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HERD OF ELK AT
BILLY MEADOWS
WALLOWA COUNTY
TRANSPORTED FROM
JACKSON HOLE, WYO.

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Volume Five

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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.

THE CLOSED SEASON.

Every true sportsman will do everything in his power to protect the animal and bird life of the State on its breeding grounds. The law sets aside the coming few months as a closed season, when no hunting is allowed. The reason is plain. Wild life must be protected during the breeding season if the State is to maintain a high standard as a game-producing commonwealth. Destruction of the parents means that the young are left to starve, and the killing of wild animals and birds during the breeding season is wanton destruction of the game resources of the State.

The Sportsman is anxious to enlist every true sportsman in this great work of conservation at this

season of the year, and urges an active and aggressive campaign to the end that every man, woman and child will protect all wild life on its breeding grounds.

WHY NOT HERE?

In a recent issue of California Fish and Game, a publication devoted to the conservation of wild life in the State of California, published by the California Fish and Game Commission, appears the following:

“The judges of the State are taking more and more interest in enforcing the fish and game laws. During the past few months several heavy penalties have been exacted from violators. Since January 1 eleven jail sentences have been imposed for various violations of the fish and game laws. Three of these sentences were for a period of 150 days, in two cases for killing does and in the third case for fishing with illegal nets. In two instances offenders were given no alternative to the jail sentences.”

The quotation above discloses a pleasing condition so far as the enforcement of the game and fish laws are concerned in our neighboring State. We hope the time will come, and come soon, when The Sportsman can say as much for many of the judges of Oregon. However, Oregon is not the only State where the fish and game laws are enforced with apparent reluctance by many of the judges of the State. The authorities charged with the administration of the game and fish laws of a number of other states complain of the lack of co-operation, which includes prosecuting attorneys, sheriffs and constables, as

well as judges on the bench. Dismissal of cases, suspension of fines, and other miscarriages, especially suspension of fines after the officers have spent much time and the State has gone to great expense in securing evidence, have rendered the most earnest efforts abortive in many instances.

In a number of counties in Oregon, within the past year, cases were presented wherein pleas of guilty were entered, fines suspended, and the enforcement of the laws practically annulled. We believe the courts of Oregon should show a greater interest in the enforcement of the laws enacted for the protection and conservation of the wild life of the State. When this time arrives, the work of officers charged with the administration of the game and fish laws will become much more effective, and the wild life resources of Oregon will be greatly advanced.

God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us, and we have no right, by anything we do or neglect, to involve them in any unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of the benefit which was in our power to bequeath.—Ruskin.

We are told in Deuteronomy not to molest a bird on the nest. Doubtless this was the first game law. In the ancient times, as now, it was realized that wild life must be protected during the breeding season.

Are you helping out the game-protection idea by talking it to your neighbor and your friends?

The best enforcement of the game laws comes through the sportsmen themselves.

Legislation should favor the game and fish rather than the sportsman. In the long run this will make it better for the fellow with the gun or the rod.

The demands on the Game Fund are three-fold. Sportsmen insist that more fish be propagated, more birds be liberated and more patrol service be furnished. To take care of these just demands, more ammunition must be furnished. This ammunition is money and can be obtained only through an increase in the selling price of the licenses.

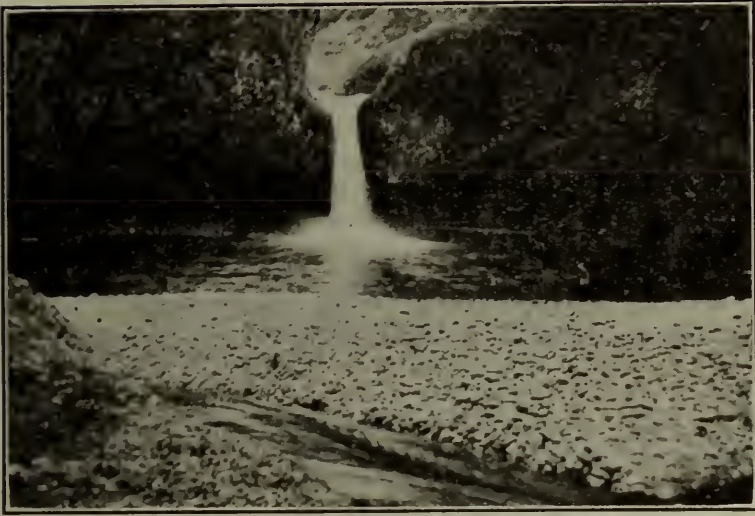
Take up violations of the game laws with your deputy game warden. He wants to co-operate with you if you will give him a chance. If you can't take it up with him, notify the State Game Warden at once.

More game-protection sentiment means more game for you in the future. It pays big returns for the small amount invested.

Take out your angling license now, for the early worm gets the fish.

Have you had that itching feeling to get out along the river and cast that fly?

When the worm turns does the fish bite?



Falls and Punch Bowl on Eagle Creek.

"WHERE NATURE GOES THE LIMIT"

By W. E. METZGER, Portland, Oregon

Many places in our great Northwest are noted for their trout fishing; a great number of them are famous for their natural scenery; others have become renowned for their hunting. Eagle Creek country seems to be coming to the front as a mecca for the sportsman seeking a combination of all these attractions.

Trout fishing on this stream is very good in most places; it is very inaccessible in places, but that very reason makes it good. But for the nimrod making the trip up the canyon there are other virtues to make it worth while. For instance, the scenery is without peer. That rugged gorge is a succession of natural wonders. One is made to gasp at the remarkable handiwork of nature as he wends his way through the wilds of the heart of the Cascade Range.

In many places there is no footing on the bank of the creek and it is absolutely necessary for the sportsman to wade the water, at times to waist depth. For a trip of this kind, one must go prepared for rough country.

Then there is regular mountain climbing and cliff-scaling in places. One place which the writer has in mind, there is a perpendicular sheer wall of basalt fully ninety feet high that must be negotiated. At times, further progress seems impossible, but upon very close examination one will notice traces of footprints, and by shrewd intelligence a way can usually be found to surmount these obstacles.

There are a series of punchbowls, places where the creek falls into a deep hollow recess in the solid rock, that is very picturesque. About the most difficult obstruction is found in a log jam which completely obscures the stream for a distance of about a quarter mile and is made up of logs varying in size from a small Christmas tree to those eight feet in diameter. The winter torrents carry these monster logs down the canyon, and when they reach this narrow place, they become caught and all later arrivals accumulate.

The upper reaches of this canyon are well known deer grounds and many good bags have been made in this vicinity. In many places

along the creek there is evidence of deer in the way of skeletons, etc. About one year ago, the snow was so deep that many deer perished for want of food and protection, hence the skeletons.

Eagle Creek is 44.5 miles from Portland on the Columbia River Highway, easily reached from the city. At the Highway end of the creek, the United States Forestry Service has made an ideal camping grounds for the use of the general public with every convenience, in the way of water piped to the grounds, stoves built for fireplaces, and they even furnish you sawed firewood to save you from cutting wood indiscriminately. There are also waste paper cans distributed about so as to help the appearance of this beauty spot.

From the camp grounds a good trail has been constructed for about five miles up the gorge, and this summer it will be completed to about eleven miles to Wahtum Lake and there connect with the Herman Creek trail. When this is completed, there is no nicer trip conceivable than the round trip to Wahtum Lake from the Columbia River Highway.

MY FIRST BEAR HUNT

By JUDGE J. W. KNOWLES, La Grande, Oregon

I think it was in the summer of 1907 that myself and family took a hunting and fishing trip up the Grande Ronde River to Starkey Prairie. Starkey Prairie is a beautiful valley nestling in the Blue Mountains and situated up the Grande Ronde River about thirty miles from La Grande.

While the trout fishing in the Grande Ronde River and its tributary, Beaver Creek, is nothing extra in the summer time, yet a person can generally catch all that they want to eat. We made the trip in my hunting hack which I call my "Kansas Schooner." As the weather was warm and we were simply on an outing anyway, we only traveled mornings and evenings and rested during the heat of the day. Arriving at Starkey, we went down a steep half-pitch grade to the river; so steep, indeed, that the horses had to almost slide on their tails. We made camp near an old deserted cabin with a nice sparkling spring hard by. We spent two or three days at this camp hunting and fishing and, while we got all the trout we wanted to eat, I did not succeed in locating any deer.

I had heard that deer used a sort of soda springs across the river and up the mountains from where we were camped, and, while I visited these springs both as early in the morning and late in the evening as the law would permit, I did not see any deer, although I saw quite a good deal of fresh signs. I remember one morning that I got onto one of the high ridges about daylight and I saw, just over the backbone of another ridge, what I took to be three elk slowly grazing along. I said to myself, "Here is the opportunity of a lifetime." (As this magazine is published by the Fish and Game Commission, and, in order to dispel any suspicions that I was contemplating a violation of the game laws, it is necessary for me to explain that this was the year that through some bobbie in the game laws deer and elk were not protected in Eastern Oregon.)

The headwaters of the Grande Ronde River have always been a favorite feeding ground for elk, and there are perhaps today more elk in the vicinity of Starkey Prairie than any part of the state. Hitching my little horse to a pine tree, I circled around to the wind-

ward of the animals so that they would not so easily hear or scent me. In order to do so, I had to go down the side of a steep canyon and up the other side. It was with no little difficulty that I pulled my two hundred pounds of avoirdupois up the sides of the canyon, but the vision of elk and the thought that I was going to get a shot at them acted as a stimulant. As I trudged up the steep and slippery side of the canyon, I wondered what I was going to do with so much elk meat, and then I thought of this and that friend that I would remember. Arriving at the top of the ridge, I carefully peeped over to locate the elk when, lo! and behold, my elk had been transformed into three two-year old steers. I had half a notion to take a shot at them anyway. Tired and disgusted, I started to return to my horse, but it seemed as though I would never get back up to the ridge where I had left him.

As we had satisfied our appetites for trout; and, as the prospect for getting any birds or big game was not very good, we broke camp and went to the Alden farm at the lower end of Starkey Prairie and put up our tent, intending to remain at that place for a few days. Soon after we had our camp fixed up, an old bachelor homesteader by the name of "Hodges," who has since passed to the "happy hunting ground" and who had a cabin at the mouth of one of the canyons near our camp, came over to our camp and told me that he was glad I had come there to camp, because for some time he had been bothered by a bear coming to his cabin during his absence and that he had seen signs of the marauder only the night before. He said that he had hunted bear a great deal himself and he had understood that I had hunted bear quite a good deal also, and that if I would go with him that evening, he thought we might get a chance to see and perhaps get a shot at Mr. Bruin. I told him that I would be "dee-lighted" to go with him. As a matter of fact, I had never hunted bear in my life, but I did not tell Hodges so, for there is no contempt so great as that of a bear hunter for a novice at the business. He had a couple of dogs which, while not blooded bear hounds, he said were very good at trailing a bear. I had a bird dog, and as Hodges thought it would not bother his dogs I took it along.

We left his cabin about three o'clock in the afternoon, as he said that there was no use in starting any earlier because the bear would not be moving around until along toward evening. We started up the canyon or "hollow" as he called it. Hodges was getting rather old, and as I was younger and accustomed to climbing over the hills, I led the way in going up the canyon. As the bottom of the canyon was bushy and full of dead falls, we climbed along the side about one-third to the top. The sun had barely passed over the western side of the canyon when I heard the dogs barking down in the bottom, but some distance ahead. I turned around and waited for Hodges to catch up with me, but when he got within speaking distance he said, "I think the dogs have got a bear located, Judge. Don't wait for me. Go right along. I am just about give out." I had a sudden stroke of locomotor ataxia myself about that time. The differential in my legs would not work, and the further I walked, I found myself gradually sideling off to the top of the canyon. Time was not so precious with me, and I was not so selfish as not to want to share the killing of the bear with Hodges, so I decided to wait until he came up. When he came up to me, or rather when I joined him as I had to go down the canyon considerably to do so, we would see

all three of the dogs rush at something in the bushes and then immediately back away about as fast as they had gone forward. Hodges said, "Well, Judge, it looks like the dogs have got a bear down there." I said, "What had we better do." He said, "I am satisfied it is a bear the way the dogs are acting, but it might be a porcupine." He had not more than said this when my bird dog left the rest of the dogs and came running towards us yelping like a good fellow. Before he got to us, I noticed that his nose was full of porcupine quills. I became very courageous all of a sudden and went down and shot the porcupine. It was now getting dusk and we returned to camp and spent most of the evening extracting the porcupine quills from the mouths and noses of the three dogs. It was a very painful operation for the dogs, as we had to chain them to one of the wheels of the hack and use forceps to pull out the quills.

A great many people have an erroneous idea about the way the porcupine defends itself with these little weapons that nature has provided it with. A good many think that the porcupine shoots or throws the quills, and I remember when a boy of reading in the geography about how the porcupine, which inhabit the Pacific Coast, by the contraction of its skin could throw its quills in order to defend itself. I know from observation that such is not the case. A dog, or other animal, in order to be pierced by the quills of a porcupine, must come in contact with the porcupine. These quills are very poisonous and, unless removed, will work further into the body, and I have known of them going clear through a dog's jaw.

After hunting grouse for a few days with very little success, we started for home. We stopped one night at the mouth of Beaver Creek and made our beds on the ground with only the canopy of the heavens for a tent. I got up about daylight and went fishing for trout. By the time the sun had got high enough to dry the ground from the heavy dew that had fallen during the night, so that it was comfortable for my wife and children to get up, I returned with a nice mess of trout for breakfast. After partaking of a breakfast of fried trout, toasted bread and coffee, whitened with milk from our cow, namely, a can of Carnation cream, we loaded our hack and drove to La Grande, having spent a very enjoyable and health-producing vacation.

WONDERFUL LAKES OF BAKER COUNTY

By J. K. FISHER, Haines, Oregon

A good many lakes in Baker County, and, who knows not Baker's lakes have still much to see to complete the circle of knowledge, in early days were without trout; but nearly all of them are now well stocked as the result of either individual effort or by procuring small fry from the Government or the State hatcheries.

My first experience in stocking a lake occurred in September, 1885, and for that purpose Van Patten Lake was selected. It was a fine body of water, possessing all the requirements for an ideal fishing ground, and I assigned to myself the task of making it complete in what it then lacked.

I tried to interest others in the scheme, but met with no success as it was not considered feasible. Without stating my purpose, I succeeded in inducing a friend to go with me, and when it was impossible for him to turn back, I conveyed the purpose of our visit.

We arrived at the Grande Ronde Lakes with our horses, packs, buckets and everything that pertains to a "pack," not omitting to include that necessary antidote against snake bites which every fisherman indorses.

After making camp we set out for the upper lake, and while on our way we heard, growing constantly louder and louder, a great deal of noise. As the view cleared, we saw a number of people fishing, and from the surrounding circumstances we concluded that they were having rare sport and we proceeded to investigate. They were having the time of their lives. They were fishing for a prize. One man had a jug of whisky and was the arbiter. Each man that would rush to the lake, throw out his line, and if he caught a trout he would get a drink. If he came back empty handed he got simply a smell. It was nip and tuck between them. First one would be ahead and then another, because if one man would catch several fish in succession and got a drink for each fish he caught, he would become wobbly and couldn't cast so well, and the soberer man would then catch up with him, and it subsequently developed that they all caught too many and it was time for us to leave.

We soon caught our allowance of fish, but there was no prize to stimulate our efforts, and then we set about securing minnows. We made a seine of gunny sacks and in several hauls soon had lots of them. Upon starting home we put them in buckets and started for Van Patten Lake. By taking a cut-off, we could shorten the journey by two hours, otherwise it would take at least four hours to reach our destination. We took the cut-off. I explained to my companion that there was no trail and it might prove to be a little steep at times, but that we could make it. With this little picture in his mind he decided that he could go where I could and we struck out. Over logs and rocks, and through brush, we went until we struck an open place, very steep, but without rocks. By this time my partner looked up to where I told him we were headed for and remarked that I had told him it was only a "little" steep, but had he known it was so steep, he would not have come. I explained to him that still it was only a little steep and, while admitting that this was correct, he said I had not told him it was leaning over. Well, he was in for it, and by telling him it was only a short distance, and by aiding him with his bucket over the bad places, we arrived there in good shape and with our minnows all alive and kicking. We had carried them in gallon buckets, about five hundred to the bucket, and when we emptied the minnows in the lake there were no dead ones.

Van Patten Lake is about three-fourths of a mile long and half as wide, and about one hundred feet deep at an elevation of 6,800 feet and is now a perfect lake, having an abundance of the largest, finest appearing, highest colored and best tasting trout on the Pacific slope. And they are a gamey outfit, well satisfied with their home and ready to fight at the drop of the bait.

In subsequent years I have realized my big catches of trout from Van Patten and have felt repaid a thousand fold for the effort put forth in stocking it and making it perfect, and I half suspect that the old lake feels decidedly grateful to me for what I did.

"SHALL WE INCREASE THE ANGLING LICENSE?"

By WARREN J. HUNT, Salem, Oregon

Editor Oregon Sportsman:—As an enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton, and also in response to your published invitation for interested parties to take part in a general discussion relative to the question, "Shall we increase the angling license?" I would like to submit a few opinions which, I trust, will be in proper order.

The question involves such a wide field for speculation as to the results which would be obtained by changing our present system of assessments, and the manner of choosing officers for the protection of fish and game that, in my humble opinion, it behooves the exercise of great caution in attempting to in any way alter the present fish protective rules and regulations. One of our present laws, passed, no doubt, through ignorance or for the benefit of a few, whereby the season is open for trout over ten inches long, is another death knell to the small brook trout; as I write this article now, January 17, I have heard of a number of catches from small streams that will be fished out by April 1. And it is also true that the advent of the auto has had a tendency to seriously endanger the angling prospects. The ease and comfort with which anglers can indulge in the sport has brought on to the streams a veritable army of fishermen, and consequently the streams are being literally whipped to death each season. But, would the increase in the license bring about any better results in this respect?

Personally, and there, no doubt, are others like myself, who would be in favor of such an increase in license fees, and even more than which has been suggested, providing that such a move would be instrumental in bringing about favorable results in the way of preserving the angling fields; but why not devote a little more serious attention to the work of affording a greater protection to the fish we already have in our streams? There is but one solution to this question, and that is, build up a more energetic and efficient body of deputies.

In relation to this last remark, allow me to draw your attention to the report of the Fish and Game Commission for the past year. This report shows that in Lane County, a district containing one of the grandest fishing streams in the world where hundreds of sportsmen angle, not one arrest was reported for the entire season, or year, for that matter. As another instance of apparent laxity in the proper enforcement of our fish and game laws, I refer you to that section of the report covering Tillamook County. It is an unquestioned fact that this district is a regular fishermen's heaven where thousands upon thousands of fish are caught each year, but strange to say, but one arrest was made in this county during the whole year.

Now, as an example of real fish protection, I take pleasure in pointing to the work of the Marion County deputy warden, Mr. Roy Bremmer. I recall that on or about June 1, last year, I had an occasion to ride from Mill City with Mr. Bremmer, and while traveling along the course of Thomas Creek we noticed a fisherman across on the opposite shore. Mr. Bremmer stopped his car and got out. I remarked about the stream at this point being deep and swift and asked him if he was intending to cross. He answered: "I never have

yet seen a person fishing in water waist high that stopped me from paying him a little visit.'"

Watching his efforts while crossing the creek, I thought how really few persons, in response to duty, would go to such inconvenient and dangerous lengths when the probabilities were that this particular fisherman was not violating the law at all. In the course of an hour the warden returned, and in his possession was the angler's fishing tackle. This is ample evidence that this deputy has been on the job right and that the fish are getting the proper and needed protection under his diligence. Mr. Bremmer found in the basket of this angler seven fish, two being six inches long, while the others would not measure over four inches. The violator was taken to Scio, fined \$25, and a good example to his numerous friends which attended the trial.

The Commission's report for Marion County for the past year showed 31 arrests with the attendant fines, amounting to \$825. Some record!

Thus, as I have already suggested, why not increase the efficiency of the protective powers of the Commission. There are plenty of fish, and if properly protected it is almost a surety that the streams will give up a satisfactory number from year to year.

The closing of stocked streams and the increased angling license fee for propagation purposes will help save the angling pastime, but the fish hog will still exist, and the trout slaughtered by the many existing slaughtering devices, unless we have a force of more diligent and efficient wardens such as Mr. Roy Bremmer.

THE TWO FISHERS

By VERNE BRIGHT, Beaverton, Oregon

COUNTRY BOY.

A clumsy willow fishin'-pole,
A lazy creek meandering
With here and there a deeper hole,
A clumsy willow fishin'-pole. .
A "string of beauties" is the goal
Of all his day-long wandering.
A clumsy willow fishin'-pole,
A lazy creek meandering.

CITY MAN.

A slender rod of split bamboo,
A gleaming mountain torrent
With pools like silver moonlight dew.
A slender rod of split bamboo.
An empty creel when the day is through
These insects are abhorrent.
A slender rod of split bamboo,
A gleaming mountain torrent.



Hunting Party on Mercer Lake.

NOTES ON SOME OF OUR VANISHING FUR ANIMALS

By OVERTON DOWELL, JR., Mercer, Oregon

Looking at a map of Oregon, one cannot help but notice the numerous coast streams, bays, inlets and lakes. Along the shores of these streams and lakes is a dense forest, which present ideal conditions for harboring a great number of our important fur-bearing animals, both of upland and water mammals.

You will find along the edge of the foothills reaching down from the Coast Range mountains a chain of lakes, some of which are quite large bodies of water, having many miles of shore line. Between the ocean and the lakes are found the sand flats, which are mostly covered with the lodge pine. Evidently some of these lakes were formed not many hundred years ago by drifting sand from the ocean beach closing various canyons and streams draining adjacent hills, thus forming small ponds which later grew into lakes, the imprisoned water later breaking through, gaining outlet to the ocean.

Viewing some of our lakes from distant hills, they remind one of some quiet, narrow river winding its way through dense forests of green. Coming closer, if the day happens to be bright and calm, you will notice the reflection of the tall firs and hillsides on the smooth surface of the water; probably over in some cove near by you will observe a pair of Hooded Mergansir. Today maybe sees lakes with standing trees in them, and old shore lines several feet under water; again you will notice old shore lines several feet above the present ones. Along the small streams emptying into the lakes are seen old remains of beaver dams, which is very characteristic of all low land near the coast. In this lake region the early trapper found the land otter, beaver, mink, raccoon and muskrat, while along the streams draining the Coast Range he found the martin and fisher. The bear was trapped only for lard, which ensured the trapper and early settler a good supply for winter.

The early trapper devoted his time to the beaver, as at that time they were very numerous. The method used was a sure catch and left no tell tales for the others to get wise by. As the price was good at that period, an expert trapper found here a trappers' paradise; he did not bother much with other fur animals, with the exception of the martin. He considered the otter too shy; later, with improved traps and the increase in price of fur, a new interest was taken in trapping these animals.

The fisher was the first fur-bearing animal to disappear before the trapper. It has been seven years since the last report was received of a fisher being caught in the Siuslaw district. Trappers' report furnished by the game warden in 1914 shows only nine (9) fishers as being caught in Oregon. Of the coast counties Lane leads with a report of three, while Curry follows with two, and Douglas with only one. Judging from this report, it seems this valuable fur animal is surely on the verge of extermination. Something should be done to save this animal. It has been about fourteen years since the last fisher was caught near Mercer. Trappers have trapped every winter in this district without ever seeing any sign of the fisher.

The martin is another animal that is gradually being caught out. It is an easy animal to trap; it makes its home in and near forests of fir and spruce. At times he is a very curious animal. Upon being disturbed he will seek shelter in some hole in a log or tree; wait a while and you will discover him peeping out from his place of security. I once caught a martin in a trap I had set for an otter. I was using the musk of otter for bait. Again I caught one, using bear meat for bait. It seems this animal, once trapped out, fails to increase, even though trapping for them ceases for a number of years. Judging from reports of old trappers, they were very numerous here in the coast district.

Twenty years ago it was no uncommon sight to see from one to four otter at a time on Mercer Lake. My brother used to catch from six to twelve otter each winter. About sixteen years ago they began to decrease very rapidly, owing to heavy trapping caused by an increase in price of fur from these animals. For a number of years only one otter was known to visit Mercer Lake. This past summer an old one with two young were seen. The female bear their young in May, giving birth to from two to four. The otter is a good swimmer and diver. I have often watched them feeding near my house after night. They would swim along near shore, diving for their food, which consists of gray fish, salmon or trout, as the case may be. Like the mink they catch quite a number of ducks. The otter will travel long distances over land in crossing from one stream to another.

I remember our dog bayed one upon a hillside under a log. This was in May, and the fur was in very good condition, probably owing to the fact that the otter is an animal which spends most of its time in the water.

I believe most of the trappers would welcome a protection on the otter say from four to five years. If this was done it would give the otter a chance to increase, and trapping, of course, would be more profitable.

Twenty years ago the bobcat was seldom seen or caught by trappers in this vicinity, but after the hunters ceased to set out forest fires promiscuously, the mountain beaver began to increase

rapidly, this being one source of food for the bobcat. After this we began to notice signs of the bobcat. They are today quite numerous, doing damage to young angoras, lambs and young fawns. The county pays a bounty of two dollars. The bobcat is not a very hard animal to trap. He will take salmon in early fall, but later he will refuse it. Then the most successful method is to trail set for them, or place a trap on a mossy log, cutting out a place to receive the trap, where the cat is in the habit of using a log. Then cover everything over with moss, using pains that no part of the trap or chain can be seen; select two sticks, fasten the chain to one of these, and place these sticks in such a manner as to cause the cat to step where the trap is located. This set I have used very successfully.

The homesteaders and others make quite a sum of money trapping for our fur-bearing animals. The bounties paid on our predatory animals bring in several thousand dollars every year, most of which goes to the homesteaders and settlers, who in most cases can use it advantageously. On the other hand the killing of predatory animals allows our game animals and birds to increase, besides the assistance it renders the stockmen in general.

No doubt the readers of the Sportsman would find it interesting if trappers and others would send in articles giving authentic life histories of our various animals. It would also be a permanent record of some of these fast disappearing animals.

GAME CONDITIONS IN KLAMATH COUNTY

By JOE L. SKELTON

At a certain time of the year, generally shortly before the deer season opens, every sportsman, the man with real red blood in his veins, is seized with a mad desire to get away from the usual tiresome, everyday routine of life; to get away from the commonplace things; to live in the open, forget his troubles and rest.

Perhaps his cigar or cigarette has not tasted just as good to him as it should; he is nervous and tired and his appetite is gone. He remembers the meals he ate last summer while in camp; how he did eat, what an appetite he had and how good the meals tasted, even if it were necessary to fish a few sticks or pine needles out of the coffee or bacon. Those venison steaks, that fried sage hen or fish—all the meals, what a mess they were, but how he did go for them.

The busy man is restless and worn out; he must have recreation, but where will he go? Perhaps he searches the pages of the Sportsman's Magazines and reads the advertisements of the various resort owners, packers and guides. Each one claims that his locality is the one "Sportsman's Paradise." He is at a loss as to where to go. Probably his time is limited, he might have just a few days to spare from his business—he must make the most of his limited time, take the car, go somewhere, bag a deer or kill a few ducks or sagehens, and he must be sure that he can go to a place where he can get what he wants in his allotted time.

The tourist traveling through the country in his automobile, or the man of moderate means, they are all anxious to know where to get their game in their limited amount of time.

It was in order to be of service to the sportsman in the circumstances I have just mentioned, that the State of Oregon Fish and

Game Commission sent me to Klamath County to make what might be called a biological survey of the county. To get as far as possible the approximate numbers of the different kinds of game, to find out whether they were plentiful or scarce, and the location of their range.

This work, which I think has been taken up in other states, had never been tried in Oregon, except in just a general way, and at first I was at somewhat of a loss as to the best way to proceed. At last I determined to get my information second-hand from the people who were acquainted, or lived in the different sections of the country, as these people who live in a certain section the year round are far better acquainted with game conditions and could give me more information in fifteen minutes, when properly questioned, than I could find out in a month's tramping around in the same locality.

Therefore I talked with farmers, ranchers, sheepherders, trappers, hunters, prospectors, game wardens, timber cruisers and lumber jacks, in fact, anyone that I figured would be able to give me any information regarding game conditions.

Of course, getting this information second-handed this way, it might not be altogether accurate, as some people have a bad habit of exaggerating when it comes to telling game or fish stories, but the majority of men I talked to had no reason to exaggerate, and I think that in the majority of cases they told me what they really believed to be the truth. In many instances I know that more than one told the same story.

I worked under the direction of Fish and Game Commissioner C. F. Stone, and am much indebted to Game Wardens H. D. Stout and C. M. Ramsby for assistance and information.

Mr. Stone directed me to get, as near as possible, the approximate numbers of deer, both mule and black tail, and the number of antelope. Other animals and game birds it is almost impossible to make anything but a very rough estimate, and I was directed to ascertain if they were plentiful or scarce.

Deer, their numbers and range, will probably be of greatest interest to the sportsman.

After talking with a good many farmers, fire wardens and hunters, and doing considerable running around myself, I think it is safe to say that Klamath County has, at the very least, five thousand black tail deer running through its mountains.

A few years ago a rough estimate was made and this county was given credit with having 3,500. But I was informed by numbers of men who knew, if anybody knows, that in the last few years the blacktail deer have increased, until now I think a conservative estimate of their numbers would be 5,000.

Both blacktail and mule deer abound in Klamath County, the mule deer range lying east of the Klamath lakes, and the blacktail range west. Except for an occasional straggler there are no mule deer west of the Klamath lakes, and while there are a few blacktails east of the lakes, their numbers are very small.

August 15, the first day of the open season for deer, the mountains of Klamath were full of hunters, and a great many of the animals were killed. Many hunters go but a few miles from Klamath Falls and manage to bring in a head, but they are more plentiful farther back in the mountains, and the hunter who wants to be rea-

sonably sure of bagging his game, should figure on spending a few days in the woods, at least.

The foothills west of Upper Klamath Lake are a favorite hunting ground for the many whose time is limited. A few hours' hiking from some of the numerous resorts on the west shore of the lake, which are but a few hours' drive from Klamath Falls, would take the hunter into good deer country. In the early mornings they can be seen crossing the road as they go back to the hills for the day after feeding all night in the marshes west of the lake. While hauling fish fry from the hatchery at Spencer Creek to Four Mile Lake, I often saw them feeding or standing in the brush near the road, and some of them would watch the car curiously before ambling off into the woods. It is difficult to determine just where the best hunting ground is, as there are so many "best" places and a man is liable to run into deer most any place in the hills west of the lake.

Reports from Mr. S. S. Hill, forest ranger and fire warden, who is well posted on the country and game conditions near Parker Station, a few miles east of the Klamath-Jackson County line, informed me that there appeared to be a larger number of deer and bear in that part of the country than in previous years and that he was of the impression that game was increasing.

The blacktails winter in the southwestern part of the county along the Klamath River and in Northern California. They leave the higher mountains after the first snow and are gradually driven back. In the spring and summer they return to the mountains and at the time the bucks are drying their horns these animals can usually be found on the highest hills.

Many people with whom I talked gave from five to twenty-five thousand as their estimates of the number of blacktail deer in the county and from the numbers that were brought back to Klamath Falls alone, I am sure that their numbers are not less than five thousand at the very least.

The mule deer range of Klamath County lies east of the Klamath lakes and, as I mentioned before, except for a few stragglers there are few west of these bodies of water. It was harder to get information on the mule than on the blacktail, but after talking considerably with people who live the year round in the mule deer country, I am certain that two thousand five hundred would be a conservative estimate of their numbers.

It seems that there is a dividing line, which seems to run west from Yam Say Peak on the eastern border of the county, across Klamath Marsh, probably following to a greater or lesser extent the course of Williamson River, which from a cause that I was unable to ascertain caused the mule deer south to winter in the lava beds of southern Oregon and northern California, and those north of the line to winter in Lake County. A rancher from the Steele Swamp country informed me that probably fifteen hundred deer travel through this section of the country, seeking winter refuge in the lava beds. He said that he was aware of the fact that some of the deer traveled south and some east to winter, but that he did not know the cause. A large number of mule deer are killed every year and some large, fine looking heads are brought in.

Owing to the large numbers of lakes and marshes in Klamath and the adjoining county of Lake, this section of the country is noted for its fine duck hunting, and hunters come from all over the United

States to enjoy a few days' shooting during the duck season. Good shooting may be enjoyed within a few miles of Klamath Falls, and a few hours' drive will take the hunter where he can kill the limit without a great deal of trouble or inconvenience on his part. Before the opening of the season, the resorts on the western shore of Upper Klamath Lake are crowded with hunters waiting for the opening day, and the shooting among the marshes near Rocky Point the first day of the season is like the cannonading of an army. Marsh lands are marked on the map in yellow, and these places are literally alive with ducks. If a person's time is limited, a good bag can be secured by going down the Klamath River a few miles from Klamath Falls and hunting in the vicinity of Midland.

The Government Bird Reserve on Lower Klamath Lake is a breeding ground for many varieties of ducks and other waterfowl. Hunting is prohibited and a person must secure a permit from the Government warden before he can legally visit the reserve, but a trip to the bird islands is well worth anyone's time as the thousands of young birds are a sight that is not seen every day.

Aspen, Buck and Round Lakes are shallow and full of weeds, and afford nesting and feeding grounds for many ducks of different varieties. Wild rice has been planted in Aspen Lake, which makes this body of water an exceptionally fine feeding ground.

It is impossible to make an estimate of the numbers of ducks and waterfowl in Klamath County, but they are certainly very plentiful. They also live in great numbers in the Warner, Summer and Silver Lakes country of Lake County, which, taken together with Klamath, make Southern Oregon one of the finest duck shooting grounds of the United States.

Quail are quite plentiful in Klamath, and their location can readily be seen from the map. They are of the valley quail variety, and good bags can be secured within a few miles of town. However, they are more plentiful down the Klamath Valley and feed among the farmers' chickens during the winter when the snow has covered everything and feed in the foothills is scarce.

China pheasants have been planted in Klamath, and from all reports I was able to get, they seemed to be doing well. F. L. Pope of Merrill reports that he saw several broods of young birds along Lost River, which seemed to be doing well from all appearances. He said that the first broods of the birds after they had been planted did not do as well, and attributed this first failure to the strange country and climate, and predicted that they would do better after becoming acclimated. In one brood that he saw, he reports seeing a pure white bird. He also said that the farmers were ready to co-operate with the State in the planting and propagation and were willing to feed them during the winter and do what they could to protect them in order that they might get a good start.

Fishing in the many streams of Klamath County is as good as anywhere in the State. Many fish fry from the Spencer Creek Hatchery, about eighteen miles from Klamath Falls, have been planted throughout the county, and many of the streams are teeming with fish. The resorts on Upper Klamath Lake are favorite fishing grounds, and it is very little trouble to go out and catch the limit in lake trout by trolling in a morning. Many of the mountain streams have been stocked and it is possible for the hunter out in the mountains to vary his bill of fare with fish if game should become tiresome.

Fish that were planted in Four Mile Lake have been very successful, and many reports of the large numbers of fine fish have been printed in the Oregon Sportsman. Although it is unlawful to propagate Dolly Varden trout, many of the mountain streams are literally alive with them and I have started out many times a few minutes just before meal time and caught a mess which were soon sizzling in the frying pan.

As near as I could determine, the only fish failure—the only place where fish were planted that did not do well—was Diamond Lake, and I am sure that there are no fish in this body of water, although there were several thousand planted there. There is a falls in the Umpqua River, about a quarter of a mile below its source in the lake, and the fish probably went over this falls and were unable to return.

Many different kinds of fur-bearing animals are quite plentiful in Klamath; also around the Upper lake and along many of the creeks and streams in the eastern part of the county I have seen a good deal of fresh beaver workings.

Marten are quite plentiful in the foothills, according to reports of some trappers, and otter and mink are also to be had. Skunks and weasels are also caught, while there are also a large number of coyotes who bother and cause considerable damage among the sheepmen.

A DEER HUNT IN WHEELER COUNTY

By OSCAR MALEY, Condon, Oregon

On Tuesday morning, September 5, myself and family left Condon to spend a few days camping on the head of Thirty Mile Creek in Wheeler County. We were joined by Dr. B. A. Cathie, of Condon, who relieved us of a part of our load, and we proceeded toward the tall timber. Upon reaching the spot on this creek where Frank Bennett turned loose the truck load of rainbow trout furnished by the State Fish and Game Commission, we stopped to make an examination to see if the trout were still alive, and found the water to be fairly wiggling with small fish.

Proceeding on up Thirty Mile Creek we made camp on the right-hand branch, at what is known as the Len Seavey cabin, just 32 miles from Condon. After eating a hasty lunch and stretching the tents, we left Mrs. Maley and the children to cut boughs for the beds, and the doctor and I shouldered our artillery and went for a look around to ascertain if we could find any sign of deer. The doctor went on the north side of the creek, and I on the left side. I had not gone over one hundred and fifty yards from camp when I found where a buck deer had been laying in a thicket listening to us while we were making camp. I went on up the ridge and found plenty of deer sign. I did not see any deer, but everything looked mighty good. I returned to camp, but the doctor did not get in until nearly dark and reported seeing little sign of deer.

The next morning the doctor and I were up and away early, both going on the south side of the creek where I had seen the signs of plenty of deer the night before. We parted company, and I had not gone over three-eighths of a mile from camp when I came upon four young bucks standing in the open, feeding. They saw me at about the same time that I saw them, and started to run, but one, more inquisitive than the others, stopped when about a hundred yards away. When I fired he started off and did not show any signs of being hit. I

followed in the direction taken by the deer and was surprised to see a two-point buck in a little opening, standing broadside with head down. I shot the animal through the heart. Upon examination I found it was the buck I had shot at a few minutes before and which I had hit under the hip bone. After I had dressed the animal I found that I could not lift him off the ground, so the problem of getting to camp had to be solved. This happened at about 6:30 in the morning, but I felt that this was enough for one day, so I tagged my buck, left him in a cool place, and started back to camp. When I had gotten to within about two hundred and fifty yards from camp, up jumped a nice three-point. He ran up the hill from me, and when I tried to shoot it seemed that my gun had become stuck. By the time the deer had reached the rimrock and had stopped to look at me, I had got the firearm in shooting trim again and I let him have it. At the crack of the Remington he began tumbling down over the rocks and lodged in a little thicket. I found that the bullet had broken his neck.

This happened about 7:30 A. M., and was so close to camp that the shooting awakened the children, and they began to yell: "Daddy! Daddy! what did you shoot for?" I told them what I had and to hurry and come and we would try and get the deer to camp. This was a larger deer than the other one I had killed and it was impossible to carry it to camp. I proceeded to cut two light poles, about ten feet long, and then nailed on four cross pieces, about eighteen inches long. This made an arrangement that looked something like a ladder. I tied the deer onto this, and by letting the ends drag on the ground I could get the deer along pretty well and we finally got it into camp. The doctor came into camp about noon and reported seeing no deer. The children had a big piece of watermelon saved for him, and after eating a hearty dinner, the doctor and I were ready to go after the first deer I had killed. We took my "ladder" along, and by taking turns at the hauling we got the animal into camp in good shape.

Thursday I rested in camp, the doctor having left for home; but the next morning I got up bright and early and went south, past the places where I had killed my two first deer. I had gotten about a mile from camp when I saw a nice buck looking at me about eighty yards off. He was standing behind a fir tree with only his head and neck visible. He dropped at the crack of the rifle. Right here is where I began to have the blues. My last deer tag was gone. It meant no more hunting for deer for me. In order to get the deer to camp I had to resort to my ladder again. After getting it made and the deer tied on, I found that I could start all right, but the sledding was bad and it took a long time to arrive in camp with my 170-pound buck.

