of the North Santiam River in Linn County, Oregon, some miles above the town of Gates, will without doubt be of great interest to the readers of The Sportsman and the people of Oregon generally.

During the month of January, and during the time this section of the state was in the grip of a heavy snowstorm, two members of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club departed from Brownsville with camp outfit and dogs to enjoy a few days' hunt in the Cascades. The excitement and luck which attended their trip can well be imagined from the fact that, after a week's stay in the mountains, they returned and presented to the County Clerk of Linn County the skins of sixteen wild cats and two coyotes, obtaining the sum of \$35 in bounty money. The "biggest kill" in any one day of the hunt was the bagging of two cats and one coyote.

The trophies of the hunt were all killed along a county road in that locality, three dogs being used for the purpose of treeing the wild cats and in running the coyotes to earth. "King," the head of the Dr. E. W. Howard kennels in Brownsville, and two of his offspring, "Bob," owned by Lewis Walker, and "Trailer," owned by George Tetzie, also of Brownsville, were the dogs that did the splendid work. Mr. Tetzie and Mr. Walker were the lucky hunters who had the dogs in charge.



These sportsmen are sure that if any of the sportsmen of Oregon or any reader of *The Sportsman* are looking for a few days of real, honest-to-goodness exciting sport, the way to get it is to rent, beg, buy or borrow a few good dogs and hie themselves to the tall timber of the foothill country in the dead of winter — and chase bobcats.

The farmers and stockgrowers residing along the North Santiam are pleased with the success which attended the hunt, for the reason that wild cats and coyotes are a source of great annoyance and much property loss to them in the way of small domestic animals and fowls, which they prey upon continually.

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## GEO. TROSPER, "TRU BLU" SPORTSMAN

Contributed by I. B. HAZELTINE, Deputy Game Warden for Baker and Grant Counties.

A chapter from the life of George Trospen, one of the "Tru Blu" sportsmen of the Eastern Oregon country, tends to emphasize just what may be accomplished when an individual sets out with determination to attain certain things and thereby makes "dreams come true."

Some forty years ago there was a little boy who loved the great out-of-doors and who was also by nature somewhat of a dreamer. What he longed to possess, above all things, was horses and a pack of hounds. He finally managed to own two mongrel dogs, much to the disgust of his mother, and so his pleadings for more dogs and a horse, with which to follow them in the chase, were without avail. His sister relates that it was a dejected little figure, indeed, who used to sit on the steps and cry, after being ridiculed by his mother, and then between sobs would inform her that when he became a man he would have all the dogs and horses he wanted.

When old enough to shift for himself he did not change his mind about the promised joys of the chase, which is emblematic of the man. As he must acquire money to make his dreams come true, he decided to engage in the stock business, still cherishing his boyhood dreams of "houns and hosses," he purchased a small band of sheep. A hard winter caused the loss of all but a very few of his band and the man who loved a "houn," a "hoss" and a gun had little left but the memory of the two mongrel friends of boyhood days. Here he again showed the mettle, which is so essential in achieving success, for upon being asked if he had not had enough of the sheep business, he replied that "the hole you dropped money in was a good place to look for it." This proved to be true, for he prospered thenceforth, and is now one of the wealthiest stockmen in his section of Oregon.

But I am losing track of the main part of the story, for when his business prospered he did not give up the dream of his boyhood. He built large kennels, bought hounds of all kinds and sizes until he had as many as 67 at one time. To provide feed for them he hauled corn for a long distance at no little expense. He raised and trained horses so that they might vault treacherous wire fences and follow the pack; he also bought all the latest model guns from the various manufacturers which happened to be placed on the market from time to time and when asked what "Cal." is his favorite he smiles and remarks with his peculiar drawl that, "there are lots of good guns, but when I want to get Mr. Coyote I always go after my old 30-30."

On a recent visit to the home ranch, my first in fact, I remarked that some of the dogs showed signs of age. Mr. Trospen said most of

them were getting old and that, as he also was getting along, he thought that when the present pack had been laid to rest he would, at least, have to forego this kind of hunting. He believes in the protection of game of all kinds, more especially deer, and has the reputation of being one of the cleanest sportsmen in the community. He is bronzed from his outdoor life and is a perfectly physical man as well as mighty "good company," and if any of you happen to be in the vicinity of his home place, which is near Antone, in Wheeler County, you will miss a great treat if you do not visit George Trosper.

---

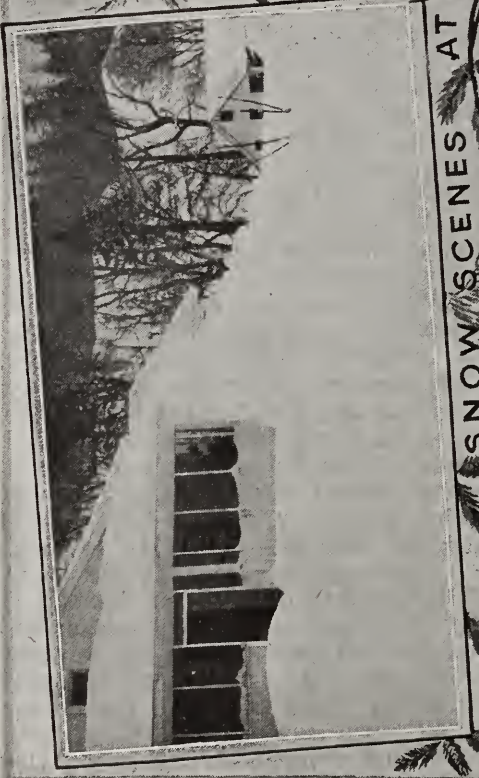
## SAVING THE TROUT AT BONNEVILLE

NOTE — The following article was written by a person who helped in the work of saving the trout at Bonneville. Had it not been for the heroic work of Superintendent of Hatcheries R. E. Clanton and his efficient crew of men the trout fry for liberation this season would have been lost.

The first trouble occurred shortly after the first of the year, when we had about four feet of snow. The fish in the ponds had not suffered at this time, but we were bothered considerably by the snow in the water coming through the pipe line into the hatchery, and it required a great deal of work to keep the hatchery troughs open. During this period the pipes would frequently freeze and several men were employed constantly with blow torches to keep the water running through them. The water for two weeks stood at about 32 degrees. During this period the fish made no advancement whatever, as there is nothing perceptible in fish life in water of this temperature or lower.

A great deal of work was required keeping the buildings clean during this first snow storm, as the roof area at the station is large. After a good portion of the snow had melted, during the latter part of January, it appeared that the trouble was over for the season. In summing up we found that, while the fish had not made any advancement, we had held the loss at very near normal; but shortly it began to snow again and continued until it reached an average depth on the hatchery ground around the ponds of seven feet on the level. Although we thought we experienced trouble during the first storm, the conditions could not be compared with those we experienced during the last storm. Tanner Creek, from where we get our water supply, is located in a gorge and snow slides began occurring near the head of the pipe line and flume, some of them filling the creek to a depth of fifty and sixty feet. These slides occurred so frequently that it made it exceedingly dangerous for the men to remain in the penstock at the head of the water supply to keep them open. Several times men were buried in the snow by these slides. Inasmuch as it was necessary for men to stay up at all hours of the night at these places it can be seen that the danger was very great. While they could possibly avoid the slides during the daytime, at night they had no way of escaping until the slide was on top of them. On several occasions men were buried under the snow, and on one occasion two of the men working at the head of the pipe line were buried under at least ten feet of snow, only escaping from the fact that there were trees convenient, which enabled them to work their way out. During all this time the temperature was standing about zero and the flume from which the ponds were supplied with water was constantly freezing, which required a number of men continually chopping the ice out in order that the water might get through.





SNOW SCENES AT BONNEVILLE



At different periods these slides occurring in the creek would form dams, or jams, and cause the water to stop flowing for one or two hours. It must be understood also that all this time the water was flowing under the snow, and was twenty to fifty feet in the creek bed as far up as we were able to see.

The heavy snow falling on the buildings and the drifts made it necessary to keep at work removing it in order that the buildings would not crush. During this period the power plant which supplies the lights at the station went out of commission and made our work more difficult in caring for the little fish in the hatchery, as the snow which had been shoveled off the roof was all piled up in front of the windows, obscuring the daylight and it was as dark as night. Frequently it looked as though the elements were conspiring against us, and that it would be impossible to save the fry or buildings, and it was only by heroic efforts by the men and crew employed that enabled us to save the state's property. Several of the men worked as long as thirty hours without stopping only long enough to grab a sandwich and cup of coffee. Fortunately some of the men on the ground were endowed with the spirit of fight and did not give up. This encouraged others and anyone of the employees who suggested that there was no use working any further got very little sympathy and was told that if they did not care to continue to work to go on home and go to bed.

Upon the visit of two of the commissioners, in summing up as near as possible the loss sustained, we found that all the buildings had been saved and very little damage done; that the loss of fish had been surprisingly small compared with conditions which they had gone through. The actual loss of fish being smothered from snow settling in the ponds had been something less than 400,000. The fish that had escaped out of the ponds owing to the fact that the snow and ice had jammed against the screens and allowed the flow of water to go over same approximated two million salmon fry, but as these fish had been fed since November a big per cent of them would, no doubt, live and could not be considered a total loss. While the trout in the hatchery building did not thrive as well as they might, the actual loss is somewhere between 300,000 and 400,000 out of 4,000,000.

Upon the break of the storm, it looked as though our trouble was again over, and just succeeded in getting the hatchery troughs and some of the ponds cleaned up when a slide occurred and took out about 100 feet of our flume. A temporary flume was soon installed and water was again running into the ponds. As a result of this, there was only a few brood trout lost in the spawning races, as the man left to remove them did not get them down in time. We then congratulated ourselves upon the fact that we had again succeeded in saving our fry. The following morning an enormous slide, which started almost at the extreme top of the mountain, came down, bringing trees and rocks which weighed several tons, completely demolishing the flume for a distance of over 100 feet, taking out the pipe line as well. Inasmuch as the pipe line was one which supplies the hatchery troughs where the young fish were held, it looked as though the fight was lost after all our hard fight, and that it would be necessary to liberate all our fish, which would result in an absolute loss of all our trout and very young salmon. We again decided not to give up and, although the rocks were still coming down with the slides and it was necessary for the men to go in mud almost to their necks to get to the head of the pipe line, luck had not left us, for it left the joints of the pipe which had been taken out sticking up through the mud. They had been smashed somewhat, but by dodging the rocks

still coming down with the slide we managed to get them coupled together and succeeded in getting water running into the hatchery inside of 30 minutes, thus saving all trout fry and salmon, which approximate a cost of \$10,000. Taking it all in all, those who have been on the ground at the time, among them being Commissioner Jack of Pendleton, praise the men highly for the will and energy displayed during the trouble.

## THE LLEWELLIN SETTER

P. R. WHITESIDE, Multnomah, Oregon.

In the early '70s Mr. Purcell Llewellyn purchased the Laverack Setters Prince, Countess, Nellie, Lill II. and others from Mr. Laverack, who had been a successful breeder of these dogs for a number of years.

Dora, Dick and Dan he purchased from their breeder, Mr. Statter, and these he called Llewellyn's.

The late Dr. M. Rowe questions the right of Mr. Llewellyn to call these dogs Llewellyn's, and in the American Field of January 19, 1884, says in part: "Had Mr. Llewellyn originated the Duke-Rhode-Laverack cross he might have some claim on the whole strain, but the cross was made, and its excellence proven before he owned any of them. Has Mr. Llewellyn done all that it is claimed he has, and are all these dogs, whose performances go to swell the 'Llewellyn record' his dogs? Most assuredly not. He has no more right to their record than we have. What Mr. Laverack, Mr. Statter, Mr. Garth, Mr. Armstrong and others have done in England with their dogs, they, and not Mr. Llewellyn, are entitled to credit for. And what Mr. Smith, the Messrs. Bryson, Mr. Adams, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Bergundthal, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Dew and many others have done in this country, they, and not Mr. Llewellyn are entitled to credit for."

Whether or not Mr. Llewellyn is entitled to the distinction of having this strain of setters carry his name is of no importance; the fact remains that the "Llewellyn" or "field trial setter" of today, coming down from Mr. Llewellyn's kennels, is of the highest type produced and is unequalled in nose, speed, endurance and intelligence.



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Boarding and Yard Breaking . .	7.50
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Setters for Sale

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MULTNOMAH, OREGON

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## FINLEY PICTURES IN THE EAST

Governor Withycombe is receiving much favorable comment from the East on the work being accomplished by State Biologist William L. Finley, who is now conducting a series of lectures accompanied by moving-picture exhibits on Oregon wild life and out-of-door attractions. In addition to indorsements by prominent nature enthusiasts of the East, many of whom say they are coming to Oregon as a direct result of Mr. Finley's activities, the Governor's office has also received many newspaper clippings and comments relative to what Mr. Finley is doing.

The following editorial from the "Free Press" of Burlington, Vermont, is typical:

"We cannot picture the boys who listened to the inspiring address on birds and animal life by Commissioner Finley of Oregon with moving pictures at the opera house yesterday in the act of killing birds. The educational value of such an address is inestimable and the aid thereof in conserving bird life and thus protecting our gardens and harvest and fruits cannot be measured. Commissioner Titcomb is entitled to the thanks of the whole state for helping to educate young Vermont along these lines."

Below is a portion of the account of the meeting, contained in another Vermont paper:

"William Finley, State Biologist for Oregon, had four reels of more than ordinary interest to the children, to whom they were of educational value, and the pictures were also of great interest to the wardens and sportsmen attending. Mr. Finley was for four years a warden of game in Oregon, resigning that position to take the position of State Biologist, including propagation of game. He works on the theory that game protection is largely educational and believes in spending a good part of the money appropriated for the work along educational lines rather than using it all for police work.

"The first reel he showed was entitled 'Rambles With a Naturalist.' It showed how best to interest the child in the work of game preservation and depicted some of the simple things any child might do to become interested in the work, such as collecting frogs' eggs and hatching them out, and such as watching the nests of some of the commoner birds. This film contained the pictures of the home life of the humming bird, and is probably the only one of its kind in existence.

"The second reel depicted the work of the school children who make bird houses and showed the classes putting the homes for the birds in the woods, the idea being to get the child interested early in life in the bird life, which tends to make him a protector and a better observer of the game laws later in life. The third reel showed pictures of wild animals, with the home life of the bear and her cubs, the deer, the elk, panther and mountain lion. The last reel showed sea bird life off the Oregon coast. This dealt with the establishment of wild bird reservations in different parts of the country and the work of the National Association of Audubon Societies, which has headquarters in New York with branches all over the country."



## OREGON BIRDS

Believing that a knowledge of the birds of Oregon—both the song and game varieties—will be valuable to the readers of *The Sportsman*, we have arranged this department, which will be a permanent feature. In this issue Assistant Biologist R. Bruce Horsfal discusses

## THE THRUSH FAMILY

The Thrush family in Oregon is represented by eight species—the Robin, Varied Thrush, Alaska Hermit and Dwarf Hermit, Western Bluebird, Mountain Bluebird, Bluebird, Russet-backed Thrush and Townsend Solitaire.

They are some of our best American song birds, preeminently refined in character combined with a nervous temperament. Their food consists of insects and berries.

## RUSSET-BACKED THRUSH

*Hylocichla ustulata* (Nutt)

These birds are lovers of the dense thickets; retiring and shy, building their nests of grass and moss in some low fern or briar.

The nests are rather bulky, though compact, and are never without the moss. The eggs are four or five of a pale turquoise blue, spotted with rusty brown. The old birds do not roam far from the nesting site. After their winter sojourn in Central America they seem content to remain in some secluded spot from the time the salmon berry blossoms till the berries are gone.

When you see, during the nesting season in Oregon, a bird about six or seven inches long, dressed all in brown above, and having a light breast spotted with the same or darker color, motionless but watchful, or flitting silently through the underbrush before you, you may know that it is the Russet-backed Thrush. Its cousin, the Dwarf Hermit Thrush, is nesting higher up in the mountains. One has to be well versed in bird lore to distinguish between them in their cover, but that can well be left to the ornithologist.

If you are fortunate enough to discover a nest, the old birds will make no great fuss, but remain quietly about or gently scold you with their characteristic thrush note, "thut-thut-thut," as much as to say "Please go away; you are intruding."

They seem to possess very loving natures. Mr. Finley in his book, "American Birds," says "Each time the thrush mother came with food for her young I saw her linger at the nest edge. Many bird mothers are away as soon as they have fed their young, but the thrush never failed to examine her nestlings, and I often saw her sit for several minutes at a time looking at her babies and caressing them with a real mother's love."



Though near cousins of the Robins, their character and dispositions are in no way alike. The Robins are bold, noisy birds, singing from the house top so that all the world may hear. The Thrushes sing to their loved ones alone. From some shady thicket near the mate and her nest this lover of peace and solitude pours forth his praise in the morning; then all through the day is silent. As evening comes on a rich melodious call rings out, "Oh, Vivian, Vivian," the mate on her nest no doubt rejoicing in his gladness. One bird after another joins in the chorus, each to his own Vivian, till the woods fairly ring. Suddenly, as if at a given signal, all is quiet. They sleep.

### TOWNSEND SOLITAIRE

*Myadestes townsendii* (Aud)

A little smaller than a Robin and unlike all the others of the Thrush family, *Myadestes* has no brown in his plumage. All gray; the under parts of a lighter hue, two white wing bars and white rings about the eyes, they fit well into their chosen habitat, the very highest plateaus and mountains about snow line.

We found these birds numerous on the high levels about Lakeview; they have been seen near Bonneville and, of course, come down to the valleys and also move southward for the winter, but, always keeping to the woods, they are rarely seen. They do not range west of the Willamette valley.

The eggs are three to six; pale ashy spotted with rusty brown.

The nest has been described by Mrs. Wheelock in "Birds of California" as a "bulky affair" and, as usual, "under a huge boulder which lay in such a position that only two inches intervened between the earth and the overhanging stone; and in this low-roofed crevice the Solitaires had gathered more than a quart of grass, weed stems, shredded bark, pine needles, rootlets and dead leaves. These seemed to lie in a thick mat as if driven there by the wind. Examination revealed a foundation of larger weed stems and a neatly moulded inner nest. In it were five feathered nestlings. They were much browner in tone than the adults and were beautifully mottled on the breast with light brown."

I wish that I might reproduce one of his songs for you. It has the quality of a harp, but with the ring and rythm of a bugle call.

Quoting again from Mrs. Wheelock, she says: "Among all the forest singers, the Townsend Solitaire is without a rival; and were he as easily heard as is the Mocking bird or the Thrush, he, and not they, would be the theme of the poet's verse. Only in the majestic solitude of rugged mountains, when all the world is silent, will he pour out his soul in music; and to hear him at his best requires hard climbing and patient waiting.

"In the highest Sierra Nevada his song rings clear morning and evening; and on a tall dead tree, sharply outlined against the sky, you may discover the happy singer.

"As you watch, suddenly, without pausing in his burst of melody, he flies outward and upward, higher, higher, singing as he goes, until the silver notes fall like a shower of music which the listening earth drinks eagerly. His song ended, he floats down again, alighting with the easy grace of a mocker, and is at rest all but his quivering wings. He seems to squat rather than perch and is happiest when flying."

Their name Solitaire is slightly misleading, because they dearly love to flock like other birds after the nesting season.



## WESTERN ROBIN

*Merula migratoria propingua* (Ridway)

Differing but slightly from the Eastern species, our Oregon Robin needs no description. In California they dwell in the mountains away from habitation, but here they are the birds of our lawns and gardens.

Their nests, bulky affairs, plastered together with mud, are usually lined inside with fine grasses.

It was the Robin that proved to me the seemingly obvious fact that birds learn how to build their particular kinds of nests by living in them while babies. Numbers of times I have given nest building material to Robins raised by hand in captivity and not one could build a nest, or even a makeshift nest until mated with one brought in from the wild state, when nest building would go on without a hitch.

Usually there are four, sometimes five, greenish blue unspotted eggs. Incubation lasts about fourteen days, and the newly hatched young are naked, skinny, wriggling, pink little nestlings, and Mrs. Wheelock, in "Birds of California," affirms that "they are fed by regurgitation for the first four days, the adults swallowing the food before giving it to the young. By the fifth day earthworms are given the nestlings after being broken into small pieces, and, as the days go by, these worms as well as large insects are given whole. The young Robins are voracious eaters, each one consuming, according to one authority, sixty-seven earthworms daily. Certain it is that they double in weight every twenty-four hours at first, and at the end of sixteen days are nearly as heavy as the adults. Usually the eighteenth day witnesses their first flight, but it is a long time after that before they learn to forage for themselves."

Until the first molt in the fall the plumage is spotted. It is at this period, when they are learning the ways of the world, that so many fall a prey to the house cat. This can be avoided by shutting pussy in beneath the porch through the day and keeping her in the house at night. Cats live very contentedly that way through the summer.





Robins' food is mainly earthworms, but all sorts of insects are eaten, and, as with the small boy, cherries and strawberries are irresistible to them. But let them have a little of our fruit; they certainly have honestly earned it by the same token that "an honest man is worth his hire," and Robins certainly work for us from early morn 'til dewy eve.

I am convinced that all of our Robins go south for the winter; those remaining with us are probably visitors from farther north.

In the migrating season they love to get together like the swallows and usually have a favorite place to congregate in, for sleeping. Mr. Finley says that in one such roost in Berkeley, California, he estimated over six thousand robins sleeping together—coming from long distances. This spring I made note of several flights of migratory Robins through East and West Moreland when they would scatter over the fields a hundred to the acre, and there are many, many acres of open land there. On other days scarcely a bird was to be seen.

No other bird sings with quite the cheery, ringing song of the Robin, and with such a seemingly pure delight in living.

The young learn to sing while in the nest, though they make no sounds like singing at that period. Later, when they have learned to pick up their own food, you may (if you are listening for it) hear a quiet little Robin song coming from some spotted youngster in the cool lower branches of an apple tree or other shady nook. I have purposely kept young Robins away from their own kind and near other species and found them imitating the other species, though, of course, with the Robin voice or rather clear musical whistle.

A nest of youngsters raised among the English Sparrows in the ivy on the walls of Nassau Hall in Princeton learned to chirp like the Sparrows and always mixed their Robin songs with Sparrow chirps, though clearer, purer and far sweeter.

### THE VARIED THRUSH

*Ixoreus naevius* (Gmel.)

The Varied Thrush, also known as the Alaska Robins, are birds of the high altitudes, choosing for their homes the brushy, open stretches among the dark spruce forests where berries abound. There one can hear, though seldom see, these beautiful birds.

My first introduction to the song of this species was in the MacKenzie valley, on the way to Three Sisters, well up toward the 6000-foot level. I was startled by a resonant, long drawn-out whistle, repeated several times, with a slight variation in the pitch, but all in the minor key; beginning very soft, swelling to a full tone, then fading away to nothing—extremely wierd and very mysterious.

Their nest is bulky; in bushes and low trees. The eggs are four; pale greenish blue, sparsely marked with brown. The breeding range is from Northern California to Alaska.

When the snows of winter lie deep upon the mountains, driving these shy dwellers of the solitudes down to our valleys, we see them in our orchards eating the leftover apples, sometimes in flocks, often singly, but always silent. Watch your bird's feeding table; you may see a bird or two about the size and color of a robin with yellowish barr on his wings, a yellow stripe over the eye and a black or blackish band over the breast. That is the Varied Thrush.

## WESTERN BLUEBIRD

*Sialia mexicana occidentalis* (Towns)

Birds so familiar as the Bluebirds need no description; they differ so slightly from the Eastern species that it is sometimes difficult to tell one from the other where their ranges overlap. Our Oregon birds are slightly browner over the back. They are confiding little birds with dispositions typical of all that is sweet and amiable; their call notes are soft and gentle; the male is brighter colored than his mate.

Before the advent of man these birds nested in old Woodpecker holes, in clefts of bark, or any handy cavities, but they now gladly and thankfully accept our bird boxes and help us keep our gardens and flowers free from destructive worms and insects.

Crickets, moths, grasshoppers, caterpillars, ants and weevils form a large part of their food, with a very small amount of fruit.

They have a pretty habit of quivering their wings just before seizing a delectable morsel of worm, and of hovering momentarily in the air after the manner of Flycatchers.

Where the winters are cold and long the Bluebirds are compelled by the scarcity of food to migrate, but when spring comes they return, and one hears the expression "Spring has come, for the Bluebirds are here."

In Oregon these birds merely drop down to the lower valleys and in many cases do not leave their home locality. A pair nested in a box on our window last year, and all through the fall and warm winter weather could be seen going to sleep on the crossbars of the telephone poles; but when the cold came on they took to a neighbor's box and slept there together in safety throughout the ice period and up to this date, the 20th of March. In a certain box in Corvallis twenty-six Bluebirds slept every night during the cold weather.

The lesson is obvious: do not take down the old boxes except to cleanse them of the old nests and mites. These boxes will serve a two-fold purpose: first, safe sleeping quarters; second, keep the English Sparrows from pre-empting the box. Gentle as the Bluebirds are, they can usually fight off the Sparrows if the latter have not already had a chance to establish themselves. I have often aided them in their fight by shooting the Sparrow with a .22 shot, and, although picking off the Sparrow when but a foot or two away from the Bluebirds, the latter were not the least alarmed.

It is easy to make friends with them and is worth all the time it takes. Accustom them to your presence gradually, make no sudden movements, and they will lose all fear of you.

An interesting method of watching the growth of the young is to make a box without a back and hook it to the upper window sash, putting a removable cardboard back on the inside of the window. When the birds have settled to feeding the young, this can be removed and many pleasant hours will be your reward.

The Western Bluebird lays six eggs, sometimes seven. One record noted by Mr. W. L. Finley was of two broods of seven and one of five successfully raised in the year 1904 by one pair of Bluebirds.



Nesting boxes should be placed not later than April 1st, the fence posts about the farm are splendid places, or on the boles of the apple trees. In town the best location for boxes is on the side of the house up near the eaves and away from prowling cats.

I find that the English Sparrow will not take a nest box placed within reach, but the Bluebirds will use boxes as low as four feet from the ground.





# ITEMS <sup>OF</sup> INTEREST

## TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



### CHINESE OR RING-NECKED PHEASANTS LIBERATED

Following is the report of the Chinese or Ring-Necked Pheasants raised and liberated in Oregon from January 1, 1915, to December 31, 1915:

BAKER COUNTY		Liberated by	Number
July 26		Charles F. Hyde, Baker.....	24
August 10		Barney Eidsen, Newbridge.....	24
August 21		James H. Nichols, Baker.....	72
August 22		Durkee Rod and Gun Club, Durkee....	48
September 6		I. N. Sanders, Richland.....	24
September 28		J. H. Dupes, Pleasant Valley.....	12
September 25		I. B. Hazeltine, Baker.....	16
			— 220
CLATSOP COUNTY			
February 26		H. W. McDowell, Seaside.....	3
March 8		John Waterhouse, Clatsop.....	3
September 21		W. F. McGregor, Astoria.....	24
September 21		Albert H. Johnson, Seaside.....	12
September 21		Alex Gilbert, Seaside.....	12
September 21		Charles Johnson, Seaside.....	12
September 27		Alfred Dawson, Warrenton.....	12
October 12		J. S. Dellinger, Astoria.....	12
October 19		Mark Warren, Cannon Beach.....	3
October 26		J. A. McIntire, Seaside.....	12
October 26		F. P. Perkins, Warrenton.....	12
October 26		C. A. Jones, Knappa.....	12
October 26		A. C. Miller, Astoria.....	12
October 26		Robert B. Poole, Warrenton.....	12
October 26		William Larson, Astoria.....	12
			— 165
COOS COUNTY			
October 13		J. M. Thomas, North Bend.....	12
October 13		William H. Fearnley, Myrtle Point....	48
			— 60

**CROOK COUNTY**

May 12	C. H. Hardy, Alfalfa.....	1
August 29	A. A. Anderson, Redmond.....	36
September 21	J. H. Upton, Prineville.....	48
September 28	Clyde M. McKay, Bend.....	48
October 8	J. H. Upton, Redmond.....	48
October 12	C. M. Redfield, Deschutes.....	12
October 23	Fred Schmitt, Alfalfa.....	1

— 194

**CURRY COUNTY**

August 15	Roderick Macleay, Wedderburn.....	24
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— 24

**DOUGLAS COUNTY**

April 6	J. K. Howard, Glendale.....	6
September 29	John O. Lystul, Glendale.....	24

— 30

**GILLIAM COUNTY**

August 8	G. P. White, Willows.....	24
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— 24

**GRANT COUNTY**

April 6	Cy J. Bingham, John Day.....	8
July 26	Cy J. Bingham, John Day.....	24
August 18	Geo. Clark, Mt. Vernon.....	24
August 19-20	Cy J. Bingham, John Day.....	120
October 12	Cy J. Bingham, John Day.....	24

— 200

**HARNEY COUNTY**

September 6	Dr. L. E. Hibbard, Burns.....	24
September 6	W. H. Robbins, Harriman.....	24
September 6	J. C. Foley, Burns.....	24
September 6	F. C. Dibble, Riley.....	24
September 6	F. C. Dibble, Riley (Hanley).....	48
September 6	F. C. Dibble, Riley (Clerf).....	24

— 168

**JOSEPHINE COUNTY**

September 21	Dr. Chas. Sweeney, Murphy.....	12
September 29	Arthur S. Coutant, Grants Pass.....	12

— 24

**KLAMATH COUNTY**

July 15	H. D. Stout, Klamath Falls.....	96
September 28	H. D. Stout, Klamath Falls.....	48

— 144

**LAKE COUNTY**

September 10	W. H. Harvey, Paisley.....	36
September 10	C. E. Campbell, Paisley.....	36
September 11	J. F. Hanson, Lakeview.....	36
September 11	C. A. Carricar, Lakeview.....	36

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**MALHEUR COUNTY**

September 14	Thos. Kohout, Jordan Valley.....	48
September 15	C. Y. Mallett, Ontario.....	24
September 15	L. A. Parker, Ontario.....	24
September 21	C. J. Bartlett, Vale.....	48

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**MARION COUNTY**

March 31 Harry Minto, Salem..... 4

**MORROW COUNTY.**

August 14 J. B. Huddleston, Heppner..... 48

**MULTNOMAH COUNTY**

March. 23 Wirt Minor, Portland..... 3

October 8 Meier & Frank Co., Portland..... 3

October 8 Dr. Ray Stryker, Portland..... 8

**POLK COUNTY**

September 21 O. F. Dickson, Independence..... 12

**SHERMAN COUNTY**

August 15 L. L. Peetz, Moro..... 48

August 16 Jos. B. Morrison, Grass Valley..... 48

August 17 R. R. Ragsdale, Grass Valley..... 48

September 1 F. E. Brown, Rufus..... 12

September 1 Geo. W. Blackburn, Rufus..... 12

September 2 Chas. A. Buckley, Grass Valley..... 12

September 2 J. W. McInnes, Kent ..... 12

September 15 John Fulton, Wasco..... 12

September 15 Martin Hansen, Moro..... 12

September 15 J. M. Allen, Klondike..... 24

September 15 O. L. Belcher, Moro..... 12

September 21 Wm. C. McDonald, McDonald..... 24

September 27 Roy Philippi, Early..... 24

October 10 Roy C. Atwood, Wasco..... 12

October 12 R. B. Hailey, Wasco..... 12

October 13 I. P. Hardin, DeMoss..... 12

**TILLAMOOK COUNTY**

October 20 G. E. Leach, Tillamook..... 48

**UMATILLA COUNTY**

February 15 E. E. Elder, Echo ..... 12

July 13 W. C. E. Pruitt, Pendleton..... 48

August 13 Ralph Stanfield, Echo..... 48

September 5 R. F. Wiglesworth, Echo..... 24

September 7 Frank Duff, Pilot Rock..... 12

September 7 Carl Jensen, Pilot Rock..... 12

September 7 U. G. Horn, Pilot Rock..... 12

September 7 J. W. Burgess, Pilot Rock..... 36

September 7 Albert Gilliam, Pilot Rock..... 12

September 8 R. N. Stanfield, Stanfield..... 24

September 8 Wm. R. Howard, Echo..... 24

September 14 Samuel Pamburn, Athena..... 12

September 14 Walter Adams, Athena..... 12

September 14 Frank Berlin, Athena..... 12

September 21 Matt Mosgrove, Milton..... 24

September 21 J. T. Hinkle, Hermiston..... 12

September 21 R. N. Stanfield, Stanfield..... 24

September 21 Geo. R. Gerking, Athena..... 24

September 28 Joseph Hodson, Weston..... 12

September 28 Geo. Tonkin, Pendleton..... 60



October 8	R. H. Holmes, Echo .....	6	
October 8	C. A. Hazen, Stanfield.....	12	
October 10	Fred C. Fulton, Stanfield.....	12	
October 23	J. T. Hinkle, Hermiston.....	3	
		—	489

**WALLOWA COUNTY**

April 6	H. S. Gibson, Joseph.....	8	
August 1	James Wood, Enterprise.....	12	
August 1	J. M. Fruitts, Enterprise.....	24	
August 1	A. Wade, Enterprise.....	24	
August 1	Geo. B. King, Enterprise.....	24	
August 1	Harry F. Battles, Enterprise.....	12	
September 21	H. K. O'Brien, Wallowa.....	24	
September 27	J. W. Hanson, Bly.....	12	
		—	140

**WASCO COUNTY**

April 6	T. C. Queen, Dufur.....	8	
August 6	E. C. Haight, The Dalles.....	24	
August 6	Ralph Denis, The Dalles.....	24	
August 6	W. O. Hadley, The Dalles.....	4	
August 7	T. F. Gray, The Dalles.....	24	
August 7	T. C. Fargher, Dufur.....	24	
September 3	T. G. Barton, The Dalles.....	4	
September 5	W. H. Wilson, The Dalles.....	12	
September 14	Harold D. Cates, The Dalles.....	12	
September 14	P. J. Staddelman, The Dalles.....	12	
September 14	Wm. A. Moore, The Dalles.....	12	
September 14	Fax Bros., The Dalles.....	12	
September 14	H. C. Neilson, The Dalles.....	12	
October 6	A. G. Erwin, The Dalles.....	12	
October 6	W. O. Dutton, The Dalles.....	12	
October 6	Geo. R. Young, Mosier.....	12	
October 6	H. C. Neilson, Jr., The Dalles.....	12	
October 6	Walter Klindt, The Dalles.....	12	
October 6	W. H. Sharpe, The Dalles.....	12	
		—	256

**WASHINGTON COUNTY**

October 25	Geo. Russell, Gaston.....	2	
		—	2

**WHEELER COUNTY**

August 18	John H. Tilley, Fossil.....	24	
		—	24
			2914

**BOB WHITE QUAIL LIBERATED**

The following is the report by counties of the Bob White Quail liberated in Oregon for restocking purposes from January 1, 1915, to December 31, 1915:

BAKER COUNTY	Liberated by	Number	
December 9	I. B. Hazeltime, Baker .....	24	
December 22	I. B. Hazeltime, Baker.....	36	
		—	60

**CLACKAMAS COUNTY**

December 6 J. A. Nelson, Jennings Lodge..... 24

— 24

**CLATSOP COUNTY**

November 24 W. G. Brown, Clifton..... 12

December 13 Geo. C. Reed, Seaside..... 24

— 36

**COOS COUNTY**

January 2 Dr. Geo. E. Dix, Marshfield..... 24

— 24

**CROOK COUNTY**

December 9 Clyde McKay, Bend..... 24

— 24

**DOUGLAS COUNTY**

January 2 J. H. Booth, Roseburg..... 12

January 23 R. C. Geer, Riddle..... 22

November 13 J. H. Booth, Roseburg..... 12

December 9 C. A. Stark, Sutherlin..... 24

— 70

**GRANT COUNTY**

November 13 Cy J. Bingham, John Day..... 24

— 24

**HOOD RIVER COUNTY**

January 14 D. McDonald, Hood River..... 48

November 12 Leslie Butler, Hood River..... 12

— 60

**JACKSON COUNTY**

January 6 Sam L. Sandry, Rogue River..... 24

February 9 Sam L. Sandry, Rogue River..... 24

March 13 Sam L. Sandry, Rogue River..... 24

November 13 H. G. Nicholson, Medford..... 12

November 24 Jas. H. Driscoll, Ashland..... 24

November 24 A. L. Vincent, Central Point..... 12

November 25 Geo. Hagardine, Central Point..... 36

November 25 Jas. H. Driscoll, Ashland..... 36

November 30 Jas. H. Driscoll, Ashland..... 12

December 9 Ed. Walker, Medford..... 24

December 13 Ed. Walker, Medford..... 24

December 13 Sam L. Sandry, Rogue River..... 24

December 22 Ed. Walker, Medford..... 24

December 26 Ed. Walker, Medford..... 24

December 28 W. C. Kenney, Gold Hill..... 12

— 336

**JOSEPHINE COUNTY**

November 30 Arthur S. Coutant, Grants Pass..... 12

— 12

**KLAMATH COUNTY**

January 20 Henry Stout, Klamath Falls..... 24

January 28 Henry Stout, Klamath Falls..... 23

November 24 S. E. Eastwood, Klamath Falls..... 24

December 9 H. D. Stout, Klamath Falls..... 12

— 83

**LANE COUNTY**

February 6	R. A. Booth, Eugene.....	12
November 13	L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	24
November 13	J. S. Luckey, Eugene.....	12
November 24	Curtis Veatch, Cottage Grove.....	12

— 60

**MARION COUNTY**

November 30	J. T. McLaughlin, Salem.....	12
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— 12

**MORROW COUNTY**

November 12	Morrow Co. R. & G. C., Heppner.....	12
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— 12

**MULTNOMAH COUNTY**

November 24	A. S. Leahy, Portland.....	4
December 7	J. O. Convill Portland.....	24
December 7	Dawson Bradshaw, Portland.....	24
December 7	Dr. C. W. Cornelius, Portland.....	12

— 64

**UMATILLA COUNTY**

December 13	Geo. Tonkin, Pendleton.....	24
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— 24

**UNION COUNTY**

December 13	A. A. Wenzel, La Grande.....	48
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— 48

973

**CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL LIBERATED**

The following is the report by counties of the California Valley Quail liberated in Oregon for re-stocking purposes from January 1, 1915, to December 31, 1915:

**CLACKAMAS COUNTY**

	Liberated by	Number
November 24	J. A. Nelson, Jennings Lodge.....	24

— 24

**CLATSOP COUNTY**

October 21	O. D. Hutton, Cannon Beach.....	8
October 21	Mark Warren, Seaside.....	24
October 21	I. N. Fleischner, Portland.....	24
November 12	I. N. Fleischner, Seaside.....	24

— 80

**CROOK COUNTY**

January 20	W. D. Barnes, Laidlaw.....	16
January 20	Oscar Hyde, Prineville.....	16

— 32

**LANE COUNTY**

February 6	R. A. Booth, Eugene.....	12
December 22	C. B. Willoughby, Eugene.....	12
December 22	W. D. G. Mercer, Eugene.....	12
December 22	E. C. Hills, Eugene.....	12
December 29	Curtis Veatch, Cottage Grove.....	12

— 60



**LINCOLN COUNTY**

January 23	Chas. Russell, Newport.....	27	
		—	27

**LINN COUNTY**

February 6	A. Crandall, Brownsville.....	24	
March 13	J. R. Metzger, Albany.....	72	
		—	96

**MARION COUNTY**

January 6	J. T. Jones, Jefferson.....	24	
February 6	Roy Bremmer, Salem.....	24	
March 13	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	24	
December 30	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	24	
December 30	J. K. Mount, Silverton.....	24	
December 30	W. R. Davis, Salem.....	12	
		—	132

**MULTNOMAH COUNTY**

January 16	Tom Farrell, Portland.....	24	
January 18	Alford Holman, Portland.....	24	
October 20	R. B. Horsfall, Portland.....	24	
December 10	J. O. Convill, Portland.....	48	
December 29	R. E. Clanton, Bonneville.....	12	
		—	132

**TILLAMOOK COUNTY**

January 18	Geo. E. Leach, Tillamook.....	24	
		—	24

**UMATILLA COUNTY**

February 9	E. F. Averill, Pendleton .....	48	
November 22	Geo. Tonkin, Pendleton.....	24	
December 29	Geo. Tonkin, Pendleton.....	12	
		—	84

**UNION COUNTY**

February 6	Robert Withycombe, Union.....	24	
		—	24

**YAMHILL COUNTY**

January 16	F. W. Masterson, McMinnville.....	96	
March 13	Barnett Y. Roe, Wapato.....	40	
March 13	F. O. Parker, McMinnville.....	24	
December 10	O. B. Parker, McMinnville.....	60	
		—	220

**WASHINGTON COUNTY**

October 21	N. A. Loucks, Tigard.....	24	
		—	24

959

**MOUNTAIN QUAIL LIBERATED**

Following is the report by counties of the Mountain Quail liberated in Oregon for restocking purposes from January 1, 1915, to December 31, 1915:

**CLATSOP COUNTY**

	Liberated by	Number
October 21	I. N. Fleischner, Seaside.....	18

October 17	O. D. Hutton, Ecola.....	16	
November 19	Geo. C. Reed, Seaside.....	12	
		—	46
<b>CROOK COUNTY</b>			
November 24	Clyde M. McKay, Bend.....	24	
		—	24
<b>MULTNOMAH COUNTY</b>			
November 24	R. E. Clanton, Bonneville.....	24	
December 7	J. O. Convill, Portland.....	48	
		—	72
			142

## NOTES FROM HOOD RIVER AND WASCO COUNTIES

By WARDEN W. O. HADLEY.

Two of the finest bears that I know of being killed in my district for many years, were killed last fall, each weighing about 375 pounds. December 26 Howard Wilkinson and Henry Goosen discovered a bear cave on the mountain side fifteen miles south of The Dalles, and they smoked the animal out and killed him. They brought this bear to The Dalles, and he attracted considerable attention.

The other bear was killed last fall by Robert Lasure and J. M. Lenz of Mount Hood, on lake branch of Hood River. This was a very fine animal and furnished numerous steaks to the several families of Messrs. Lenz and Lasure.

The largest Golden Eagle that I have seen in Oregon was captured in a coyote trap baited with a rabbit, near Blalock, by G. W. Andrews, November 6, 1915. This bird measured 7 feet 6 inches from tip to tip, and was mounted by Fred E. Evans, Mosier, Oregon.

At the annual election of officers of The Dalles Rod and Gun Club J. H. Weiss, manager of the Model laundry, was elected to succeed Wm. Birgfeld, who has served for several years; W. A. Moore was elected secretary and S. J. Norton treasurer. The board of directors are J. H. Weiss, S. J. Norton, W. A. Moore, William Birgfeld, W. A. Hunter, H. D. Cates, Paul Lemke.

Plans are being made for affiliating the club with the National Rifle Association of America. By becoming a branch of this organization the local club would be furnished free one big high power rifle for every five members and 120 rounds of ammunition to each member of the organization each year. The membership fees of the organization is \$1, with no dues to keep up. The local club now has a membership of 75 and it is expected before the season is over to increase this to 300. The club is talking of using smaller caliber rifles, probably 22s for indoor target practice, in connection with the big rifles for outdoor work. The range on the beach will be used and arrangements are being made for a shoot in a few weeks.

Arrangements are also being made to incorporate, which will put the club on a better business basis.

The display of trout from the State Hatchery at Bonneville, in the window aquarium of Johnston & Wilerton, on Second street, The Dalles, is attracting more attention than any display ever made before.

Bert Dunning, a trapper residing at Voltage, Oregon, probably holds the belt for having trapped the largest number of muskrats of any trapper in the state during the trapping season which closed February 28. Mr. Dunning caught 1292 muskrats and is proud of the achievement.

Mr. Anton Flint, of Dee, Oregon, reports that on February 10th, he went out across his fields on skis over six feet of snow, and standing around a big fir tree just one-half mile from his house, he saw four buck deer which were browsing on the tops of small trees sticking up through the snow. He said that he got within 50 feet of them and they made no attempt to run off.

George W. Mitchell, Deputy Game Warden in Wallowa County, made a trip to the Billy Meadows pasture, where the elk are located, in February. The snow was four feet deep and packed so solidly that the elk were running around on top of it practically without food, as they did not care to move over to the feed yard, some distance away, Warden Mitchell was compelled to carry hay to them. He also reports that there are many deer in Wallowa County, and that few violations have been reported this winter.

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## CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Harry L. Idleman, a prominent sportsman of Portland, says he has a friend who caught a trout weighing 59 pounds, in Round Lake, one of the Saranac Lakes in Northern New York State.

As a usual thing Harry is very truthful, \*———-the one we caught got away. If you can beat this write the Editor of the Sportsman, and send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription. Harry did.

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## IT PAYS TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SPORTSMAN

Away up in Sherman county a man a-fishing went on the first day of April. He was duly caught, surrounded and forced to subscribe for the Oregon Sportsman by Deputy Game Warden Stewart. Upon reaching home he told his wife about it, and she was so pleased at his sportsmanship that on the following day she presented him with a ten pound boy.

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## GOOD NEWS!

Fish and Game Commission, Portland, Oregon—

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 27th inst. just received, giving price of annual subscription to the Oregon Sportsman as 25 cents. I will enclose that amount, which seems altogether too small.

Many thanks for the sample copy. Yours sincerely,

W. A. SHELDON,  
15 Franklin Street, Northampton, Mass.



Dr. W. A. Short, of Dufur, Oregon, claims to be some fisherman himself. Some time ago he went over to the Deschutes River and caught some red side trout, the smallest of which was 14 inches in length, and the largest one 20 inches. The Doctor likes to read the Oregon Sportsman, for he says, "Received the Oregon Sportsman all O. K., and am well pleased with the same."

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## CLUB AND GAME NOTES FROM GRANT AND BAKER COUNTIES

The "Dayville Rod and Gun Club" has recently been organized with a membership of forty or more. The town of Dayville is located in the western part of Grant County, and is surrounded by excellent game territory. The streams afford the best trout angling to be found anywhere in Eastern Oregon, and in the surrounding hills deer and game birds of several species are plentiful. Some two or three years ago Mr. W. L. Greenwell, president of the club, killed a deer in this section which dressed over three hundred pounds. This is a record for Eastern Oregon at least, and Mr. Greenwell has promised to write the story of the hunt for the "Sportsman" in the near future.

Mr. Wm. Mascall, a rancher residing near the town of Dayville, is much interested in the preservation of game birds, although he seldom hunts or angles, his time being taken up with other matters. He found it difficult to keep the snow swept clean where he was feeding a covey of quail this last winter and finally conceived the idea of pitching a tent, after which time the birds had no difficulty in finding the feed at all times, and it is also said that they came to roost there.

The Rod and Gun Club of Halfway, in Baker County, deserves much credit for its efforts in behalf of the birds this past winter. This section of Baker County possibly has more game birds than any other in Eastern Oregon. This and the fact that there is dense population adjacent made the necessity for close attention important indeed. The club exhausted its funds and applied to the Commission for aid, which was given in the way of financial assistance for the purchase of grain. In some localities in this section the loss of quail was estimated at 75 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that all effort possible was made to keep the feeding grounds clear of snow.

The members of the rod and gun club at Haines in Baker County are rustlers, and believe in going out after "big game." They have a group of five lakes situated some twenty miles northwest of their town, but at present can only reach them by pack horse on the last ten or twelve miles of the journey. The cost of construction of a road that could be traveled by auto has been estimated at from three to five thousand dollars, but this does not stop the Haines boys, and they are now out after the money to build this road, and there is no doubt but that they will put this project through in time, as the lakes are teeming with trout and camping grounds are superb. This conclusion is arrived at for the reason that some fifteen thousand people reside within a radius of not less than forty miles, and could easily make the run out there in a few hours by auto, where by the present condition it takes at least two days.

## SHERWOOD ROD AND GUN CLUB NOTES

Sherwood, Oregon, March 28, 1916.

Editor Sportsman: In summing up the game and songbird losses during the snow in this vicinity, will say that they were comparatively small, owing to the efficient work of our Rod and Gun Club and the generous donations of feed by the business men and farmers. I think the small song birds suffered the most, as they were unable to withstand the cold as well as larger birds. This part of the country is an ideal location for game and fish, as the uplands, valleys and wooded sections afford a perfect home for the pheasant, quail and grouse; also the several mountain streams flowing through shady woods and cultivated fields into the Willamette and Tualatin rivers make a home for the gamey trout that could not be improved upon.

Our Rod and Gun Club members are a bunch of live sportsmen, and their slogan is "to protect and propagate our fish and game." As our streams have never been stocked, we are looking forward to the time when we can distribute fish in them, which we are in hopes will be in the near future.

Congratulations on the Oregon Sportsman, which ably covers the field intended and should have the support of all lovers of manly sport. Respectfully,

J. H. MORBACK,

President Sherwood and Gun Club, Sherwood.



Feeding the birds during the cold weather and deep snow at Echo, Eastern Oregon.



## FARMERS INTERESTED IN GAME PROTECTION

LaGrande, Oregon, March 7, 1916.

Editor Sportsman: Thinking that a few words to say in praise of the farmers of our county for the interest they took in protecting the game birds of this county the past winter, I will say that they liberally furnished wheat and fed the birds over this valley, and through their kindness we lost very few Chinese pheasants. As to quails, we have lost a great many, for they will not leave the brush along the creeks the same as the pheasants.

I know of farmers who took wheat and placed it in small piles along the creek, and saved a great many in so doing. I have telephoned different farmers and asked them how the birds were getting along. This is the answer I received in many cases: "All right, John; we are looking after them, and feeding from seventy-five to one hundred every day." That sounded good to me.

The farmers have willingly fed the birds this winter, but have complained of the would-be sportsman coming out a few days before the season opens and killing them off, thereby lessening the opportunity of those who are observant of the law. I see where they are right, and am frank in saying that I do not believe there is a drop of sportsman's blood in the man who will disregard the law intentionally.

I believe the farmers are with us, as they have shown it this winter by protecting the birds the way they have. If our hunters and fishermen would ask permission to hunt or fish upon the premises instead of climbing over the fences and tramping over their crops, there would be less dissatisfaction among the farmers.

I have heard a number of farmers express themselves in that way, and no honest sportsman would dispute the fact, inasmuch as they would not contend with it themselves.

I believe in educating the people and being lenient with all, but I do not believe in letting sympathy overcome good judgment; meaning by this, that should a person willingly violate the game laws, I believe that they should be prosecuted, but should it be done unknowingly, then I would recommend leniency, provided I am satisfied they are telling the truth. It is not prosecution or the number of arrests I can make, but the protection of the fish and game in my county that I desire. Every person regulates his own treatment by his observance of the fish and game laws. Should he insist on violating the law he is to blame and not the officer making the arrest.

I believe when an officer makes an arrest he should turn both the defendant and evidence over to the Court and let them handle the case. I believe that an officer should do his duty regardless of friend or foe.

I hope there will be no game law violated in my district this coming year. I do not care for notoriety, but simply to do my duty.

We have about seventy-five elk in my county. Mr. Tuttle, of Summerville, reported that he saw 35 in one band in on the Minam east of the Cove a few days ago, and they looked like they were in good shape. There is a nice bunch on the head of Beaver creek.

I think we are going to have good fishing this season, as we are going to have lots of water. There is much snow in the mountains.



I believe it is the duty of every game warden to solicit subscriptions for the Oregon Sportsman, as it will help to harmonize and get the people together. Since our last issue I have heard several subscribers remark there is lots of good knowledge to be had from the little Sportsman.

Trusting this will find a space in the Oregon Sportsman, I remain,  
Yours truly,

J. W. WALDEN,  
Deputy Game Warden.



Everett Skeans, 4 years old, feeding the birds at Rainier January 19, 1916.

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## NOTES FROM BENTON COUNTY

Benton County has come to the front with the second game protective club. This club was organized recently with a membership of forty-six, known as Alsea Game Protection Club. Officers elected were: Roy Warfield, president; George Vernon, secretary. This organization is strictly a game protective organization. Its purpose is to co-operate with the Fish and Game Department. The people throughout the county should commend this club for the stand they have taken, as it is their main hunting ground during open season for deer. I consider their constitution and by-laws one of the best in the state.

The only sport they have considered up to date will be a hunt in the near future, to exterminate animals and birds that prove a menace to crops and game. Benton County did not suffer any great loss of game birds during the cold period in the month of January, yet all kinds of rumor was afloat of birds freezing and deer being found in a starved condition, some with their limbs frozen to the knees. These reports were without foundation. I was in the field every day during the cold weather and found but three Chinese pheasants, or their remains, evidently killed by cats. Since the storm have seen a number of large coveys of Bob White Quail. This would indicate that these birds came through the storm all right. The Rod and Gun Club of Corvallis did a good work in the way of feeding the birds during the snow, as also did some of the farmers. The people of Corvallis and Philomath, as well as other towns throughout the county, took a great interest in feeding the song birds. Coon hunting was great sport for the boys during the snow. Have data on a part of Benton County, and it totals 100 coons killed by parties for the sport. They were not trapped.

C. C. BRYAN.

Deputy Game Warden.

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## TILLAMOOK COUNTY NOTES

In my travels throughout the county I find the sportsmen generally complying with the law.