Mr. T. A. Weinka and family arrived in camp that evening. Ted was eager to try his luck, so the next morning we were up and started early. As I had used all the tags the law allowed me, I shouldered the shotgun in hope that I might see some game birds. We went south along the east side of the mountain and were about one-half mile from camp when up jumped three bucks. We could only get a glimpse of them as they ran through the trees on the opposite side of the canyon and down the ridge. Ted emptied his high-power gun at them, and every time he shot, he cut off the top of some tree. As it began to rain, we returned to camp and after packing up our outfits returned home.

METHODS FOR CONSERVATION OF TROUT

By F. D. OWEN, Roseburg, Oregon

As you have asked for the views of anglers on methods for conservation of our trout fishing, I will inflict mine upon you.

Briefly then, as to closing of certain streams, I say, yes. As an illustration I will mention Rock Creek, which is a tributary stream of the North Fork of the Umpqua River and a noted resort for campers in the summer. Early in the season it abounds in small trout. One seldom takes one over eight inches, while the greater number are six inches and less. It is needless to say that it is relentlessly fished.

Admirably adapted for breeding and growing of trout it should be closed, not for two years, but forever and a day. Then cut out winter fishing. Seventy-five to ninety per cent of the trout hooked in the winter are below the limit in size. I would like to believe they are all put back and that they survive, but truth forbids. Give us a close season from October 31 to April, at least, and cut down the limit of daily catch to forty at the most. That is plenty for any one but a hog, and he must be educated to a better state of mind. The limit for seven consecutive days should be less.

Increase the license fee. Personally I would like to see it at \$2.00, the extra to be used for increasing the output of the trout hatcheries. There will never be any too many for stocking purposes, and they should be grown to fingerling size where practicable.

MANY DEER KILLED IN DOUGLAS COUNTY

By WARDEN ORRIN THOMPSON, Roseburg, Oregon

The number of deer killed in Douglas County during the past open season was something less than the number killed during the season of 1915. As near as I can estimate, about fourteen hundred were killed during the past season.

Not as many deer were killed during August and September as usual, and a good many hunters had poor luck owing to the dry and hot weather conditions. The latter part of the season was much better and a good many deer were killed during the month of October.

After the rains came and the deer came out of the brush, there appeared to be about as many as usual, although, according to all reports, a good many perished in the deep snow last winter. I do not believe the loss from this cause was very great, however, as the deer is a browsing animal and lives during the winter mostly on brush and moss and the largest number of them are usually found where the snow is from six to twelve inches deep.

The coyote is getting to be one of the worst enemies the young deer have, and they are increasing in number in this county. They no doubt kill a great many fawns, as well as doing heavy damage to the stockmen.

THE STEELHEAD TROUT

By W. M. KEIL, in *Outdoor Life*

The better I become acquainted with the steelhead trout the more I wonder why this splendid North American game fish has been so sadly neglected and kept in the background. Pick up almost any copy of a sportman's magazine and you will find numerous articles, letters or photographs regarding the brook, brown, lake or the rainbow trout, or stories telling of trips after salmon, muscallonge, pike, pickerel or black bass; but not on an average of once a year do these magazines have anything to publish in connection with the steelhead. Probably this is due in a great measure to the restricted natural habitat of this species and the fact that when compared to the number of those who angle for brook trout or black bass, very few indeed have ever had the opportunity to come into actual combat with this finny warrior. Why its distribution over the United States, and especially so over the west, has not been more general, is something that I cannot understand. The Eastern brook trout has been fairly well scattered by the Bureau of Fisheries into the Western states, and the rainbow of the Pacific slope planted by hundreds of millions into the lakes and streams of the East; but the steelhead, which I believe to be a far superior game fish to either, has, with but few exceptions, been confined to those waters to which it is native.

The natural range of this species is along the Pacific Coast of North America from Southern California to Northern Alaska. It is anadromous in its habits like the salmon, living part of its life in the sea and ascending the fresh-water streams for the purposes of reproduction. It is a spring-spawning fish, although the runs of ascending fish and the breeding season varies greatly in different localities. In the southern waters and in those rivers which are of short length, the runs are in the early spring, and the eggs, maturing rapidly, are deposited some few weeks later. The heaviest run of the steelheads in the Columbia River is from the last of August until the middle of November, but as they have to ascend the river and its tributaries many hundreds of miles before reaching suitable spawning grounds, the actual breeding season is not until the following April or May. It is while in the lower reaches of these rivers, and fresh run from the sea, that this fish is in its finest condition, and they are then taken in immense numbers by the commercial fishermen for canning or being shipped East as salmon. I have often seen tons of these steelheads on display in the wholesale markets of New York, and which were being sold to the retailer by almost any other name from that to which they were entitled. I do not see why people would not buy them just as quickly when tagged as steelhead trout as by such names as "silver salmon," "winter salmon" or "hardhead salmon."

It certainly is not surprising that these fish can be passed off as salmon on the unsuspecting, for when taken while they are still in salt or brackish water, their size, coloration and general appearances are almost identical with those of the Pacific salmons. It can easily be distinguished by its nearly square tail (which in the salmon is more deeply forked); its more slender form and shorter and smaller head.

However, it is not my intention in this article to cover the natural history of this species in its native waters, or to tell of the glorious sport enjoyed by those fortunate anglers who have the opportunity to cast their flies and troll for this trout along the Pacific Coast. What

I want to impress upon my readers is the wonderful adaptability of the steelhead when introduced into any suitable waters; its superior food and game qualities; and some of the characteristic habits that make this species a most desirable one for artificial propagation and distribution.

Contrary to general belief this fish may be readily introduced into inland lakes far remote from the sea, and while these landlocked examples do not ordinarily attain the immense growth of those that are sea-run, in lakes of large area and ample food supply they should run as heavy as twelve or fifteen pounds. In the smaller lakes, ones as small as 150 or 200 acres, with a depth not less than forty or fifty feet, the steelhead will usually average around two or three pounds, although of course this will vary with the character of water and food. The ideal lake for its introduction is one that has several large tributary streams emptying into it, and one in which the outlet can be screened or raked, for the steelhead is migratory and will seek salt water unless prevented from going down stream. For this reason it is not a desirable variety for planting in streams, and no doubt this is why so little success has followed so many of the plantings. Spring-fed lakes having little or no outlets are in many ways particularly suited for its adaption, but in these you could not expect any great amount of natural reproduction, for this fish requires a tributary stream to ascend for the purpose of spawning and for the development of the eggs and fry. If sufficient fingerling or yearlings could be readily obtained from your state hatcheries at stated intervals to keep up the supply, then no better water could be found for the purpose than that of a spring-fed lake.

In structure, coloring, habits and general appearances the steelhead when in fresh water very closely resembles its near relative—the rainbow trout. There has been considerable controversy over these two fish, and many still claim that the steelhead is simply the sea-run form of the rainbow trout. To repeat a statement I made a short time ago in another magazine, “The typical rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) and the other of the rainbow series, even though sea-run and bright silvery in color, can always be distinguished as rainbows; and the steelhead, whether in salt water or landlocked for twenty years in an inland lake, always remain a true steelhead.” The steelhead, both in fresh and salt water, is usually more silvery, is much slimmer and more symmetrical in shape, and the black spots or markings are very much smaller and more irregular in shape than in the rainbow. In the landlocked forms where both species inhabit the same waters, each type holds true to its original shape, appearances and habits, year after year, and generation after generation. To distinguish the steelhead from the rainbow there are several reliable methods of which the following two are perhaps the best: In the typical steelhead, the dorsal fin is always located farther forward than in the rainbow. If the distance from in front of the dorsal fin to the end of the snout is quite a little less than from this same point to the end of the fleshy part of body or beginning of tail, then the fish is quite certain to be a steelhead, for in the rainbow these measurements are about equal. In the steelhead, the length of the head (from tip of snout to end of gill cover) is always contained more than four and one-half times in the entire length of body (from tip of snout to end of fleshy part of body) while in the rainbow this measurement is always less than four and one-half times.

Comparing the two fish as to their respective game qualities is almost as difficult as telling the two species apart when in the

yearling stages. In swiftly running streams I do not think the steelhead has anything on the rainbow, but in the still waters of inland lakes there is no question but that the steelhead far outfights its scrappy cousin, and rises much more readily to the artificial lure. All things considered, I really believe the steelhead trout to be the hardest fighting salmon in the world. One real, sound, logical reason for this belief is the fact that it is the most nervous and excitable of all the species handled by fishcultural operations. The other reasons you'll know when you've hooked fast to one. It is a free-rising fish, taking the artificial fly in both lake and stream, when conditions are favorable for this method of angling. In those lakes where the water, even on the surface, stays fairly cool during the warmer weather, fly-fishing will prove successful throughout the entire summer. If the surface water becomes so warm that they cannot come up into this higher temperature, then of course deep trolling or still-fishing must be resorted to in order to locate the fish. When hooked, this fish makes at once for the surface, where it leaps repeatedly clear of the water, shaking itself madly in an attempt to throw the hook. Its fighting tactics are all its own, and its many unlookedfor and eccentric rushes will keep the most finished disciple of Izaak Walton on the jump from the time it is hooked until safe within the creel or boat.

Of all the varieties of trout and salmon it is the most nearly ideal of any for artificial propagation. And it should especially appeal to those who may be contemplating the establishment of a small hatchery for stocking their preserves, for its spring spawning habit means that the hatchery need only be in operation from April or May until some time in the fall. This spawning in the early spring at such times as most streams are running full makes this fish a most valuable one for planting in Eastern lakes or ponds, for in this section of the country the smaller tributary streams are usually so nearly dry during the fall months that fish like the brook or brown trout are seldom able to reach their spawning grounds, and consequently there is little increase through natural reproduction. At the Tuxedo Club's fisheries in Southern New York, the taking of eggs from domesticated steelhead breeders usually begins the middle of March and lasts about four weeks. The collection of eggs from wild fish in the Tuxedo Lakes coming somewhat later, though never extending beyond the 10th of May. The fish that are held in the hatchery pools for breeding purposes develop their first eggs at the age of 3 years, though physical maturity is not reached until two years later. These eggs taken in the spring when the water is rising in temperature, develop exceedingly rapid and hatch usually in not more than six weeks from the time when they are taken. The fry are ravenous feeders, and as they put on growth quickly are fully as large by fall as those fish resulting from eggs collected in October or November. Its comparative freedom from parasitic diseases, and especially from fungus, makes it a species well worth more attention from the different Fish Commissions than at present. In over sixteen years of daily experimenting with the steelhead, my only losses to speak of have been from diseases of an obscure nervous origin. Although having been handled over and over again in hatchery work, the steelhead never seems to lose its fear of man, and even those fish that are the product of several generations of so-called domesticated trout, are as timid and easily frightened as those that have never known the incubation trough or hatchery pool. Of course this is somewhat of a disadvantage in the work of rearing this fish in captivity, on account of feeding and the cleaning of the pools; but it certainly does add to its attractiveness

as a game fish after it has been planted in lake or stream, and decidedly no one can accuse it of being a "duffer's fish" on account of its having been fed on beef liver during its youth.

It has long been the dream of the writer to find a lake or lakes somewhere of sufficient size and proper conditions for the building up and maintaining of a real angler's paradise; some place near enough to some of the larger cities to be easily accessible by rail or auto, but still not close enough to be in under the influence of the factory whistle or the contaminating drains of civilization. A resort of this kind, furnishing good fishing, pleasant surroundings and comfortable accommodations, and catering to the peculiar whims of the angling fraternity, would have unlimited possibilities of deriving a goodly revenue and of fulfilling a long-needed want. I have found the fish for the purpose—the steelhead—but for the place—I am still looking.

DEATH TOLL OF THE HUNTING SEASON

The records of the State Game Department disclose the fact that six men were killed and ten seriously wounded while hunting in Oregon during the year 1915.

Three of the six men were mistaken for deer; two were killed by the accidental discharge of their own weapon, and one was killed by a stray shot from the gun of a grouse hunter. Carelessness was undoubtedly responsible for the snuffing out of these lives.

During the past year the State Game Department has relentlessly waged a warfare against carelessness on the part of hunters, with the result that during the year only three deaths have occurred, and six persons were wounded, while in the field after game. The result is encouraging and leads to the hope that carelessness among hunters will entirely disappear during the coming hunting seasons.

The first person to meet death as the result of carelessness during the 1916 hunting season was Nathan Ingram of Gravel Ford, Coos County, who was mistaken for a deer and shot through the head by a hunting companion.

The next was A. R. Saunders of Walla Walla, Washington, who, while hunting in Oregon, was mistaken for a deer by his cousin, Boyd Shelton, and killed.

Walter Smith, of St. Helens, aged 14 years, lost his life when he was accidentally shot by his brother. The two were camped at Bunker Hill with a party of hunters. During the night Walter walked in his sleep. His brother was awakened and thought that a marauder had entered the camp. He called to the person to halt and then fired a shotgun at the dimly moving object. Lights were struck and the younger boy was found to have been the victim, practically the entire load of shot having entered the right side. The boy was taken to a hospital at St. Helens, but his life could not be saved.

G. R. Van Auken, a guide, was mistaken for a deer and shot by Ernest Kirkendall, a rancher of Klamath County. The bullet tore a portion of the flesh from the left cheek, but did not injure the bones. The man recovered.

Roy Crowder, a 16-year-old youth of Albany, was accidentally shot while hunting pheasants. He was hit in the face with sixteen shot from a gun fired by Kenneth Kennedy. No very serious results followed.

Mistaken for a bear while hunting in the Cow Creek Canyon in Douglas County, Fred Aitkinson, of Redmond, was shot in the left arm by Fred Trask of Myrtle Creek, his companion. Trask fired three shots at Aitkinson, but fortunately two of them went wild.

While hunting deer in Lincoln County, E. J. Abby, of Newport, accidentally shot himself through the right foot. He was throwing a shell out of his gun when the weapon was discharged.

Arthur B. Johnson, of Florence, Lane County, lost his right hand and part of the forearm by accidentally discharging his rifle. The gun started to fall, Johnson grabbed for it and the gun was discharged with the above terrible result.

Kurt Koehler, residing near Hillsdale, was wounded in the throat and cheek by a hunter who fired two shots over the garden fence where the young man was working. Koehler, who is 20 years old, disarmed the hunter and beat him so severely that the man fled to the woods, leaving his gun. He later returned, redeemed his gun for \$10 and a promise to pay the doctor's bill, and disappeared.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS

In twenty-five years the stomachs of 50,000 birds have been examined by the Biological Survey, and it has been found that 50 species feed up on different varieties of caterpillars, 36 upon those species that devastate plant life, 50 upon the most destructive species of scale insects. Considering noxious weeds, we find that the food of the mourning dove is 64 per cent weed seed, 27 per cent of the meadow-lark's food is weed seed, 40 species of sparrows in the United States are seed eaters, 90 per cent of their food being seed. There are 45 species and sub-species of woodpecker in the United States; two-thirds of their food is noxious insects, and they are the salvation of our forests.

NECESSITY

By JOHN B. HAMMERSLEY, Rogue River, Oregon

The word "necessary" during our usual vocations in life is often used. Not many years ago people were allowed to take, kill and destroy at will our fish from the waters and our game, and game birds, from the forests and plains, until we awoke to the realization that our streams were becoming depleted of their fish and the forests and plains of their once vast herds of buffalo, elk, sheep and goats; where today are to be found only the bones and horns of those animals that but a few years ago were considered so plentiful that they could defy man, beast and the elements.

It became "necessary" to enact laws to protect the few remaining wild sheep, elk, goats, antelope, deer and game birds. What have been the results? Now, don't be like the old farmer in Idaho who said, when his son was arrested for illegal hunting, "By gol! Nature has provided the deer for man to kill when he sees fit." But be liberal enough to admit that while our laws may be inefficient, and methods subject to criticism, yet, from a protection and unbiased standpoint, it has been the means of causing many beneficial results.

It became "necessary" to appoint a State Game Warden, deputies, and a Fish and Game Commission to enact laws and endeavor

to have them enforced for the protection of our wild life and for the benefit of those who are now living; and for coming generations who will inherit that parental desire to whip the streams with the alluring fly and climb the lofty peaks in search of adventure and its abundance of big game.

It also became "necessary" to publish the "Oregon Sportsman," and it seems that it is the consensus of almost the unanimous opinion of its many readers that it should be as of yore—published monthly instead of quarterly. However, our efforts are much appreciated as it is.

It was found "necessary" for the Department of Agriculture to create a bureau called the Biological Survey and Predatory Animal Control. It was then "necessary" to appoint inspectors, also hunters and trappers to endeavor to exterminate the many animals which have for years become a nuisance in the destruction of wild game and livestock throughout the Western states. And it seems to be the opinion of many farmers and stock raisers that the State of Oregon is not co-operating as it should in the way of higher bounties, or the employment of hunters in districts especially where predatory animals are most prevalent and destructive.

It also becomes "necessary" with employees of the United States Biological Department to get results. Since May 20 of last year, while in their employ, I have succeeded in killing forty-nine (49) predatory animals, such as foxes, bobcats, raccoons, coyotes, etc., in Jackson County on upper Evans Creek. There were fifteen (15) cougar among the lot, which, to say the least, will save many deer in this district which, I believe, at the present time are on the increase or holding their own. They have wintered thus far remarkably well for the depth of snow which they have encountered since December.

MRS. MOHR MEETS COUGAR ON COLUMBIA HIGHWAY

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

Much has been said and written about the cougars, which are, I am sorry to say, too numerous in many places for the welfare of our deer, and I am well satisfied that they kill more deer in the mountains than all the hunters combined. Therefore, the hunting and trapping of these animals should be encouraged in every way possible.

On December 21, 1916, Orvill Thompson, of Parkdale, treed one of these varmints with his dogs on Toney Creek, a tributary of Hood River. This was a fine specimen of the cougar family and it attracted much attention in Garrabrant & Parker's store window, at Hood River, where it was on exhibition for several days. On this same trip Mr. Thompson saw the tracks of a larger cougar which was following several deer.

Mrs. Fred Mohr, who lives near Lindsay Creek and on the Columbia Highway, had an experience with a cougar on December 27 that she won't forget for some time to come. She was walking along the highway a short distance east of Shellrock Mountain, feeling at peace with herself and the world, and enjoying a tramp in the snow not far from home. She had a sudden awakening from her pleasant dreams when, coming around a turn in the road, she suddenly saw a large cougar which had just jumped in the road from the bank above,

a distance of less than 70 feet from where she stood. And it is needless to say that Mrs. Mohr did not advance any nearer the animal to get a better view of him.

The cougar stood still and looked at Mrs. Mohr for a moment (she thought it was an hour), then turned and went back up the hill. The men folks in the Mohr family, in that neck of the woods, are hunting cougars nowadays.



FARMER FINDS TRAPPING PROFITABLE

Editors Sportsman,
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen: I am a rancher, but trap a little on the side. In 1915 I caught 85 coyotes, \$3 bounty each; 22 bobcats, \$2 bounty each; one cougar, \$25 bounty and \$5 for the skin. The coyotes and cats, besides the bounties, brought me an average of \$4 each for the skins, making a total of \$757. I also trapped 50 mink, the skins of which sold at \$3 each, making \$150 more, and a grand total of \$907 for the season's work. Remember this is not my record for 1916, but my record for 1915. I have two good cougar dogs, but there are very few animals of this kind in this section now.

I am enclosing a picture showing the animals taken on two trips around my trap line of 150 miles. In this picture are ten coyotes, two lynx, one cat, one bear and three badgers. Note the coyote in the doorway, killed within 200 yards of my house. He is dead, but frozen in life-like position.

In my collection I have two very large buck deer heads mounted, one with 13-point antlers and one with 29 points.

I would like to hear from any other man who is a rancher and trapper and can beat this record.

FRED MOSIER,
Izee, Grant County, Oregon.

OREGON SPORTSMEN SPEND MUCH MONEY

By HARRY M. GRAYSON, in *The Oregonian*

Did you ever stop to think how much Oregon anglers spend for their occasional jaunts after fish?

Approximately \$1,266,750 a year. And this is a very low estimate, according to Dr. Earl C. McFarland, president of the Multnomah Anglers' Club and Oregon Sportsmen's League; Ray C. Winter, secretary of the Salmon Club of Oregon; Walter F. Backus and other expert anglers.

The State Fish and Game Commission tells us that there were approximately 50,670 fishing licenses issued in 1916. Say one-half of these were taken out by individuals who follow the sport fairly enthusiastically. After averaging up the money spent by a few hundred members of the Multnomah Anglers' Club, it is found that each angler has an average expense account of \$40 a year for incidentals.

One-half of 50,670 is 25,335. The latter figure multiplied by \$40 gives you \$1,266,750. Pretty big industry, eh?

That's a very conservative figure, too, say the experts.

"I spend more than \$300 for angling yearly," said Dr. McFarland, "and I know of hundreds of fellows spending more than myself and a good many who spend as high as \$500 every 12 months. Why, one trip to the McKenzie River costs a fellow \$50."

Take the average Portland fisherman, for instance. Say he makes up his mind Friday night to take a week-end run out in the country after a few speckled beauties. First thing he needs is a line, then a dozen hooks. Of course, he will get hungry, so he takes some lunch and is very apt to eat twice at some farmhouse.

Salmon eggs or some other kind of bait are necessary.

Woolen gloves, shirt and other articles of clothing come in for their bit, and then of course there is automobile or railroad fare.

According to Dr. McFarland, Mr. Winter and Mr. Backus, the following is about what an average angler will spend on a short trip:

Line	\$1.25
Dozen hooks50
Bait50
Clothing50
Auto or railroad fare	2.50
Tobacco50
Food	1.00
 Total	 \$6.75

Of course, there are many country anglers living close to streams which afford excellent fishing. These fellows are out often after getting an outfit which lasts them indefinitely. Then, too, fishing is not good all year round. You can cast for trout more than six inches long from April 1 to October 31, and the best salmon fishing, especially at Oregon City, comes for a few weeks between April 1 and May 31. After October 31 the boys must confine their trout operations to the beauties more than ten inches long.

But there are bass, croppies, catfish, Williamson's white fish, salmon, sturgeon and other species of the finny tribe to entertain the red-cheeked angler between seasons.

In the state of Maine fishing and hunting is one of the biggest industries. Yet the Eastern state has nothing on Oregon. What more can a sportman ask than a fishing trip to the McKenzie, the Rogue, Deschutes, Sandy, Marion Lake, in Southern Oregon; a journey into the Nehalem country, to the Salmonberry, Oswego Lake, Lost Lake or any other of the favorite spots where Oregonians go to rest and enjoy the call of the wild?

There are approximately 10,000 anglers in Multnomah County. If every one of these spends \$40 a year there's \$400,000 spent by the boys seeking fishes in this county alone.

EASTERN BIRDS COMING INTO OREGON

Mr. Stanley Jewett, of the Biological Survey, reports some very interesting data concerning the spread of some of the commoner Eastern birds into the Eastern part of Oregon. The early records do not show that the Catbird was a resident of this state. The first record which Mr. Jewett secured of this bird being in Oregon was August 11, 1906, at Sparta in Baker County. The birds seem gradually to be spreading out more through the state and coming over toward the west. In 1915 he saw one bird at Mt. Vernon in Grant County. One of these birds was also seen at Prairie City.

The Catbirds seem quite common this year in the vicinity of La Grande, where Mr. Jewett saw five or six. He also saw the birds in Wallowa County at Minam, Wallowa, Enterprise and Joseph.

A still further western record is noted by Mr. Jewett, who collected one of these birds September 3, 1916, at Pendleton, Oregon. He also saw two others. He knows of two broods of Catbirds which were raised in that locality during the past season.

Another very interesting record is the appearance of the Bob-White in Eastern Oregon. We first saw this bird in Harney County in 1908. For the past ten years they have been quite abundant in the meadows about Burns. Mr. Jewett has recorded the Bob-o-Link at John Day in Grant County. Also he saw two at Wallowa and two at Halfway in Baker County.

CURRY COUNTY A PARADISE FOR BEARS

By ALFRED POWERS

Bear hunters, bear dogs and bears—this is a natural trinity down in Curry County, Oregon, like faith, hope and charity.

You have played with Teddy bears, you have seen bears dance at the command of some Neapolitan gentleman, you have perhaps developed the "willies" by watching some polar bear swing his head in a perpetual affirmative in a cage. You have read "Johnny Bear" and how Charles Dudley Warner executed a bear, and "How We Killed a Bear—Betsy and I." In toyland, in cages or chains, in literature you have come into an across-the-fence contact with Bruin, but did you ever meet him face to face in a huckleberry thicket or a skunk cabbage patch?

You have met him more than once if you ever lived in Curry County. This is his home. There are about the same number of real bears in Curry County as there are Teddy bears in Portland.

Jake Fry, Frank Fry, Walter Fry, Will Lake, Delmar Colgrove and Elmer Miller are all well-known Curry County bear hunters.

Jake Fry has probably killed more bears than any other man in Oregon. He has been hunting bears for 50 years, since he was 11 years old. In that time he has owned 100 bear dogs. He has kept four on hand steadily for half a century. Eight years is the ordinary life of a bear dog. In eight years, often before, he goes to the Valhalla of brave bear dogs. Mr. Fry remembers the heroic services of dogs dead these 40 years. During retrospective evenings the ghosts of those 100 dogs that he has owned come back to him, eager for the hunt, nimble of foot, musical of voice, with Spartan courage, no yellow streak in the whole 100. Bloodhound and beagle hound are standard breeds. Bloodhounds, mastiff and shepherd are a poor cross, says Mr. Fry.

The bears that Jake Fry has killed run up into the thousands. He has killed as many as 10 in a day. A low average would be 25 a year. That would make 1250. But he has killed more than that. He now has one of the finest farms on the whole Rogue River. Everybody, no matter who he is, is welcome at his big house near Illaine postoffice. Killing bears, with this man, has surely been a "pious pastime," for he is constructive in every other way. If bear hunting and bear killing produces such citizens, we all would do well to turn bear hunters.

Frank Fry has hunted bears in Curry County for 33 years, averaging 25 a year. Delmar Colgrove has hunted for 20 years. Will Lake, Elmer Miller and Walter Fry are also veteran hunters.

During the summer the bears travel along the river, in the fall they eat huckleberries and acorns, with such miscellany as they can find in the way of food, and in the spring clover, skunk cabbage and grass are the principal features of their menu.

Almost every day you can read in the papers of the killing of a bear somewhere in Oregon; annually they kick the beam by hundreds; but for many years to come there will be bear hunters, bear dogs and bears in Curry County.

TROUT STREAMS OF EASTERN CLACKAMAS COUNTY

Eagle Creek, Oregon, January 15, 1917.

Editors Oregon Sportsman,
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen: Your editorial comment in the October issue of the Oregon Sportsman on the question of raising the price of angling and hunting licenses meets with my approval. We all know, or should, that if we as sportsmen expect to have fish in the streams a system of restocking must be kept up. Every sportsman should take a deep interest in helping to maintain good fishing in our streams, for it is a fact that the streams of eastern Multnomah and Clackamas Counties have been about whipped to death by the sportsmen.

Only a few years ago one could fill a basket with fine trout in a few hours on either the north or south forks of Eagle Creek—where a good lot of anglers do their fishing now. It is far different at this time.

The Eagle Creek trout feeding station has been a great help in restocking the streams in the eastern part of Clackamas County, and the people generally are taking more interest from year to year in assisting in the liberation of the young fry from this station in the different

streams. As I was employed at the Eagle Creek feeding station last year I took great interest in the young fish hatched. They had to have the best of care to keep them growing so they would be ready for planting in a few months. Several thousand trout have been liberated in Eagle Creek in the last few years. For my part I would like to see a few streams restocked with trout in the eastern part of Clackamas County this year, and then close them to fishing for a period of two years or until the streams were again teeming with fish.

It takes thousands of dollars to operate the trout hatcheries and feeding stations throughout the state, so I, for one, believe that the license fee should be raised from \$1 to \$1.50 a year. I know that it was considerable expense to operate the Eagle Creek feeding station last year, and I hope there will be enough funds provided to operate it again this year.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE KITZMILLER.

MORO SPORTSMEN ENJOY THEMSELVES

From Moro Observer

The losers in the annual rabbit hunt of the Moro Rod and Gun Club entertained the winning side last Friday afternoon and evening. The afternoon was given over to a picture show to which all were welcome to attend. The evening was devoted to a smoker and lunch, consisting of little neck clams with drawn butter, cider, coffee, apples, cheese and ham sandwiches, served cafeteria style, with corn cob pipes and tobacco as a delicious adjunct.

State Game Warden Shoemaker and State Biologist W. L. Finley were present from Portland. Mr. Finley brought with him several reels of motion pictures of Oregon wild life that were shown and explained by him at the afternoon show. The pictures were interesting and very much appreciated.

It is estimated that 600 people attended the picture show and 250 the smoker, which was called to order by Attorney Grover Duffey, president of the club and a member of the losing side, who welcomed the winners to Rabbitville. Attorney J. B. Hosford responded on behalf of the winning side with a witty speech replete with reference as to occurrences the day of the hunt.

They were followed by Mr. Shoemaker, who said, among other things, that he is immensely pleased with the game protection sentiment so prevalent in this community.

Mr. Finley spoke of the value of the fish and animal life to the state and took occasion to remark that it seems to be well grounded among Sherman County people that fish and game are valued, protected and appreciated, and that Oregon has yet had to learn that this is one of its best assets in the drawing of the right kind of settlers and investors, and that the idea is not so irreconcilable as it may appear at first thought.

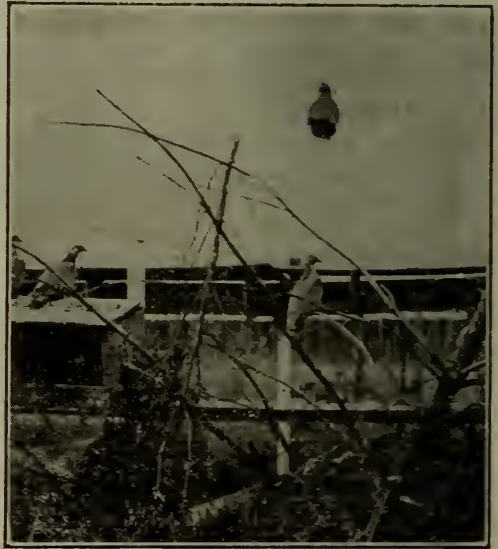
WILD OR BAND-TAILED PIGEONS INCREASING



For several years Mr. 'Gene M. Simpson, of Corvallis, Oregon, has kept in captivity a certain number of wild or band-tailed pigeons. He first had these in an open pen. Last spring a wild bird flying over evidently saw the birds in the pen and came down and lit on the top of the fence and stayed for two or three days. Although these birds are very wild as a rule, yet this bird was evidently tamed by seeing the others in captivity. Mr. Fraer, foreman of the farm, got very close to it at different

times and took a number of pictures of it.

Many years ago these wild pigeons were exceedingly in abundance throughout the Willamette Valley. They were formerly trapped in great numbers and sent to the markets in San Francisco and Portland. They are now protected under the Federal law, and during the past two or three years the number has been increasing and some of the birds are returning to the old haunts where they were in abundance in former years.



PROVIDE FEED FOR CHINESE PHEASANTS

From The Elgin Recorder

Ed. Tuttle, who was in town the other day from his farm on Willow Creek, told of a novel method he had adopted for the feeding of China pheasants during winter months. His place is a sort of paradise of this section for the pheasants, the matty growth of thorn bushes growing along the banks of Willow Creek affording them excellent hiding places and protection from snow to a limited degree. However, the depth of

snow the past two winters was such that the pheasants could not find sufficient food, so the owner of the farm partly filled several sacks with wheat and suspended them a short distance from the ground throughout the thorn thickets. He made perforations in the sacks just large enough to let the wheat kernels drop slowly from the sacks. He kept the snow scraped from beneath the sacks, and he says that in this manner the wheat was not wasted, yet the pheasants obtained plenty to keep them in good condition and obtained it without difficulty.

Prior to adopting the plan the birds paid the barnyards and hog pens regular visits. One morning he counted a flock of 17 in his barnyard, which goes to show that they are quite numerous in that section.

Various farmers in this end of the county feed the pheasants during the winter, but Mr. Tuttle is the first one to our knowledge who has adopted the above method.

In connection with the above article, a resident of Union County sends the Sportsman the following additional interesting information on feeding Chinese pheasants in winter in that county:

S. A. Chappell, who resides about one mile east of Mr. Tuttle, has his hog pens in the brush where there is a good warm spring of water, and says he is feeding about two dozen Chinese pheasants with his hogs. This is about five miles south of Elgin. Frank Hallgarth, living two miles south of Elgin, is feeding 30 birds with his stock at the barn; C. A. Galloway, who owns a farm with a brother two miles north of Elgin, states that at one time he counted fifty-seven pheasants feeding with his cattle. Union County is rapidly becoming the best Chinese pheasant county in Eastern Oregon.

GAME ON THE INCREASE IN BAKER COUNTY

Sumpter, Oregon, January 27, 1917.

State Game and Fish Commission,
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen: There is four times as much game in this section of the country as there was four years ago. Mr. Haines a mining man of our town, counted fourteen deer just outside the city limits on November 10, 1916, showing the good work of the State Game Commission.

Yours truly,

L. C. EDWARDS.

DOING UNTO HIS NEIGHBOR

The Ladies' Home Journal

"Hey, kid!" yelled the game warden, appearing suddenly above the young fisherman. "You are fishing for trout. Don't you know they ain't in season?"

"Sure," replied the youth, "but when it's the season for trout they ain't around, and when it ain't the season there's lots of 'em. If the fish ain't a-goin' to obey the rules, I ain't neither."

ITEMS ^{OF} INTEREST

TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



Deputy Game Warden J. W. Walden of La Grande reports more Chinese pheasants than ever in Union County. Although the present winter is hard on the birds, they are doing well. Farmers are feeding from 15 to 100 around their farms all over the county.

* * *

The Chinese pheasant is increasing in Utah. From an original plant of fifty the birds have increased to such an extent that about five thousand are now to be found in Utah County alone. Careful protection is given the birds by the state, the fines ranging from \$75 to \$125 for the killing of a single bird.

* * *

The Department of Agriculture lists the following birds as among the most important destroyers of grasshoppers: Quail, prairie chicken, sparrow hawk, nighthawk and meadow-lark.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Portland Rifle Club, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Earle Henton; vice-president, Norman Schmidt; secretary, J. S. Hyatt; treasurer, H. F. McDonald; range officer, E. D. Ritter.

* * *

Two farmers residing near Albany are developing a skunk farm as a fur industry. Recently they received twenty black skunks from Pennsylvania to add to their native stock.

* * *

J. F. Olson trapped 17 skunks in twelve days with four traps in Linn County this winter.

* * *

Deputy Game Warden J. M. Thomas of Coos County relates that Thomas Story killed 29 ducks at four shots with a Remington pump gun on December 31. The Coos County deputy further deposes and says that this stunt was pulled off within 300 yards of a moving passenger train and many of the passengers witnessed the shooting.

* * *

New officers elected by the Hood River County Game Protective Association for the year 1917, are as follows: President, H. Garrahart; vice-president, Edward Button; secretary, Alva L. Day; treasurer, A. J. Derby; trustees, O. H. Bhouder, J. B. Hunt and Sol J. Spear.

The Dalles Rod and Gun Club has been reorganized and has added a rifle range and indoor shooting gallery. Under the new order of things, the names of many new members are being added to the membership roll. It is the intention to make the new organization one of the leading sportsmen organizations in Eastern Oregon.

* * *

There is only one state in the Union that does not now require a non-resident to have a license to hunt. That state is Arkansas. There are only four states in the Union now that do not require a resident to purchase a hunters' license. Those states are Maine, Virginia, North Carolina and Mississippi. Every province in Canada requires both resident and non-resident to have hunters' license.

* * *

There are 4666 trapshooting clubs in the world, 4331 of them being in the United States. This is about 4000 more clubs than there were a decade ago. Of this number Oregon has 55 clubs.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Salmon Club of Oregon, a Portland organization, O. H. Reece automatically became president of the club by virtue of his having caught the largest salmon during the 1916 fishing season—a 42½-pound Royal Chinook. The fish was caught in the Willamette at Oregon City. The executive board for 1917 consists of the following: Dick Carlon, C. C. Spooner, Phil. Holmes, Lester Humphrey and W. C. Block. The club has adopted a resolution that no person be eligible to membership who sells his or her fish, and any member found guilty of violating this rule shall be expelled from the club. The club has grown from a membership in 1914 of 41 to a present membership of 145.

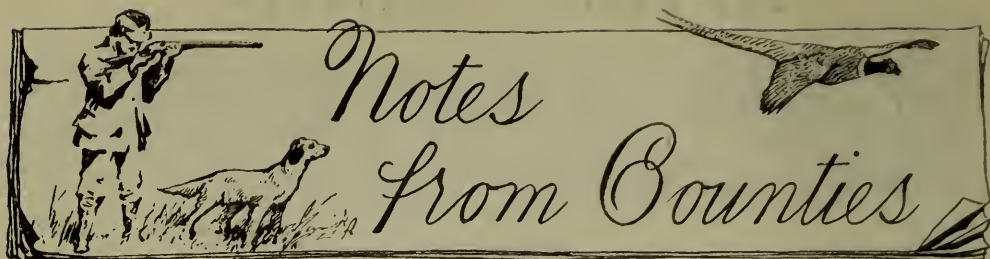
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Several new rod and gun clubs have been organized in different parts of the state within the last few months. Among the number is one at Grass Valley, with officers as follows: President, L. W. Baker; vice-president, M. B. O'Brien; secretary and treasurer, C. W. Wallace; executive committee, H. A. Smith and H. Zeigler. Deputy Game Warden Jas. Stewart, of Moro, was present and gave the newly organized club some valuable suggestions along the lines of game protection and conservation.

* * *

Mr. Stanley Jewett, of Pendleton, Oregon, who is employed by the Biological Survey, reports that on September 3 he saw a flock of Hungarian partridges near Pendleton, which were very small, not more than a week or two old. Both old birds were with the flock of young. He also reports Bob-White very abundant about that locality.

Many reports have come in to the effect that very late broods of birds have been seen in the Willamette Valley, showing that quail and pheasants evidently nested into August, for very young birds were seen during the latter part of August and the first part of September. This is likely owing to the very heavy rains during the summer time which destroyed the first brood. The last broods were therefore not nearly large enough to be shot at the beginning of the open season.



GAME CONDITIONS IN YAMHILL COUNTY

By WARDEN O. B. PARKER, McMinnville, Oregon

The game situation looks good for the coming season in Yamhill County—it being one of the best hunting grounds in the state for upland birds. Although the past season was a hard one, we had very good hunting during the open season. There were about twenty-five of the McMinnville sportsmen who came in with the bag limit the first day. I think this was due to the fact that the birds were fed and well cared for during the hard winter; consequently it is important that everyone interested in the welfare of our game birds should give this work all of the assistance possible during the winter snow storms.

If the weather is favorable during the brooding season, we will have a fine crop of Chinese pheasants, as there are plenty of birds left for this year's hatch.

The Bob-white and California quail are doing very well considering the past hard winter, which was more severe on the small birds. During the past three years, about eighteen hundred Bob-white quail have been trapped in this locality and liberated in different parts of the state. We have decided not to trap this year and give the birds a chance to increase. In some places large covies are reported, while in other localities there are not so many.

There are several nice covies of Hungarian partridge in this locality. These birds were imported by our Game Commission about four years ago. They are an interesting and pretty bird, somewhat larger than our quail, and I am anxious to have them get a good start.

On account of the long dry fall there has been no water in many of the lakes and duck hunting is not as good as usual here this season.

Reports from the Coast Mountains show the deer hunters have had fair sport, several getting the limit. About one hundred deer were killed during the open season by the sportsmen of this district.

GAME CONDITIONS IN CURRY COUNTY

By WARDEN ROY DICKSON, Gold Beach, Oregon

Curry County has more deer than any other county in the state of Oregon. And it also has more good hunting grounds. Most of the counties in the state are largely taken up in farms, but Curry County is still in the raw state, with the exception of a small strip along the Coast and a few small valleys along the rivers.

There is more natural feed in Curry County for deer than in most places. We have the sweet oak, Sargent or tan oak, live oak, white oak and black oak acorns, besides plenty of small shrubs and bushes that they browse upon. There are also numerous small prairies and glades

scattered all through the mountains on which there is plenty of grass; and there is plenty of water in most every gulch.

We have a few small bands of elk in Curry County. One of these bands is found between Myers and Hunters Creeks and there are probably between thirty-five and forty head in the band. There are two cows on Hubbard Creek, seven or eight head on Elk River, and five or six head that range between Butler Mountain and Sugar Loaf Mountain.

There is plenty of bear left in Curry County, but the panthers are getting pretty well thinned out. The bobcats are increasing rapidly, as are also the coyotes.

There were more ducks this winter in Curry County than usual.

There are two or three small bands of Brant geese that stay around Hunters Cove and Whale Head all winter.

There are a few grouse and a few native pheasants, but the quail are very scarce.

There were more wild pigeons this year than there have been for several years.

There are trout in all of the mountain streams and the salmon trolling is as good as will be found any place.

There are lots of good trails all through the mountains, fine camping places, and plenty of wood and water.

COLUMBIA COUNTY GAME NOTES

By WARDEN WM. BROWN

Pursuant to the custom for an article for the "Oregon Sportsman" from the different game wardens, I will endeavor to contribute a brief review connected with my work in the field for the last quarter.

Of course, my work is confined to the one county, which is Columbia, and I presume that there are more violations and attempted violations in this county than any other in the state, due to the fact that most of the county is isolated and it requires lots of travel by foot and other conveyance outside of the railroad transportation, from the fact that there is only one line of railroad traversing this county. Therefore there is more opportunity for illegal fishing and hunting with less chances of detection on that account. It requires constant vigilance on the part of the warden to apprehend the many violations of the game laws in this county. While Columbia County is perhaps the most prolific for game and fish, and, from the newspaper comments and the farmers living in the remote sections of this county declaring that conditions have very much improved within the last two years, for the reason that the county has been better policed than ever before, is due to the activity and faithfulness of the numerous deputies assigned to this county.

Thus far this winter, on account of the very pleasant weather, the game has not suffered from exposure or for want of feed, and, with the exception of the deep snow on the ridges, the lowland has been pretty free from snow all winter. I have observed in my travels that the pheasants are plentiful in certain localities and I believe that they are now on the increase. The same thing might be said of the ducks, and I believe the past season was one of the best ever had, as nearly every hunter was able to get his lawful quota, and from now on, with the closed seasons closely observed, I believe that this county will turn out

an abundance of all kinds of game. The different varieties of fish will also be very plentiful, as the fish which have been put into the various streams by the Fish and Game Commission are doing well; and in the numerous streams of this county in which these fish have been transplanted, my reports in every instance are that they are doing splendidly. So, according to this, Columbia County in a very short time will be the banner fishing county of the state, and the only thing that will have to be looked after to preserve these fish will be the bullheads, as they have already been noticed to have eaten these small fish.

There is also a destructive bird which is known positively to be killing the Chinese pheasants, and that is the falcon hawk. He has been detected in killing the pheasants in several different places in this county.

The trapping in the lower end of the county is also very good and a great many of the trappers have had a successful season. I have in mind at this moment a man who is a resident of this county, treeing and shooting the largest coon that was ever taken in Columbia County.

There has also been seen recently in this county elk, consisting of four cows and two bulls, in the neighborhood of Squaw Creek.

I look for the coming seasons to be better than ever in the game line and there will be no doubt but what Columbia County will maintain its prestige as one of the best for the hunter and the nimrod and, from the fact that better roads are being rapidly built in this county, it will be more easy of access and more inviting to the sportsman.

I am also of the opinion that the deer will be on the increase from now on, for the reason that the wildcat and cougar are fast being exterminated. There are other matters of which in detail I might mention as an incentive to the sportsman to turn his attention towards Columbia County, but will leave that unsaid for the present, and any further information wanted by those desiring to visit this county for game or fish I will be glad to furnish if they will communicate with me.

GAME CONDITIONS IN JACKSON COUNTY

By WARDEN ED. WALKER, Medford, Oregon

The government and other hunters are doing a great work in exterminating predatory animals, especially the larger ones, such as cougars, wolves and coyotes. I think the cougars are the most destructive to deer and the coyotes come next, especially after the snow has fallen and is crusted.

Mr. Penning, a man of wide experience as a hunter and trapper, found a large four-point buck that had been caught by coyotes in crusted snow. They had taken a feed from the buck's hams and left him to die. Mr. Penning shot the buck to put him out of his misery.

I think the bobcats feed mostly on birds, and they are fast killing off the native pheasants and grouse. I believe the bobcat also kills small deer in great numbers.

I figure good varmint dogs are an asset to the country. A good share of the farmers living in the foothills think all dogs they hear running are chasing deer, and they generally send reports to local game wardens to that effect.

If one will stop and think, a deer being chased by dogs will usually make to the nearest water after two or three hours. On the other hand,

coyotes will run in a circle for hours and seldom ever go to the water. I spent ten days in December running down a bunch of hounds reported to be running deer, and finally found them scenting a coyote, which they never quit until they captured and killed.

The present snow over Jackson County is working a hardship on all wild life. The Chinese pheasants bunch together, usually fifteen to twenty-five in a bunch, in the most sheltered places, and after the second or third feeding become more like domestic fowls than game birds.

Too much credit cannot be given the farmers of Jackson County for the interest they take in caring for the birds during the winter months.

GAME CONDITIONS IN SHERMAN COUNTY

By WARDEN JAMES STEWART, Moro, Oregon

As I have not written you anything on this subject for some time, I thought your readers might like to know how we get along here.

Our game consists mainly of ducks, geese, prairie chickens, grouse and quail. On the latter, however, there is no open season. We also have some Chinese pheasants, of which a good many were liberated in 1915 by the State Fish and Game Commission. Unfortunately, however, the winter of 1915-16 was one of the most severe we have had in years, and, despite all we could do to save them, many were lost. The survivors have done well and have raised broods this past season over a considerable portion of the county.

We have a number of fishing streams in Sherman County, of which the Deschutes River is the best, and, as there has been an end put to the practices of blasting and netting fish in our creeks, we have been trying to restock some of them. This last season (1916) the Fish and Game Commission and Mr. Clanton, Master Fish Warden, sent us the fish car "Rainbow" with about 60,000 steelhead and rainbow trout, which we divided between the lower part of the Deschutes River and some of our best creeks.

This coming season we hope to be able, with the assistance of the Commission, to do something towards stocking the John Day River with some variety of fish suited to it, as it has too much sediment in it during the greater part of the year for trout to live in. In consequence of this there is about 150 miles of this river which is devoid of food fish of any value and is, therefore, an economic waste.

We now have four live rod and gun clubs in this county, one at each of the following places, Rufus, Moro, Grass Valley and Kent, with a membership aggregating over 350, which is steadily increasing. All of these clubs are quite active and game protective sentiment is strong. We also have a subscription list of over 300 for this county to the "Oregon Sportsman," which is increasing weekly.

Notwithstanding the fact that the receipts for hunting and angling licenses showed a falling off of over \$14,000 for the State in 1916 from the amount collected for same in 1915 (which was caused mainly by the late, cold season and high water in the streams), I am glad to report that the receipts for this county showed a substantial increase for the same period.

Considering the population and the small amount of hunting country in Sherman County, I believe it will compare favorably with, if not beat, any county in the State in the matters enumerated above, which proves conclusively that we have "some sportsmen in our midst."

GAME CONDITIONS IN MORROW COUNTY

By J. W. PUYEAR, Ione, Oregon

Being a subscriber to the "Oregon Sportsman," and president of the Ione Fish and Game Protective Association, I feel it my duty to let our brother sportsmen know the true conditions of the game in this locality.

We organized our little club with 64 members, which is made up of the best business men and farmers that one would want to meet with. They are all very much enthused over our club and stand pat to enforce the game laws of Oregon.

For the past two years the Chinese pheasants have been on the increase, while before that time, if a bird showed his head on the public highway or on the right-of-way, it was his last chance. Tourists and traveling salesmen, also Greek section hands, were a great destroyer of them, far more so than the badger, mink or coyote. I have five secretmen as game wardens working for me and can thankfully say there has not been one complaint come to me in the last year.

It seems that this is an ideal place for the pheasants to thrive. Last winter the snow was 26 inches deep. I was out in this snow, feeding a few covies that I thought would perish for the want of food, but I never found a dead bird during the cold spell, which lasted about six weeks; neither did the farmers during their spring work, for I made special inquiries from several of them. We have a weed here that is called "flood" weed. It grows on an average of three and one-half feet high and does not shed its foliage during the winter, but branches out and grows very thick. This makes a well covered house for all wild fowls. There are thousands of seeds on these weeds, which is no trouble for them to get and which keep them in excellent, thriving condition. I think with the present conditions the hills, as well as the Willow Creek Valley, will soon be as well stocked as any place in Oregon.

The Club of Ione would like a start of Eastern quail and silver pheasants.

The trout streams are well stocked, and I know of no place where trout fry will grow faster than in Willow and Rhea Creeks, especially in Rhea Creek. I have angled in both streams and find Rhea Creek far superior to Willow Creek. Within ten miles of Ione on Rhea Creek it is nothing unusual for any angler to land a fifteen-inch trout.

In the spring the small fry, that is trout from six inches to nine inches, come down these streams in great schools, and the irrigation ditches that are open destroy thousands of them from which no one receives any benefit. So let us hope that every man that has a ditch on his land will see that the great waste of trout is stopped by screening his headgate. That is our only trouble—trying to confine them to the creek bed. It is a law, so why not abide by it?

The chinook salmon a few years back would frequent these streams in large numbers, also the salmon trout, which were gamey and hard to take, but they have ceased to come on account of the high irrigation dams and no fish ladders.

We have an abundance of deer in Morrow County. The mule and flag tail deer. Grouse and native pheasants are to be found by the hundreds in the foothills. Goose shooting will soon be a past art to the true sportsman. If a band of geese light in a wheat field to feed, they are in poor luck. No sooner do they get settled than some disgusted would-be-sportsman runs into them with his car and follows them

from field to field, so Mr. Goose will be looking for a better climate. This practice should be prohibited by the State game law, and a law should also be passed to force shooters two miles from the roosting grounds. It would be better for all sportsmen.

Here's wishing all brother sportsmen and readers of the "Oregon Sportsman" good luck for 1917.

GAME CONDITIONS IN COOS COUNTY

Deputy Game Warden J. M. Thomas, of North Bend, reports the following game conditions in Coos County:

During the open season of 1916 there were 318 deer killed in Coos County, which was a noted decrease over the year 1915. The number of deer remaining in this county, as near as can be estimated, is about 7,500, and this may be a little overestimated. Some estimate them at 12,000, but this, in my opinion, is erroneous, as I have made a very close study and estimate in most every locality throughout the county.

The number of bear in Coos County, as estimated from all reports in all parts of the county which has been given in by reliable people, is 325.

Panthers, from the same way of estimating and from the same source, are probably closely estimated at 135.

The elk are increasing in Coos County. There were five calves seen in the Tioga and Fall Creek country in November, and the herd all told is estimated at 80 head, although this may be overestimated.

The estimated number of ducks was an increase of nine to one during the months of November and December, 1916, over the same period during 1915.

The Chinese pheasants in the Coquille Valley are slightly on the increase, and had it not been for the hard winter last year, the increase no doubt would have been double what it is today. If we continue to have an open winter this year, I think the increase this summer will be surprising.

The Bob White quail and Hungarian partridge, liberated by the State Fish and Game Commission, were both doing fine in some sections of Coos County, but the hard winter had its effect on them as well as the Chinese pheasants.

CHINESE PHEASANTS IN TILLAMOOK COUNTY

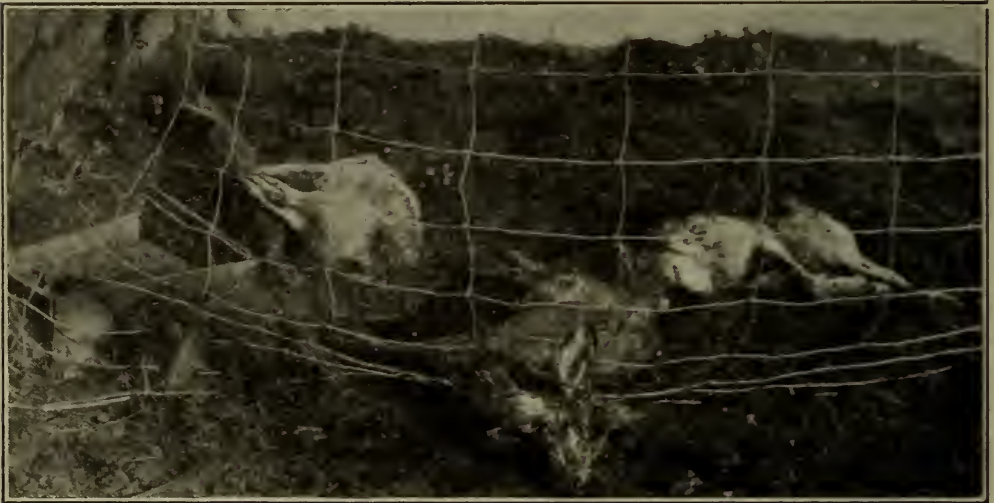
By WARDEN C. W. LOUGHERY, Tillamook, Oregon

Tillamook County has not been very successful with Chinese pheasants. They are very scarce here, although several attempts have been made to increase their numbers. Some people claim that the birds are killed off by hunters, while others are of the opinion that the fall of the year is the wrong time to liberate them in this county. A number of sportsmen, who are interested in getting the Chinese pheasant started in Tillamook County, are planning to raise them in captivity so as to get them accustomed to the climate before liberating them.

We believe that it would be a good idea to place a certain section of the county in a game refuge for the purpose of protecting the pheasants until such time as they became plentiful enough to shoot. The cape between Netarts and Tillamook Bay would be a good location for this refuge.

About eighteen years ago the first Chinese pheasants were liberated in this county by a few citizens, and although they were watched and traced for a few years, they did not increase and finally disappeared.

There is good fishing in the Big Nestucca River and the anglers have been making some good catches. While up the Trask River a few days ago, I made a visit to the fish hatchery and was shown all through the place and the retaining ponds, which were well filled with young chinook. The troughs in the hatchery were also full of little fellows' forms.



The above photo shows a female deer and two free-running dogs. After running the deer approximately 70 miles, the deer was finally run down and killed by the dogs. The dogs in turn were killed by the irate farmer into whose yard the deer was run.

WANTS, FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE

The Sportsman has introduced a new advertising department. Hereafter, any one desiring to advertise anything in the line of 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 that they have something for sale, trade or exchange.

In the Field with the Wardens

*Prosecutions for October, November and December, 1916
by the Game and Fish Departments.*

Game Department

BENTON COUNTY—E. H. Clark, Warden—C. W. Boethicker, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; S. A. Monroe, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; E. A. Hudson, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; G. E. Finnerty, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; S. A. Monroe, arrested for hunting without license, case dismissed.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—Ben Patton, Warden—L. A. Barry, arrested for killing mountain quail, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Wm. Willman, arrested for hunting without license, found not guilty; W. S. Garbett, arrested for hunting deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—E. H. Clark, Warden—Hugo Laye, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$35, paid.

CLATSOP COUNTY—John Larson, Warden—Tony E. Jusitch, arrested for shooting ducks after sunset, fined \$25, paid; Matthew Jurich, arrested for shooting ducks after sunset, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Jolmas Erickson, arrested for shooting ducks after sunset, found not guilty.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—William Brown, Warden—Edward Gay, arrested for having beaver skins in possession, fined \$150; Mrs. Nellie Gay, arrested for having beaver skins in possession, case dismissed; Wm. Harris, arrested for having beaver skins in possession, found not guilty by jury.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—E. H. Clark, Warden—Peter Lousignout, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$50, paid; George Danz, arrested for shooting ducks from power boat, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Walter Domyer, arrested for shooting from power boat, fined \$25, sentence suspended; C. H. Newman, arrested for hunting ducks after sunset, fined \$25, paid; V. Gilsham, arrested for killing pheasants in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—Virgil Powell, Warden—Wm. Joseph, arrested for hunting deer with dogs, fined \$25, paid.

COOS COUNTY—J. M. Thomas, Warden—H. M. Albee, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$100, sentence suspended.

CURRY COUNTY—Roy Dickson, Warden—J. B. John, arrested for having deer meat in possession in closed season, fined \$100, imprisoned; W. W. Kimble, arrested for having deer meat in possession in closed season, fined \$100, imprisoned; Clay Garoutte, arrested for having deer meat in possession in closed season, fined \$50, paid; Zing Ling, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25, paid; S. Inkardi, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25, paid.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—Orrin Thompson, Warden—Wm. Keller, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$50, \$10 paid and balance of fine suspended; Norris Walker, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$50, \$10 paid and balance of fine suspended; Noel Walker, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$50, \$10 paid and balance of fine suspended.

GRANT COUNTY—I. B. Hazeltine, Warden—James Davis, arrested for exploding powder in John Day River to kill fish, fined \$100, paid \$50, balance of fine suspended; Leige Davis, arrested for exploding powder in John Day River to kill fish, fined \$100, sentence suspended; Wm. Norris, arrested for exploding powder in John Day River to kill fish, fined \$100, sentence suspended; Dewey Purcell, arrested for exploding powder in waters of Eight Mile Creek to kill fish, fined \$100, sentence suspended; Olua Hathway, arrested for exploding powder in the waters of Eight Mile Creek to kill fish, fined \$100, sentence suspended.

HARNEY COUNTY—F. W. Triska, Warden—W. L. Love, arrested for having deer meat in possession in closed season, fined \$50, paid.

HOOD RIVER COUNTY—W. O. Hadley, Warden—Sam Wilson, arrested for illegal hunting, fined \$25, imprisoned; Marion Beck, arrested for illegal hunting, fined \$25, imprisoned; John Stratton, arrested for killing Chinese pheasant in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

JACKSON COUNTY—Jas. H. Driscoll, Warden—E. B. Henry, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$25, paid.

JACKSON COUNTY—Ed. Walker, Warden—D. Stone, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$25, imprisoned.

KLAMATH COUNTY—H. D. Stout, Warden—John Alexander, arrested for having beaver skins in possession, fined \$25, paid.

LANE COUNTY—E. C. Hills, Warden—Ben McElsworth, arrested for killing Chinese pheasant in closed season, found not guilty; O. H. McAlister, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

LINCOLN COUNTY—W. G. Emery, Warden—T. W. Taber, arrested for shipping trout without permit, case dismissed; Andrew Smith (Indian), arrested for killing female deer, case dismissed.

MALHEUR COUNTY—H. L. Gray, Warden—L. S. Woodward, arrested for illegal fishing, fined \$25, sentence suspended; F. G. Mitchell, arrested for illegal fishing, fined \$25, paid; O. L. Lovelace, arrested for illegal fishing, fined \$25, sentence suspended; W. G. Hyak, arrested for illegal fishing, fined \$25, sentence suspended; George H. Hart, arrested for killing swan, fined \$25, given 20 days in which to pay fine; Walter Hart, arrested for hunting without license, released on account of being minor.

MARION COUNTY—Roy Bremmer, Warden—Jesse Barkhurst, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; Rex Burnett, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; Jesse Kephart, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; E. B. Cronk, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; Bert Lytle, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; Frank Reveal, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; D. W. Cutsforth, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25, paid; R. E. Brown, arrested for disguising sex of deer, fined \$25, paid; Frank Reveal, arrested for killing spotted fawn, fined \$50, paid; Bert Lytle, arrested for killing spotted fawn, fined \$50,

paid; E. B. Cronk, arrested for killing spotted fawn, fined \$50, paid; R. E. Brown, arrested for killing spotted fawn, fined \$50, paid; Jesse Kephart, arrested for killing spotted fawn, fined \$50, paid; Rex Burnett, arrested for killing spotted fawn, fined \$50, paid; Jesse Barkhurst, arrested for killing spotted fawn, fined \$50, paid; Jesse Barkhurst, arrested for resisting an officer, sentenced to 30 days in jail.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—Dan Miller, Warden—M. Celic, arrested for shooting from public highway, fined \$25, paid; L. D. Bailey, arrested for hunting on game refuge, paroled by juvenile court; Frank Martin, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$25, paid.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—A. E. Kessler, Warden—G. F. Signet, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25, sentence suspended; Fred Signet, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25, sentence suspended; John Signet, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25, paid.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—J. W. Bonham, Warden—Eugene Speer, arrested for hunting on game refuge, paroled by juvenile court.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—Thomas Foster, Warden—Albert Thomas, arrested for trespass, fined \$25, sentence suspended.

UMATILLA COUNTY—George Tonkin, Warden—Jesse Goffe, arrested for using powder in stream to kill fish, fined \$200 and 30 days in jail; Harley Yetter, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants in closed season, fined \$250, imprisoned; W. D. Warren, arrested for killing elk, fined \$200, paid; N. Venturan, arrested for hunting at night, fined \$25, paid; C. W. Vonderahe, arrested for trapping without license, case dismissed; R. P. Pike, arrested for hunting at night, fined \$25, paid; Frank Allen, arrested for hunting at night, fined \$25, paid; Luke Lane, arrested for killing deer in closed season, found not guilty; Charles Smith, arrested for killing game birds in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

UNION COUNTY—J. W. Walden, Warden—W. R. Jones, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

WALLOWA COUNTY—Geo. W. Mitchell, Warden—Jesse Haines, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$11.50, paid; W. M. Vanderford, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$8.30, paid; Dan Ford, arrested for killing elk, grand jury failed to indict; Harry Leonard, arrested for trapping without license, fined \$25, paid.

WASHINGTON COUNTY—Geo. W. Russell, Warden—Ernest Johnson, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Earl Johnson, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Godfred Lasle, arrested for killing quail in closed season, fined \$150, paid \$25, balance of fine suspended.

Fish Department

DOUGLAS COUNTY—W. J. Hargan, arrested for operating set-net without maintaining numbered monument, fined \$10, paid.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY—C. T. Crumbly, arrested for operating set-net without license, fined \$50, unpaid; Floyd Woolfe, arrested for operating set-net more than one-third across Miami River, acquitted; S. M. Batterson, arrested for fishing above deadline on the Nehalem River with a set-net, case dismissed.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS, FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

December 1, 1914-November 30, 1915.

	Receipts in- cluding balance of Dec. 1, 1914	Disbursements	Balance Nov. 30, 1915
Game Protection Fund.....	\$143,206.78	\$126,571.06	\$16,635.72
Hatchery Fund—Dist. No. 1.....	36,183.63	32,247.49	3,936.14
Hatchery Fund—Dist. No. 2.....	17,062.26	11,835.71	5,226.55
General Fund—			
Curry County Approp'tion, 1913	2,161.95	1,180.63	981.32
Coast Stream Hatch. 1915 App.	12,000.00	5,999.58	6,000.42
Master Fish Warden & Deputies	17,400.00	8,307.23	9,092.77
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	\$228,014.62	\$186,141.70	\$41,872.92

December 1, 1915-November 30, 1916.

	Receipts in- cluding balance of Dec. 1, 1914	Disbursements	Balance Nov. 30, 1916
Game Protection Fund.....	\$113,356.80	\$107,725.63	\$ 5,631.17
Hatchery Fund—District No. 1..	37,113.84	36,976.25	137.59
Hatchery Fund—District No. 2..	19,383.31	16,594.99	2,788.32
General Fund—			
Curry County Appro'tion, 1913.	981.32	981.32	.00
Coast Stream Hatch. 1915 App.	6,000.42	6,000.42	.00
Master Fish Warden & Deps..	9,092.77	7,320.11	1,772.66
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$185,928.46	\$175,598.72	\$10,329.74

RECEIPTS—GAME PROTECTION FUND

	Dec 1, 1914, to Nov. 30, 1915.	Dec. 1, 1915, to Nov. 30, 1916.		
	Amount	Balance	Amount	Balance
Bal. on hand Dec. 1.....		\$ 31,787.45		\$ 16,635.72
Game licenses	\$106,680.25		\$ 92,405.82	
Fines collected	1,592.79			
Taxidermist licenses	96.00		102.00	
Metal game tags sold.....	183.72		215.72	
Game farm receipts.....	1,053.97		355.55	
“Oregon Sportsman”	153.95		1,071.33	
“Pheasant Farming”	90.35		5.00	
Trappers’ licenses	738.00		1,041.00	
Permits issued	8.00		14.00	
Alien gun licenses.....	175.00		150.00	
Sale—Confiscated property	117.30		317.60	
Miscellaneous	530.00		831.29	
Lost license certificates...			61.77	
Sale trout eggs.....		111,419.33	150.00	96,721.08
		<hr/>	<hr/>	
		\$143,206.78		\$113,356.80

DISBURSEMENTS—GAME PROTECTION FUND

	Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915	Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916
State Game Warden—Salary	\$ 2,400.00	\$ 2,400.00
State Game Warden—Traveling expenses.....	720.80	811.56
State Game Warden—Office salary.....	4,126.25	3,370.40
State Game Warden—Office expense.....	4,207.81	3,104.25
Deputy Game Warden—Salaries.....	29,791.41	29,245.50
Deputy Game Warden—Expenses.....	12,978.61	11,633.67
Special Deputy Game Warden—Salaries.....	2,275.24	1,876.97
Special Deputy Game Warden—Expenses.....	706.99	468.78
State Game Warden—Miscellaneous accounts..	5,493.18	4,746.46
Biological & Educational Dept.—Salary.....	3,232.00	4,412.21
Biological & Educational Dept.—Expense.....	4,678.14	3,091.14
State Game Farm.....	8,841.11	5,908.27
Game Birds & Animals introduced.....	823.33	1,051.59
Bounties and rewards	3,426.00	2,977.00
Commissioners—Salaries	312.50	100.00
Commissioners—Expenses	708.89	190.52
Bass seining	603.58	729.10
Fishways and screens.....	792.49	2,151.64
Superintendent of Hatcheries.....	1,412.62	26.21

GAME PROTECTION FUND—DISBURSEMENTS—Continued

	Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915	Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916
Fish car "Rainbow".....	4,149.08	4,089.25
Trout eggs expense	1,442.43	1,621.20
Bonneville Central Hatchery	12,031.95	9,322.37
McKenzie River Hatchery	2,086.85	1,470.71
Sandy River Hatchery	378.62	323.83
Tillamook Hatchery	6.06	318.25
Siuslaw River Hatchery	287.49	288.83
Spencer Creek Hatchery	2,904.21	1,800.63
Crescent, O'Dell and Davis	1,081.28	812.96
Upper Rogue River	1,022.06	702.23
Olive Lake	406.65	
Cultas Lake	704.80	
Triangle Lake	80.02	
Lakeview Hatchery	41.60	40.00
Clackamas River—U. S. Gov't. Sta.....	384.76	158.00
Yaquina Hatchery	427.00	
Bailey Creek	15.66	
Gales Creek Hatchery	566.85	53.25
Gales Creek feeding ponds	703.68	585.29
South Coos River Hatchery.....	102.87	83.40
Sprague River Hatchery	1,474.98	533.62
Drews Creek	1,082.14	558.45
Dry Creek	611.05	772.72
Honey Creek	295.75	
Gold Creek Hatchery	16.50	1.00
Eagle Creek feeding station	1,679.15	710.03
Crane Creek	782.19	368.21
Applegate Station	774.25	747.63
Bend Station	1,603.08	786.51
Bull Run feeding station	540.44	273.49
La Grande Station	59.75	
Willamette River Hatchery	1,155.18	17.55
Santiam River Hatchery	141.39	
Reed College Experimental34	
Umpqua River Hatchery		5.67
River Mill—U. S. Gov't. Station.....		171.42
Butte Falls Station		2,813.86
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$126,571.06	\$107,725.63

RECEIPTS, HATCHERY FUND—DISTRICT NO. 1.

Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915			Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916		
No.	Amount	Balance	No.	Amount	Balance
Balance on hand Dec. 1.....		\$ 124.24	1246		\$3,936.14
Gill net licenses.....	1283 \$9,622.50		1246	\$9,345.00	
Set net licenses	321 1,192.50		282	1,057.50	
Trap or pound nets..	56 950.00		57	975.00	
Stationary wheels	23 805.00		23	805.00	
Scow fish wheels.....	9 235.00		8	200.00	
Seines	55 2,043.00		42	1,849.20	
Fish dealers	378 5,310.09		429	4,755.81	
Salmon cannery	12 8,052.24		12	10,928.75	
Crawfish licenses	52 52.00		41	41.00	
Clam licenses	17 17.00		7	7.00	
Crab licenses	14 14.00		10	10.00	
Boat license	1 1.00		1	1.00	
Bag net license.....			1	1.00	
Purse seine	1 25.00		2	50.00	
Additional fees on salmon taken and canned.....	2,127.20	30,495.53		787.97	30,814.23
<hr/>			<hr/>		
Fines collected		489.98			819.60
Sale—Confiscated property		443.87			35.60
Donations		3,000.00			
Sale—Salmon eggs		1,050.00			1,500.00
Sundries		580.01			8.27
<hr/>			<hr/>		
\$36,183.63			\$37,113.84		

DISBURSEMENTS, HATCHERY FUND—DISTRICT NO. 1.

	Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915	Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916
Bonneville Central Hatchery	\$13,890.82	\$14,403.95
Klaskanine River Hatchery	3,485.85	3,398.00
McKenzie River Hatchery	2,824.54	3,016.79
Sandy River Hatchery	367.82	377.28
Herman Creek Feeding Station.....	2,967.02	1,887.57
Wallowa River Hatchery	150.00	122.05
Snake River Hatchery	45.00	30.00
Wallowa Lake Station		400.93
Willamette River Hatchery	1,015.78	2,890.09
Santiam River Hatchery.....	1,065.92	1,013.50
Bull Run Feeding Station	165.50	216.18
Willamette Falls Fishway	35.95	
Master Fish Warden a/c.....	140.70	
Superintendent of Hatcheries a/c.....	335.83	487.37
Fish Car "Rainbow"	197.68	788.62
Patrol Service—Salary and expenses.....	3,752.37	6,272.12
Commissioner—Salary and expenses	563.90	119.05
Office expense	1,119.70	1,552.75
Miscellaneous expense	123.11	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$32,247.49	\$36,976.25

RECEIPTS, HATCHERY FUND—DISTRICT NO. 2.

Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915			Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916		
No.	Amount	Balance	No.	Amount	Balance
Balance on hand Dec. 1.....		\$ 3,037.73			\$ 5,226.55
Gill net licenses 501	\$3,755.00		442	\$3,315.00	
Set net licenses 1210	4,457.50		1249	4,683.75	
Drag seines 19	482.10		30	673.86	
Fish dealers 183	1,667.76		157	1,808.28	
Salmon cannery 17	2,928.33		18	2,345.99	
Clam licenses 272	272.00		107	107.00	
Crawfish licenses			5	5.00	
Crab licenses 115	115.00		138	138.00	
Boat licenses 17	17.00		18	18.00	
Bag net licenses..... 2	2.00		2	2.00	
Additional fees on salmon canned & taken 0	00	13,696.69	323.12		13,420.00
Fines collected		210.59			436.68
Sale—Confiscated property		8.25			5.90
Donations—for Alsea Hatchery.....		100.00			259.72
Sundries		9.00			34.46
		<hr/>			<hr/>
		\$17,062.26			\$19,383.31

DISBURSEMENTS, HATCHERY FUND—DISTRICT NO. 2.

	Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915	Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916
Tillamook River Hatchery	\$ 433.28	\$ 244.95
Yaquina Bay Hatchery	92.38	
Alsea River Hatchery	568.41	3,305.43
Siuslaw River Hatchery	903.42	1,668.85
Umpqua River Hatchery	1,667.85	2,283.31
South Coos River Hatchery	1,754.91	2,001.81
Coquille River Hatchery	656.90	627.85
Gold Creek Hatchery	1,875.13	1,586.88
Winchester Hatchery	49.15	
Spencer Creek Hatchery	58.65	
Master Fish Warden a/c.....	148.80	
Ament Dam	97.08	112.82
Superintendent of Hatcheries a/c.....	26.50	562.34
Patrol Service—Salary and expenses.....	2,470.27	2,292.36
Commissioners—Salary and expenses	450.93	412.63
Office expense	582.05	1,495.76
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$11,835.71	\$16,594.99

DISBURSEMENTS, GENERAL FUND

Coast Streams, 1915 Appropriation

	Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915	Nov. 30, 1916 to Dec. 1, 1915	
Amount appropriated by the Legislature of 1915.....			\$12,000.00
Tillamook River Hatchery	\$ 469.69	\$ 275.95	
Alsea River Hatchery	1,414.95	1,132.64	
Siuslaw River Hatchery	483.96	418.63	
Umpqua River Hatchery	1,312.31	1,525.35	
South Coos Hatchery	1,085.05	984.53	
Coquille River Hatchery	195.00	477.80	
Gold Creek Hatchery	1,038.62	887.95	
Rogue River—U. S. Government.....		222.57	
Lower Rogue River Hatchery.....		75.00	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	\$5,999.58	\$6,000.42	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
			\$12,000.00

DISBURSEMENTS, GENERAL FUND

Curry County, 1913 Appropriation

	Dec. 1, 1914 to Nov. 30, 1915	Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916	
Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1914.....			\$ 2,161.95
Rogue River Hatchery	\$1,180.63	\$ 981.32	\$ 2,161.95

DISBURSEMENTS, GENERAL FUND

Master Fish Warden

	Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916	Dec. 1, 1915 to Nov. 30, 1916	
Amount appropriated by the Legislature of 1915.....			\$17,400.00
Master Fish Warden—Salary.....	\$2,083.33	\$2,500.00	
Master Fish Warden—Expense.....	2,385.77	1,014.23	
Deputy Fish Warden—No. 1			
Salary	823.39	1,000.01	
Expenses	450.92	470.40	
Deputy Fish Warden—No. 2			
Salary	927.96	1,000.02	
Expenses	260.86	710.45	
Clerk to the Master Fish Warden.....	1,375.00	625.00	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	\$8,307.23	\$7,320.11	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	\$8,307.23	\$7,320.11	15,627.34
Balance on hand Nov. 30, 1916.....			\$ 1,772.66

ARRESTS AND CONVICTIONS BY COUNTIES

December 1, 1915 to November 30, 1916

COUNTY	Number of Arrests	Number of Convictions	Amount Fines	Fines Suspended	Cases Pending	Found not Guilty on Trial	Cases Dis- missed
Baker	12	12	\$ 400.00	10			
Benton	9	8	200.00	1		1	
Clackamas ...	14	11	322.50	3	1	2	
Clatsop	5	4	100.00	3		1	
Columbia	10	10	250.00	6			
Coos	11	10	815.00	4		1	
Crook	1	1	2.00				
Curry	14	13	525.00	3		1	
Douglas	12	7	330.00		1	5	
Gilliam							
Grant	19	18	775.00	8	1	1	
Harney	8	8	250.00	1			
Hood River...	1	1	25.00				
Jackson	13	13	350.00	5			
Jefferson							
Josephine	5	5	210.00	1			
Klamath	4	4	100.00				
Lake	1	1	25.00				
Lane							
Lincoln	1	1	25.00	1			
Linn	2	2	50.00	1			
Malheur	5	5	125.00	3			
Marion	31	29	825.00	6	15	2	
Morrow	4	3	150.00	3		1	
Multnomah ...	30	25	700.00	7	1	1	1
Polk	3	3	75.00				
Sherman	2	2	50.00	2			
Tillamook	1	1	40.00				
Umatilla	41	33	1,400.00	5		7	1
Union	3	3	75.00				
Wallowa	5	5	94.80				
Wasco	3	3	75.00	3			
Washington ..	13	13	1,155.00	4			
Wheeler							
Yamhill	4	4	100.00	1			
	<hr/> 287	<hr/> 258	<hr/> \$9,619.30	<hr/> 81	<hr/> 19	<hr/> 23	<hr/> 2

VIOLATIONS OF GAME AND FISH LAWS

From December 1, 1915, to December 31, 1916

Offense	Number Arrests	Fines Imposed
Hunting and angling without license.....	51	\$1,160.00
Deer, closed season, killing or possession.....	50	2,315.00
Female deer, spotted fawn, killing or possession.....	30	1,450.00
Running deer with dogs.....	5	100.00
Deer meat in possession unlawfully.....	20	840.00
Elk, killing or possession unlawfully.....	2	200.00
Beaver, trapping unlawfully.....	11	437.50
Chinese pheasants, closed season, killing or possession..	23	900.00
Ducks, closed season, killing or possession.....	8	190.00
Quail, closed season, killing or possession.....	5	200.00
Grouse, closed season, killing or possession.....	3	90.00
Pigeons, closed season, killing or possession.....	1	25.00
Swan, killing or possession.....	2	50.00
Geese, closed season, killing or possession.....	6	165.00
Sage hens, closed season, killing or possession.....	5	75.00
Selling game birds.....	2	50.00
Shipping game illegally.....	1	25.00
Wanton waste of game.....	7	175.00
Hunting from power boat.....	3	75.00
Catching trout under size.....	26	655.00
Hunting before sunrise and after sunset.....	9	225.00
Hunting on game refuges.....	5	44.80
Putting sawdust in streams.....	2	125.00
Shooting from public highway.....	3	75.00
Polluting streams	4	100.00
Trapping without license.....	5	75.00
Trespassing on lands.....	4	100.00
Using explosives to kill fish in streams.....	4	500.00
Illegal angling near fish ladders.....	5	175.00
Non-game birds, killing.....	3	75.00
Burning tules in lake.....	1	50.00
Resisting an officer.....	1	60.00
Violating alien gun law.....	5	125.00
Hunting within city limits.....	1	25.00
Taxidermist, doing business without license.....	1	25.00
	314	\$10,957.30

PERMITS ISSUED

The following permits were issued by the State Game Department during the year 1916:

Kind	Number
Game breeders	125
To ship game.....	310
To trap game animals doing damage.....	53
To hold wild game in captivity.....	77

STATEMENT OF ADDITIONAL BOUNTIES

Paid by the

FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

From

December 1, 1914-November 30, 1916.

	Wolf	Cougar	Bob Cat
Baker County			\$ 1.00
Clackamas County\$	135.00	\$ 135.00	
Clatsop County		105.00	
Columbia County		60.00	
Coos County		555.00	
Crook County		15.00	4.00
Curry County		1,110.00	
Douglas County	600.00	1,080.00	5.00
Grant County	20.00	15.00	1.00
Harney County		30.00	
Jackson County	40.00	560.00	4.00
Josephine County		270.00	
Klamath County			1.00
Lake County		30.00	4.00
Lane County	105.00	720.00	
Linn County	100.00	210.00	
Lincoln County			3.00
Malheur County			10.00
Marion County		30.00	
Polk County		15.00	
Tillamook County		75.00	
Wasco County		30.00	3.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$1,000.00	\$5,045.00	\$36.00
Wolf			\$1,000.00
Cougar			5,045.00
Bob Cat			36.00
			<hr/>
			\$6,081.00

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, FOREST
SERVICE

District 6

Portland, Oregon, December 4, 1916.