In spite of the hard winter there seems to be a very small loss of game birds and animals in this territory, though of the small birds the loss is greater. Great appreciation of the birds (both song and game) has been shown throughout this county by the interest taken in feeding them during the cold spell. Among this number might be mentioned Cyrus Randall, who has fed several sacks of wheat to the China pheasants; also Mr. Sam Viereck, who fed an average of 15 loaves of bread per day to the smaller birds.

Anglers are beginning to have some sport in fly fishing, though the majority of the trout caught are being choked to death on salmon eggs. Anglers are relying on some good catches this season, as tons of trout can be seen in the rivers. High water, which lasted several days, permitted great numbers of salmon to go up the river to spawn.

The trapping season is over, with very small catches. Very few animals moved around during the snow. The Wells boys, working on the telephone line over the Coast Range from Tillamook to North Yamhill, have seen but very little sign of cougar or cat, but deer have been seen, traveling in four or five feet of snow.

We have no rod and gun clubs, nor protective associations in this county. Very truly,

G. E. LEACH.

Deputy Game Warden.



## YAMHILL COUNTY NOTES

McMinnville, Oregon, March 14, 1916.

Carl D. Shoemaker, State Game Warden, Portland, Oregon—

Dear Sir: Knowing that the readers of the Sportsman are more or less interested in the preservation of deer, I will give them a little story told me by Chas. Gilman, of Willamina, a hunter and a trapper who is residing this winter with Mr. Stewart on the latter's homestead, between Mt. Hebo and the Nestucca river in Tillamook County. He informed me on February 8th, while on his way to Willamina from the mountains, he found near the Southerland cabin on Kennedy Creek, a spike buck, injured by some wild animal so badly that he could not stand. The back of its neck and head was bitten and nearly all of the flesh chewed off of one shoulder. He cut some brush and made a bed for it, gathered some moss and placed it where it could get it to eat, then left it, thinking that when he returned he would take it to a more sheltered place. He then decided to follow its tracks and try to discover what kind of an animal had attacked it. He found where the deer had come down to the creek to drink and passed along the side of a large log, from which a bobcat had jumped onto its back. He could see where they had been struggling in the snow, as there was considerable blood and hair scattered about. The struggle finally ended by their getting into the creek, which was very deep at this point, and the deer succeeded in getting away from the cat, then went up the creek about 400 yards to where it was found by Mr. Gilman.

I questioned Mr. Gilman upon the probability of it being a panther which injured the deer, but he said that he knew it was a bob-cat by the tracks found in the snow. Upon his return from Willamina, he found that the deer had died.

Mr. Gilman stated that on the same trip he saw a band of eight deer and the tracks of 26 others which had been driven down from Mt. Hebo by the deep snow. He says there are a great many deer ranging between the Nestucca and the Willamina rivers, especially along Kennedy creek, and that they are doing very well, although the snow has been eight or nine feet deep in that section most of the winter. There are places where the snow has been swept away by the wind, and the deer are getting considerable moss and brush to eat.

During the year of 1915 and up to the present date this year, there has been paid by the County Clerk of Yamhill County bounties on the following predatory animals: Forty-one bob-cat, wild-cat and lynx combined; ten coyotes and one cougar.

In January and February the snow storms were very severe for this locality. I spent almost all of my time feeding song and game birds. I was assisted by W. E. Martin, a member of our Rod and Gun Club, who is very much interested in the welfare of the game birds. After the first few days, wheat was furnished us by the Rod and Gun Club of McMinnville. The work was carried on by the sportsmen of the other towns in the county. Many of the farmers came to the rescue of the birds and fed both song and game birds in their respective localities.

I have not heard of any game birds perishing in this county on account of the storm except a few Bob-white quail in several different localities. If we have favorable weather during the brooding season this year, we will have a large crop of birds.

O. B. PARKER,  
Deputy Game Warden.



## UNLAWFUL TO USE SALMON SPAWN

By ROY BREMMER, Warden for Marion County.

Section 40 of the Fish and Game Laws of Oregon.—“It shall be unlawful within the State of Oregon in the Willamette River or any of its tributaries south of the East Independence station, Marion County, to use any salmon or trout eggs or spawn as a bait or lure while angling.”

This is a law that has been violated by sportsmen more in the last three years than any other section of the fish and game laws in the district where this law is in effect.

There is a general opinion by most sportsmen that this law only applies to Marion County. Their reason for this is because the law states south of the East Independence Station, Marion County. This only states the point where this law comes into effect, and meaning the Willamette River and all of its tributaries south of this point.

Sportsmen will do well to comply with this section of the fish and game laws this season, because the law will be enforced. In the past three years the sportsmen have been warned in regard to this unlawful practice. So take warning and leave the salmon eggs at home when going fishing in the Willamette River or any of its tributaries south of East Independence Station.

The Fish and Game Commission closed the following streams in Marion County to fishing, from November 1 to April 1, 1916: Silver Creek, Butte Creek and Abiqua River; and in Polk County, Mill Creek, Salt Creek, Lacrole River, and Luckiamute River, were closed from September 25 without any date being named when they were to be opened, and a short time ago the sportsmen of Polk County petitioned the Fish and Game Commission to open these streams on April 1, in which the Commission complied with their request, and the sportsmen sure appreciated the action of the Commission. These streams are sure to be a good place for the angler this season. There has been but very little violation in regard to fishing on any of these closed streams.



A string of Steel Head caught in the Umatilla River, near Umatilla, by Fred Fullington. The largest weighed 14 pounds.

The sportsmen throughout Marion and Polk Counties want the coming Legislature to pass a law to close all of the streams in Polk and Marion Counties to fishing from November 1 to April 1. The general dislike in regard to winter fishing throughout this district seems to be that the fish that are caught are spawning or are ready to spawn. And another bad feature of the law is that it makes violators of sportsmen that under most conditions are O. K. An angler will go fishing. He knows the law allows him to catch trout ten inches or over. He gets one or two ten inches or over and about a dozen from six to nine inches long, and he will take a chance on smuggling them in, when if the law was so that he could not go fishing from November 1 to April 1 this temptation to violate would not come to the average sportsman.

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## WALLOWA COUNTY NOTES

Enterprise, Oregon, March 17, 1916.

Oregon Sportsman: Knowing that the readers of the Sportsman are interested more in the fish and game conditions of the State, I will endeavor to give them some idea of the game conditions in Wallowa County. Game in my district have wintered very good here. Owing to the hard winter the snow got very deep in most parts of the county, but because of the deep canyons, where the snowfall is very light and does not lay on the ground any great length of time, we have abundance of winter range for both deer and elk as well as grouse and pheasants, which winter in those canyons.

From the trips I have made in the game district I find that the deer and birds seem to be plentiful and in good condition for this time of year.

Mr. P. O. Shirley reports that during last month, while he was out hunting for bob-cats and coyotes, he counted 62 deer in a radius of two miles square, in Lightning Canyon, in the eastern part of the county. I have just returned from the Mud Creek country, in the northern part of the county, and find the deer very plentiful in that district. The farmers and stockmen tell me that there is more deer in that locality than there has been for a number of years. Also grouse and pheasants seem to be plentiful in that locality, and have wintered fine.

The elk in the Billy Meadow pasture have wintered fine, and we have had no loss at all. The snow got to be very deep out there this winter. At one time it was 72 inches in depth there, and is about three feet deep at the present writing. I think that any ordinary winter the elk would winter in the pasture without hay. The timber in the pasture is covered with a long coat of moss, which the elk feed upon, and prefer it to hay.

I have met with the rod and gun clubs of the county, and as many of the farmers and stockmen as possible, and have worked on the educational line to get the people educated to protect the game and fish and co-operate with the Warden in apprehending any violator of the game and fish laws.

Very truly yours,

GEO. W. MITCHELL,  
Deputy Game Warden, Enterprise, Oregon.



## COLUMBIA COUNTY NOTES



Difficulties experienced by Warden William Brown and party in feeding the game birds in Columbia County.

St. Helens, March 9, 1916.

Carl D. Shoemaker, State Game Warden, Portland, Oregon—

Dear Sir: Pursuant to your request for an article to be published by The Oregon Sportsman as to my experiences as Deputy Game Warden for Columbia County, Oregon, I take pleasure in relating some of them during the severe winter months this past winter, which was exceptionally severe on game of all kinds on account of the continued deep snow.

During the months of January and February in Columbia County the snow was so deep and so generally covered the entire county that if it had not been for the regular and almost daily feeding the game would have perished, and some species, for instance, quail, pheasants and the song birds, I believe would have fared badly.

The greatest assistance was rendered me by the Rod and Gun Clubs of the different towns in this county, they not only labored industriously, but put up money to purchase wheat and conveyances to feed the birds, and I believe that the people of this county are entitled to a vote of gratitude by the State Game Board for the interest they have taken, one man especially, of whom I might mention here, Mr. Oscar Anderson, of Rainier; also I must not forget to mention Mr. Morton, of St. Helens, and Mr. Sutherland, of the same place.

Day after day I was compelled to shovel the snow from under the trees in order to scatter wheat so that the birds could be fed. The birds had sought shelter in many different places among the deserted houses, cabins and schoolhouse, woodsheds, and on my rounds I located about one hundred quail which had sought refuge in a cabin in a logging camp, the weather being extremely cold. I knew that they would stay there, so I left plenty of feed on different occasions to maintain them. In many places all over the county the roads were



absolutely impassable. I recall one instance where we had to shovel our way through in order to pass with team and sled; in one place the road was so obstructed from a large tree, or might mention several trees, which had fallen across the roadway, that we were compelled to unhitch and lead the horses a long distance out of the way, and had to take the sled apart and carry it a piece at a time over these logs, and in many places the snow had drifted so high that our team had gotten down where the snow was over their backs, so in order to get them out we took one horse out by shoveling a way for him and pulled the other horse out with the horse that had been taken out. This to a new game warden was about the toughest ordeal, outside of being shipwrecked off Cape Horn, which experience I also had, so I feel myself equal to almost any emergency.

Along with all of this hard privation came some very kind and thoughtful treatment upon the part of some of the residents of Columbia County. After having been out in the cold for hours at a time, we were lucky enough to run across people who have feelings and warm hearts for the wayfarer, as in many cases when we least expected it we were taken in out of the cold and treated to warm meals, all of which will be always remembered by your deputy game warden.

On all my trips I found plenty of pheasants, especially along the bottom lands, and they had become so tame that they really came toward us when we were distributing the wheat for them.

The Rainier Rod and Gun Club, as well as the other Rod and Gun Club, did nobly in furnishing feed for the birds in ample quantity.

I will not dwell to any greater extent upon the personal hardships encountered on numerous trips taken during this severe winter, as it would consume too much space in the Sportsman, but will give you a brief idea of the worst trips I had during the heavy snow.

In one of the routes from St. Helens to Warren, a distance of four miles; from Warren to Bachelor Flats, a distance of three miles; from Bachelor Flats to Houlton, a distance of nine miles, and from Houlton to Columbia City, a distance of three miles—I covered all of this in one day, feeding the birds as I went along.

The next day I traveled with a team from Rainier to Apiary, a distance of nine miles, and from that point to Deleaner, a distance of six miles, and from there to Clatskanie, a distance of twelve miles, and from there to Mist, a distance of 10 miles, and from Mist to Pittsburg, a distance of twelve miles, and from Pittsburg to Houlton, a distance of twenty-one miles. This consumed about three days' time in all. On all above distance I fed wheat along the roads. A part of the distance from Pittsburg to Houlton the wagon broke down, so I was compelled to walk about 15 miles into Houlton, and the last bird that I saw was one pheasant in the road at Mist.

After all of this hard experience I feel that I have been more than doubly repaid, if in no other way that I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have saved a great many birds from perishing for want of food, and while this has been new work to me, I feel if another winter occurs of equal severity and I am still game warden, I will be able to improve from my past experience. The work is very interesting to me and I have been successful, I believe, in imbueing the sporting element in Columbia County with enthusiasm and regard

for the importance of educating the people in the county of protecting in every way they can the game, and I have their aid and assistance in detecting any illegal slaughter of the game during the close season.

I am free to acknowledge that if every county has been given the assistance that I have by the people of Columbia County that the game of this state will be preserved to a greater extent in the future than it has been in the past.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM BROWN,  
Deputy Game Warden, Columbia County.



Deputy Game Warden William Brown, of Columbia County  
"Caught with the Goods"

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## CLACKAMAS COUNTY NOTES

Estacada, Ore., March 10, 1916.

Mr. Carl D. Shoemaker, State Game Warden, Portland, Oregon:

Dear Sir—The following is a sort of a general report of game conditions of this locality. As to game conditions of this locality during the present Winter, well, say the game birds, especially the quail, were noticeably reduced in numbers by the unusually hard Winter. There are three varieties of quail here—the Mountain, California and Bob White. The two latter seemed to have suffered the



most. China pheasants, so far as I have been able to see, were not so noticeably killed off. Farmers and others did a great deal to save these birds during the worst part of the weather by putting out feed. Winter fishing under the 10-inch limit law has been slack on account of the bad weather, but it is showing signs of reviving as the weather gets better.

Owing to the dryness of the mountain regions of this locality during the open season for deer last Fall, there were not as many deer killed as in previous years, which, however, will be all the better for the coming open season. The present hard Winter has had very little effect on the deer, so far as getting feed or standing the cold is concerned; and they have been seen in considerable numbers in several localities. For feed during deep snows deer depend on tree moss, browse off green twigs, and evergreen leaves of certain shrubs, which are not so easily covered up, and are always available as long as deer can get through the snow at all. This tree moss is the whitish hanging thread-like moss so common in higher altitudes.

The deep snow, however, drove a great many deer down low in the foothills and river bottoms. The only trouble then is to keep a certain misguided element from killing them just because they have a good opportunity. This practice has been, and is still to some extent one of the destructive practices that have helped very materially to reduce the deer to their present fewness in numbers. It is something that every true sportsman ought to try to help to stop—it is a practice of the pot-hunter, and the man who has no regard for the game, or fairness in sportsmanship.

The predatory animals, especially timber wolves, do not seem to be as bad so far this winter as for some years past. Up to date three cougars, 50 odd wildcats, and five or six coyotes have been killed in the Clackamas region. Hunters of the Sandy River, Molalla and Eagle Creek country also have killed a good many wildcats and coyotes, which will all help a good deal in the future supply of game.

Timber wolves have always been destructive animals in this region, but this Winter only a few straggling ones have shown up so far. This may be due to the persistence with which they have been gone after by a few trappers and hunters during the past two years. About five years ago they disappeared under the same circumstances, and little trace of them was seen for a year or more, after which time they began to appear again in increasing numbers till this Winter. Where they go is often a mystery. But when taken into consideration that the trappers, hunters and others in the mountains cover only a limited area of the mountain regions as a whole during the Winter time, there are a good many out of the way localities they can go and not be discovered quickly. Where it is so easy to shift their hunting grounds to their advantage, together with their crafty wits, makes trapping or hunting them very uncertain and difficult to one who undertakes to make a business of it in such a rough timbered region as this.

Mr. E. F. Averill, of the Biological Survey, wrote me not long ago that reports came to him that timber wolves were more numerous than common on the upper South Fork of the Santiam River this Winter, which may account for where some of the wolves of this locality have gone. That region is something like 100 miles from here, but is connected by an unbroken mountain country and it would



be nothing surprising if they traveled that far, or even farther. But as game gets scarce, and they are much disturbed by hunters, they are liable to shift back again, or to other localities.

BEN S. PATTON,  
Deputy Game Warden.

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## ALSEA CONDITIONS GOOD

Mr. C. D. Shoemaker, State Game Warden.

Dear Sir: I made a trip to Alsea. Was very much pleased with conditions there. While there I met a number of the members of the Game Protective Club, also parties who were not members. It was admitted by all that conditions had greatly improved, and there had been no hunting since the club had been working, as far as they knew. The time set by the club for the hunt to exterminate worthless animals and birds is the last week of April. It is up to every member to participate in the hunt. If he fails to do so, he is placed on the losing side. I will make it a point to be with them a day or two. Anglers are not having any great success. Yours respectfully,

C. C. B.

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## OLD OREGONIAN

By J. R. METZGER.

All of the Wardens are requested to write a short communication on what he thinks he knows and what he can back up. First, I remember when the first Chinese pheasants were liberated by Mr. Denny, and the people did not molest them for several years, and they became very plentiful in a few years and were hunted by the people with more care than they are now, and we did not have any hunting clubs, which I don't build much hopes on as a protection to any game. What is there to keep any one from joining the hunting club? A game hog can join the same as any one else, but I don't say all the sportsmen are violators, but I do know that some of the so-called sportsmen will take a trip away from home and I think the change of air has something to do with him, and he will shoot everything he runs across. This is not confined to one locality, it is all over, and some tell me that the game laws are not right; that if they were so and so they would not need any one to look after them, and some of the people that live along the foot of the mountains think they have a better right to the deer because they are old settlers, and they take the liberty to kill them, and on the other hand they cry the wolf, bobcat and cougar and many other things and keep hounds to catch the varmints, and the dogs are so well trained that they will not run deer, they know that their owners won't stand for it as there is no bounty on deer and it is a violation to hound deer, and don't like to buy tags to put on the hides, so they are not worth bothering about. And all those people who go to certain of the summer resorts do is to ask some of those good people that

keep trained dogs where they can kill a deer, and they will tell you that if you will watch the river that some time, either morning or evening the deer sometimes cross the river and those well trained dogs are after a cougar or some wild varmint and scare the deer and they come to the river to drink.

There are quite a number of these well trained dogs on the South Fork of the Santiam. Those expecting to take a summer outing will find the fishing and hunting good at Cascadia and Canyon Creek, Moose Creek and any place on the South Fork of the Santiam up to Upper Soda. All are ideal places to fish and hunt.

I ask for information: Why was it that in the early days, when there were cougar, wolves and cats a hundred to one now, why did they not eat up the game then as they claim they do now? I answer this by saying that all along the foot of the mountains you can hear the hounds running most all the time. Those hounds run whenever they want to. And take deer with fawns, the dogs either catch the fawns or separate them and they die, and when it snows and they are obliged to come down to the low hills on account of the heavy snow these people are just like any one else—don't want to be hurt by the deer and kill them. Can't blame them, they are dangerous. I had a tame buck once and he was cross, and these people don't need to be afraid of the Game Warden, for he can't get over the county more than once or twice a month, and if he does and we find him will take a shot at him. He has no business around here. I don't blame the people around the foothills and mountains for carrying a gun. A saw a man plowing carrying a gun. I guess it was for cougars or bear.

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## PLENTY OF GAME THIS YEAR

I take a keen delight in reading every page of The Oregon Sportsman. To every Oregon sportsman it should be invaluable as a reference on field and stream in Oregon it cannot be excelled. To intelligently peruse its pages is to become familiar with the sport situation over the entire state, and we learn many surprising things too numerous to mention. I think the reports of the more remote and isolated parts of the state, of which we hear little as regards game, are especially interesting. I trust a word or two of the other extreme will not be out of place.

The report for the last year shows that Multnomah leads any other county by more than two to one in the number of arrests and convictions. It is significant, for considering the number of people in this county in comparison with other parts of the state the ratio of arrests is very small indeed.

I do not hesitate to say that there are more game and song birds in Multnomah County than any district of like size in the entire state. I will venture farther and say that within the corporate limits of the City of Portland are to be found more birds, both game and non-game, than any other city in the entire country. If this is true there must be a vital reason. Why wild life should thrive in such a thickly populated district is no secret but an open book to every school child, due to the educational campaign conducted by the biological department of the State Fish and Game Commission. The bird walks



and lectures now being held in Portland have become established institutions, and together with the various rod and gun clubs throughout the state have become indispensable to the protection of wild life as well as a valuable aid to the Wardens in enforcing the law. I believe it would be well for the members of the various rod and gun clubs to take in account the attitude of aspirants for our next Legislature concerning laws tending for the better conservation of this great natural resource. Why not pass a law like this, for instance: that the duck season on the Columbia River and adjacent sloughs and lakes having ended, it shall automatically become a game refuge until the succeeding open season. Such a law would give song birds and pheasants the best possible protection during brooding season, and better still, would eliminate the small boy with the .22 caliber rifle and the damage he does. On March 5 I encountered 17 boys on or near Columbia Slough with .22 caliber rifles, only two of the number having .22 caliber short, the rest having .22 long, .22 extra long or .22 special. Their universal excuse was rabbits or target practice. However, several dead gulls and numerous dead song birds told a different story. Such a law would not interfere with the fishing to be had and would give the desired protection. Such a law could obtain anywhere in the state where birds inhabit exclusively and which places are known to the Wardens in their respective districts.

E. J. WRIGHT.



Deputy Game Warden J. M. Thomas, of North Bend, and display of confiscated elk horns.

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## CLATSOP COUNTY NOTES

After such a hard winter I have made close investigations all over the county to see how the wild game of all kinds withstood the cold winter. I was much surprised to find that they stood it well in



Clatsop. I have seen several Chinese Pheasants on my trips throughout the county. When out to Olney I saw four close to the post-office and on the tideland close to Warrenton there are quite a number, also at Knappa and Svensen and on Mr. McGregors' place on Youngs River they were pretty well taken care of as most all the farmers fed them. The deer are not very plentiful this season, the hunters failed to get very many as the country down here is very brushy and they are hard to find.

Fishing has been pretty good. There have been several pretty good catches of steelhead made this winter. The boys up at Knappa have made some good catches. They have organized a gun club at Knappa with the following officers: President, D. E. Stewart; secretary, W. C. Boatman. They are practicing on blue rock most every Sunday and making pretty good scores for new beginners.

Seaside Anglers' Club held its annual election and elected Pat Dillian president, A. L. Cole vice president, C. M. Godfrey secretary. Executive committee, L. C. Henry (chairman), N. J. Montag, Richard Brown. They are all live wires and up and doing their share of duty when called upon.

C. W. LOUGHERY.

Deputy Game Warden.

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## UMATILLA COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN GEORGE TONKIN.

The close of a severe winter finds much more game in Umatilla County than most of the sportsmen had faith to hope for. Hundreds of horses and cattle died from exposure and lack of food, and when we think of that fact it seems little short of miraculous that there was such a comparatively small loss of game birds and game animals.

The loss of Chinese Pheasants occurred principally where the streams were frozen over and the birds could get no water. Several Bob White Quail were found dead around the hay stacks where there was a reasonable amount of food and shelter, but the cold weather was more than they could endure. The same is true of the Meadow Lark, though many of these birds never reached any shelter but were found dead where the storm first overtook them. It is estimated that the loss of China Pheasants was only 2 per cent, the Bob White Quail suffered a loss of about 20 per cent and the Meadow Lark at least 50 per cent. All of these birds would have suffered much greater loss had it not been for the protection given them by the ranchers.

The native pheasants and grouse were not affected at all by the severe weather as they experience deep snows and low temperature each year in the mountains where they winter. The Hungarian Part-ridges also seemed undaunted by the weather. They burrowed into the snow for food and shelter and seemed as wise in this art as the rabbit. There was no noticeable loss among the Valley Quail, Mountain Quail and other birds.

Hundreds of deer wintered in this county. Many of them came from the higher hills in adjoining counties. Toward the close of the winter they became very poor but since then the young bunchgrass on the south slopes has put them in fine shape.

The educational campaign that Warden Hazeltine, of Baker, advocates in the January issue of The Oregon Sportsman has done much for this county. However, there are some people it seems who must be educated in another way. For instance, a person recently punished for killing deer out of season in this county was once a deputy game warden himself. Nothing but fear of law enforcement will stop this class of people. The education above referred to has done so much for most of the residents of this county that they are giving valuable aid to the deputy game warden in apprehending such violators.

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## PILOT ROCK DISTRICT

The deer seem to have weathered the hard winter, as parties traveling the mountain highways are seeing them often.

The Chinese Pheasants, Native Pheasant and Grouse appear to be as plentiful as ever. A great many Bob White Quail, however, perished, possibly 20 per cent, and the sportsmen hope to restock this community the coming summer.

Some good catches of native trout are reported and the prospects for a good season for the anglers is in sight.

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## JACKSON COUNTY WARDEN'S EXPERIENCE

By JAMES H. DRISCOLL, Warden.

One morning in the early part of February I received a phone message from H. D. Stout, Game Warden for Klamath County, to the effect that he had information that a large number of deer were "snowed in" in the Jenny Creek country and along the Parker Mountain and were being killed by coyotes. As this territory is on the line between Klamath and Jackson Counties and is a favored hunting ground for the Klamath boys they were anxious to have the matter investigated, and if possible, to give the deer some protection.

Benton Bowers, Jr., volunteered to go with Walker and I and early next morning we started. Mr. Bowers, who had hunted cougar in this country for the past several years, thinking we might run into one, took his famous cougar dog along. We struck the snow about ten miles from Ashland and during the rest of the day wallowed through snow from one to two and one-half feet deep.

We reached the DeCarlo ranch about 6:30 o'clock, fed our horses, ate our super and went to bed. Mr. DeCarlo informed us that the snow was too soft for snowshoeing and that we had better make an early start as the snow would hold us until about 9 A. M.

Accompanied by young DeCarlo we left the ranch early next morning. Both Bowers and DeCarlo were familiar with the winter range of the deer, so we had no trouble in locating them. After traveling some three or four miles up the mountainside we reached the cliffs which formed the dividing line. Along the crest of the mountain the snow had melted and we found considerable bare ground. We skirted along the edge of the cliffs for several miles. It was one continual bedding ground for the deer, but for all of that it is hard to estimate how many deer wintered there. During the day we saw several deer. They were very tame and appeared in good condition. We found the carcasses of five deer. Their bones were picked clean and hide and hair were widely scattered at every kill. In each instance the deer had been killed in the sharp draws, where the snow had drifted deep. We returned to DeCarlo's that evening.

The next morning we made another trip, coming in on the mountain farther east. Bowers and Walker crossed over the ridge and followed the deer trails into the deeper snow where the deer had been browsing on the young trees, but they found no further evidences of deer having been killed. Coyotes were the only wild animals we saw and concluded that they were the deer-killers. We counted thirty deer the second day we were out, but of course that represented only a small part of the deer that had wintered there, and no doubt there were a great many more deer killed there than we saw evidence of. The next morning we struck out for Ashland, arriving there late in the afternoon.

From many parts of Jackson and Josephine Counties come reports of deer having been killed by wild animals, of which cougar, timber wolves and coyotes get the credit. There is a growing belief among sportsmen that higher bounties will assist in solving the problem of deer protection.

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## WASHINGTON COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN GEORGE W. RUSSELL.

The past winter has been one of the hardest on game birds and animals that Washington County has experienced in years. Both game and song birds suffered a great deal from the great depth of snow and the extreme cold weather. While the loss of life among our feathered friends was large it was very gratifying to note the interest taken by the people all over the county in trying to save the birds during the storm. Farmers from all over the county placed feed where both the game and song birds could get it. In one yard near Banks I saw nearly two bushels of oat hulls that had been left on the ground after the birds had eaten the kernels.

A resident of Gales Creek told me he found a large buck that had evidently starved to death during the storm. This deer must have been so poor at the beginning of the storm that he was unable to withstand it.

On March 1st I was called to Gales Creek by a report that a deer had been killed there the day before. I found some of R. O. Stevenson's tame deer had escaped from the park and his Japanese buck had been killed by one of the neighbors. This man was an old



deer hunter and had killed lots of deer in Southern Oregon. He knew the season was closed on deer, but was in such a hurry to get a shot at it that he failed to notice the difference in the markings of a Japanese deer and the Oregon deer.

After the hard time our game has had getting through the winter it is up to every sportsman to do everything he can to protect them himself and also do everything he can to induce others to protect them as well.

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## WHY ARE MOUNTAIN QUAIL GETTING SCARCE?

Why are the Mountain Quail getting scarce in the foothills of Southern Oregon? I have been a resident of Roseburg for the past 30 years and have noticed the Mountain Quail are getting scarcer every year, and I do not think that it is on account of the hunters.

I will give a few views of my own in regard to the extermination of these birds. I have found quail in the hills dead that were covered with little red mites that could have been the cause of their death. Not only the old birds, but also a young brood just hatched. I also think that the woodrat and skunk (which are very plentiful in this section) destroy the nests and catch the young at night.

The Blue Jays are very plentiful and will rob and destroy the nests and should be shot whenever found. I believe this to be a question that if given a study will lead to good results, and I would like to have the sportsmen give this matter a thought and would like to hear from them in the next issue of The Sportsman.

J. H. SYKES,  
Deputy Game Warden.

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## BOUNTIES PAID IN HARNEY COUNTY FOR PREDATORY ANIMALS

It might be of some interest to the readers of The Oregon Sportsman to learn something about the bounties paid out in this county for the past year. Since the rabbit bounty went into effect January 1, 1915, there has been brought to the Harney County court house 1,029,182 rabbit scalps for bounty collection amounting to \$51,459.10. This amount was paid out to the homesteaders of this county. Many of the rabbit hunters made good wages. The cheapest way of killing the rabbits is by snares made of pliable copper wire set on rabbit trails. The majority of the hunters use .22 rifles, the average shot gets about 30 per cent of rabbits to 100 shots.

Predatory animals presented and bounty paid in Harney County from March 1, 1915, to March 1, 1916, as follows: Coyotes, 5,635, bobcats, 1,087; cougars, 2; a total of 6,724. Amount paid out on above

animals \$19,677.00, making the total amount paid for rabbits and predatory animals \$71,086.10. This amount has been distributed among the homesteaders of the county they being the most interested in getting rid of a pest that has made farming in this county very discouraging.

With the beginning of March the migratory birds started to come in, this county being their nesting grounds and most of them nest around the Malheur reserve and the adjoining marshes. At the present time there are hundreds of thousands of white geese and ducks on the meadows near Burns and on the Malheur Lake. The swan started on its flight to the far north to its nesting grounds.

The local sportsmen were disappointed this spring in not being permitted to go out and get their usual spring goose, the Federal laws not allowing any spring shooting.

Following is a copy of a letter sent to me by one of the Federal officers February 28th:

"Dear Sir: The U. S. Supreme Court today announced that the Sauver case involving the constitutionality of the migratory bird law had been restored to the docket for reargument. This perhaps means several months of delay in a matter that very much affects your work and greatly interests the gunners in all parts of the country as well as the friends of wild life.

"Our duty as officers charged with the enforcement of the law is plain and admits of no equivocation. Until the U. S. Supreme Court, which alone can decide the matter, hands down a decision settling the constitutionality of the migratory bird law one way or the other, it is our duty to insist on its strict observance, and you are again urged to report for prosecution every case of violation of any of the regulations under the migratory bird laws that may come to your notice in which it may be possible to secure sufficient evidence."

The above letter is self-explanatory and the violator is taking his own chances.

F. W. TRISKA,  
Deputy Game Warden.

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## COPIES OF OREGON SPORTSMAN WANTED

The State Fish and Game Commission will pay 25 cents a copy for a limited number of copies of the October, 1915, edition of The Oregon Sportsman, delivered at the office of the State Game Warden in Portland, Oregon, by the 15th day of June, 1916.—Editors Oregon Sportsman.

Rogue River, Oregon, April 18, 1916.

Editors Oregon Sportsman, Portland, Oregon.

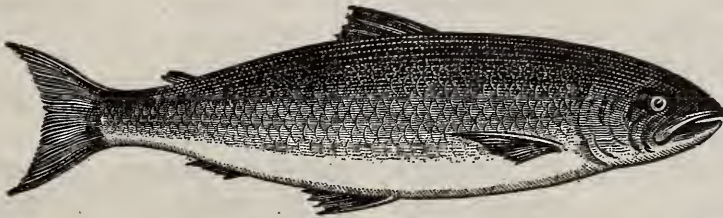
Dear Sirs: Enclosed find my renewal to the Oregon Sportsman. This is an excellent organ for the advancement of game and fish resources of the state. Kindly keep up the good work. Very truly yours,

J. W. SMUCK.



Home of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club, Brownsville, Oregon.

The only sportsmen's organization in the State owning its own home. The Brownsville Rod and Gun Club was organized March 11, 1913, under the laws of Oregon, and the first anniversary was celebrated in the new club building with 168 members.



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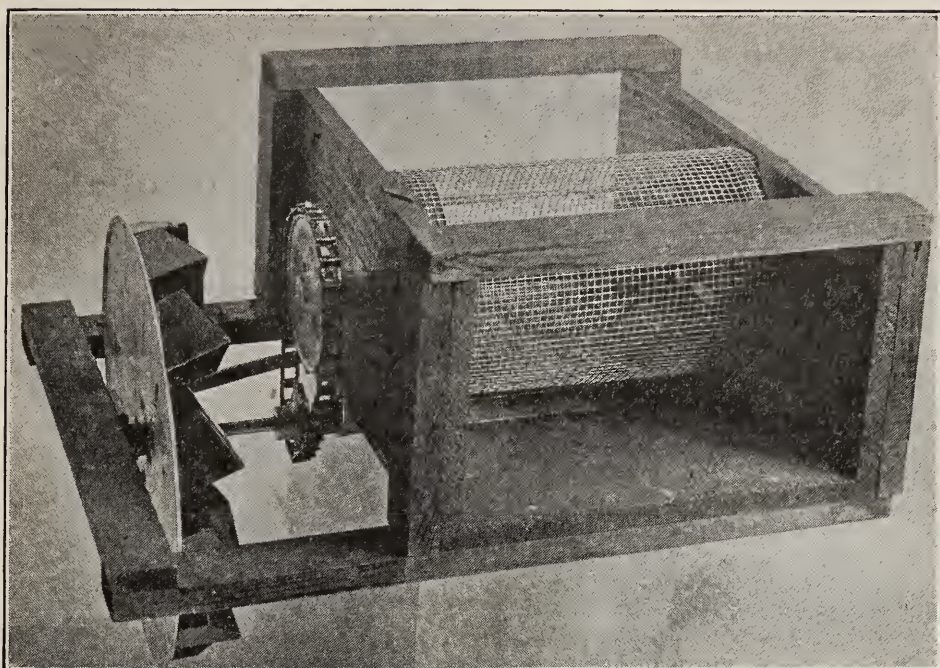
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# THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

JULY - - - NINETEEN SIXTEEN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY AUTHORITY OF THE  
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Ten Cents a Copy*

*Number Three*

## *In This Issue*

### **FOUR MILE LAKE, KLAMATH COUNTY**

By COMMISSIONER C. F. STONE OF KLAMATH FALLS

### **MY FIRST DEER HUNT**

By JUDGE J. W. KNOWLES OF LA GRANDE

### **VALUATION OF TOURNAMENT CASTING**

By W. F. BACKUS, PORTLAND

### **BEAR HUNT IN THE COLUMBIA RIVER COUNTRY**

By J. B. HUNT OF HOOD RIVER

### **THE SILVER RUN**

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### **FISH HATCHERY AT BONNEVILLE BEST**

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### **NATIONAL FORESTS AS GAME PRESERVES**

### **TROUT DIE IN IRRIGATION DITCHES**

### **NEW COUNTRY OPENED TO HUNTER AND ANGLER**

### **"CAN YOU BEAT IT?"**

### **ITEMS OF INTEREST**

### **EDITORIAL COMMENT**

### **SYNOPSIS OF GAME LAWS**





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# THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

Volume Four

July, 1916

Number Three

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Official Publication of the Oregon State Sportsmen's League.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Carl D. Shoemaker.....State Game Warden  
Wm. L. Finley.....State Biologist  
George Palmer Putnam.....Secretary to the Commission

All material for publication should be sent to the Oregon Sportsman, Oregon Building, Fifth and Oak Streets, Portland, Oregon.

Notice to Readers of the Sportsman Stories, experiences and correspondence relating to hunting and fishing, protection and propagation of game birds, animals and fish, are solicited. We are always glad to receive photos that will appeal to sportsmen. The fact that an article or photo does not appear in the next issue must not be construed to mean that it has been thrown aside. It may appear later.

We especially desire secretaries of sportsmen's organizations throughout the state to keep us posted on what their clubs are doing and what is going on in their respective localities.

Subscribers changing their address should notify us promptly, giving the old address as well as the new.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

### FEDERAL MIGRATORY BIRD LAW

By an organized effort which was made by the various sportsmen's associations, other societies and individuals in all parts of the country in 1913, Congress passed the Weeks-McLean bill and it was signed by President Taft on March 4th of that year. This bill provided that regulations for the protection of migratory birds should be formulated and open and closed seasons should be fixed for migratory game birds by the Department of Agriculture. This was done and the new regulations went into effect October 1, 1913.

The real value of the federal law is that the country is divided into two zones, according to the migration and breeding of birds, and the season has been set with

that idea in view. The great difficulty in past years has been to get different states to make adequate laws for the protection of migratory birds. In many cases birds were protected on one side of a state line, while on the other side they received no protection. There was no uniformity, whatever, in the open and closed seasons of the different states. It has always been impossible to get concerted action by different legislatures.

The federal law has always been opposed by certain so-called sportsmen in various parts of the country. The cry of the people has been that they did not get a chance to shoot birds when they were most abundant in the regions where they live. At each session of Congress these enemies of the federal law have made determined efforts to kill the law by cutting out the appropriation. On July 10th the contest between the defenders of our migratory birds and the enemies of federal protection culminated in the United States Senate. Senator Reed of Missouri made a motion to strike out the entire appropriation of \$50,000 for the enforcement of the law. For two hours he occupied the attention of the Senate, bitterly denouncing the law and its supporters. Senator McLean, who was the author of the law, replied in a short dignified speech and a vote to sustain the law and retain the appropriation was 52 to 8.

The following senators are the ones who opposed the federal migratory bird law: Borah, of Idaho; Bryan, of Florida; Hartwick, of Georgia; James, of Kentucky; Oberman, of North Carolina; Reed, of Missouri; Thomas, of Colorado, and Walsh, of Montana.

---

A year's subscription to The Oregon Sportsman is 25 cents well spent in the cause of game protection and propagation. Never thought of it in that light, did you?

## MENACE TO OUR FORESTS

It is unfortunate that careless parties who are hunting and fishing, and camping in the mountains, are often responsible for letting camp fires get beyond control. Carelessness at this time is like the carelessness of the hunter who shoots his friend for a deer. It is criminal and the punishment should be severe. All sportsmen who are in the woods should make it a point not only to be careful themselves, but to lend their efforts towards influencing others to be careful.

While it is our opinion that there are many careless parties in the woods, yet we find that the average business man in the city who goes hunting and fishing, is a man who loves outdoor life and is wide awake to protect our forests, our streams and our game. As a rule he has been educated to know the great harm of the pollution of our streams, the careless handling of arms, and the fearful results of a camp fire that gets beyond control.

Inasmuch as August and September are unusually dry months, co-operation of all people who are out of doors during these months is needed to prevent forest fires in various parts of our state which are menacing our great timber belts which are the most valuable in the world.

---

## LOOK OUT FOR THE HORNS

To prevent accidental shooting every hunter should wear bright colored clothing when hunting deer in the mountains. This can readily be identified from game birds and animals. There is a marked contrast between bright red and the color of any game birds or animals that are hunted. This color best serves the purpose.



Hunters should never shoot at any object unless absolutely positive of identification. The state law is a good one which provides that it is lawful only to shoot deer with horns. The safe advice is never to shoot until you see the horns. It is dangerous to shoot at moving brush or leaves with the expectation of killing game. The moving object may be a thief—a legal game—a domestic animal or even a man. Never carry a loaded gun when in a conveyance or about the house. To prepare for an emergency, every hunter and angler should carry in his pocket a piece of candle and matches in a water-tight match case. In case of becoming lost or injured, one can readily start a camp fire.

---

## HUNTING AND FISHING BUTTONS

In New York State the Conservation Commission is considering a proposal that each holder of a hunting and angling license wear upon his clothing, at all times when hunting or fishing, a button bearing the number of his license. The button is to be supplied by the state at the time the license is purchased.

Under the system in Oregon, provided by law, for the sale of hunting and angling licenses, a button of this kind could be supplied at small cost and leave a margin of profit to be added to the fund for the protection and propagation of game and fish.

It occurs to The Sportsman that the advantages to be derived from wearing a button by Oregon hunters and fishermen are many. We would like to see the proposition to adopt the button system in connection with the sale of hunting and angling licenses taken up by the sportsmen of the state and discussed in the columns of the October Sportsman.

## THE OPEN SEASON FOR DEER

The open season for killing deer with horns for the entire state begins August 15th and ends October 31st. All does and spotted fawns, or young deer of the first year are protected by law. There is no open season on elk, antelope or mountain sheep in Oregon. The limit for each hunter during the open season is three deer with horns.

It is well for each sportsman to bear in mind that each hunting license has three coupons attached. When a deer is killed, one of these must be detached, signed, dated and tied to the carcass of the deer. One of these coupons must always accompany the carcass. It is unlawful at the killing of deer to mutilate the carcass in any way to disguise sex. It is also unlawful for any person to have in his possession more than forty pounds of dried venison.

---

## ANGLING SEASON NOW ON

The cold spring weather and high water in Oregon delayed the opening of the trout fishing season far beyond the legal date. This situation prevailed about the same over the entire state, and as a consequence the sale of angling licenses has fallen considerably below the average for previous seasons.

At the present time, however, the real trout fishing season is on in full blast and the sale of licenses has materially increased. It is not anticipated by the game department officials, though, that the number of angling licenses that will be sold during the balance of the year will be sufficient to bring the average up to that of

previous years. This means that the funds of the game department for the protection and propagation of game and fish will be curtailed to some extent.

---

Beginning with the October number of The Sportsman, and continuing with each subsequent issue thereafter, a complete list of all violations of the game and fish laws during the preceding four months will be published. This will be done in order that the general public may be more fully advised as to what the State Game Department is doing in the way of enforcement of the laws enacted for the protection of the game of the state.

\* \* \*

How it would swell the already large list of regular readers of The Sportsman if every subscriber would send in at least one new subscription before the next issue of the magazine in October. The yearly subscription price is only 25 cents.

\* \* \*

It can be said with justice that the sportsmen of Oregon are desirous of seeing the enforcement of all laws which really protect the game, but it must be remembered that the best enforcement of game laws comes through the sportsmen themselves.

\* \* \*

Don't lose sight of the fact that game protection sentiment is growing in Oregon.

\* \* \*

Buy an angling license and help fish propagation.

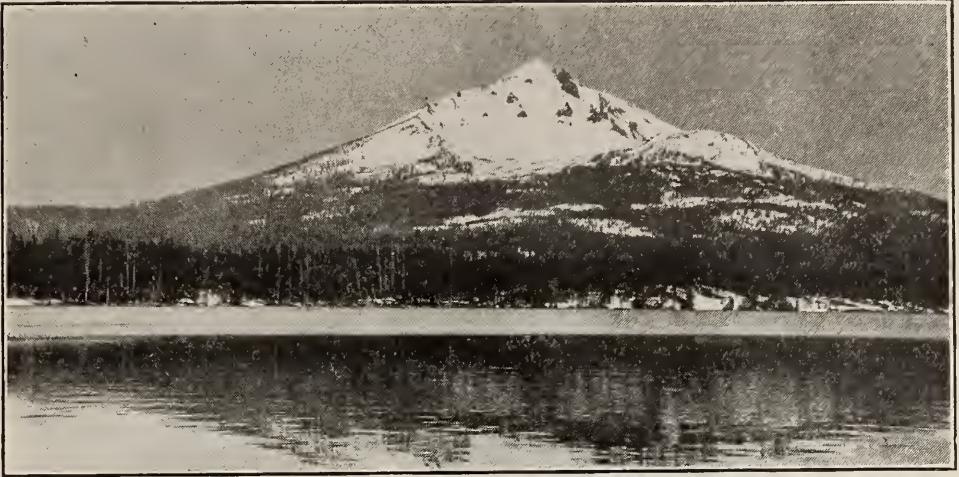
\* \* \*

Be a game protectionist.

\* \* \*

Save the hen pheasant.





## FOUR MILE LAKE, KLAMATH COUNTY

By Commissioner C. F. STONE

Editor Sportsman:

About fifteen thousand years ago, more or less, seven miles due west of what is now Pelican Bay, in Klamath County, as a result of some mighty eruption, a giant mountain, branch, trunk and root, was shattered to splinters and scattered over many miles of fine scenery. The hole left in the jaw of the range was about four miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in width, but the noticeable features of the cavity, immediately after the extraction, was its depth. Tradition places this at about two miles; actual soundings have verified this to the extent of one-half. This excavation happened before the artesian well had been invented, but owing to the fact that the hole extended below several water bearing strata, it was immediately used for the storage of water, and is now known as Four Mile Lake. These geological references are most likely faulty. I do not pretend to vouch for such, any more than I endorse any statements made of their experiences on the trip, of which I write, by W. P. Johnson, J. L. Slater and Jesse Siemens, but all are sufficiently accurate for the purpose of this story.

Three years ago there was a complete dearth of fish life in this lake; a trout had never created one little ripple in its crystal waters. It was not even known to contain fish food, and the temperature had not been taken with a view to placing trout fry therein; but waiving all such preliminaries, some time in the latter part of July, 1913, the Fish and Game Commission shipped to the lake and planted 6000 fingerling Rainbow trout. These were brought from the hatchery at Spencer Creek. Reports came from time to time that many of the fish had been seen and that same were doing phenomenally well. But not till within the last two weeks did the sportsmen realize the sensational result of the effort to stock the lake. About this time Henry Stout, district deputy game warden, W. P. Johnson, Carey Ramsby and Bob Robertson, of Klamath Falls, made a trip to the lake. They reported seeing as many trout as had been placed in the lake

three years ago; that the fish were collected about the outlet of the lake and in the stream that flows from it; that for a quarter of a mile or more from the lake the small stream was literally crowded with the finest trout they had ever seen. More convincing than anything stated was fifty pounds of male Rainbow trout caught by each fisherman and brought back to town. The female fish had been returned to the stream. It was not difficult to understand that the extravagant language ordinarily used by these fishermen was really



Marshall Spell, Roy Buchanan and Hon. Roy W. Ritter, of Pendleton, and Catch of Four Mile Lake Trout.

inadequate to describe what they had seen. They were stunned, non-plused, hopelessly stranded. It was something new in their experience in a section of the state where sensational fish and hauls were common. They were discouraged; they had met with a fishing experience that was new. It could not be exaggerated. There was but one thing left to be done; that was to get first-hand information. This I did, in company with W. P. Johnson, J. L. Slater, Jesse Siemens and Henry Stout, on June 18, 1916. Time and method of making trip as follows: By auto to Pelican Bay Lodge, 32 miles; one hour and thirty minutes, then by light spring wagon and two horses, twelve miles to the lake in question, two hours.

Two or three hundred yards below the outlet of the lake a large irrigating ditch has been constructed for a distance of a quarter of a mile or more; this diverts about half the flow of the creek, which is returned to the creek, unused, a quarter of a mile below the point of diversion. I was instructed to get over to the bank of the ditch and take a look into it. I did so, and while I was prepared for an extraordinary sight, I was certainly not braced for the thrill I received. My first view of the ditch covered a section about twenty-five feet in length, with a width at the surface of the water of about eight feet. Within this area were twenty-five of the finest trout I ever saw; the water was ice cold, clear as crystal and not very swift. Many of the fish were near the surface and appeared to be on the lookout for possible flies or any food that might chance within range. Just a few feet away flowed the undiverted portion of the creek, where trout appeared to be almost as plentiful. Between this point and a dam



at the outlet of the lake the creek seemed to be literally alive with these beautiful trout. Rods were prepared as quickly as nervous, excited hands could do it, and in about forty minutes' actual fishing for each of the party of five, we had landed forty of the most perfect specimens of Rainbow trout I had ever seen. There was not a bruise or a blemish on one and the fighting was magnificent. Several times during the sport each of the five had a trout hooked at the same time. It was a busy scene. There were many more than forty caught, for the female fish were returned to the creek. The fish taken would weigh from two and a half to three and a half pounds each, and were very fat. The trout had evidently come out of the lake to spawn and were on the way back. However, the first party to visit the lake reported seeing at least fifteen hundred of the fish near the outlet and concluded that these were spawning in the lake; but it is possible that the fish were on the journey to the spawning place a short distance below the dam.

Had it not been that I am certain that all the fish of the size caught and seen belonged to the ones placed in the lake three years ago, I should have placed the estimate of those seen at a much larger figure than five thousand. It is difficult to think in thousands after the sight described.



W. P. Johnson taking Rainbow from small creek at outlet of Four Mile Lake.

The writer does not undertake to account for this unprecedented result; right temperature, unusual food conditions and every factor that goes to make a perfect trout must prevail. But the best part of the story, from the standpoint of the angler, is that last year the Fish and Game Commission planted one hundred and sixteen thousand Rainbow fry in this lake. Some of these have been seen in another



quarter of the lake and are unusually large for one-year trout. Should a proportionate result be secured with the last fish planted, Four Mile Lake will be a world show place at the time of the maturity of the fish, two years hence.

It is probable that the trout will have returned to the lake by the first of July, and as there will be no closed season for the lake, the sportsmen who find it convenient should not omit a chance to try their luck there this summer. There will most likely be a few rowboats on the lake; if not, a raft makes an ideal place from which to cast.

Since my visit to the lake, a Pendleton party, consisting of Marshall Spell, Roy Buchanan and Hon. Roy W. Ritner, spent several hours there trying their luck; they caught thirty-seven trout, aggregating about 115 pounds weight. The fish were taken to Pendleton by automobile. These enthusiastic sportsmen said that rather than miss such an experience they would willingly have walked from Klamath Falls to the lake and packed fifty pounds each, and they gave one the impression that they meant every word of it.

On June 22 a party consisting of F. J. Steinmetz and Dallas J. Sidwell, of Portland, A. E. Cress, J. P. Campbell and Jesse Siemens, of Klamath Falls, made the trip to the lake, walking the distance that could not be negotiated in an automobile. They caught twenty-nine of the fine trout, considered the fishing unusual, and were more than pleased with the success of the day's casting, yet it is evident, from their statements, that the trout are rapidly returning to the lake and that the angler must very soon be prepared with boat or raft, from either of which he may get angling long to be remembered.

---

## NATIONAL FORESTS AS GAME PRESERVES

Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, has introduced the following bill in Congress, which has been read twice and referred to the Committee on Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United State of American in Congress assembled:

That for the purpose of providing breeding places for game animals and creating an increased food supply in the national forests the President of the United States is hereby authorized, upon recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture and with the approval of the Governors of the States in which the respective national forests are located, to establish, by public proclamation, certain specified areas within said forests as game sanctuaries or refuges which shall be devoted to the increase of game of all kinds naturally adapted thereto, but the establishment of these sanctuaries or refuges shall not prevent the Secretary of Agriculture from allowing grazing on these areas of cattle, sheep and other domestic animals under such regulations as he may prescribe: Provided, that said sanctuaries or refuges shall be established on lands not chiefly suitable for agriculture.

Sec. 2. That when such sanctuaries or refuges have been established, as provided in section 1 of this act, hunting, pursuing, poisoning, killing or capturing by trapping, netting or any other means, or

attempting to hunt, pursue, kill or capture any wild animals or birds for any purpose whatever upon the lands of the United States within the limits of said sanctuaries shall be unlawful except as hereinafter provided, and any person violating such regulations or provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall upon conviction in any United States court be fined in a sum not exceeding \$500, or be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. That the Secretary of Agriculture shall execute the provisions of this act, and he is hereby authorized to make all needful rules and regulations for the administration of the lands included in such game sanctuaries in accordance with the purpose of this act, including regulations under which fishing within the limits of game sanctuaries may be permitted but not in contravention of state laws, and predatory animals, such as wolves, coyotes, foxes, pumas and other species as may be declared destructive to livestock or wild life may be captured or killed.

Sec. 4. That the Secretary of Agriculture shall cause the boundaries of all game sanctuaries established under the provisions of this act to be suitably marked where necessary and notices to be posted showing the location of the sanctuary, and warning the public that hunting therein is prohibited except under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed.

Sec. 5. That it is the purpose of this act to provide breeding places for large wild animals such as deer, elk, mountain sheep, and other species which may be made to produce a new food supply by breeding under natural conditions and spreading over adjacent territory whereon they may be hunted in accordance with state laws; to establish sanctuaries of medium size rather than large preserves; and whenever possible to establish chains of sanctuaries which in turn will restore wild game animals to intervening territory; but it is not the purpose to extend the areas of such sanctuaries or refuges in such manner as to close surrounding hunting grounds.

---

## SOUTHERN OREGON INVITES YOU

By DEPUTY WARDEN L. C. APPLIGATE.

Anglers, attention! Nature has again provided sunshine, the sunshine in turn has evaporated surface moisture, thereby reducing the water in our mountain streams. The streams are now clear and the shade is inviting. Nature's surroundings are sublime.

Think of that camp life on a mountain stream. Think of the bed of boughs, the campfire, the black kettles and "spiders," the crystal cold water, and the odor from the frying bacon and trout.

Anglers, now is the time to secure a license and speed away—abandon for a few hours the thoughts of everyday life.

Come to Southern Oregon and try your luck. Jackson County has many streams that cannot be beaten for their quality of trout. Go to the North, Center or South Fork of the famous Rogue River, or to Big Butte Creek, or to Fish Lake, or Squaw Lake, or to the Applegate Creek or its tributaries.

Lose no time in getting busy in this matter, as the trout are now taking the fly.

Watch the next issue of the Sportsman and I will tell you about the good hunting camps.