The State Game Warden,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Shoemaker:

The following is a record of the fish distributed in the streams and lakes of the National Forests of this district during the seasons 1912 to 1916.

Our records prior to 1915 are not very full, since no reports were generally filed. Most of the work done prior to 1915 was in co-operation with your game wardens, who generally initiated the shipments of fish. In some cases cans only are reported and the number of fish to the can is supposed to be 300.

SEASON OF 1912.

Wallowa National Forest.

In September 26 cans of fish were distributed in lakes and streams of Forest by Forest officers.

In October 3,000 rainbow were distributed by Forest officers. The Forest Service rendered assistance to the state in 1912 in stocking 93 lakes of Oregon, Santiam, Deschutes and Cascade National Forests with 97,420 fish.

Siskiyou National Forest.

Reports stocking three streams with 10 cans of fish. Number of fish not stated.

SEASON OF 1913.

Umatilla National Forest.

Forest officers assisted in distributing eight cans of fish. Number of fish not stated.

Whitman National Forest.

Distributed two cans of fish in one stream. Number of fish not given.

Fremont National Forest.

Supervisors assisted in distributing 55,000 fish in streams around Forest.

SEASON OF 1914.

Malheur National Forest.

Reports 75,000 fish distributed by Forest officers.

SEASON OF 1915.

Fremont National Forest.

Forest officers assisted in distributing 66,000 fish from Crane Creek Hatchery in July, 1915. July 15, the liberation of 194,000 fish in eight different streams is reported. No definite mention is made of assistance rendered Mr. Pollock.

Malheur National Forest.

Distributed 21,000 fish in three streams.

Minam National Forest.

Forest officers distributed 174 cans of fish, supposed to average about 300 fish to the can, during July and August in 18 lakes and streams—522,000 fish.

Whitman National Forest.

Forest officers supervised the distribution of 110,000 fish in eight streams and lakes of the Forest.

SEASON OF 1916.

Cascade National Forest.

Assisted in distribution of 200,000 fish in streams of Cascade Forest. Expense of \$186.00 was met by the Forest Service.

Fremont National Forest.

Reports assistance in stocking five streams with 35,000 fish.

Minam National Forest.

Reported 47 cans distributed in eight lakes and streams. Cans contained an average of 240 fish, or a total of 11,280 fish.

Ochoco National Forest.

Distributed 160 fish in streams, part of shipment of 810 fish.

Oregon National Forest.

Distributed 45,000 fish in July and August.

Umpqua National Forest.

Assisted in distributing 387,500 fish in streams of Forest and adjacent thereto.

Whitman National Forest.

In August the Forest officers distributed 74 cans. Co-operated with Rod and Gun Club in distributing 29 cans in August. Numbers of fish not given.

Detailed reports on 125 lakes and streams within the National Forests of Oregon are now on file and the number of fish listed for distribution in these waters is 3,465,000. This information will be worked up this winter into a 10-year fish distributing plan.

Very truly yours,

THOS. MacKENZIE,
Assistant District Forester.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR 1913 AND 1914.

Receipts.

	1913	1914
Balance on hand January 1st.....	\$ 60,777.62	\$ 42,428.66
Received from sale of licenses.....	108,800.00	110,459.15
Receipts from other sources	8,634.82	5,221.94
Total	\$178,212.44	\$158,109.75

Disbursements.

From the Game Protection Fund for the salaries of wardens, expenses of administration, game farm, printing, etc.....	\$ 92,453.37	\$100,559.12
Expenses of Hatcheries and trout distribution.	44,022.55	29,449.10
Total	\$136,475.92	\$130,008.22

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF COST OF STATE GAME FARM.

1913	1914	1915	1916
\$9,609.43	\$12,891.16	\$9,664.44	\$6,959.86

CHINESE PHEASANTS LIBERATED IN OREGON THE PAST FOUR YEARS.

1913	1914	1915	1916
2,363	3,045	2,914	2,748

DISTRIBUTION OF GAME FISH DURING 1916, BY COUNTIES BY STATE OF OREGON

Baker	61,750	Lincoln	37,500
Benton	75,250	Marion	187,800
Coos	315,447	Morrow	100,000
Clackamas	1,039,065	Multnomah	167,550
Clatsop	212,600	Sherman	57,300
Columbia	39,000	Polk	152,400
Crook	287,070	Tillamook	394,900
Curry	10,150	Umatilla	329,200
Douglas	406,097	Union	69,550
Grant	54,500	Wallowa	126,400
Hood River	24,000	Wasco	122,500
Jackson	624,015	Washington	370,085
Klamath	360,900	Yamhill	63,250
Lake	218,000	Wheeler	77,750
Lane	774,277		
Linn	255,950	Total	7,014,286

TABLE

Showing the number of fingerlings liberated into the waters of the coast streams south of the Columbia River, by the State of Oregon, during the year 1915:

Station	Spring Chinook	Silversides	Fall Chinook
Gold Creek	2,883,428		
Siuslaw	1,472,400		
Umpqua	1,333,171		
South Coos		1,551,645	1,212,850
Coquille		1,365,815	495,335
Rogue River	1,142,945		
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	6,831,944	2,917,460	1,708,185

TABLE

Showing the number of fingerlings liberated into the Columbia River and its tributaries during the year 1916 by the State of Oregon:

Station	Spring Chinook	Sockeye	Where Planted
Bonneville	7,604,581		Columbia
Bonneville	490,000		Willamette
Bonneville		2,399,000	Wallowa Lake
Herman Creek	4,861,650		Herman Creek
McKenzie	1,153,606		McKenzie River
Klaskanine	3,032,944		Klaskanine
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	17,142,781	2,399,000	

TABLE

Showing the number of fingerlings liberated into the waters of the coast streams south of the Columbia River, by the State of Oregon, during the year 1916:

Station	Spring Chinook	Fall Chinook	Silversides	Where Planted
Gold Creek	1,982,724		130,130	Trask River
Alsea	646,431			Alsea River
Siuslaw	972,395			Lake Creek
Umpqua	1,216,518			Umpqua River
South Coos		2,236,229	2,492,217	South Coos
Coquille		1,465,321	1,451,858	Coquille River
Rogue River....	967,855			
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	5,785,923	3,701,550	4,074,205	

SUMMARY OF GAME FISH DISTRIBUTED.

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Steelheads....	3,025,165	
U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Cutthroats....	11,540	3,036,705
State Hatcheries	7,014,286	10,050,911
Brood Fish held at Bonneville—		
Rainbow	30,000	
Eastern Brook	45,000	
Blackspotted	10,000	85,000
Brood Fish held at McKenzie, Rainbow.....		150,000
Total trout		10,285,991
Black bass released in streams and lakes.....		53,850
Crappies and catfish liberated.....		2,400
		10,342,241
Early Chinook salmon liberated at the request of the Multnomah Anglers' Club		490,000
Silverside salmon liberated at the request of the Multnomah Anglers' Club		41,500
Grand total		10,873,741
Sub-totals of different species of trout liberated by State and brood fish held.		
2,664,676 Rainbow		
1,149,151 Eastern Brook		
3,180,709 Steelhead		
254,750 Blackspotted		
7,249,286		

TABLE

Showing the number of fingerlings liberated into the Columbia River and its tributaries during the year 1915 by the State of Oregon:

Station	Spring Chinook	Sockeye
Bonneville	7,522,500	2,920,600
McKenzie	1,290,788	
Klaskanine	4,212,056	
Herman Creek	4,961,730	
	17,987,074	2,920,600

Note.—The Sockeye were liberated from August, 1915, to May, 1916.

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, 1916, to December 31, 1916:

BAKER COUNTY		Number
Liberated by		Birds
Wendt Bros., Baker.....	24	
Frank R. Law, Baker.....	12	
	—	36

BENTON COUNTY		
M. H. Bauer, Corvallis.....	72	
G. T. Vernon, Alsea.....	24	
	—	96

CLACKAMAS COUNTY		
Frank Ewing, Estacada.....	12	
Holman Fuel Co., Eagle Creek.....	12	
E. E. Saling, Estacada.....	12	
Gerry B. Jacobs, Oregon City.....	12	
P. F. Standish, Estacada.....	12	
Estacada Rod & Gun Club, Estacada.....	24	
R. H. Currin.....	12	
	—	96

CLATSOP COUNTY		
James Elliott, Knappa.....	24	
J. S. Dellinger, Astoria.....	24	
	—	48

CROOK COUNTY		
J. N. B. Gerking, Tumalo.....	12	
Fred Wilson, Tumalo.....	12	
R. H. Bayley, Laidlaw.....	12	
P. H. Dencer, Bend.....	12	
J. H. Upton, Prineville.....	72	
W. B. Morse, Lamonta.....	12	
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County.	No. Birds
Baker County	36
Benton County	96
Clackamas County	96
Clatsop County	48
Crook County	168
Douglas County	156
Gilliam County	24
Hood River County	12
Jackson County	48
Josephine County	84
Klamath County	48
Lane County	162
Linn County	234
Marion County	132
Morrow County	84
Multnomah County	84
Polk County	36
Sherman County	60
Tillamook County	36
Union County	240
Umatilla County	300
Wallowa County	72
Wasco County	156
Washington County	204
Wheeler County	108
Yamhill County	24
Total.....	2,748

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APRIL - - - NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

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Volume Five

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By Hon. W. T. Wright of Union

MOUNTAIN MUSIC

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TROUT FISHING IN THE TRASK

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PLEA FOR A STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION

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TRANSPLANTING ELK IN OREGON

A REAL DETECTIVE STORY

SYNOPSIS OF OREGON FISH AND GAME LAWS

OREGON GETS EASTERN LAKE TROUT EGGS

EDITORIAL COMMENT

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THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

OREGON BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON

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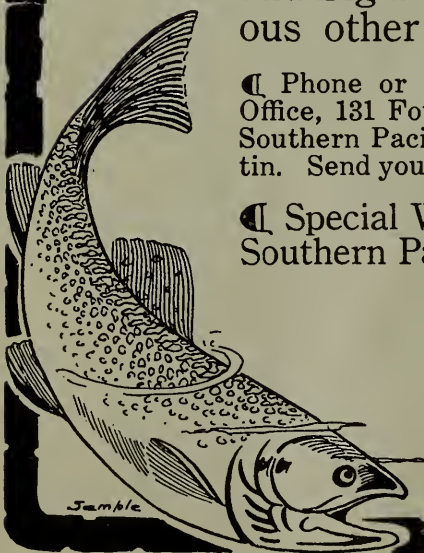
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THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

Volume Five

April, 1917

Number Two

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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.

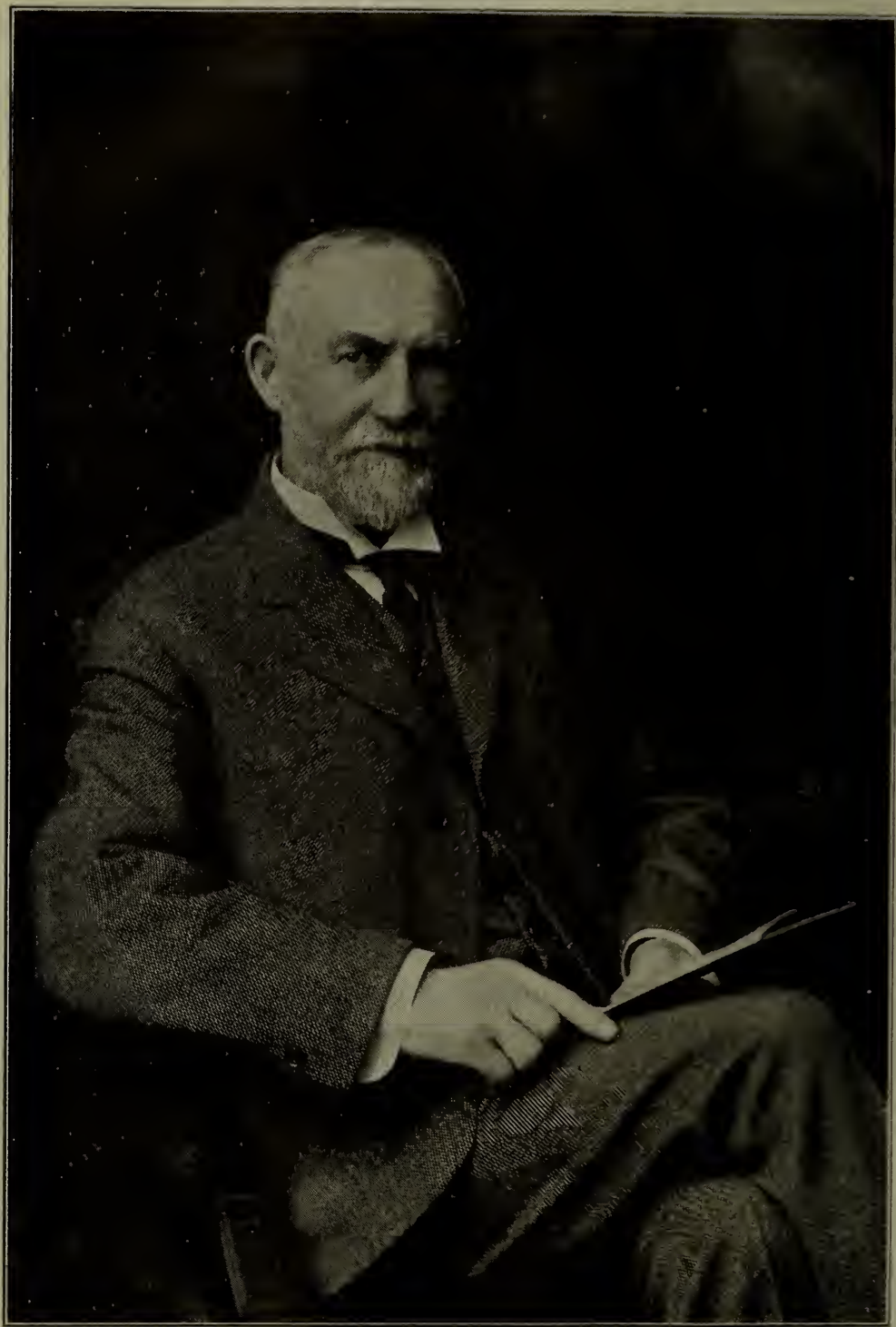
EDITORIAL COMMENT.

TO THE SPORTSMEN OF OREGON:

Oregon's fish and game history has reached the stage when legislation in the interests of the fish and game itself is more important than legislation designed primarily for the sportsmen.

By that I mean it is becoming vitally important to safeguard our fish and game, and safeguard it more strictly than ever before, if the excellence of Oregon sport is to continue. And, of course, such action is also absolutely in the interest of the sportsmen, for their prime desire is to preserve good fishing and good hunting in Oregon.

So the game code passed by the Legislature was designed in many instances to stiffen the protective



GOVERNOR JAMES WITHYCOMBE

features. The limit for deer and trout has been lowered, winter fishing has been eliminated, China pheasant hens are protected, the law prohibiting hunting deer with dogs has been made more readily enforceable and other steps have been taken which will make fishing and hunting good sport this year and insure continuance of good sport in years to come.

The increase of the license fee will make it possible to give a big impetus to trout propagation and planting. The Commission plans to devote most of the extra income to raising more trout and getting them into Oregon streams where they will do the most good, for it feels that this is what the sportsmen want perhaps more than anything else.

It seems to me the sportsmen should appreciate the kindly treatment they received at the hands of the Legislature. An overwhelming majority of its members were actively and helpfully interested in fish and game legislation. Indeed, there was next to no opposition to sane protective legislation, which was due, in a large measure, I believe, to the fine spirit and organized interest of the sportsmen of the state, as well as to the efforts of the Commission during the past two years to give an efficient and clean administration.

The Commission itself greatly appreciates the splendid backing it has received from the sportsmen of Oregon. We sincerely hope that our efforts to administer the new game code and to build up the state's fish and game resources will receive in the future the same helpful co-operation which in the past has made it possible to get the results which we all want.

“More fish and better fishing; more game and better hunting; more sport and better sportsmanship.”

The Commission thinks that is a sound slogan and stands ready to co-operate to the best of its ability with the sportsmen of Oregon in making it effective.

JAMES WITHYCOMBE,
Governor and Chairman
Oregon Fish and Game Commission.

CHANGES IN THE GAME LAWS

The members of the Legislature, whose session has just closed, were real friends of our wild game. For the first time in many years the Legislature took the position that the game should be given better than an even break with the sportsmen and that legislation should favor the game rather than the huntsmen and fishermen. This is an advanced step and, unquestionably, will result in an increase in the game in our forests and fields.

In the first place, the deer season has been changed and reduced in length. In western Oregon, or Game District No. 1, and in Klamath County, the season will open on August 15, as heretofore, but will close October 15, two weeks earlier than in the past. In eastern Oregon, the season opens on September 1, two weeks later, and closes on October 31, as before. Ultimately a four weeks' season on deer, with horns, will be made, but this will not come until sportsmen generally realize the necessity of it. Fish and game laws are the reflection, to a great extent, of the minds of the sportsmen of the state, and when

the sportsmen generally favor the shorter deer season, it will come without opposition.

The bag limit on deer with horns has been reduced from three to two all over the state. Unquestionably, this will result in an increased supply of deer in the next few years, as hundreds of hunters annually get the bag limit.

The Chinese pheasant hen has been protected for all time. Two years ago the Legislature, on the insistence of a great many sportsmen, permitted one hen in a bag of five, or two hens in a bag of ten. However, after two seasons with this law in effect, the sportsmen realized their mistake and urged upon the Legislature the protection of the hen bird. The "female of the species" must be protected, as she must be depended upon for the increase.

The new law strengthens the old one with reference to the use of dogs in running deer. The old law was ineffective and almost inoperative, as it was necessary in order to obtain a conviction for the warden or the informant to see the dogs actually running a deer. The new law, in brief, provides that free running dogs, or dogs running at large in territory inhabited by deer, may be killed after notification to the alleged owner of the dogs and the failure on his part to keep them tied up.

The State Game Department does not want to work a hardship upon farmers and ranchers who have dogs for an honest purpose, but too frequently violators of this act of the game laws contend that their dogs are used for the purpose of running cougars, wolves and other predatory animals, and under the old law they have been able to make this conten-

tion stick. Under the new law, such a contention will be the merest folly, as it is the duty of the owner of the dogs to know that they are kept in check and unless this is done the dogs may turn up missing. The strengthening of this law will have a material influence on the betterment of conditions during the closed season.

For a good many years the Game Department received one-half of all fines imposed for all violations of the game laws. For some reason, the 1915 session of the Legislature took this away from the Game Department and gave it to the counties in which the fine was paid. By law, the county had always received the other half, and this change, therefore, gave the county the full amount of the fine money. There is no substantial reason why this should be done. In the first place, the Game Department pays the deputy game warden for his time and expenses in working up the case, and the district attorney who prosecutes the case is paid by the state and not the county, and the justice of the peace or the circuit court which tries the case collects its fees from the defendant.

Taking cognizance of these facts, the 1917 Legislature thought that it was only just and proper that the Game Department should receive at least fifty per cent of the fine money and enacted such a law. Last year, one-half of the fine money would have meant an increase in revenue to the Game Department of \$5,000, which would easily have paid the salary and expense of three wardens who were necessarily laid off on account of lack of funds. The Legislature showed great wisdom in passing such a law.

The Game Department had reached the maximum of efficiency under the dollar license. Game protection sentiment had increased substantially within the last few years, and with the increased sentiment favorable to the protection of our fish and game, there have been increased demands upon the Game Department for more vigorous and wider distributed patrol service for the propagation and distribution of more fish and game birds. These demands came in faster than revenue. The Fish and Game Commission was compelled, therefore, to do one of two things—either reject a large number of these requests by sportsmen or ask the Legislature to increase the licenses so that these requests could be taken care of. The Commission decided that the sportsmen were entitled to build up the fish and game resources of the state, and, therefore, went before the Legislature and recommended that increased licenses be granted. This was done, and after May 21 the hunting and angling licenses will cost \$1.50 each, instead of \$1.00, and the combination licenses will cost \$3.00, instead of \$2.00. Providing that the sale of licenses does not fall off, this should give us additional revenue sufficient to increase the output of our hatcheries and the game farm, and give a higher and more general patrol service throughout the state. The sportsmen of Oregon can well afford to pay fifty cents additional on a license for these purposes.

Veterans of the Indian Wars and Civil War and pioneers who became residents of Oregon prior to 1860, are not required to pay for a license, but may receive one free upon presentation of proper credentials. These licenses are issued only by county

clerks. Women are not required to have a license to fish, but the law requires them to obtain a license to hunt.

Migratory birds, such as ducks, geese, rails and coots, may be hunted all over Oregon between October 1 and January 15, with the exception of Malheur and Harney Counties, where the season opens on September 15 and closes on December 31. The new State law conforms to the Federal regulations regarding migratory birds.

For Hood River County, an open season on Chinese pheasants has been provided, from October 1 to 10, with a bag limit of three birds in any one day or not more than ten in the ten days.

The bag limit on trout has been reduced from seventy-five to fifty trout in any one day, or not more than thirty-five pounds in any one day. This applies only to spring, summer and fall fishing. In Game District No. 1, winter fishing is permitted for trout over ten inches in length, and the bag limit is fifty in any one day or not more than fifty pounds in any one day. In Game District No. 2, winter fishing is permitted for trout over eighteen inches in length, with the same bag limit as in Game District No. 1.

Heretofore, the State Game Department has issued permits to game breeders free of charge. Hereafter, a charge of \$2.00 will be made for the issuance of this permit.

These are substantially all of the changes made which will affect the sportsmen and we believe that they will cooperate with the Game Department in enforcing the new laws. We believe that the laws will be of material benefit to the sportsmen and will

be a means of conserving our wild game and fish life, which means a continuation and a betterment of conditions for the future.

IRRIGATION DITCH SCREENS

The greatest and most serious menace to the future of angling conditions in Oregon is the unscreened irrigation ditch. To be sure it is a hard matter to interest communities where irrigation is not carried on in the problem of the unscreened irrigation ditch, but sportsmen generally, and especially in irrigation districts, must cooperate with the Game Department in solving this problem.

While it is true that the Fish and Game Commission has adopted a screen which apparently meets with all the requirements, nevertheless, ditch owners are reluctant to place them in operation and there is some just grounds for this reluctance on their part. In years past, the ditch owners have been compelled to place in operation the old stationary type of screen, which proved not only inadequate and unsatisfactory, but a positive monetary loss to the ditch owner. Debris coming down the stream and entering the ditch would accumulate above the screen until it became so packed against the screen that it hindered and seriously interfered with the flow of water. In order to offset this, the ditch owner either had to take his own time or hire someone to keep the screen free from debris and permit the water to flow evenly in the ditch.

Still later, other types of screens were employed, particularly those which operated either with enclosed paddles or exposed paddles. These screens

operated successfully for awhile, but depended to a large extent upon the flow of water and were not self-cleaning of the debris which always follows the flow of water. Branches of trees or small logs would come down and hit the paddles, either breaking them or clogging them and stopping the revolution of the screen. Then the same complaint was registered by the ditch owner as before.

The problem then was to find a screen which would eliminate these objectionable features and still at the same time turn the fish back into the original stream. The "Aitken Self-Cleaning Revolving Screen" has solved these problems. It does not depend for its motive power upon any particular stage of water, has no paddles in the stream itself, and is a complete and effective barrier to the progress of the fish.

Millions of young trout fry are annually flooded onto the irrigated lands of the State, and as the water is absorbed by the soil the fish die. Unquestionably, this is the fundamental reason for the annual decrease in the run of steelheads in the Rogue River. There has been more or less controversy over this question for a number of years past, and some of the sportsmen attribute the decreased run to the methods employed in fishing at the mouth of the river, but in our candid, honest and sincere judgment this is not the significant reason.

A number of years ago the waters of the Rogue were free to run from the headwaters to the ocean without being used for irrigation purposes, but within the last decade, irrigation projects have been developed until now more than four hundred projects

are taking water from the Rogue River or its tributaries. Hundreds of thousands of trout fry are lost on the lands every irrigating season.

We call attention to the Rogue not because it is an exceptional case, but because of the controversy which has made the Rogue River a State-wide issue in the past. The same situation prevails on every other stream whose waters are used for irrigation purposes.

The Game Department is making an earnest effort to screen the more important projects this season, and hopes that within another year practically all of the irrigation ditches which have been giving trouble in this respect, will be screened. However, the work of the Department and the result of success it attains in the screening of these ditches will depend, to a large extent, upon the mental attitude of the people in the irrigation districts. Sportsmen can assist the Game Department in an exceptional way by lending their support and influence to this great work of saving our trout fry. For in all candor, there is no other problem, except one, which has such a far-reaching influence in its solution as this one of the unscreened irrigation ditch.

BOY SCOUT GAME WARDENS

The State Game Warden expects to receive a great deal of assistance from Boy Scouts throughout Oregon. Briefly, the plan is to appoint from more than two thousand Boy Scouts not to exceed one hundred of their number to the position of Boy Scout Game Warden. Examinations will be held

every Saturday for the next few months at the office of the State Game Warden for the purpose of determining the Scout's knowledge of the game laws, outdoor conditions and methods of cooperation with the Department. A number of these examinations have already been held and several Scouts have been awarded the coveted badge of authority and commission, which is signed by Governor Withycombe and the State Game Warden.

The boys who have already been examined show a remarkable knowledge of the game laws and have answered almost perfectly more than one hundred and fifty questions propounded to them. While it is not believed that the Boy Scouts will be of any material assistance in rigidly enforcing the provisions of the law and in making arrests, nevertheless, the Game Department feels that the moral influence of the Scouts on other boys will be great.

To illustrate, a few days ago a number of boys were shooting robins with sling-shots in a certain locality. Robins are protected, and a Boy Scout happening upon the scene, immediately called the attention of the boys to the fact that robins were protected and asked them in a gentlemanly and boy-scoutly manner to stop this practice. The boys respected the Scout and told him they would not do it any more.

The real value of such an influence cannot be overestimated. The boys of today are the sportsmen of tomorrow, and if they grow up with a thorough belief in the protection of our song birds and our animal life, they will be good sportsmen and good citizens.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE FIELD DIARY OF THE WARDENS

It is with a feeling that the cause of game protection will be materially advanced that The Sportsman publishes in this issue a number of papers written by game wardens throughout the State, dealing with the problem that is nearest the heart of every true sportsman—namely, the protection of the wild animal and bird life of Oregon.

Some weeks since, the wardens in the employ of the State Game Department, were invited to submit memoranda as to the obstacles and difficulties encountered in the discharge of their duties, and to offer suggestions whereby the administration of the game and fish laws might be improved. The request met with a hearty response.

Many of the papers submitted are so interesting, and contain so much thought for serious consideration, that we have decided to reproduce them in the columns of The Sportsman. Under the caption, "Suggestions from the Diary of the Wardens," several of these articles appear in this issue, others will be published later.

HON. W. T. WRIGHT, OF UNION, OREGON.

An article in this issue of The Sportsman by Hon. W. T. Wright, of Union, Oregon, who is one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen of the State, is of unusual interest.

Mr. Wright is an ardent and true sportsman in every sense and has fished Catherine Creek for the last 50 years. He was engaged in the general merchandise business at Union from 1865 to about 1882, when he organized the First National Bank of Union, being the president of that institution until his retirement from active business some two or three years since.

TRANSPLANTING ELK IN OREGON

The following account of the transplanting of a number of Elk by the State Fish and Game Commission from the Billy Meadows pasture, Wallowa County, to Southern Oregon, for propagation purposes, was published in the Enterprise Record Chieftain of February 1, 1917:

Without mishap or delay, the elk were brought in from the Billy Meadows pasture last week, the teams arriving Friday evening. The roads were heavy part of the way to the pasture, but were excellent all the way on the return trip and so good time was made. Eighteen



Elk Planting in Oregon

young elk were brought in, but one of the calves became sick the second day after delivery in town, perhaps with pneumonia, and it died Tuesday night.

The remaining 17 head were shipped today, two going to Salem and the others to Crater Lake National Park in southern Oregon. George W. Mitchell, deputy game warden, went in charge of them. It was thought last week that the elk would be shipped out at once, but the railroad and State Game Commission concluded to use a "palace stock car" for them, and such a car failed to arrive until last night. In the meantime the elk have been kept in a shed in the corral of the Enterprise stable, where they have been seen by nearly everybody in town and the surrounding country.

The trip to the pasture and back was made on schedule time, thanks to the arrangements made by Mr. Mitchell and to the diligence of his crew. The expense of bringing the 18 elk in was not a fifth of the cost of taking the first 15 to the pasture five years ago. Mr. Mitchell picked the date for the trip with the idea of going when the roads were at their best, avoiding the heavy snow of late winter and the mud of early spring. The sleighing was as good as could have been expected and the teams made wonderfully good time both ways.

Leaving Enterprise at 8 a. m. on Tuesday, the four sleds started bucking snow at the edge of town. Snow had fallen and the wind had blown the night before, and the roads were level full clear to W. C. Dorrance's on Crow Creek. George McAnulty took the lead at the start, having a good team and a light running sled. Mr. Mitchell rode with him, and they danced around in their sled all morning to keep

warm in the wind and storm. O. D. Shirley followed with his four-horse team and top-heavy sled, which tipped over twice on the road. This sled was loaded with supplies of all kinds, including a small heating stove for use in the cabin at the pasture. Harry Nottingham and Ted Trimble were passengers, hidden under the canvas that covered the rack. The third sled was that of Harry W. Hough, and John E. Patterson rode with him to drive dull care away by telling stories in an unbroken string from the start to the finish, stopping only for meals.

Bill Cottingham had the fourth sleigh, with a large wood rack for a crate. Bill perched on the high side when the road was sidling and kept up an argument with Baldy, an old horse that had trouble holding his own.

The stop for noon feed was made at D. W. Warnock's, the men having a lunch of hot "wienies," coffee and buns. After leaving this place the roads were found much better, as they were free from new snow. So the teams jogged along steadily, going up Dorrance Gulch, down Butte Creek to Chesimnus and then up to the D. & M. ranch, the night's stopping place. All the men swore they did not sleep well, even after Patterson told his last story and the bunkhouse quieted down, for there seemed to have been some famous snorers in the lot.

Wednesday morning the real work began, after the sleds had left the creek and climbed into the timber, on the 10-mile stretch of road to the pasture. Sheep had broken a path through the snow to the feeding place on top of the first hill, and from there on William Stanton had broken a kind of a path the day before, going through with two horses hitched tandem to a "go-devil" or snow boat.

But this did little more than mark the road as the teams drew nearer to the pasture. The horses wallowed and struggled, steaming and puffing, and stopping often to rest, and the teams taking turns at the



On the Road from Billy Meadows Elk Pasture

lead. The day was chill and damp and the sleds were covered with snow shaken from the overhanging boughs, or new fallen from the sky. To make his sled more comfortable, Harry Nottingham set up the heating stove and had just started a fire in it when the sleigh turned over on its side. The stove was kicked out into the snow, and the passengers followed it, and proceeded to dig and shake out their possessions. It was the work of only a few minutes to right the sled, and in a few minutes more Harry had a roaring fire in the stove and was

serving hot sandwiches to all in the party, except Mitchell and McAnulty, who stayed up front and refused to join in the sociability.

Before 2 o'clock the teams reached the cabin in the pasture. Mitchell pitched in helping William Mahaffey, who is staying there, get dinner, and everybody ate ravenously, although most of the men had had a hot lunch an hour before. Patterson stayed through all three tables, and then went back to the cabin later saying he wanted to help wash the dishes. But Mahaffey knew what he was after and would not let him stay.

The afternoon was spent overhauling the racks on the sleds preparatory to loading the next morning. McAnulty's rack had to be strongly reinforced, as it had been built so lightly it would hardly hold



Nearing Enterprise, Point of Shipment

a flock of turkeys. Cottingham's big freight car had no top. As the snow was nearly three feet deep, the work was carried on with difficulty.

Nobody knew how to proceed to load elk, and the evening was spent swapping opinions. It was agreed that the elk were so wild and nervous that they could not be roped, and still no better way could be suggested to get them through the small trap gate in the corral and into the racks. After Hough had taken a few lessons in checkers from Patterson the crew turned in.

The elk, 13 calves coming yearlings, and 5 coming two, had been trapped in the corral, entering through small holes to get feed scattered there. And after they entered, the gate shut behind them, and they were lured on to a second corral, where they were held while more were making their way into the first. Several bands, numbering perhaps 25 of the 45 or 50 elk remaining in the pasture, come regularly to the barn and corral for feed. They can be seen in the twilight morning and evening, but seldom in full day. All the elk seem in excellent condition, those brought out being plump and smooth and very pretty.

The calves, not yet a year old, are larger than a full grown deer. They were wild in the corral, running back and forth in frantic efforts to get out whenever any person went close. But after being confined in the racks on the sleds, they became very quiet, eating hay, picking at the moss on poles, and drinking from basins of water thrust through between the boards. One could stroke their sides or heads, and they would poke out their noses and smell of a hand by which one of the crew was hanging on. Part of the time they would lie down in the sleds, taking their trip with as little concern as a calf.

When the task of loading the game was undertaken Thursday morn-

ing, it proved simpler than any one had expected. The first sled was backed up to the small door through which the elk had entered, and the crowd gathered on the top of the corral, or leaped down among the animals, and set up a great hullabaloo, quickly "shooing" enough into the crate to fill it. The end gate was shut and the sled was drawn away and another backed up in its place. As the number of elk left in the corral decreased it was not so easy to drive them into the crates, and ropes were thrown on some, and passed out through the hole and crate, and so they were edged out of the corral. They stood perfectly still as the rope was thrown and fell over their heads.

Loading was finished at 10 o'clock Thursday morning and half an hour later the string of sleds started back toward town. The men who had ridden inside the crates going out now had to perch on top, and their duty as ballast kept them plenty busy. The roads were far better than when they came in, having been fairly well broken and the snow having settled, but it was imperative to keep the sleds in the track, for if they got out, the low runner would sink deep and the whole rig upset.

All proceeded close together, and the teamsters held their horses in control and drove slowly. Again and again a runner would slip out into the deep snow, and sink. The horses would be brought to a stop, and a cry of "high side" or "more beef" or some unprintable phrase, would go up, and all the "monkeys" in the caravan would shin down from their respective racks and wallow through the snow to the sled in trouble. Shovels would be handed down and the snow dug out from under the high runner, and then the whole crew would hang on that side until the sled was past the danger. Then the men would go to the next sleigh and weight that down over the sidling road, thus helping all to safety.

By thus sparing no precautions and never being in haste, the elk were brought from the pasture with only one tip over. That came in deep snow and the sled was righted without difficulty or damage.

It was dusk when the teams reached the top of the last grade, where two of the heaviest and most topheavy were roughlocked and came down without ever being in danger. At 6 o'clock the whole party sat down to supper in the house on the D. & M. ranch, Mrs. Lewis Harvey having the meal ready when the teams drove in.

Some of the crew were dubious about being able to come through from the upper Chesnimnus to town in one day, but it was decided to make a try anyway. Breakfast was eaten at 6 o'clock, Friday, and the start was made an hour later. The sleds were out of the region of deep snow, and the short, steep grade leading from the ranch buildings was icy and slippery. Patterson went ahead and chopped ice on the grade, and McAnulty's team, sharp shod, was put on the lead on each sled, and all went up sailing. They had to rough lock down the grade, as they did again on part of the Dorrance Gulch grade, and again coming down into the Ant Flat road near Enterprise.

The Warnock ranch was reached at noon and dinner was waiting for the hungry men. The day before, while coming out of the pasture, they had made a lunch of a pail of beans Mahaffey had cooked, with bread and butter, eaten standing in the snow, or perched on the sleds.

All the way from the Chesnimnus to town the roads gave perfect sleighing, and the horses were urged along on every level stretch or down grade. The men heard the 5:30 mill whistle when nearing Enterprise, and drove into the city streets at exactly 6 o'clock. The elk were unloaded that evening in a shed at the Enterprise stable, where they were seen by many persons while awaiting the arrival of a car for shipment.

JUST EXPERIENCES—ANGLING CATHERINE CREEK

By W. T. WRIGHT, Union, Oregon

Probably no stream of its size in the State of Oregon, has afforded more sport, to more people, with more bountiful returns, for more than fifty years, than Catherine Creek; the stream running through the City of Union, famous locally as the Stock Show town.

It is a stream of considerable size, and never-failing flow—furnishing power to the Union Flouring Mills; water for an extensive irrigation system covering several thousand acres; and the supply to the city water works of Union, a plant with sufficient capacity for a city of 12,000 people. Its source is in the Blue Mountains lying southeast of Grand Ronde Valley, and its several forks originate on the divides of Big Creek, the various forks of Eagle River and the Great Minam divide. It coalesces into one main stream several miles above Union—its course—as well as those of its various branches, being through deep, fairly well timbered canyons. The waters are clear, cold, and pure, identical with all the waters originating in the snows and springs of the high mountains, and including the famous waters of Bull Run—Portland's unrivalled supply. Incidentally, the first water power flouring mill of eastern Oregon—east of The Dalles, was erected in Union on the banks of Catherine Creek in 1865 by the late George Wright and his son, the writer. We came to Union under contract with D. S. Baker, father of Walla Walla, builder of its first railroad—and A. H. Reynolds, the pioneer flouring mill man—to erect and put in operation a flouring mill at Union, being then an important supply point on the road to the Idaho and eastern Oregon mines. The mill was completed and put in operation in the fall of 1865. We operated a general merchandise business also, which together with the superintendency of the mills during the construction required all the writer's time until well along in the season.

Meanwhile Catherine Creek, the lovely, the beautiful, went dancing and smiling by, singing, beckoning in the most entrancing way, and inviting to the joys to be taken without asking, hidden in her sparkling waters. Morn, noon and night, as I had caught glimpses of her dashing waters, the query had naturally suggested itself to my mind—"Surely this is a trout stream?" I repeatedly propounded this question to the oldest settlers, every one of them, and only elicited the universal answer of a head shake—"Don't know, looks like it might be."

About the third day of August, 1865, a quiet time came around, business slacked up a little, and I realized that for the first time of the season I might venture to take a little leisure. My eyes turned more longingly than ever to the sparkling, dancing waters of Catherine Creek, the voices said come, so invitingly, so compellingly, that resistance was vain, and I announced to partner, my father, that I was "going a-fishing." His reply was, "Bully, my mouth is watering for a mess of trout; go and I will tend shop, and darn the business anyhow."

I had no tackle in the limited equipment that I had brought with me in the spring, and a search of all the stores revealed the fact that there was no tackle in town. It had apparently not as yet dawned upon the settlers in these parts that they were in the heart of a sportsman's paradise.

We had in storage the leavings of a stock of goods from Lewiston brought here the year before, and a search of this old stock brought to

light a veritable treasure; a bunch of old-style linen lines and ringed hooks; and this discovery brought about in turn the discovery of the finest trout stream in the writer's experience. I just went at it boy style, cut a willow, caught some grasshoppers, and had more happiness that afternoon than I had ever before experienced in the same length of time.

The catch was sixty-five, beauties, all of them, not one in the bunch under 10 inches—and up to 18 inches;—and the discovery was made that Catherine Creek was a trout stream, a discovery which for more than half a century has contributed to the joy and happiness of hundreds and thousands of people. Not a stream in Oregon furnishes more comfortable and beautiful camping places, and for years people for many miles around have availed themselves of the privileges, and spent many happy days and weeks camping on Catherine Creek.

MOUNTAIN MUSIC

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD, Brownsville, Oregon

Flutes and pipes of the grosbeaks,
Clear-cut minors and sharps,—
Quaintest and saddest of instruments,
Violoncellos and harps!

These are the feathered hill-folk,
And from their musical throats
Come echoes of quiring winds and streams
Strange fifings and mandolin notes.

Hush of the craggy canyon,
Lisp of the mountain breeze,
Surge of the ocean melody
That swells in the giant trees!

Song unknown to the swallow,
Unheard of robin or lark,
Pipings brought from the hill-lands
Down to valley and park!

Flutes and pipes of the grosbeaks,
Oddest minors and sharps,
Quaintest and saddest of instruments,
Violoncellos and harps!

EARLY DAY HUNTING ON MOUNT PITT

By JOHN B. GRIFFIN, Kirby, Oregon

In a recent issue of the Grants Pass Courier I read an item stating that hunting and fishing stories would be acceptable for publication in the April issue of The Oregon Sportsman. As I have hunted for a great many years in the Cascade and Siskiyou Mountains, and have killed lots of big game. I hope that the reader will not be disappointed in this story of early day hunting on Mount Pitt.

I am going to write of one of my most successful hunts. The friend who was with me is one of Ashland's oldtimers and most substantial citizens — no other than Hon. Robert Neil, ex-mayor and vice-president of an Ashland bank, but in this story I am going to call him just plain Bob.

Now, no doubt, there are a great many people in Ashland who will be surprised to know that Bob ever hunted bear or ever hunted at all, for that matter, but let me tell you, don't deceive yourselves, for thirty years ago there were few men in Jackson County who could give Bob Neil any pointers on either hunting or shooting, if he did miss the Sugar Loaf bear that I told about in the Record some time ago. Well, to make a long story short, I know that I couldn't lay it over him any, but that is not saying very much. However, I used to hate awfully bad to be beaten by anyone when it came to hunting, but it sure kept me jumping sideways to hold my own when I went out with Bob.

I and Bob used to live neighbors in the Dead Indian country a long time ago, and it was from there that we started on the hunt that I am going to tell you about, and the region around Mt. Pitt was our destination, where bear, deer, elk and gray wolves abounded in more or less numbers, and we went loaded for bear, for bear was what we wanted, and besides we had old Traylor, the famous old dog the readers all know about, and Ranger, one of the best helpers he ever had, and we were ready to follow them to the end of the trail. We started out with five horses and a .44 apiece and lots of ammunition, also plenty of grub. Now at this day and age of the world some hunters will think it strange that a man would go out to hunt big game with a .44 Winchester, but in those days there were no high-power guns, and let me tell you I have been in some pretty close places, when I had only the .44, and I always managed to come out all right.

Well, the first drive we made was to Wetfoot prairie, by noon.



TRAILOR — Considered one of the best bear dogs on earth and well known by all the old-timers in Southern Oregon. When Traylor died notices of his death appeared in many of the newspapers.

Here was an old cabin that had been built several years before by Bob Neil, Bill Daly and others, and had been used as a trappers' cabin. There was a prairie here and lots of grass, so while we cooked dinner the horses filled up and at 1 o'clock we saddled up and pulled out, intending to go as far as Elk prairie. There were no trails those days, so we hit straight through the woods, and after traveling about three or four hours we came to a stream of water that flows out of Black Butte and makes one prong of Butte Cr  ek. Here was grass high as a horse's back, and a huge spreading maple to camp under, and one of the prettiest streams that I ever saw in all my life, and full of fish besides. This was too good to pass by, so we just simply unpacked and turned the horses loose, and after resting awhile we got out our hooks and lines and in twenty minutes had all of the speckled beauties we wanted. Some were twelve and fourteen inches in length. This same stream can be reached from Ashland now by auto in half a day, but parties would have to walk a certain distance. An auto road could very easily be made the whole distance. After supper, which consisted of bread baked by the camp fire, fried potatoes, butter, coffee and fried fish, we concluded to take a walk out to Elk prairie, which we knew could not be very far, and here I did a foolish trick and discovered it when it was too late. I went without my gun! I wanted to leave the dogs in camp, and knew if I went without the gun they would not want to follow. So Bob took his gun along and I sauntered along behind, not thinking for a moment that we would see any game that would be worth shooting at. But in this I was mistaken, for after traveling perhaps a half or three-quarters of a mile we came to the edge of Elk prairie, and, lo and behold, right out in the prairie, not over 125 yards, were two big gray wolves, busy feeding on the carcass of a deer which they had probably killed. I need not tell you that just about this time I would have given a kingdom for my gun, and watched as Bob pulled up his Winchester and took careful aim at one of them and let her go. At the crack of the gun the wolf leaped high in the air and turned round and round and tumbled over. The other one sprang off a few yards and stopped to look and listen. The lever went down and up, and quicker than it takes to tell it, another bullet sped from the .44 and caught him in the thigh. Away he went now towards the timber, dragging one hind leg, and away went Bob, too, stopping to shoot about every twenty yards. How it would have ended is hard to tell, but just then I heard the dogs coming. I stopped Traylor, but Ranger passed by like a cyclone and saw the wolf. You could just see a black streak going across that prairie. The wolf could not make much headway, and it was plain to be seen that Ranger would overtake him before he could get to the timber to save his life. Bob kept going, but did not shoot any more after Ranger passed him. The race was soon over, and when the wolf saw he was soon to be overtaken, he stopped and swung around to face his foes. Ranger was too foxy to close in on him, but instead ran round and round him, and every chance he got would try to get him by the ham. Bob soon got there and the old Winchester cracked, and I saw Ranger seize him and commence to yank him around. I let Traylor go now and I went also. I knew he was disappointed when he got there, but I couldn't help it. He was too valuable a dog to take chances on getting him hurt by a wolf. Bob wanted to skin them, so we went to work and took the hides off. Bob said he would pack the hides, and was gracious enough to give me the gun, but of course we supposed there was nothing between there and camp. I confess I was a little down in the mouth, and kept thinking it would be a cold day when I left my gun in camp again.

In going back we kept up nearer the foot of the hill, and just as we got well into the timber, out jumped a big five-point buck and tore out through the timber at a terrific rate. It was open timber here, and in those days I was a pretty good shot on the run. The lever went down and up, and quicker than a flash I sent a bullet whizzing after him, which by good luck struck him near the bulge of the ribs, and ranging forward passed through the heart. He ran a few yards and up ended. Say, believe me, all my trouble disappeared right there, and I could smile now as well as Bob. This was pretty good luck. Fish, buck meat and wolves to start in with, and several miles yet to go before we would be to our permanent camp.

The next morning we packed up and went out across Elk prairie, across Butte Creek, up past Fish Lake, and along the trail towards Lake of the Woods for four or five miles, then turned to the left and kept around the foot of Mt. Pitt a few miles, and landed high up on a creek called Paradise, that empties into Lake of the Woods, where we found a beautiful place to camp—lots of grass, lots of water and lots of huckleberries, and we hoped lots of game. The balance of the day was spent in fixing up camp, making a fir bough bed and also racks to jerk meat on. Late in the evening we took a little round and seared a bunch of grouse near camp. They flew up and lit in the pines all around us. We turned loose and kiled five, shooting the heads off of three. Bob did that. We also saw some bear signs, but not real fresh. We were in a wild country now, and had big expectations as game here had seldom ever been bothered, and we had such good luck to start with that we felt confident of getting all the game we wanted. So next morning we were up bright and early, and after a fine breakfast of fat buck meat we got ready and started out. I took the dogs and went up on the east side of the creek, and Bob crossed over and went up the ridge on the west side and was supposed to follow it up towards Mt. Pitt and keep high up so that in case Traylor started a bear he would stand a better chance to hear him. By the way, Bob cautioned me before he left to be sure and take my gun, which I thought was not very good taste in him, but I smothered it down. I had not got a half mile from camp when I discovered where a big bear had come down off the hill from the huckleberry patch and went down towards the creek. The dogs were a little distance back, so I gave the horn a few quick, short toots, which was the signal for them to come and come quick. It was hardly a minute until they were there, and I could tell as quick as Traylor got his nose on the track that it was fresh. They both went to work like they meant business, and were down across the creek and going up the hill on the track in just a few minutes. Pretty soon I heard them turn loose to yelping, and over the hill they went and out of my hearing in just a short time. They were going towards where Bob should be, so I stayed where I was, hoping it would make a turn and come back my way. But in this I was disappointed, and after waiting some little time I made up my mind to go on over across the creek and up on top of the ridge and see if I could hear them. Sure enough, when I got up there I did hear them, away down near the trail that leads to Lake of the Woods from Fish Lake. I could tell from the sound that they had overtaken and were baying him. The old scamp wouldn't climb. I lit out down the ridge, and, believe me, there was no grass grew under my feet, either. I was satisfied that Bob would be following up on the other side, and if the bear made a break, which he was nearly sure to do, one or the other of us stood a show to head him off. I kept on going and had got up to within probably two hundred yards, when, sure enough, away he went down the hill towards Black Butte. He made quite a run this time before the dogs

brought him up, as it was brushy. But as soon as they struck open timber they made it hot for him again and he couldn't make much headway. I gave the horn a toot and Bob answered me, only a short distance ahead. He waited until I caught up with him, and on we went. We could hear the dogs going after the bear now, and could tell he wasn't making much headway. Pretty soon they came to a deep canyon and he made a run on them down into this, but as he came up on the other side we had got to the brink and could see them as they fought backwards and forwards, first one grabbing him by the ham and then the other. Now was our chance, and as he turned with his side to us we both fired. Down he went on his belly, clawing at the ground for a few minutes, then over and over he rolled down the hill, both dogs yanking at him as he came. We went down to where they were now and made the dogs quit. Both bullets had passed through behind the shoulders, one at least through the heart. He was a mealy nose brown and about as big as they generally get. We dressed him and straightened him around in good shape and started back to camp, as we knew it would be noon or after when we got there, and besides Trailor had run enough for one day.

After going along a mile or so we came to a big swamp, and after passing around the head of it we were surprised to see an old bear and two cubs come out of the swamp and walk along slowly, biting off huckleberries, entirely oblivious to the fact that we were standing within a hundred yards of them. Our first thought was to let the dogs go after them, but concluded not to, as we thought they had had enough for one day, so we concluded to shoot the old one and let the dogs tree the cubs. So we both let drive at the old bear, and she ran a short distance and went down. Both dogs dashed out now and got so close to the cubs that they hardly had time to climb before they were upon them. One ran away up to the top and one only went up a few feet, just out of reach of the dogs, which set them both wild. We went down and shot them out, after which we went to camp, arriving at 1 o'clock, tired and hungry but pretty well satisfied with our day's hunt. We laid off till evening, then went out and picked a lot of huckleberries.

The next day was spent in getting game and taking care of meat. We left old Trailor in camp for fear of another bear chase, for in those days you could hardly keep him from catching a bear if you let him get out in the woods.

The next day we started out and went over towards Four Mile Lake. About two miles from camp as we were passing along through a big burn, I saw lying down by a big log 125 yards from us, a big buck. He saw us, but did not get up, so I pulled up and blazed away and had the satisfaction of seeing him roll over. We started down to where he lay and Bob asked me where I hit him. I told him I thought I had given him a quartering shot that had ranged through the heart, but imagine my chagrin when we got down there and I had shot him square between the eyes. Bob likes a joke and never let up on me the whole trip, but when he missed the Sugar Loaf bear I got even on him, believe me. The buck had nine points on one horn and ten on the other. After dressing and hanging him up we went on. After traveling a mile or more without seeing any more game we came to a small prairie of perhaps three or four acres, and in passing across it we discovered there had been a bunch of elk there. This set us wild, for if there was anything on earth I loved to hunt, it was elk. So we set to work to figure out where they had left the prairie and the direction they had gone. After tracking around and around for a long time we found where they had left the prairie on the west side and were travel-

ing up and around the side of old Mt. Pitt. We followed along for a long ways and at last came to where they had been standing around under some fir trees, and out in a little opening they had been lying down, but were not there now. On we went, as they were easily followed, going most of the time in single file, and finally came to a grassy spot away up on the south side of Mt. Pitt, facing towards Fish Lake, and there they had a great hole pawed out where they had been lying down. They had moved again, but we soon discovered that they had gone out at the upper end of the glade, but this time they had swung back east around the side of the mountain. We followed along until about 3 o'clock, when the trail took a turn up hill towards a gap in the ridge that runs down east from Mt. Pitt. We went on up to the gap and passed through and turned down on the other side, and here we discovered them. About two hundred yards below us was a small lake, and right out in the middle was a big buck elk standing up to his knees in the water. Near the edge of the lake were two more smaller ones, and a few yards away, lying down, was a cow and calf. It was a long shot for a .44, but a big mark. We wanted him and wanted him bad, so we decided to both shoot at him and take chances on getting one of the others, so we drew down and, taking careful aim, fired. He threw up his head and staggered and started to wade out. Bang, bang, went the Winchesters, and bang, bang again. He was out to the edge now and we could see he was going to fall, so did not shoot any more, but ran down the hill to get a shot in one of the others, but too late, as they had gone. However, we were well satisfied, and went to work to dress him, which was no small job as he was as big as an ox and had horns that were grand—six on one and seven on the other, and five and one-half feet long. By the time we got through we could see very plainly it would keep us busy to get to camp before dark, so we hiked out. When we got back to the gap we turned and followed the ridge for some distance and then turned down hill and took a straight shoot for camp. We were tired and hungry, having had nothing since morning, but had fed the dogs on liver.

When we got about half way to camp old Traylor struck a bear track and away he went, down the hill towards Fish Lake, making the woods ring. I and Bob stood and listened, hoping they might turn and tree it between us and camp, but we were disappointed, for they kept getting farther and farther and finally went out of hearing. We knew then the jig was up, so we went on to camp, arriving there a little after dark. We didn't wait long to commence getting supper, and I'll tell you right now buck meat disappeared mighty fast when we got it cooked. Bob said he never was so hungry in his life, and I believed it.

Well, we were up against it now, both dogs out with a bear, and an elk and big buck to bring in. I and Bob talked the matter over and agreed there was only one thing to do, and that was one of us would have to take a horse and go hunt the dogs and the other take the pack animals and go after the elk. It was finally agreed that Bob should go after the dogs and I after the elk. Now I will acknowledge that this didn't suit exactly, but Bob argued that I knew so much better how to skin and cut up the meat that it was best for me to go; it would take him forever to do the job, etc. So I said, "All right, I'll go." But I had a pretty strong suspicion that Bob was pretty anxious to go after the dogs, for it was almost a sure shot that he would get a bear. So he saddled his horse and lit out with a caution from me not to let Traylor get hurt, at any cost. I took the pack horses and went up to where the elk was, and by the time I got him skinned and cut up in shape to pack it was 3 o'clock, which made me late getting into camp.

When I arrived, however, Bob was there and had got the bear, and, believe me, I was glad to see Trailor for I was always uneasy when he was away over night with a bear treed. The bear was a big black fellow and was literally riddled with bullets.

After supper Bob told me all about it. He went down the Fish Lake trail and followed it for several miles; then turned to the right and passed Fish Lake, then went on west around the side of Mt. Pitt and kept getting higher up until finally he came to a deep canyon. Here he listened for a long time and, hearing nothing, concluded to cross the canyon and get up on top of the ridge on the other side. He had a terrible time getting his horse down and across the canyon, which was full of brush and logs, but at last he made it, and when he struck the hill on the other side it was better going and he soon reached the top of the ridge. To his great relief and delight he heard the dogs barking steadily down below him and not over half a mile. He led his horse down the ridge for several hundred yards, then tied him and went on to the tree afoot. Now is when he got in too big a hurry, for if there is ever a time you want to use caution it is going to a tree Mr. Bear is up, for he will come down sure as fate if there were forty dogs at the foot of the tree. This is especially so after they have been up a tree a long time. Now that is what Bob did, made too much noise, and down he came. The fight was on, and a royal battle it was, as he was up against two of the best bear dogs that ever looked up a tree. Bob ran as fast as he could to get there, and when he got in sight he said they were making it hot for him. First Trailor would grab him by the ham, and as he swung around to strike, Trailor would let go and get back out of the way and Ranger would get him. They did not know Bob was there until his gun cracked, and then Bob said it was wonderful to see them handle him without either dog getting hurt. They just literally made it so hot for him and kept him going so fast back and forth that Bob couldn't get in a dead shot, but he kept following up and every half a chance he would shoot. They kept working down the hill and at last Bob got a bullet through his heart and the victory was won. Bob said it was impossible to describe this fight, that it had to be seen to be appreciated. For two dogs to handle a bear so that he couldn't even run down hill was simply wonderful. Bob said then, and I believe he will say so now, that Trailor was undoubtedly the best all-around bear dog in the world. For my part, I always did think that he was perfect. When we skinned the bear there were fourteen bullet holes in him, and when Bob came to examine his gun the last cartridge was gone. But as good luck would have it, he had a few in his pocket, which was lucky, for as he came back just before he got to the Fish Lake trail, out jumped two big bucks, and after running a short distance stopped to look back. This settled their fate. Bang went the .44 and down went one of them with a broken neck. As the other started to run the lever went down and up and another bullet went flying after him, which caught him in the flank and, ranging forward, passed through the heart, and after running a few yards he went down.

We now had about all we could get away with, and the balance of two days was spent in getting our meat in shape to pack out, which was done in due time. When we got to the wagon we laid down one more day and went out hunting and killed two more deer. The dogs treed a brown bear and after a short chase. He was a small one, but came down the tree in spite of all I could do, for some cause or other. Ranger seized him by the head and Trailor by the ham and he went

down. As he struggled to get up I struck him two blows with my tomahawk and he settled back, dead as a mackerel.

The next morning we pulled for home, arriving at noon.

And now, dear reader, I hope you will be as well pleased with this story as we were with our hunt.

OREGON GETS EASTERN LAKE TROUT EGGS

Good news to the Oregon sportsmen comes in the announcement that the Oregon State Fish and Game Commission has received 1,000,000 Eastern lake trout eggs from the United States government. These eggs came from Duluth and Northville government hatcheries, half from each, and have been hatched at the State Hatchery at Bonneville. As a result, the lakes of the State which are suitable for the purpose, will be stocked with this variety of trout.

In some respects the Eastern lake trout are considered better than any of the kinds now inhabiting Oregon lake waters. Where the varieties common here won't average more than two or three pounds, the Eastern lake grow much larger, and it isn't uncommon to catch them weighing 10 or 15 pounds, and even more. The quality of the trout is also fully up to the standard of the local varieties, and within a few years this shipment ought to make fine sport for Oregon anglers.

MOUNTAIN BEAUTIES

By EILERT EILERTSON, Haines, Oregon

I have shelved my pain and troubles,
I have canned my bales of woe.
For I'm going up on Rock Creek,
Where the mountain beauties grow.

You may take your long vacation,
In the shadows of the pine;
You may frolic on the beaches,
Where the well-kept figures shine.
But I hanker for no breezes,
From the ocean or the snow,
I'm going up on Rock Creek,
Where the mountain beauties grow.

Other folk may plan on fishing,
In the crystal mountain streams,
Where the sun to aid the setting,
Strikes the hills with golden beams.
Other folk may seek the river,
Let the other fellow row—
But I prefer old Rock Creek,
Where the mountain beauties grow.

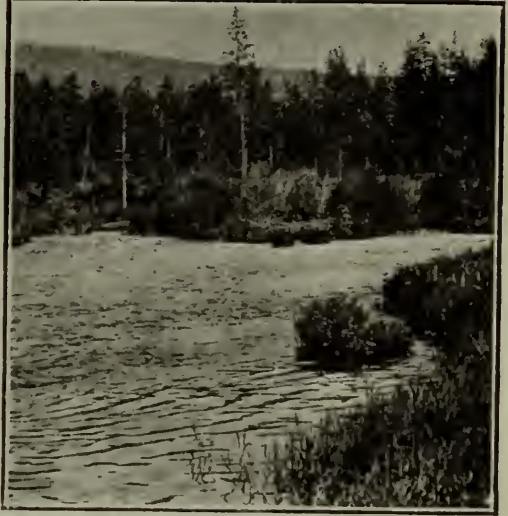
I am foolish 'bout my beauties,
I am crazy in the head;
And when other folks are sleeping,
When it's time to hit the bed,
Then with sack upon my shoulder,
I await the time to blow
To some secret place on Rock Creek,
Where the mountain beauties grow.

ONE OF OREGON'S FAMOUS MOUNTAIN STREAMS

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

The Metolius River is one of the finest mountain streams in Oregon, and is famous for its gamey trout, ice cold water and beautiful surroundings. The river heads from a big ice-cold spring at the foot of Black Butte. This spring is about 16 feet wide and 3 feet deep where the water rushes out of the rocks.

The Metolius River is about 40 miles long and the volume of water that it carries is increased several times by the hundreds of springs pouring in from the vicinity of Heising's Ranch and on down to where the river empties into the Deschutes River. At Heising's Ranch a beautiful spring of water, 6 feet wide and 2 feet deep, pours out. Over this spring a springhouse stands and big Dollyvardens and



One of Oregon's Famous Mountain Streams

other trout are often seen and caught while swimming around the milk cans which are kept in the stream flowing through the spring time.

The Metolius River Valley may be reached by auto from Sisters. Along the river is to be found good horse feed in season, and splendid camp grounds have been set aside for the public by the National Forest service.

MANY DEER WINTERED IN UNION COUNTY

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

Several nice herds of deer have wintered along the creeks in the lower foothills of Union County. During the cold weather and deepest snow I went out and made a count of them every few days, and I am pleased to be able to say that I have missed but one. I am sure that I know who did the work of killing this deer, but I have not yet secured sufficient evidence to convict.

The deer here in Union County have all kinds of friends among the farmers especially. They are feeding them and in other ways giving protection. Along Catherine Creek there were two bands—one numbering 28 and the other 32 head. Mr. Sam Booth says they lived off his haystacks and that he would have surely killed anyone found molesting them. There was another band on Ladd Creek that did fine. They remained within a quarter of a mile of a farmer's house, using the south side of the hills where the snow was practically off and they can eat the bunchgrass. There were eight bucks and six smaller ones in this band. There is another large band up on Rock Creek and these, too, came through the winter in good condition. Twenty-three were counted in this band by a farmer who looked after them.

Chinese pheasants are doing fine in this county and there will probably be a large crop this season.

GAME CONDITIONS IN MALHEUR NATIONAL FOREST

John Day, Oregon, March 15, 1917.

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

Dear Mr. Shoemaker:

I instructed my rangers last fall to make a close study during the winter of the manner in which the various game birds in this section wintered, the per cent of loss, etc. Thinking the results of these observations might be of interest to you I am quoting the following from a report just received from Ranger Bennett, who is stationed on the Silvies River six miles north of Burns:

"The Chinese pheasants which were shipped in here during the past few years are doing fine. Very light loss this winter. I have seen a number of pairs on Silvies River this winter. A number of these birds wintered around the barnyards of the neighbors in this locality. I know of about one dozen pair that wintered in this vicinity.

"There are many quail about here. It is a very common thing to see forty or fifty along the road between my headquarters and town, a distance of six miles. However, I have not noticed as many quail this spring as usual, and I am afraid there has been some loss.

"The house cat is the most destructive animal on the quail. When the quail are forced around the barnyards during the winter it is an easy matter for the cat to catch them. I believe more quail were lost in this way during the past winter than by the storms."

In spite of the unusual depth of snow in the John Day Valley the past winter, I think the Chinese pheasants wintered with slight loss. A great many of them lived right on the cattle feed yards and around grain stacks.

As reports are received from the other rangers over the forest I will let you know the results.

Very truly yours,

CY J. BINGHAM,
Forest Supervisor.

A SUGGESTION

Editor Sportsman:

The Northern Forest Protective Association has done what Oregon ought to do.

In the hunting camps throughout the upper Peninsula it has placed emergency food boxes made of metal, and proof against the attack of mice or other animals. Each box contains hard-tack, dried foods, including beans, pea soup, beef cubes, sugar, condensed milk, coffee, cooking and eating utensils, maps and directions for getting out of the woods if lost. All are warned to resort to the boxes only in case of need.

These boxes could be looked after by the Game Wardens and Forest Rangers. By placing a metal sign here and there giving locality, names and directions, many real and near tragedies might be averted.

R. BRUCE HORSFALL.

AN EARLY DAY BEAR HUNT IN DOUGLAS COUNTY

By W. R. WELLS, Bandon, Oregon

In 1853 my father settled at Olalla, Douglas County, Oregon. We were among the first settlers of that part of the county. At that time it was occupied by what we called the Umpqua Indians and wild animals such as bear, elk, panther, deer and smaller animals. The Indians were usually in small bands and remained at one particular camp but a short time. The country was new and wild at that time and I was but a lad of eleven years; but, of course, had my ventures in one way or another.

My first adventure with a bear was, as well as I now remember, in March, 1856. My brother-in-law then lived on his farm, near by to which was a brushy hillside. He had two promising young dogs that were in the habit of treeing wildcats and foxes, and would frequently be found baying skunks. One day I was at their place and heard the dogs barking which indicated that they had something treed about half way up on the brushy hillside. I told my sister I would take the rifle and go and see what they had. I started out with the thought of finding a fox or bobcat, but after a struggle up through the brush I came in sight of the dogs and could see them barking just below a large fir tree that stood on the steep hillside. From their actions I felt sure they had a skunk cornered in a hole under the tree, for they would work their way up pretty close and then run back down the hill a short distance. I then concluded my best plan would be to climb up to the upper side of the tree and peep around the side with the rifle ready to shoot. I did so, but in place of a skunk coming out after the dogs! Great Scott! a bear stuck his head out and at once discovered my presence. I saw him look up at me, but I was so much surprised, I lost all thought. I only looked him in the eye, when I could easily have punched him in the eye with the muzzle of the gun. But at that time he quickly drew his head back into the hole. I then decided to wait in readiness for him to again show his head, but after waiting a reasonable length of time he still remained hid and did not venture to give me the desired chance. On considering the situation, I came to the conclusion my best plan would be to let the hammer of the rifle down and get a safe distance below the tree and then fire in on him. Not being accustomed to the use of the rifle, I touched the trigger before I had placed my thumb on the hammer, and bang! went the gun. Out came the bear with the dogs onto him at once. He soon knocked them off and in place of attacking me as I feared, he started directly up the mountain with the dogs at his heels. Then I concluded to load the rifle and follow as I thought he would soon take to a tree. When I was ready for a bullet, behold! I found none in the pouch. All this time I was actually shaking with what we used to call "buck ague." Anyway, I shouted to the folks at the house that I had a bear and for them to come at once with some more bullets. They came, and we only had to follow a quarter of a mile when we found the dogs looking up a long fir tree. At once, on nearing the tree, we saw Mr. Bear at least seventy-five feet up. My brother-in-law took the rifle and gave him a death shot and he came down end over end. He was actually so fat that on striking the ground his side burst and the fat was plain

to be seen. We then dressed the carcass and went after a team and managed to get him on the wagon.

Those who eat bear meat claim it is excellent. Myself and others at the house could not be induced to even taste it. In later years I found bear meat to be fine and healthful, and surely bacon made of fat bear meat cannot be excelled.

SENTIMENT OF OREGON PUBLIC HAS CHANGED

(From Prineville Journal)

Forest Supervisor Ross has taken a very definite stand in reference to the enforcement of the State Game and Fish laws and has already opened his campaign by the arrest and conviction of one man for the illegal killing of deer.

The time was not very long ago when the Forest Service took no very active part in the enforcement of the game laws for several reasons:

First—Because it had its hands full of other administrative matters.

Second—Because it appeared that the general sentiment of the people was opposed to it.

Times have changed, however, and with it the sentiment of the public. The Forest Service is now devoting more of its time along the lines of general public service in addition to the administration of the National forests. It is assisting the local communities in the construction and improvement of roads; is encouraging the use of the National forests for recreational purposes, and has been assisting the State Game Commission in the distribution of game birds and the planting of trout fry; and now it is going still further, it is going to enforce the State game and fish laws. It is doing this for several reasons:

First—Because it is right that the laws should be enforced.

Second—Because it would be inconsistent to devote its energy in building up our game and fish resources if we sanctioned unlawful fishing and hunting, which is destructive to our game and fish resources.

Third—Because the sentiment of the public is now strongly in favor of game law enforcement.

Fourth—Because the man who pays for a hunting and fishing license and does obey the game laws, is entitled to a square deal, which he does not get unless everybody respects these laws. The fish and game are the property of the State and no one has any more right to kill them unlawfully than they have to kill their neighbor's cattle.

The Forest Service takes this opportunity to inform the public that it will from now on use its influence to see that our game and fish laws are enforced and Supervisor Ross and his rangers will assist to the fullest extent in the prosecution of all cases brought to their attention, and in this matter we have the support of every honest and fair-minded man; and further, you may depend on the Forest Service to do everything in its power to build up our game resources in order that the Ochoco National Forest may be put to its fullest use for the people living in its vicinity.

"ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY"

Emerson Hough, novelist, and writer, recently visited the Rogue River Valley on a fishing trip. His impressions are recorded in the following article in the Saturday Evening Post, entitled, "Angling Extraordinary:"

Without sodium chloride life would not amount to much. There would be no sort of cooking that would ever get an encore. There would be no packing or canning industry, and not very much commerce of any sort. The codfish would pass away. The mackerel would no longer delight the palates of those who dwell far from the stern and rock-bound coast. Without salt the waste of the world would be so enormously increased that the world could not carry its own industrial burdens. Salt is a part of us as well as a part of the things we use. From deer to diva, all the world needs salt. Doctors use it to infuse life into a waning circulatory system. Indeed, science figures out nowadays that it can nearly produce life itself by means of certain saline reactions.

Give a horse a taste of rock salt and he becomes friskier. Cattle require salt occasionally. Deer and mountain sheep will go any distance to a salt lick. Even the cold-blooded and somewhat unintellectual fish family seems to have sense enough to go once in a while to the sea when it has the chance. The strongest, gamest, handsomest and most toothsome of all our fishes are those that make the journey to the sea. Not without reason is the salmon called the king of fishes. He has tasted the revivifying salt.

There are salmon that never get to the sea, yet still remain good examples of the salmon family. The ouananiche, the land-locked salmon of certain Eastern lakes, is such a salmon; a good fish and active, but one that does not attain a quarter of the weight of members of the family which make the pilgrimage to the salt waters. A salmon somewhat similar to the land-locked salmon of the East is the steelhead of certain Western rivers; but the steelhead, though he can live the year round in fresh water, is at his best when, like the salmon, he can make the pilgrimage to the ocean and back again to the fresh-water rivers. Unlike the salmon, he does not die after spawning. There is no gamier fish that swims than this same hammered-down, compact salmon. No matter what the scientists call him, he is a small and lusty trout, of bold fresh-water rivers, that has gone to sea and returned better for it.

The greatest of all steelhead rivers is the Rogue River, of Oregon. The fish there run up to ten or twelve pounds at times. The Rogue River itself is one of the most beautiful rivers in all the world and passes through a mountain valley that is fairly to be called one of the beauty spots of the earth's surface. The river is a bold, rushing torrent, with alternating rapids and pools—indeed, an ideal salmon river. It has salmon also—the silver salmon of the sea—running in weight up to forty, fifty or sixty pounds. If these fish would take the fly—if by any process of human ingenuity they could be coaxed to learn that habit—at once Oregon would spring into a fame that would reach to all the corners of the world. There is not a more perfect salmon river out-of-doors than the Rogue River; and, after the king salmon himself, the steelhead is the one fish that ought to and does occupy those waters.

Time was when the Rogue River produced steelheads in any quantity desired. Today there are still enough of the fish to offer fairly successful angling. There are good seasons and bad seasons, depend-

ing on the status of net fishing at the mouth of the river. Some of the Oregon towns think that all netting ought to be stopped, so that the steelheads can make their way in numbers to the upper waters of the rivers. Other towns, more dependent on the commercial fisheries, are in favor of leaving the nets at the mouths of the rivers. Sometimes there is a compromise measure on the statute books, under which commercial fishermen are allowed to net salmon at the mouth of the river, but are obliged to return to the water all the steelheads taken in the nets.

It is easily predicable what the result of this sort of law would be and, indeed, is: the steelheads are not always returned to the ocean, but sometimes find their way into tin cans. The usual American custom is to use the gifts of Nature unsparingly. To an unprejudiced observer this does not seem the best form of business practice. The Rogue River, full of steelheads, would in these days of increasing travel and decreasing sport very soon be one of the best publicity agents and one of the best revenue producers Oregon could have.

As it was and as it is, however, steelhead angling on Rogue River is one of the most exciting forms of angling practiced in any land—one of the most difficult and dangerous. It far and away surpasses salmon angling in all the qualities of skill and daring required for success. It has been the fortune of the writer to fight a forty-pound salmon on the Grand Cascapedia, of Quebec; and surely in dignity and splendor there is no sport with the rod entitled to the palm over that form of salmon angling. None the less, it is free of risk and is pursued under conditions of ease and comfort, as well as of safety. The excitement lies in the combat between the man and the fish.

In this Rogue River angling for steelhead the case is quite otherwise. The combat between man and fish is there, but also the combat between man and Nature—Nature bent on destruction; Nature riotous and uncontrolled. The angler for the steelhead must take his life in his hands when he wades into that mountain torrent in pursuit of his sport. There are a few places on the river where a boat can be used, but boat fishing for steelhead is not de rigueur and, indeed, is practically unknown. It is wading angling raised to the nth degree. Of all the angling in the world it is of the highest class in those qualities requiring courage and skill alike. Push it just beyond its natural status of risk and it would no longer be sport.

The Rogue River wader for steelhead risks his life no matter how good a swimmer he is. The water runs from two to twenty feet in depth, and the river in many places is more than a hundred yards wide, while the momentum of the downcoming flood is something enormous. Any man who knows the downthrust of even a smallish rapid stream will know how to estimate the strength of this tremendous river. Moreover, the footing is not always very secure.

Deep Wading for Steelhead

This is lava country, and there are great rifts of lava rock lying like flat dams here and there almost entirely across the course of the river. These may alternate with what the local men call smooth rock, which offers at best only slithery footing for the wader. Now and again there are cross cracks or upthrust boulders of lava that send the water up in foam. Again, there are long gravel reaches, where deep and silent pools give the river a rest.

The trout fisher naturally takes to the rapid water. Knee-deep seems pretty deep on some of these white-water channels; hip-deep is

more than most strangers will care to undertake. But waist-deep and shoulder deep the Rogue River angler of the first class will do. How he does it is an art not taken on at once by the stranger. Little by little the local man learns the bottom of the river—learns how to balance against it. There is quite an art in wading fast water, and a skillful mountaineer will cross a river where a tenderfoot would lose his footing at once. It is enough to say that the successful Rogue River angler must be game to go in above waist-deep and be able to stand securely enough to cast a very long line, even when thus half submerged.

The fish have grown cunning of late years. They lie entirely out of reach from the shore. Wade your best, you yet must do fifty, sixty or seventy feet of line, and must keep your wits about you all the time. The fish itself has no mercy on the angler; and, in turn, the angler himself feels at liberty to beach a steelhead whenever he gets the chance.

Sometimes large takes are made, but of late days the man who kills half a dozen steelheads in a day is doing very well. His fish may run from three to eight, ten, or even twelve pounds. These larger fish in this bold and rushing water are, under the conditions that absolutely govern the sport, almost impossible to stop. Skillful anglers are content if they kill one out of every six that strike. Indeed, take steelhead angling all the way through, the angler rarely breaks fifty fifty with his quarry.

There are two schools of Rogue River steelhead anglers—those who stick to the fly and those who take to the spoon. The spoon used on the Rogue River is a singular affair, always of copper and very large—about the size proper for muskellunge angling in the Middle West. Once in a while a genuine salmon will strike one of these spoons, and cases have been known where forty-pound fish have been killed by a trout angler. This spoon is usually handled as the frog fisherman for bass works his frog bait—by means of a giant cane pole and a line about as long as the pole.

You will see some of the local anglers—once in a while mere boys—wading down the middle of this river, at times making a crossing from side to side; and every moment you expect to see them rushed downstream, and so an end of it. But they pick their way along gingerly, slowly, more than waist-deep very often, sometimes supporting themselves with the butt of the cane pole—the reel is commonly put up five feet or so above the bottom of the pole in order to keep it dry. As such an angler wades down the stream he flogs the water on both sides as far as he can reach, and is able to fish very handily the fast waters and the heads of pools lying below the rapids. It is perhaps true that more steelheads are caught on the cane pole and copper spoon than in any other way. Let no effete Easterner sneer at this sport, for the betting is ten to one that he himself cannot practice it. The art of holding one's footing on the smooth rock or on the uneven lava surfaces is one not picked up in a day.

The lesser school of steelhead anglers stick to the artificial fly; in fact, they are salmon anglers par excellence, though they are obliged to wade in order to angle—they cannot, as in the case of many Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Quebec and Norway salmon waters, fish from the shore or from a boat.

The steelhead acts very much like *Salmo salar*; but, being a little more active and not quite so heavy as his greater cousin, he will hang more to white water and less to the pools. At the bottom or at the edge of some long, rough ridge of white water, where the waves run four or five feet high, he will lie behind some protecting rock, much

like the salmon, and sometimes he will drop into a pool after the typical salmon fashion. His hang-out is most apt to be flanked by a rushing rapid of flung white water. When hooked he does not stick to his pool, as a salmon is very apt to do, but makes at once for the current. What that means in the tax on tackle any angler will know very well.

The Mississippi River bass fishing, where one may play a black bass five or ten minutes in the heavy current, is a sort of kindergarten preliminary in the study of steelhead angling. The vigor of the fish on the line is something not quite understandable by the Eastern angler who has never tried this particular game. Pound for pound, in his own chosen conditions, the steelhead puts up a far fiercer, wilder and more difficult fight than does the most difficult example of *Salmo salar* in the highest-priced salmon river in the world.

The Risk of the Sport

He is, moreover, democratic. There are no salmon preserves on the Rogue River as yet—it is open water for all the world. Very likely it always will be. Certainly if you took all the members of the swellest salmon clubs of Quebec and put them on the Rogue River on foot, the fish they would bring in at night would not always be very imposing in the total.

Time was when the steelhead could be reached from the shores of the Rogue River with fair success; but he has learned a thing or two in the fight for life and today he is a wise, wise fish. He keeps out, so that you are obliged to wade for him if you want him. If you slip—good-by!—the river gets you. Anglers do swim out of the Rogue River once in a while, because they have to swim; and no man who is not a bold swimmer has any business wading the Rogue; but sometimes in very wild water the angler does not get out.

The writer fished with one skillful angler who admitted that he had lost a part of his nerve. "I saw my pal drowned before my eyes two years ago," said he, "and since then I don't go out so far." Each year, at one place or another, there is apt to be the record of a life lost.

Local anglers gradually learn contempt for the dangers. Also, gradually they learn a sort of instinct by which they can judge the bottom of the river. Indeed, they know the bottom like a book in the more familiar reaches, which they often fish.

If you wish to see Rogue River steelhead angling at its best, therefore, you had better go out with some of the more seasoned anglers of Ashland, Medford or Grants Pass, communities where this cult most flourishes. In such communities one can get very comfortable accommodations and can readily get directions for the river. The stranger, however, would be more or less helpless, and there are few or no professional guides. He will find the angling sportsman of this country the soul of hospitality, ready to help him learn the game, and himself so well convinced of the difficulty of the game as not to laugh at the inefficiency of the beginner.

In the Rogue River Valley it is sometimes hot in the summertime—one hundred, one hundred and two, one hundred and five, in the shade, and no one knows what in the sun. The heat does not seem oppressive, but it has a tendency when continued through a term of days or weeks to drive the fish out into the deeper water. Very early morning or late in the evening will be the best times then to angle for steelheads. Throughout the day one might not get more than two or three strikes in reward for patient casting.