## MY FIRST DEER HUNT

By JUDGE J. W. KNOWLES, of LaGrande, Oregon.

For some time I have considered inflicting the readers of The Oregon Sportsman with some of my experiences in hunting big game in the Blue Mountains of Eastern Oregon. As I recall it now, it was in the late Fall of 1906 that I took my first regular deer hunt. For some time I had a desire to take a deer hunt, but the opportunity had never presented itself. In the Fall of 1906 a party was organized, consisting of Earl Jones, a Grande Ronde Valley rancher, and now Deputy Game Warden for Union County; George Simmons, a railway conductor running out of La Grande, and myself. We left La Grande for the headwaters of the Rock Creeks, which had always been considered good hunting grounds. We went prepared to camp out, but as a fresh snow had fallen, we welcomed the invitation of a bachelor homesteader by the name of Ike Hill to share his cabin. Hill had lived in this locality for several years and knew every trail, creek and canyon in that vicinity. He had hunted deer and bear with varying success. One evening, while gathered around the fireplace in his little log cabin, he told about being out one day hunting bear. He had seen many fresh sign, but no bear. Finally he started to return to his cabin and was following along a trail that led around a big ledge of rocks. Just as he turned around the ledge a big brown bear raised up on its hind legs in the trail about twenty feet away and raised its paws as if ready for a boxing match a la Willard. Hill said that he was so startled that he forgot that he had a gun and said "Hello," and walked around Mr. Bruin, when the bear got down on all fours and ran away down the hill. Hill's experience reminded me of the experience of Rex Beach, while hunting bear in Alaska. Beach said that he was going along one morning hunting bear and hoping that he would not find any. When turning a sharp curve in the trail, he met a bear face to face. He said: "The bear looked at me, and I looked at the bear; the bear's hair commenced to stand on end, and my hair commenced to stand on end. Finally the bear went one way and I went the other." The first day or two, while we saw quite a few fresh sign and some of the boys got sight of deer, we did not get any shots. It was just before the running season, and the big bucks had already commenced to chase across the country in quest of the does. We had to content ourselves with mulligan and stewed pheasants with dumplings. Simmons, on account of being crippled and couldn't get far away from camp, did most of the cooking and he was a good cook, too, but Jones made some dumplings one day in a pheasant stew that were certainly the best I ever ate, or at least they tasted so. Although it has been ten years, I can taste those dumplings yet. One morning Hill, who had not been out hunting as yet, told us that if we were going to have any deer meat in camp that he supposed that he would have to get it. He suggested that I accompany him, and he thought he could take me to a place where I could get my first shot at a deer. All of us got an early start, and as is customary, we separated, but I kept close to Hill, and as I was a novice in the woods, I relied upon him to pilot me home in safety. The country was heavily timbered with tall black pines and it was with great difficulty that I kept within hearing distance of him. We were to let each other know of our whereabouts by blowing upon empty cartridge shells. We had adopted a code of signals as follows: One blast was to indicate our whereabouts, two blasts look out for deer, and three blasts to come to the other. We had just crossed a little creek and entered a flat



of very heavy timber. It was a beautiful morning and there was no sound save the chatter of a squirrel or a chipmunk, the tapping of a woodpecker and the occasional whirr of a pheasant or grouse as it sped by. Presently I heard three blasts from Hill's whistle and I hastened to him, and he pointed to the ground where the moss around the foot of the trees had been recently disturbed and where the fresh tracks of three deer were visible in the snow. We followed the tracks for a while in their meanderings from the foot of one tree to another, as the deer had fed along. It was evident that the tracks had just been made, for the snow was yet loose in them, and at one place the droppings were still warm. It was also evident that there was a buck and two does, for one of the tracks were a great deal broader at the toe than the other two. Hill suggested that I follow along the tracks and that he could circle around on top of a ledge of rocks that could be seen in the distance. As I followed along the tracks my heart kept pounding away on my fifth rib and sounded like the thump, thump, thump of a deer on the dead run. Every minute I expected to see a deer. Shortly I heard two shots and heard Hill yell out, "Look out!" I heard the brush crackle ahead of me and then all was quiet again. On going in the direction of the shots, I saw Hill on top of the cliff. He came down to the foot of the cliff where I was and we examined the tracks of the deer. In making their getaway the buck had jumped about twenty feet and the does about fifteen. While I did not see the deer at all, the tracks indicated that they had evidently seen or scented me, for after running away in my direction they had circled around the cliff and passed within about one hundred yards of where Hill had shot at them. Hill told me that just as he got to the top of the ledge of rocks the deer saw him and started to run and that he fired the two shots at them on the run. There were no signs of blood and none of Hill's shots had landed. He and I then went along the rimrock, he on top and I just below. He told me that we were about two miles below the Shambough meadows and that he would meet me there. After hunting along under the rimrock for quite a while, I went down to the creek, and as Hill had told me that we were below the Shambough meadows, I commenced to follow up the creek, expecting in due time to reach the meadows and meet him. After traveling until the middle of the afternoon and not coming to the meadows, I went up the side of the canyon and on top to see if I could get my bearings, and upon reaching the rimrock I came out into a little glade. Just as I entered from one side, who should I see coming out from the other side but Earl Jones? He said, "Well, I'll be damned! Judge, I wasn't expecting to meet you here." I told him that the surprise was mutual. We sat down on a big log and took a smoke and a rest and recounted our experiences of the day. While he had seen many fresh sign and had jumped a buck, he did not get a shot. As the sun was getting quite low, we thought it was about time we were starting for camp. Jones asked me what direction I thought it was to camp. I pointed in a southeasterly direction and he said he thought it was off in more of a northeasterly direction. As he was more familiar with the locality, I yielded to his judgment and we started in a northeasterly direction. After traveling until about sundown and seeing no familiar landmarks of camp, it dawned upon us that we had lost our bearings. To make matters worse, just about dark we came to a dense thicket of young pines that we had to pass through, as it seemed to extend for miles on each side of us. Finally, after much trouble in getting through the pine thicket where at some places we had to get down and crawl, we came into a large opening and at the upper end we sighted a cabin. Jones thought this was

Horse Prairie, but afterward it turned out to be Howard meadows. We thought this a good place to turn in for the night. The cabin was an old deserted cabin, which was well ventilated with large cracks in the sides and big holes in the roof. We cut some fir boughs to make us a feather bed and built a fire in the center of the cabin, but we did not sleep much that night. I happened to have three green onions in my coat and these constituted our bill of fare for supper. About three o'clock in the morning we became very thirsty. We remembered a spring of water we passed the evening before about a mile from the cabin and we struck out for it single file. In the morning we heard a cowbell off in a westerly direction—the sweetest music we had ever heard. Going in the direction of the cowbell, we soon came to a house and learned that camp was exactly in the opposite direction from the way we had been going and that we were then about two miles due east of camp. We got into camp about eight o'clock, in time for a late breakfast, and maybe you think we didn't do justice to the breakfast that Simmons got for us. The boys told us that when we did not get into camp by dark that they fired off their rifles at different intervals until about ten o'clock and that Hill, feeling himself to blame because he did not keep me with him, had gone way up the creeks, shooting off his rifle. Hill told me that when he said we were below the Shambough meadows that he meant south and that he always called south below. That accounted for me going up the creek to find the meadows instead of going north and down the creek. None of the party hunted very much that day, as the boys stayed around camp listening to our experiences. The next morning I "hot-footed" it in home, as I had some business to attend to and had enough deer hunt for one time. The same day I left Jones killed a yearling and the boys broke camp and came home. They still considered the partnership in existence, however, and gave me a nice juicy steak of venison, but I doubt very much if it tasted better than the three green onions.

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## HOW THE WOOD DUCK GETS YOUNG FROM NEST TO WATER

By DEPUTY WARDEN GEO. W. RUSSELL.

As there seems to be some doubt in the minds of people who have made a study of bird life as to how the wood duck gets its young from the nest into the water, I am going to give them the benefit of my personal observations in this matter through the columns of *The Sportsman*.

During my boyhood days it was my privilege to watch a pair of wood ducks accomplish this feat, not only once but several times. In an old ash tree that stood near a small stream on my father's farm a pair of wood ducks built their nest for three or four years. The nest was about twenty feet from the ground in a hollow place in the tree. When the young ducks were hatched the old duck would take one by the neck with her bill and carry it to the water. After placing it in the water she would return to the nest immediately and get another, continuing the operation until all were in the water.

The California Valley Quail liberated by the State Fish and Game Commission in this locality have increased rapidly and seem to have withstood the past winter much better than the native quail. While in that locality a few days ago I saw a great many male birds and in the evening I could hear their peculiar call everywhere.

## THE SILVER RUN

By SIG YOUNG, Astoria, Oregon.

Yearly do they all foregather,  
Called from waters near and far,  
Seeking entrance to the rivers,  
Silver hordes swarm o'er the bar;  
King of Salmon, lordly Chinook,  
Blue-back, Sockeye, Silverside,  
Leaping, flashing, lusty splashing,  
To the death their forebears died.

Fish of mystery, e'er loyal,  
Whither come they, what their guide?  
Does the mem'ry of their fry-life  
Tell them when to head the tide?  
Fat with plenty, spirit regal,  
Polished in the ocean's foam,  
Four full years of lusty living  
In some wild salt water home.

From the leagues of open ocean,  
Running free and then bar-mauled,  
To keep but their one commandment  
To the rivers they are called;  
Cycled by that primal instinct  
That the run may e'er go on,  
Virgin bodies procreating,  
Sturdy silvered slaves of spawn.

Through the bar and up the river,  
Past the waiting nets of men,  
Twisting through the tangled waters  
That their life might live again:  
Leaping up the mad tumwater,  
Nosing o'er the roving sand,  
Frantic lashing in the shallows,  
Ever upstream the command.

Naught of feeding in the rivers,  
Living on their ocean bulk,  
When that wasting, fasting travel  
Makes of them a rott'ning hulk;  
Tarnished, blackened, sea-green swallowed,  
Smirched with red, in passion's throes,  
Scarred and scabbed and mutilated,  
Leper fish with gaunt hooked nose.

Waiting shadows in the stream-heads,  
Till the spawn is full and free,  
Surcharged with the lives impending,  
Biding out their destiny;  
Knowing naught of love maternal,  
Worried not by offsprings' cry,  
Casting spawn upon the gravel,  
Chancing that it live or die.



Thus they batter through the boulders  
On their journey to be wed,  
Shattered when the four-year passion  
Has been sated and is dead;  
Tho' fulfilled the great ambition,  
Listlessly they linger still,  
When their rotted fins no longer  
Fan the current as they will.

Tongued, yet telling naught of anguish,  
Backed and thrust from pool to hole,  
Tailless, finless, unclean, fungoid,  
Ne'er will they feel ocean's roll;  
Goaded by that ardent instinct  
They have swum to waters far,  
Putrid bodies now must gather  
On some reaching gravel bar.

Oh, you Royal Fish of beauty,  
Death is what you ever won,  
When you journeyed up the river  
To defend the SILVER RUN!

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## WILD LIFE IN BENTON COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN C. C. BRYAN.

Angling in Benton County has been very poor up to the middle of June, due to so much cold weather. The greatest number of fish have been taken from the smaller streams. The largest catch reported was by E. L. West, near Blodgett. He caught 62 trout in one day. There has been more fish taken from a small stream called "Muddy" than from any other in this section up to date. The largest catch made in one day was 40 trout, by M. L. Burnett, of Corvallis. The Eastern Brook trout sent out by the State Fish and Game Commission are evidently thriving. A number of them have been caught recently. Dick Kiger and Jess Foster, of Corvallis, made a trip to the McKenzie River and returned with 50 Rainbow trout.

There seems to be a goodly number of Bob White Quail in this section. With favorable weather conditions for June and July, we will have a sufficient number of Chinese Pheasants to insure a good crop for the fall hunt. On June 7th Dr. Stowell, of Corvallis, reported having seen a brood of Chinese Pheasants that were large enough to fly.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of The Sportsman to learn of my experience in erecting scarecrows or dummies to drive away animals and birds destroying corn crops. The work of destroying the corn crop is charged by a great many people to the Chinese Pheasant, but this fact has never been determined. There seems to be a difference of opinion among the farmers. May 30th I was called to the farm of Joe Hite, near Corvallis, where Chinese Pheasants were destroying his growing corn. We erected a number of scarecrows. On June 11th I phoned Mr. Hite to learn what effect the scarecrows had on the birds. He informed me they had proved a success. His corn had not been disturbed since the dummies had been put up.

## A BEAR HUNT IN THE COLUMBIA RIVER COUNTRY

Written by J. B. HUNT, as Narrated by CECIL HOLMAN, Hood River, Oregon.

The oaks had just begun to throw off their summer garb, the acorns lay beneath them, and the air had that touch of harshness about it which bespoke the fact that winter was drawing near. Hunting stories were being swapped in the little country stores, when H. S. Currans and A. Archer, two young men from far-away Michigan, landed in the little town of Hood River, Ore. The October breeze played through the great pines and seemed to whisper to them of the pleasures of a bear hunt among the hills that girded the Columbia. So, after listening to the stories told, and the offer from Bill Currans, who had seen the productions of the forests of Washington and Oregon, the three made it up to get Cecil Holman, a young man who had been raised in this part of the country, and who enjoyed a trip through the rugged hills of his native country for the pleasure of hunting, and also to show the Eastern boys that it was a pleasure to show them that a boy raised in the far West knew how to appreciate a request made by a friend. So, promising to be with them for the hunt on the next day, the Currans boys, along with their friend, A. Archer, betook themselves to Viento, a small station a few miles from Hood River, to get things in readiness for the trip, as Bill said he had some cordwood to load before he could get away.

Bright and early on the morning of October 12th saw Cecil Holman drop from the train at the little station of Viento with his old "Queen Ann," as he called his old 303 Savage, and his two favorite pups and an old hound that he took along on account of his hunting qualities to teach the younger dogs the art of bear trailing. The cordwood was not yet loaded, so Cecil concluded that he needed a little exercise, and made a good fellow by throwing cordwood all day. When evening came they sat and told stories of the great grizzlies and silver-tips they had heard inhabited the mighty Baldy, a peak or high hill that rises above its surroundings on the opposite side of the old Columbia, over in Skamania County, Washington. After talking until all could imagine they were standing in one of the big ravines on "Old Baldy," with a big grizzly lying dead at their feet, they went to their nice warm beds to dream of bear hunts and of how they were mixed up with a bit of romance in Michigan. Anyhow, on the following morning they fixed up their bundles and went to the river to catch a boat that would convey them to their happy hunting grounds, never once thinking that it was the 13th day of the month and an unlucky day, but as the day the deed, and it was not until three hours after that they were relieved of their distress of mind, when Captain Foster, with his little steamer "Pearl," landed them upon the other side of the "American Rhine" (the Columbia River). They started up the hill and, being in a hurry, overtook the game warden, who, being a good-natured fellow, had them climb into the wagon and dropped them out at the Oregon Lumber Company's mill on condition that they would supply themselves with hunters' licenses. In the getting of the hunters' licenses and changing of thoughts, they came to the realization that they had no frying pan to cook bear meat in. After puzzling their minds on what to do, still not thinking that it was the 13th, they at last solved the question by borrowing one of Mr. Cooper at the mill. After packing the pan away, they started on their journey. After traveling about four miles up-grade, they met Ben Beels, who had more

bear stories to tell, of how bruin trespassed upon his orchard and tried to make him adopt them. More and more the boys from Michigan began to realize that they were in the vicinity of big game. So, promising Ben that they would return and exterminate the nefarious creatures from his ranch, they plodded on until dark overtook them, and simultaneously with its coming on they came upon an old hut that had been used for a postoffice at Chenoweth, which was full of old papers, and they concluded to camp for the night, as the papers would serve as a good bed for them, but the boys from Michigan, not used to such fare and too much engrossed by the thought of the bear they were to kill, slept but little, lying and rolling about, listening to the stentorious breathing of the two Oregon boys, to whom the soft side of a board was as good as an Ostermoor mattress. As the bright rays of the sun put the shadows to flight, you could see four young men busy over a campfire and the smell of frying bacon and the aroma of coffee floated on the air. After they had partaken of their morning meal and packed up their belongings, they again started on their journey for Old Baldy and the big bears.

After journeying about one and a half miles, they came to a ranch owned by a man named Willard, whom they tried to induce to sell them potatoes and butter, but not being able to get any there, they proceeded on to Tyrrell's ranch, which lays at the foot of Old Baldy. They tied up the dogs and separated into two groups. Bill Currans and A. Archer going one way and Cecil Holman and H. S. Currans going in the opposite. After tramping until the sun had started well down the western slope and seeing no signs of deer or bear, and the demands of the inner self demonstrating that the fresh air and mountain scenery was not sufficient for all needs, they turned back to enjoy their bacon and coffee, as well as a good sleep, to start out in the early morning to hunt again for the game. After arriving at their camp and procuring wood and water and starting a roaring fire, they proceeded to start supper, when, to their disappointment, they found they were shy of eatables, as they had lost their pack containing their all. After trying to locate their pack, they were forced to the necessity of borrowing some tea and salt of Mr. Myers and, having killed some birds, contented themselves with a repast that was in vogue at the time of Lewis and Clark. They nevertheless had detective instincts enough to learn who the party was that had made away with their pack, but after they had concluded their evening meal they still found there was a longing they could not satisfy, as their greatest standby was also gone with their pack—they had no tobacco. They dug deep into their pockets trying to satisfy their longing, but all they could do was to draw them out empty and pacify their desires by heaping curses upon the head of the miscreant. Sunday morning loomed up bright as an October day can shine, but the boys from Michigan could not be induced to go hunting, so after Mr. Tyrell, who had arrived home and finding out how the boys were fixed, volunteered to go after their lost property, Cecil Holman and Bill Currans started out to see what could be done or found in the game line on Sunday. Leaving the dogs at the camp with the boys, they started up Little White Salmon River. After following it for about one and one-half miles, they crossed over and took to the hills, separating after a half mile, Cecil continuing on toward the top and Bill going around the side, but it seems that the game knew they were there and hid out from them, so after wandering around and only getting a few birds, they arrived at camp about 5 o'clock and found that Tyrell had arrived with their pack. So, fixing the birds for cooking, they prepared themselves for the feast, and how



they enjoyed that strong coffee can only be known by those that have gone through a similar experience. After they had enjoyed their supper they filled their pipes and settled down to enjoy a good smoke, and decided what they should do in the hunting line, as business was not as good as expected, and they were beginning to feel a little strain of discouragement coming through their veins. After debating the question, they decided to decamp the next morning bright and early for Beel's place. Mr. Tyrell promised to hand their camping outfit down for them, as he had to go to Underwood. Shouldering their small arsenal next morning, which consisted of a 303 Savage, two 30-30's and one 32-40, they started out to see which could outwalk the other. The dogs were allowed to run loose and you could hear the deep bay of Bradford's old hound Puppins, intermixed with the more silvery tones of the younger dogs, as they would start through the woods after rabbits or squirrels, bespeaking the fact that though as yet they had not had a tryout with a bear, they were willing to fill in the time with smaller game. Now and then you could hear the report of one of the rifles, as a pheasant or grouse would get itself in too good a shot to be passed up even by a bear hunter. After passing Mr. Walter's place they were met by Mr. Seely, with his shotgun on his shoulder, who told them that he thought the dogs were after a bear, but it proved another rabbit. He told them where a bear had been feeding in an orchard north of his place. They promised to come back in the afternoon and investigate, so on they went down the road. After they had walked about 200 yards from where they had been talking, one of the dogs gave a yelp and all the dogs started over the hill toward the river. Cecil Holman and A. Archer being in the lead, and Cecil knowing that it meant big game, started in pursuit. A. Archer stopped at the top of the hill, but Cecil kept on down, knowing the only way to get the game was to go after it. After going down about fifty yards, he saw where two bears had gone on down and the dogs fast on the trail. Letting a yell out of him like a Comanche Indian, he bent his head like a bloodhound and, his heart twice its normal size, he followed the trail of the bears with the dogs pushing after them, but soon he came upon the dogs smelling around trying to pick up the scent, as they had lost their quarry. Knowing the bears were in the vicinity, he began to look over the bluff. His quick eye soon detected a cave, so, working his way up to it, he found to his great joy that he had the game corraled, and calling the dogs up to him, he induced Watch to go in. So, with a deep bay, in he went, only to come out with a gash in his nose, showing he had got in too close proximity with the big Bruin, but he was game, and back he went, cheered on by Cecil, who was devoting his time to encouraging the dogs and seeing how loudly he could yell for the rest. He was soon joined by Bill Currans, who had gone toward the east, expecting the dogs to force the game that way. Cecil was then left on guard while he went back and got the boys and rags and oil to make a torch out of, as it was necessary to go into the cave if they were to get their game. He was gone about one and one-half hours, and when he came back he found Cecil enjoying himself by sending all the dogs in at once, but the pups didn't enjoy that part and would soon come out. After fixing a torch on a stick, they began to ponder the question on who should go into the cave, and Cecil again showed his magnanimous disposition by proposing that the boys from Michigan, who had never seen a wild bear, should have the honor of going in, so A. Archer declared himself willing to go in. Lighting the torch, he threw himself down on all fours and started, but, like the puppies, being new at the business, a start was all that

was necessary, and out he came, declaring that he wouldn't go in for all the bears in the country. So, after each had had his turn and none seemed to desire the mix-up in a cave with a huge bear, it fell to Cecil's lot to oust the creature. Although acknowledging that he felt a little shaky, he took only the torch with him. Instructing Bill to hand in his old "Queen Ann," he crawled in. After fixing the torch in the crevice in the rocks, he took in his old rifle and stood still till he could get accustomed to the darkness and glimmer of the torch. As the surroundings began to show up more and more distinctly, he could see a dark object looming up in front of him about six feet distant. After being sure of his vision, he raised his faithful old rifle to his shoulder. It spit forth a volume of flame, and as the bear fell forward two more shots from his old rifle crashed through its brain. The other boys then came into the cave and together they took the bear out. While they were looking at it and betting on its weight, a noise caused Bill to look at the opening of the cave just in time to see another coming out. He grabbed the first rifle he could get hold of, which proved to be Cecil's old faithful, but not knowing its working, lost valuable time, but Cecil was again "Johnny-on-the-spot" and, taking it from Bill, started again in pursuit with the dogs in the lead. They brought it to a fight in about seventy-five yards distance, urged on by Cecil, who, knowing how by firing in the air and yelling to get all the fighting blood in them to show itself, they kept the bear busy until Cecil got near enough to take a decisive aim, so again the old rifle barked upon the autumn air, and Cecil saw the bear fall dead, shot through the heart by his sure aim and his faithful "Queen Ann." The dogs then wanted to show their fighting blood and quality, so they grabbed the bear and commenced dragging it down the hill. Cecil put on doubled speed, not wishing to have to carry the bear any further than was necessary. So, getting hold of it, it was a tug-of-war between them, and only won by Cecil getting hold of a bush and holding on. The other boys came down and the small bear was soon deposited alongside of the old one. They then took up their burdens, two carrying the big one, while the other two followed with the smaller one and guns. They started and went to the place where Mr. Tyrell had left their baggage. Finding Mr. Beels not at home, they took possession of his ranch, and when he came home after a long trip he found a warm supper of bear meat waiting for him, and he deemed he had been amply paid for all damages, and made the boys at home and the next day went with them for another hunt. It had rained during the night, and the brush being wet, they soon tired of it, and Mr. Beels hitched up his team and, with bears and baggage loaded into the wagon, they soon arrived at Underwood, Wash., and caught the ferry for Hood River. For days they had a new topic to talk about at the cigar stands, where Cecil was always a favorite.



## GAME BIRDS AND FISH IN JACKSON COUNTY

By SAM L. SANDRY, of Rogue River.

Jackson County anglers, in common with those in other parts of the state, were deprived of their early trout fishing, but they are now coming into their own. The trout in Evans Creek were among the first to respond to the efforts of the fly casters, and many good catches were reported from that stream by the first of June. Since that date the two Butte creeks and the other streams of the county have yielded many baskets of fine trout. Limit catches have not been uncommon, and the indications are that the late summer and fall fishing will be better than usual because of the adverse spring conditions.

Reports from the hills are to the effect that the deer withstood the winter in good shape, and owing to the warfare waged against predatory animals and the increasing spirit in favor of game protection, these animals have apparently made remarkable increase. "Old Timers" say the deer hunting this fall will be better than for many years.

All the game birds, with the possible exception of the Bob White Quail, apparently came through the winter without serious losses. Very few Bob Whites have been seen during the spring, but Chinese pheasants are everywhere. The California Quail appear to be numerous also, and the scatter-gun enthusiasts are planning on taking full advantage of the short season on these birds.

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## ANGLING IN MARION AND POLK COUNTIES

By DEPUTY WARDEN ROY BREMMER.

Fishing in Marion and Polk Counties has been poor up to June 1st, but with warmer weather since that time the fish are biting better and a number of good catches are reported.

One party, including Secretary of State Ben W. Olcott, Dr. Evans, Dr. Bellinger and R. S. Southwick, all of Salem, caught 240 trout on Butte Creek on the 11th of June. Another successful party of anglers from Dallas included C. I. Crider, Frank Kersey, F. J. Craven and Emmett Casper. They returned June 15th from a two days' trip to the Siletz, where they fished at the mouth of Sunshine Creek and caught 147 Cutthroat Trout. The largest measured 22 inches and weighed four pounds.

The Siletz is a stream that will give some good fishing this summer. The road from Falls City to the mouth of Rock Creek is in good condition. This road, however, is not made to accommodate large autos and these machines will have trouble if they attempt to make the trip. The distance from Falls City to the mouth of Rock Creek is thirty miles and it will require five hours of hard driving for a small auto to make the trip.

Conditions for fishing on the North Fork of the Santiam are very bad so far this season, the water at the present time being higher than it has been for years. Very few fish have been caught. It will be the last of July before this river will be at its best.



## MANY TROUT DIE IN IRRIGATION DITCHES

(From the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Portland, Oregon.)

Thorough tests of devices to prevent fish from entering irrigation ditches are to be made by Forest Service officers, who say that thousands of the trout placed in Western streams by the Government are killed through being carried into the ditches and washed out on the fields. There are not less than 1200 irrigation projects on or near the National Forests, and in many places the loss of trout is very heavy. The amount of water used in irrigation, it is said, often determines the advisability of artificially stocking the streams.

The Government annually plants large quantities of fish fry in the streams of the National Forests. Last year over 1,100,000 were planted in Colorado and Wyoming alone. This was done to render the forests more attractive to the public by affording good fishing. Where much of the water is used for irrigation, unless the ditches are screened, the trout enter and are washed out onto the fields. While fish are said to make good fertilizer, officials think that trout are too expensive to be used for that purpose.

A number of devices for screening the ditches are in use, and while two or three have been found to be fairly effective, most of them are said to be unsatisfactory. It is asserted that this subject presents an excellent opportunity for inventors, since a successful screen will be sure to be widely used. Under present conditions, officials are slow to recommend that the trout be placed in streams where they are apt to be led off into the irrigation ditches.

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## ANGLING ALONG THE STREAMS OF WALLOWA COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN GEO. W. MITCHELL.

I will endeavor to give the readers of the Oregon Sportsman a brief description of the angling streams of Wallowa County.

Entering the Wallowa Valley, either by train or wagon road after leaving Union County, one first reaches the Wallowa River, which runs almost the entire length of the valley, with many tributaries emptying into it from both sides. Tracing our steps along this beautiful mountain stream, we reach first what is known as Bear Creek, flowing into the Wallowa from the south. This tributary breaks forth from the Blue or Wallowa range of mountains, carrying a flood of clear, cold water almost half the volume of the Wallowa itself. Advancing on up the Wallowa, the next stream of importance is the Lostine, or South Fork of the Wallowa. One can travel a distance of thirty miles along this stream, with many smaller tributaries rolling down from the mountains to the thirsty valley below. All these streams are notable trout streams and give the angler much delightful sport.

Near the headwaters of the Lostine River we find numerous small mountain lakes, which have been stocked with trout of different species and which are furnishing great sport for the angler who happens

that way. Last season a number of good catches were reported from that district.

Back to the Wallowa Valley again, we follow up the Wallowa River to Enterprise, near which city we find Hurricane Creek, emptying into the Wallowa from the south. This is another beautiful mountain stream, flowing down from the snow-capped mountains through a great canyon for a distance of more than thirty miles, bordered by some of the most beautiful scenery in Oregon. This stream also furnishes abundance of sport for the angler and sightseer. Also near the headwaters of this creek are found a number of mountain lakes, which furnish good fishing for the sportsman in midsummer.

Tracing our steps back to the valley again, we journey on up the Wallowa River a distance of eight miles to one of the most beautiful lakes in the state, known as Wallowa Lake. This lake is situated one mile above the town of Joseph and at the foot of the Wallowa Mountains. It is four miles long and one mile wide and is fed by the Wallowa River, which empties into it at the extreme upper end. Wallowa Lake is very deep in many places, with occasional spawning beds, which make it an ideal lake for trout. With the proper method adopted for restocking, this lake will become the "pet of Wallowa County."

Wallowa County has a number of good fishing streams in the extreme eastern part, namely, the Little Sheep Creek and Big Sheep Creek, also the Imnaha River, rising in the Wallowa Mountains and flowing north and emptying into the Snake River on the north boundary of the state. Also, in the north part of the county we have three or four fine trout streams, such as Mud Creek, which rises almost due north of Enterprise and flows northwest, emptying into the Grand Ronde River; also Little Salmon River, with its headwaters in the State of Washington and flowing southeast with its outlet in the Grand Ronde River at Troy, Oregon. This is one of the best trout streams in the state and is noted for its spawning grounds for salmon as well as the famous Dolly Varden trout, which grow to large size.

Mr. J. W. Nedrow, residing in the Mud Creek country, reports that there has been very good catches made at Troy recently, notwithstanding that the river has been very high, owing to the deep snow in the mountains. Mr. Nedrow, who is 73 years old, has shot six coyotes this spring, and says he has made the best catches of trout in his district this year. Can any one beat it?

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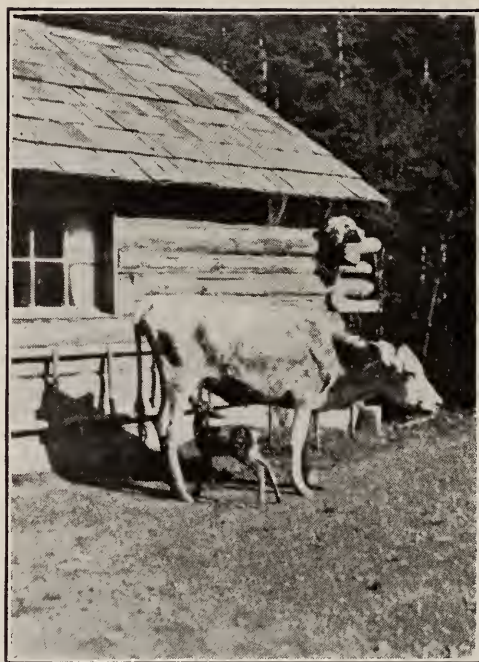
## PISCATORIAL THOUGHTS

By F. DOUGLAS HAWLEY, Pilot Rock, Oregon.

I've thought of late,  
On fishin' things—  
O' hook and bait  
And reels and strings.

I've gotten out  
My j'inted pole;  
I know whar's trout—  
The finest hole.

Good-bye, dull care;  
Go 'long away.  
I'll breathe God's air—  
Enjoy ONE day.



Can You Beat It?

The above picture shows a two-months-old spotted fawn on the homestead of Mr. P. S. Frye at Peak, Benton County, Oregon, and its adopted mother.

The fawn was found by Clayton Frye, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Frye, in a dying condition and taken home, where the little fellow has practically taken possession of the ranch. An evidence of this is to be seen in the picture, which shows the fawn taking his regular meals, and the adopted mother apparently enjoying the process as much as the young buck.

Shortly after the fawn had recovered its strength, under the careful nursing of the Frye family, it took up with its present foster-mother, a young Jersey cow, which had recently lost her calf, and the two, declares Mr. Frye, have become almost inseparable.

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## SOME CATS AT SILVERTON

The Silverton Tribune says that a subscriber of that journal suggests that a company can operate a cat ranch near Silverton at a great profit. "To start with," says the subscriber, "we could collect about 1,000,000 cats. Each cat will average twelve kittens a year. The skins will run from 10 cents each for the white ones to 75 cents for the pure black. This will give 12,000,000 skins a year to sell at an average of 30 cents apiece, making a revenue of about \$10,000 a day gross. A man can skin 50 cats a day for \$2. It will take 100 men to operate the ranch, and therefore the net profit will thus be \$9800 per day. The cats will feed on rats, and a rat ranch can be operated next door, so there will be no cost for maintenance."



# ITEMS <sup>OF</sup> INTEREST

## TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



That a great many salmon have already passed over the fish ladder at Oregon City this season is evident from the fact that large numbers are to be seen on the spawning grounds in the upper tributaries of the Willamette River. Other evidence that salmon are plentiful above the falls at Oregon City is shown in the statement from Albany, where a large salmon was recently scooped up in a dredge bucket and landed high and dry. Still another instance is related at Junction City, where Palmer Ayers and Lloyd Morrison, two boys aged twelve years respectively, captured a 30-pound salmon with baling wire. The lads were in swimming in the Willamette when they spied the big fish, probably spawning on a gravel bar. Securing a piece of baling wire, the boys made a noose and slipped it over the salmon, which was caught by the gills and safely landed.

\* \* \*

Deputy Game Warden J. M. Thomas, of North Bend, reports that there will be plenty of game in Coos County this year. He recently returned from a trip through his district, and says that he never before saw so many does and fawns. While he did not see many bucks, there are indications that when the hunting season opens there will be three for every nimrod who is able to shoot straight enough to get them.

\* \* \*

Stanley G. Jewett, of Portland, formerly connected with the biological department of the State Fish and Game Commission, has recently received the appointment of predatory animal inspector for Oregon. Another former employe of the State Game Warden's office, E. F. Averill, of Pendleton, has been recently reappointed to the position of predatory animal inspector, a position he has filled with credit for over a year past.

\* \* \*

"Complete satisfaction with the Deschutes country as a sportsman's paradise is felt by F. W. Hanslik, of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, who has been visiting his brother-in-law, J. H. Stanley, for the past few weeks," says the Bend Bulletin. "In three days last week Mr. Hanslik caught all the fish he wanted, of which the smallest weighed six pounds, and Sunday morning he wound up by killing a big brown bear."

Deputy Game Warden I. B. Hazeltine, of Grant and Baker Counties, who is known in his district as the "Frog Man," has secured a large number of frogs of the edible variety from Idaho, which he has planted in streams suitable for the purpose in his district. Mr. Hazeltine planted several dozen frogs in Grant County last year, where they have done fine.

\* \* \*

That the sportsmen of Eugene are deeply interested in protecting the game fish of Lane County is evident from the fact that recently they subscribed \$100 to a fund raised for the purpose of offering a reward for the arrest and conviction of persons who had been dynamiting fish in the streams adjacent to that city.

\* \* \*

Reports from deputy game wardens throughout the Willamette Valley are to the effect that a large crop of Chinese pheasants have been hatched this season, and the indications are at the present time that the fall shooting will be above the average.

\* \* \*

The State Fish and Game Commission has liberated 531,000 salmon fry in the Willamette River at Oregon City so far this season. The fish came from the Central State Hatchery at Bonneville.

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## CONSTRUCTING A PRIVATE FISH POND

By DEPUTY WARDEN W. O. HADLEY.

Two years ago M. Thornton & Son, of The Dalles, constructed an artificial lake, covering twelve acres, on the Thornton ranch, three miles west of The Dalles and one-fourth mile from the public highway. The lake is situated at the head of a valley at the foot of Seven Mile hill. The depth of the water is from two to fifteen feet.

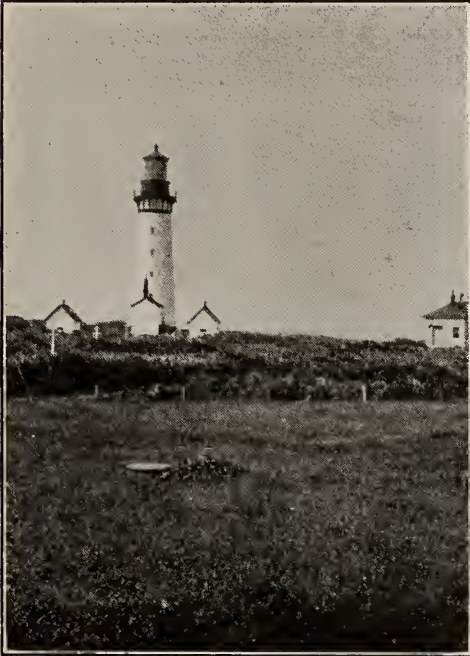
A rocky ridge runs part way across the valley at this point, which forms a portion of the dam. From the west end of the rock ridge a cement wall, 195 feet in length, has been constructed, which forms the lake. A neck of land runs out into the lake, which adds to the beauty of the place and making the lake horseshoe in shape.

Nearly two years ago 39,000 black bass were furnished by the State Fish and Game Commission to stock this lake. When planted the fish were from two to three inches long, and now they will average about sixteen inches. Mr. Thornton estimates that he now has in the lake from the spawn of these fish from three to four million fry. Four thousand young catfish were also planted in this lake, and these fish have grown to an average length of fifteen inches. They were about three inches long when planted.

The owners made this lake mainly for their own pleasure and to beautify their ranch, but they will sell a part of the fish raised and probably later on will allow the public to fish in the lake under restrictions.

I believe this is the largest artificial lake in Eastern Oregon, constructed solely for the purpose of raising fish.

## BIRDS KILLED AT DESTRUCTION ISLAND LIGHT STATION



Destruction Island Lighthouse, Coast of Washington.

It is unfortunate during the migrating season that many birds are killed by flying against the lights at different lighthouse stations along the Coast. Many birds travel after night in making their long journeys, and at times when the weather is unfavorable, especially during a storm, the birds become lost or bewildered under the strong rays of the lighthouse beacon and kill themselves by flying against the windows.

Mr. Carl Lien, who is stationed at the Destruction Island lighthouse, off the coast of Washington, has sent in a detailed report of the different birds that have been killed during the months of April, May and June. This is published below because it serves a very good record, not only in the number of birds that are killed, but in the different species that meet death by flying against the light:

Date	Name	Number killed	Weather
March			
31—	Kaeding Petrels .....	2	Light E. wind. Hazy
31—	Wren .....	1	Light E. wind. Hazy
April			
4—	Petrel .....	1	Light N. W. wind. Cloudy
10—	Song Sparrow .....	1	Light N. W. wind. Mist
17—	Varied Thrush .....	1	S. W. gale. Rain
17—	Song Sparrow .....	1	S. W. gale. Rain
20—	Song Sparrow .....	1	Light S. W. wind. Squally
24—	Petrel .....	12	S. E. gale. Rain
24—	Sandpiper .....	8	S. E. gale. Rain
24—	Plover .....	1	S. E. gale. Rain
24—	Golden Crowned Sparrow.....	1	S. E. gale. Rain
24—	Song Sparrow .....	1	S. E. gale. Rain
25—	Sandpiper .....	1	Light S. E. wind. Showers
27—	Sandpiper .....	3	Light S. W. wind. Squally
27—	Song Sparrow .....	3	Light S. W. wind. Squally
27—	Golden Crowned Sparrow.....	1	Light S. W. wind. Squally
27—	Northern Phalarope .....	1	Light S. W. wind. Squally
30—	Sandpiper .....	2	Light E. wind. Cloudy
30—	Petrel .....	1	Light E. wind. Cloudy



Date	Name	Number killed	Weather
May			
3—	Petrel (Kaeding)	1	Light W. wind. Mist
3—	Phalarope	3	Light W. wind. Mist
3—	Golden Crowned Sparrow	6	Light W. wind. Mist
4—	Phalarope	8	Fresh N. W. wind. Cloudy
5—	Petrel	8	Fresh S. E. wind. Showers
5—	Sandpiper	7	Fresh S. E. wind. Showers
5—	Paralope	2	Fresh S. E. wind. Showers
5—	Song Sparrow	9	Fresh S. E. wind. Showers
5—	Golden Crowned Sparrow	3	Fresh S. E. wind. Showers
5—	Pileolated Warbler	1	Fresh S. E. wind. Showers
5—	Calaveras Warbler	4	Fresh S. E. wind. Showers
6—	Sandpiper	91	South gale. Rain
6—	Phalarope	58	South gale. Rain
6—	Knot	1	South gale. Rain
6—	Red-backed Sandpiper	1	South gale. Rain
6—	Song Sparrow	10	South gale. Rain
6—	Golden Crowned Sparrow	2	South gale. Rain
6—	Petrel	1	South gale. Rain
7—	Petrel	1	Strong S. wind. Squally
7—	Sandpiper	3	Strong S. wind. Squally
7—	Phalarope	3	Strong S. wind. Squally
7—	Song Sparrow	1	Strong S. wind. Squally
8—	Sandpiper	4	Strong S. W. Rain squalls
8—	Petrel	1	Strong S. W. Rain squalls
8—	Sharp-tailed Sandpiper	1	Strong S. W. Rain squalls
8—	Phalarope	3	Strong S. W. Rain squalls
20—	Song Sparrow	2	Light S. E. wind. Light rain
20—	Petrel	1	Light S. E. wind. Light rain
21—	Golden Crowned Sparrow	1	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
26—	Petrel	2	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
26—	Russet Backed Thrush	4	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
26—	Golden Crowned Sparrow	1	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
26—	Savannah Sparrow	10	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
26—	Willow Goldfinch	10	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
26—	Western Flycatcher	2	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
26—	Pileolated Warbler	1	Strong S. W. wind. Rain
27—	Willow Goldfinch	10	Light westerly wind. Cloudy
27—	Savannah Sparrow	5	Light westerly wind. Cloudy
27—	Petrel	1	Light westerly wind. Cloudy
27—	Song Sparrow	1	Light westerly wind. Cloudy
28—	Phalarope	5	Fresh N. W. Rain squalls
28—	Rhinoceros Auklet	1	Fresh N. W. Rain squalls
June			
9—	Petrel (Kaeding)	2	Fresh N. W. wind. Cloudy
10—	Phalarope	1	Fresh N. W. wind. Cloudy
23—	Petrel	13	Strong S. E. wind. Rain
23—	Western Flycatcher	1	Strong S. E. wind. Rain
26—	Petrel	8	Fresh S. W. wind. Rain
28—	Petrel	6	Fresh S. W. wind. Rain
29—	Petrel	2	Fresh S. W. wind. Rain

Note—Sandpipers referred to average about half and half "Western" and "Least" Sandpipers.



An Easy Prey to Cougars, Wolves and Wild Cats.

The above picture shows a deer of the first year, or spotted fawn, in its natural hiding place in the mountains of Southern Oregon. Deer of this age fall an easy prey to predatory animals, such as cougars, wolves and wild cats. Hundreds of these beautiful little fawns lose their lives in this way every year. Because of the destruction of deer, both young and old, by predatory animals, a bounty of \$25 is paid for each cougar or wolf killed in Oregon.

The Sportsman is indebted to Mr. Millard L. Gilbreath, of Riddle, Oregon, for the photograph from which the above cut was made.

So far as the State Game Department is informed, this is the first instance where a spotted fawn has been successfully photographed in its natural hiding place.

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## GAME SITUATION GOOD IN LAKE COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN M. S. BARNES.

The game situation in Lake County looks good this year. There seems to be more deer than usual and sage hens are plentiful and there will be fine shooting when the season opens. The marshes are full of young ducks, many of them now being almost as large as the old ones.

Angling is good in the mountain streams. On a recent trip to Anna River in the Summer Lake Valley, I caught some nice trout that were planted there two years ago. They averaged twelve inches in length.



## FROM OTHER STATES

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### GAME LAWS VS. KNOWLEDGE

While the penalties of the law, no doubt, are effective in restraining a great many in the killing of game out of season, or in exceeding the limit of kill during a given period, the one thing which will offer sure protection is the growth of knowledge and the development of a sense of honor and justice in relation to the protection of game.

The man who goes out and wantonly slaughters game for the love of killing needs a good strong penalty and is richly deserving of it, if such penalty overtakes him. That man needs understanding and a sense of honor which education of some sort can alone bring to him.—Bakersfield Californian.

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### THE TRESPASS LAW IN ALABAMA

Alabama successfully reduces the amount of hunting by requiring each gunner to obtain a written permit from a landowner before shooting on privately owned land.

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### MINNESOTA ADVOCATES FEEDING QUAIL

Carlos Avery, Game and Fish Commissioner of Minnesota, has issued a card giving directions for the feeding of quail. Loose straw, dead grass, and corn fodder are recommended as material for shelters. Screens, wheat, barley, rye, buckwheat, weed seeds or corn are suggested as feed, together with a small pile of sand for grit. A pint of food is recommended as a sufficient daily ration for an average covey of 15 to 20 birds. Attention is also called to the fact that the Bob White is beneficial to agriculture and is highly prized as a game bird, and that mink, weazels and house cats are dangerous enemies of these birds.

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### HARD WINTER ON WOLVES

Wolves generally cause great damage to game during the winter months and the past year was no exception in some localities. In others, however, the wolves have suffered far more than the game, owing to the great depth of snow and the ease with which these animals can be hunted and killed in deep, soft snow.—Fin, Feathers and Fur (Minnesota).

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### COMMISSION FEEDS DEER AND QUAIL

The unprecedented snow storms in the northern and mountain districts brought to light many interesting things in connection with our birds and animals and no doubt proved very enlightening. One of the things demonstrated was that the non-predatory birds and animals nearly always seek aid from humans when hungry or in distress. Large numbers of deer, quail and other birds came to ranches where domestic stock were fed. They also came to the edge of many towns as though looking for aid from the residents. The extreme conditions demonstrated that deer are much more numerous in Northern California than was believed—California Fish and Game Bulletin.



## NOW SELF-SUPPORTING

For the first time in the history of the state the Game and Fish Department is now on a self-supporting basis. This is due to increased revenues for hunting licenses and from fishing privileges, chiefly provided for by acts of the last Legislature, which was productive of much good and wholesome legislation in the interest of game and fish. This is as it should be. There is no reason why the general taxpayer should be charged anything for the work of conservation, propagation and protection of game and fish when it is a simple matter to raise all the revenues required from hunting and fishing licenses. In such case the persons receiving the benefit are paying the cost—to which they do not object. It should not be understood that the receipts of the Game and Fish Department go into the department funds. They do not. The game and fish work is supported solely from appropriations by the Legislature, and all receipts and revenues received are paid into the general revenue fund of the state. They serve to balance the expenditures, however, relieving the taxpayers accordingly.—Fin, Feathers and Fur (Minnesota).

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## WILD LIFE MOVIES IN MINNESOTA

A beginning has been made on the acquisition of a series of educational moving picture films which will show graphically the processes of fish culture work and other interesting information relating to the propagation of fishes, commercial fishing operations, angling and other wild life pictures pertaining to Minnesota. These will be for use in connection with lectures and otherwise in any way available for educational purposes.—Fin, Feathers and Fur (Minnesota).

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## EIGHTEEN STATES HAVE "BUCK" LAW

Governor Whitman of New York has vetoed the bill permitting the shooting of does. The bill by the amendments proposed gave protection only to fawns, for it provided that during the open season a person might take one deer not less than a year old, of either sex. In his memorandum Governor Whitman said:

"No person can conceive of a surer way of exterminating deer than that provided under the proposed bill which permits the killing of the breeders. I believe that the genuine sportsmen of the state are in favor of the retention, without change, of the present so-called 'buck law.'

"In eighteen states, including New York, the killing of female deer is prohibited by law. For New York to step out of this column of states would, in my judgment, be a long step backward in the matter of conservation, and I believe that this state cannot afford to offer such an example as this to the world.

"The number of hunting fatalities in this state is considerably lower than in states without such a law as the present one, the theory being that a hunter who has to look carefully enough to ascertain whether the animal at which he is about to fire has horns is not likely to mistake another hunter for a deer.—Forest and Stream.



## CALIFORNIA CUCKOO

*Coccyzus americanus occidentalis* (Ridgw.)

By R. BRUCE HORSFALL.

You slender, shy and dovelike bird,  
All white and brownish gray,  
With rufous wings, black, spotted tail,  
Bill yellow half the way,  
You're rarely seen, not often heard;  
Your "Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-coo,"  
Brings eager eyes to woodland glades  
To catch a glimpse of you.

—A. E. B.

The California Cuckoo is in every way but size the counterpart of the Eastern Yellow-billed Cuckoo, of which Miss Alice E. Ball in her book, "A Year With the Birds," gives a true word picture in the above beautiful little poem. Our Western bird is about one inch longer than the Eastern species being from 12.30 to 13.50 inches. The six-inch tail, composed of ten feathers of graduated length, each with a thumb-mark of white on the end, is the most conspicuous character for identification.

Slender and tapering, and with extreme deliberateness in all its movements, the Cuckoo is exceedingly difficult to see as it moves about in the tree tops, and when it flies, its long slender body passes swiftly in a straight line to disappear in other cover.

The nest, sometimes lined with dry grass or leaves, is a very slight platform of twigs placed in trees and bushes. There on that flimsy structure two to four light bluish green eggs are laid and it seems that only a miracle holds them in place. Certainly any quick nervous movement on the part of the brooding bird would send those eggs flying into space, but that's just what the Cuckoo never does, it never makes a hurried nervous movement. Like other birds that mate for life, they are very devoted parents.

Rare birds throughout most parts of Oregon, their presence is often unsuspected but for their call notes, a slow, whistled kow-kow-kow-kow, followed by the same note rapidly repeated six or seven times with a slight diminuendo. A simple variation of this is given at times, but always the same quality of tone—soft, round and mellow. This is supposed to presage rain, hence the name, sometimes given them, of "Rain Crow."

Inhabiting orchard tracts and willow bordered streams, they eat all sorts of insects, but the hairy caterpillar, known as the tent caterpillar or tent worm, seems to be their favorite food. These caterpillars are the larvae of the Vanessa Antiope or Mourning Cloak Butterfly. This beautiful creature, having lived through the winter in some warm crack or cranny, deposits her hexagonal eggs like a miniature ring of honeycomb about the twigs of our orchard trees—apples, cherries, plums and others, also on the wild fruit trees and willows.

The eggs hatch in two weeks and the creatures live as a colony throughout the larval stage. Each crawler leaves in its track a thread of silk and the colony is soon covered with a beautiful, shimmering, waterproof tent.

To this tent comes the cuckoo, and in a deliberate "don't care if I do" sort of a way, devours the prickly squirming mass to the last individual, two to three hundred at a time.

Examinations of cuckoo's stomachs have revealed them coated, like a piece of felt, with the prickly bristles of the Vanessa larva.

## MOURNING DOVE

*Zenaidura macroura* (Linn).

By R. BRUCE HORSFALL.

The soft call of the male has given this bird its common name. Uttered slowly and hollowly:

oo  
 "Whwoo    oo,    whoo    whoo  
                  oo,            oo"

It gives to one of a depressed nature, a feeling of lonesomeness akin to fear, the personification of the gentlest, tenderest love, a love so deep that it borders on sorrow.

And such is the nature of the "turtle-dove."\*

No creature could be more lovable, tender, sweet and true. They mate for life, and when all goes well, live over 20 years.

Their color is in keeping with their character, a soft dove brown, the male having a slight iridescence about the neck. The tail is long and pointed. There is a black spot under the ear and a few black spots upon the wing coverts. Their total length is about 12 inches. They are skillful and swift in flight, going 30 miles an hour with ease.

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\*The name borrowed from an allied species of Europe.

While drinking, they keep the bill immersed almost to the eyes until the draught is finished—and do not raise the head, as most birds do, to swallow.

Two creamy white eggs are laid on a very frail platform of sticks through which they can be seen. This nest is placed anywhere from on the ground to fifty feet up in the tree-tops. They raise two and sometimes three broods a season.

Mourning doves are at home over the whole of the United States. Though quite abundant all over the Middle West and East of the Cascades in Oregon, only stragglers inhabit the Willamette and kindred valleys.

As weed eradicators they have no equals, with the possible exception of Bob-white.

"It was only a seed that fell,  
 A downy and tiny seed;  
 And few that saw it could tell  
 What an evil and pestilent weed  
 Would spring from that little sphere,  
 With power to spread at the root  
 Till it choked out all blossoms of cheer,  
 And cut off all promise of fruit."

All over this broad land of ours are thousands of farmers and tillers of small acreage who, after many hard, back-breaking days with the hoe, have wished that there was some way to prevent the rapid growth of weeds, and save them from the sweating brow and blistered hands and feet.

Of preeminent value for this purpose are the doves.

Investigations made by the Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture, of the food of doves proves their great worth. The



contents of 237 stomachs examined through the four seasons showed that 99% of the food was vegetable and over 64% was noxious weed seeds.

Some individual records are of interest. In one stomach was found 7,500 seeds of the wood-sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*), in another 6,400 seeds of barn grass or fox-tail (*Chactocloa*) and a third had a combination of 9,200 seeds of troublesome weeds. A total of 23,000 prospective weeds used as a single meal for three birds is a wonderful fact, yet these most valuable farmer's friends are considered game birds on which there is an open season of two months.