The rod for steelhead fishing must be very powerful, of course. The fish can be killed on the ordinary five or six ounce trout rod; but one of eight or ten ounces, built short, stocky and powerful, is better. It must be able to handle a long line, which means a heavy line, one practically of light salmon size. As the angler fishes close to the surface of the water there will be much line submerged in his casting, and his rod must be powerful in order to lift it—as must his wrist be also. Once the fish is hooked and free in that boiling torrent, the rod has asked of it all that any rod can give. It must, in effect, to be most efficient, be of just as much weight as one can handle single-handed, with the heavy line.

The steelhead will follow the fancy of fresh-water trout in its own selection of flies. In habits somewhat like the fresh-run salmon, it still rather favors the fresh-water trout; and it is not customary to angle for it with the gaudy flies that alone serve in salmon angling. In summer evenings the local anglers favor gray hackles, brown hackles, or some modest fly of that description. Number One hook is a favored size for that river.

It is to be understood that the strain on the tackle is extreme, and the hook must be large enough not to tear out of the fish's mouth. At times in the evening the coachman is found effective. Most anglers during the day will change flies as they do on any trout stream. The usual uncertainty as to what the steelhead actually is going to want is before you all the time. At the time of the writer's visit, in July, the gray hackle was perhaps the best fly in use.

In water like this it is naturally some time before a fish can be subdued after it is hooked. The angler will have a fight on his hands every minute of the time—he may rest assured of that. He will have rushing tactics—boring and sulking sometimes, if the water permits; but his fish, being smaller than a genuine salmon, will rush more, leap more and be more active. Again, it will make extremely long runs—I have never seen any trout take off so much line at one run as the steelhead does.

It was my fortune to see this steelhead angling at its best in the company of some friends of Ashland and Medford on one midsummer day. Our party, more or less unsuccessful during the heated hours, was augmented in the evening by an auto-load of experts from Medford, led by the prosecuting attorney of that town, a powerful man, weighing more than two hundred pounds. His chosen fishing companion was the editor of one of the daily papers, a man of medium height and weight. These two quite often fished together. They would lock hands and wade out along the edge of some ridge of rapids, in the effort to get out line enough to reach over the lying ground of the steelheads, which experience had taught them was in the deep white water far out in the middle of the stream, where the broken rocks afforded the fish a chance to hold their own against the current.

Time and again, as these two hardy souls slipped and slid on their way out to the middle of the river, we expected to see them go down; but they proved their ability to fish in those conditions. Such angling would be a physical impossibility for any salmon angler accustomed only to boatwork, or for any trout angler used only to gentler streams. It was the most exciting angling I have ever seen during a life more or less passed in wandering.

Of course in this sort of fishing the shoes are hobnailed heavily. Beyond that, the angler does not wear very much of a costume. Waders would be out of the question—to be carried down in breast-high waders would mean death for any swimmer in that stream.

Stripped to overalls and undershirt and wading shoes, these men go into battle.

These experienced anglers were much disappointed because we found no fish during the day of more than six pounds' weight. They purposed a journey twenty or thirty miles higher up the river the following day, where they knew water that held abundance of ten and twelve pound fish. "That's the game!" explained one of them. "When you get one of those fellows you will know you have had a fight."

In play on the rod when actually hooked the steelhead is a combination of all the artfulness, courage and strength that exist in fish make-up. He will rush like a muskellunge, tug like a black bass, sulk or rush like a salmon, and leap like a trout. A favorite maneuver on his part seems to be a sullen shaking of the head—you feel a continuous series of short, savage jerks at the line as he tries to get line enough for a burst out into the heavy water, where he knows the current against his side will give him added leverage against the rod.

He will always fight remote from the angler—fifty, sixty, seventy-five feet; so that in the dim light of evening, when the sport is best, it is often difficult to see clearly what the fish is doing, even when he jumps—only out at the end of that tense strand of silk one feels something savage, fearless, courageous. Take this feeling with that inspired by the roaring river, and the angler is not always sure whether he is the pursued or the pursuer.

Thousands of men have killed their salmon skillfully, comfortably and enjoyably; but you must number in less than hundreds the fly-fishermen who have ever killed their steelheads, fair and square, heel and toe, pull devil, pull baker, midstream casting, waist-deep.

AN EASTERN OREGON BADGER GAME

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE, Canyon City, Oregon

Mr. C. L. Parrish, a stockman of the Izee section in Grant County, relates the following which tends to show that old Mr. Owl is not the only inhabitant of the wilds which should have all the credit for wisdom.

He states that while riding over the range one day last summer, his dog, which had followed him, engaged in conflict with a badger. The animal secured a good grip on the nose of the dog and commenced backing, the dog being unable to get away, and a hold of his own, had necessarily to follow as captive.

Mr. Parrish became interested in the one-sided battle and waited to see the outcome. He noticed that the direction in which the badger was going, or backing rather, was directly in line with a hole in the ground, or den, which was to all appearances the goal. To reach this place, however, a ditch or cut of some length had to be crossed, and Mr. P. wondered just what would happen when this would be encountered. He had not long to wait, as the conflicting pair soon reached and crossed the ditch without change of advantage on either side. The badger soon reaching his den, backed into the entrance, let go his hold on the nose of the dog, and with a farewell bow, retreated into the depths. The dog barked his challenge in vain and it was evident that Mr. Badger did not intend to take any further chances that day at least.

TROUT FISHING IN THE TRASK

By A. J. HOWELL, McMinnville, Oregon

During the last few days of springlike weather one's mind generally turns toward the several fishing streams, and the best places to make some good catches. My memory wanders back to a short fishing trip that I had on one of the finest fishing streams in Oregon, namely, the South Trask.

On July 12, 1916, in company with P. T. Christensen, W. S. Fender and Nat Smith, all of McMinnville, I started out in Fender's Ford for the mountains. Arriving at Fairdale, eighteen miles from McMinnville, at 8:30 a. m. we proceeded to don our packs for a long hike over a very rough but beautiful mountain country. Our packs consisted of the usual camping outfits, with but one blanket to the man. Leaving Fairdale we followed the old North Yamhill-Tillamook stage road for a part of the way. On reaching the Summit House about noon we ate our lunch and rested for about an hour, talking with our old friend, Oscar Steinberg, the Deputy Fire Warden, who is stopping at that place, after which we proceeded on our journey, leaving the old road at the foot of what is usually called Zig Zag Mountain. We here struck the somewhat dim trail for South Trask, arriving at the river at 5:00 p. m. about ten miles above the old toll gate, or what is more commonly known as the Trask House. Here we made camp

beside one of Nature's beauty streams. It was hard work keeping the boys together long enough to get camp located, but when we did, away went Fender and Smith for a mess of trout, and it was not long before we heard Fender calling for help, saying that he had caught a "whale" and that it was dragging him down stream, and so Pete and I went to his assistance, and when he landed the fish it measured six and one-half inches. After commenting on the smallness of the first catch, we each began fishing and soon had enough fish for supper and breakfast. After supper and sitting around a nice camp fire and telling some whoppers, we turned in for the night. Everything went well except for some complaint as to the scarcity of the feathers in our beds, but morning soon came and found us up and doing, and after a hurried breakfast the

real sport began, and it was sure some sport. Before noon each man had caught the limit. We then ate our dinner and rested and talked about the beauty of the mountains in this part of the country. Now for



Scene Near Old Summit House on
Tillamook Stage Road

supper and more trout, and such a feast of the finny tribe you cannot imagine.

After supper we listened to some more whoppers told by Smith, then Fender "shook up the feathers" and we were soon in slumberland and doing fine until a friendly owl woke us up saying, "Who, who, who," until Fender told him it was none of his business who we were so long as we did not violate any laws.

Again morning found us up and breakfast over and all ready for the sport, which as every true sportsman knows is jumping into a cold mountain stream on a cool morning, but it is worth the while. Before noon each man had caught the limit, and after a hurried lunch we began packing up for the home trip, leaving the river at 3 p. m. Night found us again on the old stage road and camped at one of the finest springs that can be found anywhere. Noon the following day found us again seated in the Ford and bound for home, where we arrived in due time, each with a fine string of trout.

The accompanying picture was taken at the old Summit House on the old Tillamook stage road. It is now occupied by the deputy fire wardens, and is one of the many beauty spots of Oregon mountains. As for beauty and splendor, there is nothing that can compare with this short trip—where there is plenty of sunshine to warm the coolest courage, enough shade to cool the warmest temper, plenty of uphill to try the hardest sinews, and plenty of cold water to quench the thirstiest thirst, with enough downhill to give one a good start.

WINTER FISHING AT ANEROID LAKE

By WARDEN GEO. W. MITCHELL, Enterprise, Oregon

Three different parties of fishermen have recently made trips to Aneroid Lake for the purpose of testing out the winter fishing for Eastern brook trout. These trout were planted as fingerlings in Aneroid Lake four years ago by the Fish and Game Commission of the State of Oregon and the results of the recent trips have shown that the little fish have increased in size until they weigh six pounds—certainly fine fish.

Aneroid Lake lies back in the mountains south of Lake Wallowa, a distance of eight miles, and is reached in the summer time by trail only. During the winter the trip can only be made on snow shoes, and required about nine hours. The difficulty of the trip lies both in the steep climb and light fresh snow that falls nearly every day. After reaching the lake it is necessary to dig through about eight feet of snow and ice before a line can be gotten into the lake. Fresh liver was used for bait. The fish were found to be very chubby and as fat as could be. There is evidently no lack of food for the fish in the lake. Until the lake was stocked by the Fish and Game Commission there were no fish of any kind.

A few fish have been caught in the summer time, but the water is so clear, feed so plentiful, that it is difficult to induce them to strike. The new law restricting winter fishing, will have little effect on the fishing in the mountain lakes of Wallowa County, for the reason that within another year Aneroid Lake and some of the older lakes will be literally alive with five- and six-pound trout that will all be over eighteen inches in length.

The return trip from Aneroid Lake to Lake Wallowa at the end of the wagon road, was made by the parties in three hours.

TROUT PLANTING IN HOOD RIVER COUNTY

By ALVA L. DAY, Secretary Game Protective Association

The members of the Game Protective Association, and others interested in the propagation of game and game fish, in Hood River County, have planted fish supplied by the Bonneville Hatchery, where no small effort was required. To handle a few thousand fish over rough trails and plant them successfully is a task which requires effort to say the least, and one which needs attention during the entire trip. Of the many trips made to the different points of interest, I can only describe two of the trips in which I formed a part.

Watham Lake is a very beautiful place and is the head waters of Eagle Creek. Before the Government trail was built up Eagle Creek in 1916 the only way to reach the lake was from Green Point to Camp Three of the Stanley-Smith Lumber Company, and up the foresters' trail past Rainy Lake, and from Dee up the west fork of Hood River and northwest over Zigzag Mountain trail.

The Lake is almost at the top of the divide of the Cascades, and Chinedere Mountain rises almost out of the west side of the lake. The falls in Eagle Creek are such that no fish can ascend. Therefore, there were no fish in the lake until the planting made by the Hood River sportsmen in July, 1915.

The Fish Car "Rainbow" was sidetracked at Hood River and about twenty-four thousand Eastern brook trout were started for Oak Grove by auto. The fish car was then taken up the Mt. Hood railroad on the regular run, leaving about eight o'clock, to Dee, where other parties were also going to leave for Watham Lake, Lost Lake and the West Fork of Hood River.

I went with the twenty-four thousand to Oak Grove. The automobiles for this trip, together with the horses and wagons used later on the trip, were furnished by ranchers of the Oak Grove district.

The fish arrived at Oak Grove in good shape and were taken from there to Green Point and thence to Camp Three in wagons. It was then two o'clock and the water in the cans was changed for fresh water. The day was ideal for handling fish. A heavy fog had settled over the country, and was as wet as rain and very chilly.

We had thirteen pack horses and ten men to handle the fish from Camp Three to the lake and every one was busy. The ten gallon cans were tied together so as to give each horse two cans, and when about ready to start, the fish were all put in the twenty-six cans and about half of the water poured off to give the horse as light a load as possible and make time.

I have seen pack burros packing in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, but I was surprised at the country these ranch horses traveled over with their fish. We had a rough trip up hill and down hill, over logs and loose rocks and arrived at the lake at 5:30 o'clock, and was not long unloading and planting the fish. About a dozen dead fish floated on top of the water. The crew was very much pleased at the success of the planting.

We started back up the mountain to the trail, and as we came to the trail we met the party who had come in from Dee. This party had five horses loaded with fish.

We arrived back at Green Point about midnight and spent the balance of the night, going home the next day. We heard later that the party from Dee traveled all night, getting home the next morning.

In 1916 we planted fish in Bear Lake and were less successful.

Bear Lake is a small lake above the headwaters of Warren Creek.

This lake has no inlet and no outlet, but the water is deep and clear and as cold as ice. Should the water rise about four feet it would overflow and run down the rocky slope into the headwaters of Warren Creek, but no such rise is recorded on the banks or the place of overflow.

In planting this lake there were three of us in the crew and three horses. We experienced a great many fallen trees which made the travel slow through the burn.

The day was warm, and a warm fog hung low and made the air very humid. The horses had a hard trip as it was all up hill, and their bodies steamed and lathered. We changed the water in the cans at the first creek we came to and liberated all fish that were swimming near the top of the cans.

We changed the water three times and arrived at the lake with fully 75 per cent of our fish dead. It was about two o'clock when we reached the lake after packing the fish over the last one hundred yards on our backs, where we could not take the horses. There are other lakes in this county which will be stocked as fast as the sportsmen can get to them.

Some fish in the frying pan after a day's hunt in the hills is a great treat, and we hope that there will be no large catches packed out of these lakes.

PLEA FOR A STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION

By GEO. EARLE HENTON, M. D., President Portland Rifle Club, Portland, Ore.

The European war and four years of constant irritation from our neurotic and turbulent neighbors across the Rio Grande, has stimulated and encouraged rifle shooting in this country, which was tending, as the years unfolded, to become a decadent art. The rifle and its accessories have been constantly improved, while the number of inhabitants in proportion to the population who are proficient in its use have just as steadily diminished. One hundred years ago at least nine out of every ten males between the ages of fourteen and seventy were reasonably expert riflemen, while today the reverse is a more accurate computation. Rapid disappearance of game, congregating of inhabitants to industrial centers, multitudinous and divers occupations have been principally to blame; and instead of every man owning a rifle, about one in fifty would be a rational estimate; this may be attributed to the fact that as a means of protection and sustenance its use has become practically unnecessary.

One peculiar condition still exists, however, which is, that practically every man, be he old or young, is generally ready to proclaim how well he shoots or has been able to shoot in the past; while this in a measure may be attributed to the ever present desire of *Genus Homo* for personal aggrandizement, I am inclined to believe it a trait descendent from our woodsman forefathers of muzzle loading, long rifle fame.

Almost as soon as the American boy is able to coordinate his movements, his first request is for a gun, and it is generally the last request granted by his parents (particularly his mother) if granted at all: instead of the lad being properly instructed in the use of firearms and cautioned as to prevention of accidents, he is compelled to acquire his knowledge by stealth, from other lads, who are probably as ignorant as he; the result is frequently a deforming or mortal wound; the gun receives all the censure and is condemned, when the parent or guardian is at fault.

The growing tendency of modern parents to discourage rather than encourage the use of firearms, is, in my opinion, a mistake, as the shooting game takes their boy out of doors, over the fields, through the timber, etc.; develops him physically, mentally and morally, creates

A REAL DETECTIVE STORY

An Interesting Experience Which Illustrates the
Old Adage That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

[Editor's Note: For obvious reasons, names and places are left blank in this narrative, which is taken from the office records of the State Game Warden.]

Pendleton, Oregon, March 2, 1917.

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

Dear Sir:

In compliance with your request of January 12, I herewith submit report on my trip to Little _____ Creek.

I left Pendleton by train on the morning of February 9, and arrived at _____ the evening of the same day. After registering at the hotel as George Turner, I called on _____, told him my errand and that Mr. _____ had referred me to him for information regarding conditions at _____. He told me to see Mr. _____ or Mr. _____ of the latter place.

On the following morning (Saturday), I rode to _____ by the horse stage. On this part of the trip and upon my arrival at the village I found the customary number of curious people that a stranger usually finds in such places. My name was George Turner, and I was looking for a homestead. I talked with several people and learned quite a little about the lay of the country. Soon found that some homestead claims in this vicinity had recently been contested and that some of the suspicious natives had me spotted as a U. S. Land Inspector. I was very careful about inquiring for _____ and _____, and did not get a talk with them until late in the afternoon. At their suggestion I also talked to the justice of the peace. From these three men I got a good description of the location of the hunters' camp and the best route for the rest of the trip.

On the pretense that I wanted to ride to _____ with some freighters that were scheduled to leave _____ Mill the following morning, I left _____ at 8:30 p. m. and walked to _____ Mill. This was only a distance of ten miles, but the roads for the first few miles were quite dark and muddy, and though I made good time after striking the snow line, I did not reach the mill until about 11:40 p. m. It was about fourteen miles further to the camp, and as there was danger of losing time by missing the trail, I stopped here for the rest of the night.

On the following morning I hired a saddle horse from the man where I stopped. For about eleven miles I followed the Monument Road to the head of _____ Creek, and then rode down the creek as the hunters' camp was at the junction of this creek and Little _____ Creek. Did considerable tracking before I reached the camp and saw that some one had evidently been in pursuit of deer.

Upon reaching the camp I met the four hunters, gave them my card and told them that I was there on business and would like to look over their camp. They treated it as a joke and invited me to look around. I called for their guns, but could discover no traces of blood or hair upon them as is usually the case with the rifles of other deer hunters that I find. I then searched very carefully in the tent, but found only one deer hair and began to wonder if I had made the trip for nothing. However, I soon found some blood and deer hair on a rope near the tent and also some bones from a deer's leg that the dogs had gnawed. I then found a bunch of deer hair on the

snow where apparently a deer or part of a deer had been laying or where a dog might have torn up a fresh piece of the hide. I then took up some of the tracks leading in various directions from the camp and found where a pheasant had been picked about two hundred yards from camp; and in another direction a sack hung in a tree but the meat had been removed though plenty of hair lay on top of the snow.

The snow had been falling since I reached the camp and after tracing out all tracks for a distance of from one-fourth to one-half a mile it grew too dark for any further work. I then confronted the hunters with the evidence, but they would not "come across," so I rode out a ridge three or four miles to where I had been told there was a house, and stopped for the night. Had placed the hunters under arrest before leaving camp.

The next morning, (Monday), I returned, and, while having a sociable smoke with the boys, one of their dogs sniffed at something on the floor and picked up the fresh foot of a pheasant. Of course I lost no time in getting my hands on it and remarked that it would match pretty well with the feathers found in the hunters' tracks near camp on the previous day. Their only reply was that the dog would be a pretty good one for me to have in my business.

The snow was not deep enough to hide the old tracks, so I renewed my trail work as I felt sure that some of the tracks would lead to the scene of a killing. Following a trail where it appeared that at least three men had returned to the camp together, I found the remains of three-quarters of a deer hanging in a tree in a small canyon or draw, at least one and a half miles from camp. The magpies had eaten it badly but I took the best quarter and returned to camp.

The four hunters, who seemed to be awaiting my return, said that they knew "it was all off" when they saw me take their trail up the creek. They said that they would not mind having to pay for their fun if they had had any meat to eat, but that, after allowing the rest of the herd to run off, they found that this deer had several boils on it and was therefore unfit to eat. The evidence that I found near camp on the previous day was what the dogs had left from the quarter that was carried to camp for their food.

The hunters asked that the charge be made against one of their number only, but I explained to them that all were equally guilty and that it would be necessary to place a charge of unlawful hunting against all of them. They agreed that I was right about it, and promised to leave for home on the following morning with the exception of ———, who could not stand the walk, but must stay and care for the camp and wait for a team to come in and move their outfit. He wrote his check and gave to one of the other men to take to the justice. They were a very jolly bunch and treated me royally. A better bunch of fellows I never met—if we except their violation of the game law.

I rode to ——— Mill that night and on to ——— the next morning. There I filed a complaint before the justice. The three hunters arrived late in the afternoon and the hearing was set for the following morning, February 14. I stopped that night at the hotel, which is the home of one of the hunters. The latter and two of his brothers, who compose an orchestra, celebrated the homecoming by giving some good live music in the parlor of the hotel that evening and I enjoyed it immensely.

There was a great amount of fun poked at the unfortunate hunters

by members of their own families as well as friends in the village, and the defendants vowed that if ever they heard of a violation by one of these jokers they would notify me and take me to the scene in order that they might get the revengeful laugh on their tormentors.

On the morning of February 14, the boys plead guilty and paid \$25 fine each and costs and forfeited their rifles and hunting privileges. They thought that I had apprehended them without any assistance from anyone and gave me much more credit for the work than I deserved. However, I could not correct them in this error to any great extent as I did not want them to suspicion the men who had helped me. I simply told them that their trip had been reported to the main office at Portland by some party unknown to me and that I had worked on orders from there.

GEORGE TONKIN,
Deputy Game Warden.

OLD JIM CROW

(From the American Field)

Just a few lines in regard to Old Jim Crow: I have read quite a number of articles in the American Field about vermin and the harm they do to our small game, but never have I seen a word about the crow.

Now, brother sportsmen, here is what I know about the crow as a game destroyer: They eat eggs and young birds of all kinds, catch young rabbits and young squirrels and even rob the nests of wild ducks. This much I know they do, for I have seen them do all of this except to rob the nests of ducks, while I have been told by others that they watch the mother duck and when she leaves her nest they rob it. Ducks seldom nest here, and that is the reason I have never seen them rob a duck's nest, but the rest of this I will make oath to, for I have seen them at work and found where they had robbed game birds' nests.

I found a pheasant's nest one day containing fourteen eggs and I watched this nest very closely, though I never disturbed the old bird. It was close to where I lived at that time and near an old woods road in the timber. I visited the nest quite often, and one morning when I was about twenty-five yards from the nest up went an old crow from the spot where the nest was. I went to the nest and every egg was gone except two and these had holes in them and everything inside the shell had been consumed. Well, I tried to find that crow's nest, but I could not. Right over the hill was what is known as the "hanging rock," and it was a good place for a crow's nest, but I could never find a nest there.

I know that the crow destroys more small game than any other enemy of the game bird. There are a hundred crows to every hawk and when one of them finds a good feed it will caw, caw, caw, until a dozen others are drawn to the same locality. I know what I am talking about, too, for I hunt and trap from the time the season opens until it closes, and I am also in the woods a great deal all through the year.

Brother sportsmen, I think we all should get busy and see if we cannot get a law passed paying a bounty on all enemies of game and game birds. If the bounty is small on crows there are plenty of them, and a man could make wages hunting them, and if we, by any method, can rid our state of these black rascals, I know we will very soon see a great increase in our game and game birds.

I shall be pleased to hear the opinions of others on this question and also, as to whether it is thought possible to get our legislature to enact a law paying a small bounty on crows and other enemies of game.

CHARLES SHELLHAMMER.

PLEA FOR A STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION

Continued from Page 114

a desire for clean thoughts and fresh air; trains the powers of observation, gives him a general knowledge of bird and animal life and in fact all things indigenous to the open. The country boy naturally acquires a great deal of this as he is constantly in contact with both flora and fauna; but what of a lad born and raised in a city—his horizon is limited to the city zoo (if the city of his residence is blessed with one) and street railway terminals. Of course he becomes familiar with the English sparrow, domestic pigeon and possibly the energetic robin which has practically become domestic; but little does he know regarding the many varieties of wild life for which our country is the habitat; where, when and how their offspring are raised and whether migratory or permanent. Can he tell the nest of a turtle dove from that of an oriole, why the woodpecker has a predilection for dead trees and telephone poles, or name a bird by its call or song? A dead snake or mouse impaled on barb wire or sharp limb tells the out-of-door lad at a glance that brother shrike has been foraging; likewise, he knows when the wild duck begins his annual migration; where the pheasant or quail can be found at certain seasons of the year and why it is necessary to approach wild animals against the wind; in truth, he is an ardent student of human nature, unconsciously, and is laying a firm foundation upon which to build broad, noble, self-reliant mahood.

Owing to the scarcity of big game in most portions of the United States the rifle has largely been supplanted by the shotgun and it also can in time but follow the same fate, as small game is gradually decreasing. Blue rock shooting will to a certain extent prevent the shotgun from being entirely discarded but it is a somewhat expensive pleasure and thus barred for those of moderate means.

Are we destined to degenerate from a people who were at one time, and not so very long ago, the finest riflemen in the world, to one of little or no skill? Basing our judgment on past history and present conditions, the answer can only be in the affirmative.

Our government has been particularly dilatory in a recognition of these facts in the past, or if "the powers that be" did realize how rapidly we were retrogressing in this line they were either torpid, afflicted with red tapeitis or failed to appreciate its importance to us individually and as a nation. Within the last few years, however, a gradual awakenng has supplanted our previous state of lethargy and somnolence, due in a great measure to the constant admonitions of the National Rifle Association, which has in itself taken on new life with greatly increased membership and ramifications to all parts of the United States. Citizen rifle clubs have been formed in many cities and villages, the members of which are both active and enthusiastic; these clubs are as a general thing affiliated with the National Rifle Association, thus securing the privilege of purchasing arms, ammunition and equipment from or through the government at a greatly reduced price, besides securing an allotment of free ammunition for each member.

The War Department, and primarily Congress, not having appreciated the benefits that would accrue from the encouragement of marksmanship among its citizens, has been particularly parsimonious in its treatment of rifle clubs in comparison with that which it should have accorded; and, while lovers of rifle shooting have persisted in spite of discouragements and ponderous department service, hundreds of men and boys have been intimidated and deterred from joining the National Rifle Association.

A bill, drawn by the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice, much more generous and encouraging than any heretofore existing, was carried in the army appropriation act submitted to the last Congress,

which provided free support to National Rifle Association clubs as follows: .30 U. S. Springfield rifles, targets, flags, target carriers, 120 cartridges per member for Springfield, gallery muskets .22 calibre for indoor shooting with cartridges for same, expenses of a team to National match; also furnishing of a skilled instructor for each club; indoor and outdoor ranges complete, with labor, clerical services and all paraphernalia for comfort and convenience to members; but, "vain hope"—those twelve peaceful, truckling, selfish political tricksters in the United States Senate caused it to be lost when they conducted their never-to-be-forgotten (either by the public or themselves) filibuster against upholding the honor of the United States. It is to be hoped the new Congress will pass the bill, as most of its members are favorable to it.

Formation of a local rifle club is simplicity in its primary form: a few men with initiative and inclination are the prime requisites. In the initial stage of organization two things are absolutely necessary if permanency and harmony are desired, viz.: adequate finances and system. A rifle club must be conducted along the same lines as a personal business venture, and any deviation therefrom will surely end in disaster. The initiation fee and dues should not be placed too low, for, although it may serve as an inducement to large enrollment, it redounds to the detriment of the club in the end; large membership means increased expense, and income per capita must correspondingly be increased; yearly dues of a dollar or two can only produce either poor equipment or a deficit at the year's ending, also it affords an opportunity to join the club and pay a dollar merely to order a large quantity of supplies and then drop from the rolls, leaving the club in no manner benefited by their brief and mercenary association; these fellows are likewise prone to become knockers afterward.

After a member is enrolled it is good business to retain him, and to accomplish this a reasonable amount of comforts and conveniences must be furnished, for time is, or should be, of value to all, and the expenditure of several hours of a day or evening with makeshifts, is discouraging, to say the least.

Members to remain in good standing should be required to shoot record targets at least once per month, otherwise they are of little benefit to either the club or themselves; each should be assigned a certain evening of the week for practice, thus avoiding confusion and affording all equal opportunity. Records of each evening's shoot should be kept in a suitable book, thus affording a means of ascertaining yearly average of all participating. Teams should not be hand-picked by officers, but selected from among those making highest weekly score; keen competition should be encouraged, but jealousy and envy discouraged; fifty members pulling together will be more of a success than one hundred striving for individual glory.

Executive officers have it in their power to make a club a success or failure; as they are efficient and harmonious, so will their organization be, or, vice versa. I have been a gun lover always; have owned or handled practically all makes of firearms; shot both large and small game, and been a constant reader of sporting and outdoor magazines, therefore felt reasonably certain that I was pretty well posted on the shooting game, but, since joining the Portland Rifle Club I have added to my repertoire a great many valuable pointers of which I was formerly ignorant, or of which, at best, I had but a faint idea. The old adage that, "Ignorance is bliss," certainly applies to the shooting man with a vengeance.

We all agree that snap shooting at a deer running through the brush doesn't allow much time for careful estimation and adjustment for windage, elevation, trigger pull, etc., but all shooting is not done

under such conditions, and when hunting certain varieties of game or in localities where the country is open, long shots with steady holding is the rule rather than exception.

Use of the sling strap, which is advocated by military riflemen and generally derided by hunters, should be learned. I am free to confess that, until a short time past, I belonged to the latter class and felt sorry for those poor, benighted cranks who claimed it a useful auxiliary; it spoiled the appearance and clean lines of a gun, swivel rings marred stock and barrel, it caught on brush, etc., irritated the clavicle when gun was shouldered, and, in fact, was an all around nuisance with no redeeming feature; however since becoming familiar with its use, I now have a decidedly different opinion and certainly desire my big game rifle equipped with one, for, when a long, difficult shot is necessary, requiring careful steady holding, the sling sure delivers the goods. They are also convenient when one's hands are burdened with game or camping paraphernalia, to say nothing of the many other ways in which it can be utilized to advantage. If one likes the shooting game at all he must necessarily be continually confronted with divers problems as to sights, make of gun, drop of stock, length of barrel, mode of rifling, trigger pull, bolt vs. lever action, velocity, trajectory, energy of various cartridges, and a multitude of other subjects which he is unable to decide for himself, owing to lack of opportunity for trial and advice; how much better to actually try out these problems, personally, on the local rifle range with free or low priced ammunition, during the closed season, than to wait until actually on your vacation and in the game country, only to decide you have made a poor selection, or one not adapted to your requirements, and be forced to return empty-handed.

By signing up with your local rifle club you will be constantly meeting other gun cranks who are well posted and who are likewise desirous of exchanging experiences; who have personally tried out the very thing of which you desire information and will enjoy detailing it for your benefit, in detail. If any particular arm has a weakness some enterprising fellow is sure to make it known to all present.

I am particularly desirous of having a State Rifle Association formed in Oregon, to become a component part of the State Sportsman's Association; meeting at the same time, if thought advisable. A state match could be held each fall for outdoor shooting, and throughout the winter indoor championship matches could be held by mail, which would be enjoyed by all clubs participating.

The Portland Rifle Club was reorganized the first of the year and is doing good work; we were handicapped in the beginning of the National Rifle Association matches for 1917, owing to said re-organization, but are going nicely at present and holding sixth place in our class. Next year we are going to do some hard trying for first place.

We have adhered to the Lyman military windgauge rear and aperture front sights, but will try out telescope sights soon, and if they prove superior to above combination, will adopt them.

Mr. J. S. Hyatt, 1200 Mallory, state secretary for the National Rifle Association, will be pleased to advance all information desired in regard to formation of rifle clubs.

STALKING OREGON DEER

By F. R. ABSTEIN, Hood River, Oregon

With gunstrap over shoulder slung
At first gray peep of day,
I'm off amid the great dark wood
Where strange wild creatures stay.

My rifle is as true of aim
As ever gun can be,
And when old 30 speaks her mind
The game belongs to me.

Now out along the mountain range
I quickly take my way,
O'er ridges and thru canyons dark
I'm miles and miles away,
Ere sunbeams gild the mountain tops
Or bird-notes herald day.

Like silent wraith I move along,
Alert of eye and ear,
When high upon a mountain slope
I strike the sign of deer.

Most eagerly I trail them, as
They wander here and there,
When up around the canyon-draw
I cross the track of bear.

As stealthily I'm creeping now,
As cougar on his prey,
When CRASH right in the brush ahead
The game has flown away.

A bootless chase, no chance had I,
'Gainst startled deer or bear,
So gave it up and turned about
To try some other where.

I sit me down and listen long,
No sound upon the breeze,
The rising sun in shimmering bars.
Sifts thru the tall fir trees.

And long I wait enchanted by
That charm the forest owns,
And naught disturbs the stillness, save
The squirrels dropping cones.

Two owls survey me from a bough
Above a purling spring.
As tho' they asked each other, "Now,
What is that horrid thing—

That thus invades our sacred haunts,
And seems to mean us harm?
Perhaps 'twas he our comrades slew
About that hen roost barn."

The deer have fled far thru the woods
Out o'er the rugged hills,
The bear in some choke cherry patch
Recks not of future ills.

Now, higher thru murky, smoky air,
That blood-red sunrise glows,
And pours its radiance thru the woods
And morning's freshness goes.

Then hied me back thru forest glades,
And quick descend the hill,
The gun beneath my arm was slung,
But I cared not to kill.

"IN THE SIXTIES"

By I. A. M.

Yes, it happened "away back in the sixties" when I was a very small child, but it is so plainly impressed upon my memory that I will try and recount the occurrence as I remember it.

My parents then lived only a few miles from Salem, the capital city, on my grandfather's homestead, in one of the first good houses built in Oregon, the timbers for which were hewn with an implement called a broad ax, and the lumber all planed by hand. It was no uncommon occurrence then for my father or uncle to go out with the old "musket" or rifle and bring in from one to three deer, captured on our own little farm of "six hundred and forty acres," much of which was a perfect jungle. But I am digressing from my story.

It was late in the evening after we youngsters were in our trundle beds that we heard an unusual racket among our chickens. (They insisted on roosting across the road in a big hollow tree about fifty yards from the house.) My father went to investigate and soon found the cause of the commotion. A large tawny cougar was sprawled on the limb as near the chickens as possible, trying to decide which was the choicest one for a meal. Father called and my little brother went to the door and he asked to have mother load the old musket (muzzle loader) and bring it quickly. But, alas, when she proceeded to do so the "shot pouch" was empty, not a bullet to be found. But her resources were not exhausted, for there was always lead in the house (for moulding bullets) but no time for moulding them, so she used her wits and quickly chopped up slugs of lead and loaded the old gun with them.

As soon as my father got the gun he shot at the big beast, but either missed it entirely or wounded it so slightly that it was able to jump from the tree and land on the hillside. It then ran up the hill about fifty yards, my father following and loading the old gun with slugs as he ran. It again took to a tree, this time to a big oak; he fired at it with better result, as he hit it broadside. But to his surprise, it leaped from the tree and started directly toward the house (presumably attracted by the light), where my mother stood in the

open doorway. My father shouted to her to close the door, while we children in fear and trembling drew the bed clothes over our heads, but all danger was past for the monster beast fell dead when about half way to the house, shot through the middle of its body.

The next morning we stood around the big creature in awe while father divested it of its beautiful coat, which he preserved in some way known to himself, and kept it in an attic room upstairs where he had the skins of a big black bear and a large gray wolf, such as are never seen here since the "white man" has made this a civilized country, and the small farmers have brought the "jungles" into cultivation. But that little old attic was a horror room to us small children, and we always felt when we entered it that those terrible claws protruding from the four corners, were ready to tear us into bits.

This all happened over forty years ago, and to travel over that road and note the changes makes one feel that it must have happened in some previous existence. No more is seen the big bear and cougar tracks in the dust of that road, but instead there is a beautiful boulevard in constant use by the modern automobile.

THERE'S WHERE THE CAMPERS GO

By WALTER S. CHANSLER

Out where the skies are a little bluer

Where comradeship is a little truer,

There's where the campers go.

Out where the sun shines a little brighter,

Where the cares of life are a great deal lighter,

Where the bonds of truth are a wee bit tighter,

There's where the campers go.

Out where heart-throbs are a little stronger,

Where the sands of life run a little longer,

There's where the campers go.

Out where character is in the making,

Where there's more of giving and less of taking,

Where there are more hearts joyful and fewer hearts aching,

There's where the campers go.

Out where the breeze is softly blowing,

Where the murmuring stream is gently flowing,

There's where the campers go.

Out where life is much less trying,

Where there's more of laughing and less of crying,

Where there's more of living and less of dying,

There's where the campers go.

THE UNCONTROLLED CAT

By CHARLES H. WILSON, in *The Conservationist*

Shall we have cats in uncontrolled numbers, domesticated, semi-wild, and entirely wild—or shall we have crops? That is a question which has taken an important place within the last few months in public discussion throughout all of New York State and in other states scattered over the entire country. The question has many side issues, but in the last analysis it simmers down to this one main proposition of cats versus crops. It has its aesthetic side, and bird clubs have taken up a war against the cat, in order that we may have more of our feathered friends to jewel the landscape and make the summer, and winter, too, ring with their song. It must not be forgotten, however, that much of the strength of the movement, perhaps its greatest strength, comes from the well recognized fact that the birds are chiefly valuable economically.

The question has its health aspect. Careful investigations, carried on by scientific men for many years, have demonstrated beyond all dispute that the cat, and particularly the homeless half-starving cat, is one of the most dangerous carriers of disease with which our cities and towns are infested. The Plattsburg Humane Society reports the killing in 1916 of 517 homeless and diseased cats. In the same year the Glens Falls Humane Society killed 215 felines that were diseased. In Ogdensburg the Humane Society in four years mercifully destroyed 364 diseased, injured and homeless cats. Cats have been proved to have glanders, a disease that is infectious to man. They carry, besides, diphtheria, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, whooping cough, smallpox, and ring-worm, tetanus or lock jaw, rabies or hydrophobia, anthrax, mange, and, of particularly tragic interest at this time, the germs of infantile paralysis. Caroline A. Osborn, M. D., of Worcester, Mass., in her bulletin on "The Cat and the Transmission of Disease," issued after an exhaustive study that began in 1904, says that in Massachusetts several cases of infantile paralysis were found in which the patient had been in intimate contact with a paralyzed cat. Dr. John B. Huber asserts that, in the last six months of 1914, 42 persons bitten by cats took the Pasteur treatment, and that 33 of the cats which bit them were proved in the New York City laboratories to have been rabid.

But, in spite of the incontestable case that can be built up against the cat as a disease carrier, and as a destroyer of the wild life that we love and enjoy, it is true that the control of the cat is being brought about at last by the pocket book, in answer to the question of "Cats versus Crops."

One hundred and seventy-six species of insects attack the apple, peach and cherry tree, 400 the oak, 100 the maple, and 300 the coniferous trees, while a larger number feed upon cereals, grain and garden crops. Remember the tent caterpillar in New York State from 1898 to 1900! The birds stayed that plague. In 1904 the Hessian fly ravaged wheat-growing states to the tune of \$50,000,000. The loss to crops in the Mississippi Valley by cinch bugs in one year was placed at \$100,000,000, and the total annual loss attributed to insect life in the United States is estimated at \$1,200,000,000. Talk about your high cost of living! It costs the United States annually more to feed insect life than to educate 20,000,000 school children.

It is now a conceded fact that nowhere in the animal kingdom is there a factor so potent as the birds to hold in check insect multiplication, and we now know that there is no insect so completely protected by its habits of life that it is not found and preyed upon by some bird.

In twenty-five years the stomachs of 50,000 birds have been examined by the Biological Survey, and it has been found that 50 species feed upon different varieties of caterpillars, 38 upon those species that devastate plant life, 50 upon the most destructive species of scale insects. Now, consider noxious weed seeds: The food of the mourning dove is 64 per cent weed seed, 27 per cent of the meadow-lark's food is weed seed, 40 species of sparrows in the United States are seed-eaters, 97 per cent of their food being seed. If, in Iowa, there are 10 sparrows to the square mile on a winter range of 200 days, the total annual consumption of weed seed in that state would be 875 tons. There are 45 species and sub-species of woodpecker in the United States; two-thirds of their food is noxious insects, and they are the salvation of our forests.

What is to be the answer? Can there be any doubt in the minds of right thinking people that it is to be the destruction of stray and useless cats as systematically and effectively as the fly has been swatted?