The question is one of dollars and cents. The dove is far too valuable to be classed as a game bird. Its value consists in its weed seed destruction, and not in the few ounces of flesh or the trifling sport it may furnish if shot as game.

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## NIGHT HAWKS

*Chordeiles virginianus virginianus* (Gmel.)  
*Chordeiles virginianus henryi* (Cass.)  
*Chordeiles virginianus hesperis*.

By R. BRUCE HORSFALL.

There are three species of *virginianus* in Oregon, resembling each other so closely in habits and appearances that they can not be distinguished except in the hand.

*Chordeiles virginianus* is found east of the Cascades, while *C. v. henryi* ranges over the Cascades and to the Pacific. *C. v. hesperis*, the Pacific Night Hawk, from the Coast to the mountains. The three forms overlap in their breeding habitat and have not been clearly separated.

Completely blotched and mottled with blacks, browns, white and gray, the birds are well adapted to their daylight sleep upon the ground or as a knot lengthwise upon some horizontal branch or stump. Resembling the Whip-Poor-Wills, who fly only after dark, the Night Hawks fly about in the late afternoon and until full daylight in the morning. One of their favorite pastimes is to mount by easy stages to a tremendous height, then half fold the wings and shoot earthward with fearful speed and a hollow booming sound.

A white patch in the middle of each wing is a strong recognition mark. The feet are small and useless, but how wonderfully at home Night Hawks are in the sky. However, they are not Hawks at all, but a species peculiar to themselves, with a fly-trap for a mouth (a tiny bill at the apex of a cleft which reaches from ear to ear of a very broad head). They go zig-zagging about with great speed catching every insect that flies.

There are many insect-catching birds for the day, but the night also has its myriads of buzzing wings to be caught, and the Night Hawks are their greatest enemy. Their stomachs are huge for such small birds, equaling in capacity the stomachs of pigeons whose bodies are twice as large. As many as 1800 flying ants have been found in one stomach, 38 entire grasshoppers in another, 500 mosquitoes in the stomach of a third, yet we are far from beginning to realize the very important factor insectivorous birds are in checking the ravages of insects injurious to vegetation and man.

No nest is made. The two eggs, creamy, olive-buff, or gray, profusely blotched or speckled with blackish, brownish-gray and lavender are deposited on the bare ground, usually among pebbles where they are difficult to distinguish. The spot chosen may be on an island in the middle of the river, or the pebbled roof of a city building.

Over the City of New York these birds are far more numerous than over the surrounding open country, and as both eggs and young have been found upon the high flat roofs we may infer that these queer birds have recognized the safety for their eggs and young of such an abode. No predatory animals, no prowling cats or nosing dogs, no blundering feet of domestic stock are there to disturb them.

In the City of Portland, as the quiet of evening settles down upon the business section, one may see the Night Hawks dodging about above the buildings.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July, I was waiting for a car at the corner of Third and Morrison, en route to join another bird enthusiast in an early observation walk. It was raining heavily and, but for the street lights, quite dark. The sharp "peent peent" of the Night Hawk was all about me though I could not see them until the gray dawn had lightened a bit, then I observed the birds zig-zagging about, even skimming the pavement, to catch, as I thought, the early house fly.

When the city awakes, these birds retire to some high rooftop where the noise and bustle of our busy day reaches them only as the roar and rush of the trout stream reaches the slumbering camper by its side.

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## COLUMBIA COUNTY GAME NOTES

By DEPUTY WARDEN WILLIAM BROWN.

Judging by the reports I have received from the people, and what I have seen while patrolling, there is plenty of wild game, such as deer, bear, cougar, wild cats, etc., in Columbia County.

Nan Dolan, of Houlton, recently killed a large cougar within a mile of St. Helens, and more of these animals are reported in that section of the county. In May last, Fred Floler killed three cougars and fourteen wild cats, that were taken at Bunker Hill; and Phil Popham, a mail carrier, killed a 500-pound bear and lost a valuable dog in the operation. Two cub bears that were with the old bear got away. Four bears were killed in Columbia County during last winter. Any sportsman with the time on his hands and the inclination to kill bear can find some real sport in this line in Columbia County.

As for deer, there are a good many, judging by the sign that is appearing at this time of the year. Reports are to the effect that hunting will be good in the Nehalem country. Fishing is also good in the Nehalem River and tributaries. Some nice catches of very large fish are reported this early in the season, although the fishing season is backward, owing to the late spring and high water. Fishing elsewhere in the county is good, and there seems to be plenty of fish in the streams. What is known as the "spinner" is used by the anglers, although the fish are taking the fly to some extent.

It only takes three hours from Portland to reach some of the best hunting and fishing territory in the state—Columbia County.

## OUT FISHIN'

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,  
    Out fishin';  
His thoughts are mostly good and clean,  
    Out fishin';  
He doesn't knock his fellow men,  
Or harbor any grudges then;  
A feller's at his finest, when  
    Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor,  
    Out fishin';  
All brothers of a common lure,  
    Out fishin';  
The urchin with the pin an' string  
Can chum with millionaire an' king;  
Vain pride is a forgotten thing  
    Out fishin'.

A feller gits a chance to dream,  
    Out fishin';  
He learns the beauties of a stream,  
    Out fishin';  
An' he can wash his soul in air  
That isn't foul with selfish care,  
An' relish plain an' simple fare  
    Out fishin'.

A feller has no time for hate,  
    Out fishin';  
He isn't eager to be great,  
    Out fishin';  
He isn't thinkin' thoughts of pelf,  
Or goods stacked high upon a shelf,  
But he is always just himself,  
    Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend,  
    Out fishin';  
A helping hand he'll always lend,  
    Out fishin';  
The brotherhood of rod an' line  
An' sky an' stream is always fine;  
Men come real close to God's design,  
    Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes,  
    Out fishin';  
He's only busy with his dreams,  
    Out fishin';  
His livery is a coat of tan,  
His creed: to do the best he can;  
A feller's always mostly man,  
    Out fishin'.

—From Michigan Sportsman.



## THE VALUE OF TOURNAMENT CASTING

By W. F. BACKUS.

Many anglers are inclined to ridicule the scores made at various casting tournaments, being of the opinion that records are so abnormal that they are of no use to fishermen when on the stream. This is a mistaken idea as I will try to prove.

While many of the scores made are unnecessarily high, all tournament casting brings the angler into such a thorough acquaintance with his tackle that he gets the very best out of it under all conditions.

One of the most practical of all of the events on the casting program is the dry fly accuracy. In this event five 30-inch hoops are floating on the water at distances ranging from 20 to 50 feet from the casting platform. The caster is obliged to work his line out in the air and must drop his fly inside the hoop. The fly must float after dropping on the water until the judges call "score," when it must be retrieved without any unnecessary disturbance of the water. The fly is not allowed to touch the water between scoring casts, but must be kept in the air all the time. Three casts are made at each of the five rings, and for every foot that the hoops are missed one demerit is scored against the contestant. Should the angler miss the hoop on an average of one foot for each cast it would give him a total of fifteen demerits, or a score of 99 per cent. Even a score like this calls for very accurate work, and any one who can reach this mark will certainly get his share of the fish on any trout stream in the state.

There is no question that on many of our streams the fish are becoming educated to the ordinary means of fishing with bait. The man who can put his fly exactly where he wants it and drop it gently, is the one who is going to get the most sport out of fishing in the future. I can imagine nothing which will give better practice than this dry fly accuracy event in a casting tournament. This event requires no special tackle as any one can use a rod which is generally used for fly fishing.

Another very useful event is the long distance fly casting with light rods. In this event the rod must not weigh more than 5¾ ounces, so that the average fishing rod is just the right caliber. The line used in this event is but very little different from the ordinary fishing line, the only difference being that most of the casters tie a very thin line to the back part of the main line, which helps a great deal in shooting the cast. With this equipment a number of the local men frequently reach a distance of 100 feet. Of course, there are but very few streams where such a length of line is necessary, but on some of our larger rivers it is up to the fisherman to get out a good long line, and if he can do 90 or 100 feet on the casting platform he will have no trouble in negotiating 70 or 80 feet on the river, and to be able to do this is decidedly worth while.

The same argument applies to bait casting, particularly in the accuracy events. The casting is done with small aluminum plugs weighing ¼ and ½ ounce each, and a 30-inch target is anchored from 60 to 100 feet away from the platform. To drop one of these very light plugs in the middle of a 30-inch target out 100 feet, with a very fast running reel to control at the same time, is a feat which requires a cool hand and a very keen eye. In both ½ and ¼ ounce events, many of the casters will go through a program of ten casts and never miss a target a foot. Let this same caster take a regular bait casting outfit, with a wooden minnow weighing three-quarters or an ounce

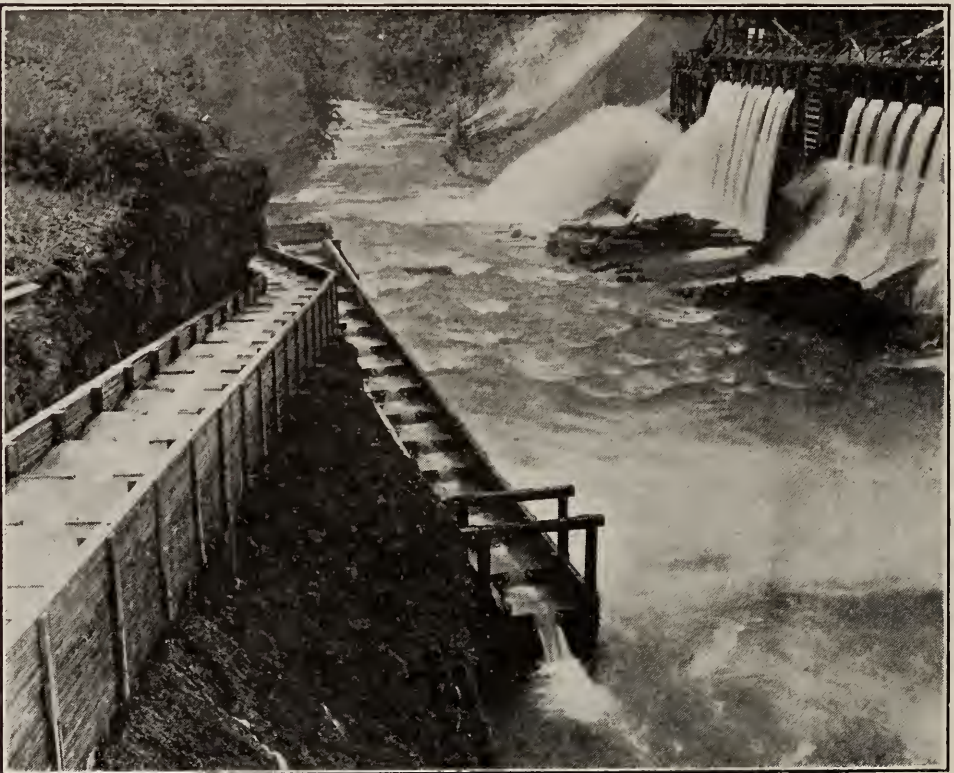
and a standard weight line, and he will be fully as accurate when after bass or steelheads.

The distances reached in bait casting are very great, much longer than necessary in fishing, it is true, as a very thin line is used in tournament work, but it is all most excellent practice for a fisherman. He becomes so used to controlling a fast running reel for a long period of time that the ordinary cast required in fishing is done with the greatest of ease.

Our local park officials have just completed an excellent casting platform in the lake at Laurelhurst Park. Targets and measuring lines have been installed so that casting practice can be indulged in at any time. Almost every evening finds a number of casters busy with the various events, and a cordial invitation is extended by the Multnomah Anglers' Club to every one interested in casting to make use of this platform.

On August 24 and 25 the Northwest Championship Tournament will be held on this lake, at which time we expect to bring together expert anglers from all over the Northwest.

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New Fish Ladder on East Fork of Hood River, at Dec, Oregon, built by Oregon Lumber Co.

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Sportsman—Is it worth my time to shoot in this neighborhood?

Native—Well, the shootin' ain't wuth shucks, but then, I don't know what your time is wuth.—Boston Transcript.



## THE DUTY YOU OWE THE STATE ASSOCIATION

(Michigan Sportsman.)

It should be considered by every sportsman in Michigan his imperative duty to become a member of the state league, now known as the Association, either as an individual or through membership of his local organization.

In the last two years of its existence, especially, this league has made itself a power for good by bringing to the aid of practical protection, propagation and conservation the organized thought and systematic action of the best and most truly disinterested and unselfish sportsmen of the state. It represents the united purpose and the consensus of ideas of the fraternity. It has been able not only to guide legislation on the subject of game, in a large measure, by its support of meritorious measures and its condemnation of worthless or vicious bills, but it has initiated many valuable ideas, presented them to the Legislature and by its influence procured their enactment into law. The best of this year's changes in Michigan's game and fish laws are the direct result of its suggestions and untiring effort.

But aside from owing the duty of your personal membership and active participation in league work, you will derive a great personal benefit and liberal education from its meetings and will, in addition, find keen pleasure in your association with the men you meet there. They are not little fellows, but big and broad-minded men from every walk of life, imbued with unselfishness of purpose and with a single mind to do what they can to better conditions. Their aim is not to benefit themselves or the few, but to improve the field of sport for all.

At the last annual meeting they added a sportsmen's show which was one of the best ever held in the West. This will be a feature of their future meetings. Their annual supper, addresses and moving picture lessons are occasions of immense interest and pleasure which you cannot afford to miss, and were you to lend yourself to the enjoyment of them you would go back with an added zest for the cause that is yours and ours, and an impulse to do something concrete toward its furtherance.

Come, be a good sportsman, brother. Send in your dollar for membership to Hugh B. Gilbert, Flint, Michigan, the secretary of the Association. Then turn to and have your local organization (if there isn't one, it is time for you to organize it) because a constituent member, with the right to one delegate vote for each ten members, by remitting to Secretary Gilbert the required annual fee of ten cents for each local member. There's a lot of work to do yet. With all the accomplished legislation of last year, our laws are not yet complete or perfect. In fact, a number of defects crept in before this year's grist was ground through the legislative mill, and these must be remedied. As we try out in operation the new laws, other shortcomings will appear. Perfection doesn't come at once. The progress must be step by step, light added to light.

For all this you need the league as a melting pot for ideas, to formulate into a single principle the universal thought, and as an engine to promulgate and enforce it. Until you are organized throughout the state you can never get what you Michigan Wild Life Conservation want. Your strength is in loyal union. Organized, you can be a power, irresistible and respected. Organize now, brother! Join the Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association at once.



## NEW COUNTRY OPENED TO THE HUNTER AND ANGLER

By DEPUTY WARDEN J. M. THOMAS.

The past winter was very hard on all kinds of birds and game in this county, as well as in other sections. Had it not been for the good people feeding the birds, there is no doubt but that twice the number would have perished from the cold. When the call was sent out to feed the birds, the newspapers of the county took the matter up and sent the word broadcast, where it reached those who would otherwise not have given the matter a thought. Too much credit cannot be given our newspapers for the good work done, for they are all friendly toward the game protection service. The Evening Record and Coos Bay Times, both daily papers, and good ones, too, have always been boosters for game protection and have published section after section of the game laws for the people's benefit without cost, and all the weekly papers have done their share. I feel grateful to all of them for the interest they have taken in the question of game protection.

Coos County now has a real railroad, constructed of real steel and wood, real trains operating in and out of the county, and connecting with the main line at Eugene. And now the railroads that have in the past been built on paper have passed on, as did Hallie's comet. We feel that this must be a great relief to our friends, Ash and Briggs, of the Times and the Record editorial forces at Marshfield. When they retire at night they no longer have to lay awake and think how to build more paper railroads tomorrow. The real railroad is here. This writer is not going to tell you about the Indian trails, nor about the resources this railroad has opened up in Coos County. We are in the game business and take great pleasure in telling about the game birds and game animals and where they may be found; also about the lakes and streams where the best catches of trout can be made at different seasons. If it is deer you want, we can tell you where they can be found in open season and can tell you of guides that can take you to them. If it is bear, panther and wild cats you are after, you can find them within ten to fifteen miles from Marshfield—and the farther away you go, the more you can find. We can get you a guide with dogs who will guarantee you one of these specimens within a reasonable time. There is no closed season on bear, panther or wild cats in this county, so the time for hunting these animals can be arranged at any time. We also have good duck shooting and salmon trolling on Coos Bay. A trip in to see the wonders of this section of the great State of Oregon will convince you that all we have said is true.

In this issue of The Sportsman I am only telling what we have here for the sportsman to select from. Any of the animals mentioned can be found either in Coos, Curry or Douglas Counties in abundance. I will be pleased to give readers of The Sportsman any information at any time relative to the best locality in which to find these animals.





Central Hatchery at Bonneville, Showing Pond System.

## FISH HATCHERY AT BONNEVILLE BEST

(From Portland Oregonian.)

"I never saw a finer fish hatchery than the Oregon State Hatchery at Bonneville," declared Edwin F. Sweet, assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce, on his arrival in Portland from Bonneville last night.

Mr. Sweet is touring the Pacific Coast on official business. He is giving particular attention to the fisheries, lighthouse and steamboat inspection bureaus.

At noon today Mr. Sweet will be an honor guest at an informal luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce. He is expected to detail the plans of the Department of Commerce for development of Pacific Coast trade conditions.

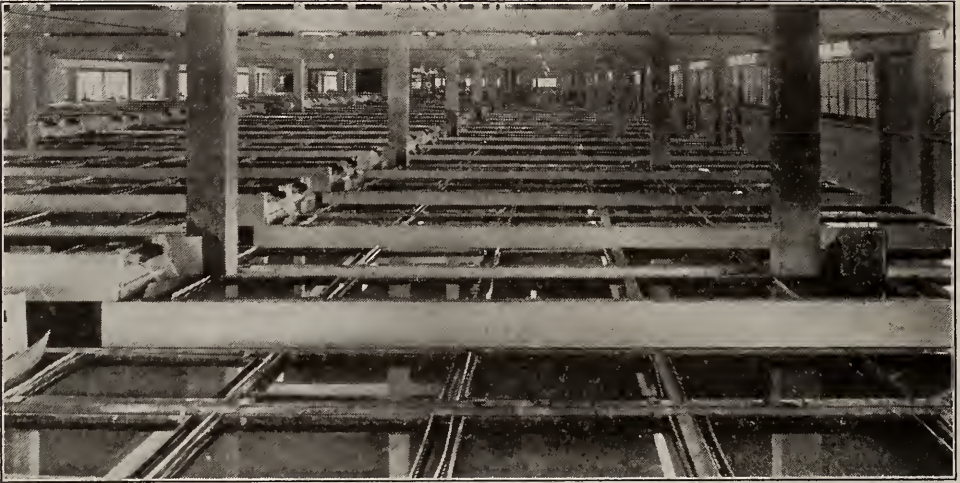
"I had often heard of the Bonneville Hatchery," said Mr. Sweet, "so I decided to visit it at the first opportunity. I was particularly fortunate today in having an opportunity not only of going to Bonneville, but of riding over your justly renowned Columbia River Highway. I never saw two such wonders on a single day before."

Mr. Sweet, who is accompanied by his daughter, reports that he has toured over most of the best roads in the East, but that he has seen nothing in any part of the country that can begin to compare with the new road along the Columbia River.

From a professional point of view, however, he was most interested in the Bonneville Hatchery. Some of the men now attached to the plant at Bonneville formerly were in the Federal service, while others now in the Federal service formerly were connected with the Bonneville plant.

"Ever since I entered the department," he said, "I have had the Bonneville Hatchery held up to me as a sort of model. I went there today expecting to see a wonderful plant and, indeed, I was not disappointed. I believe that the people of Oregon fail to appreciate what a valuable asset the fish hatchery is. It has been doing good work





Interior View Bonneville Hatchery, Containing 240 Troughs.

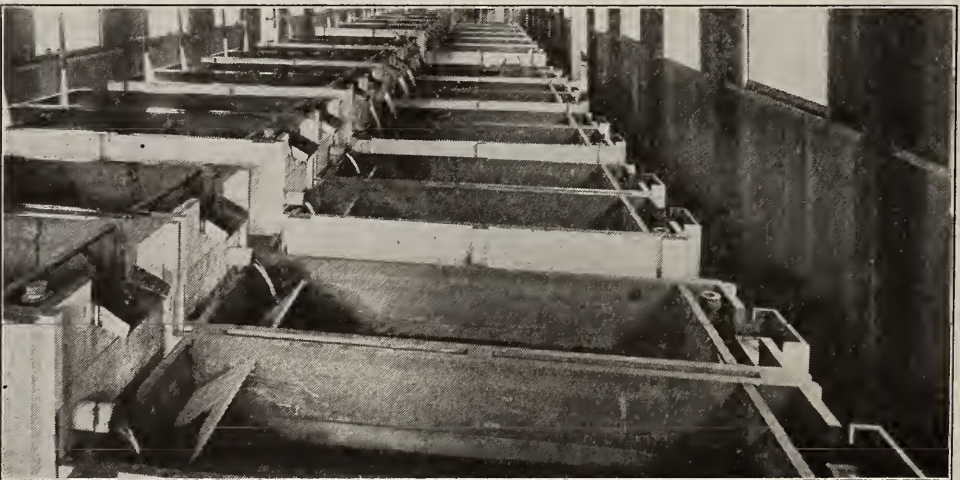
and the Federal Government can well be proud if it can come up to its standard."

Mr. Sweet reports that his department is continuing its research along the Oregon Coast and in other waters of the Pacific to locate halibut banks and various kinds of commercial fish. Considerable progress already has been made in this direction.

Before leaving Portland today he will visit the steamboat inspection offices and receive informal reports from the officers in charge.

He will leave tonight for Seattle, where he will inspect a Federal patrol-boat now being built there for Government service. It was his intention originally to go to Alaska to see the new lighthouse being erected on Cape St. Elias, but urgent business demands that he go from Seattle directly to Washington.

Mr. Sweet was appointed to his present office by President Wilson. He is accredited to the State of Michigan. He is an ex-Representative in Congress from that state and an ex-Mayor of Grand Rapids.



Tanks in One of the Trout Houses.





Stephen Chambers and his two hours' catch of Salmon at Oregon City, June 5, 1916.  
Small Salmon taken with light tackle.

## THE FISHING SITUATION IN CLACK- AMAS COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN BEN S. PATTON.

As to this locality, which takes in Clackamas County, mainly, with the return of good weather and people beginning to turn their attention to outdoor recreation, with camping and fishing taking the lead, I don't know of anything I could say that is of more importance and deserves more attention from the sportsman's standpoint than the stocking the streams and lakes of the foothills and mountains with trout. A great deal has already been done, but with the increasing amount of fishing every year people are just beginning to realize that streams that are fished by so many people will have to be stocked more or less every year if the fishing is kept up to where it ought to be. There is hardly any one form of sport that will bring more people out in the open in healthful surroundings and furnish more enjoyment than good trout fishing. For that reason it is important to the people as a whole as well as to the anglers themselves.

Nearly all the good angling streams of this county can be reached at some point by electric car lines or by fairly good auto roads from Portland, Oregon City and other points, except, of course, the headwaters of these streams in the mountains, which can only be reached by trails suitable for saddle and pack horses, or on foot. This locality no doubt has more miles of good fishing streams that are within easy reach of Portland, Oregon City and the most populous center of Oregon than any other equal area in the state. For that reason it will take a great deal of work to keep them up with anything like

good fishing. The ease with which they can be reached makes them the streams of busy people and those who cannot afford to go often except on Sundays and holidays, where they can go out and back the same day, or one day and a night, which is enjoyed by those that cannot take long camping trips. But at the same time it has regions farther back from settlement in the mountains where one can go and find the best of fishing and be away from the much traveled localities, where the country and surroundings are still as nature made them.

With respect to angling streams, this county is divided naturally by the topography of the country into three divisions: (1) The Sandy and Bull Run country, having tributaries such as Salmon River, Little Sandy, Cedar Creek and others; (2) the Clackamas country, which spreads out in a fanlike shape to the summit of the mountains, with such tributaries as Eagle Creek, Deep Creek, Clear Creek, North and South Forks, Roaring River, Oak Grove and Colliwash, each of which are good sized streams and have tributaries of their own; (3) the Molalla River country, with three forks of this river, and Milk Creek, Trout Creek, Gawley and Pine Creeks.

The Sandy River country is reached by the Bull Run car line from Portland, and by auto road that runs to Mount Hood and on over the summit of the mountains. This region has much attractive scenery, as well as good trout and salmon streams. Some day this will be the route of one of the noted scenic highways of the state. The Clackamas country is reached by the Estacada line, and fairly good auto roads from Portland and other points; except the high mountain country, which can only be reached by trails, but good ones, making all parts of the Oregon National Forest accessible to the summit of the mountains and beyond. The Molalla country is reached from Oregon City and Portland by both electric and steam road, and has some very good trout streams. Good camping places are to be found along the streams of all these regions; even good hotels in a number of places.

Most of the mountain lakes and streams of this part of the country that had no fish in them have been stocked, except those that are over one day's travel from the railroad, and there are a number of these, both lakes and streams. Carrying trout fry for liberating on pack horses over mountain trails has been found to be a very satisfactory method. Very few are lost and they are not much trouble after packing them on and starting. The shaking the cans get from the motion of the horses keeps the water aerated and does not require frequent changing when the weather is not too warm. Trout do unusually well in all mountain lakes and streams. In the lakes especially they grow to be a large size in two or three years. Rainbow Trout put in two lakes near Oak Grove Ranger Station, about 30 miles up the river from Estacada, were from 12 to 14 inches in length the third year. They seem to grow faster in the lakes than in the small streams.

The people who have been most instrumental in stocking up the streams of these localities have been the sportsmen's organizations of Estacada, Oregon City and Molalla, with the help of others not connected with any organizations. A good start has been made, but double the number of fish that have been liberated in any previous year would not be any too many. This is not written with the idea of boasting, or putting one locality ahead of another, but by reason of its closeness and accessibility to the largest city and the most populous section of Oregon, it is important that the fishing be kept up. The sportsmen who live in the immediate locality and have done most



of the liberating of trout fry are only a few hundred, while the sportsmen that come in from the outside, from Portland especially, can be numbered by the thousands within the course of a year, which takes the interest in these streams beyond that of the local people.

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## TWO COUGARS, TWO HUNTERS AND TWO TALL HEMLOCK TREES

By DEPUTY WARDEN C. W. LOUGHREY.

It is often a true saying, "It's strange what you see when you ain't got no gun." This frequently falls to the lot of the game warden, and what he sees and hears from would-be hunters would fill a large book.

I made a trip to the Nehalem last week—a place known for its hunters and sportsmen, large and small. Strange to say, none of these sportsmen are afraid of a deer or elk when it is running, and they have used almost as much ammunition trying to kill one of these animals as has been used in the German war. But when it comes to a wild animal—one inclined to put up a fight—the trees are frequently found full of Nehalem hunters. For instance, last week two cougars were seen in the valley by a man going along the road, who unfortunately had no gun, but in order to exterminate the pests he notified Walter Bottom and Ira Foster, two of the leading hunters of the valley.

Bottom and Foster immediately grabbed all the guns and ammunition they had on hand and started for the cougars. Fortunately, perhaps, for them, the place where they met the cougars was close to two tall hemlock trees. They afterward informed me the reason they climbed the tree was to get a better shot at the cougars. Tim Corcoran, who witnessed the occurrence, says he never saw two men climb a tree quicker than Bottom and Foster, and he has lived in the Nehalem all his life, and is a professional tree climber himself when any varmints are in close proximity. Just how long Bottom and Foster stayed in the tree is not known, as Tim had to go home and milk his cows, and it was 9 o'clock in the morning when the tree episode occurred.

The cougars are dead, but who killed them will only be known when the bill is presented to the County Court for the bounty. Of course, this is not my statement, but what every one in the Nehalem says, and there must be considerable truth in it.

Some years ago there was a large "pigeon tree" on the old Grand Rapids townsite, underneath which was a mineral spring, and wild pigeons used to go there in large numbers, but the owner of the place, who never hunted and did not want any one else to hunt, cut the tree down, much to the indignation of every visitor in the Nehalem Valley. Since then pigeons are seldom seen here, but large numbers are found at Vesper.

The Nehalem used to be a hunter's paradise, but the advance of civilization has driven the game back into the dense forests and hunting is done with great difficulty. In fact, it is too far to walk for sportsmen like Bottom and Foster, who are only looking for ferocious wild beasts.



## THE TROUT STREAMS OF MORROW COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN ROBT. H. YOUNG.

To the lover of real sport, who fishes the streams of Morrow County, the benefits which have been derived in late years under the supervision of the State Fish and Game Commission, are very apparent.

For a number of years previous to the time when the Commission began restocking and protecting fish here the sport had been declining to a serious extent. In the early days these streams were all filled with salmon and trout. As the population increased and pressure was brought about by ungoverned catches, and unlimited baskets, the fish became much scarcer. And today I am afraid our streams would be drained of fish were it not for the annual visits of the state fish car "Rainbow," which has made this territory in the past five or six years.

The Morrow County Rod and Gun Club was organized at Heppner last year with fifty members, and the Ione Game Protective Association was organized with sixty members. These are the sportsmen's clubs of the county. Both clubs are very active, and to them must be attributed a great deal of the present condition which is the cause of so very few game law violations. There is perhaps no section of the state where all fishermen are as interested in the restocking of the streams and the encouragement of fish protection as are the sportsmen of this district.

These clubs were instrumental in having Willow and Rhea Creeks stocked last year, and local people are experiencing the finest fishing this summer they have had in years. But they are not satisfied to stop the good work with the first success, and this year will be a larger and better year for restocking this section with fish and game than ever before.



Interior of Fish Distribution Car "Rainbow," carrying One Hundred and Eighty Ten-Gallon Cans, with Air Tubes Attached.

## BULLDOGGING A MULE DEER IN THE STEENS MOUNTAINS

By DEPUTY WARDEN F. W. TRISKA.

On October 13, 1912, Joe and I decided to go to the Steens Mountains to hunt the "big ones." We loaded our bedding and grub for ten days into a hack, hitched up the two broncho mules, "Jack" and "Dixie," and struck out for the Alvord ranch, some one hundred and fifty miles southeast of Burns.

Arriving at the ranch, we pitched camp, and inquired the whereabouts of the big bucks from the farm hands, who said they were several thousand feet higher up. Early the next morning we started to climb the east slope of the mountains. At a height of about 9000 feet I ran across a deer trail, which to all appearances was about two hours old. Making sure there was a big buck in the band, I took the trail, and soon saw where the buck was chasing another deer from the herd, following the new trail up the hill. After a short distance I discovered I was not the only one on the trail, for the tracks of two coyotes showed fresh in the snow. While tracking with my head down I rounded a sharp corner and met face to face with the object of my chase.

The deer was off at a bound, and the same instant came the report of the 30 U. S. G., the bullet wounding him in the small of the back. Meantime, looking across the canyon, I saw four other bucks which had been scared up by the report. Thinking my deer safe to handle, and not wishing to scare the other bucks with another shot, I decided to try to cut his throat. I drew my hunt-nig knife, sneaked up behind him, grabbed a horn, and the fight was on.

The deer outweighed me by a hundred pounds and had far more strength in his neck than I had in my arms. Striking with feet and horns, he was almost too much for me, but I managed to hang on. Down, down through shale and snow we tumbled and rolled, sometimes the buck underneath, but more often myself. After struggling about two hours, I finally succeeded in throwing my leg over his horns, twisting his head, and making a successful pass at his throat. Pulling off my torn shirt, I covered his head to keep away the varmints.

Wearry, breathless, exhausted, with my clothes in tatters after the prolonged fight, I crawled up the hill to where my rifle lay, about a half mile distant from the battleground, and from there made my way back to camp, some five miles distant. Too tired to undress, I crawled into bed with my shoes only half unlaced. Here I stayed and rested two days.

On the third day Joe and I decided to try broncho "Jack" under saddle, at sight of which you could hear him snort for a mile. Finding it impossible to rid himself of the saddle, he was a good mule until we reached the deer, which he refused to approach nearer than two hundred yards. Whip nor coaxing did any good, and at this safe distance he remained as though rooted to the ground. When "Jack" was blindfolded, hobbled and securely tied to a tree, we thought it safe to snake the deer down to him. Even with the mule tied, it was a long, hard job to get that deer firmly strapped to the saddle. At last, however, we succeeded and then tossed up to see who would have the task of leading "Jack" to camp.

Joe was the unlucky man. Bracing his feet, shutting his eyes, and preparing for the worst, he seized the halter rope firmly in both



hands. I tore off the blind, the mule gave one sniff at the deer's feet dangling from his back, and they were off. Joe managed to keep up with "Jack" for some time, his feet revolving in a blue haze, when suddenly they ceased to keep the pace set by the flying mule. The last I saw of Joe he was rolling over the rim of the canyon in the midst of a young avalanche of shale and rocks, turning alternate somersaults and cartwheels as he fell.

I made my way back to camp and found that "Jack" had preceded me by some time. Joe returned an hour or so later and received with a good-natured grin the laughter with which I compared his slow rate of travel with the manner in which I had last seen him. We were very tired, but proud in the possession of a trophy which now hangs over the desk in my office.

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## THE OREGON PLAN

From *American Field*, June 24, 1916.

The Oregon plan of liberating game birds is one way of restocking a state with game. Farmers, ranchmen and country estate owners are all taken into consideration and their co-operating enlisted in the work by the Oregon Fish and Game Commission. In every county game birds are being raised each year by landholders, and each year a report is made to the Commission by these landholders or a census is taken to ascertain the number liberated.

A report has just been published in the Commission's official publication, *The Oregon Sportsman*, of the number of different kinds of game birds liberated by individuals, under the plan cited, during the year from January 1, 1915, to December 31, 1915, and the total makes a gratifying showing, the landholders of each county being given credit for the number they liberated individually. The different kinds of birds turned over to the state for the year mentioned follow: Chinese or Ring-necked Pheasants, 2,914; Bob White Quails, 973; California Valley Quails, 959; Mountain Quails, 142. By this plan of individual co-operation the State of Oregon is richer by 4,988 game birds—a splendid showing from the viewpoint of conservation, not only in that they will multiply and increase, with another year's product soon to be liberated, but of equal, if not more importance, the educating of the public in the great value of this kind of co-operative work and an awakening of the public conscience to the necessity of obeying the game laws, one of the maxims of the Commission being, "More game protection sentiment means less money spent in patrol service," which means more money for propagating purposes. Such work is drawing closer the ties that bind the public and the Commission in a common cause, and the Commission is not slow in acknowledging this condition, as shown in the following statement it has published: "The state game department feels that it owes a debt of gratitude to the good people of Oregon who assisted so nobly in the work of feeding and caring for the wild game during the past winter. It will try to compensate them by an even more faithful service and co-operation this coming season."

What a blessing it would be if this same spirit of effective co-operation and unity of purpose could be said of every state! And, why not?



## THE EARLY HISTORY OF GUNPOWDER

An Extract from "The Gun" by W. W. GREENER, Birmingham, England,  
Published in 1881.

The invention of gunpowder is observed in the mythical lore of ancient writers, but it is possible to trace it back many centuries prior to the Christian era. Most writers upon this subject seem agreed that it was known to the Chinese and Indians (East India) prior or contemporary with Moses, but the descriptions given are so vague that it is difficult to make the various accounts coincide.

The earliest mention we have of gunpowder is in the Gentoo Laws, where it is mentioned as applied to firearms. This particular code is believed to have been coeval with the time of Moses. The notice is as follows:

"The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, or with cannons or guns, or any kind of firearms, nor shall he slay in war any person born an eunuch, nor any person who putting his arm together supplicates for quarter, nor any person who has no means of escape."

Gunpowder has been known in India and China far beyond all periods of investigation, and if this account be considered true it is very possible that Alexander the Great did absolutely meet with fire weapons in India, which a passage in Quintus Curtius seems to indicate. There are many ancient Indian and Chinese words signifying weapons of fire, heavens-thunder, devouring-fire, ball containing terrestrial fire, and such like expressions.

Dutens in his work gives a most remarkable quotation from the "Life of Apollonius Tyanaeus" written by Philostratus, which, if true, proves that Alexander's conquests in India were arrested by the use of gunpowder. This oft-cited paragraph is deserving of further repetition:

"These truly wise men (the Oxydracae) dwell between the rivers of Hyphasis and Ganges. Their country Alexander never entered, deterred not by fear of the inhabitants, but, as I suppose, by religious motives, for had he passed the Hyphasis he might doubtless have made himself master of all the country round them; but their cities he never could have taken, though he had led a thousand as brave as Achilles, or three thousand such as Ajax to the assault; for they come not to the field to fight those who attack them, but these holy men, beloved of the gods, overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from their walls. It is said that the Egyptian Hercules and Bacchus, when they invaded India, invaded this people also, and having prepared warlike engines, attempted to conquer them; they in the meantime made no show of resistance, appearing perfectly quiet and secure, but upon the enemy's near approach they were repulsed with storms of lightning and thunderbolts hurled upon them from above."

Although Philostratus is not considered the most veracious of ancient authors, other evidence corroborates the truth of this account, and it is now generally acknowledged that the ancient Hindoos possessed a knowledge of gunpowder making. They made great use of explosives, including gunpowder, in phytotechnical displays, and it is not improbable that they may have discovered (perhaps accidentally) the most recondite of its properties, that of projecting heavy bodies, and practically applied the discovery by inventing and using cannon.

The most ingenious theory respecting the invention of gunpowder is that of the late Henry Wilkinson:

"It has always appeared to me highly probable that the first discovery of gunpowder might originate from the primeval method of cooking food by means of wood fires, on a soil strongly impregnated with nitre, as it is in many parts of India and China.

"It is certain that from the moment when the aborigines of these countries ceased to devour their food in a crude state, recourse must have been had to such means of preparing it; and when the fires became extinguished, some portions of the wood partially converted into charcoal would remain, thus accidentally bringing into contact two of the principal and most active ingredients of the composition under such circumstances as could hardly fail to produce some slight deflagration whenever fires were rekindled on the same spot. It is certain that such a combination of favorable circumstances might lead to the discovery, although the period of its application to any useful purpose may be very remote from that of its origin."

The introduction of powder into Europe took place early in the Christian era; some believe it was brought by the Moors into Spain, and others that it came through the Greeks at Constantinople. Both may be correct, but certain it is that it, or a substance closely akin to it, was used at the siege of Constantinople in A. D. 668. The Arabs, or Saracens, are said to have used it in A. D. 690 at the siege of Mecca, and some writers affirm that it was well known to Mahomet. In 846, Grecus, in his MS entitled "*Liber ignium*" describes gunpowder as composed of six parts saltpetre, and two parts each of charcoal and sulphur. This interesting MS is still in the Royal Library at Paris, and the recipe given in it we may state is nearly akin to that formula now employed for mixing the ingredients of gunpowder.

There is a treatise in the Escorial collection of Spain upon gunpowder, written in 1249. It was probably from this work, or the writings of Marcus Grecus, that Roger Bacon derived his knowledge of gunpowder, although he describes it as in common use for pyrotechnical displays; he traveled in Spain, and it was probably immediately after his return that he wrote his work, dated 1267. Berthold Schwartz, a monk of Friburg, in Germany studied the writings of Bacon regarding explosives, and manufactured gunpowder whilst experimenting. He has commonly been credited as the inventor, but at any rate the honor is due to him for making known the recondite properties of gunpowder, and its adoption in Central Europe quickly followed his announcement, which is supposed to have taken place about 1320. It is not improbable that gunpowder was well known in Spain and Greece many years prior to its being used in Central and Northern Europe.





## HINTS TO REMEMBER WHEN HUNTING

A careful study of the above picture will doubtless be the means of avoiding many accidents during the deer season, which opens for male deer only on August 15.

Don't drag a gun over a log, through the brush or under a fence with the muzzle pointed toward you.



Don't hunt with any one that you know to be careless. Carelessness with three and a quarter drams of powder behind and one-eighth ounce of shot is inviting St. Peter.

Keep your fingers off the trigger until you are looking down the barrel at the object you wish to shoot.

Don't load your gun until you actually get to business. At all other times it should be empty.

Don't attempt to take your gun from a vehicle muzzle end first. The same advice applies to a boat.

Don't become intoxicated while hunting. Many a man who has tried the experiment has fired his last shot.

Don't rest on the muzzle of your gun.

Don't borrow a dog or a gun or loan either.

Don't shirk doing a little more than your share of the work in camp or boat.

Don't violate the game laws. It is not only criminal, but sometimes it's blamed costly.

Don't hog all the game. Leave a little behind for the next fellow—and for seed. As Shakespeare says, "Enough is sufficient."

Don't rest the muzzle of your gun on the ground. A gun muzzle clogged with dirt or mud is a dangerous proposition.

Keep the business end of your gun pointed from you, but not at the other fellow.

Don't shoot at anything you see moving in the brush or timber until you are dead sure you know what you are shooting at.

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## THE CITY MAN'S LAMENT

A man grows sick of the walls of brick and the city's endless roar, when old Winter goes with his frosts and snows and the spring-time's at the door. His soul rebels at the city's smells and he says to himself, says he, "There are banks of thyme with a scent sublime, and the woodland's calling me!" His soul revolts at the jars and jolts that the urban dweller knows; at his sordid task, when he longs to bask in the glen where the cowslip grows, and he says, "Gee whiz! I am tired of biz and sick of the sights I see; of the stress and strain for a tawdry gain, when the woodland's calling me!" In all human lives when the spring arrives there riseth the wanderlust, and a fellow's dreams are of woods and streams and the long road white with dust. And he heaves a sob as he views his job, from which he don't dare to flee, and he says, "By Hoyle! It is hard to toil when the woodland's calling me!"—Walt Mason in Chicago Daily News.

## TRAP SHOOTING NOTES

(From the Outer's Book.)

There are at least 250 trap-shooting organizations on the Pacific Coast.

George Lyon, the trap shooter who recently died in New Mexico, left an estate valued at more than \$1,000,000.

The advent of Mrs. Ada Schilling into Portland (Ore.) trap shooting circles has already stimulated interest among the women shooters of that city.

The "Farthest North" Gun Club, located at Nome, Alaska, has several cracks on its roster. Twice in recent 100 clay pigeon matches R. L. Johnson broke 98 targets. The shoots at Nome are held under the midnight sun.

The Canal Zone is a fertile field for trap shooting. There are quite a number of clubs in Panama, the largest one being the Isthmian Trap and Rifle Club, at Cristobal. Special events are held on all holidays, and tourists are invited to join in all competitions.

Plans are under way for a series of shoots throughout the country this summer for members of the Boy Scouts of America. The boys will be taught how to hold the gun and the little things to know about trap shooting, and some day the experience may come in useful.

The biggest shootfest of the year, excepting, of course, the big party across the pond, will take place in St. Louis in August. The European shootfest is a professional event. The one at St. Louis will be the biggest amateur battle ever fought. About 10 tons of lead will be left on Sportsmen's Field in the five days of shooting.

Four hundred and sixty-four tournaments have been registered by the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trap Shooting for the 1916 season. The 1915 number was 333.

Gun clubs connected with the Elks of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond and Alameda, Cal., have signified their intention of forming a trap shooting league.

The Kissimee City Council and the County Commissioners have appropriated money and trophies to make the Florida trap shooting championship at Kissimee one to be remembered.

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AT THE PORTLAND TRAPS

Much interest was manifested on June 4 at the trapshoot at Portland. It was the opening day shoot of the Northwest Sportsmen's Association. P. H. O'Brien, of Portland, led with 142. O. N. Ford, of San Jose, broke 139. H. E. Posten, of San Francisco, was second among the professionals, with 142, the event being won by L. H. Reid, of Seattle, with 147. The feature of the thirty-ninth annual tournament will be the Rose Festival event.—Pacific Outdoors.

## P. H. O'BRIEN OF PORTLAND CHAMPION TRAP SHOT

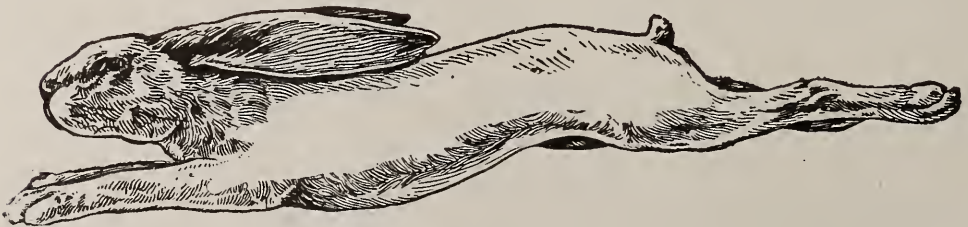
The trap shooters of Oregon are pinning their faith in P. H. O'Brien, of Portland, who will represent Oregon at the Grand American Handicap at St. Louis this year. Mr. O'Brien's prominence is due mainly to his recent winning of the Oregon state trap shooting championship at Albany, at which shoot O'Brien broke 98 out of 100 birds. In addition to winning the title, O'Brien captured the Honeyman diamond, and had the high amateur record for the shoot, with a record of 384 out of 400 targets.—Pacific Outdoors.

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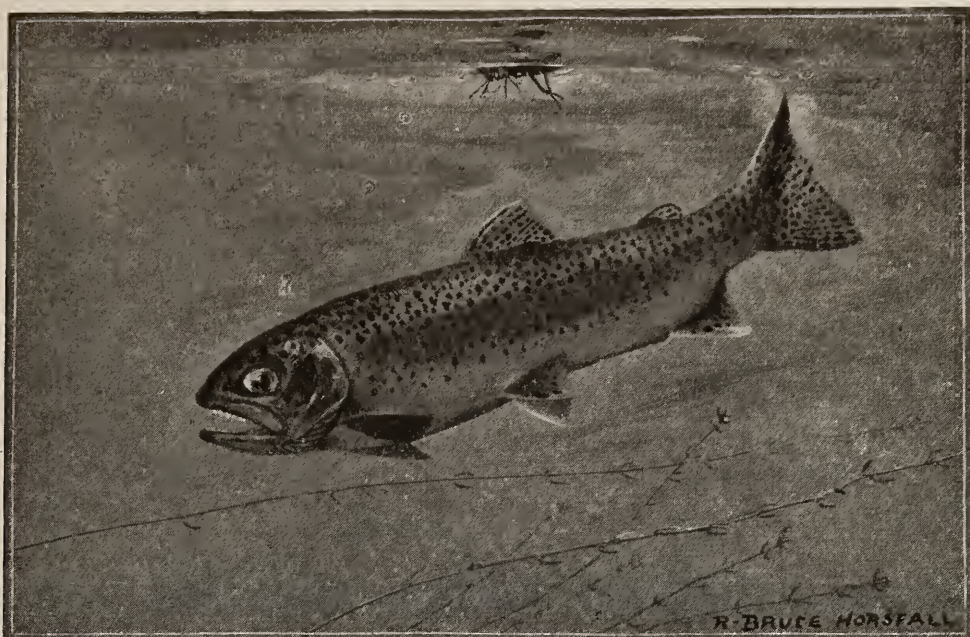
### TO CLEAN YOUR GUN

There are two methods used for cleaning a gun barrel. The first is the hot water treatment, but it should be used only when your supply of powder solvent is exhausted and you are far from a store. Boiling water is an excellent solvent for the harmful ingredients of fouling. When poured down your barrel it removes acids that may be present, and carries away the various residues which are obviously more soluble in water than in oil. The hot water treatment, however, is very dirty and inconvenient when carried out on a small scale, and has the objection of not, as a rule, being available immediately after shooting, and unless you are careful to protect your stock and fore-end, you may injure these wood parts. If possible, you should secure a good lubricant solvent and rust preventive. A small rag well saturated with an oily, non-corrosive mixture of this sort, pulled through the rifling again and again, will keep your arm in prime condition, if used after each day's shooting. One very simple and effective way to clean a comparatively new arm is to moisten the interior of the barrel by blowing through and rubbing out with soft rags. The process should be continued until the rags come out perfectly clean—then oil thoroughly. All arms should be cleaned within two hours after shooting. No gun should be set aside or placed in the gun rack until thoroughly cleaned.—Sports Afield.

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Almost a Strike. The Rainbow Trout.

## NORTHWEST FLY AND BAIT-CASTING TOURNEY

The Annual Northwest Championship Fly and Bait Casting Tournament will be held in Portland, Ore., August 24 and 25, under the auspices of the Multnomah Anglers' Club. All the events will take place on the new lake in Laurelhurst Park.

On August 24 there will be the one-half ounce distance bait, the one-half ounce accuracy bait, one-half ounce distance slam, the light accuracy fly and the heavy tackle distance fly events.

On August 25 there will be the one-quarter ounce distance bait, the one-quarter ounce accuracy bait, the light tackle dry fly accuracy and the light tackle distance fly events.

Gold medals will be given the winner in each class; silver and bronze medals will be given the second and third place winners, while merchandise prizes go to the next three places in each event. There will be an entrance fee of \$1 for the first event, 50 cents for each additional event or \$4 for the entire program. The prizes will be awarded at a banquet to be held on the last day of the tournament.

The following day, Saturday, August 26, all out-of-town entrants will be taken for an auto trip up the Columbia River Highway to Bonneville, where the state fish hatchery will be inspected.

All entries should be sent to W. F. Backus, club secretary, 273 Morrison street, as soon as possible.

## THE UNDERSIZE TROUT

By H. A. THOMSEN, JR.

The Fish and Game Commission of California is doing some fine work in the way of stocking the streams with fish, and after having gone to all this work, expense, time and trouble, it is up to the angler to be careful of the undersize fish, and return them to their natural element with as little injury as possible.

When I say undersize fish, I mean trout that are less than six inches in length. It is unfortunate that the present laws of California do not protect them, and it depends upon every fisherman to do what the law has failed to enact.

The utter failure to restore them to the water, or rough restoration, may be due to ignorance, thoughtlessness, or disregard of fish life by novices or persons unworthy of the name of sportsmen, but the true angler will always handle the undersize fish so that if possible they will survive the unsought-for and unexpected catch.

The proper and only thing to do is to moisten one's hands before grasping the fish in removing it from the treacherous hook. The dry hand removes nature's protective covering—the slime—from the back of the fish and when this occurs, even though they are returned to the water, in a little while they will die of fungus.

We protect our game and birds, also the trees on the mountain-side, but are we protecting our fish? There is just as much beauty in them as in bird life, and as much grace in action.

A hunter would not think of shooting into a bevy of half-grown quail or a brood of ducklings, and neither should an angler retain, or destroy, undersize trout.—Pacific Outdoors.

Editor's Note—In Oregon it is unlawful to take trout under six inches in length.

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THE DIAMOND BACK RATTLESNAKE

By DEPUTY WARDEN ROBT. H. YOUNG.

That the diamond back rattlesnake is on the increase in Morrow County is evidenced by the fact that many new dens of these snakes are being found. This specie of the rattler is now found in this county where a few years ago it was almost extinct.

While I was returning from interior Oregon recently, after a trip into the mountains to take the trail of some Columbia Indians who, it had been reported, were killing deer, I and some fellow travelers came across one of the most prolific dens of the diamond back rattler found in this section of Eastern Oregon in years.

The den was located on a rocky hill. The day was one of the first real warm ones of the season and the snakes had crawled out of their home in the shellrock to take their first bath of spring in the bright sunlight. My friends and I walked up to this den, because years ago snakes were found there, although of late years they had seemed to have disappeared. But, sure enough, when we approached the opening in the rock cliff, the snakes were there—hundreds of them,



it appeared. They appeared indolent, evidently not having quite recovered from their dormancy of the winter. There were big rattlers and little rattlers.

At our approach they started their buzzing warning and began to disappear among the rocks. However, we succeeded in killing twelve of the reptiles before all of them could get away. The rocks were greasy where they had been crawling about.

I returned to the den with a party of hunters about a week later, but the day was a cold one and few of the snakes were out. This time only one was killed. There are at least 200 snakes in this den and probably more. To my mind there is nothing quite as exciting as meeting the rattlesnake in his own home. He is not a hospitable host, however, and the visitor never feels safe unless he has his eye on Mr. Rattler all the time during his visit.

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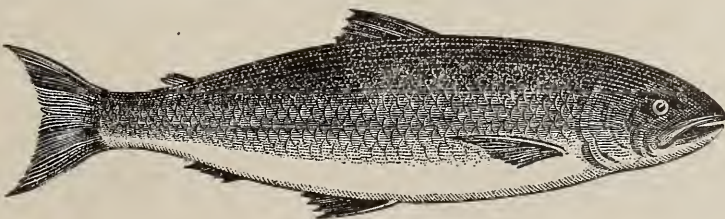
## SPORT IN EASTERN OREGON



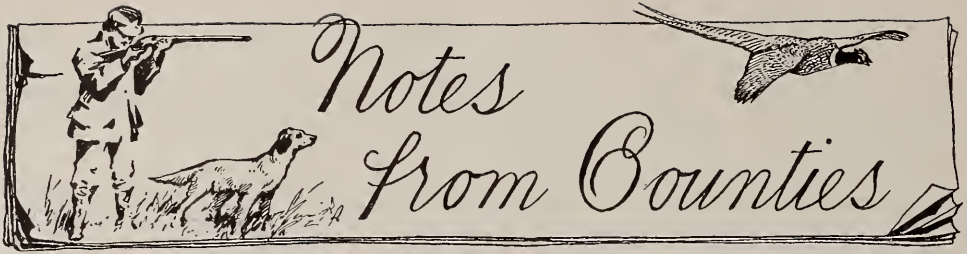
The accompanying snapshot gives an idea of what may be found in the way of good wholesome sport in southern Umatilla County in Eastern Oregon. The cut shows Master William H. Schannep, the five-year-old son of I. M. Schannep, of Pilot Rock, catching trout in Birch Creek within the city limits of that town. The young seek this splendid sport as well as the grown-ups. This little mountain stream abounds in fine fish and its banks swarm with Pendleton and Walla Walla people seeking the finny tribe.