It is estimated by Dr. Edward H. Forbush and Dr. George W. Field of Massachusetts that cats destroy annually in that state approximately 2,000,000 birds. The Biological Survey estimates that the cats of New York kill 3,500,000 birds annually. While there has been no cat census of the entire country, Dr. Frank M. Chapman of the American Museum of Natural History believes that there are not less than 25,000,000 cats in the United States, and possibly twice that number.

From all parts of the state people who have studied this problem are flocking to the support of the cat campaign. No man lives who knows or loves birds better than John Burroughs. "I am with you in the cat crusade," he says. "I keep no cats and kill every stray cat I can." Theodore Roosevelt, who is president of the Bird Club of Long Island, has added his hearty endorsement to the movement. Every day adds another Forest, Fish and Game Association or Rod and Gun Club to the list. Among them may already be named the Tompkins County Fish and Game Club, the Irondequoit Fish and Game Protective Association of Rochester, the Erie County Society for the Protection of Birds, Fish and Game, the Schenectady County Fish and Game Protective Association, Audubon Societies wherever they are found, and the State Fish, Game and Forest League.

A round-robin resolution is being circulated throughout the state and is gaining thousands of signatures. The resolution is as follows:

Whereas, the surplus domestic cats of New York are, on account of their fondness for hunting, a deadly element of destruction to the wild birds and mammals of the state, especially nesting song birds, quail, young grouse, squirrels and rabbits; and

Whereas, the constantly increasing dangers to that wild life renders it imperative that additional safeguards should immediately be thrown around it, now be it

Resolved, that the Legislature of the State of New York be, and hereby is, urgently requested to enact at its next session a comprehensive law providing for the licensing of all valuable domestic cats, and the destruction of all unlicensed cats, by thorough and effective methods.

The method of control that is proposed is that of a very moderate license fee of fifty cents for domestic cats. No cat that is not worth fifty cents is worth having around. The plan further provides for effective measures, through humane societies and in other ways, for eliminating the stray and vagrant animals that consume millions of insect-eating birds each year, and that are such prolific carriers of disease,

WILD HOG HUNTING IN OREGON

Marshfield, Ore., March 31.—Hunting wild hogs has been the sport of a number of adventurous men along the Lower Umpqua River for the past two weeks and some exciting chases were reported.

The hogs were strays which roamed from ranches belonging to W. P. Reed and became wild. In some instances the boars had tusks four and five inches in length. The hogs were routed from their hiding places by dogs, which, in several instances, fared badly by lacerations from the sharp tusks of the animals. One of the hogs brought down by a rifle ball weighed 400 pounds.

The question of getting the carcasses to marketing points was in some cases more of a tragedy than killing the hogs, since they had to be packed long distances through the woods.

AN EDITOR'S ADVICE TO A FISH HOG

(From Monitor-Register, Woodstown, New Jersey)

Newspapers have been one of the most powerful forces in crystalizing sentiment in New Jersey and other states for the protection by proper laws of fish and game as important resources of the commonwealth. One editor, a thorough sportsman, recently received from a reader who desired to take fish by questionable means, a query saying:

"Please advise me how to dynamite a stream."

The newspaper man sent the following advice:

"Four sticks of dynamite are sufficient. Tie them securely around your neck, attach a fuse, light it and run as fast as you can away from the water to avoid injuring the other snakes and reptiles."

COMMENDS UMATILLA COUNTY WARDEN

A letter to the Game Department from a correspondent in Umatilla County commends the work of Deputy Game Warden George Tonkin in the following manner:

"In this connection I might state that at no time during the last eleven years have the game laws been so well administered in Umatilla County as at the present. Mr. Tonkin is both conscientious and efficient, and he has the support of every true sportsman in the county."

A TRUE SPORTSMAN

Will never shoot a bird except on the wing.

Will never violate the spirit or letter of game laws.

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 Chinese pheasant 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.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE FIELD DIARY OF THE WARDENS

Recently the wardens in the employ of the State Game Department were invited to submit memoranda as to the obstacles and difficulties encountered in their service and to give any suggestions as to how, in their opinion, the administration of the game and fish laws might be improved. Most of the wardens have responded, and some of them discussed the subject ably and with clear understanding. Many of the papers are so interesting that we have decided to reproduce them in *The Sportsman*. This department will be continued from time to time. Many of the articles, however, cannot be printed in full. Others will appear in later issues.

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE, Canyon City, Oregon

On taking over the duties of game warden for my district, which territory prior to this time had no local warden, I did not realize at the time just what a disreputable character I had assumed in the eyes of the residents of my district. It seemed that a warden was looked upon by them as being about the equal, socially, with a horse-thief.

On returning from my first trip over my territory I was certainly discouraged with the sentiment I had encountered and was at a loss to know just where to begin or how to go about bringing a change. I commenced to inquire into the causes as to just why a warden should be held in such bad repute and my findings were about as follows:

The people had not come to realize that game protection was necessary and therefore considered it an infringement, on their natural rights as citizens, to be interfered with in the killing of game out of season. Furthermore, owing to their lack of interest and consequent ignorance of what the State Game Department was or what it was trying to do, they never once stopped to think that if the laws regarding seasons did not suit their locality they might have a voice in bringing about changes through their representatives in the legislature, and, as a consequence, many laws were enacted that did, for a fact, work a hardship on the people of this section. Also, another thing that entered largely into the shaping of adverse sentiment was the popular belief that all moneys were derived from the taxpayer, which went to the game department, and from there squandered without benefit to anyone.

But the main reason why the wardens had lowered themselves in the estimation of the people was, I believe, that owing to the scarcity of funds for the Game Department in former years, local wardens could not be maintained, therefore, the special men who were sent out in remote sections of the State were compelled to make numerous arrests in order to hold down their jobs and for this reason took all manner of means to bring them about. In one instance that I have in mind, one of these men stopped at a farm house in the game country, got the confidence of the host, took him hunting and then arrested him for killing a deer out of season. These are some of the things that made it hard for some of the wardens in new districts in the beginning.

I realized that if I was to accomplish anything permanent in the way of co-operation with the people I would have to use different tactics, and, therefore, at once became a self-appointed missionary in the cause of education. I worked continually and explained, as best I could, why game protection had become necessary and just what the State Fish and Game Commission was trying to do for the benefit of

all concerned. I organized clubs. Then and there the Game Department began to get its just due. Birds and fish were sent for liberation and the people at last began to take some interest in the protection of game. In the meantime I did not follow parties into the woods at every chance, or otherwise endeavor to imitate Sherlock Holmes, but rather put the sportsmen on their honor, at the same time of course giving them to understand that I intended to strictly enforce the law and that if I caught them in violations or, that if the same were reported to me, I would certainly prosecute them. This seemed to take well with the better class of sportsmen and soon persons who wantonly violated the game code were reported to me and prosecutions followed.

In conclusion I might say that the feature which was the most beneficial and lasting, was an exhibit which I was allowed to place at county fairs. This was gotten up without cost to speak of to the Commission, and consisted about as follows: I arranged tanks with running water and placed in them specimens of fish common to the section, and also managed to take some very fine specimens from the lakes that had been placed there from the Bonneville Hatchery, thus showing the benefits of restocking the streams. I also had the various kinds of birds, raised at the State Game Farm, in cages prepared for them. Jars showing the evolution of the salmon egg from one day to six months old, and pamphlets showing the hatchery work and telling of the great financial value of the salmon industry to our State. A collection of mammal and bird skins I grouped in order to show those detrimental and beneficial to the farmer. Photographs and other things in the way of decoration that went to make up an attractive booth. It was more of a success than I bargained for. I saw more people than I would have otherwise in months' travel within a few days during these fairs. Although discouraging for a time, I begin to notice results, and have every hope that my work has been lasting in effect. At any rate, if the people are taken into the confidence of a warden I believe that much good will necessarily follow.

By WARDEN GEORGE TONKIN, Pendleton, Oregon

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of March 27, 1917, requesting memoranda of difficulties in administration of fish and game laws and suggestions for the improvement of same and also a statement of the trout fishing conditions in this district. The following report is hereby submitted:

My greatest difficulty is the lack of time to investigate all reliable reports of violations. This district is so large that it seems impossible for one deputy to give it the protection that the people now want. In connection with this difficulty should be mentioned the lack of independent means of travel. Many of the game law violators travel by their own automobile. To maintain an effective patrol and secure the best results from investigations the deputy warden should not be dependent upon jitneys, stages, etc., for transportation.

In the prosecution of violators the defendant usually retains as counsel some one who has had some experience in fishing and hunting and fully understands the "game." On the other hand, the district attorney or his deputy may have no practical knowledge along this line and therefore cannot be expected to get the results desired. I would suggest that if the Commission saw fit to assist financially in the appointment of a deputy district attorney for this particular purpose much better results might be obtained.

In this district I believe that a great majority of the public favor

the enforcement of the game laws. There are a few localities where sentiment favors the prosecution of the hunter from town, but would consider the local resident as not being subject to a strict observance of the law. But in all these localities there are some persons who want to see the laws enforced and will not hesitate to report any known violation. By protecting such persons from publicity I have been able to get much information that has led to several convictions. Many of the residents of the deer country are not satisfied with the deer law, but would much rather see it enforced than to have no protection at all. These people quite frequently report violations and tell me that they want to see the other fellow observe the law if they are doing so themselves.

Of the sixty-two persons against whom complaints have been filed, I have observed the following: Twenty of them have shown strong hostile sentiments toward the enforcement of the game law and toward the local deputy warden; the remaining forty-two have acted as if they did not consider my action unjust, and I believe that few of them would attempt to violate the law again. Among this latter number are some of my personal friends.

A few good catches of trout have been made in the headwaters of our streams, but high water from the melting snow in the foothills has prevented any successful fishing in the lower country. This condition will probably prevail until the latter part of April or longer. It is believed that there are an unusually large number of trout in our streams this year. Good catches under present conditions would indicate this as well as the reports of anglers who fished for large trout during the winter. We are expecting a good season.

By WARDEN ORRIN THOMPSON, Roseburg, Oregon

Replying to your letter of March 27, requesting memoranda as to obstacles and difficulties encountered in the discharge of the duties as a deputy game warden.

I have received a lot of valuable assistance from a part of the residents of my district. The more assistance of this kind a warden receives the more he can accomplish. There are a few men in every community who want the game laws enforced, but they are so badly in the minority that the information is given secretly and the warden promises to not reveal his part in it. When you go after the violators you not only have the "villain" himself to contend with, but all his friends and sympathizers, and they are nearly always in the majority. This is why a lot of violations go unpunished. People who know are not willing to give testimony, usually afraid of bringing the wrath of their neighbors upon them. When the warden tries to catch the violators doing it again, the man's friends and sympathizers will tell him, should they see you or hear you are in the vicinity. In this they are assisted wonderfully by the excellent system of telephone communication now in use all over the country. The rapid transit afforded by the automobile is another serious handicap to me in my work. It gives a violator who uses one every advantage.

Many complaints received are not made because the informer believes in game protection, but to get even for some real or imaginary wrong. Many times the complainant is the worst violator of the two.

Should the time ever come when a majority of our people make it publicly understood (not by words but by deeds) that they will support the game laws and the wardens in their work, then the warden's work

will be far more efficient and fewer men will be needed to enforce the laws.

It is a common thing for people to abuse the Game Department and their employes, and accuse them of not doing their duty, and these same people would not turn a hand to help the warden and in most cases their help and sympathy would be given to the violator.

When a citizen has confided to the game warden that his neighbor has violated the law, and extracted a promise that the warden will not reveal who told him, then if the warden fails to "land" him, he is often said to have not done his duty. Never giving a thought to the forces working against the warden, as I have mentioned before, the violator himself and all his friends and sympathizers, and when he becomes aware you are after him, your job is a hard one. If he is an amateur, it might scare him out; if not, he will change his system. With all these things to contend with and one warden to about 25,000 people, the work is not all sunshine.

While conditions have improved, in the past and in many places, it is yet a fact that the warden's troubles have only begun when he catches his man. It takes strong evidence to convict, and no matter how aggravated the case he will always plead "extenuating circumstances." No matter what you have been told or know, you probably can prove but one charge. He will declare it the only violation he ever committed and was a "victim of circumstances" in this case. Friends will intercede for him,—and I have actually known people who complained of violations to assist the violator when caught. The warden is indeed unlucky who makes a slight mistake in handling a case or does anything capital can be made of. There are those, always watching, to try to make it appear that the warden has done a great injustice to the defendant. These tales grow as they travel, and if game wardens really did all the things I have heard of them doing, they would be a "hard outfit."

Conditions are improving slowly all the time, but if a majority of our people really took the interest in game protection they should take, much better results would be accomplished. Too many people who cry for game protection only want it protected from the other fellow, and it too often depends on who has been caught whether their sympathies are with the warden or the other fellow.

Since I have been connected with this department, our resources have been so limited that we could not get the best results. There is often work in certain localities that is impossible for the local man to do, because the violator gets better co-operation from a majority of the people than the warden does. The local warden has information and knows what is being done, but needs special help to get positive evidence. I believe much good can be done by concentrating forces in certain districts where needed. Clean up that district, then take up another.

Police work is most important in the preservation of our game today. I believe in education, but the good in this line can mostly be done by educating children and younger people. This work will bring results in the future. It is the game hog who is exterminating the game. He will talk game protection to you all day and when your back is turned, will kill everything in sight, or if he cannot kill enough himself, will often hire someone to kill some more. Education is a waste of time if spent on these. Nothing but fear of the law will make game protectionists of this class.

By WARDEN ED. WALKER, Medford, Oregon

In answer to your letter of March 27, as to the difficulties encountered in doing warden work, will say that the main one at present is shortage of hay in the out-lying districts, making it impossible to make long trips with horses. On account of bad roads and deep snow we can only take a small amount with us. We also have trouble investigating reports on account of the telephone.

I would suggest as an improvement to the game laws, to issue each person who buys a license a metal button to be worn on hat or coat while hunting or fishing. The button should have a number corresponding with his or her license number. I find that most sportsmen who hunt and fish hate to take time in showing their license to the warden and in many cases take it as an insult.

I find in dealing with the public in general that most of them are willing to protect game if they are treated as law-abiding citizens. I find also if the warden will try he can make the average fellow believe or see that he is an important factor in game protection.

As to violators, I find two classes. The one who violates, thinking it is smart to evade the law, and the one who violates for want of food. In the latter case it is impossible to get a conviction.

Most violators, when caught red-handed in the field, submit to arrest willingly, but where the case has been worked up and a search warrant is used, it usually causes hard feelings toward the wardens.

By WARDEN O. B. PARKER, McMinnville, Oregon

In reply to your letter of March 27, I will say there are a great many difficulties to be encountered in our duties as Deputy Game Wardens. One of these is by telephoning ahead to let possible game violators know that we are coming. I have made a trip to Fairdale in which the people of that locality were warned in this manner that I was on the way. For this there seems to be no remedy other than to use as much care as possible to prevent people from learning our destination. It is a great disadvantage in our work, but I do not know of any satisfactory remedy. Another one is that people are not willing to give evidence in cases where they know of game violations and we cannot get evidence to make an arrest although we are sure of guilt. A warden can sometimes get the evidence by talking the matter over with them and getting them to understand how impossible it is to stop such violations unless the people give us their assistance.

The administration of the game laws could be improved by having two deputies work together as much as possible. Two men can have better success collecting evidence and apprehending game violators than one—especially if there are several hunters together, as there are usually in the mountain districts.

Automobiles are a great help and can be used efficiently during the fishing season and the summer months. By using them one can get about to better advantage and it is not so easy for us to be located as when we depend upon trains for transportation. Also it may be improved by keeping the general public interested as much as possible in the propagation and protection of game.

My experience with the public, generally speaking, has been very satisfactory. People are taking more interest in the protection of game and fish now than in former years and accept the enforcement of the

law as a matter of fact. Some of the men I have arrested are among my best friends. However, there are still some who resent our work and think we are taking their rights away from them, but this class is getting scarcer all the time and are principally found in the hill and mountain districts.

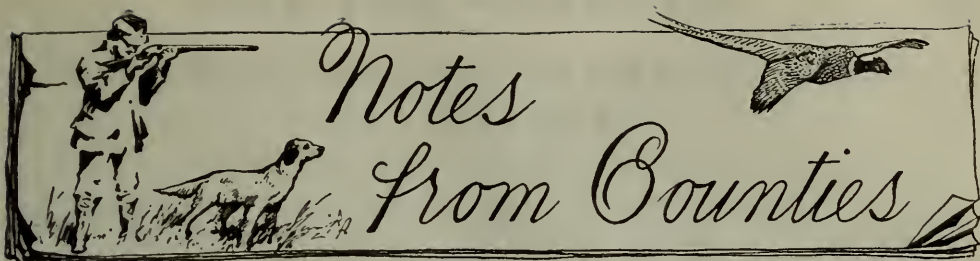
By WARDEN W. O. HADLEY, The Dalles, Oregon

My experience in dealing with the public is that I can accomplish most by first establishing a friendly feeling for the fish and game laws and for myself, whenever possible. I think the propagation and protection of fish and game is largely a matter of education along those lines and you must have the majority with you to accomplish much. When I find a man who does not respond to good treatment, I will get him if I can.

I think a very important duty of a deputy warden is to push the improvements on streams and lakes in his district by stocking and building fish-ways where necessary, and the screening of irrigation ditches. I have done a little work along these lines and I see much more which should be done.

All the creeks are high and the weather rather cool and the fishing conditions will not be good until they drop and the weather gets warmer. The John Day and Deschutes Rivers are high and muddy. Hood River is rather high, but clear, and quite a good many steelheads are being caught.





NEWLY ORGANIZED WALLOWA COUNTY ROD AND GUN CLUB

By WARDEN GEO. W. MITCHELL, Enterprise, Oregon

The Wallowa County Rod and Gun Club is the name of a new sportsmen organization with headquarters at Enterprise. The object of the organization, as set forth in the constitution, is to protect the fish and game and to promote the planting of more fish in the streams of Wallowa County. The officers elected are Dr. C. T. Hockett, president; A. R. Thompson, vice-president; and A. W. Hawkins, secretary and treasurer. A large number of applicants for membership have been received.

Deer and elk in this section of the State are reported doing fine, getting plenty of feed on the lowlands where they have been driven by the deep snows.

John Edgeman, of the Chesnimines country, killed a large cougar recently near his home.

BAKER COUNTY GAME NOTES

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE, Baker, Oregon

Reports from this county tend to show that the quail are suffering heavy losses again this winter despite the fact that grain has been put out for them.

A. V. Lansing, president of the Rod and Gun Club, of Halfway, has recently been elected on the city council there. Some of Lansing's friends are afraid that there will be a vacancy on the board about the first of April, or after the angling season opens up.

Jas. H. Nichols, prominent sportsman of Baker, is reported to have oiled up his reel a few days since. Jim's friends say that this is a sure sign of spring.

GAME NOTES FROM GRANT COUNTY

By WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE, Canyon City, Oregon

The Chinese pheasants in this county are reported to be doing nicely, notwithstanding the fact that the quail are dying from starvation and cold.

Grant County has seven thousand miles of trout streams. If this was generally known the Grant County boys would undoubtedly get more support for the state highway routed through this county, meaning outside contributions of course.

H. L. Huhl, of Canyon City, brought a blue grouse down to his store this morning. Said a hawk drove it onto the porch of his dwelling. Some of the boys are accusing Henry of having a trained hawk.

COUGARS AND WILDCATS KILLED IN LANE COUNTY

By WARDEN E. C. HILLS, Eugene, Oregon

John Gentry, of Florence, brought ten wildcat hides to Eugene recently for the purpose of claiming the bounty of \$2 each on the varmints. Eight out of the ten cats were treed by Mr. Gentry's shepherd dog, and the other two were caught in a trap.

Elvin Lewis, of Crow, brought in four cougar and five wildcat hides some time ago. The cougar were killed on the Siuslaw in the Wolf Creek country. Mr. Lewis stated that one of the cougar had "camped" at one place for nearly a month, and that he found where the animal had killed three deer. One member of this family of cougars got away from Mr. Lewis.

Will Bushnell states that 25 Bob White quail have wintered in his barn and become very tame.

During a recent snow storm W. Harlow caught four nice "Redsides" in the McKenzie River. He used a March brown fly for the purpose.

Many sportsmen are purchasing their angling and hunting licenses before the "raise" scheduled by the recent legislature to take place on the 21st of May. Better buy them now, boys.

Big Bill, a Webfoot bachelor, had never killed a Chinese pheasant in his life. During a recent snow storm he spied what he took to be a real China sitting in the snow near his abode and concluded that he would have a \$50 dinner—the usual fine for killing Chinas in closed season being the above amount if you get caught. Bill fired four shots and made a rush to pick up his bird, when lo and behold, he found that he had killed his prize-winning Brown Leghorn hen. Bill says "no more Chinas for him." Doubtless he is afraid he might kill a cow or a horse next time.

When Eldon Trotter of Belknap Bridge went to the barn recently to do his chores he found a chicken outside the barn. He gathered biddy in his arms and taking her into the barn started to place her on the roost when he saw what he thought was a wildcat in the manger. Running to the house he secured his gun and dog and returned to the barn. Shooting at what he saw in the manger, he was surprised when his wife called to him from the porch of the house that the animal had run up the road. After the animal Eldon and his dogs went and soon had it "treed under a log." It turned out to be a cougar. Returning to the barn Mr. Trotter looked into the manger again and was more than surprised when another cougar struck at him and nearly hit him in the face. He struck the animal with the butt of his gun and then shot it. The animals measured 6½ feet in length.

MANY FISHING STREAMS IN OLD YAMHILL

By WARDEN O. B. PARKER, McMinnville, Oregon

With the approach of spring comes the desire to get out our long-neglected fishing tackle, and begin preparation for a few days' jaunt along some of Oregon's many beautiful fishing streams. I know of no place where the streams are more desirable for early fishing than those of this county and nearby locations. The beautiful clear mountain streams abound with speckled beauties and the enthusiastic fisherman usually has no trouble in making a good catch. Anglers, come to

Yamhill and try your luck, I am sure you will not be disappointed.

For the benefit of those who read The Oregon Sportsman, I will give the names of some of our fishing streams. They are Baker, Panther, Haskins, Turner, Cedar, Fairchilds, Deer, Mill, Coast, East, Rock, Agency, Salt Creeks, the north and south forks of the Yamhill River, and the well-known Willamina River, which is always a favorite fishing stream. There are also small streams, too numerous to mention, along which one may enjoy a good day's sport. These streams have mostly been stocked at different times with small fry by the State Game and Fish Commission.

For later fishing we have the north and south forks of the Trask River, the headwaters of the Big Nestucca, the Elkhorn, the Little Nestucca, Salmon Rivers and Three Rivers. Most of these streams may be reached by automobile and many beautiful camping grounds are to be found along their banks, making them desirable places for a few days' outing or a summer vacation.

MANY FUR-BEARING ANIMALS TAKEN IN COLUMBIA COUNTY

By WARDEN WILLIAM BROWN, St. Helens, Oregon

In my district, Columbia County, this year especially has been one of the most prolific in its history so far as taking fur-bearing animals is concerned. I have frequently talked to trappers during the year and they agree with me, that this year has been one in which the fur-bearing animals have been more plentiful than any year of which they can remember. This is accounted for by the protection given these animals which enables them to multiply. It is the aim of the State Game Commission to give the greatest protection to these fur-bearing animals in the future and not permit them to be slaughtered during the close seasons, or during their breeding seasons.

To the sportsman who delights in trapping, this county will, within a very few years on account of the protection given these animals, be the best county in the State for such operations. The fact of the matter is, Columbia County abounds in all kinds of game. At the present time, ducks are very plentiful in the lakes and streams both in Columbia and Clatsop Counties. There also seems to be no diminution of deer in the upper part of Columbia County, owing to the fact that the logging industry has ceased and quiet prevails.

A story was told me the other day by four hunters, among whom was a Mr. Miller. In their pursuit for game, they ran across a large deer lying down which they promptly took a shot at; but, not knowing whether the deer was a buck or a doe, some of the party became separated from the two who did the shooting. They were soon signalled to come back and help carry out the deer, but, in coming back to the spot, they thought they had heard some shooting off in the distance and were afraid that the game warden was perhaps close by so they hid their guns in the brush while going after the deer. When they came up to the animal they discovered, to their surprise, that it was a 200-pound buck. After they succeeded in getting the deer out of the woods it was dark and they then went back to find their guns, but couldn't find them. They afterwards spent two or three days before they found them.

The moral of this story is that you can never tell where the game warden is.

MANY STEELHEADS CAUGHT IN TILLAMOOK COUNTY

By WARDEN C. W. LOUGHERY, Tillamook, Oregon

Fishing in Tillamook County has become more general the past few weeks owing to more suitable weather for fishing. Some good catches have been made, especially of steelheads, by hook and line in the Nestucca and Nehalem Rivers; while others have done some fly fishing with good results.

There was a good run of steelheads which gave plenty of sport to those who went fishing in these rivers since the nets have been taken out. This helped to make fishing with hook and line more successful. As an illustration of this, M. E. Gruber, William Donough and C. H. Wolfe were out for a day's fishing and for a short time fished from the Trask River bridge. Gruber hooked a large steelhead with his small hook and line, and it looked as if it were impossible to land the fish. His companions bet him he could never land it, but Gruber being a good sport bet them he would. So he played the fish until he had all the life taken out of him, then derricked him up hand over hand much to the surprise of his companions. Wolfe's fish were all under size so he did not bring any home. Donough had several good strikes but yanked too hard and pulled the heads off two or three.

When they arrived at the Ramsay Hotel, Gruber did the right thing by his friends by giving Wolfe the steelhead and taking Donough home to supper. Bill said that there was one old friend who was absent, but not through any fault of his own, and that was no less a person than old man Joe B. Frazer. With him the party would have been complete.

Trout fishing has started and as the Trask and Tillamook Rivers always provide plenty of sport in the early fishing season, these rivers will afford plenty of sport for the fishermen during the next few months. I have made frequent visits to all the rivers in Tillamook County the past few months and find that the people are complying with the laws.

There have been large bands of geese flying north the last two weeks which indicates that we will have an early spring.

GAME CONDITIONS IN JOSEPHINE COUNTY

By JOHN B. HAMMERSLEY, Grants Pass, Oregon

Editor Sportsman:

Thought you would like to know how conditions are from a game standpoint in the vicinity of Willow Flat on upper Evans Creek. Will say that deer have wintered thus far reasonably well, considering the severity of the weather, the snow having been at times 30 inches deep on the level and at this writing is from 20 to 25 inches along the creek, where it is shaded from the sun.

Deer are more plentiful in this district than I have seen them in years. Three deer came down across the meadow today, and one crossed the footbridge by the house. The killing of 15 cougar and several cats, together with the enforcement of the game laws, tend to be the means of keeping many bucks for the true sportsman in this district, for which it has been famed for years.

About a dozen quail have wintered near the cabin and have become quite tame.

I leave this locality within a few days for Curry County. I have the predatory animals in this vicinity pretty well cleaned out, in fact I can see no further signs of their wanderings about my domain, and am ordered to go down the Rogue, where numerous complaints have gone abroad that stockmen are suffering much loss from cougars and other predatory beasts. I will endeavor to reach that locality within the near future, vested with a "1917 Special Star," to assist in the apprehension of violators of the game laws, and four long-eared hounds to bawl upon the tracks of ferocious beasts.

Presume that you read some of the numerous accounts of my being devoured by wolves during the latter part of January? However, I am like Mark Twain said, "I find that my death was much exaggerated." The story was all a hoax, and whoever started it must have had a dream brought upon him by the thoughts of a bone-dry year—or an over-indulgence of same.



ITEMS ^{OF} INTEREST

TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



Ten thousand deer were killed in Maine during the past open season.

* * *

Wyoming is the only state in the Union where mountain sheep may be killed.

* * *

Elk may be killed lawfully in only three states—Montana, Wyoming and Idaho.

* * *

In the National Forests of Oregon and Washington there are 500 miles of roads and 4,600 miles of trails.

* * *

An Anglers' Club was organized at Tillamook in February with a membership of 80 enthusiastic sportsmen.

* * *

A dozen years ago a few dozen Chinese pheasants were liberated in Ontario, British Columbia. Now there are thousands of these game birds in that country.

* * *

The Fisheries Bureau of the United States distributed more than 3,500,000,000 baby fish and more than 500,000,000 eggs to the inland waters of the country last year.

* * *

Exclusive of his attorney fees and the cost of his hunting license, which was confiscated, it cost Fayette Mettie, of Ukiah, Oregon, \$119.60 to kill three deer out of season.

* * *

California paid out \$60,000 in bounties for mountain lions or cougars at \$20 each during 1916. Statistics show that one of these animals, which are numerous in Oregon, will kill 50 deer a year.

* * *

Felix Sparks, a rancher on the upper McKenzie River, near Blue River, lost eight young pigs on the night of March 5. A cougar got into the pen and before Mr. Sparks was awakened and could drive the varmint off he had killed the pigs and had eaten several of them.

Peter Tonoli, while working in the woods near Divide, Lane County, was knocked down by a deer. Tonoli was not attacked, but was struck by the animal in its flight from a passing railroad train. The deer was a large buck and disappeared over a hill almost before Tonoli, who was operating a woodsaw, realized what had happened.

* * *

It has been learned that the reason prairie chickens and quails are not more numerous in Kansas now is because that state for years has been overrun with crows, hawks and coyotes. The same is true of Oregon so far as game birds are concerned. And we might add that cats are another destructive force to be reckoned with in Oregon.

* * *

Arkansas is the only state in the Union at the present time that does not now require a non-resident to have a license to hunt. The states of Maine, Virginia, North Carolina and Mississippi do not require a resident to purchase a hunter's license. Every province in Canada requires both the resident and non-resident to have a hunter's license.

* * *

Out of the East comes the following fish yarn. With a broom handle for her only tackle, Mrs. Samuel King, of Grangeville, West Virginia, captured a carp weighing 35 pounds. She was crossing a creek on a boat, saw the fish in shallow water, and by a lucky stroke jabbed the broom handle through its gills and out of its mouth and landed it in the boat.

* * *

An Eastern sporting magazine is authority for the statement that in 1875 sportsmen of Vermont purchased thirteen deer and turned them loose in the forests of that state. The deer shooting season was then closed for twenty-two years, and when opened it was found that deer were more plentiful than voters. During the first year the season was opened 7186 deer were killed.

* * *

A report from Grants Pass is to the effect that D. A. G. Collie-MacNeill, British Consul to Colima, Mexico, has purchased 20 acres of land on the Rogue River, near Grants Pass, and will construct an elaborate fishing and hunting lodge on the tract. Mr. Collie-MacNeill visited the Rogue River last season and was so impressed with fly-fishing on the Rogue that he concluded to spend a portion of each summer in Oregon.

* * *

For the first time in the history of the game department and the annals of the Federal District Court, a man has been arrested for killing beaver and exporting the hides. Ainsworth Wallace, who resides on the Nehalem River in Columbia County, was charged by the Federal authorities with killing beaver and exporting their hides. When arrested he confessed that he killed three beaver on the Nehalem River and had shipped their hides to a furrier in Chicago by parcel post. Wallace paid a fine of \$50.

* * *

Over 200 Lane County citizens have subscribed to a fund to be used in the apprehension of persons who dynamite fish in the streams of that county. Not only have these citizens subscribed money for this purpose, but each will constitute himself a game warden for the purpose of furnishing the proper authorities with information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any offenders. When the people of Oregon

become aroused to the extent that they will do what the people of Lane County propose to do, then there will be less violations of the game laws and more game and fish.

* * *

The Haines Rod and Gun Club, the membership of which is composed of 140 wide awake sportsmen, met recently and adopted plans to feed the fish in the different lakes of Baker County during the coming year. It is the belief of the members of this club that there is more to be gained in the way of conserving the fish by feeding than by planting a new supply each year, and that it will be demonstrated that it is cheaper in the end. A study of fish conditions, it is asserted, has proven that the fish in the lakes become more and more cannibalistic as the natural feed diminishes, and as a result a great many fish are destroyed in this manner, whereby if natural food is provided the fish will not destroy themselves.

* * *

One of the most successful women hunters of the State of Oregon is Mrs. Gus Peret of Yoncalla, who killed the limit of three deer, and in addition bagged a big bobcat on her recent hunt near Loon Lake, Oregon. The party consisted of Gard Sawyer, the guide; Dolph Samler and Mr. Peret, in addition to the fair Diana. Seven bucks were brought down by the entire party, and Mrs. Peret bagged nearly half of them. Two of the bucks, a three-pointer and a fork horn, were killed at a distance of 150 yards with a high-power rifle, Mrs. Peret firing four shots, three of which were hits. The other three-point buck was killed at a distance of 175 yards, using five shots, three taking effect. After a chase of three miles a hound finally treed the cat, and Mrs. Peret shot it.

* * *

A sportsman, writing to the American Field from Abbeville, Louisiana, says: "One of the most remarkable flights of wildfowl within the memory of the oldest inhabitant was noted here on the night of February 19. About sundown a few advance scouts of wild geese appeared flying high and emitting an occasional 'honk, honk.'" The grand passage began about 8 o'clock and from that time until broad daylight they came by thousands, filling the air with their cries. Hundreds of them, attracted possibly by the glare of the electric street lights, paused in their flight to alight in the ponds and slashes about here.

"They flew very low and not in the usual V-shaped formation; the air was simply filled with a confused mass of noisy geese; those which first appeared were flying south; later they seemingly pursued no direct course, but came from all quarters; finally they headed north and from midnight until daylight there were millions of them migrating. If these fowl come from their usual feeding grounds on the Gulf Coast near here, it is thought singular they should have so soon made a stop. It is reported that the few which were killed were found with empty craws, indicating a long flight."

In the Field with the Wardens

*Prosecutions for January, February and March, 1917
by the Game and Fish Departments.*

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—Peter Lousignaut, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$50, case appealed.

COOS COUNTY—By Warden J. M. Thomas—Add Gross, arrested for running deer with dogs, fined \$100, case appealed; Fred Gross, arrested for running deer with dogs, found not guilty on trial by jury; Louis Weir, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$150, \$25 paid and balance suspended during good behavior.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—By Warden Orrin Thompson—C. A. Riddle, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; J. W. Welch, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; John Goff, arrested for having deer meat in possession in closed season, fined \$50, paid.

GRANT COUNTY—By Warden I. B. Hazeltine—Leroy Axe, arrested for trapping without license, fined \$25, \$5 paid, balance suspended during good behavior; Arthur Henankrat, arrested for trapping without license, fined \$25, suspended during good behavior.

GRANT COUNTY—By Warden George Tonkin—A. W. Ladd, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Harold Ladd, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

HOOD RIVER COUNTY—By Warden W. O. Hadley—John Stanton, arrested for killing Chinese pheasant in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Sam Wilson, arrested for hunting unlawfully, fined \$25, paid; Marion Beck, arrested for hunting unlawfully, fined \$25, paid; R. E. Creson, arrested for trapping beaver unlawfully, fined \$50, paid; C. L. Daggett, arrested for trapping beaver unlawfully, found not guilty on trial by jury.

HOOD RIVER COUNTY—By Warden Alva L. Day—Joe E. Lyberger, arrested for hunting without license and resisting an officer, fined \$50, fine suspended; Ross Edwards, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25, fine suspended.

JACKSON COUNTY—By Warden Ed Walker—Ed G. Harding, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

JACKSON COUNTY—By Warden Jas. H. Driscoll—Jesse E. Thompson, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25; imprisoned.

LINN COUNTY—By Warden S. B. Tyceer—Clarence Boggie, arrested for allowing sawdust to enter trout stream, fined \$25, paid.

LINN COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—L. A. Kanoff, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

MALHEUR COUNTY—By Warden H. L. Gray—Arthur Moody, arrested for hunting ducks in closed season, fined \$25, payment suspended during good behavior.

MARION COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—James Curry, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Stony Wells, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

MARION COUNTY—By Justice Howell—O. L. Ellis, arrested for having beaver skin in possession unlawfully, fined \$25, paid.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—Abia Kail, arrested for taking game fish with net, fined \$25, imprisoned; Louis Unis, arrested for taking game fish with net, fined \$25, imprisoned; Spear Haner, arrested for taking game fish with net, fined \$25, imprisoned; Louis Swartz, arrested for taking game fish with net, fined \$25, paid; Laurance Hayes, arrested for selling trout, fined \$25, paid; R. C. Harris, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$75, case appealed; Peter Lousignaut, Jr., arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$150, case appealed; Thomas Smith, arrested for killing deer in closed season, found not guilty; Peter Lousignaut, Sr., arrested for killing deer in closed season, found not guilty.

MORROW COUNTY—By Warden George Tonkin—D. T. Colliver, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Owen Leathers, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Joe Sendelbeck, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Alex Warren, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid.

POLK COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—Everett Robinson, arrested for waiting on deer stand, found not guilty; James Brady, arrested for waiting on deer stand, fined \$25, paid; T. M. Thrasher, arrested for waiting on deer stand, fined \$25, paid; J. L. Stoddard, arrested for having deer meat in possession unlawfully, fined \$25, sentence suspended during good behavior.

UMATILLA COUNTY—By Warden George Tonkin—T. S. Gibson, arrested for killing deer in closed season, found not guilty; Charles Jarred, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Marion Jarred, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, fine suspended during good behavior; Clarence Harris, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, fine suspended during good behavior; Jake Klicker, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$50, paid; Jacob Salto, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$50, paid; Wm. Ryder, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25, paid; Fayette Mettie, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$75, paid.

WALLOWA COUNTY—By Warden Geo. W. Mitchell—Thos. Jacobs, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$150, fine suspended during good behavior.

Fish Department

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden William Brown—Herman Loukanen, arrested for fishing a set-net without license, fined \$25.00, paid; Daniel Kelli, arrested for fishing a set-net without license, case dismissed on account of defendant's poverty.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—John Oberg, arrested for fishing a net during closed season, fined \$50.00, paid; Unknown, operating set-net during closed season, confiscated salmon sold for \$11.85.

COOS COUNTY—By Warden J. M. Thomas—Harry Gregory, arrested for shipping crabs out of Coos County during closed season, fined \$50.00, and confiscated crabs were sold for \$6.00, both moneys collected.

CLATSOP COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—Unknown, operating set-nets during closed season, confiscated salmon sold for \$24.84.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—Arrested Jack Hoover, L. Latourell, Grant Preston, W. H. Northway, and Fred Nielson for fishing set-nets in waters closed to fishing; in the case of Jack Hoover, the jury found him "not guilty," and the four other parties were each fined \$50.00 and the sentence was suspended in each case.

SYNOPSIS OF OREGON FISH AND GAME LAWS

Following is a synopsis of the fish and game laws of the State of Oregon for 1917-1918:

RATES FOR HUNTERS' AND ANGLERS' LICENSES

Resident Hunter's License.....	\$ 1.50 per year
Non-Resident Hunter's License.....	10.00 per year
Resident or Non-Resident Angler's License.....	1.50 per year
Combination Hunter's and Angler's License.....	3.00 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 angle. She is required to have a hunting license. Pioneers of Oregon who arrived here before 1860 may obtain license free.

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 15.

Silver gray squirrels—September 1 to October 31.

Ducks and geese—October 1 to January 15.

Rails and coots—October 1 to January 15.

Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)

Male 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—September 1 to October 31. Klamath County August 15 to October 15.

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. Malheur and Harney Counties, September 15 to December 31.

Rail and coots—October 1 to January 15.

Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)

Male 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—August 1 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—2 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 and 10 in any seven consecutive days.

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 limit 50 fish or 35 pounds in any one day.

Trout over ten inches—All year in Game District No. 1—Bag limit 50 fish or 50 pounds in one day.