The adjacent Blue Mountains furnish pasture for many elk and deer. Bear and cougar appear in great numbers, and with grouse and pheasants, both native and Chinese, help to make southern Umatilla County the sportsmen's paradise.

Lehman Springs, located in the heart of the Blue Mountains, thirty-five miles south of Pilot Rock, with its altitude of above 5000 feet, cool nights, good water and splendid accommodations, amid the tall pines, with ample facilities for tennis, swimming and horseback riding, is the ideal rest place through the heated season.







## NOTES FROM UNION COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN J. W. WALDEN.

Knowing that the readers of *The Sportsman* are interested in the condition of the fish and game of this state, and like to read about what is going on in different parts, I will undertake to give them some idea of what is going on in Union County.

We have a Sportsmen's Club in La Grande, called the Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot Club, which I claim is well named. This club has about two hundred members and every one of them is a game warden, inasmuch as they are deeply interested in the enforcement of the fish and game laws of this state. The Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot Club is offering prizes to the person killing the largest number of crows and magpies during the year. There were killed in the year of 1915 five hundred and eight magpies and crows, the same being turned in to the secretary of the club, and to date this year there has been nine hundred and sixty killed and turned in to the secretary. There has been a great many more of these pests killed during this year, due to the prizes offered, and we are glad of the endeavor shown, as these birds are very destructive, killing the young and destroying the eggs and nests of the game birds. This club always has its eyes open for the betterment of the fish and game of the county. I believe that every locality should have a well organized club of this sort, as I know they are a great help in the enforcement of the game laws, and the protection of the fish and game.

This club has an annual rabbit hunt, which is followed by the "Hassenpfeffer Feed," with the club as hosts. This "feed" is looked forward to by a great many outsiders, and there is a general invitation for all to attend, it being an affair that is long remembered by those who are fortunate to be present.

There seems to be more Chinese pheasants this year than there has ever been before. I counted forty-seven in three miles' travel along the valley roads. I don't believe we lost but a few this last winter.

The season for hunting sage hens in Union County opens on July 15th and closes August 31st, and hunters are making arrangements to make the best of it.

So far this season there has been very little fishing in this section of the state. It has been raining nearly all the time and the streams are all high and the water too muddy to make fishing enjoyable. However, with the advent of good weather, we hope to have good fishing by the middle of July.

People who have had occasion to visit the mountains report an unusually large number of deer this year. Grouse are also reported very plentiful in the foothills. These facts, coupled together with the opening of the season for hunting sage hens on the 15th of July, indicate that we will have good hunting for the balance of the year. On

the 11th of this month, while making a trip to Starkey, this county, I saw a fine big buck. He crossed the road about fifty yards ahead of my car and stopped on the side of the mountain about fifty yards above me and looked at me. He seemed to know that I was his protector.

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## ANGLING IN UMATILLA COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN GEORGE TONKIN.

The small number of good catches compared with those of former years in this county has brought out much discussion among the sportsmen. For years past our streams have not been better stocked with small fish from four to six inches long, but the good catches of large or even fair-sized fish have been few.

As might be expected, there is much argument regarding cause of these conditions and the best means of protection and propagation of our fish. Nearly all of our streams can be reached by automobile from Pendleton in a day's journey. On June 18 the automobiles and rigs were counted as they were strung out along McKay Creek for a distance of ten miles, and it was estimated that there were at least eight fishermen on every mile of the stream. Other streams are fished in a like manner except in the extreme southern end of the county, where the roads are not so good and the season is later. Is it any wonder that protection and propagation have become such important problems?

The discussion of the size limit has produced some lively argument, as some anglers contend that there should be no size limit, saying that a much larger proportion than half of the small fish that are thrown back into the stream die from their injuries received in catching and liberating. However, it is hoped by many of the best sportsmen that a little education along this line will remove many difficulties. If the hand is wet before taking hold of the fish, in most cases he can be removed from the hook with very little injury. Very often he will free himself if the angler holds the shank of the hook nearly vertical at the surface of the water. Of course, the angler who impatiently flips the small fish from his hook will very often kill it, but such a man is not a true sportsman; he is destroying the fish for which he has paid a license fee to protect and propagate. Among this class we also find those who would catch their limit from four to seven days in the week and keep the small fish if necessary to be able to out-score some other fellow who has an enviable reputation as an angler. Such men must be educated either by kindly argument or enforcement of law if our fish are to be protected. Let them take a lesson from the rancher who feeds the birds in the winter and often denies himself as well as others the privilege of hunting or fishing on his ranch until conditions have become normal again. The hunter or angler who simply keeps within the law is no sportsman, as there are many local conditions and unthought of circumstances which the law cannot control.

Our most experienced sportsmen tell us that most of the small fish will live if proper care is exercised in freeing them from the hook. The most prominent sporting goods dealer in this county has kept an aquarium in his store for several years and he tells us that the

healthiest fish that he ever kept there he caught from a nearby stream with a hook and line. If fish that have been hooked will live in an aquarium, will they not live much better if they are put back into their natural haunts?

Many of our sportsmen have stopped fishing in localities where mostly small fish are being caught. They won't run any chance of injuring the small fish and say that they would rather catch him two or three months from now, when he will be well above the size limit.

All anglers should remember that our supply of fish is not inexhaustible. We must have the co-operation of all sportsmen in protection and law enforcement, as well as along educational lines, if we are to have good fishing. If the State Fish and Game Commission and the common rules of sportsmanship are protecting the fish and game, don't knock and try to change them to suit some freak in your own disposition.

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## NOTES FROM BAKER COUNTY GAME CLUBS

By DEPUTY WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE.

The Halfway Rod and Gun Club members decided during the last winter that if they would keep up the interest they must enlist the assistance of their wives and sweethearts. This proved to be a good plan, indeed. Mrs. A. V. Lansing, wife of President Lansing, had the honor of being the first lady honored with membership in the club, and following her lead, many women joined. They at once took charge of entertainment programs, organized a literary society, charged admission to their entertainments for the purpose of augmenting the funds of the club, and succeeded in clearing in one month over \$40. It became the fashion there last winter to choose sides for the purpose of hunting predatory birds and beasts, each bird and animal counting so many points, and the losing side furnishing the repast for the winners. In this the ladies also took an important part, in that they relieved their "worse halves," who were not victorious in the hunts, of this arduous task.

A. V. Lansing, of Halfway, caught with hook and line four salmon, the smallest weighing four pounds, at the forks of Pine Creek during the past few days. Mr. Lansing said that although it rained like "blazes" on one occasion, he did not mind it at all, as he succeeded in landing a ten-pounder, which amply repaid him for the discomfort of the trip.

W. L. Greenwell, president of the Dayville Rod and Gun Club, situated in Dayville, Grant County, reports seeing more deer in the South Fork section this past winter than for some years past. When asked how it is to be accounted for, he replies that there is only one reason for it, and that is because people in general have awakened to the fact that deer must be protected during the time they are banded together on their winter range and, consequently, hunting at this time of year has almost ceased. He says that he used to go out and "pick" one himself a few years ago, but that now he sees the error in this and will assist in prosecuting any one found killing deer at this season of the year.



Cy J. Bingham, supervisor of the Malheur National Forest, with headquarters at John Day, Oregon, is an ardent sportsman, and some time since decided that he would introduce a few turtles. He therefore wrote for information to the Biological Department at Washington, D. C., and they rather discouraged him, saying that turtles would destroy fish spawn, etc., and that they would become a nuisance in a very short time. Although Cy has a soft spot for turtle soup, he says that he can get along without them and will devote all his attention to his pet lake, Magone, and to the introduction of bull frogs in the future. Bingham is a pioneer in the restocking of streams in the Eastern Oregon country and has rendered much valuable service to the Oregon Fish and Game Commission.

The Haines Club, of Haines, has completed some retaining ponds, in which fry may be held for some hours, for the reason that it is sometimes difficult to get teams to get the fish out immediately upon arrival of the Rainbow fish distributing car, and as no suitable place had heretofore been provided, a considerable loss of fry sometimes resulted. It will, of course, have to be approved by R. E. Clanton, State Superintendent of Hatcheries, before the ponds can be used for this purpose.

Eilert Eilertsen, the Isaac Walton of Haines, is very much excited these days over the fact that some of the trout in one of his pet lakes have developed a "hump back." It is understood that he has sent a specimen to Mr. Clanton for his examination and ultimatum. Eilertsen shipped these fish from some point in the East many years ago, and many people in this section account for their deformity owing to the fact that they must be inbred.

John K. Fisher, another of the pioneer anglers of Haines, is oiling up his reel preparatory to hauling out some of the "big ones" in the nearby lakes soon. Mr. Fisher is supposed to have a lake of his own hidden somewhere in the hills near here and the story goes that no one has been successful in trailing him to it so far. He always brings back the "goods," and if the story is true the lake in question must be well stocked indeed. John neither denies or affirms the charge, but just smiles a knowing smile when asked about it.

---

## FISH AND GAME SITUATION IN WHEELER COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN JAMES STEWART.

Wheeler County contains a great deal of rough, mountainous country, running up into the Blue Mountains on both sides of the John Day River, which flows nearly through the center of the county. These mountain regions are generally well stocked with deer and game birds and afford fine hunting during the open season.

In addition to this there are many fine fishing streams in this county, all of which head in the Blue Mountains and empty into the John Day River. Most of these streams, however, have been fished out and need restocking badly. Another great trouble is the irrigating ditches, few of which have been screened, and as a result hundreds of trout have been lost.

While at Fossil, the county seat of this county, recently, I assisted in the organization of the Wheeler County Game Protective Associa-

tion, which I believe is going to be of great assistance in enforcing the laws for the protection of fish and game and also in helping get the streams restocked with fish, so that fishing may be good in them again, as in years gone by. The association has sent in their application to the State Fish and Game Commission for trout to restock the streams, the list of streams prepared numbering twenty-one, none of which have ever been known to go dry.

As an evidence of the interest being taken in fish and game protection in Wheeler County, I have obtained over one hundred subscribers to The Oregon Sportsman in the town of Fossil, with a population of less than 500 people. This, together with the other subscriptions sent The Sportsman by the writer, since December last, puts my total over the 500 mark, or more than the original circulation of the magazine at the time the campaign for new subscribers was launched.

As the editor has limited my space, I will conclude, hoping to be able to address the readers of The Sportsman again in some future issue.

---

## SPORTING NOTES FROM TILLAMOOK COUNTY

By Deputy Warden G. E. LEACH

Trout fishing was not very good during the fore part of the season, though of late many good catches have been made.

Poor fishing during the early part of the season was probably due to the high water and to the fact so many trout were caught with salmon eggs during the winter.

Ernest Himes and Alvin Wells have made some splendid catches of late from Trask river.

Many chinook salmon were caught by the trollers during June and July.

Numerous broods of china pheasants have been seen lately by the farmers—the result of liberating this bird in this vicinity.

There also has been seen several flocks of young California quail. This bird was liberated here the past season.

A few ducks nested here this season, but not so many as common.

Larger game seems to be as plentiful as common.

Quite often I notice deer tracks along the rivers on sand bars. On one sand bar I noticed elk, deer and cougar tracks—the cougar track being the last one made.

During June, seven cow elk were seen within six miles of Tillamook City.

---

Deputy Game Warden Geo. W. Mitchell, of Enterprise, reports that the elk in the state game refuge in Wallowa County, known as the Elk Pasture, are doing fine this year and that there will be a big increase. Mr. Mitchell states that there are already between twenty and thirty young calves in the pasture.

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Deputy Game Warden Frank Triska, of Burns, has been investigating the spring hatch of migratory birds in Malheur County, and reports to the State Game Department that the young birds are apparently more numerous than common.



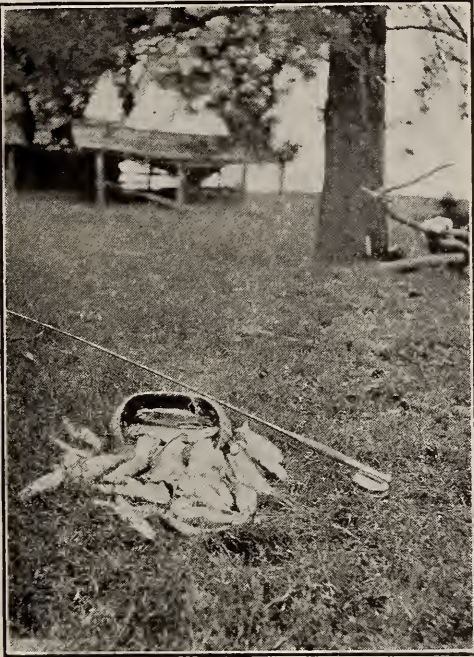
## A FISHING TRIP IN UMATILLA COUNTY

By M. A. SPRINKLE, of Pendleton, Oregon.

Being a reader of The Oregon Sportsman and enjoying its contents very much, I am sending the details of a recent fishing trip in Umatilla County for publication.

On Saturday morning, June 17th, this year, our telephone rang and from the other end came the familiar voice of our friend, Mr. G. I. LaDow, the well known Pendleton sporting goods dealer, wanting to know if Mrs. Sprinkle and the writer would join him and Mrs. LaDow and elder son on a fishing trip. We were glad to accompany them, remembering the many pleasant fishing and hunting trips we have taken together during the past three years.

After our better halves had filled that "grub box" with bacon, eggs and other good things that go on a trip of this kind, and we had replenished our tackle, we loaded up the car and were soon on our way for Ukiah on Camas Creek, distance about thirty-five miles from Pendleton to the southeast, and located in the heart of the beautiful Blue Mountains. After the first twenty miles the road is winding and through the open pine forests, which are characteristic of the country. About noon we dropped down into a narrow valley, through which runs a little creek fed by a spring. Near the roadside is a beautiful camping spot called "Cold Springs," well known to the people of this country, and it was here that we had our lunch, after which we proceeded on our way, arriving at Ukiah about 2:30 in the afternoon. After arranging for our night's lodging, we drove up the creek a short distance and located in a beautiful spot where we could enjoy our supper.



Here is where the fun began. Those who have fished Camas Creek will tell you it is an ideal trout stream. It rises at the summit of the Blue Mountains, and its swift, clear waters go winding down through the big pines into the open parks, then tumbling over the boulders into the gorge, and finally into the John Day River, some forty miles to the west, and all the way the trout abound. We came in that night with a nice catch—plenty for our supper and some two or three dozen to the good. It might be well to state here that Mr. LaDow, his son and the ladies caught most of the fish. However, I enjoyed the day very much.

The next morning we arose about 4:30 and again drove up the creek about three miles, where our good wives prepared a bountiful breakfast. After breakfast we fished two or three hours and had splendid luck, took some pictures of the catch and the scenery, and then started on the return journey home.



## OREGON FISH & GAME COMMISSIONERS

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Hon. I. N. Fleischner.....	Portland
Hon. Marion Jack .....	Pendleton
Hon. C. F. Stone.....	Klamath Falls
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Office of the Commission...Oregon Bldg., Fifth and Oak Sts., Portland

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William Brown.....	St. Helens	Clyde M. McKay.....	Bend
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## REGULAR FISH WARDENS

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W. O. Hadley.....	The Dalles	Geo. Leach .....	Tillamook
Jas. H. Driscoll.....	Ashland	John Larson .....	Astoria
M. R. Pomeroy.....	Astoria	B. L. Jewell.....	Gold Beach

## SYNOPSIS OF OREGON FISH AND GAME LAWS

Following is a synopsis of the fish and game laws of the State of Oregon, including federal regulations for the protection of migratory birds for 1916:

### RATES FOR HUNTERS' AND ANGLERS' LICENSES

Resident Hunter's License.....	\$ 1.00 per year
Non-Resident Hunter's License.....	10.00 per year
Resident or Non-Resident Angler's License.....	1.00 per year
Combination Hunter's and Angler's License.....	2.00 per year

Hunters' and anglers' licenses may be secured from any county clerk by applying in person, or by application signed by two freeholders on regular blank which may be obtained from county clerk, or from any of the regularly appointed representatives of the Fish and Game Commission.

Civil War veterans may obtain licenses free from the county clerks only, upon proof of service. No license is required to angle in salt water for non-game fish, nor is a license necessary for women to hunt and angle.

It is unlawful for aliens to hunt and angle without first having obtained a \$25 gun license and both hunters' and anglers' licenses.

Women who hunt for and kill deer must have license to obtain tags.

### FEDERAL LAW, WHICH SUPERSEDES STATE LAW.

No shooting of migratory game birds between sunset and sunrise.

There is a closed season until September 1, 1918, on the following migratory game birds: Wild or band-tailed pigeons, little brown, sandhill and whooping cranes, swans, curlews, wood ducks, and all shore birds except the black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and the greater and lesser yellowlegs.

### OPEN HUNTING SEASON—ALL DATES INCLUSIVE

#### District No. 1.

Comprising all counties west of the Cascade Mountains.

Buck deer with horns—August 15 to October 31.

Silver gray squirrels—September 1 to October 31.

Ducks and geese—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Rails and coots—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)

Chinese pheasants and grouse—October 1 to October 31. Jackson County—October 1 to October 10. No open season in Coos, Curry and Josephine counties.

Quail—Open season in Coos, Curry, Jackson and Josephines Counties—October 1 to October 31. Closed at all times in other counties.

Doves—September 1 to October 31.

**District No. 2.**

Comprising all counties east of the Cascade Mountains.

Buck deer with horns—August 15 to October 31.

Silver gray squirrels—Season closed in Hood River and Wasco counties by order of the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners.

Ducks and geese—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Rails and coots—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)

Chinese pheasants—Open season in Union County—October 1 to October 10. Closed at all times in other counties.

Grouse—August 15 to October 31.

Prairie chickens—Open season in Sherman, Union and Wasco Counties—October 1 to October 15. Closed at all times in other counties.

Sage hens—July 15 to August 31.

Quail—Open season in Klamath County—October 1 to October 10. Closed at all times in other counties.

Doves—September 1 to October 31.

**Bag Limits.**

Buck deer with horns—3 during any season.

Silver gray squirrels—5 in any seven consecutive days.

Ducks, geese, rails, coots and shore birds—30 in any seven consecutive days.

Chinese pheasants, native pheasants and grouse—5 in one day including 1 female Chinese pheasant, and 10 in any seven consecutive days, including 2 female Chinese pheasants.

Prairie chickens and sage hens—5 in one day and 10 in any seven consecutive days.

Quail—10 in any seven consecutive days.

Doves—10 in one day or 20 in any seven consecutive days.

Geese killed in Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, Harney, Crook, Morrow and Umatilla counties may be sold after having metal tags attached.

**OPEN ANGLING SEASONS—BOTH DISTRICTS.**

Trout over six inches—April 1 to October 31—Bag limits 75 fish or 50 pounds in any one day.

Trout over ten inches—All year—Bag limit 50 fish or 50 pounds in one day.

Bass, crappies, Williamson's white fish, cat fish and graylings—All year—Bag limit 40 pounds in one day.

"Yanks" in Wallowa Lake—All year, except September 15 to October 10—Bag limit 50 pounds in one day.

**IT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL.**

To kill mountain sheep, antelope, elk, beaver, female deer, spotted fawn, silver pheasants, golden pheasants, Reeves' pheasants, Eng-



lish partridge, Hungarian partridge, Franklin grouse or fool hen, bob-white quail, swan, wood duck, wild turkey, least sandpiper, western sandpiper, solitary sandpiper, semi-palmated plover, snowy plover, and all other birds of any kind, except those on which there is an open season.

**The following are not protected at any time:** Duck hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, prairie falcon, goshawk, English sparrow, great horned owl, northern shrike, cormorants, American marganser, crows and ravens, magpies and blue jays.

- To rob any birds' nests except such birds as are not protected by law.
- To hunt without having hunting license on person, and to refuse to show same on demand of proper officer or owner or representative of real property where hunting.
- To hunt at night.
- To sell or have in possession plumage of protected birds.
- To hunt on any game reservation.
- To disguise sex or kind of any game.
- To hunt deer with dogs.
- To lie in wait near licks while hunting deer.
- To sell game of any kind except when propagated according to law.
- To shoot game from public highways or railroad rights-of-way.
- To wantonly waste game.
- For aliens to hunt without a special gun license.
- To shoot from any power, sink or sneak boat, or sink box.
- To hunt on enclosed or occupied unenclosed lands without permission of owner.
- To trap fur-bearing animals without a license.
- To burn tules between February 15 and September 15, excepting by permit from State Game Warden.
- To have in possession more than 40 pounds of jerked venison.
- To trap, net or ensnare game animals, birds or fish, except as expressly provided.
- To hunt within the corporate limits of any city or town, public park or cemetery, or on any campus or grounds of any public school, college or university, or within the boundaries of any watershed reservation as set aside by the United States to supply water to cities, or within any national bird or game reservation.
- To resist game wardens or other officers charged with the enforcement of the game laws.
- To angle for any fish without having a license on person, and to refuse to show same on demand of proper officer.
- To fish by any means other than by hook and line.
- To use salmon spawn in Willamette River and tributaries south of East Independence station, Marion County.
- To cast lumber waste, dye, chemicals, decaying substance, etc., or to use powder or poisonous substances in streams.
- To fish at night or on stream within 200 feet below any fishway.
- To sell trout, bass, crappies, cat fish, white fish or grayling.
- To maintain an irrigation ditch without having it screened at the intake.

**ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS OF GAME LAWS.**

All game is owned by the State.

Any game animal, bird or fish raised in captivity may be sold if properly tagged.

Any game animal or bird may be held during closed season if properly tagged.

Any game animal or bird may be imported from without the United States and sold if properly tagged.

Any navigable stream and any streams flowing through public lands are highways for fishing.

Taxidermists must pay a license of \$3 per year.

The State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners are empowered to summon and examine witnesses under oath, to suspend open seasons, offer rewards to apprehend violators, and to acquire any kind of game for propagation, experimental or scientific purposes.

**PENALTIES.**

Any person killing any mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope, elk, or moose, may be fined from \$200 to \$1,000 and imprisoned not less than 60 days or more than six months.

Unless otherwise provided, violations of other sections carry penalties of not less than \$25 or more than \$500 and costs, or by imprisonment not less than 30 days or more than six months.

Besides fines, any one violating laws shall be subject to a civil liability ranging from \$2 for each game bird to \$300 for elk and mountain sheep; shall forfeit all guns, dogs, boats, traps, fishing apparatus and implements used in violation of laws, and shall forfeit his hunting license for the balance of the calendar year in which the offense was committed.

**NOTICE.**

It will be appreciated if violations are reported to State Game Warden, Portland, Oregon, or any deputy game warden. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential.

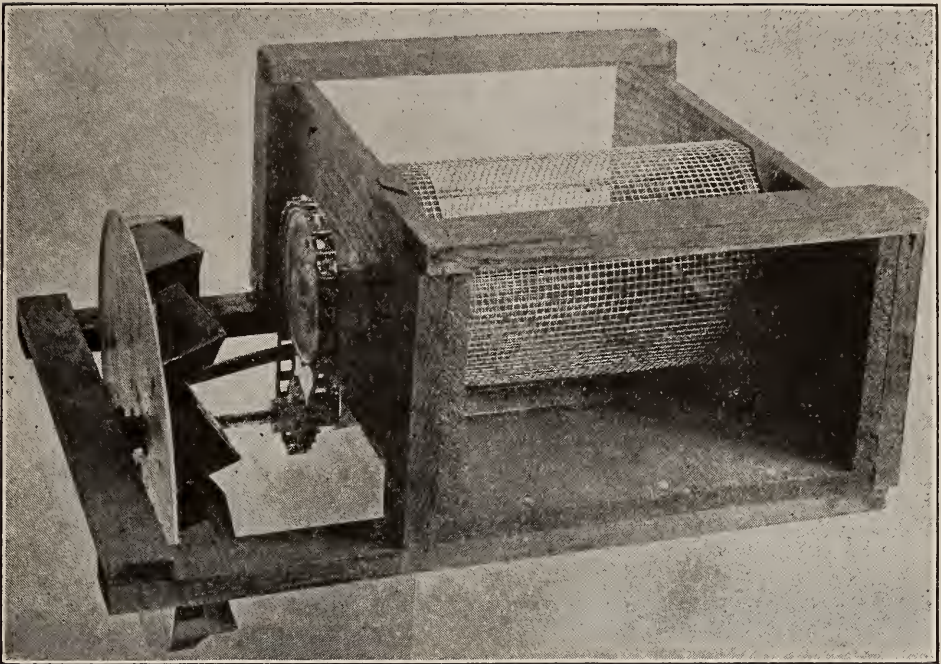
The fur-bearing animal trapping law or the commercial fishing laws will be furnished upon request.

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**HOW ABOUT CATS?**

"Feline pets are the worst enemies of bird life in any community," says Prof. T. J. McCarthy of the normal school at Superior, Wis. He says "the cat is a comfortable, sleek-looking individual during the daytime, but at night he becomes a raging wild beast; that cats cost the State of New York five million dollars a year in game birds alone; that in Massachusetts it is estimated there are three cats to every 100 acres of land, and if each cat killed one bird every ten days, it would mean the destruction in that state alone of six million birds each year." Granting, for sake of argument, that what Professor McCarthy says is true, and it probably is, what would we do with the rats and mice if there were no cats? Trap them, perhaps the professor would say, but from experience in this work a dozen traps will not rid a place as completely of rats and mice as will one good active cat. Half-starved and homeless cats should be destroyed in order to save the birds, but the well-fed and well-cared-for house cat is almost a necessity.—American Field.





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A study of the accompanying illustration or cut will explain its mechanism. The Screen receives its motive power by a hydraulic motor operated outside the flume. A small amount of water is piped from the bottom or side of flume to the cups on the motor wheel, and power is transmitted to the Screen by the use of two sprocket wheels (4 to 8x1). The smaller wheel is fastened on the motor shaft, the larger on the screen shaft, using sprocket chain to transmit the power.

This Screen will operate in all stages of high or low, swift or dead water because it does not depend on the rate of flow for its operation. The Screen should revolve slowly so that the pressure of water will cause any leaves, moss or other debris, to adhere to the screen, thus carrying it over with the stream; this feature makes it self-cleaning.

Properly installed this Screen should require no attention for the season. Instructions for installing the Aitken Screen accompany all screens sold.

For further information address,

SAM. L. SANDRY, Superintendent of Fish Screens,  
Rogue River, Oregon.

OR

CARL D. SHOEMAKER, State Game Warden,  
Portland, Oregon.



# Which Do You Favor

## Game Protection and Rod and Gun Clubs

1. We stand for vigorous and impartial enforcement of the game and fish laws.
2. We stand for federal control of migratory birds and the prohibition of spring shooting.
3. We stand for a vigorous campaign against predatory animals as a menace to game and livestock.
4. We stand for an adequate system of Game Refuges.
5. We stand for such an increase in game and fish as will furnish legitimate sport for every citizen.
6. We are opposed in general to the public propagation in New Mexico of foreign species as a substitute for native American game.
7. We are pledged to observe the letter of the law and the spirit of good sportsmanship.
8. We are not in politics.
9. We stand behind every warden who does his duty.
10. We offer \$50 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person killing antelope, mountain sheep, or ptarmigan.



## Ancient Order of Game Hogs

1. We stand for vigorous and impartial enforcement of the game laws—**against the other fellow.**
2. We want the lid off on spring shooting, and **devil take the hindmost.**
3. We stand for a vigorous campaign against Game Protective Associations as a menace to our Ancient Order.
4. We stand for an adequate system of Game Refuges—in Arizona.
5. We wouldn't mind seeing an increase in game and fish. **Take us to it!**
6. We should worry about native American game **as long as there's something to shoot.**
7. To observe the letter of the law when you're liable to get caught is the part of good judgment.
8. We are not in politics—while asleep.
9. We stand behind every warden who **does not bother us.**
10. We offer \$50 reward for information as to the whereabouts of any antelope, mountain sheep, or ptarmigan. **We thought we had them all.**  
—Arizona Pine Cone.

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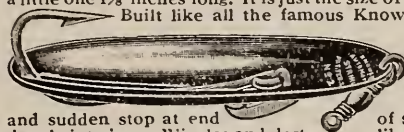
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OCTOBER - - NINETEEN SIXTEEN

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## *In This Issue*

**A CAMPING TRIP ON METOLIUS RIVER AND LAKE ODELL**

By Carlton L. Pepper of The Dalles

**DIAMOND LAKE—ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF OREGON**

By Joe Skelton of Eugene

**VALUE OF THE GAME REFUGE**

By Overton Dowell, Jr., of Mercer

**A SUCCESSFUL MULE DEER HUNT**

By Nick Leathers of Hardman

**OREGON BIRDS IN MIDWINTER**

By Everett Earle Stannard of Brownsville

**A VERY SUCCESSFUL CASTING TOURNAMENT**

By Walter H. Backus of Portland

**MY FIRST BIG HUNT IN OREGON**

By J. W. Walden of La Grande

**JUST ONE BIG ONE OUT OF CRATER LAKE**

By A. Whisnant of Bend

**THE PASSING OF THE ANTELOPE**

By F. W. Triska of Burns

**STATE HATCHERY AT REED COLLEGE**

By Harry Beal Torrey of Portland

**FISH AND GAME PROPAGATION AND PROTECTION FROM  
A BUSINESS STANDPOINT, OR DOES IT PAY?**

By James Stewart of Moro

**EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT AT STATE FAIR**

**A SUCCESSFUL HUNTING TRIP**

**EDITORIAL COMMENT**





# Are You Interested in Game Breeding?

**C** All those who are interested in breeding and preserving game are requested to communicate with the Game Breeding Department of the Hercules Powder Company.

**C** If you are looking for a market for your birds and eggs; if you are looking for some one from whom you can obtain good breeding stock; if you have land that can be used for a game preserve; if you want to insure good shooting for yourself near home, write to us, and we will try to solve your problem for you.

**C** Our Game Breeding Department is a clearing house for information on raising, marketing and shooting game. Let us assist you in forming a club that will furnish good sport to all members. Our services are free.

**C** If you haven't read our books on Game Farming, write for them today, telling the particular phase of the subject that interests you. We will furnish them without charge.

Game Breeding Department

**HERCULES POWDER CO.**

Chronicle Building  
San Francisco, Cal.



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# THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

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All material for publication should be sent to the Oregon Sportsman, Oregon Building, Fifth and Oak Streets, Portland, Oregon.

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**Notice to Readers of the Sportsman** Stories, experiences and correspondence relating to hunting and fishing, protection and propagation of game birds, animals and fish, are solicited. We are always glad to receive photos that will appeal to sportsmen. The fact that an article or photo does not appear in the next issue must not be construed to mean that it has been thrown aside. It may appear later.

We especially desire secretaries of sportsmen's organizations throughout the state to keep us posted on what their clubs are doing and what is going on in their respective localities.

Subscribers changing their address should notify us promptly, giving the old address as well as the new.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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### SHALL WE INCREASE THE ANGLING LICENSE?

A great number of the angling streams of the State have been whipped by sportsmen to such an extent during the past several years that there is a noticeable decrease in the number of fish caught and in their size this season. The continued encroachments upon the far-away fishing streams by the use of the automobile and the increased interest generally being taken in the sport of angling has placed upon and in the streams ten anglers where a few years ago there was but one. This situation, naturally, has produced a condition which is apparent to every true sportsman and that is the vital necessity of restocking our angling streams from year to year.

The suggestion has been made in many counties that the Fish and Game Commission adopt the policy of closing streams which have been stocked—say for a period of two years, in order to give the young fry which have been liberated an opportunity to grow and multiply. A great many sportsmen have urged this policy to be adopted, and base their support of it from an unselfish point of view. In the final analysis, however, it resolves itself into whether or not the sportsmen themselves desire a continuation of splendid fishing conditions in the State. Experience has proved that the liberation of trout in our angling streams and the keeping open of those streams to angling has not given the best results; in other words, no matter how careful a sportsman may be he is bound to catch a large number of small or under-sized trout, and in strict accordance with the law, he is not permitted to retain these with his catch. The greater per cent of under-sized trout caught and thrown back into the stream, die. It is true that they may be removed from the hook in such a manner as to permit them to live after placed in the water again, but conditions must be just right; they must have been hooked in the right place; they must be carefully removed from the hook and as carefully liberated in the stream. This condition does not present itself once in a dozen times; consequently, thousands of small trout which are hooked when under-sized are killed every week during the angling season.

The suggestion, therefore, that streams which have been restocked be closed for a certain period of time seems to be a proper solution of this situation. In districts or localities where there are but one or two angling streams, the suggestion has been made that only certain

portions thereof; i. e., the natural feeding grounds of the young trout, be closed. The editors of "The Sportsman" would like to obtain an expression of opinion from the sportsmen and their Rod and Gun clubs throughout the State on this proposition of closing streams after restocking. We would like to have a fair, unselfish, unbiased opinion, something from which we can work intelligently and act upon honestly.

The subject of restocking our streams naturally is coupled with the other subject of artificial trout propagation. We have a number of trout hatcheries in the State, all of them doing very good work. For the year 1915, the trout hatcheries turned out approximately seven and one-half million trout fry, which were liberated in the various portions of the State. The figures for this year have not yet been compiled, but they will be somewhere in the same neighborhood as those of last year. The Fish and Game Commission would like to double the number of trout fry liberated next year, believing that the greatest service to the sportsmen of the State can be rendered by a constant restocking of the angling streams. The more trout which are liberated, the better fishing conditions will be, and the true sportsman, as well as he who only goes for an occasional day of fishing, desires to obtain a full basket of fish and the satisfaction that goes with it. But to increase the output of our trout hatcheries requires a corresponding increase in the amount of money spent in this work. While it is true that it will not cost as much to double the output proportionately as it does to take care of the present number hatched, yet it will require a considerable increase in the expenditure of the hatchery department. The Fish and Game Commission has received



correspondence from various portions of the State, advocating an increase in the price of angling licenses of fifty cents, with the proviso that the additional fifty cents be set aside in a fund to be used exclusively in trout hatchery work. The question arises, do the sportsmen of the State think enough of having a larger number of trout fry liberated every year than heretofore to justify them in requesting that the price of the angling license be raised from \$1.00 to \$1.50? Here, again, the editors of "The Sportsman" ask a frank, honest and unselfish opinion from the sportsmen of Oregon and from the organizations to which they belong. Both these questions are of vital interest to anglers and are subjects which should be given careful and sincere reflection. We hope that we may receive many communications from our sportsmen on these two subjects and that we may receive replies as soon as possible.

One thing must be borne in mind and that is the terrific whipping that our angling streams have received in the past several years and the inadequate number of trout which have been liberated to replace the fish which have been taken.





## EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT AT STATE FAIR

This announcement on a small gray card was placed in the center of what proved to be one of the most attractive booths at the State Fair in Salem this year.

No gaudy emblazoned signs caught the eye, but each exhibit had a small white card below it, giving interesting information.

The space was walled on three sides and round about ran a narrow table—one-half of the front end of this table lifted away and allowed close inspection of the specimens when the attendant was present.

The walls were covered with a buff-colored cloth and a thin edging of rose haws added the necessary touch of color.

On the front table were placed synopsis of the Game Laws—a few at a time for free distribution, and about 2,000 were thus disposed of.

On the side tables were copies of the "Oregon Sportsman" (the official publication of the Fish and Game Commission) and various Audubon leaflets of interest to bird lovers, together with a short history of the founder of the bird protection movement, and a few mammals of bird skins of especial interest.

About thirty books on Nature, loaned by the J. K. Gill Co., of Portland, occupied the center table, and many availed themselves of this opportunity to examine them and to learn at first hand what the best books on Nature are, and where they can be obtained.

On the left hand wall were hung study skins of the hawks and owls with the animals, birds, and the insects which serve for their foods, the estimated value or damage of each to the farmer and thus to the state at large was on small explanatory cards.

A series of the insectivorous birds, moles and shrews created a deal of questioning.

On the right wall were hung the game birds and a full series of the smaller birds.



The center wall was covered with original water-color paintings of birds and animals and enlarged photographs of live creatures.

The enlargement series of bear cubs attracted much attention.

Around the top of the booth was a row of mounted ducks and game birds with a fox, bob-cat and martin for corners and center.

The object in view was not to over-label the specimens, but rather to interest the people and lead them to ask questions. The scheme worked almost too well for the attendant had a crowded booth from the opening hour to the closing.

Many interesting expressions were heard, following are some of them: "Now! here's something worth while." "Oh! we must stop here." "Why, I could stay here all day." "Here, we can't miss this." And so on, all day long.

Many children coming first brought their fathers and mothers later on, or the parents brought in the children a second, third and fourth time.

One of the most interesting visitors was a boy of nine years, a lad whose sister reads nature stories to him every night, and he certainly had a fund of knowledge that would shame many older folks—and what he did not know he could ask intelligent questions about. He spent several hours each day in a corner of the booth quietly reading one of the bird books.

Of prime importance was the fact that we have had nothing to sell, but were freely giving and gladly receiving information of the great out-of-door world.

Among the questions asked and answered were the following: "How can I catch the gophers in my lawn?" "What can I do to stop the moles," and "What is it eats the bulbs and roots if the moles do not?" "Why are the pheasants so scarce throughout the Willamette Valley this year?" Many expressing themselves as in favor of a complete closed season on them this year, and even for five years.

"Shall I kill the skunks on my place?" was another and the eternal house cat was discussed and cussed over and over. "How can we attract the small birds?" "Which are our friends among the hawks and owls?" "Which are the best books?" Questions on preserving specimens and taxidermy, and a host of others.

We believe that more lasting good was thus accomplished in a short time among those thousands of people than could have been possible in any other way.

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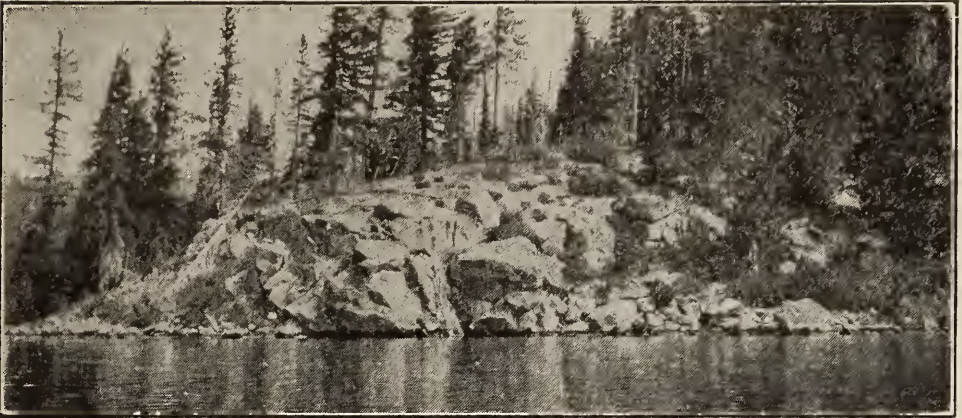
## BIGGEST DEER POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES

From Forest and Stream.

Curry County, Oregon, is the westernmost county in the United States and is one of the wildest and least explored. It is said to have more wild deer than any other county in the nation. Its deer population is estimated at 20,000. Its human population is only 2,628.

In this county is Cape Blanco, the windy headland where this nation reaches farthest towards the sunset. In this county also is Lakeport, once a thriving town, now a ghost city in the wilderness, its good hotel still keeping its appointments intact except for a few minor disarrangements, its register telling the history of the town's sudden rise and fall in its multitudinous entries at first and dwindling till the clerk wrote, with original orthography but with unmistakable meaning, "Not a dam sole."—Alfred Powers.





A Beautiful Spot on Lake Odell.

## A CAMPING TRIP ON THE METOLIUS RIVER AND LAKE ODELL

By CARLTON L. PEPPER.

Judge Knowles puts it mildly when he says in the last issue of the "Sportsman" that he had, for a long time, thought of "inflicting" some of the readers with his experience in hunting big game. His dose of "infliction" can't compare or stand one, two, three with what's going to follow. This "bad spell" will, in its own way, attempt to relate the experience of a party of four young men from The Dalles on a camping trip to the Metolius River and Lake Odell.

First, be it known, that the "party" consisted of Bob Good, generally known as the "Beau brummel" of the aforesaid city (and logically so at that) who, while not fishing, constitutes part of the small change in the First National Bank; Phil Sharp, "the man of the hour" at the Walther-Williams Garage; Billy Pease, another "beau" and right-hand man to his father in the firm of E. C. Pease Company, and the writer, who meekly attends to all the troubles pro and con of the world at large, sometimes known as a barrister.

Long before the time we left we had been planning and fixing for the trip and when we did leave on that beautiful Sunday morning, August 20th, no one would dare deny but that we had enough on board to supply the trenches for weeks. A long list of groceries, ham, bacon, eggs, beans, and then some more beans, and lastly (and let me say here, as we afterwards found out, the most important item of our eats) a goodly supply of pancake flour. Never did anything taste as good as the hot cakes we had every morning. Everyone put his order in the night before. I don't say everyone, as it generally fell to my lot to make the cakes, and naturally I didn't feel so keen about it. But those famous cakes were made with Olympic Flour thinned with an egg in half cup of evaporated milk, then more thinning with water, and when properly turned in the frying pan in the morning, they are bully. Try them on your next trip.

After we left The Dalles on the said beautiful Sunday morning it dawned on us that we had at last got started. We traveled by way of Wasco, Moro, Grass Valley, Shaniko, Antelope to Madras, good roads all the way, where we inquired about the fishing of that good

natured Howell, the owner of one popular garage in Madras, and he informed us that the redsides were biting so well at Vanora, a station on the Oregon Trunk Railway on the Deschutes River about twelve miles northwest of Madras, that he had actually caught some himself. Realizing how good the fishing must be, we immediately started for said point of interest, which we reached about six in the evening. There we found one of the prettiest stretches of fly-water you ever saw. It looked so good that we did not wait to pitch camp before putting up our rods and getting into the stream. We hooked some good ones and when we got back to camp at dark no one (and I mean it, too) ever tasted anything better than did that supper which Phil had prepared while we were fishing. The smell of the campfire and the cooking fish and bacon has the incense of a Turkish Harem beat a mile. Ask those who know.

We spent the next day and night on the Deschutes and left Tuesday morning for Heising's on the Metolius River. Let me say, however, before leaving the subject of the Deschutes River that the spot where we camped, about a mile below the station of Vanora, is one of the spots we still remember. It is there they have their fish-bakes in the spring, and hundreds of redsides are taken out at this time. May and June seem to be the best time for fishing at that place.

On our way to the Metolius we passed through Madras, Metolius, Cove, Grand View and then to the head of the river about eighteen miles northwest of Sisters and about four miles above Heising's place. Some people have tried to describe Heising's place on the Metolius River, but when they have finished about all they have said is "that it is a beautiful place." That has been my experience. Judge Bradshaw, of The Dalles, once tried to tell me. Worse than ever. But



Our Party. From left to right—Rob, Phil, the writer and Billy.

let me say—put Heising's place on your map when you go camping. The river rising as it does from the immediate side of the mountain (on the north side of what is known as Black Butte) is at once a stream thirty or forty feet across. Doubtless it comes from a subterranean reservoir for the water is ice cold where it leaves the ground, in fact but two or three degrees above freezing. The best drinking water you ever tasted. The course of the river takes it through beautiful tall pine trees, free of underbrush, to the Deschutes below. Heising's place is situated about four miles below the head of the river and there it was that we headed our machines. We reached



there about seven in the evening and found Mrs. Heising preparing a venison supper. Did we refuse? Not any more than anyone else who has ever tasted one of her meals. A great many people stop there during the summer and it is becoming well known as one of the favorite spots in Eastern Oregon. They have a house with a number of rooms with half a dozen tents in the yard, all situated among the tall pines, and it is no wonder one can sleep so well after a day's fishing.

We camped for the night and the next day Bob and Billy took a trail on horseback to what is known as Wasco Lake, about nine miles from Heising's and about five or six miles south from Mt. Jefferson. We were told that the lake had been stocked with Eastern Brook trout and that they were biting good. After reaching the lake they started fishing, but after a half-hour's battle—not a skirmish—with some of the fiercest mosquitoes ever known to exist, Billy quit and sought comfort in the blinding fumes of a smudge on the far hillside. Bob hung on till he landed a three-pounder. A beauty of a specie of Eastern trout. They saw great numbers of trout in the lake, mostly big fellows, and doubtless would have filled their baskets in a very short time had they not been overwhelmed with the attack of the aforesaid pests.

While they were at the lake, Phil and I went into the woods after bear. We saw the tracks of two or three in road, made during the night before, but after endeavoring to track them and after spending several hours scouring the nearby woods, we gave it up and returned to camp. Deer and bear are both quite plentiful in the woods back of Heising's, as the tracks we saw would indicate.

We left Heising's the next morning bound for our objective point—Lake Odell. We passed through Sisters and stopped at Bend where we replenished some of our supplies, left there in the afternoon and reached Crescent in the evening where we camped on the Little Deschutes over night. Before leaving for the lake the next morning we stopped at Crescent to get our Evinrude motor which we had shipped by express to that point. This we found exceptionally useful on the lake. It is about nineteen miles from Crescent to the lake, which we reached about ten o'clock. We pitched our camp on the outlet at the southern edge of the lake beneath some beautiful tall firs and prepared to enjoy ourselves on what we consider one of the most attractive spots in all Oregon. Bounded as it is by heavy timber sloping to the water's edge, snow-capped peaks nearby, one mile in width by seven in length, water of a crystal clearness filled with trout, located at an elevation affording the most ideal summer weather for a vacation period, it has deservedly become well known as a great outing resort. Dr. J. A. Reuter, of The Dalles, the surgeon of repute of the Pacific Coast, has a cabin on the lake where he frequently spends a period of several days throughout each season, from early spring till late in the fall.

In my opinion, the keenest sport about the lake is the fly fishing. Some like the trolling. There is an abundance of reddsides and Dolly Vardens, either of which will take the spoon. We caught several trolling, but our greatest catches were made with the fly. Bob and I having the honor of being the fly fishermen of the party, spent our time along the edge of the lake with our flies, while Phil and Billy consumed an alarming amount of gas motoring with the femininity in and about the secluded nooks of the lake. We staid at the lake five days and while there had some excellent fly fishing, nothing exceptionally large, the largest of our catch being about seventeen inches, but all of good average length and very gamey.



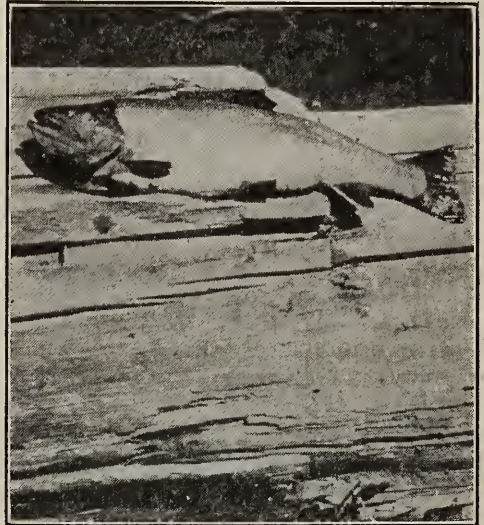
Wednesday morning we decided to go to Crater Lake. We broke camp in the morning and reached the rim of the lake about six in the evening. Just in time to witness a beautiful sunset on the lake. I shall not attempt to describe the wonderful beauties of the lake. It has been depicted by the pen of writers skilled in the art of painting word pictures until it is universally known throughout the world. But there may be some things about it that may be new to some of you who will read this. For instance, we knew nothing about the toll required until we were confronted by a guard at the gate leading into the park. We were there obliged to register and pay two dollars for each car. We learned that this was required in each instance. Upon registering you are presented with a receipt which will permit you to pass out of the park at any of the other gates without further charge. But in the absence of the receipt you will be required to pay for your car, so they are bound to get you coming or going.

Another thing new to us was the size of the park. After leaving the entrance gate, we traveled fourteen miles before we came to the lodge situated in the park. A beautiful rustic building located on the very edge of the lake which we reached over new roads just completed by the government. The U. S. Engineers have a thoroughly equipped camp just below the lodge and are now engaged in building a magnificent road along the rim of the lake the entire distance around it. It will make a wonderful drive when completed.

We passed the snow line while driving from the gate to the lodge where we were seventy-two hundred feet above sea level, and expected to spend a chilly night in the park. But after eating our dinner at the lodge, and enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Tuller for an hour thereafter, and especially the huge fireplace in the big lobby which is higher than a person's head and where we stood in it with our backs to the fire, we drove down about a mile and camped under a grove of firs.

While we were above the snowline, still the night was not cold and we enjoyed our one night in the great park. Arising early the next morning we immediately drove to the lake to view it with the rising sun. A magnificent sight! Were it possible that all might see it.

It seemed fitting that such a morning was destined to become the turning point of our trip. We had already decided to make the lake the point of greatest distance, so after thoroughly enjoying the wonders of the lake and its surroundings, we started for home, which, as we afterwards noted by our speedometers, was a distance of three hundred and five miles. We left the lake Thursday morning, arriving at The Dalles and home Friday evening at six o'clock—bewhiskered, sunburned and tanned but all agreeing upon one thing—that our trip was the most successful undertaken by any of our party. It will bear repeating.



An Eastern Brook Trout. Bob's catch in Wasco Lake, located five or six miles south of Mt. Jefferson and nine miles west of Heising's, on the Metolius River.



## DIAMOND LAKE—ONE OF BEAUTY SPOTS OF OREGON

By JOE SKELTON.

Diamond Lake, which I believe is one of the most beautifully situated lakes I have seen in Oregon, lies in Douglas County about 17 miles straight north of Crater Lake. This lake which has a shore line of probably 12 or 15 miles is surrounded on the south, east and west for the most part by grassy meadows sprinkled with jack-pines, while the north side is steeper and of a more rocky nature. The water of the lake itself is not too cold for swimming and with several small streams emptying into it from the east side and Short and Silent Creeks from the south side, makes this place, except for the fishing, an ideal camping place.

On the south side, 17 miles away, one can see the rim of Crater Lake and Mt. Scott; on the east side, about six miles away, lies Mt. Thielsen or Cowhorn Peak, on the west side lies Old Bailey, a high but well rounded peak, and at the north in the distance Diamond Peak can be seen.

The road in to Diamond Lake, while being far from good, is not nearly as bad as it might be, and seven of us, including Fish and Game Commissioner C. F. Stone, Gus Melhase, William Houston, George Kedtstever, and Wardens H. D. Stout, C. M. Ramsby and myself made the trip in there July 23 in two cars, Mr. Melhase's Reo six and the State car, which carried the camp outfit.

Going up we went by way of Chiloquin and the distance from Klamath Falls to the place where we camped is 87.7 miles and can be made easily in six or seven hours.

I said before that except for the fishing, Diamond Lake would make an ideal camping place. There are no fish in the lake. Last year about 35,000 rainbow trout were planted there by the state and several years ago six or eight thousand were planted, but they have all probably gone down the Umpqua River, which heads in this lake, and a falls about 20 feet high, several hundred yards below the outlet would prevent their returning.

We searched Short Creek and Silent Creek, and Will Houston and I paddled all around the lake in a folding canvas boat and not a fish did we see. While the water of Silent Creek is rather cold the pebbled bottom would make an ideal spawning ground, but a thorough search of



the creeks, lake and outlet satisfied the party that there were no fish in the lake. There seems to be plenty of fish food in the streams and different parts of the lake but rainbow trout will evidently not stay in the lake unless the outlet were screened. Mr. Stone is of the opinion that the lake could be stocked with bass from the Columbia River. If this is done and the bass stay in the lake, Diamond Lake would surely make an ideal place for the sportsman to spend a month in the summer.

While following the course of Silent Creek in the middle of the afternoon we saw two large bucks out in the meadow feeding. They were quite a distance from us, but we could see their horns shining in the sunlight. Our presence did not seem to bother them a great deal as they kept on feeding leisurely, they made a pretty picture, and if the time had been a month later there is no telling what would have happened to them, as the fore finger on the right hand of Mr. Ramsby, who carried the gun, twitched nervously.

We walked around the lake one morning a distance we estimated to be in the neighborhood of 12 miles, and in the afternoon a number of us started out to climb Mt. Thielsen. Mr. Melhase and I started out together but we got off on the wrong ridge and after crawling through brush and clambering over rocks and snowbanks our progress was stopped by a straight drop of—I don't know how many hundreds of feet.

Mr. Stone got nearer the top than any of us and he was only able to get within 20 or 30 feet of the summit on account of the overhanging rocks on the peak. The following account of his climb, as given in the "Evening Herald" after our return, will probably be of interest:



Looking northwest from Diamond Lake toward Mt. Thielsen from Silent Creek Ranger Station.

#### C. F. STONE IS FIRST MAN TO CLIMB COWHORN PEAK

Although the feat has been tried many times, often by experienced mountain climbers, the first man to climb to the top of Mt. Thielsen, or Cowhorn Peak, is State Fish and Game Warden Charles F. Stone. The feat was accomplished a few days ago, and required six hours from the time Commissioner Stone left his camp, at the base of the peak, until he returned.

And Commissioner Stone lacked about twenty feet of reaching the very apex of Mt. Thielsen. He and Henry Stout are going back again, probably this year, and try to reach the topmost point.



"The very apex of Mt. Thielsen is about large enough for two men to stand without crowding each other off," said Mr. Stone this morning. "The last twenty-five feet of the peak is not more than ten feet in diameter, and is smooth except for a few narrow crevices. It is our plan when we go again to drive railroad spikes in these crevices, climb up on them as we drive them, and when we get as far as we can go this way, to throw a rope over the apex. We will have to throw the rope about fifteen or twenty feet, and pull ourselves up by it.

"I have been on nearly every notable peak in the world, except those of the Himalyas, and from none is the sight so enthralling as the one from Mt. Thielsen, even from the point within twenty feet of the very top, where I was. I could see far into Nevada, could see Mt. Shasta and Mt. Lookout, Diamond Peak, Mt. Pitt, Mt. Scott, the Three Sisters, Yamsay and Mt. Bailey, besides many lesser peaks, the names of which I do not know.

"Fish Lake is fifteen miles from Mt. Thielsen, and on the opposite side of the peak from that on which I climbed the peak. By leaning slightly and stretching my neck, I got just a glimpse of Fish Lake, and that only with my left eye. So ticklish was my position and so difficult was it for me to maintain my equilibrium that I didn't take a second glimpse or try to see the lake with both eyes."

I took several pictures of the surrounding country and of the peak from where Mr. Melhase and I were forced to stop. We were back in camp at 6:15 and Mr. Stone came in about one-half hour later. We saw some bear sign on the mountain side and Mr. Stone saw cougar tracks.

The next day we broke camp and going around by Fort Klamath, which is about six miles further than the Chilquin road, we arrived in Klamath Falls with a fine coat of sunburn and dust.

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## BROWNSVILLE HUNTERS GET FINE DEER IN ALSEA

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD.



Three Brownsville hunters, Messrs. Amon, Andrews and Standish, penetrated the Alsea country recently and were successful in bagging two deer. For the benefit of the readers of "The Oregon Sportsman," I have submitted picture of one of the heads. This shows well the three tips on one side and the two on the other. The hunt took place upon the mountain known as "Gravel Ridge"—the date October 4th. In conclusion I may add that one of the party, Mr. Standish, is a member of the flourishing Brownsville Rod and Gun Club. A picture of the club building appeared in the April "Sportsman."

## NOTES FROM THE ROGUE RIVER COUNTRY

By WARDEN ED WALKER.

Deer are increasing in Jackson County each year, although they are much harder to find than they were eight or ten years ago. Only those who hunt each year realize that under the present system of fire patrol deer have better cover and are much harder to find than a few years ago.

My work as a timber cruiser about ten years ago took me to all parts of Jackson County. At that time the timber, especially the pine, had very little underbrush. At the present time it is almost impossible to see over the brush in places even on horseback. The bucks, as every hunter knows, select places where he is least apt to be disturbed, consequently the thickets never get too thick and high for him.

It is surprising how quick deer will learn the places where they are least bothered by the hunters. For example, there is a place on the Big Applegate known as "Slick Rock Gulch," that is so rough and steep that hunters seldom ever venture there. Warden Applegate and myself visited this place and found it chuck full of bucks, while at the same time it was very nearly impossible to "bag one" on the easy hunting grounds adjoining this place.

The hunters in Jackson County have not had the luck up to date that they had in the fore part of the hunting season last year on account of the cool weather high up in the mountains where it has been too cold this summer for the flies that worry the deer, therefore the deer have stayed high up and away from the flies.

The most successful bunch of hunters I have "checked up" this season were Ross Brothers and a party from Central Point, Oregon. There were nine in the party and they had 15 nice buck deer on their wagon to repay them for a ten-days' hunt. This party was camped on the West Fork of Evans' Creek, near the head.

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## WHAT ONE GAME HOG DONE

Charles Doyle states he was hunting ducks on the Mississippi River last week when he saw two men in a launch doing a great amount of shooting, considering only two men were in the boat. The launch afterward landed near by and Doyle went to investigate how these two men could fire so many cartridges in succession. One of the men had an automatic shotgun with about six or seven feet of garden hose attached to it, near the breech of the gun. He said he noticed a small brass cogwheel on the side of the gun's magazine. It was explained to him that the cogwheel moved until all the cartridges were out of the regular magazine, when the mechanism opened the brass framework attached to the hose and the cartridge feeder to the gun. The hose contained a spring, which supplied fifteen additional cartridges to the automatic gun, in the same manner as the regular magazine, after the cartridges in it were discharged. The man claimed he could get every duck in a flock with this gun, which literally filled the air with shot. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



## FACTS ABOUT FISHING IN THE COLUMBIA

By WARDEN JOHN LARSON.

The Columbia River is a great resource for fishing on account of the large catch of fish. There are quite a number of ways in which fishing is carried on in the Columbia River. These are as follows: Trolling, seining, gillnetting, trapping and hook and line.

Trolling is a great sport, as well as a profitable industry. This is carried on the outside of the three-mile limit. This is a method of fishing in which a spoon hook is used by dragging it at the end of a long line behind the boat. This is something like angling. In one evening the catch of fish is from one hundred pounds to half a ton.

In the smaller streams children, as well as grown folks, partake in catching trout and small fish by hook and line. The appliances required to fish are a rod, line, hook and bait. Floats are often used to keep the bait near the surface, and sinkers are used to keep the bait near the bottom of the river. In catching certain fish flies must be used.

Seining is done mostly on the islands in the Columbia River. Sand Island has a large seining ground. Horses are used to draw the nets in the water and when the net is drawn to shore it is generally packed with large and small fish.

Trapping is another interesting way of fishing. A quite a lot of this is done on the Oregon side, as well as the Washington side. This is a very profitable way of fishing. Some fishermen make as much as \$10,000 a season.

Gillnetting is a simple method of fishing. The net is tied to the back part of the boat and drifts with the tide. After drifting a few miles they pick up the net. When all the fish are taken out they lay out again and proceed as before. This is very profitable, as some gillnetters make as much as \$5000.

The Columbia River has the largest catch of fish and also the largest canneries in the United States, and we hope that in the future we may have the largest in the world.

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## EVIDENCE OF OREGON'S SPLENDID SYSTEM OF HATCHERIES

Oakland, Cal., Sept. 7, 1916.

Oregon Fish and Game Commission,  
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find postage stamps for one year's subscription to The Oregon Sportsman, to above address.

During a short visit to and about the Columbia Highway section of your beautiful state, I indulged myself with casting a fly in a wonderful little mountain stream (after securing the necessary passport, of course). My success was gratifying, for I captured some four or five dozen trout, the total of several short trips—all I wanted and enough—and from the fact that among this small number of fish were four different species of the trout family, should be ample evidence of the reliability of your splendid system of hatcheries and restocking of your streams. Sincerely,

H. M. WEATHERBEE.



DUCK HUNTING IN OREGON

By WARDEN JOHN LARSON.

The largest violation of all laws is that which is carried on in Alaska. Men shoot and kill the young ducks and also gather the duck eggs from the breeding places and destroy them. Even the mating ducks are killed, so there is getting less and less each year.

All the Oregon sportsmen should put their shoulders together and try and protect these ducks. They can try and get the Government to protect the breeding places, as well as the birds themselves. If all these birds were protected as they should be they would increase 20 per cent a year, but as it is they are decreasing nearly that much each year.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?

The annual loss to the various crops from insect pests ranges from 10 to 20 per cent. These figures, obtained by the Department of Agriculture in 1904, still stand unchanged and unchallenged.

Natural forests and forest products.....		\$100,000,000
Cereals .....	10 per cent	200,000,000
Hay .....	10 per cent	53,000,000
Cotton .....	10 per cent	60,000,000
Tobacco .....	10 per cent	5,300,000
Truck crops.....	20 per cent	53,000,000
Fruits .....	20 per cent	27,000,000
Sugar .....	10 per cent	5,000,000
Farm forests.....	10 per cent	11,000,000
Miscellaneous crops.....	10 per cent	5,800,000

Total .....\$520,100,000

The birds that the migratory law strives to protect have been the means largely of keeping these figures from growing greater. Likewise the decrease for many years in the numbers of song birds, tree climbers, swallows, shore birds, grouse and quail is a very potent factor in considering the present appalling figures.

Of the birds mentioned the much hunted quail is, perhaps, of most value to the farmer and the fruit grower. The quail remains on the farm from spring to spring; in insect season the quail's diet is made up of them entirely. (Of the 145 species which he has been found to consume are chinchbug, beanleaf beetle, wireworm, cornhill bug, plant lice, cabbage butterfly, squash beetle, etc.) He is active during 16 to 18 hours a day; when the insects are gone he turns his attention to weeds; on his list of weed seeds are 129 varieties, among which are burdock, peppergrass, smartweed, plaintain, beggarticks, black mustard, etc.; 10,000 seeds for one bird in one day is a small portion and much less than the average adult bird requires.

The few shore birds that we boast in this state, mostly kildeer, plover and curlew, feed largely on locusts, grasshoppers and mosquitoes.

Some birds that are of special value in devouring the codling moths, so fearful in their destruction of orchards, are woodpeckers, kingbird, flycatcher, bluebird, bluejay, warblers, robin, chickadee.

Consequently, if we could only impress upon the minds of the public in general the economic value of our birds and the necessity for protecting them in every possible way, we would have increasing numbers of insectivorous birds and a correspondnig decrease of damages to crops.

## HUNTING DEER AND BEAR IN YAMHILL COUNTY

By DEPUTY GAME WARDEN O. B. PARKER.

For the benefit of the readers of "The Oregon Sportsman," I will endeavor to relate the experience of B. A. Johnson, of Corvallis, and Ace McKern, of Yamhill, while on a hunting trip near Fairdale, Yamhill County.

On August 16 Mr. Johnson succeeded in killing a three-point buck and Mr. McKern fired several shots at a large black bear, which he missed, as he claimed his gun was not in good working order; but the boys at camp think it was probably his nerves that were out of condition. On the evening of the 18th they decided to go up on Fairchilds Creek and try to get a bear early the next morning, as there were several using in an old orchard near by. They did not succeed in killing one, but Mr. Johnson killed two fine buck deer, thus making his limit for the season. He left camp and returned home, Mr. McKern deciding to remain and try his luck for a while longer. He went hunting a few days later and was rewarded by killing a buck. The boys around camp were joshing Ace about seeing a bear every time he went hunting, so he told them that he would go out on a real bear hunt and show them that he could kill one. Ike Williams, who thinks he is a great hunter, volunteered to go with him; then Mr. Figgins, who claims to have one of the best bear dogs in the state, told them they could take him along, but he said he very much doubted if Ace could kill a bear if the dog ran one over him. They left camp in fine spirits and went about a mile and a half to an old blackberry patch, where they knew there were some bear using. McKern went upon the ridge and Mr. Williams started the dog in the berry patch, and in a few moments he jumped one. Ace saw a large bear and shot at him. He then went across the canyon to where he was sure Mr. Bruin fell, but he could not find any trace of the bear, so he returned to camp, and in a short time Williams came in. His bear had got away, as it would not tree. The dog would bay it every four or five hundred yards, but by the time he would get there the dog and bear would be gone. Ace told him about shooting a bear, and made up his mind the one he had shot was the one the dog was after, but Ike said he was certain it was not the same bear, and suggested that they go back and see if the dog could not find it. When they arrived at the hunting ground Williams asked him where he was standing when he shot at the bear. Then Mr. McKern pointed over on another ridge about two hundred and fifty yards from where they were. Ike took the dog and went over there, but failed to locate the bear. He then came down into the canyon about fifty yards from where Ace stood when he fired the shot, and the dog found the bear lying under a log, much to their surprise. Instead of being on the ridge across the canyon, as Mr. McKern supposed, he was standing on a large log that lay across it and only about fifty yards from where Mr. McKern was when he did the shooting.

It created a great deal of amusement among the boys at camp that an old hunter like McKern would make such a mistake in the distance, and had a lot of sport joshing him about wearing spectacles when hunting, but Mc. only smiled and consoled himself with the fact that he had killed a big bear and had the best of Williams on that score.

At the present writing fishing is good and the local anglers are reporting good catches in all the streams in this district. Messrs. E. E. Perkins and W. L. Davidson, of this city, on September 1 made a trip up on the headwaters of the Willamina River, and made a catch of one hundred and fifty trout in a little less than four hours. I know of seventeen deer and four bear being killed by the hunters of this district this season.

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## FISHING ON THE BIG NESTUCCA

By G. A. HEINZ, of McMinnville, Oregon.

There are a great many things being said and written about the trout that are caught in the different parts of Oregon. Of course, we seldom hear from the fellow who returns from a trip to the mountains with a poor catch.

About the middle of August I started for the beach, and also had decided to try my luck by stopping over one day, fishing in the Big Nestucca. I reached Blaine about 4 o'clock, pitched camp preparatory for the next day's work. The next morning I left camp at six, accompanied by Mr. Wilson. We walked about four miles up toward headwaters of the river before beginning to fish. There apparently were plenty of fish in the river, as we had no difficulty in making a fairly good catch. By three o'clock we had our baskets well filled with 66 trout, ranging from 7 to 16 inches in length.

Though this is a long trip in one day, I considered ourselves well paid for our day's work, for we surely had a good day's sport. These fish were nearly all caught with the fly, Queen of the Waters.

This stream is one of our best streams for casting a fly. I found it a little difficult in getting along the stream; you are compelled to wade in order to get the best fishing. Also the bed of the stream is covered with large rock, making it difficult and dangerous traveling. I would advise any going to this stream not to go alone, as it is quite dangerous and chances are a person might have an accident.

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## VALUE OF THE GAME REFUGE

By OVERTON DOWELL, JR., Mercer, Oregon.

At the 1913 session of the Legislature a law was passed establishing six large game reservations, in different sections of the state, Grass Mountain Reservation being one of these. It is situated in the western part of Lane County, and is the only state refuge west of the Coast Range. It was created primarily for the purpose of protecting a small herd of elk that ranged in that section of the state.

This reservation contains 54 square miles, or approximately 34,560 acres, very little of this being deeded land. The western boundary is about two and one-half miles from the ocean. Within the boundaries are several peaks ranging in elevation from 2200 to 2500 feet.

The United States Forest Service has built a good horse trail through the reservation, beginning at Mercer Lake, near Florence, running north to the Alsea River; there are several other forest trails leading from this.

The principal game animals found here are the elk, deer and black bear. Since the creation of the refuge there has been a steady increase in the elk herd found here. The forest rangers and guards



in their respective districts have done a great deal toward protecting the elk in both Lane and Lincoln Counties.

I entered the service of the Game Department four years ago. During this time I have visited practically all the districts in which elk range, in both western Lincoln and Lane Counties and parts of Douglas, and have had a good chance to notice conditions of the elk. With the exception of one or two localities, the elk are on the increase. One herd, by actual count, in the spring of 1912, contained 18 elk. Today this herd, by actual count, has increased to 37 head, with a nice bunch of calves.

An old settler told me that not many years ago this herd consisted of three elk, a cow, a yearling and a calf. At one time he found them in a canyon not seventy-five yards distant. He said he hesitated quite a while before deciding not to kill this last little bunch of elk. Fifteen years before elk were quite numerous there. Thus we see how easily this entire herd could have been exterminated.

The elk naturally is not a timid animal, as is usually supposed. I once approached within fifty feet of three elk feeding in the tall salal. They did not notice me until they scented me; then they ran only about one hundred feet and stopped. Later, the same day, I walked in the open within one hundred feet of twenty-five elk; one old cow started for me, striking the ground with her fore feet. I lost no time climbing a nearby fir tree, but soon the whole herd bolted for the timber.

Where elk have been molested by man or dogs, they will not venture far from the cover of tall timber. The elk in the Coast Range feed principally on salal, wild pea vine and vetch. During the early spring and summer they are found feeding in the open range on the wild vetch. Upon the approach of early storms they will seek the heavy timber and underbrush, occasionally coming out in the open for a short period. Their feeding habits somewhat resemble those of Angora goats. If possible they will bed for the night near water, out on some open ridge. They often feed by moonlight, coming out of the timber near sunset and feeding most of the night and lying down toward morning. I have often seen them coming out of the young alders soon after sunrise, feeding on the hillsides toward noon, then entering the alders for the rest of the day. I have noticed the young calves by the first of May. Before the young are born, the female leaves the main herd, sometimes taking her yearling with her. In about two weeks she returns to the herd with her young. I have never noticed but one calf with a cow elk, with one exception, during the spring of 1913, I found a cow with two calves. In the following September, in the same herd, my brother saw a cow with two calves, undoubtedly the same ones. Of course, there is a possibility that the mother had adopted an orphan calf. I have made many inquiries, but aside from this case I have never heard of any one seeing two calves with an elk cow.

Cougars, no doubt, kill some calves every year, though only once have I found where one had been killed. Cougars are not now very numerous in this section of country. Not long ago I saw the carcass of an elk that had been killed about two months before. The horns and tusks had been taken away, but conditions looked as though no meat had been removed. Evidently the elk had been killed for the tusks alone. Since this noble animal has been so nearly exterminated from our state, surely no true sportsman could have committed such an act! The law is not too severe for such violations.

## LATE NESTING OF CHINESE PHEASANTS

Deputy Game Warden O. B. Parker, of McMinnville, reports that Mr. J. B. Shelton, who is a section hand along the railroad, found two Chinese pheasants' nests on October 1; one contained 12 eggs and the other 13 eggs. Both sets of eggs were hatched out between October 6 and 10, with the exception of one egg in each nest which did not hatch.

These records are exceedingly late for the nesting of Chinese pheasants. The first and perhaps the second broods of these hens were destroyed by the rains, which likely accounts for the very late nesting.

Mr. Shelton reports that along the six-mile right of way which he had charge of he found thirteen different nests of the Chinese pheasants during the past season.

Pheasants seem to have done better in the vicinity of McMinnville and surrounding country than in some other sections of the state. Mr. Parker reports that about twenty-five sportsmen around McMinnville got the limit the opening day.

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## GAME CONDITIONS IN MALHEUR COUNTY

By WARDEN H. L. GRAY.

Replying to your recent request for an article covering game conditions in Malheur County, I will endeavor briefly to quote a few interesting facts in connection with this great country which I have just begun to educate myself to.

Malheur County differs from Washington County, where I was previously located, in many ways. First, it is nearly ten times the size, combining an area of 9883 square miles, and is the second largest county in the state, and is a country having the grandest and finest possibilities for the preservation, propagation and protection of game and fish of any place in Oregon.

The game in Malheur County consists of the following: Deer and antelope, wild ducks, geese, brant and swan, blue grouse, sagehen, turtledoves, which are all natives of the country, the Chinese pheasant and the bobwhite quail having been propagated. Both the two latter are doing well and thriving.

The finny tribe in Malheur River and its tributaries consist of mountain trout, steelhead and Chinook salmon, both of which run in the early spring. Bass and sturgeon can also be found in plentiful quantities in the Snake River.

On my arrival here, I found an organization of sportsmen and local citizens who have organized themselves into the "Southeastern Oregon Association for the Propagation and Protection of Fish and Game." The members of this association were ready and eager to assist the new game warden in every way possible, and I have found their assistance very valuable, as they have made special trips with me and we have gone over nearly two-thirds the entire county already.

The two most important matters to be looked after in this county are the wild ducks and the salmon run. The Snake River, for two hundred miles bordering on Malheur County, is one vast breeding



ground for water fowl of every description. In many of the sloughs and small lakes the water is almost black with ducklings of every size. This, you will realize, means plenty of shooting for the hunters of not only Malheur County, but also for Multnomah and other valley counties. This also accounts, in a manner, for many of the ducks that fly up and down the Columbia River in the fall and winter.

Another line of work that certainly is due in this locality is enforcing the law of screening the irrigation ditches along the Malheur River. There are a hundred or better of these, and the cost will run into many hundreds of dollars. The sportsmen are all willing to lend their aid in this work for co-operation with the ditch owners, for they realize what it means to the salmon industry.

It can readily be seen from the work that is being contemplated in this country that Malheur County is only a big infant to what it will be in the near future. The Warm Springs reservoir, which will be constructed at once after the bonds for it are sold next month, will be big enough to store water for some 25,000 acres of farm land that is now in sage brush, increasing the grain fields for the Chinese pheasants, and making a lake for breeding purposes which will be, if properly cared for, second only to the Malheur Lake.

I have had but little trouble to the present date in enforcing the Federal law, as the sportsmen of the county seem willing and eager to assist me in every way possible to do the work.

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## SUCCESSFUL MULE DEER HUNT

By NICK LEATHERS, Hardman, Oregon.

Having considerable spare time, the standing invitation of the Blue Mountains in the distance for a big game hunt was too much for me. So, oiling up my reliable 30-30, packing a few provisions, and calling my dog was the work of a few minutes and I was on my way. Heading due south, I arrived at Pine Ridge, about 20 miles from Hardman. As this locality had been very lucky for me in many a past hunt, I concluded to make my camp for the night. A rough, mountainous country, with considerable timber, it is a favorite rendezvous for the deer and the bear. After eating a hearty supper, making my bed of pine boughs, I laid down for a good rest, with the alluring thoughts of the big hunt in the morning. Several times during the night I was awakened by my dog, who seemed very restless, rushing to and from the fire with the hair along his back raised, growling and barking savagely. I knew from past experiences that some wild animal was in our neighborhood. The next morning, leaving the dog to guard camp, and taking my rifle, I set out for the top of a neighboring ridge, sparsely covered with underbrush. Arriving at the top, I picked out a position that enabled me to get a good view of the country, lit my pipe and waited for developments. I lounged about till 5 in the evening, and as nothing of importance had been sighted, I set out for camp. I had not gone far when I heard the sound of a heavy footfall. Stepping into the brush, I carefully looked around, and standing about twenty yards from me was the finest specimen of a bear that I had ever seen. The bear saw my first movement as I raised my rifle and quickly plunged into the brush. He finally reappeared in the open at a distance of a hundred and twenty-five yards. I hastily took aim and fired, hitting him just back of the shoulder. He turned two complete somersaults, gained his feet and started running. With the next shot I broke his back and brought



him down for keeps. Even then he tried desperately to make his getaway, biting himself savagely as if furious that his legs should refuse to give him aid.

After dressing him with a small pocket penknife, as I had left my hunting knife at camp, I set out for some nearby residents to borrow a horse with which to bring in my prize. Returning to the scene of my killing, I was confronted with the task of loading Mr. Bruin, a job which was by no means easy, as the bear was of such a size that standing upright alongside the pony its elbows lay over the horse's back. Dressing three hundred pounds, it proved to be a heavy burden, but we finally made our way to camp without mishap.

The next morning, feeling so well over the previous day's hunt, I concluded to try and bag a deer. So, starting in the direction of Brown's Prairie, I soon came across the trail of a large buck. I followed it for about three miles and finally trailed him to his bedding place. He heard me approach and, leaping out of the brush, started across a little open space. I killed him the first shot and he also proved a fine specimen, a six-point mule buck deer.

I have since this fortunate hunt bagged another six-point mule-deer, and as I have but one more tag to attach, I hope to hang it on another prize animal. Some people buy their hunting licenses just to hunt, but I get mine to tie on deer. Hunting may be fine sport, but without the result it is tasteless for me. There seems to be an abundance of game in the mountains this year, and I attribute it mostly to game protection. I am heartily in favor of game protection and in sympathy with the strict enforcement of all game laws, as it means the only salvation of the finest sport in the world.

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## IN CAMP

Only a man in a forest green,  
Only a match that was dropped unseen,  
Only a flame, some leaves and wood,  
Only a waste where the forest stood.

—George D. Pratt.

\* \* \*

It is not all of fishing just to fish;  
The game bag tells not of the hunter's sport.  
The poacher in mere numbers may delight;  
The sportsman's joy is quite another sort.

\* \* \*

Sportsman—"Good, you got him."

Amateur—"Yes, but I just wasted my ammunition; the fall would have killed him anyway."

\* \* \*

"Jesus saith unto him (Peter) \* \* \* go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish."—Matthew 17-27.

\* \* \*

Your grandfather hunted elk and buffalo until there were none.  
Your father hunted antelope and mountain sheep until there were none.

You are hunting deer. There still are some.  
What do you want your sons to hunt—rabbits?

## OREGON BIRDS IN MIDWINTER

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD, *Brownsville, Oregon.*

The air is bitter chill tonight,  
And early will the dark come down;  
At four o'clock the little light  
Fades fast on hills about the town.  
Outside my window, flitting there,  
Are flocks of hungry winter birds;  
Their bits of song and cheery words  
Float in upon the frosty air.

Beside my double window here  
Is built the crumb-board. Yonder lies  
The garden weeds of yester-year—  
Seeds hidden there that all birds prize.  
The evergreen so near at hand,  
Provides a thick and certain shelter;  
When sudden dark storms strike the land,  
The birds make thither, helter-skelter.

Is it not good to contemplate  
This peaceful scene? The towhee there  
Anxiously calls his pink-eyed mate.  
The dusky sparrow finds his share  
Of leaves to rustle. Juncos utter  
Their tiny notes, their sharps, their trebles,  
While English sparrows rise and flutter  
Into the hedge-row—boisterous rebels!

That band of winter revelers,  
All midge-like in the high trees dancing,  
Blithe lispings woodland worshippers,  
Gay bits of color, gleaming, glancing—  
Brown creeper and smart chickadee,  
And kinglet, piping notes ecstatic,  
They hasten by, gone is their glee,  
And curious frolic acrobatic.

The silence lingers when they go.  
I set the evening lamp alight;  
And in the vines outside, I know,  
Full many a bird is housed tonight.  
Now has the daylight flickered out,  
Safe in the fir my winter birds;  
A few small twitters—good-night words,  
And peace has lapped the world about.

## DEER INCREASING IN EASTERN OREGON

By WARDEN ROBT. H. YOUNG.

That the deer are increasing in Eastern Oregon is evident by the remarkable kills that some of our sportsmen have made in Morrow and Gilliam Counties this year. It is imposible for me to give the exact number of bucks that were killed, but from the reports there were more killed this year than last, and several hunters made use of their tags. Mr. Oscar Maley, of Condon, got the limit of big buck in one hunt.

Dr. A. D. McMurdo, of Heppner, tells a fine story of seeing several bands of deer—not several deer, but several bunches and several deer to the band. This was in the Greenhorn Mountains not a great distance from the Grant County line. He succeeded in bagging one buck.

In another article in this issue Mr. N. A. Leathers, of Hardman, tells of his remarkable kill of two big six-prong mule buck deer and one bear. Mr. Leathers says: "I have lived in Morrow County for the past thirty years, and have never missed a season hunting big game. I know every section of the deer range in the Blue Mountains, and I firmly believe there are more deer and better hunting this year than there has been for several years. I believe the deer are increasing and am in hearty sympathy with the enforcing of the game laws."

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## A VERY SUCCESSFUL CASTING TOURNAMENT

By WALTER H. BACKUS, Portland.

The Northwest Championship Casting Tournament was held at Laurelhurst Lake, Portland, Ore., on August 24 and 25, and was easily the most successful casting tournament which has ever been held in this vicinity. Over thirty casters took part on the program, and there were almost twenty entries in each event. The Tacoma Fly and Bait Casting Club sent down a delegation of five members, who made a very good showing, particularly in the bait casting events.

The program opened with the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -ounce distance bait casting, each man to make five casts and the best average to win. This event was won by W. Cornell, whose average was 128 feet. W. C. Block came second with an average of 123 feet, and J. C. Myers third with 107 feet. Dr. McFarland, who was sure of second place in this event, unfortunately put one cast out of bounds, and this unfortunate slip dropped him to fourth place.

The next event on the program was the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -ounce accuracy bait casting, targets ranging from 60 to 80 feet from the platform. This event was won by Mr. W. J. Bailey, of Tacoma, who had only 18 demerits, giving him a score of 98.2 per cent. Dr. McFarland was second with 20 demerits and a score of 98 per cent. W. M. Umbdenstock was third with 21 demerits. Mr. Bailey has won this event for the second time, as he was the winner of the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -ounce accuracy at Tacoma a year ago.

These two events concluded the morning program, and the contestants adjourned to a lunch served in the open by the wives of some of our local members.

The first event in the afternoon was the accuracy fly, which was very closely contested, as John Drennan and W. F. Backus ran a very close race, only one demerit separating the two men. Backus had a score of 6 demerits and Drennan a score of 7 demerits. N. C. Thorne, with 11 demerits, finished third. In this event the 30-inch rings were placed 45, 50 and 55 feet from the platform.

The last event of the first day's program, distance fly casting with unlimited rods, resulted in another very close match, as W. Cornell and W. F. Backus tied with 106 feet, with J. C. Myers third with 102 feet. In casting off the tie Backus won first place by casting 103 feet. Both first score men in this event used  $5\frac{3}{4}$ -ounce light tackle rods.



The second day's program began with ¼-ounce distance bait casting. Cornell again proved his ability as a consistent caster by making the average of 154 feet, which took first place. Dr. McFarland was second with 146 feet, and A. E. Burghduff third with 145 feet. Over fifteen casters took part in this event, and the greater portion of them averaged well over 100 feet.

The next event was the ½-ounce slam. Each man made five casts and the best single cast was to determine the winner. Dr. E. C. McFarland and W. F. Backus tied with 171 feet. In casting off the tie they still hung close together, as Backus made 164 feet and Dr. McFarland 163 feet 10 inches. C. R. Werner took third place in this event with 165 feet.

The ½-ounce accuracy event was won by the same man who took the honors a year ago, W. C. Block, and he won the event with exactly the same score, 10 demerits. C. R. Werner, of Tacoma, was second with 15 demerits, W. Cornell third with 16 demerits, and Dr. McFarland fourth with 19 demerits. This event brought out the longest entry list of the entire program, and shows how popular bait casting has become with the local anglers.

After luncheon the casters gave their attention to light tackle dry fly accuracy, one of the most attractive events on the entire program. In this event J. C. Myers came through with flying colors, making a score of only 8 demerits, giving him a percentage of 99.7-15. W. F. Backus was second with 11 demerits, and John Drennan third with 12 demerits. In this event the 30-inch rings ranged from 20 to 50 feet from the platform.

The closing event on the program, distance fly light tackle, was very hotly contested, as a great many anglers had set their hearts on winning this particular event. The event was cast under rather unfavorable conditions, as the afternoon was extremely hot and with not a bit of wind stirring. In view of this fact, the scores, while not high, must be considered very good. W. Cornell won the event with a cast of 99 feet, while Backus and Myers tied for second with 98 feet. Dick Carlon was fourth with 95 feet. In casting off the tie for second Backus made 101 feet.

A special prize had been donated by the Anglers' Club for the best all-around score. This prize was won by W. Cornell with 31 points, and the race for this prize was not determined until the very last event.

At the conclusion of the program a dinner was held at the Imperial Hotel, where prizes were awarded. During the evening the Pacific Northwest Association of Angling Clubs was formed, with the idea of encouraging tournament casting in all parts of the Northwest.

In all probability the Northwest tournament will be held at Seattle next year, and it is hoped to have a great many new clubs represented at that time.

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## A TRUE SPORTSMAN

Will never shoot a game bird except on the wing.

Will never violate the spirit or letter of the law.

Will never take more game or fish than he has use for.

Will never impose upon or be insolent to land owners.

Will never kill the last game bird in the covey.

Will never shoot or kill any birds other than game birds.

Will never forget that game laws are intended to improve and increase sport and not to prevent or restrict it.

## MALHEUR LAKE BIRD RESERVATION SHOULD BE SAVED

*From American Field.*

T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, has just returned from a visit to Malheur Lake, Oregon, which has long been known as one of the most important breeding places for wild birds in this country. He reports that an attempt is being made to secure from the United States Government the title of this land for the purpose of draining the lake, for the benefit of a few persons.

This action is unwise economically, because it substitutes for a certainty of valuable birds the uncertainty of agricultural products on alkaline soil, by nature unadapted for agricultural purposes. It carries with it, too, a subversion of public rights. These breeding places, relatively few in number, require peculiar conditions which cannot be readily duplicated. It means diminishing by so much the annual crop of wild birds on this continent. It means exploitation of a public asset for private gain. It should meet the opposition, not alone of the sportsmen and the persons who have the right to see birds under their natural conditions, but should as well meet the condemnation of the agricultural press in all sections of the country.

It is difficult to believe that the people of the State of Oregon will permit such an important state asset to be destroyed, for Malheur Lake in its original and natural conditions should be one of the most important natural features of the state, and as such should be protected as it exists today. Through the efforts of the Audubon Association, Lake Malheur was made a United States bird reservation on August 18, 1908, and has since that time been guarded under the care of the Federal Government.

Certain interested persons in Oregon have now made application to the Government to declare the lake to be "swamp lands suitable for agricultural purposes," and thereby invalidate the Government's title to the land. Herein appears the weak point in all the Federal legislation relative to the setting aside of bird and game reservations, particularly in the case of birds. The mere fact that land can be made suitable (at any price) for agricultural purposes should not exclude the possibility of retaining that land as a place for producing birds, if the annual crop of birds is of more value than the agricultural products.

The National Association of Conservation Commissioners will support the Audubon Association in its effort to prevent the destruction of this bird reservation by draining and exploitation of this land.

GEORGE W. FIELD,  
President N. A. C. C.

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## HUNGARIAN PHEASANTS IN UMATILLA COUNTY

By M. D. ORANGE, of Pilot Rock, Oregon.

Our deputy game warden, Mr. Tonkin, has asked me to write about the game conditions of this section for "The Oregon Sportsman."

There seems to be about the average number of deer, although not many are being killed. Seems that the hunters haven't gotten their "hunting eye" up to date and are making more misses than common, considering that most of them are old-timers.

The absence this year of huckleberries accounts for the bear being seen in the more open places. Nearly every hunter reports seeing bear.

I want to mak special mention to the hunters of the birds called Hungarian pheasants. These birds were liberated here three years ago on the game refuge three miles from Pilot Rock and nested the next year. Now, however, they have all gone to the foothills and mountains and seem to be adopting the habits of the grouse. Without doubt these birds are better for this country than the Chinese pheasant, inasmuch as they are seeking the uplands and protection of the timber. Hunters must be very careful and not make the mistake of shooting them for the native pheasants. The Hungarian pheasant when it first rises on the wing makes a peculiar sharp noise which can be instantly recognized. When he gets well on his flight this noise ceases and unless the hunter sees the bird rise there is danger of making an innocent mistake and shooting a protected game bird. These birds are becoming very numerous. Hunters report seeing flocks wherever they go. There is no doubt that they will eventually spread over the whole country. I am of the opinion that they are far better than the Eastern quail, or any other species of game bird that has ever been liberated here. People should be encouraged in their propagation.

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## THE "CHINA" PHEASANTS

By WARDEN JOHN LARSON.

China pheasants are of great abundance in Clatsop County on account of the two years of closed season. This has helped in many ways. First, it helps increase; the pheasants breed in certain places, thus causing a larger popularity of this feathered tribe. Second, they spread more rapidly. When the China pheasants are old enough to look out for themselves they generally fly away to a different locality, and when old enough they breed in entirely different breeding places.

The season has been closed for two years, and if it is closed for two more years there will be a large variety in Clatsop County, as well as in other places.

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## ENJOYING THE FEELING OF FULLNESS

By WARDEN W. O. HADLEY.

Earnest Cramer, H. S. Soule and Earnest Kuebler, three sportsmen of The Dalles, while hunting on the North Fork of Mill Creek, on the east side of Bald Butte, on September 3, killed a very large rattlesnake which had just swallowed a cottontail rabbit whole and was lying out in the open enjoying the feeling of fullness experienced after a good meal. They cut the snake open and found that part of the hair on the rabbit was dry and that he had been swallowed head first. Part of the rattlers had been broken off, but the reptile still had twelve left, which evidently were enough to charm bunny.

S. M. Dick, a Hood River fisherman, hooked a fine steelhead on September 17. Mr. Dick was fly fishing with a single gut leader and No. 8 hook, and it took him two and one-fourth hours to land the fish, which measured 30 inches and weighed 9½ pounds.



## KEEP FISHIN'!

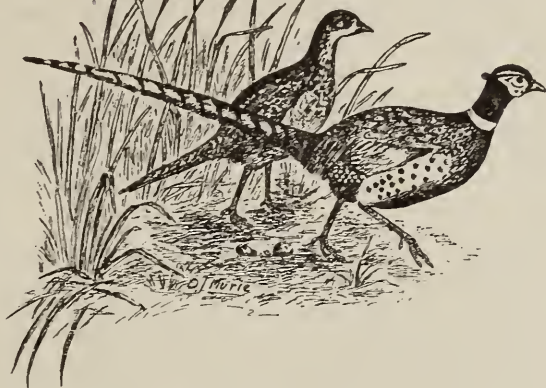
Hi Somers was the durndest cuss  
Fer catchin' fish—he sure was great!  
He never used to make a fuss  
About the kind of pole er bait,  
Er weather, neither; he'd just say,  
"I got to ketch a mess today."  
An' toward the creek you'd see him slide,  
A-whistlin' soft an' walkin' wide.  
I says one day to Hi, says I,  
"How do you always ketch 'em, Hi?"  
He gave his bait another switch in,  
An' chucklin' says, "I jest keep fishin'."  
Hi took to readin' law at night,  
An' pretty soon, the first we knowed,  
He had a lawsuit, won his fight,  
An' was a lawyer! I'll be blowed!  
He knowed more law than Squire McKnab!  
An' though he had no "gift of gab"  
To brag about, somehow he made  
A sober sort of talk that played  
The mischief with the other side.  
One day, when some one asked if Hi'd  
Explain how he got in condishion,  
An' chucklin' says, "I jest keep fishin'."  
Well, Hi is Gov'nor Somers now;  
A big man round the state, you bet—  
To me the same old Hi, somehow;  
The same old champeen fisher, yet.  
It wasn't so much the bait er pole,  
It wasn't so much the fishin' hole,  
That won fer Hi his big success;  
'Twas jest his fishin' on, I guess;  
A cheerful, steady, hopeful kind  
Of keepin' at it—don't you mind?  
And that is why I can't help wishin'  
That more of us would jest keep fishin'.

—Chicago News.



# ITEMS <sup>OF</sup> INTEREST

## TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



Deputy Game Warden Mitchell reports that the elk in the Billy Meadows pasture in Wallowa county are doing fine, with an increase of about thirty calves this year.

Mr. A. A. Wenzel, a well known Eastern Oregon sportsman and business man, who recently disposed of his interests in Oregon to engage in business in Wisconsin, was a caller on The Sportsman this month while en route to his new home in the East. Mr. Wenzel, as secretary of the Wing, Fin and Fleetwood club of La Grande, did much enthusiastic work in game protection and propagation in Eastern Oregon while he was a resident there. He will be missed from the councils of the game enthusiasts in that section of the state.

Seventeen states now limit the killing of deer to males. Most of the Southern states are included among those affording this protection. Four Canadian provinces also limit the killing of deer to males.

Weight of trout by length: 9 in. trout,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound;  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound; 13 in.,  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound; 14 in., 1 pound; 15 in.,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pounds; 16 in.,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  pounds; 17 in.,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  pounds; 18 in.,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pounds; 19 in., 3 pounds; 20 in.,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds; 21 in., 4 pounds; 22 in.,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  pounds;  $22\frac{1}{2}$  in.,  $5\frac{1}{8}$  pounds;  $23\frac{1}{2}$  in., 6 pounds;  $24\frac{1}{2}$  in., 7 pounds.

The game warden service constitutes the foundation and framework of the whole structure of game law administration. Without it the whole edifice falls to the ground. The game laws may be ever so wisely and scientifically drawn; they may be ever so comprehensive and complete; but without an adequate, efficient, alert, and honest warden service they will inevitably fail of their purpose.

E. S. Catron, District Inspector, Migratory Bird Law, requests persons interested in the protection of birds to report to him all cases of violation of the Migratory Bird Law that may come to their notice and to call upon him when he can be of any assistance in the investigation of any particular cases.

Henry O'Malley, former field superintendent in charge of Pacific Coast operations for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, has been appointed Chief of the Division of Fish Culture, made vacant by the recent death of Robert S. Johnson. Mr. O'Malley is one of the most efficient men in the Federal fisheries service and has risen through all the grades of the service.

David Warren, a Umatilla County homesteader, was arrested recently on the charge of killing an elk in Oregon and taking the meat to Walla Walla, Washington, where some of it was sold. He plead guilty to the charge and was fined \$200 and costs. Warren was caught after the wardens had followed him on horseback for 40 miles through the Blue Mountains, tracking him through the snow.

If you kill or capture a wild duck bearing an aluminum band around one leg, having a number on one side and on the other a statement requesting that the United States Department of Agriculture or the Biological Survey be notified, you are requested to send this band at once to the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. This band, if accompanied by a statement as to date, place and circumstances under which the bird was taken, will be of service to the department in its efforts to determine the longevity of individual ducks and the routes of migration of the species. The bands have been attached to considerable numbers of wild ducks of several species which have been cured of the duck sickness prevalent around Great Salt Lake, Utah, and there released. The department is particularly anxious to secure reports from these birds to determine their complete recovery from this malady, which has killed hundreds of thousands of ducks in Utah.

Deputy Game Warden Jas. Stewart, of Moro, writes the "Sportsman" that W. G. McDonald, of McDonald's Ferry, returned some time ago from a trip to Grant County on a deer hunt. While in that county, Mr. McDonald killed a five-point buck on the south fork of the John Day River which he says was the biggest and fattest deer he ever saw. Three strong men could hardly lift the animal and they estimated that it weighed at least 350 pounds.

Victor Rath, of Mercer, Oregon, is exhibiting the skin with horns attached of a female deer killed October 1st in the Coast Mountains near Mercer. The horns are small in size and are two-point, while the color of the hair is rather light for a deer killed at that season of the year.

A large mass of petrified fish eggs, probably thousands of years old, have been found in Klamath County. It is believed the eggs are salmon spawn.

A record for marksmanship that will probably stand for some time was made recently when D. W. Anderson, of Olene, a pioneer settler in that section of Oregon, shot a running coyote at 240 yards with a rifle. Mr. Anderson, known among the settlers as "Stick" Anderson, because he can find water with a stick, is now in his 84th year, but is hale and hearty and loves to shoot a rifle as well as in his younger days.

Jesse Goffe, formerly of Dale, Oregon, recently plead guilty to the charge of using explosives to take fish from the North Fork of the John Day River, and was fined \$200 and given 30 days in jail.

China pheasants come high in the closed season in Umatilla County. Harley Yetter was fined \$250 and lost his gun and hunting privileges besides the "sport" of breaking the law and shooting one lone Chinese pheasant.

Chas. D. Alexander, proprietor of the Linn Ringneck Game Farm in Linn County, filled an order from the Ohio State Fish and Game Commission this fall for 150 pairs of Chinese pheasants, which were turned loose in Ohio by the commission in an effort to get this famous Oregon game bird started there.



Mrs. William Vincent, attracted by the barking of the family dog and puzzled by its peculiar actions, followed the animal and found the dead body of her husband, who had accidentally shot himself while out hunting. The circumstances indicated that the unfortunate man had intended lighting his pipe and in doing so probably let the gun slip to the ground. The freshly filled pipe was found near by. Both barrels were exploded, the charge of shot taking effect in his right breast.

Curry County officials have adopted a new scheme of dealing with men convicted of game law violations and recently sentenced to hard labor on the roads two men who were unable to pay their fines in cash. The two men were fined \$100 each.

Protection is extended by the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, recently ratified by the United States Senate, to 1022 species and subspecies of the most valuable and interesting migratory birds of North America. The compact, though entered into with Great Britain as a formality, affects Canada only, and it has been noted that it is the most important step ever taken for the protection of birds that has ever been taken by any country. The treaty was initiated by Senator McLean, of Connecticut, more than two years ago, but after the preliminaries had been disposed of and it had been signed by Secretary Lansing and the British Ambassador, it was quickly disposed of, only thirteen days intervening between its signature and its formal ratification.

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## WASHINGTON COUNTY GAME NOTES

By WARDEN GEO. W. RUSSELL.

While talking with a hunter by the name of Obye, a short time ago, on the middle fork of the Trask River, I learned that Obye and some other hunters, while hunting in the same locality during the fall of 1915, killed a buck deer that, upon examination proved to be diseased. This deer was literally covered with sores. There were even sores in its mouth, evidently caused by licking the sores on its body, and its legs were swollen to its hoofs. The deer was so badly diseased that the hunters were forced to leave all of it in the woods, as there was no portion of it for food.

Fifteen deer have been killed in this locality since the season opened. Earl Buxton, Harry Giltner and two other hunters from Forest Grove, killed three deer and a bear during the first three days of the open season.

During the past week about 30,000 fish have been liberated by the Fish and Game Commission in Dairy Creek, on application of the Hillsboro Rod and Gun Club. These fish were taken from the feeding pond on Gales Creek and placed in Dairy Creek with the total loss of nine fish. They were Eastern Brook and Rainbow trout and averaged about three and a half inches in length.

The residents and property owners on Gales Creek expect soon to present a petition to the Fish and Game Commission asking them to close Clear Creek and Iler Creek for a period of two years, in order to give the fish that are released from the feeding pond a chance to attain some size before allowing them to be fished for. These streams are both tributary to Gales Creek.

A certain Oregon game warden took a trip into the mountains to look things over and rode up to the cabin of a homesteader. After passing the time of the day, asked if game was plentiful in those parts. The old settler told him that he simply lived off grouse and deer. The warden asked the homesteader if he knew he was talking to a game warden, and asked who he was, to which the old man replied: "I am the biggest liar in Oregon."

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## MY FIRST BIG HUNT IN OREGON

By DEPUTY WARDEN J. W. WALDEN.

I came to Oregon in 1886, and if I remember rightly it was in October of the same year that I took a trip over in the Wallowa county with a friend. We went back on what was then called Howard Meadow, reaching there on a Thursday, about 1 p. m. We camped in a log cabin which had been built by some former hunter or trapper. Everything was up to date; in one corner was a bed made of slender poles with a mattress of fragrant fir boughs; at the other end was a fireplace, while in the center of the room stood a roughly hewn table made of a tamarac tree, and the regular hunter style of chair, namely—a couple of cracker boxes.

After we had unpacked, we proceeded to get something to eat, after which we washed our dishes in hunter's style by turning them bottom-side up on the table. Then we got our trusty guns and knives and started out to rustle some game, and about two miles north we found deer, bear and elk track in plenty. This was the first time I had ever been in a bear country, and I felt somewhat nervous, but I soon realized that I was not the only one who felt afraid, for my friend kept insisting that we were looking for deer and not for bear, and was for turning back to camp. We ran into a huckleberry patch that had been wallowed down by the bears, and not knowing the country I did not want to venture out alone, so followed my partner back to camp in safety. We held a consultation behind closed doors, and decided to go in another direction and see if we could locate some deer. It was about the middle of the afternoon now, but we struck out east and climbed a hill that seemed to me as though it were two miles high. We came out on a bald ridge which we followed back about a mile. About this time my friend came to the conclusion that we had gone far enough as we had a heavy strip of timber to pass through on the way back to camp, and he said he preferred to pass through it in daylight. So we sat down on a log to watch for a deer and to rest a little.

We had been there but a few minutes when we heard a noise that seemed to come from a canyon to the south of us. My friend heard the noise about the same time I did and started to talk about camp, and right there I decided that he was no hunter and should have been at home, but I did not voice my thoughts, thinking that I might be able to get him to stay there till I could investigate the noise. I went a little way down the side of the canyon, and there behind a fallen log, about three hundred yards from me, was a big black bear scratching the bark off the log. I learned afterwards that he was looking for ants. After loosening the bark from one end of the log to the other he pulled it off, and such a noise as it did make. The next thing I heard was my friend yelling at me and declaring that he was going to camp. I hurried to the top of the hill again, but he was tearing up the turf on the way back to camp just as fast as he could go, so I followed. It was



near dark so we started to do the night's work. I got supper and he took care of the horses. I cooked some spuds, fried some bacon and made some coffee and then we fell to. My friend made the remark that we had done a very foolish thing in bringing bacon along, and made me acquainted with the fact that bears liked bacon, and was for throwing it all away. I told him that I liked bacon also and therefore we would keep it.

While washing the dishes, I heard a noise and imagine my surprise on turning around to see my friend fixing a brace against the door. On asking him what he was doing, he said that he was not taking any chances on having any bears come in while we were asleep, and it was then I realized that he was for safety first every time. We then held another meeting behind not only closed doors but barred doors. We argued the bear problem for a while and then decided to go to bed.

Some time during the night I was awakened by my friend and acquainted with the fact that there was a noise outside and which he declared was an animal. I lay there listening for a while and directly I heard one of the horses snicker and knowing what that meant I got up and went out to the place where the horses were tied and found one loose. I tied it up, after which I went back to bed. I forgot to put the prop against the door, but my friend didn't, and before it takes time to tell he was out of bed fixing it. Then he came back to bed and we went to sleep.

At three in the morning I awoke and knowing that the early bird catches the worm I awakened my partner and suggested getting up. He wanted to know what I wanted to get up so early for, and very clearly stated the fact that he did not like the idea, but I told him I was going and if he did not want to go he could do as he liked. He liked the idea less of staying alone, so started to get up. While getting breakfast we took up the safety first problem again. Having changed my mind about the bear proposition, I decided to go for deer, as I was bound to have some kind of meat.

By 4 o'clock we were ready to start, and though he grumbled and said I was crazy to start so early, I noticed that he didn't lag behind all the way to the Meadow. It was daylight by the time we got there, so we climbed a hill directly north of us, where we found all kinds of bear, deer and elk tracks. Very soon my friend asked me how much further I was figuring on going, and said that we must not get out of sight of the Meadow or we would get lost and not get back to camp. I told him to stay where he was and I would go and see if I could see anything, and if not I would be back shortly.

To get to the top of the hill I had to pass through a patch of brush, and on coming out on the other side, what should I see but a big bull elk. It was about fifty yards from me, so I raised my gun with all the dignity an old hunter could muster and let him have it in the shoulder. I was carrying a 40-55 Old Reliable Sharp, single shot rifle. The elk made a jump and fell, but instantly regained his feet and ran directly towards my friend, crackling down through the brush, breaking the little trees and making a noise like a freight train. Almost immediately I heard my friend yelling at me with all his might, and my first thought was that the elk had charged him. But my fears were short-lived when I saw him coming on the dead run completely out of breath. As soon as he could talk he said to me, "What in the dickens was that thing? It came darn near running over me." I asked him why he didn't shoot it, but he said he forgot he had a gun, he was so scared.

I ran out in a clearing and saw my elk over on a ridge about a quarter of a mile from me. It was staggering from side to side, and



I expected to see it fall, but it finally went out of sight, over on the other side of the ridge and that was the last I saw of Mr. Elk. My friend and I hiked over to the spot where I had last seen him, but he had gone down in a canyon. I started down after him, and right there my friend had a bad case of stage fright and swore he was going home and if I wasn't figuring on walking that I had better come along. I asked him to wait a few minutes until I ran down to the bottom to see if I could find my elk, but my minutes were a little long, and when I could not find the elk I thought I would get my friend to help me and so climbed to the top of the hill again to where I had left him, and lo! and behold! he was gone. I was interested in the elk, so went back down in the canyon alone and looked around for about an hour, then when I still could not find him I became the least bit anxious about the remark my friend had made about going home and so I started back to camp just as fast as I could go.

As I came in sight of camp my friend was all hitched up, had the things all packed and was only waiting to see if I were coming or not. I tried to reason with him, but he was obdurate and so as the outfit belonged to him and we were 75 miles from home, the walking did not look very good to me, and therefore I climbed in the wagon, as there seemed nothing else to do, but leaving behind one of the biggest elk I had ever seen. I decided that as soon as I got home I would get my uncle and come right back and see if I could find it, for the horns.

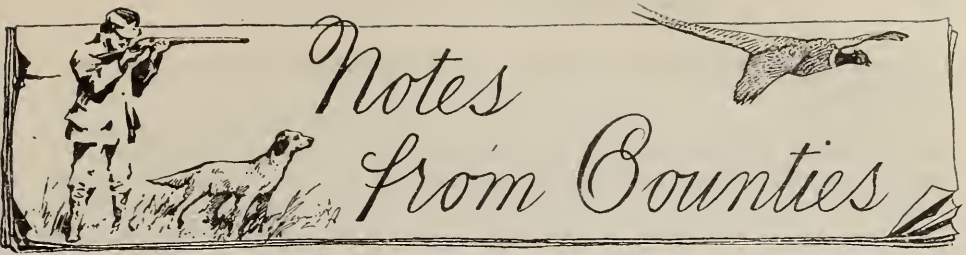
I did this, and when we got back we met a trapper who had found him the next day after I had shot him, and who had taken the horns. This was my first experience in hunting in Oregon and I was greatly disappointed in not finding my elk the day I shot him. If I could have been sure of finding him, and had I had a man with me with any grit we would have had that buck, but as it was I did not even get the horns. Although I rather blamed my friend at first, I afterwards learned that it was his first trip also, so one can see that he could not be blamed so very much.

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## MULTNOMAH ANGLERS' CLUB GOES ON RECORD

From American Field.

The Multnomah Anglers' Club went on record at its last meeting as being in favor of cutting the one day's limit on trout from seventy-five to thirty-five. Notwithstanding the fact that more trout are being planted every season, lovers of trout fishing see that the sport is gradually declining, owing to the fact of the limit being so large and to the numerous power plants erected which kill the fish. The two power plants on the Clackamas River, one at River Mill and the other at Cazadero, slaughter many trout. Power plants also cause the rivers to raise and lower very suddenly because at different times of the day they use more water. Many small trout are left stranded on the banks, where they die. Through the club's president, Dr. Earl C. McFarland, steps will be taken to have the matter brought up at the next meeting of the Oregon Sportsmen's League, to be held in Portland in December. Should this powerful organization view the subject in the same light, there should be no trouble in introducing and passing a bill which will prevent the depletion of the trout in the future.—Highlander.



## BAKER COUNTY GAME NOTES

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE.

A. V. Lansing, President of the Halfway Rod and Gun Club, of Baker County, paid a visit to W. L. Keizur, President of the Union Rod and Gun Club of Prairie City, in Grant County, last July. These gentlemen are both blacksmiths, good fellows and all 'round sportsmen in all that the term implies. On arriving at Prairie City, Mr. Lansing bought some gas for his car, he offered to pay for it and was told his money was "bogus," on endeavoring to make other purchases he was unable to make his money pay the bill; he was becoming highly incensed and about convinced that the people there considered him some sort of lunatic, when he discovered that his visit had been anticipated by his friend Keizur and a few of the dealers "fixed." This was Mr. Lansing's first visit to Grant County and he promises to make another visit at some future date. He says the game is plentiful and that the "bunch" at Prairie City is hard to beat.

W. L. Patterson, Jas. H. Nichols and "Doc" H. J. Horton, of Baker, Ore., still contend that Van Patten Lake, situated 25 miles northwest of town, is the only place in Oregon. They visit it often, and while the big ones generally break the tackle, they substantiate their stories in the main by bringing the evidence back with them. Patterson brought in a rainbow this season measuring 22 inches. There are "some" trout, boys, in Baker County.

John K. Fisher, of Haines, in Baker County, still makes frequent visits to North Powder lakes. If you want a guide in there all you have to do is to go to the Fisher ranch and say: "Can you show me the way to North Powder lakes, Mr. Fisher?" It is said that it makes no difference whether or not John is busy at the time, he will answer, "Just wait until I put the horses in the barn and the pack saddle on."

E. B. Cochrane, the popular druggist of Haines, in Baker County, takes frequent vacations during the angling season. "Doc" says that some of the boys complain that they can't get the right kind of bait since January 1st, 1916.

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## ITEMS FROM UMATILLA COUNTY

By WARDEN GEORGE TONKIN.

Thus far we have had a much better season for the deer than for the hunters. From sign on the range at present and from the number of deer seen early in the summer, it is thought that they are more numerous than usual. However, the dry weather and scarcity of grouse and native pheasants have discouraged many people and this season's hunting trips fall far short of the usual number that are taken. It is safe to say that not more than twenty deer have been killed in this county up to October 1. As soon as the



fall rains improve the hunting in the hills there will no doubt be more deer killed.

The late snows and cold rains in the hills during May and June killed many of the young grouse and native pheasants and a very large proportion of the birds shot this fall are old ones. As these old birds are much harder to get than the young ones, and as they have been hunted much less than usual, it is hoped that the usual number will survive the open season.

Doves have been very plentiful, but comparatively few hunters shoot them. Some refrain from killing them for sentimental reasons, and they seem to be too small to look like game to many other hunters.

Some very good duck shooting is anticipated with the opening of the season October 1. In the irrigated districts of the west end of the county they are quite numerous. On one ranch they ate so much alfalfa around some small seepage ponds that the rancher asked that the Fish and Game Commission pay for the loss. Upon investigation it was found that the rental of these little ponds to duck hunters netted the rancher about \$200 each year. He was given permission to scare the ducks away by shooting. The Fish and Game Commission could not see any advantage to be obtained, from a business standpoint, by driving away a \$200 crop of ducks to save possibly \$20 worth of alfalfa. However, the land and ponds belonged to the rancher and there were several other places where the ducks might breed.

Some fine catches of trout are being made now. There has been an exceptionally good flow of water due to the heavy snowfall in the mountains last winter and fewer fish than usual have perished in dried-up streams.

Our protected game is making a good increase. There are many young elk. The unusual number of fine large elk horns that were found by sheepherders this past summer speak well for the number of elk and the size of many of these animals.

The increase in Hungarian partridges is of great interest to both rancher and sportsman, as this bird, at the present rate of increase, bids fair to take first place in a few years among our upland game birds.

China pheasants and quail have made the usual increase and it is thought that we will be given a short open season for the former in another year.

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## NOTICE TO SPORTSMAN READERS

The Sportsman introduces a new advertising department with this issue. Hereafter any one desiring to advertise anything in the sporting line for sale, trade or exchange, can do so at the rate of three cents per word for the first insertion, and two cents per word for each subsequent insertion. Payment must be sent with copy for advertisement. This department is added to accommodate sportsmen and dealers who desire to advertise the fact that they have something for sale, trade or exchange. Try an advertisement in the January issue and be convinced that the Sportsman is an excellent medium through which to let the public know what you want.



## FROM THE LAND OF GAME AND FISH

By WARDEN J. M. THOMAS.

Not many deer have been killed in Coos County since the season opened. Evidently the hard winter had its bad effect here on all kinds of game as well as in other parts of the state. During the winter the deer became very poor. I have had reports from parties who found many carcasses of deer, which are supposed to have died during the hard winter as there were no indications to show that any part of the dead animals had been taken. Also, on account of the hard winter the deer were later in moving, consequently parties of hunters going out early in the open season were disappointed. Those killing deer at all only secured small ones. The horns of the large deer that were killed were still soft from the 15th to the 28th of August.

Hunting parties going out after the above dates were more successful, as the large deer were more easily found. John D. Tower got his limit of three large bucks in three days near Eagle Bluff on Rock Creek. He was the first person reporting as having killed the limit of large deer. The next was Claud Mosler and his son, Lisle, of Bridge. They got three each and all were very large. The deer were killed near Long Prairie on Eden Ridge. They reported plenty more deer in that locality.

The number of deer killed to date, September 14th, in Coos County, is estimated by those in position to know something about it as being 121. No doubt this is a small estimate and will be greatly increased before October 31st, as the good hunting has just begun and many sportsmen are planning to try their luck.

The elk in Coos County are holding their own, but are not increasing very fast. The band on Doe Camp Burn on Eden Ridge has only two calves this year. That band last year consisted of five cows and three bulls. They range from the Doe Camp Burn to the Sand Rock country on the Coquille River, but they must soon change their feeding ground as the Smith-Powers Logging Company is building a railroad from Powers which will soon extend through that section, and then the elk must move on. The indications are that within a few years the few elk we have in this country must hunt other localities, for all the timber where they roam will soon be logged off and then where will they go?

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## DEER IN DOUGLAS COUNTY

By WARDEN ORRIN THOMPSON.

It seems to be the opinion of most hunters that deer are not so plentiful this year as heretofore. It is the general belief that the severe weather of last winter killed a good many. From my own observations, I believe many small deer were lost from the effects of the hard winter. They seemed to be very poor and weak last spring and fell an easy prey to cougar, coyotes and other animals. I believe the poor condition of the does had a material effect also on this year's increase.

Up to this time not so many have been killed this year as last, but the best part of the open season is yet to come, and they are not so scarce as many people believe. The country is becoming more brushy every year and there is more cover for them. The bucks take advantage of this cover and it requires more head and teamwork on the part of the hunters to kill them. I find many places where deer are quite plentiful and a hunter could get his limit.

## GAME CONDITIONS IN LINN COUNTY

By WARDEN S. B. TYCER.

A few items from this part of the country might be of interest to the readers of the "Oregon Sportsman."

As the trout fishing season is over, I will say that we have had one of the poorest seasons known here for years. I have talked to different men who spent the Summer at Cascadia Mineral Springs on the South Santiam River, and they told me that they didn't think there had been over a thousand trout caught in that stream during the season. The Callapooia River gave us the same results.

Deer hunting is very near a thing of the past in this vicinity. I know of no deer so far being brought in from the South Santiam or the Callapooia neighborhoods.

We have a good crop of Chinese pheasants in this territory, but I don't believe they compare with those of last season as to number.

Our famous bear hunter, Dr. E. W. Howard, and his faithful old dog, went into the Coast Range and succeeded in killing a very large buck and a monstrous bear. I am afraid, however, Dr. Howard will have to give the belt to S. L. Overton and his two sons. They were out looking after cattle in the foothills between Brownsville and Coburg on the tenth of September when they discovered three bear in the pasture with the cattle. They "put in" after them on horseback and their shepherd dog managed to put all three up one tree. Two of the men stayed with the bear while the other rode three miles after a gun. While he was gone the other two tried to lasso the bear but they were so full of fight the boys gave it up as a bad idea. By this time the third party had arrived with the gun and each man killed a bear.

William Elmore, of this city, just returned from a hunting trip in Southern Oregon, near Ashland, with a couple of very fine bucks. Mr. Elmore thinks Southern Oregon a very fine place for hunting, as these were the first deer he had ever killed. He claims to have seen several big bucks, but wasn't marksman enough to get them.

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WHEN TO HUNT DEER

By WARDEN C. C. BRYAN.

While in conversation with Mr. Trover Bailey, of Alsea, I was given an interesting account of a female deer that he had raised from a fawn. He said that studying the habits of this deer enabled him to be more successful in hunting. He found in the light of the moon she would leave home to feed late in the evening and return in the morning. When the moon became dark she remained at home during the night, feeding in the day time. This proves the theory of the old-time hunters that deer feed during the light nights and lie in their bed during the day. The most interesting part of this narrative was his statement that he used this deer successfully in the mountains. She would follow him, and on several occasions, had been the means of his locating the deer by scenting them and leading him to them. After killing a deer she did not seem to mind the blood as one would suppose, but would return home with him.

Another subject that has been debated for years by hunters, is whether deer would become frightened by the odor of a pipe? Mr.



Bailey states that this deer could leave him at any time and return at will through the brush, not following his trail, evidently by the odor of his pipe. Unfortunately, this deer, while in a playful mood, endeavoring to leap a picket fence, became impaled on a picket and was dead when found.

The Benton County championship for the greatest number of trout caught in one day lies between M. H. Bauer, President of the Rod and Gun Club, and Frank Scott, of the Corvallis postoffice force. Mr. Bauer, on a trip to Fall Creek, reports a basket ranging from 8 to 20 inches, the catch of one day. Mr. Scott, while on his vacation, made a trip to Five Rivers. Frank lays claim to 45 trout before dinner, but when questioned in regard to his afternoon catch said he was afraid to make a count for fear that he had exceeded the limit.

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## TILLAMOOK COUNTY NOTES

By WARDEN G. E. LEACH.

They are going to ask the Fish and Game Commission to liberate a part of the fry from the Gold Creek hatchery in Wilson River this coming season.

A few days ago Alvan Wells killed two large cougars near the Trask River road.

Fly fishing is over for this season with very poor catches. Morris Schnal carried off the blue ribbon for the biggest cutthroat trout caught during the season. It measured 21 inches in length and weighed 3 pounds.

About September first I saw on Tillamook Bay the Sprigtail and Mallard ducks, a few of each, which according to the Indian belief, is a sign of early winter.

In crossing the tide lands I saw many jack snipe, something very uncommon at this time of the year.

Deer hunters were not very successful on account of the dense underbrush and the extra growth of vegetation due to the heavy rains during the spring and summer. Deer are increasing very rapidly in Tillamook County.

The boys are having a great deal of sport killing black bear in berry patches along the Netarts Beach. Mr. Bonnie, of Blaine, had dug two rows of his potatoes when upon looking around he saw bruin at the farther end eating them. Bear in this locality seem to be very plentiful.

This is a story told me, though as to its truth I cannot say; for that ask Webb Maddux, of Tillamook, for he surely knows. It is said that he, like the Chinaman, was in the woods one day (a very unusual thing for Webb), and while resting on a log a bear came poking along sniffing the tracks Webb had just made. Looking round he stopped just long enough to say: "You likee track? I make plenty for you." And he did.

The commercial fishermen are having a very good season so far. The run of Chinook has been very good, nothing large, but a steady run, especially on the west side of the bay, but the Wilson River fishermen are dissatisfied with the catches made there. They believe the Chinook salmon is running out, due to the fact that there has been no salmon fry liberated in Wilson River.



## EXPERIENCE OF COLUMBIA COUNTY WARDEN

By WARDEN WM. BROWN.

Pursuant to your request for an article to be published in the "Oregon Sportsman" as to my experience as deputy game warden for Columbia County, I take pleasure in relating some of them during the summer months.

On one of my interesting trips around my usual route I found a man by the name of Victor Venger, who had been lost in the woods for three days in the vicinity of Pittsburg, where he said he had seen plenty of deer, but it was so far from where he lived that all he could bring out was the horns of a five point buck and the two hind quarters and the rest of the deer was all that he had to live on.

D. W. Richardson, of St. Helens, killed two deer in one day. That was the best "catch" known, which was five miles back of Deer Island. Jack Watters got a two-pointer that weighed 150 pounds on Tide Creek. From what the hunters tell me Columbia County hunting has been pretty good after such a severe winter. While on the same trip I met Fred Floter. He had the biggest number of wild cat that had ever been caught in such a short time, the number being eleven in one week. If this keeps up there won't be many left at the rate he is killing them, which will be a good thing for the rabbits and birds.

About the 28th of August I met a man by the name of James Shaw, who was working for Columbia County on the road, and he told me of a deer that had been run in where they had been crushing rock in the vicinity of Trinehome, but not a man had a gun. The deer was a nice buck. The best deer hunting that I have heard of is around Veronia. A party of four men headed by a man by the name of R. W. Duncan, got five deer in three days on the North Fork of Rock Creek.

W. R. Lock, of Clatskanie, who is one of the oldest trappers, told me that a cougar will destroy 150 deer a year and all that he will eat out of the deer is two meals and then leaves the rest, and that the wild cats eat what the cougar will not touch when it becomes bad.

In regard to fishing, the best fish were caught in the Fish Hawk and on Rock Creek. The reason for the fishing not being so good in the Nehalem was that the road builders threw so much rock and made so much noise that they wouldn't go up. The road being finished now and the state having planted so many trout, we expect big fishing next year.

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## GAME NOTES FROM CLATSOP COUNTY

By WARDEN C. W. LOUGHREY.

The residents of Clatsop County are either law abiding, or take an interest in the preservation of game, as very few violations have been reported. Frequent trips over every section of the county show this to be the fact.

George B. Small, of Baker City, where there is no game, so George says, picked up a little fawn while touring Seaside and gave it a ride in his auto, finally turning it loose. Some one told him it was a rabbit, and George didn't know the difference.

Bert Godfrey and H. L. May killed a fine two-point buck and crippled another very large one, which they lost.

Geo. Sholm, of Portland, killed a fine large buck at Grand Rapids.

Henry Baumgartner, of Olney, killed a two-point buck in the pasture with the cows. This shows the deer have not been frightened either by chasing with dogs or molested during the close season.

There are several campers on the Nehalem below Elsie and also on the north fork of the Nehalem at Hamlet. They have not had any luck so far, but are going to remain several days.

Some of the campers claim that Geo. Small scared all the game away when he was here. George runs a law grist mill at Baker and he didn't come to Seaside for game, that is, the kind you hunt, but larger game, the kind that votes. Since George joined the prohi's and the state went dry, he has to depend upon his friends for Democratic eye water. He often follows a Republican with a suit case half a day. Baker City people claim George was born in Portland and Portland people claim he was born in Baker. Neither city seems to want to be responsible for his being put on earth.

Til D. Taylor, of Pendleton, who ran a successful Round-up in that city, attended the Regatta at Astoria and visited Seaside. Til is some sportsman but when Dan Moore told him that he had killed a fine buck and would have venison for dinner, Til said the Clatsop venison tastes like a bucking bronco in Pendleton.

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## THE BEST TROUT STREAM IN OREGON

By WARDEN W. O. HADLEY.

The Deschutes River, I think, is the best trout stream in Oregon. I will go further in my claims for this wonderful stream and its tributaries, and say that if it is not already, it soon will be the best trout stream in the United States. This will be accomplished by continuing the good work the State Fish and Game Commission is doing in restocking and introducing new species of trout. This stream has a steady flow of good cold water and only varies a few feet from extreme high to low water.

There is some very important work that should be done on this river in building fish ladders where needed. I have such a place in my district at Shearer's Falls, and within the next few weeks I expect to have a good fish way around these falls. I have already raised about \$130 to start this work. This money was donated by the good sportsmen of Tygh, Wapinitia, Maupin and The Dalles, and I am expecting the help of other districts which will benefit by this improvement.

This fishway will open up the Deschutes River to migratory fish to Steelhead Falls, a distance of 80 miles above Shearer's Falls, and will, in that distance, open up the spawning grounds of tributary streams which will total 600 miles.

Very few hunters in this district went out after big game this season. Wm. Marsh and John O. Beldin, of Mosier, got a buck and a bear near Cascade Locks; John Nickolson and Wm. Lasier each killed a nice buck in the upper Hood River Valley, and Ted Wilson, of Maupin, killed two bears in the Clear Lake country.





## JUST ONE BIG ONE OUT OF CRATER LAKE

By A. WHISNANT, Bend, Oregon.

It was late in the afternoon on that perfect August day over at Bend, Oregon, that paradise of sportsmen, the little city which alone has contributed to the fund of the Oregon Fish and Game Commission this year \$1,200 in fishing licenses, when I found that the four succeeding days were without purpose in life. The business I had come on was at status quo. There was little to hold a roving spirit at Bend when just a few miles away great large trout lay lurking in deep pools only waiting the fly to emerge with a rush and do battle. The call was in my blood. Where should it be? Lake Odell, high in the fastness of the Cascades was offering inducements. Near it Lake Crescent rumored big catches. Lake Pauline's big ones were the talk of the town. All day long automobiles, dust laden, and packed with camping outfits had been passing through the city. South bound parties bound for Crater Lake. North bound "coming from Crater Lake." Crater Lake! That mystic name began to weave its subtle influence through my nerves and into my blood until all I thought was "Crater Lake."

About noon the following day I met Clyde McKay, the game warden, on the street and I said, "Clyde, how can I get to Crater Lake?" The general opinion is in Central Oregon that Clyde made the mountains over there—if he did not make them it was certainly he that finished them off by supplying the trout that people their splashing streams. His reply was characteristic—"Telephone your wife to come over from Portland on the evening train and we will make a party with Mrs. McKay and the kiddies and go to the lake in the morning." Kiddies! I had two. "Can mine go, too?" "Sure thing!" Clyde does not believe in race suicide and he does not consider the necessities troubles. "Bring them along." The long distance to Portland. "Hello! Grace, come over to Bend on the evening train with the kiddies and we will go to Crater Lake in the morning." Just like that. Try it on your wife some time and see how it affects them. You will not find any long argument about things to wear or not to wear. They will be there. They were.

The drive from Bend to Crater Lake is all the tourist could wish. Leaving early in the morning with the car piled high with wives, kidds and eatables we set out for the lake. For the first few miles the roads were not as good as the Columbia Highway, but every



bit as attractive in another way. They lead through the pine forests for which the Deschutes country is famous. There are 20 billion feet of this pine tributary to Bend and most of it presents a park like appearance that is not found in any other section of the west. The pine forest is found all the way to Crater Lake. The road does not run through it the entire distance, but creeps in and out of it, as if loath to leave its sheltering shade.

It is not the intention of this sketch to tell of the details of the trip. Suffice it to say that we drove leisurely as a proper respect for wives and children should demand. After laying up two hours for lunch we turned off the main road up Sand Creek. For the next 20 miles the road is one constant rise. This road leads past the famous Pinnacles, one of Oregon's greatest scenic wonders, and a most impressive and inspiring sight. Thousands of these sharp pointed rocks line the canyon—the product of some quiet but persistent erosion. We drove direct to the crater's rim. Looking down into its blue waters we all felt the presence of Omnipotent power, felt by the Indians of old who attributed to it the abode of the Great Spirit. None can look upon Crater Lake and be unmoved. It does not have the appealing charm of human qualities found in Odell Lake, which we visited later, neither has it laughter or smiles. It represents majesty alone. It is not appealing—it is forbidding—and yet compelling. You thought the painter in oils or the painter in words had overdrawn the blueness of the water—and the first glance makes you condemn them as artists. The waters are blue; blue, I tell you, just blue—washerwoman's blue of Monday morning, the blue of the clearest spring sky, the blue of the maiden's eye that is blue to the lover's adoring look, just blue.

We looked from many angles. High above us towered Eagle Point. Shall we climb it? Leaving the rest of the party at the hotel we started out as though we intended to trot up to the fountains on Mount Tabor back of the home in Portland. But we did not trot. The 7,000-foot altitude is not inducive to trotting. In a few moments my heart was beating a tattoo that threatened my ribs with destruction and the lungs sounded like a Ford in the last stages of despair—if a Ford ever gets there. We made Eagle Point, however, and were well repaid for the trip. At its crest we met a party of six, three young men and three young ladies who had just returned from a trip entirely around the rim, which had taken three days to make. They looked full of pep and were larking along merrily. When asked if it was worth the time and work the chorus was "It sure was, but never again, never again." At some point the alleged trail around the rim rises to over 8,000 feet altitude.

The moon was full and we saw the lake at moonlight when all its forbidding majesty is veiled in a soft veil of white. It is enchanting then. One desires to go closer but the cold night air drives watchers indoors where a roaring fire is the center of as cosmopolitan a group of people as ever gathered under one roof, and that roof on the roof of the world. Railroad president, lumber magnate, cattleman, rancher, merchant, traveler, banker, clerk, laborer, they are all there under one roof.

Beds are good and inviting. The high altitude makes one drowsy. In a very few moments the roaring fireplace has become a mass of embers and the last night hawk, the fellow who never goes to bed as long as there is any left to sit up with, knocks the ashes from his pipe, yawns, and goes upstairs. Without, Crater Lake smiles a little at the pigmies who have dared to climb to her brink to look upon a

blue water that they do not understand, at a creation of a force which even the mind of man cannot control, and that force properly directed is the greatest of all forces. If the lake has a soul, and it would seem as though she had, it must be amused at these children of men who come from afar to see her—and to try and understand her. Crater Lake, the inexplicable.

We did not know if she had a soul or not. We did know that she had fish. And that was enough. The boss had never hooked a trout. She had declared that she would take her first trout from Crater Lake and she did. Long years of married life has taught me that when the boss wants to do a thing, and I am to be the goat to do it, that the easiest thing to do, is to do it, and argue the finer points later. So when she woke me at 4:30 in the morning and told me that she was consumed with two insatiable desires—First, to see Crater Lake at sunrise and second to catch her first fish from its blue depths, well, however cold and chilly the atmosphere may have felt when I slipped into my B. V. D.'s, however full of unexpected oratory I may have felt regarding the occasion, I did the proper thing—got dressed and started down the trail to the water edge.

If one were asleep when he started he soon woke up. The path leads down the side of the precipice in hair-raising descents, twists and turns. Over the snow beds, down ladders, hanging onto ropes, splashing through water, crossing springs—it is certainly no place to grow somnambulant. We made the descent in 21 minutes, which we were afterwards told was good time. From the waters' edge we were repaid for the trip—but that is superfluous—for from whatever angle, whatever point, however hard the climb, Crater Lake is always new and worth while. There is no monotony to Crater Lake.

We found several good boats at the landing. Choosing a safe looking one we pushed off toward Wizard Island. The blue became intensified. We had expected it would fade on close approach. The hand immersed in the water looked as though it would be dyed that inexpressible blue. The water is clear as crystal when held up to the light. But we are fishing. I almost forgot that there were two spoons trolling behind the boat, one hand line and one on a light Bristol. The Boss attended to both while I played the galley slave—and looked at the blue—can't help it, it is the bluest thing you can even imagine. We had agreed to troll for an hour. The moments passed quickly. 1,500 feet above us we could see the hotel with all the inmates sound asleep. Of all the world we two were the only human beings on Crater Lake. It was an hour of silence. And then there was that everlasting, eternal blue.

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes of the hour. "Just row down to that point and back and we will go up to the hotel. I know there is a fish there." I did as told. Five minutes passed. Not a strike. Four minutes only remained as I turned the prow of the skiff from Phantom Rock and headed for the landing. Three minutes. Four lazy gulls, coming from God knows where, floated on the water near by. The sun was just rising over the Eastern rim bathing the walls in flames of living copper fire. The blue became—and just then he struck! From where I sat I saw two feet of magnificent rainbow break four feet into the air. The splash sounded like a rock dropping from Eagle Point, 1,800 feet above our heads. The yell that delicately nurtured, refined helpmate of mine let loose would put to shame a squaw on the Quinault reservation under the influence of the cup that cheers.

"What shall I do? What shall I do? Tell me quick!" "Pull him, darn you, pull him; don't you know anything? He'll get away in a



minute! Pull!" Ordinarily I assume a respectful tone when addressing the boss. I am well trained. Usually I come at call and eat out of her hand. But she did not hear me. She was pulling that fish in hand over hand as fast as a sailor would haul in the lead line when shoal water threatened, and often soundings alone would save the ship from striking. "Not so fast, you'll lose him! Ease up there! Don't you know anything?" But she did not hear. On came that fish right up to the edge of the boat. "Give him line!" I was frantic and my voice reverberated over that expanse of blue water. "Give him line!" At last I was heard and she allowed him to have three feet of line—the first she had vouchsafed since he had struck—and as he sank into the, well I don't care, it is blue, as he sank into the deep blue water she thought he was gone! And with the thought came a heave on that line that gave me heart failure on the spot. Two feet of glittering rainbow flashed into the air, described a semi-circle above her head and splashed into the water on the other side. A weakness seized me. He was not gone! "Let me land him." "You go to the devil! This is my fish!" Up to the boat he came on the other side—bumped his head against the side—nerve numbing bumps to one who knows a little of the art of Isaac Walton, and out he came again, this time, by one of those strange acts of Providence which makes men sorry they were ever profane, or testy, or sarcastic, or many other undesirable things, right into the bottom of the boat. She was on him like a hawk. Holding him up she said, "Tell me I can't catch a fish!" It was the full hour and we were only fifty feet from where we had started.

Then came the climb. Me carry that fish? Well, rather not. She would carry it herself. And she did, right to the hotel where they were just sitting down to breakfast. The men gathered around and admired, both the fish and the fisher, and the galley slave just stood back and was glad that he had minded first and waited until after to argue the point about the advisability of getting up while it was yet dark to catch a fish in Crater Lake. It is, was, and ever shall be worth while.

About ten o'clock we left Crater Lake. One leaves it suddenly. There are no backward glances at it fading in the distance. You drop away from the rim and it is gone, nothing left but a memory of an enchanting blue, which grows stronger and stronger as time passes, like some memory of youth which the fleeting years only seem to intensify. Crater Lake is a memory, the fish—the largest taken up to that time this year—is a memory, and after all the real things of life are only memories, pleasant memories of times spent in the open with a friend and an open fire, these are the memories that endure. These are the memories that are worth while.

If I have not already done so I wish to say in closing that the lake is perfectly blue, when looked at from any angle. It has been stated so several times by observing writers but none of them have seemed to catch the real color. It is blue. Really blue. Not purple. B-L-U-E! Get me! Blue!

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This is the season of the year when the mental notes taken by the sportsmen during the open season would look well in the columns of the Oregon Sportsman. Not many sportsmen find time during the open season to sit down and write an account of their experience or success with rod and gun, but now that the hunting and angling season is practically over we hope that the sportsmen will have a little leisure and will tell the readers of the Sportsman of their experience in the field, on the stream, on the duck slough, or your trip after large game.



## IN THE FIELD WITH THE GAME WARDENS

*Prosecutions for July, August and September, 1916  
by the Game and Fish Departments.*

**BAKER COUNTY**—Geo. Jackson, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25, paid; Amos Roethler, arrested for polluting the waters of the State of Oregon, fined \$25 and 30 days in jail, sentence suspended; John Neeley, arrested for killing and having Chinese pheasant in possession, fined \$100 and 30 days in jail, sentence suspended; H. J. Cummings, arrested for polluting the waters of the State of Oregon, fined \$25, sentence suspended; John Doe (sheep herder), arrested for polluting the waters of the State of Oregon, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Harry Beeber, arrested for polluting the waters of the State of Oregon, fined \$25, sentence suspended; William H. Evans, arrested for hunting within the limits of the city of Baker, fined \$25, sentence suspended.

**BENTON COUNTY**—Curtis Martin, arrested for killing deer in closed season, acquitted; Ray Starr, arrested for killing deer in closed season, acquitted; Ivan Rickard, arrested for having deer in possession during closed season, fined \$25, paid.

**CLACKAMAS COUNTY**—Fred Wahlgren, arrested for having trout under six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, paid; D. C. Harding, arrested for having trout under six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, \$5 paid, defendant given until September 2, 1916, to pay balance; B. A. Legg, arrested for having trout less than six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, paid.

**CLATSOP COUNTY**—Jolmas Erickson, arrested for lying in wait for ducks before sunrise, acquitted; Matthew Jurick, arrested for lying in wait for ducks before sunrise, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Tony E. Jurick, arrested for lying in wait for ducks before sunrise, fined \$25, paid.

**COOS COUNTY**—Ferdinand Bravine, arrested for killing grouse during closed season, fined \$40, \$20 paid, imprisoned two days, balance of fine suspended; Elmer Brack, arrested for shooting at deer being run with dogs, fined \$50, sentence suspended; Chas. Murphy, arrested for killing deer during closed season, acquitted.

**CURRY COUNTY**—J. L. Black, arrested for wanton waste of game, fined \$25, paid; Floyd Phillips, arrested for wanton waste of game, fined \$25, paid; Burr Black, arrested for wanton waste of game, fined \$25, paid; Sam Yendallsen, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25, sentence suspended; J. G. Hill, arrested for having deer meat in possession in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

**DOUGLAS COUNTY**—F. W. Young, arrested for having deer meat in possession unlawfully, fined \$30, imprisoned; W. L. Moore, arrested for shipping dried venison unlawfully to John L. Green at Portland, Ore., fined \$25, paid.

**GRANT COUNTY**—E. A. Roads, arrested for killing sage hens in closed season, fined \$25, paid; G. E. Mills, arrested for killing sage hens in closed season, fined \$25, paid; B. S. Duncan, arrested for

having sage hens in possession in closed season, fined \$25, paid; P. K. Knack, arrested for killing ducks without license, fined \$25, paid; L. E. Campbell, arrested for hunting without license and mutilating carcass of deer, fined \$50, \$25 paid, payment of balance suspended; E. L. Stratton, arrested for killing female deer and sage hens in closed season, fined \$50, \$25 paid, payment of balance suspended.

HARNEY COUNTY—J. W. Roberts, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25, paid; W. N. Woods, arrested for having in possession wild geese in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Ira L. Sleeper, arrested for killing geese in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

JACKSON COUNTY—Frank Frefreu, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25, paid; J. C. Aiken, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$25, paid; M. S. Biden, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$25, paid.

MALHEUR COUNTY—S. S. Williams, arrested for fishing without license, fined \$25, paid.

MARION COUNTY—F. A. Leeper, arrested for fishing without license, fined \$25, paid; R. H. Walm, arrested for having Chinese pheasants in possession in closed season, fined \$25, paid; R. W. Niles, arrested for having Chinese pheasants in possession in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

UMATILLA COUNTY—Dr. C. B. Proebstel, arrested for having trout under six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, paid; George Schroder, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25, paid; G. C. Schroder, arrested for having trout less than six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, paid; B. Scholl, arrested for having trout less than six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, paid; Chas. Sanders, arrested for hunting without license, acquitted; F. G. Runkle, arrested for having trout less than six inches in length in possession, acquitted.

UNION COUNTY—Guy Davis, arrested for killing grouse in closed season, fined \$25, paid; C. N. Palmer, arrested for killing grouse in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

WASCO COUNTY—John Dappern, arrested for having trout under six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Fred Chrisman, arrested for having trout less than six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Chas. Fridley, arrested for having trout less than six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, sentence suspended.

YAMHILL COUNTY—Chas. L. Williams, arrested for killing song birds, fined \$25, paid.

CROOK COUNTY—S. A. McDowell, arrested for killing sage hens in closed season, fined \$2, paid.

WASHINGTON COUNTY—Martin Jensen, arrested for killing Chinese pheasant during closed season, fined \$25, paid; Clare Day, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25, paid.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—Geo. Lockwood, arrested for killing non-game bird, case continued; Fred Armbruster, arrested for having trout less than six inches in length in possession, fined \$25, sentence suspended; John M. Edwards, arrested for hunting deer with dog, fined \$25, paid; Tuck Chong & Co., arrested for offering game fish for sale, fined \$25, paid; John Thompson, arrested for selling game fish, fined \$25, sentence suspended.



## FISH DEPARTMENT

CLATSOP COUNTY—Molli Mekisich, arrested for catching and shipping crabs out of Clatsop County during closed season, fined \$50, fine remitted; W. Nyland, trolling within the three-mile limit during closed season for fishing in the Columbia River, fined \$50, sentence suspended; R. E. Voeth, arrested for having under-sized sturgeon in possession, fined \$200; paid; Pete Kroger, arrested for shipping crabs out of Clatsop County during closed season, fined \$50, paid; Aldvik Forsdeman, arrested for trolling within the three-mile limit during closed season for fishing in the Columbia River, fined \$50, paid; Will Anderson, Herbert Anderson and C. Carlson were arrested for trolling within the three-mile limit during closed season in the Columbia River, cases dismissed; E. Jumisko, arrested for not allowing sufficient passageway between shore and lead of trap, case dismissed; Olaf Nelson, arrested for operating trap during closed season, fined \$75, paid; C. S. Pulliam, arrested for fishing with gill-net during closed season, fined \$50, unpaid.

CURRY COUNTY—W. C. Yost, arrested for fishing outside of Rogue River, acquitted; Jacob Johns, arrested for fishing with seine during closed season, case dismissed; Bert Ferren, arrested for fishing net without license, fined \$50, \$25 thereof remitted.

LINCOLN COUNTY—L. O. Wood, arrested for dealing in salmon without license, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Warden Cox, arrested for selling under-sized crabs, fined \$50, sentence suspended.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—Geo. Plancich, arrested for selling trout, fined \$25, sentence suspended.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY—Mrs. Benjamin S. Via, H. B. Spencer, Jeff Fleck and Wm. T. Raleigh were arrested for operating set-nets more than one-third across the Nestucca River, in each case defendant was fined \$50, sentences suspended; Alva Williams, arrested for operating set-net above dead line, fined \$50, unpaid; Harley Foland, arrested for operating set-net above dead line, fined \$50, unpaid.

WASCO COUNTY—Gus Hansen, arrested for selling fish without license, fined \$50; defendant committed to jail.

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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 15, 1917. Beginning November 1 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.



	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 .....	6:56	4:53	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		

## GAME CONDITIONS IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY

By DEPUTY WARDEN BEN S. PATTON.

While the cold, wet spring and summer has done a great deal to spoil the sport of the angler, it has not been entirely without its advantages. On trips I have made along the streams of the mountains and foothills this summer I have seen many more small fish ranging around two inches in length than I have ever seen before in any one season. About the only explanation for this is that the constant high water during the spring and early summer kept the spawning beds covered till the fish were hatched. The high water also put more feed in the streams and gave better protection to small fish from birds, snakes and fish-eating animals.

During the winter of 1914-15 there was a very light snowfall in the mountains, together with weather conditions, which allowed the streams to become very low early in the spring, that left many of the spawning beds high and dry along the streams before the fish were hatched, or before they were large enough to get out of the rocks and pools and follow up the water as it went down, with the consequent loss of a great many fish. It may be poor consolation for the disap-

pointed fishermen of the present season, but from present indications, next year will see the best trout fishing we have had for a number of years, although the present season has been very good since the weather and water has warmed up.

Another thing that causes a raising and lowering of the water along some of the streams of this part of the state to the detriment of the fish is the hydro-electric power plants. These power plants have large concrete dams that are practically water tight, and during the low water period in summer about all of the water of the stream goes through the water wheels, with little or none running over the dams. Most of these power plants have about three large water wheels, and when two are stopped suddenly at one time the water below drops with a suddenness that is disastrous to small fish, that are always found along the edge of the streams in shallow places among the rocks where they have little chance of escape. For that reason fish should never be liberated below dams in the spring or during the low water period in summer. When the flow of water is up to normal, however, with plenty running over the dams, the effect of the water wheels is not so noticeable.

The 10-inch trout law for winter fishing is not popular through this locality. Most of the angling is for trout, and it allows small trout streams to be fished in which the greater number of fish run from 10 inches down rather than up, which causes many injured fish around 8 or 9 inches to be thrown back when anglers try to comply with the law. That materially detracts from the pleasure of the sport, as well as producing a feeling of dissatisfaction with the law on that point. Many sportsmen think the law poorly advised and detrimental to the best interests of the angling streams.

A liberal number of trout fry are being put into the streams of this territory again this year—both Rainbow and Eastern Brook. The Eastern Brook especially are a fine lot of fish about three inches in length, and they are being put into different conditions of water, so another year ought to show where they will do the best.

There does not seem to be as many China pheasants this year as last, but as many deer as usual; also, up to date several bears have been killed through this county.

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## A SUCCESSFUL HUNTING TRIP

By ONE OF THE PARTY.

Our party consisted of Dwight Misner, his wife and daughter Beulah, Mr. Chas. Vick and wife and daughter Bertha, W. C. Winslow and wife, all of Salem, Ore., and Earl C. Simmons, of Eugene, Ore.

We left Salem about 5 o'clock on the morning of August 12, with two automobiles and a trailer. One of the novel features of the expedition was the trailer, which Mr. Misner designed and built, and which he towed behind his car. In this trailer was packed our full outfit, and we were fully equipped to take care of anything from a canary bird to an elephant, or from a minnow to a whale, as our expectations as to fishing soared high before we started. Not only were we equipped with a complete camping outfit, together with all necessary hunting and fishing paraphernalia, but we took with us in addition to the members of the party already named another most important member of that party. This was the "donk." The "donk" was crated and placed in the trailer, and had one of the liveliest joy rides she ever experi-

enced, as twenty-five miles an hour over rough roads caused the trailer to heave considerably. Mr. Misner drove one car with the trailer, carrying himself and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Vick and Mr. Simmons. The other car, driven by Mr. Winslow, followed, enjoying the comment and hilarity of the numerous crowds, who gathered as we passed through villages and towns to see the trailer and the "donk." Those who rode in the second car claim that some of the performances which they witnessed were better than any show that was ever staged. Old men and women would stand and stare with their mouths open, children would yell and cry, and others would enjoy a most hearty laugh; and, while the taking of the donkey was considered by many a joke, it proved to be one of the most satisfactory arrangements ever planned.

We did not go the Pacific Highway from Salem, but went through Independence, Corvallis, Monroe, Junction City and from then on followed the Pacific Highway to Roseburg, and from Roseburg we drove our cars to Peel, where we left them at the residence of our packer. We arrived at Peel about 7 o'clock on the evening of August 12. On the following morning, with six pack horses, the "donk" and eight riding horses, we hit for our happy hunting grounds, which we found twenty-eight miles to the northeast, on the North Fork of the Umpqua, on the following day. Our journey through the mountains on our pack train was delightful from every standpoint. We traversed a large portion of the forest reserve, and the scenery and the water and the timber was simply grand. At one point three large bucks came out on a point and reviewed our entire company. We also reviewed them, but as it was the day before the season opened, we held our peace and did not fire, although we all confessed that the temptation was strong.

Our camp was a model one, each family being housed by itself. We had everything convenient, and as soon as established Captain Simmons, who bravely led the pack train through the wilds of the forest, undertook the capture of some large trout in the Umpqua, but our dream of fishing soon faded. The Captain's catch did not exceed the limit. He got four small ones, within the law, however. They didn't even make the frying pan smell, and after several other attempts by other members of the party to capture some of the mountain beauties, which proved less successful, we devoted our time exclusively to hunting, and the only fish caught after that was by the girls, who did better than any of the men. Our failure to catch fish we are unable to explain, as several members of the party claim to be experts with the rod. We got camp meat the first day the season opened, but for a few days thereafter did not have very much luck. We got some fair shooting, but the party had not yet got their range—either that, or some of them had the buck fever; but after we had been established a few days, we had a heavy rain, and from then on things happened. In all, we got nine nice ones, two of which were as large as I ever saw in the Cascades. One evening one of our party jumped four big ones, and in five minutes got seventeen shots and had two down, with another wounded one, which, however, we never found, although we traced it for a long way by the blood. The next evening another one of the party killed the largest deer which has been seen in that part of the country for years, near the same place where the others were killed the night before.

It is against the law to hunt with dogs. Our party feels that it ought to be against the law to hunt without a dog. In all, we are practically certain that we killed five deer which we never got, because we did not have a dog to follow them. These five are not included in the nine mentioned above. The hunting, on the whole, was hard work. The country was rough, and the deer not very thick, but if we would



work hard enough we could get them, and they were unusually large and in fine condition, only one or two small deer being killed.

Another enjoyable feature of the trip was our experience with bears. There are more bears in the country than deer, and two members of the crowd got shots at some big brown ones, both of which were effective, but we did not find the bear—again because of our lack of a dog. At one place we found what we named the bears' bath tub. It was a small pool on the side of the mountain, a long way from any other water, just about the shape and size of a bath tub. It was worn smooth on all sides, and was continually used by the bears for their wallowing, and for a hundred yards distance, on all sides, the ground, logs, trees and brush were plastered with mud which had dripped from the bears as they had come out of the pool and had struck in different directions to their resorts.

We cured our meat on a rack under a tent, setting the tent up off of the ground about a foot and a half, so as to give ventilation under the flaps and through the top. Our friends tell us that our "jerky" was the "best ever," and we agree that the system of curing is first-class. After a two weeks' stay, part of our crowd came out, and the remaining part moved camp about nine miles and remained for four or five days. We all swear that we are going again, and this time truly loaded for bear.

The trip was made without an accident, except some of the ladies contend that the yellowjackets' nests in the trail, which were numerous, were worse than accidents, and we are all willing to admit that we would be just as satisfied if they were not. It seems that the man who was riding the last broncho usually received a lively reception while passing through them. The trail was good, and outside of this one menace, which is serious in some places where the trail is narrow, our trip was exceptionally enjoyable through its entirety.

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## THE ANTELOPE IN OREGON

By JOE SKELTON.

Since it has been unlawful to kill antelope in the State of Oregon at any season of the year, these animals have increased until now I think it can be safely said that Oregon has at least 10,000 within its boundaries.

This is the conclusion C. M. Ramsby and myself arrived at after making a tour of the antelope country, under the direction of State Fish and Game Commissioner C. F. Stone, in order to ascertain their approximate numbers and the location of their range.

On Tuesday, August 1, E. A. Cress, Mr. Stone's law partner, Deputy Game Warden C. M. Ramsby and myself left Klamath Falls for Lakeview, where we talked with several people who were able to give us considerable information regarding the antelope range.

E. E. Woodcock and A. Leonard, of Lakeview, who are well acquainted with the desert country of eastern Lake County, suggested that we go to the Phil Barry ranch in Guano Valley. Zim Baldwin, of the Lakeview garage, who is well acquainted with game conditions of that county, said that we would see antelope, but that they were not in bunches at this time of the year, and therefore we would not see as many as we would later in the fall, when they ran in bunches. When asked for an estimate of the numbers, Mr. Baldwin said that he would bet anything he had that he could take us into the antelope

country and in less than a week show and count us at least 10,000 and never see the same bunch twice. But he said that a person unfamiliar with the country would probably not see as many.

The next day we left for Mr. Barry's ranch in Guano Valley, which lies in the southeastern part of Lake County, about six miles west of the Lake County-Harney County line and about five miles north of the Oregon-Nevada boundary.



The Antelope, a Rapidly Decreasing Game Animal.

Here we met Mr. Phil Barry, who raises sheep and has been in that part of the country for thirteen years. The Barry ranch is in rather an isolated part of the desert, where travelers are few and far between, and in all my knocking around I don't believe I ever met a more hospitable person. Although we had our own grub with us in the car, he would not permit us to cook it—we must eat with him. When asked if there were many antelope in the country, he said he had read the government reports on the approximate numbers of these animals in the United States, and he thought there were more antelope right there in a 40 or 50-mile circle than the government reports gave the whole United States credit for having.



"I've seen bunches of them coming in the fall that at a distance I have taken for a bunch of sheep," said Mr. Barry.

"About how many antelope do you think there are in the country?" I asked him.

"Well, it's pretty hard to estimate the exact number, but if you turned a bunch of 10,000 sheep loose and scattered them you never would find them again."

"Then you think there are at least 10,000 antelope in Lake and Harney Counties?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "I think 10,000 would be a very conservative estimate."

"They are scattered at this time of the year, but in the fall, when they collect in bunches, I think I could show and count 10,000 for you very easily. Antelope are bigger fools when it comes to following a leader than sheep are; if the leader of the bunch passes a certain place the others will follow and it is almost impossible to turn them, and," he continued, "I can get just as near an antelope with the slowest horse on the place as I can when riding the swiftest; they seem to know just about how far to keep ahead of a man on a horse."

"I never have time to bother with them, and while I guess there are a few killed in violation of the law, I don't think the number is very large."

I have no reason in the world to doubt Mr. Barry's statements, and judging from the tameness of the sage hens about his place, I don't think he hunts a great deal. Mr. Barry had no reason for exaggerating the numbers of antelope in his estimate, and I think his word can be relied upon, and a man living in the country as long as he has certainly ought to know.

The next morning he gave us saddle horses, which, by the way, he wouldn't charge a cent for, and we rode to a water hole about five miles from his place. He was busy haying and was unable to accompany us, but we found the hole all right and, leaving our horses tied to some juniper trees, we watched the hole. In the short time we were there we saw 10 or 12 antelope come in for water, and there is no telling just how many more we might have counted had we stayed longer.

They are very inquisitive creatures; one old buck in particular followed us at a distance for quite a way.

And sage hens—I had heard of places where you could kill them with rocks, but never saw them thick enough until this trip. The desert is full of them; they feed with Mr. Barry's chickens and were thick around the car, where we threw out a few scraps of bread. When we were ready to go Mr. Ramsby was throwing some stuff out of the car, among which was a dry, hard loaf of bread. He tossed it over his shoulder and actually hit a large sage hen with it. The bird squawked and dodged into the sage brush. Although we didn't try it, I am confident a man could kill them with rocks or a long club. When shot at they would just run or fly 15 or 20 feet. We noticed more large birds in the bunches we saw out there than we saw nearer Lakeview. Mr. Barry said this was because there were fewer birds killed and the birds had a better chance to get larger and older. All sage hen hunters when they flush a bunch of the birds pick the smallest ones, because they are younger and better eating than the old ones.

All the sportsmen of Lakeview have the same ideas as to the numbers of antelope in Lake County and they think it is unfair to them that the season is closed in Oregon, while just across the state



line in Nevada, a few miles away, there is an open season. They say the antelope are raised and fattened in Oregon, and then because large numbers of them go to Nevada for their winter range, the hunters of that state get to kill them. They feel that the animals belong to Oregon and that Oregon hunters should be permitted to get them without getting a non-resident hunting license and going to Nevada to do it.

The numbers of antelope in that country vary in different years, I presume, according to the amount of feed and water.

While passing around the south and west side of Warner Lake, we saw large numbers of young mallard ducks, these birds evidently being very plentiful there.

Going back to Lakeview and north through Paisley and around by Summer Lake, we were informed by the Houston brothers, who have a ranch there, that ducks and geese were very plentiful in that section of the country, too. While passing Silver Lake we saw large flocks of honker geese standing on the mud flats, and although we passed within a hundred yards of them and honked the horn on the car, they just craned their necks and watched us.

From here we continued on through the town of Silver Lake, down Williamson River to Chiloquin and back to Klamath Falls, having completed what we considered a very successful trip.

Although I have killed antelope on the prairies of Canada, I never saw antelope in Oregon until this trip, and I and the other members of the party are satisfied that these animals are plentiful and that there are at least 10,000 of them in this state. And maybe the sportsmen of Lake County are right in thinking the game laws of this state unfair, when they are prohibited from killing at least one buck antelope a year when the hunters in Nevada can kill Oregon-raised, Oregon-fattened antelope after they cross the line into that state.

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## "THE PASSING OF THE ANTELOPE"

By WARDEN F. W. TRISKA.

The antelope is rapidly becoming an extinct animal. Doubtless in a few more years there will be scarcely any left. These animals cannot stand civilization, and even with the best of protection by the game laws they will decrease. There are, rough estimate, about 1200 antelope left yet in Harney County, while a few years ago thousands roamed the sage-covered plains. The few antelope that are left stay close to Baitey's Butte, in the southern end of Catlow Valley, near the Nevada line, while a few are scattered over the Steins Mountain game refuge.

An interesting experiment was made a few years ago by Dr. L. E. Hibbard, of Burns. He captured several pairs of young antelope, most of them being about ten days old. These he fed with a bottle until old enough to wean. He then turned them loose on rocky hillsides, and saw that they were provided with their natural food. As near as possible they were in their native surroundings, but with all of this care none of them lived over three years, while most of them

died at the age of two, thus proving that they cannot stand confinement. They soon become very gentle and affectionate, and if it were not for their untimely death would make a very desirable pet. Unlike the deer, they do not become cross. They never kick, nor do the bucks ever try to use their horns. It was very common to see these antelope of Dr. Hibbard's follow him around town, for after a few weeks of confinement they seem to lose all desire to go back to the hills. A striking incident of the devotion of the antelope for its mate is told by the doctor. One of the does took sick, and he kept her in an enclosure away from her mate. As long as he saw her he seemed to be all right, but a day after she died he noticed that she was gone, and from that day on he never ate another bite. He wandered over the town, seemingly trying to find his lost mate, and finally, when all hope was gone, he came home to the hillside, and one morning was found dead. No reason can be given for his death except that he died of a broken heart.

It is a sad fact, but nevertheless true, that as man comes, the antelope must go.

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## FISH AND GAME PROPAGATION AND PROTECTION FROM A BUSINESS STANDPOINT OR DOES IT PAY?

By WARDEN JAMES STEWART, Moro, Oregon.

As a great many people have an idea that fish and game propagation and protection is a fad for the benefit of the few and cannot be considered as a business proposition, I have been constrained to write this article, quoting in part from an article which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post of November 13 last, and from figures compiled by the American Game Protective and Propagation Society of New York for the year 1913, being the latest available, in view of the conflicting dates of the fiscal years in the different states. From this we see that it is estimated by the authorities of one New England state (Maine) that the revenue from sportsmen for that state in 1913 amounted to twenty-one million dollars. This included money spent by sportsmen for transportation, hotel bills, guns, ammunition, licenses and guides. In another Eastern state it was estimated at twelve million dollars for the same items for that year. These figures are so large as to be hardly credible, but they were compiled with great care and at considerable expense by the association mentioned, after correspondence with the proper authorities of the different states.

Any just balance sheet of sport ought to take into consideration the practical or commercial value of the game and fish of the country for food purposes. The statistics compiled show that one or two states have gone into this matter intelligently. Oregon may be quoted as follows: "What does the game of this state amount to purely from the food standpoint? Approximately nine thousand deer were killed in Oregon during the last year. This meat is worth about 16 cents a pound. There were approximately one hundred and fifty thousand ducks and about forty-five thousand Chinese pheasants killed during the past season. From a food standpoint a mallard or a pheasant is worth about 75 cents. A pound of trout or other game fish is worth 12 cents from the meat standpoint. When we consider the



approximate weight of the game fish—not including salmon and other commercial fish—that are caught by the people of this state each year, and in addition to the above, when we consider the numbers of grouse, quail, geese, shore birds and also the number of fur-bearing animals taken, we shall find that a low estimate of these resources is \$900,000 a year in the pockets of our people.”

Pennsylvania says: “The money value of game killed in Pennsylvania in 1914, averaged at 18 cents a pound, and counting 5,259,000 pounds, was \$946,000, nearly a million dollars. The expense to the Game Commission was about \$40,000; indeed, in 1913 it was but \$19,060.53.” This article further states: “Our association’s careful statistics show that last year (1913) the entire United States spent but \$71,916.38 in raising game.

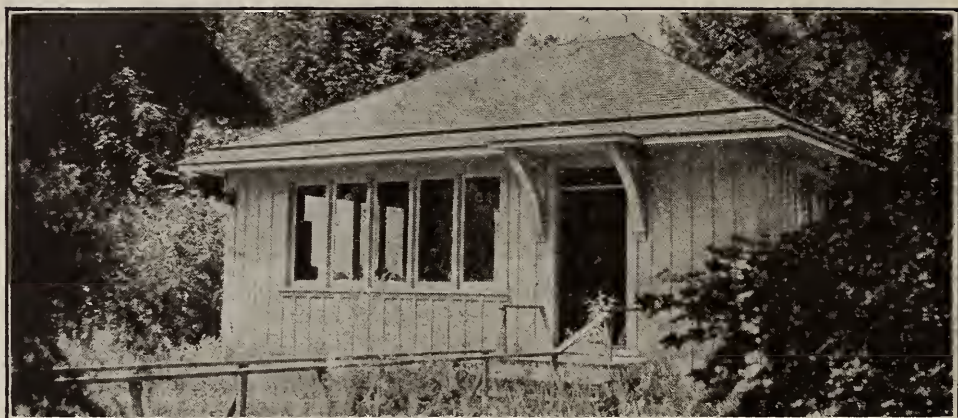
“It is a trifle sad that the men at the head of the State Game Commissions are so much left to cry alone in the wilderness. Their little annual reports are like the Washington department bulletins—they do not reach the audience they ought to reach. For instance, here is something from Idaho:

“But few people realize the amount of money spent with our merchants by those who hunt and fish. We have accurate information that the amount of money paid for goods sold by Boise merchants in 1914—guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, traps, hunting clothing and supplies for hunting parties—was \$100,000, and the total in the state will amount to at least \$1,000,000. In addition to this, the money spent for hiring horses, pack animals, automobiles, railroad fares, hotel bills and guides by hunters and fishermen amounts to at least three million dollars a year. Every city and hamlet in the state benefits by this business. Thus the better fishing and hunting we have, the more we shall attract the tourist and the better business we shall have.”

Fish and game propagation and protection is a business proposition. That time the Idaho Game Commission said something. The only hope of game protection, the only hope of outdoor sportsmanship in America, hangs right on the last words of the foregoing proposition—“Fish and game propagation and protection is a business proposition.” When we handle it as such we shall have no trouble in solving all the attendant problems. In view of the foregoing figures, which are reliable, it will be seen that the Fish and Game Commissions of our different states are engaged in a great work for the conservation and development of our natural resources and are surely entitled to the co-operation and support of all good citizens. Instead of this, I am sorry to say that our last Legislature has seen fit to reduce their receipts by giving all the fines for violations of the fish and game laws, as well as 5 per cent of the receipts from sale of hunting and fishing licenses, to the counties in which they are collected. This leaves the Fish and Game Commission with but 95 per cent of the receipts from hunting and fishing licenses to carry on its work.

We hope, however, to see this matter remedied at the next session, as the more money the Commission gets, the better service it can give both in stocking up the state with fish and game birds and in warden service for their protection.





The Oregon State Hatchery for Experiments in Fish Culture at  
Reed College, Portland, Oregon.

## THE OREGON STATE HATCHERY

By HARRY BEAL TORREY, Reed College.

It may not be generally known to the readers of the "Oregon Sportsman" that one of the first fish hatcheries in the United States to be devoted exclusively by any state to the scientific investigation of the many problems connected with the propagation of food and game fishes, was established less than three years ago, in Portland, by the Oregon State Fish and Game Commission.

In 1913, this Commission appropriated one thousand dollars to build and equip an experiment station that should co-operate with the state hatcheries, aiding them by attacking problems to which they were not able to give time and attention. A site, well supplied with excellent water and otherwise admirably suited to the purpose, was found in the ravine running through the grounds of Reed College. Here, by arrangement with the trustees, the station was erected and the Professor of Biology of the college undertook the direction of its work. On January 1, 1914, ninety thousand Chinook salmon eggs arrived from Bonneville, and the first series of experiments was begun. Some of the results of these experiments have already appeared in the "Oregon Sportsman" for September, 1914, under the title: "Feeding Fingerling Salmon"; and in the Transactions of the American Fisheries Society for March, 1915, under the title "Notes on the Rearing of Salmon." Later results are now being prepared for publication. I shall not consider them here, however, since this brief paper is especially concerned with a description of the station itself.

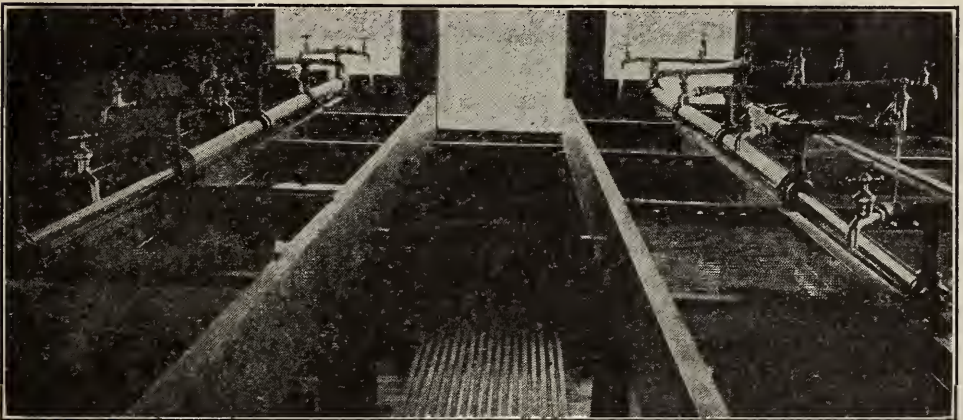
The general appearance and setting of the station may be obtained from the accompanying photograph. The building is placed in the bed of a stream that runs through the ravine to the north of the gymnasium. It faces to the south, and is approached by a raised board walk that crosses the stream. It is lighted on four sides by five groups of casement windows. It is thirty feet long by twenty feet wide and divided within by a partition into two rooms, each twenty by fifteen feet.

Through the one outside door, that stands ajar in the photograph, one looks directly into the trough room, and on entering, is confronted with the view of the troughs shown in the second photograph. There are five troughs, running lengthwise of the room, two on one side of the central aisle and three on the other. They are standard fourteen

inch troughs somewhat modified to adapt them to the special work of the station. Each trough is divided into five compartments by wooden partitions perforated by twenty-five one-inch holes. Each compartment has its own outlet at one end, protected by the usual perforated zinc plate and furnished with a hollow wooden plug through which the overflow drains into a thin 2.5 inch galvanized iron pipe that pierces the floor and empties into a waste gutter below. As can be seen in the photograph, each compartment has its own inlet also, at the opposite end in the shape of a brass faucet, which receives water through short branches of galvanized iron pipe from a supply pipe for each group of troughs. The amount of water received by each supply pipe is controlled by a check valve not visible in the photograph. The initial diameter of the pipe is two inches, but is diminished for the last two compartments to one inch in order to equalize the flow from all outlets along its course. By plugging the holes through the partitions between compartments, the latter can be completely isolated from each other. Thus twenty-five small troughs, each large enough to hold a salmon eggbasket may be obtained for experiments with small numbers of fish that are being raised under different conditions. Eggbaskets, zincs, and eggs have been supplied from Bonneville through the kindness of Master Fish Warden Clanton.

The laboratory is reached through the trough room, which it just equals in size. It is lighted on the north, west and south by long casement windows. Immediately under these windows runs a table shelf two feet three inches wide. Shelves for reagents, apparatus, glassware and specimens occupy two corners between windows, while a hood furnished with two gas outlets and a ventilating shaft, occupies a third. The room is heated by two small gas stoves fitted with chimneys to carry away all products of combustion. Each room is provided with a sink.

The stream which supplies the hatchery with water arises in several springs some six hundred yards to the east. About one hundred yards from the building its waters are impounded by an earthen dam about fifteen feet high. From this point the larger part of

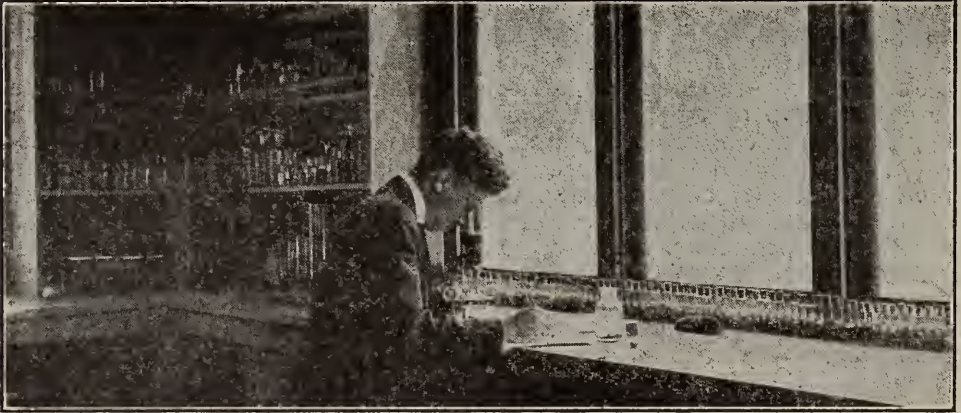


Experiment Station—Interior Trough Room.

the water is diverted to a ditch along the north side of the ravine. The floor of this ditch, where it passes the hatchery, is six feet above the level of the troughs which are supplied through a six-inch iron pipe with a screened intake and laid underground. The supply of water is ample the year round.



The temperature of the water at the point of delivery to the troughs varies with the season and the weather. In January, 1916, the thermometer registered from 0 degrees to 8 degrees C. for four days. In May it reached 16.5 degrees C., the high mark for the year. During the month of April, temperatures taken at nine o'clock in the morn-



Experiment Station—Interior Laboratory.

ing were, on April 2, 7.5 degrees C., on April 25, 12.5 degrees C. The extreme range of diurnal variation observed is 3.8 degrees C., with an average of 1.5 degrees C.

An experiment station concerned with problems of fish culture would not be complete without rearing ponds. As yet these do not exist, though the need for them has been distinctly felt. There is excellent opportunity, however, for their construction in the stream bed under ideal natural conditions.

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## GOOD FISHING IN LANE COUNTY—THE REASON

By WARDEN E. C. HILLS.

For good fishing in Lane county we can certainly give the State Fish and Game Commission credit. The planting of fish each year has increased the supply greatly and they are larger than ever known before. During the last three years there has been more large fish caught (from 2½ to 5¼ pounds) than I ever knew of and I have fished the streams of Lane county for 25 years. Another reason is that the stopping of the big log drives has been a benefit to the spawning fish of the Willamette and the McKenzie rivers—the two best Rainbow streams in the State of Oregon.

Eugene is the headquarters for fishing parties from the outside. Leaving Eugene and traveling up the Willamette we first come to Hills Creek, with eight miles of trout fishing, then we come to Little Falls Creek, with 14 miles of fishing, and then we strike a logging dam which forms a lake of ten acres, teeming with Cutthroat trout from 10 to 24 inches in length. Next comes Big Fall Creek, with 20 miles of good Rainbow fishing, and a little above we come to Lost Creek, with 15 miles of fishing. Going on up the main river we have 40 miles of the best fishing until we come to the North Fork and go up the stream 30 miles. We have seen 40 nice fish taken out of one hole in this fork of



the Willamette. Returning to the main stream we continue up the river until Salmon Creek with 20 miles of fishing waters is reached, then comes Salt Creek, 18 miles long, then Kitson Creek, 9 miles, and we find ourselves 60 miles from Eugene. After reaching Kitson Creek we still have 20 miles of fishing, which is not excelled for trout from 8 inches to two feet in length.

Going back to our headquarters at Eugene, we start on our journey up the McKenzie River. This stream cannot be beat for a fishing stream for a distance of 80 miles. It is a beautiful stream, very swift, but adapted to boat fishing, although there are a few places where it is not safe for a skiff. The South Fork of this stream is noted for the Dolly Varden trout. It is also a wonderful stream. The McKenzie has been fished more than any of the other streams in the county on account of the good county road that parallels it. Many of the Rainbow caught weigh from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  pounds and some as high as  $5\frac{1}{4}$  pounds. When a fisherman wades out into this stream to his waist and gets one of these big fellows on his hook he knows he has caught something before he lands him. Usually three or four of them is all he cares to rustle with before meal time.

Western Lane county is also well supplied with excellent fishing streams. Wild Cat, the Siuslaw, Lake Creek and others. I caught 17 salmon trout in Lake Creek out of one hole and the weight of the fish was all that I cared to carry. This is a wonderful stream to fish in when the fish are running. West Lake is full of salmon trout and cut-throats; also Land Lake, which is three miles from the ocean—a beautiful body of water with 97 miles of shore line and heavy body of timber on the west and south. Wild ducks and geese also swarm in this lake.

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## WHAT PANTHERS CAN DO AND WHAT THEY DID IN TWO WEEKS

By WARDEN J. M. THOMAS.

A year or so ago, I was making my rounds in Coos County trying to learn the conditions of the different game districts, to get acquainted with the people and see how they felt toward the protection of game and the game laws.

I stopped over night with an old man who had lived in that district for a long time. I told him my business and asked his opinion on a number of things. He said: "I am in favor of protecting insectivorous song birds and would like to see Chinese pheasants get a good start, but there is no use in protecting deer. It would be best to turn the people loose and let them kill the deer as fast as they can and get some benefit of them; at the present time the pesky panther gets them all." I asked him how he knew they got them all, and he replied, "Why, if four panthers will kill eighteen deer in twelve days, how many will they kill in a year? And if you don't believe me, go to Rowland Prairie and get Jack Warner to go with you and look for yourself."

So I went to Mr. Warner's and asked him if he had any evidence as to this story. He said: "Well, I think I have enough to convince you of the number of panthers without going very far." So he took me into a shed where four panther pelts were tacked on the wall, two very large ones and two about half grown. (This was in March and the two small ones were probably born in May or June, making them almost a year old.) "Well," I said, "Here are the four scalps, where are the carcasses of the eighteen deer?" Do you see that greesewood point yonder? (pointing to a wooded point near a large prairie), they are all

right there and on a spot of ground not to exceed four acres, and these pesky devils (pointing to the pelts on the wall) must be responsible as I caught all four of them within a quarter of a mile of that spot—two of them right on the point—and got them all in three hours' time."

He told the following story: "Upon going to the Prairie to look for my cattle, I had to pass very near that point. I took my dogs with me (pointing to a large bluish white-faced dog he called 'Old Grit' and a white and black spotted bitch he called 'Foxey'.) As we got near, 'Old Grit' scented something and was soon off. We followed and discovered that he had found a deer, buried beneath sticks and leaves, that had been killed perhaps only that night, as none of it had been eaten. In a few minutes the dog left this spot and began smelling around, and suddenly stopped again and began to dig. He found another deer that had just been killed and buried. He did not linger at this spot and was off again on a dead run up the hill. It was beginning to get interesting to me so I followed the dog. He was now barking very loudly and I hastened in his direction to find that he had that devil (pointing to the largest hide) treed in a big fir. Unfortunately, I did not have my gun, so I left the dogs in charge and hurried back to the house, a mile away. Upon my return, needless to say, I made peace with that fellow in a very short time.

"'Foxey' and I started back toward the deer to look around further and 'Old Grit' started in another direction. It was only a few minutes until his loud barking drew us to where he was, and, to my astonishment, if he didn't have one of those little fellows up another tree. I killed it and thought it surely was doing a land office business to have killed two panthers in one day.

"We again went to the place where we had found the deer carcasses, 'Old Grit' came with us this time and the dogs became busy at once digging deer out from almost any place, it seemed. Some of them looked as if they had been killed several days, as they were partly eaten—others had hardly been touched. I followed the dogs as they would move from one carcass to another, and suddenly 'Old Grit' scented something and was off again in a minute, 'Foxey' after him. I was lead to them by their barking and found that they had treed the old mother cat up a hemlock. I was not long killing her and felt sure that we had now gotten the whole family of panthers. I felt fine; it was getting late and I did not want to spend the night in a bone yard so started home. We had not gone far when the dogs simultaneously scented something and were off again in the same direction. Shortly I heard them bark and knew they had something treed again, but it was now so dark I could not see to shoot. I debated whether to go home for a lantern and return, and decided that I might as well clean up a good day's business. Upon my return with the lantern, I found that the dogs had this other little fellow up a fir snag. I killed him and reached home in fairly good time at that."

I asked, "I suppose you slept good that night with all your excitement?" "Slept good? Why every time I shut my eyes I could see big panthers, small panthers, old panthers, young panthers, over me, under me, why everything was panthers. The next morning we went back to the point and found the carcasses of eighteen deer. Apparently none of them had been killed over ten or twelve days, as they were hardly decayed, but we did not find any more panthers."

So this is the reason the old gentleman wanted the people to have the deer, for certain enough at that rate of slaughter all the deer in this county would not last long. In the last five years, Mr. Warner, with these two dogs, has killed 78 wild cats, 24 panthers and 27 bears. These two dogs are the best in the state and Mr. Warner will put them up against anything in the state for money, marbles or moss agates.



## AN INTERESTING TRIP BY AUTO

By T. E. HAMMERSLY.

On July 10th the writer, accompanied by his family and Mr. Joe Hammersly, left Portland on a trip by auto which took us through some of the most interesting parts of Oregon and California.

The night of the first day out found us in Eugene, the next in Gold Hill, where we stayed four days, and then on we went to Ashland. Leaving Ashland, we soon crossed the state into California and visited Hornbrook and Shovel Creek, and then journeyed back into Oregon and visited Klamath Falls. Here we began to get "Fish Hungry," so off we went to the Klamath Indian Reservation, where we secured a permit from the Agent to fish in the lake and the streams on the reservation. Remember, when you want to fish or hunt on the Reservation you must secure a permit to do so from the agent, otherwise the Indian police will put you off in a hurry.

Now the fishing began. We camped at Chiliquin, below the Falls, where we caught fifteen small trout, but could not catch any of the large ones. An Indian fished right along with us, and I am ashamed to say it, caught all he could carry in two hours. He knew just where to catch them. He said he knew right where the fish were feeding. He evidently did and we didn't. Finally the Indian got to coaching me and was very nice, and I really believe he wanted me to catch some of the big ones, but they wouldn't bite my hook.

From Klamath Falls we went to Lakeview, and from Lakeview to Silver Lake, where we caught some nice trout just below the town in Silver Creek. From there we went to Pringle Falls, a lovely place to camp and the fishing cannot be equalled. We caught three Dolly Vardens and twenty "Redsiders," the Dollies being taken with a spoon and the Redsides with a fly. We would like to have stayed here a month, but was in a hurry to return home.

Good fishing was reported at Crescent Lake, but it was off of our road and we did not get to go there.

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THAT FIRST BUCK

(Contributed)

You have been following their tracks for hours. You follow them up the draws down which rush mad mountain streams. You follow them along dizzy ridges where barren rocks themselves speak of the heights to which you have ascended. You keep your gun in such a position that you will be able to fire at a second's notice. Still, after hours of tramping, with your clothes wringing wet with perspiration, you have not seen even a doe.

You start back to camp. The mountain ridges are fading from a purple to a deep grey in the hastening twilight. You start for the open country through which you may most easily get back to camp. You emerge from a thicket on the mountainside. There is a whir of reddish brown, you know that you have seen a set of horns. Without knowing what you are doing you throw a shell into the barrel of your gun and fire at the fading animal, that clears brush and logs with an amazing celerity and inexpressible grace.

You wonder if the cartridge will miss fire or the aim has been good for you have not had time to be sure of the aim. A sharp report re-



sounds as you pull the trigger. There is a bawl and you know a second shot will not be necessary for you have broken his back.

Have you ever felt that intense nervous exultation when you stand over your first deer? Have you ever returned to camp and tried to conceal an exultant pride beneath a too weak modesty? Then you have a thrill that is new to add to your experiences.

Douglas county is one of those large spots in the state of Oregon that needs little introduction to the deer hunter. It is comprised of a series of mountain chains and intervening valleys, the ridges mainly timbered and the valleys containing plenty of pasture for the packhorse. Its streams are famous. Its scenery is varied and beautiful, and its accessibility makes it an ideal spot for a Summer's vacation.

If you are assured of congenial companions, of plenty of substantial "grub," of at least one companion who has an intimate knowledge of the country and its peculiarities, your two weeks in Douglas county will return you to your daily tasks rejuvenated in mind, body and soul.

With three of the best "sports" to be found anywhere, I spent two weeks in Douglas county during late August and early September. With saddle and packhorses we traveled over hundreds of miles of its well built trails, fishing and hunting when we pleased.

A mental picture I will always carry of that part of Douglas county we traversed, but there will remain still more deeply impressed in my mind a little spot beneath a towering cliff. There is a soapbrush thicket to the left of the picture. Nearer the center, a log, protected from quick decay by a charcoal coating, lies half covered with vines. The blackened stump of the log occupies the center of the picture. There are several tufts of bunch grass. A four point buck, just losing his Summer coat and the velvet from his horns, can be seen disappearing behind the stump. There the picture ends for the buck fell beside the stump with a 30-30 bullet hole clean through him.

And this is why I feel so good about that trip—for I shot that buck.

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## STATEMENT OF THE FEDERAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE OF THE MIGRATORY BIRD LAW

The members of the Advisory Committee to the Department of Agriculture on the Migratory Bird Law, in view of the fact that new regulations setting forth closed seasons on migratory water fowl and birds have been made public, issued a statement as follows:

### To the People of the United States:

The Advisory Committee appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. D. F. Houston, to co-operate with the Bureau of Biological Survey in fixing the regulations for closed seasons on migratory birds, as authorized by the Federal Migratory Bird Law, desires to state to the people of the country that after the most exhaustive investigation, and the most careful consideration of every point raised, the regulations as promulgated were unanimously recommended by the members of this Committee. We realize the utter impossibility of even attempting to satisfy all that desire to shoot migratory birds.

In recommending the regulations we were controlled by the following considerations:

First—A most earnest desire to save from certain depletion and threatened annihilation the valuable waterfowl, game and insectivorous birds which migrate across the United States twice each year.

Second—To accord the hunters in the various states as nearly as possible an equal opportunity of taking migratory waterfowl and nomadic game birds.

Third—To open the seasons during which these birds can be legally killed in those months when under normal weather and food conditions the largest number of migratory waterfowl and birds sojourn in any particular state.

Fourth—To absolutely eliminate spring shooting, when migratory water fowl and birds on the northward migration are journeying towards their breeding grounds, thus impelled by the resistless force of nature, to mate, nest and reproduce their species.

Fifth—To recognize unusual and extraordinary conditions existing in a few of the states, without effecting the equity or vested rights of the people of the whole country in the migratory wild life.

Sixth—To submit reasonable, practical, fair and just regulations that should invite the support of all true conservationists.

Seventh—To guarantee not only to the present generation a reasonable supply of migratory wild life, but to so protect it that it will multiply and be handed to future generations as their proper and rightful heritage.

The imperative necessity for the enactment of the federal migratory bird law is palpable to every thoughtful and discerning mind.

Migratory wild life does not even recognize national, to say nothing of state, lines. The variability of the statutes of the states protecting these migrants, the lack of uniformity in these laws, the rapacity with which the nomadic birds are slaughtered by voracious annihilators of wild life in many of the states to the detriment of the people at large, compelled the conclusion of Congress that the exigencies of the situation demanded federal regulations that would, in reality, save the migratory waterfowl and birds from extermination.

The people of no country have been so abundantly blessed with valuable natural resources as ours.

The American people are notoriously a nation of wasters. Only by reason of the fact that their natural resources are fast disappearing have they been induced to extend even a modicum of conservation to these fast-vanishing assets.

Conservation does not mean the preventing the use of our natural resources as a miser would hoard his gold, but means the wise and careful use of our national heritage, taking therefrom only a sufficient quantity to supply our needs, with the full realization that we are trustees for future generations.

We are convinced that under the operation of this law shooting will improve each year.

The need of the hour has heretofore appeared to be uppermost in the minds of the people. They have drawn recklessly on their natural inheritance with scarcely a thought of the future. It is a notable fact that in our rapacity for slaughter many of the most valuable species of game and birds that formerly abounded in this country have been annihilated.

The wild or passenger pigeon that formerly swarmed over Eastern North America in countless millions has become extinct. The Ameri-

can bison, found on the great plains of the West, was slaughtered by hide-hunters to the point of extermination. The Great Auk, the Eskimo curlew, the Labrador duck, the Carolina Parakeet have been exterminated. There are many other valuable North American birds that are candidates for extinction, including the whooping crane, trumpeter swan, American flamingo, roseate spoonbill, scarlet ibis, long-billed curlew, upland plover, Hudsonian godwit, red-breasted sandpiper, golden plover, dowitcher, willet, pectoral sandpiper, black-capped petrel, American egret, snowy egret, wood duck, band-tailed pigeon, heath hen, sage grouse, white-tailed kite, prairie sharptail, pinnated grouse and woodcock.

Future eventuations can only be judged by those that have gone before, hence the enactment and the enforcement of a comprehensive system of federal conservation of migratory wild life was made necessary if this valuable asset was to be retained among the resources of the United States.

Aside from aesthetic consideration, birds and game constitute a valuable article of food. From a recreational standpoint, this resource is of the greatest value to our people.

We feel that the failure of any American citizen to accord the federal migratory bird law his most active support is due either to lack of information or selfishness.

We therefore urge and request all patriotic citizens to exert their influence to the utmost to the end that the incalculable benefits contemplated by this law, and most specifically accruing to the people under the regulations just promulgated, be given their moral support, that the enlightened conscience of the people may be quickened to a full observance and vigilant enforcement of this wise and progressive conservation measure.

John B. Burnham, Chairman, New York.  
Hon. Edward G. Bradford, Jr., Delaware.  
Hon. F. W. Chambers, Utah.  
W. L. Finley, Oregon.  
Dr. E. H. Forbush, Massachusetts.  
Dr. George B. Grinnell, New York.  
Dr. William T. Hornaday, New York.  
Clark McAdams, Missouri.  
Marshall McLean, New York.  
Clinton M. Odell, Minnesota.  
T. Gilbert Pearson, New York.  
Hon. Ernest Schaeffle, California.  
Hon. George Shiras, 3d Michigan.  
Hon. John H. Wallace, Jr., Alabama.





## REGULATIONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF MIGRATORY BIRDS

### Closed Season at Night.

A daily closed season on all migratory game and insectivorous birds shall extend from sunset to sunrise.

### Closed Season on Insectivorous Birds.

A closed season on migratory insectivorous birds shall continue throughout each year, except that the closed season on reedbirds or ricebirds in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina shall commence November 1 and end August 31, next following, both dates inclusive; Provided, That nothing in this or any other of these regulations shall be construed to prevent the issue of permits for collecting birds for scientific purposes in accordance with the laws and regulations in force in the respective States and territories and the District of Columbia.

### Closed Seasons on Certain Game Birds.

A closed season shall continue until September 1, 1918, on the following migratory game birds: Band-tailed pigeons, little brown, sandhill and whooping cranes, wood ducks, swans, curlew, willet, and all shore birds except the black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jacksnipe, woodcock, and the greater and lesser yellow-legs.

A closed season shall also continue until September 1, 1918, on rails in California and Vermont and on woodcock in Illinois and Missouri.

### Zones.

The following zones for the protection of migratory game and insectivorous birds are hereby established:

Zone No. 1.—The breeding zone comprising the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Oregon and Washington—31 states.

Zone No. 2.—The wintering zone comprising the states of Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and California—17 states, and the District of Columbia.

### Construction.

For the purposes of regulations below each period of time therein prescribed as a closed season shall be construed to include the first and last day thereof.

### Closed Seasons in Zone No. 1.

Waterfowl.—The closed season on waterfowl, including coots and gallinules, shall be between December 21 and September 6 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York (except Long Island), Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia the closed season shall be between January 1 and September 15.

In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, Oregon, Utah and Nevada the closed season shall be between January 16 and September 30; and

In Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri the closed season shall be between March 11 and September 15 and between November 16 and February 9.

**Rails.**—The closed season on sora and other rails, excluding coots and gallinules, shall be between December 1 and August 31 next following, except as follows:

**Exceptions:** In Vermont the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

**Shore Birds.**—The closed season on black-breasted and golden plover and greater and lesser yellowlegs shall be between December 1 and August 15 next following, except as follows:

**Exception:** In Utah the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

**Jacksnipe.**—The closed season on jacksnipe or Wilson snipe shall be between December 16 and September 15, next following.

**Woodcock.**—The closed season on woodcock shall be between December 1 and September 30 next following, except as follows:

**Exceptions:** In Illinois and Missouri the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

#### Closed Seasons in Zone No. 2.

**Waterfowl.**—The closed season on waterfowl, including coots and gallinules, shall be between February 1 and October 14 next following, except as follows:

**Exceptions:** In Alabama, Arkansas, District of Columbia, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia the closed season shall be between February 1 and October 31, next following.

**Rails.**—The closed season on sora and other rails, excluding coots and gallinules, shall be between December 1 and August 31 next following, except as follows:

**Exceptions:** In Louisiana the closed season shall be between February 1 and October 31; and

In California the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

**Shorebirds.**—The closed season on black-breasted and golden plover and greater and lesser yellowlegs shall be between December 1 and August 15, next following.

**Jacksnipe.**—The closed season on jacksnipe or Wilson snipe shall be between February 1 and October 31, next following.

**Woodcock.**—The closed season on woodcock shall be between January 1 and October 31, next following.

#### Hearings.

Persons recommending changes in the regulations or desiring to submit evidence in person or by attorneys as to the necessity for such changes should make application to the Secretary of Agriculture. Hearings will be arranged and due notice thereof given by publication or otherwise as may be deemed appropriate. Persons recommending changes should be prepared to show the necessity for such action and to submit evidence other than that based on reasons of personal convenience or a desire to kill game during a longer open season.

## OREGON FISH &amp; GAME COMMISSIONERS

Hon. James Withycombe, Governor and Chairman.....	Salem
Hon. I. N. Fleischner.....	Portland
Hon. Marion Jack .....	Pendleton
Hon. C. F. Stone.....	Klamath Falls
Hon. Frank M. Warren.....	Portland

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George Palmer Putnam ..... Secretary

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Carl D. Shoemaker.....	State Game Warden
R. E. Clanton.....	Master Fish Warden and Supt. of Hatcheries
William L. Finley.....	State Biologist

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Office of the Commission...Oregon Bldg., Fifth and Oak Sts., Portland

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## REGULAR DEPUTY GAME WARDENS

William Brown.....	St. Helens	John Larsen.....	Astoria
Roy Bremmer .....	Salem	H. L. Gray.....	Vale
E. H. Clark.....	Portland	O. B. Parker.....	McMinnville
Roy Dixon.....	Gold Beach	H. D. Stout.....	Klamath Falls
Jas. H. Driscoll.....	Ashland	George Tonkin.....	Pendleton
W. G. Emery.....	Newport	Orrin Thompson .....	Roseburg
I. B. Hazeltine.....	Baker	J. M. Thomas.....	North Bend
W. O. Hadley.....	The Dalles	S. B. Tyce.....	Brownsville
E. C. Hills.....	Eugene	J. W. Walden.....	La Grande
C. W. Loughrey.....	Seaside	Edgar Walker .....	Medford

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## REGULAR FISH WARDENS

S. L. Rathbun.....	Portland	Jas. H. Driscoll.....	Ashland
W. O. Hadley.....	The Dalles	W. G. Emery.....	Newport
John Larson .....		Astoria	



## SYNOPSIS OF OREGON FISH AND GAME LAWS

Following is a synopsis of the fish and game laws of the State of Oregon, including federal regulations for the protection of migratory birds for 1916:

### RATES FOR HUNTERS' AND ANGLERS' LICENSES

Resident Hunter's License.....	\$ 1.00 per year
Non-Resident Hunter's License.....	10.00 per year
Resident or Non-Resident Angler's License.....	1.00 per year
Combination Hunter's and Angler's License.....	2.00 per year

Hunters' and anglers' licenses may be secured from any county clerk by applying in person, or by application signed by two freeholders on regular blank which may be obtained from county clerk, or from any of the regularly appointed representatives of the Fish and Game Commission.

Civil War veterans may obtain licenses free from the county clerks only, upon proof of service. No license is required to angle in salt water for non-game fish, nor is a license necessary for women to hunt and angle.

It is unlawful for aliens to hunt and angle without first having obtained a \$25 gun license and both hunters' and anglers' licenses.

Women who hunt for and kill deer must have license to obtain tags.

### FEDERAL LAW, WHICH SUPERSEDES STATE LAW.

No shooting of migratory game birds between sunset and sunrise.

There is a closed season until September 1, 1918, on the following migratory game birds: Wild or band-tailed pigeons, little brown, sandhill and whooping cranes, swans, curlews, wood ducks, and all shore birds except the black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and the greater and lesser yellowlegs.

### OPEN HUNTING SEASON—ALL DATES INCLUSIVE

#### District No. 1.

Comprising all counties west of the Cascade Mountains.

Buck deer with horns—August 15 to October 31.

Silver gray squirrels—September 1 to October 31.

Ducks and geese—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Rails and coots—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)

Chinese pheasants and grouse—October 1 to October 31. Jackson County—October 1 to October 10. No open season in Coos, Curry and Josephine counties.

Quail—Open season in Coos, Curry, Jackson and Josephines Counties—October 1 to October 31. Closed at all times in other counties.

Doves—September 1 to October 31.

**District No. 2.**

Comprising all counties east of the Cascade Mountains.

Buck deer with horns—August 15 to October 31.

Silver gray squirrels—Season closed in Hood River and Wasco counties by order of the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners.

Ducks and geese—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Rails and coots—October 1 to January 15. (Federal law.)

Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)

Chinese pheasants—Open season in Union County—October 1 to October 10. Closed at all times in other counties.

Grouse—August 15 to October 31.

Prairie chickens—Open season in Sherman, Union and Wasco Counties—October 1 to October 15. Closed at all times in other counties.

Sage hens—July 15 to August 31.

Quail—Open season in Klamath County—October 1 to October 10. Closed at all times in other counties.

Doves—September 1 to October 31.

**Bag Limits.**

Buck deer with horns—3 during any season.

Silver gray squirrels—5 in any seven consecutive days.

Ducks, geese, rails, coots and shore birds—30 in any seven consecutive days.

Chinese pheasants, native pheasants and grouse—5 in one day including 1 female Chinese pheasant, and 10 in any seven consecutive days, including 2 female Chinese pheasants.

Prairie chickens and sage hens—5 in one day and 10 in any seven consecutive days.

Quail—10 in any seven consecutive days.

Doves—10 in one day or 20 in any seven consecutive days.

Geese killed in Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, Harney, Crook, Morrow and Umatilla counties may be sold after having metal tags attached.

**OPEN ANGLING SEASONS—BOTH DISTRICTS.**

Trout over six inches—April 1 to October 31—Bag limits 75 fish or 50 pounds in any one day.

Trout over ten inches—All year—Bag limit 50 fish or 50 pounds in one day.

Bass, crappies, Williamson's white fish, cat fish and graylings—All year—Bag limit 40 pounds in one day.

"Yanks" in Wallowa Lake—All year, except September 15 to October 10—Bag limit 50 pounds in one day.

**IT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL.**

To kill mountain sheep, antelope, elk, beaver, female deer, spotted fawn, silver pheasants, golden pheasants, Reeves' pheasants, Eng-

lish partridge, Hungarian partridge, Franklin grouse or fool hen, bob-white quail, swan, wood duck, wild turkey, least sandpiper, western sandpiper, solitary sandpiper, semi-palmated plover, snowy plover, and all other birds of any kind, except those on which there is an open season.

The following are not protected at any time: Duck hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, prairie falcon, goshawk, English sparrow, great horned owl, northern shrike, cormorants, American morgan, crows and ravens, magpies and blue jays.

- To rob any birds' nests except such birds as are not protected by law.
- To hunt without having hunting license on person, and to refuse to show same on demand of proper officer or owner or representative of real property where hunting.
- To hunt at night.
- To sell or have in possession plumage of protected birds.
- To hunt on any game reservation.
- To disguise sex or kind of any game.
- To hunt deer with dogs.
- To lie in wait near licks while hunting deer.
- To sell game of any kind except when propagated according to law.
- To shoot game from public highways or railroad rights-of-way.
- To wantonly waste game.
- For aliens to hunt without a special gun license.
- To shoot from any power, sink or sneak boat, or sink box.
- To hunt on enclosed or occupied unenclosed lands without permission of owner.
- To trap fur-bearing animals without a license.
- To burn tules between February 15 and September 15, excepting by permit from State Game Warden.
- To have in possession more than 40 pounds of jerked venison.
- To trap, net or ensnare game animals, birds or fish, except as expressly provided.
- To hunt within the corporate limits of any city or town, public park or cemetery, or on any campus or grounds of any public school, college or university, or within the boundaries of any watershed reservation as set aside by the United States to supply water to cities, or within any national bird or game reservation.
- To resist game wardens or other officers charged with the enforcement of the game laws.
- To angle for any fish without having a license on person, and to refuse to show same on demand of proper officer.
- To fish by any means other than by hook and line.
- To use salmon spawn in Willamette River and tributaries south of East Independence station, Marion County.
- To cast lumber waste, dye, chemicals, decaying substance, etc., or to use powder or poisonous substances in streams.
- To fish at night or on stream within 200 feet below any fishway.
- To sell trout, bass, crappies, cat fish, white fish or grayling.
- To maintain an irrigation ditch without having it screened at the intake.



## ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS OF GAME LAWS.

All game is owned by the State.

Any game animal, bird or fish raised in captivity may be sold if properly tagged.

Any game animal or bird may be held during closed season if properly tagged.

Any game animal or bird may be imported from without the United States and sold if properly tagged.

Any navigable stream and any streams flowing through public lands are highways for fishing.

Taxidermists must pay a license of \$3 per year.

The State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners are empowered to summon and examine witnesses under oath, to suspend open seasons, offer rewards to apprehend violators, and to acquire any kind of game for propagation, experimental or scientific purposes.

## PENALTIES.

Any person killing any mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope, elk, or moose, may be fined from \$200 to \$1,000 and imprisoned not less than 60 days or more than six months.

Unless otherwise provided, violations of other sections carry penalties of not less than \$25 or more than \$500 and costs, or by imprisonment not less than 30 days or more than six months.

Besides fines, any one violating laws shall be subject to a civil liability ranging from \$2 for each game bird to \$300 for elk and mountain sheep; shall forfeit all guns, dogs, boats, traps, fishing apparatus and implements used in violation of laws, and shall forfeit his hunting license for the balance of the calendar year in which the offense was committed.

## NOTICE.

It will be appreciated if violations are reported to State Game Warden, Portland, Oregon, or any deputy game warden. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential.

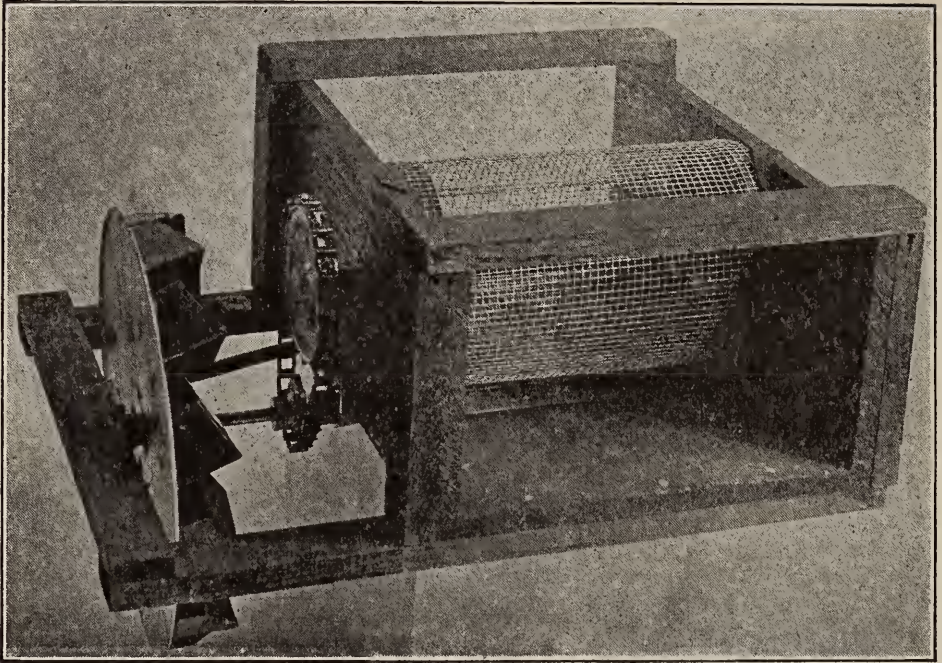
The fur-bearing animal trapping law or the commercial fishing laws will be furnished upon request.

## A CONTRAST

A barefoot boy,  
 A white birch pole;  
 A can of worms,  
 A swimmin' hole.  
 A baited hook,  
 A tug and sw'sh;  
 A steady haul,  
 A string of fish.

A white duck suit,  
 A canvas boat;  
 A costly rod,  
 A patent float.  
 A gaudy fly,  
 A cast and swish;  
 A pretty sight,  
 But nary a fish.

—Selected.



## AITKEN REVOLVING SELF-CLEANING FISH SCREEN

The Aitken Revolving Fish Screen was invented to meet the demand made by the laws of Oregon that irrigation ditches and water conduits be adequately screened against the passage of fish.

### DESCRIPTION

A study of the accompanying illustration or cut will explain its mechanism. The Screen receives its motive power by a hydraulic motor operated outside the flume. A small amount of water is piped from the bottom or side of flume to the cups on the motor wheel, and power is transmitted to the Screen by the use of two sprocket wheels (4 to 8x1). The smaller wheel is fastened on the motor shaft, the larger on the screen shaft, using sprocket chain to transmit the power.

This Screen will operate in all stages of high or low, swift or dead water because it does not depend on the rate of flow for its operation. The Screen should revolve slowly so that the pressure of water will cause any leaves, moss or other debris, to adhere to the screen, thus carrying it over with the stream; this feature makes it self-cleaning.

Properly installed this Screen should require no attention for the season. Instructions for installing the Aitken Screen accompany all screens sold.

For further information address,

SAM. L. SANDRY, Superintendent of Fish Screens,  
Rogue River, Oregon.

OR

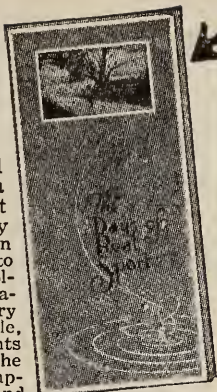
CARL D. SHOEMAKER, State Game Warden,  
Portland, Oregon.



## Did You Get Your Copy

**?** If not, we have it waiting for your name and address. Send a card and you will get a story that will carry you back to the time when you "really lived"—back to the days we all love to recollect. It is illustrated by a famous cartoonist. Besides a story that will make your blood tingle, it contains a lot of helpful hints and valuable information on the sport of Angling that will be appreciated by both beginners and the most critical of Anglers. Write for your copy today.

**SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY**  
W. Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Ind.



## FOR SALE

Undisplayed advertisements under this head inserted for three cents per word. first insertion; two cents per word, each additional consecutive insertion. Address, numbers and initials counted as words. Money must accompany copy for advertisement.

**CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS**—I have four Chesapeake Bay Puppies, whelped September 7th. These puppies are subject to registration. If you want a puppie that can't be beat and just the right age for next duck and pheasant season, write me. Address J. E. Banning, Clatskanie, Oregon. (rt.)

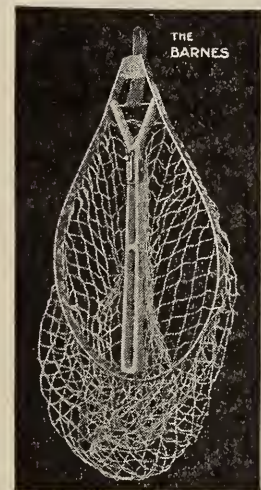
## KNOWLES AUTOMATIC STRIKER SPOON

**Another New Size** Last Season we gave you the 2 1/8 inch size. Now we are giving you a little one 1 1/2 inches long. It is just the size of the cut below.

Built like all the famous Knowles Automatic Strikers. Fine for casting or trolling. Hook releases when fish strikes and sudden stop at end deeply into jaw. Wiggles and darts like a live one. Catches more fish because hook is in right place. Ask your dealer or send to us. Fully Guaranteed. Booklet Free.

Sizes 1 1/2 in. 2 1/8 in. 2 3/4 in. 3 1/2 in. 4 1/2 in. 5 1/2 in.  
Price .35 .35 .55 .65 .80 \$1.00

S. E. KNOWLES, 86 Sherwood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.



**Don't Let The Big Ones Get Away**  
Be sure you have a "BARNES" Landing Net

Thousands sold the past season and every one gave satisfaction. Holds to half length for easy carrying. Instantly extended and locked ready for use. Light, made of aluminum, strong and convenient.

With Bro Cord Net - \$2.25  
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for this issue.

We want

# 10,000

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lounge room has been prepared, all sporting magazines and writing material at your disposal.

☛ We invite you to make your headquarters at our store; a lounge room has been prepared, all sporting magazines and writing material at your disposal.

## Hudson Arms Co.

Morrison at Fourth Street

PORTLAND, OREGON



# Which Do You Favor

## Game Protection and Rod and Gun Clubs

1. We stand for vigorous and impartial enforcement of the game and fish laws.
2. We stand for federal control of migratory birds and the prohibition of spring shooting.
3. We stand for a vigorous campaign against predatory animals as a menace to game and livestock.
4. We stand for an adequate system of Game Refuges.
5. We stand for such an increase in game and fish as will furnish legitimate sport for every citizen.
6. We are opposed in general to the public propagation in New Mexico of foreign species as a substitute for native American game.
7. We are pledged to observe the letter of the law and the spirit of good sportsmanship.
8. We are not in politics.
9. We stand behind every warden who does his duty.
10. We offer \$50 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person killing antelope, mountain sheep, or ptarmigan.



## Ancient Order of Game Hogs

1. We stand for vigorous and impartial enforcement of the game laws—**against the other fellow.**
2. We want the lid off on spring shooting, and **devil take the hindmost.**
3. We stand for a vigorous campaign against Game Protective Associations as a menace to our Ancient Order.
4. We stand for an adequate system of Game Refuges—in **Arizona.**
5. We wouldn't mind seeing an increase in game and fish. **Take us to it!**
6. We should worry about native American game as long as there's something to shoot.
7. To observe the letter of the law when you're liable to get caught is the part of good judgment.
8. We are not in pontics—while asleep.
9. We stand behind every warden who **does not bother us.**
10. We offer \$50 reward for information as to the whereabouts of any antelope, mountain sheep, or ptarmigan. **We thought we had them all.**

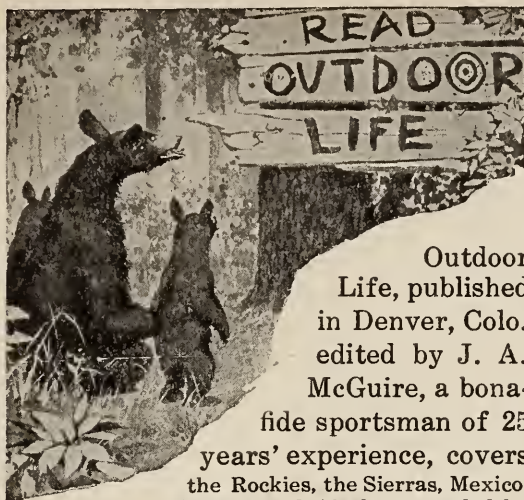
—Arizona Pine Cone.

## Oregon Bird and Pheasant Farm

*Chinese, Silver, Golden and  
Reeves Pheasants*

R. F. D. No. 1

Beaverton, Oregon



Outdoor  
Life, published  
in Denver, Colo.  
edited by J. A.  
McGuire, a bona-  
fide sportsman of 25  
years' experience, covers  
the Rockies, the Sierras, Mexico,  
Canada, and Alaska, conceded by

all to be the greatest wild-life territory in the world as only a Western magazine can. Thrilling stories of hunting and fishing, gun-lore to suit, be you a novice or an unquestioned expert, a new trap-shooting department—everything the out-door man wants to read.

Among our contributors are—T. S. Van Dyke, Oliver Kemp, Wm. H. Wright, Addison Powell, Samuel G. Camp, Dan Beard, F. E. Kleinschmidt, Chas. Askins, and Chas. Cottar. Mr. O. Warren Smith edits our angling department, and Ruth Alexander Peppel the new trap-shooting department. Chauncy Thomas's "Camp Fire Talks" are great. In the arms and amunition department, you will find articles by such gun experts as Ashley A. Haines, Chas. Newton, Captain A. H. Hardy, Adolph Topperwein, Chauncy Thomas, Brent Altscheler, Lieut. S. A. Wallen, Lieut. Tounsens Whelen, J. C. Watson and others.

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Ralph Edmunds, Idaho's nationally known big game hunter—the man who killed a sheep at one mile in Old Mexico last January—is spending three months in this paradise of sportsmen. This hunt will go down in history as one of the most successful pursuits of big game ever attempted. Mr. Edmunds is taking notes and upon his return will write the story of his hunt in his usual clear cut, illuminating style. It will be the greatest summary of actual conditions in the Cassiar country of British Columbia ever written. It will appear exclusively in

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It will run several issues (at least three) and will be completed in the May, 1917 issue. We want to make it easy for you, *Mr. Sportsman*, to read of this great hunt. We believe it a fitting way to introduce you to the many good things readers get the year around in *Outdoor Life*, so as a get-acquainted proposition we offer.

### 6 Month Sub. for 50c

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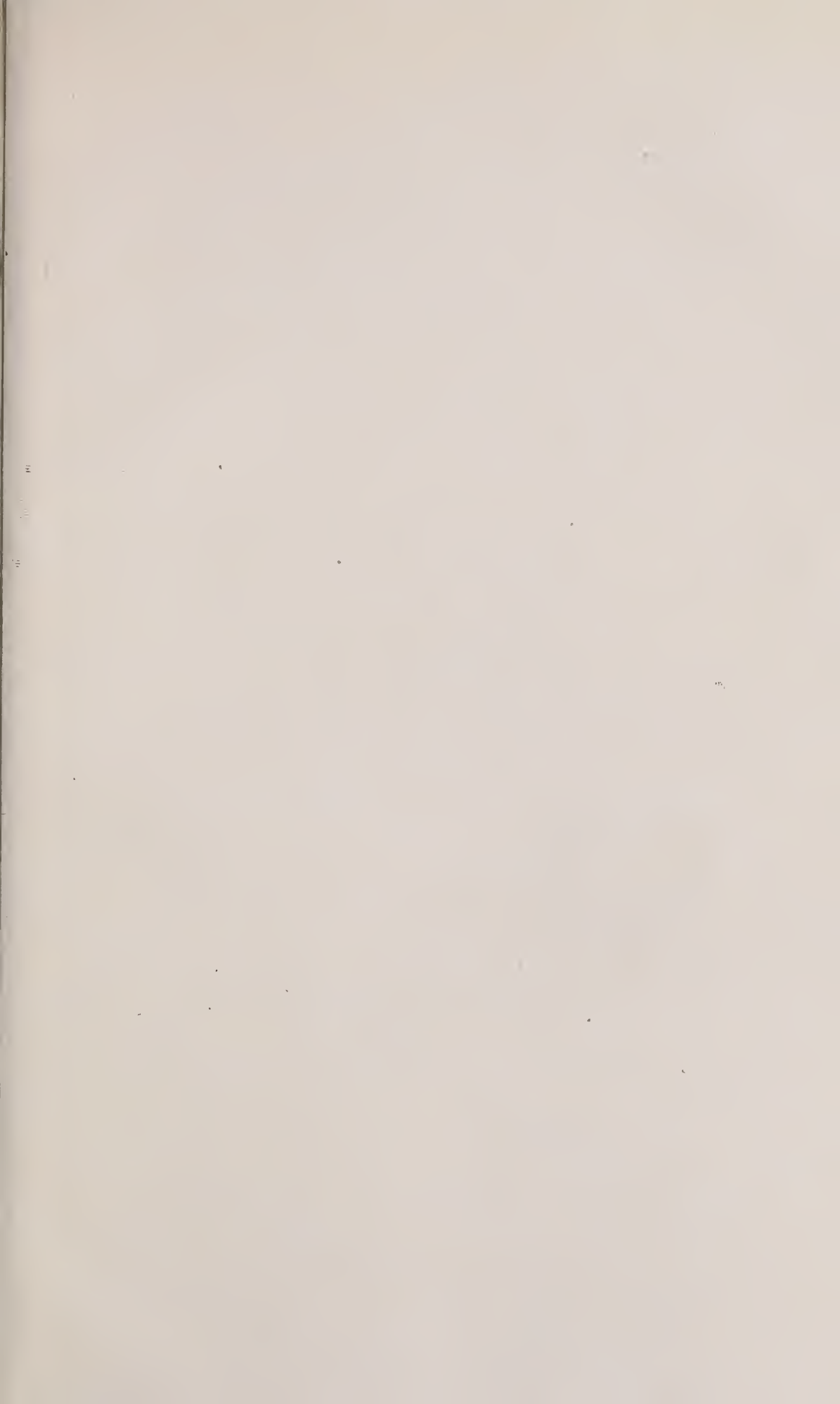
### IRISH SETTERS

Whelped October 30, 1916. Beautiful dark red. Royally bred. Sire and dam registered and litter enrolled. If you want an Irish Setter of real class for field or bench, write for particulars.

R. W. JONES, McMinnville, Oregon.





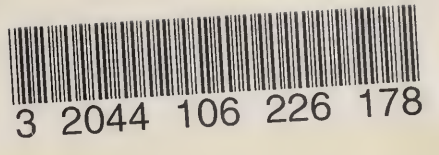


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