Trout over 18 inches—All year in Game District No. 2—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, English 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 mangan-ser, 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.

To sell salmon caught on hook and line in the closed net season.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS OF GAME LAWS.

All game is owned by the State.

Any game animal, bird or fish raised in captivity under a game breeder's permit, the cost of which is \$2.00, 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 Carl D. Shoemaker, 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.

If you have a dog, gun, rod or anything you wish to sell or trade, you can dispose of it quickly by using the Wants, For Sale and Exchange columns of The Sportsman.

OREGON FISH & 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

George Palmer Putnam, Secretary.....Salem

Carl D. Shoemaker.....State Game Warden
 R. E. Clanton.....Master Fish Warden and Supt. of Hatcheries
 William L. Finley.....State Biologist

Office of the Commission....Oregon Bldg., Fifth and Oak Sts., Portland

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W. O. Hadley.....The Dalles	W. G. Emery.....Newport
John Larson.....Astoria	B. L. Jewell.....Oregon City

**Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required By the
Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Oregon Sportsman, Published
Quarterly at Portland, Oregon, for April, 1917.**

State of Oregon, County of Multnomah, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carl D. Shoemaker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the editors of The Oregon Sportsman, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc.), of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, Oregon State Fish and Game Commission, Portland, Oregon.

Editors, Carl D. Shoemaker, Wm. L. Finley, Portland, Oregon, and George P. Putman, Salem, Oregon.

Business managers, none.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) State of Oregon.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

CARL D. SHOEMAKER,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of March, 1917.

(Seal.)

H. L. MORELAND,
Notary Public.

My commission expires November 26, 1919.

CLASSIFIED ADS—FOR SALE—EXCHANGE, ETC.

On this page we will run Classified "For Sale" or "Exchange" ads or, in fact, classify your ad in any way you want. There will be a department headed "Resorts," another "Summer Camps," etc. The cost will be 5c a word and cash must accompany the order, as we keep no books on this page.

If you have a dog for sale or trade, or a gun, in fact, most anything you can think of—here is the place to put it up to the Sportsmen of Oregon. All ads for July issue must reach us on or before June 25.

--	--	--



Special Offer 6 MONTHS for 50c

Regular Subscription Price \$1.50 per Yr.

Outdoor Life, published in Denver, Colo., edited by J. A. McGuire, a bonafide 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. Interesting stories of hunting and fishing, gun-lore to suit, be you a novice or an unquestioned expert—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. Chauncy Thomas's "Camp Fire Talks" are great. In the arms and ammunition 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. Townsend Whelen, J. C. Watson and others.

OUTDOOR LIFE

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

is just *your* kind of reading. Among Western men it is far the most popular magazine of this class published today. This special offer makes it easy and inexpensive to learn from actual reading just how good Outdoor Life really is. Send your half-dollar today and get some of O. W. Smith's great angling dope.

OUTDOOR LIFE PUB. CO., 209 Western N. U. Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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 of slot sets hook 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 1/8 in, 2 1/8 in, 2 3/4 in, 3 1/4 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. Folds to half length for easy carrying. Instantly extended and locked ready for use. Light, made of aluminum and Split Bamboo, strong and convenient.

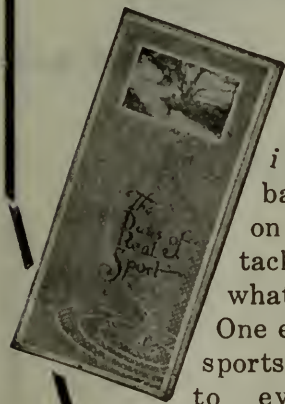
With Bro Cord Net - \$2.25
GreenNet Waterproofed 2.50
Parcel Post Prepaid

If your dealer cannot supply you, order one. You will like it.

CARLOS G. YOUNG
320 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Split Bamboo Frame complete with Net weighs Five ounces

A Book Every Angler Should Have



IT contains a lot of valuable information on bait casting, hints on the kind of tackle (what and what *not* to use) etc. One editor on outdoor sports says "It belongs to every angler's library." **Q** Your copy of

this book is waiting for your name and address. We will send it free. Even if you have never fished, send for a copy anyway as it is full of valuable hints to beginners

Send Post Card For Your Copy Today
SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
19263 Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind.

The Jantzen Story

A Tale of an Oregon Industry and How it Came to Be

AS a sportsman, you are most likely interested in Oregon's industries, as well as her fish and game. So listen to the story of Jantzen Knit Goods—the story of an Oregon industry that has, in six years, sprung from a small retail business to a good-sized manufacturing and jobbing business, engaged in the making and selling of pure wool sweaters, bathing suits, sox, knit caps, golf hose, etc.—a line that is a credit to Oregon and ranks with the leaders.

Q At first the Portland Knitting Company sold all the sweaters it made in its own retail store. People liked these sweaters. They told their friends. The business grew, and soon a factory enlargement was necessary. Then jobbers wanted the line—jobbers whose buying facilities extended to the largest and best factories in the world.

Q So the careful, conscientious methods of making Jantzen sweaters were enlarged upon, and the new factory produced enough more than what the retail store required to furnish a small quantity to jobbers. But not enough. The jobbers' trade recognized in Jantzen sweaters a line of unusual merit—made as conscientiously and of materials as fine as though they were intended to make a reputation instead of merely a profit.

Q And so jobbers demanded more and more Jantzen sweaters. And dealers demanded them too. They couldn't serve both, so the Portland Knitting Company now sells them direct to dealers, all over the Northwest.

Q The materials that go into them are of the finest and purest wool and worsted yarns. The garments are designed by Carl C. Jantzen. They are made with equipment and labor of such high standard and skill as to rival the standards of old country manufacturers. The Jantzen factory sells and ships them direct to clothing stores—in the Northwest. This means a minimum of middleman handling and freight charges. It means that when you buy a Jantzen sweater, you don't buy watered stock—you buy a big-value garment.

Q When you go hunting or fishing, be sure to take a good sweater, wool sox, and in winter a knit cap.

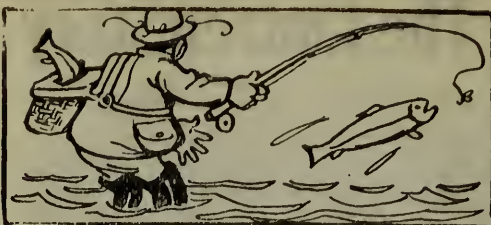
Q Then be sure they bear the Jantzen label—and you're off!

Portland Knitting Company

Manufacturers of

Jantzen
MADE IN
PORTLAND, OREGON

**SWEATERS
JERSEYS
BATHING
SUITS
SOX
CAPS
SCARFS**



This Ad is Worth 50c to You

Clip it out and bring it in with you for one of our \$6.00 Fly Rods (No. 50.)

This is a perfectly balanced, split bamboo rod of exceptional merit in any weight and length that you prefer.

Remember this ad and \$5.50 for the best rod a man could want, a rod that we sell regularly for \$6.00.

We prepay Parcel Post charges on out-of-town orders for this rod. DO IT NOW.

BACKUS & MORRIS
Sporting Goods

273 Morrison St.

Portland, Oregon

Prizes for Anglers

Exhibit your catch of trout, bass or salmon in our ice-tank each month and win some valuable prizes. Ask for list. You may win.

Special \$25 Prize

Offered for best suggestion of TRADE-NAME for our complete line of high grade fishing tackle. Get circular of particulars. Everybody welcome.



Hudson Arms Co.

SPORTING GOODS

Morrison at Fourth Street
Portland, Oregon



Vogan's

*Sweet
Milk Chocolate*

*Almond
Milk Chocolate*

on your Camping or Fishing Trips!

Vogan's Pure delicious milk chocolate is finding its way into the packs of hundreds of sportmen because of its delightful smooth taste and its high food value—takes very little room too.

Be sure you have plenty of Vogan's on your next trip. For sale at all dealers.

VOGAN CANDY CO.
Portland, Oregon



*You'll Get Big Ones at
Oregon City—If*

you are using tackle and equipment that is right. We can and will give you fishing information that will insure you a good trip and outfit you with reels, lines, baits and rods that are just what you want.

Come in and see us.

CHOWN HARDWARE CO.

SPORTING GOODS

223 Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF
The Oregon Sportsman

Will be Called the
"Where to Go" Number

¶ It will contain a world of information for the hunter, the fisherman and the man on vacation with his family, concerning the delightful places accessible to Oregonians for a summers outing.

¶ For this issue we will accept summer hotel and resort advertising, particularly those which feature hunting and fishing.

¶ Beginning with our next issue (July) we will start a classified page similar to the "want ad" page of the daily newspaper for which we will accept ads at 5 cents a word. Minimum charge \$1.00 Cash with order is our invariable rule in this department.

¶ We believe that our customers will find this page extremely productive in results.

¶ All advertising for the July issue must reach us before June 25th, our closing date.

THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

OREGON BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON



OREGON

and National SPORTSMEN appreciate the
high-class informative and travel facilities of

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

*Serves the notable fishing and hunting grounds of
Northwestern United States*

Always at your service

WM. McMURRAY
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PORTLAND

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AUG 7 1917

THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

JULY . . . NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY AUTHORITY OF THE
OREGON FISH *and* GAME COMMISSION

Volume Five

*Twenty-five Cents a Year
Ten Cents a Copy*

Number Three

IN THIS ISSUE

JUDGE OWEN N. DENNY

Who Introduced the Chinese Pheasant Into Oregon

FOUR MILE LAKE, KLAMATH COUNTY

By Commissioner C. F. Stone of Klamath Falls

A COLORADO MEMORY

By Mark Woodruff of Portland

EASTERN SPORTSMEN ARE INVITED TO OREGON

By I. B. Hazeltine of Canyon City

TWO EAGLES IN OREGON

By William L. Finley of Portland

WONDERFUL LAKES OF BAKER COUNTY

By J. K. Fisher of Haines

BEAUTIFUL FALLS CREEK

By Warden W. G. Emery of Newport

FISHING LAKES AND STREAMS OF WALLOWA COUNTY

By G. F. Ryan of Pendleton

A SOUTHERN OREGON BEAR STORY

By John B. Griffin of Kirby

WHERE TO GO FOR THE SUMMER IN OREGON

EASTERN BIRDS COMING INTO OREGON

LOOK BEFORE YOU SHOOT—SAFETY FIRST

ITEMS OF INTEREST

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS IS THE ONLY PUBLICATION IN
THE STATE OF OREGON THAT IS
READ BY THE HUNTERS AND FISHER-
MEN OF THE STATE EXCLUSIVELY

5000

Licensed hunters and fishermen subscribe for it because it is published by the *State Fish and Game Commission* and contains all the current fishing and hunting information for the State of Oregon.

¶ Published four times a year, it covers the four seasons perfectly and if you have a message for hunters and fishermen of Oregon this is the place to get it before them.

¶ Our advertising rates are low but the returns are big for our readers know that we will not accept advertisements from any but reputable houses and they have confidence in *The Oregon Sportsman*.

¶ All advertising for October issue must reach us before September 25th, our closing date.

¶ Advertising rates will be sent you on request.

THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

OREGON BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON

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TRAIN SCHEDULE

Tillamook..... on time
Tillamook.....
Tillamook.....
Tillamook.....
Tillamook.....
Tillamook.....



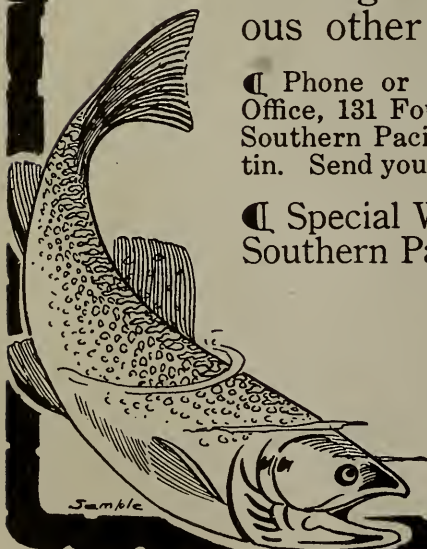
Where the Fish are Biting!

Fishing season is now on in earnest. Big catches are being reported all along the Southern Pacific lines—on the McKenzie near Eugene; on the Wilson, Trask and Kilchis Rivers near Tillamook; on Salmonberry River; Yaquina and Big Elk near Elk City, and numerous other streams.

Phone or call at Southern Pacific City Ticket Office, 131 Fourth Street, Portland, Ore., or at any Southern Pacific station, for Weekly Fishing Bulletin. Send your name on a postal for our mailing list.

Special Week-End Rates between many Southern Pacific points.

JOHN M. SCOTT
General Passenger Agent
Portland, Ore.



Sample



THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

Volume Five

July, 1917

Number Three

Published by authority of the Oregon Fish and Game Commission from its offices, Oregon Building, Fifth and Oak Streets, Portland, Oregon.

Entered as Second-Class Matter in the Postoffice at Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon.
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.

OWEN N. DENNY

The Honorable Owen N. Denny has long since passed away, but his memory is cherished by the sportsmen of Oregon and the Nation and will live as long as gratitude is a human virtue. When Minister to China, Judge Denny fell in love with the magnificent Chinese pheasant, the game bird of rare worth, and it was his ambition to bring some of these birds to his home State of Oregon and see if they could not be propagated here and made to increase. After trials which he himself only knew, a number of these pheasants were brought here and liberated near Albany. Sportsmen were

delighted with the prospect, but many believed that the climatic conditions of this State would not permit the birds to increase. In this, however, they were mistaken, and for many years the Willamette Valley has been constantly restocked with these birds, which readily adapt themselves to their new environment and make this their home.

The Game Department has augmented the natural propagation in the wild state through the Game Farm at Corvallis, where annually several thousands of these birds have been turned out during the past few years.

It was a courageous undertaking for Judge Denny—that of bringing Chinese pheasants from the Orient to Oregon, and besides being courageous it was costly, but Judge Denny had faith in the climate and soil of Oregon; he was more far-sighted than many of his fellow sportsmen and he accomplished what many considered the impossible.

When Judge Denny passed on, he left what was considered at that time a comfortable fortune for his widow. The old home, which at one time was worth considerable, has now been mortgaged and in the estimation of many is not worth more than the mortgage. Other articles of value have been sacrificed until now the widow of this good man in her old age and declining years has reached the point of destitution. It is entirely probable that she will lose the last remnant of her fortune in her home.

Remembering the service that Judge Denny has done for the sportsmen of Oregon and in honor of his name and for that heroic little woman who

stood with him during all his long years of honorable service to the State and Nation, the sportsmen of Oregon are endeavoring to present some fitting memorial to Mrs. Denny. Subscriptions are being solicited throughout this State from sportsmen in order that a little home may be purchased to be fitted up with the comforts which old age require and to provide a fund upon which Mrs. Denny may draw from time to time as her wants and requirements justify.

No worthier undertaking has ever been attempted by the sportsmen of this State and we believe that they will give liberally to this cause in honor of Judge Denny who has been a real friend of the sportsmen of Oregon, and in appreciation of his faithful wife who is now at the point in life where service of this kind may fittingly be done.

OPEN DEER SEASON

Sportsmen should bear in mind that the last session of the Legislature made some changes in the open deer season. In Game District No. 1, comprising the counties west of the Cascade Mountains, the season will open on August 15, as usual, but will close 15 days earlier, namely, on October 15. In Game District No. 2, or those counties east of the Cascade Mountains, the season will open on September 1, 15 days later than heretofore, but will close on October 31, as heretofore.

Another change which should be observed is the reduction in the number of deer which may be

shot. Only deer with horns may be killed and only two are permitted, instead of three as in the past.

In view of the nearness of the open season for deer, it seems advisable that the editor of this publication give the usual and customary warnings about the proper way to conduct oneself while hunting in the woods for deer. It seems as though this should be unnecessary, for precautionary advice has been given year after year to the sportsmen and hunters of this as well as other states, yet each year there is a death toll during the hunting season.

Too frequently the hunter is over anxious to get a shot at a deer and he will not exercise that caution which actuates all his other activities. In the hope, therefore, that advice of this kind may reach someone who will benefit by it, we offer the following "don'ts":

Don't shoot at a moving object in the brush. Wait until you can see the horns. Four men lost their lives in the forests of Oregon last fall because they were mistaken for a deer.

Don't pull your trigger until you actually see the head of the deer with its horns. It is true that you will probably miss a shot or two by waiting, but you are absolutely certain of not killing or wounding a fellow human being.

Don't waste the meat. It is better to kill only one deer and eat or dry all of its meat than to kill two deer and waste half of it.

Don't leave your camp fire burning when you go away. The forests are the play grounds of the American people. Forest fires cut down this area,

By being certain that your fire is out, you prevent the possibility of a forest fire.

Don't carry your gun cocked.

Don't drag your gun over a log or through a fence by the barrel.

Don't shoot in the direction where you know your friend or another sportsman may be.

Don't fail to purchase a hunting license before starting off on your hunting trip.

TROUT LIBERATION

The work of the hatchery department is progressing nicely, and unless some unforeseen accident occurs, there will be a fair supply of trout fry for distribution in the various streams of Oregon. It is getting to be a serious problem just how to handle this matter of distribution and liberation. There are more anglers each year. This means that the trout streams are being whipped terrifically and a great many of our former trout streams have been completely exhausted of trout. The Commission feels that the sportsmen should cooperate in the matter of solving this problem. The Commission thinks that a stream which has been stocked should be closed for the remainder of that year and for the year following. If this were done, unquestionably there would be more trout in the next few years. We would like to have an expression of opinion from the sportsmen on this matter. It resolves itself in the final analysis, the question of whether or not the sportsmen are willing to sacrifice the pleasure of fishing on a

stream for a couple of years in order that thereafter they may have better fishing and larger trout.

CHINESE PHEASANTS

The outlook for pheasant shooting this fall is good. From every district the Game Department has received abundant assurances that the supply is plentiful and the birds are of fairly large size. The heavy snow and severe winter does not seem to have killed off nearly as many as a year ago. The young birds may be seen along the roadside and in the fields most anywhere throughout the State where birds have been planted.

It will be well for sportsmen to remember that only male Chinese pheasants may be killed this year. This should have a tendency to further increase the supply for next year and was a wise piece of legislation.

You have purchased your Liberty Bond and you have given to the Red Cross fund; but how about that memorial fund for the widow of Judge Denny? Send your subscription at once to Dr. E. C. McFarland, president of the Oregon Sportsmen's League, Morgan Building, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

When you take that long contemplated camping, fishing or hunting trip this season, do so with the determination that when you return you will relate

your experiences through the columns of The Sportsman for the benefit and entertainment of your fellow-readers.

* * *

The increase in the cost of hunting and angling licenses will not be as productive of results this year as it will next. Thousands of sportsmen purchased their license just prior to May 21, in order to save the half dollar.

* * *

Bang! Bang! Bang! No, gentle reader, that is not the German fleet bombarding our coast; merely the opening of the hunting season.

* * *

Another interesting bunch of "Suggestions from the Field Diary of the Wardens" is published in this issue of The Sportsman.

* * *

Game protection sentiment is on the increase. This means more game for you in the future and for your children.

* * *

Cooperate with the Game Department. It wants to serve you and can best serve you with your co-operation.

* * *

Always carry your hunting and angling license on your person when hunting or fishing.

* * *

The high cost of living may be combated somewhat by killing your bag limit of deer.



JUDGE OWEN N. DENNY
Who Introduced the Chinese Pheasant into Oregon

SPORTSMEN OWE DEBT OF GRATITUDE

AS a tribute of respect and in memory of the late Judge Owen N. Denny, who introduced the Chinese or Denny pheasant into Oregon, the sportsmen of the state, who owe him a deep debt of gratitude, are actively engaged in taking up a popular subscription for the benefit of his widow, Mrs. Gertrude Jane Denny, who resides at 375 Sixteenth street, Portland, Oregon.

The home of Mrs. Denny is involved and a mortgage covers it so that a considerable sum of money is needed to free her from obligations and allow her to retain the home during the remainder of her life. Some time ago the members of the Oregon Sportsmen's League discovered these conditions, adopted a resolution explaining the situation, and directed Dr. Earl C. McFarland, the president of the League, to inaugurate a movement with the above object in view. Dr. McFarland, assisted by other well-known sportsmen throughout the state, now has the work well in hand, and the reports coming in indicate that the object will be crowned with success. It is anticipated there will be a most liberal response to the request for funds, which the League has sent out to the different sportsmen's organizations and to individuals.

Every sportsman of Oregon, as well as every sportsman of the Nation, is interested in the Chinese, or Denny pheasant, the game bird par excellence, and will realize the debt of gratitude due to the memory of Judge Denny. All should and will do their mite. Sportsmen are requested to contribute \$1.00, or more, to the Mrs. Gertrude Jane Denny Fund. Small individual contributions will make up a large total, and this, it is thought, will be sufficient to liquidate the claims that now embarrass Mrs. Denny, and provide a lasting, living monument to the memory of this honorable man and the protection of his faithful and honorable wife in her 80th year.

It has been stated by an eminent authority on pheasants that in 1893, there were more Chinese pheasants in Oregon than in the Chinese Empire. Credence is lent this statement when it is remembered that it was reliably estimated that in one year 30,000 were killed in one county alone, and the same year 1,200 dozen were shipped to the San Francisco market. This was at the time these noble game birds received little if any protection by law. There could be no better testimonial of the adaptability of the Chinese pheasant as a game bird than this last statement, which came from no less an authority than Judge Denny, the man who introduced the pheasant into Oregon, and after whom the bird is often called.

The Chinese pheasant, besides his gameness and delicate flesh, is unquestionably one of the most ornamental of the game birds. He is a native of the northern part of China, being found as far north as the Armour River and as far south as Shanghai. The pheasant has succeeded over the larger part of Europe, even as far north as Sweden. On this continent it does well in Canada and Nova Scotia, and in all parts of the United States, but nowhere has its introduction been attended with such prolific results as in the Willamette Valley in Oregon.

Mrs. Denny, a prominent pioneer woman and survivor of the Whitman massacre, which occurred during the early settlement of this country, contributes the following sketch of the life of her husband for The Sportsman:

Judge Owen N. Denny was appointed to an unexpired term and elected one term following, as Circuit Judge of Wasco County, at the

age of 24 years. He was married in 1869 and thereafter spent a year and a half practicing law in California. Returning to Oregon, he was elected Municipal Judge of Portland in 1871. Later he was appointed Internal Revenue Collector and held that position about three years, when President Grant appointed him Ambassador to China and later promoted him to the position of Consul General at Shanghai. While at Shanghai in 1882, Judge Denny sent the first live Chinese pheasants to America. The shipment of birds was made in the spring, and because of a very rough voyage, improper quarters and the birds dashing themselves against the cage, they all died in Seattle, Washington, where they were landed.

The next shipment of birds, numbering about fifty, by constructing special large quarters on board the ship and extra care being taken at large expense, arrived safely in Portland, Oregon, consigned to H. A. Morgan, and were liberated on the old Denny homestead near Peterson's Butte in Linn County. Therefore, Linn County became the original home of the Chinese pheasant in Oregon.

The liberation of the birds was made the occasion for a big celebration, the event being well remembered by the surviving pioneers of that section to this day. Since that time the Chinese pheasant has propagated and multiplied in the Willamette Valley, until today Western Oregon is famous the world over for its wonderful game birds.

Judge Denny became ill at his post in Shanghai, resigned as Consul General and returned to Portland, although implored by General Foote of Korea to accept the office of Viceroy of Korea. Soon after returning to Oregon he purchased a farm and engaged in the thoroughbred stock raising business, at the same time practicing law in Portland.

In 1884 a massacre took place in Korea. General Foote sent for Judge Denny and asked him to accept the viceroyship, but not until many friends had urged him to accept the office, and upon receiving a cablegram from Li Hung Chang, the Chinese statesman, did he decide to return to the far East and become the "Foreign King" in a gorgeous palace. He was later adopted by the Koreans. Thus it came to pass that Mrs. Denny was once a royal queen. She still has in her possession several royal articles that serve as pleasant reminders of the time she was Queen of Korea.

Judge Denny held the position of Viceroy of Korea until his health again failed, and not being able to resign because he had been adopted by Korea, he was compelled to leave, returning direct to Portland in 1891. Back to the farm near Lafayette, in Yamhill County, did his physician send him to regain his health. In 1895 he was appointed receiver of a bank in Portland and remained in charge until relieved by Senator J. M. Dolph. Judge Denny died in 1900.

A beautiful gold match box, inlaid with gold quartz, was presented to Judge Denny by sportsmen of Oregon in November, 1882. At that time there was considerable talk of erecting a monument to his memory, but the movement failed of materialization.

Years have passed without proper recognition being accorded this pioneer sportsman for the sacrifices of energy, time and money spent in introducing the Chinese pheasant into Oregon and the Nation. When it was discovered by the sportsmen that Mrs. Denny was still living in Portland and was in need of funds with which to save her home, the movement was inaugurated to assist her financially, and at the same time, in a small measure, discharge the debt of gratitude and honor the memory of this most honorable pioneer.

The Oregon Sportsman is deeply interested in the successful termination of this campaign.



FOUR MILE LAKE, KLAMATH COUNTY

By COMMISSIONER C. F. STONE, Klamath Falls

HAVING just returned from a trip to the already justly famous Four Mile Lake, I might add a few items of interest to what has been written concerning the multitudes of fine rainbow trout in that body of water. In the first place, in making a trip to that beautiful lake at the base of Mount Pitt, it is a necessary precaution to secure a sufficient number of anglers of established veracity to vouch for the facts you may state upon your return. To be sure of the necessary corroborative evidence this year, I selected, or rather thrust myself upon Dr. George A. Cathey, Jack Slater, W. B. Parker and Henry Stout. These are all good sportsmen, enthusiastic hikers and will conveniently vouch for anything a friend of theirs may write that pertains to fishing or hunting. There was a time when, to relieve the pack horses of the burden of carrying liquid refreshments, these nimrods would halt under a yellow pine tree and apply themselves to the task of reducing the bulk of such burden so effectively that it would be apparent at once how indispensable was their presence to a well equipped fishing expedition. But, as stated above, they yet have a place in a trip of this sort.

We arrived at Four Mile Lake about noon, June 20, and while the sights were not so sensational as a year ago at same date, owing to extreme lateness of the season, we were soon amply repaid for our rather tiresome effort to reach the lake. We were informed by the man in charge of the state's egg-taking station that the rainbow had started to run about a week before, but that the fish were coming but slowly. A small section of Four Mile Creek, at the outlet of the lake, has been prepared as a fish trap. This is arranged by racks placed in the creek below the outlet, used in connection with a gate at the dam erected by an irrigation or power company to control the flow of water from the lake. There were at least twenty-five fine rainbow in the traps. These had been captured within the preceding twelve hours. In the stream between the lake and the dam I counted about one hundred fine trout. I did not include the one-year-old fish, of which

there were more than the others. Of all the fish we saw, not the least blemish was noticeable on one. Our party fished in rather a desultory way for about three hours; altogether it would not amount to more than four hours' steady fishing for one person. The result was twenty very fine rainbow trout, running in weight from two to five pounds. The fish were fat and the finest that I ever saw taken from the water at this season of the year. For several reasons, which I shall state, we are certain that the big run of trout from this lake is just beginning. In the first place, there are not nearly so many fish in evidence as there were at this date a year ago, when the run was the result of 7000 fingerlings placed in the lake by the Fish and Game Commission three years before. Of these oldest fish but a few have been taken as yet this season. The largest number already captured is made up of the two-year-old fish, of which there were 115,000 planted in the lake in the month of July, 1915. It would appear to be very probable that a majority of this planting will spawn this year. From two to three thousand eggs have been taken from each of the two-year-old fish, and the eggs are of the finest quality. The lowest estimate of the eggs to be taken this season would be a million, and it will not be a very great surprise to the best informed if double that number of eggs should be secured. These eggs will be eyed at the lake and from there taken to the Klamath hatchery, near Fort Klamath, where the eggs will be hatched and the fish fed until time to distribute same in the various streams and lakes of Oregon. This planting will take place in August or September of the present year.

No eggs were taken at Four Mile Lake last year, and it was estimated by persons who were in a position to know that at least one million trout fry went back into the lake last fall, as a result of the spawning in Four Mile Creek last year, and at the present time milt is being taken from these yearling male fish with which to fertilize the eggs that are taken from day to day. This may be seen by any person who will take the time and trouble to make the trip to Four Mile Lake.

We confidently expect the fish wonders of this lake to continue until it will be one of the show places, not only of the state but of the world. And, as often stated, until the Summer of 1913, Four Mile Lake was utterly devoid of fish life.

A COLORADO MEMORY

By MARK WOODRUFF, Portland, Oregon

I THINK it was in the spring of 1893 that the Congress repealed the Sherman law, the bill which compelled the government to purchase a few ounces of silver each year and thereby sustained the price at around 90 cents an ounce. I ought to be clear in mind as to the date, because it threw myself and several hundred other silver miners out of a job, and thereby furnished the opportunity for the fly-casting bug to get into my system. We lived at Creede, Colorado, one mile from the upper Rio Grande, one of the finest trout streams in America.

When the mines closed down, most of the hard-rock workers pulled out for the gold and copper camps, but being encumbered with a family the writer thought it good judgment to stick around to see the outcome of the matter, believing that rich properties could not be permanently closed.

My stepfather, E. D. Wells, and myself got together a camp outfit

and went fishing. Our tackle consisted of a slender cane rod and another of the same material that was heavy enough to make a beam in a Japanese bridge. The latter belonged to the old gentleman. He was a catfish fiend from the Missouri River, where they grow large.

Our first camp was about five miles below Wagon Wheel Gap. After helping me get up the tent, Mr. Wells grabbed his lumber and hiked down to the river. He climbed a big rock, in front of which was a clear, deep pool, filled his pipe, sat down and dropped his fly into the pool, waiting for a bite. It looked all right to me, too. After half an hour of waiting we both came to the conclusion that the stories about there being lots of fish in the Rio Grande were buncombe.

Just as the sun was going down and darkness coming on, a rancher drove along past the camp and spying the lone rock fisherman made inquiry as to what he was doing. He was a one-eyed gent and looked tough enough to be a stage robber.

"Fishing," my old gentleman responded, as a friendly Missouri grin spread over his face.

Then the train robber climbed out of his rig and gave a demonstration on a riffle below the rock. The first cast landed a beauty, and in fifteen minutes we had enough for supper for three.

Our permanent camp was made on the South Fork of the Rio Grande, and for three weeks we waded in its icy waters without boots or other equipment. We would go in, wearing a shirt, overalls and hobnailed shoes, and when we returned to camp would wear our underclothing around until the outer garments dried before the big fire.

It was a lovely summer vacation.

Two incidents are very distinct in memory.

One rainy day when we were sitting under the foliage and loafing, a horseman rode up to the camp. It was Judge Gavin, now a noted producer of human interest stories for the newspaper reporters who are assigned to his court in Denver and almost as good copy as Henry McGinn in his best moods. The "judge" eyed a pile of trout lying on the grass and stuck around until we asked if he would like to take some along. The judge tied a string at the waist line around the slicker he was wearing and stuffed trout inside until he had produced a balloon effect.

The other concerned a visit by Oscar McCoy, son of the old train robber Peg Leg McCoy. Oscar was a fine chap and quicker than lightning with a gun. We knew him by sight and all about his reputation. Oscar appeared on the river in front of our tent, hailed us and then came into camp. Courtesy was our long suit with him, and we offered him everything the camp afforded, including some of our pea soup. Oscar gave us some flies and then went on up the river. That night when we returned from the river our camp was a wreck. Our tent was down and our food gone. The first thought was that Oscar McCoy had maliciously committed the vandalism. There were strange boot tracks around the place. Later, however, we found a note in the bedding, saying that on coming down the river, Oscar had found a bunch of burros eating and trampling our food and had driven them away. The note was also an invitation for us to move down the creek and stop at the McCoy camp.

In after years we camped on the South Fork many times. Then we had twenty-dollar four-ounce rods and all the fine equipment money could buy, but we never had as good a time, caught more fish, or enjoyed ourselves better than when we wielded the old cane rods.



DESCHUTES RIVER BEST ALL-SEASON TROUT STREAM

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

IN the Oregon hills and on the Oregon lakes and streams there are so many pleasant places that it seems to me that all who love a summer outing and some good fishing should be able to find their idea of a camp site.

My idea is that the Deschutes River is the best all-season stream in the state. In this river is where the big redbside trout are caught. It can be reached by auto from The Dalles at Shearar Falls, distance 40 miles; at Maupin, distance 45 miles; or Vanora, via Madras, distance 120 miles. Lodgings may be had at all three places.

Or, if you want to take your camp outfit and go by train, you

can drop off any place you may select to call home for a few days, and if you are a good sport you surely can find many things to study and enjoy in the rugged canyon of the Deschutes and on this beautiful stream. The tree growth is small and only along the banks of the river. Here and there you will find small clumps, which will make you a shady camp site, and the water is cool and good.

The O. W. railroad follows up the river to South Junction, 99 miles from The Dalles, and the Oregon Trunk railroad to Mecca, which is about ten miles further up. A new thrill is being added to fishing in the Deschutes by sportsmen who ship their canoes up by rail and use them to reach the big reddsides lying in the center of the river. The Deschutes is a pretty rough old stream in spots, and I would advise all to use great care in navigating it.

Odell, Crescent and Davis Lakes are the headwaters of Deschutes River and are well up toward the summit of the Cascade range. Odell Lake is one of the finest mountain bodies of water in Oregon and ought to be visited more frequently by Oregonians and tourists who are on the outlook for the fine scenic features. These lakes can be reached by auto and are 69 miles south of Bend.

There are row boats on Odell Lake; the lake is five miles long and 5,000 feet above the sea. The great bluffs and snow fields on the south leading up to Diamond Peak are very beautiful. The best fishing on Odell Lake is on the north side. The State Fish and Game Commission several years ago started the work of stocking these and many other lakes in the Cascades with Eastern brook and rainbow trout, and the results have been very good and it is hoped that this good work can be increased all over the state.

EASTERN SPORTSMEN ARE INVITED TO OREGON

Canyon City, Oregon, June 30, 1917.

Editor Sportsman:

I have just returned from Strawberry Lake, where I stationed a guard, and was somewhat terrorized when I discovered that I had not complied with your request for a contribution to the columns of The Sportsman, same to be in not later than the first week in July. I herewith submit the "dope" in the form of a supposed letter to a friend in Chicago, and hope that you may be able to use it.

Baker, Oregon, June 30, 1917.

Mr. John R. Wilson,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear John:

In answer to your letter of the 21st inst., wherein you ask, where would be the best place to spend your vacation in Oregon, I am at a loss to answer, as there are so very many beautiful places that it would take page after page of "fools cap" to describe them all, and then justice could not be done, unless, perhaps, such description should flow from a greater pen than mine—Mrs. Rinehart, for instance.

It is a lamentable fact that you have so little time to stay. Three weeks is only an aggravation for a fact. You could spend a year,

visit a new place every week, and then not have visited half of the places of interest to the sportsman.

As you know, my territory includes all the territory in Grant and Baker Counties, a part of that great belt of undeveloped section of the state known as "Eastern Oregon," and as you are to visit me during your stay, I will be selfish enough to confine my description to these two counties, so that I may be in touch with you all the while you are out here.

Baker is the county seat of Baker County, a town of some 9,000 people, situated on the main line of the O.-W. R. & N. railway, which is a branch, or part, of the Union Pacific system. From this place you may have your choice of many places of interest. East, within a day's time, you may reach Eagle Creek, Fish Lake, Minam River and Snake River. In all of these waters, with the exception of the Snake River, the rainbow trout may be taken, and also the cut-throat and Dolly Varden. As these streams and lake are in the mountainous section, you will have the most beautiful camps imaginable, shaded by pine, tamarack and fir, together with nature's best beverage—ice cold water. To and from these places you may find the sage hen in the swales and hills, also the sooty and ruffed grouse. In the Snake River you will find sturgeon, bass, catfish and croppies.

West, also within a few hours' travel, you will find Olive Lake, also situated within the pine belt and abounding with trout. In the hills surrounding this lake you will find deer and bear in abundance.

Northwest, also within a day's travel, you may visit the North Powder Lakes, consisting of Black, Grande Ronde, Anthony, Mud and Crawfish Lakes. Within a few hours from this chain of lakes you will find Lost Lake, Van Patten, Red Mountain and Rock Creek Lakes. These places are surrounded with the grandest scenery that you can imagine; I cannot begin to describe it. Rugged peaks are seen on all sides, massive piles of granite and lava; one of those places, in fact, that makes you feel the smallness of man. Here, also, deer may be found, and you can have your choice of all kinds of trout, as one lake may contain rainbow, another Eastern brook, etc. The North Powder Lakes are within a short distance of each other, forty minutes' walk being the longest distance between any of them.

From Baker you may go into Grant County, over the Sumpter Valley Railway, to Prairie City, the terminus of the road, some eighty miles. This trip is one alone that will pay you to take, even though you return the next day. Although a commercial road, it can also be designated as a scenic route, crossing over three summits, through timber all the way, and you will enjoy every minute of it, I can assure you.

Using Prairie City as a starting point, you may have your choice of many places of interest and encompass the trips I will mention, all in a day's time and less. South is Strawberry Lake, a distance of fourteen miles. I will not attempt to go into details and describe the grandeur of the mountain scenery at this point. It is a body of water of some forty acres in area and at an altitude of some 5,000 feet. Abounds in cut-throat and rainbow trout. It is situated in a bowl as it were, in the mountain, and is surrounded by crags and walls, rising in some places several thousand feet above the level of the waters of the lake. Here, as with the other places I have described, you may enjoy the comfort of your blankets at all times of the year. The waters flowing in from the five little creeks are ice cold, and the camping surroundings are ideal. South of this lake is found High Lake, a distance of six miles. East, at a distance of two miles, is found Slide Mountain Lake. Traveling south, also from Prairie City, you may

visit, all in a day's drive by auto, over good roads, too, Logan Valley, Summit Prairie, Bear Creek, Canyon Creek and the upper branches of the John Day River. At all of these places you may fill your creel in no time with mountain trout of all species.

Northwest, at a distance of sixteen miles, you may reach Magone Lake, which is of lower altitude than the others I have mentioned, but an ideal place to camp, and the angling is fine. Rainbow and steel-head trout. Also, deer are found in the surrounding hills. Grouse of both species are also plentiful.

I could go on indefinitely, John, and write a large volume about the beautiful places in these counties, but will tear myself away now. If you want any further specific information, write me. Tell your friends to do likewise. I hope that the Parker boys and Perkins will be able to come out with you. Let me know when you start; also where to meet you.

Very sincerely yours,

I. B. HAZELTINE,
Deputy State Game Warden.

WELL, WHERE WILL WE GO?

By F. V. H., Pendleton, Oregon

NOW that the dust of the lower country is beginning to choke us and we hunt the electrically generated breeze, we want to trade the smell of hot asphalt for the smell of pine needles; the soda-fountain for the mountain spring. It's the same old "call," and again we face the problem of where to go.

For the man with an automobile a trip through the western spur of the Blue Mountains is well worth consideration. From Pilot Rock an automobile road, south and east, runs some twenty-two miles through the Umatilla National Forest. This road reaches an altitude of about 5,100 feet, and consequently the climate is ideal at this time of year.

On the open flats at these higher altitudes, the little black bear is already making life miserable for the ants; the pheasant is trying out his motor in the timber; the camp robber is on the lookout for stray soap, while the blue-jay is fast perfecting his imitation of the hawk. The porcupine is on the still hunt again for such dainties as shoes and leather cushions, and say, all these things sure listen good when you have been down in the sticky, dirty heat of the lower country. It's sure fine to get up in the morning and feel the clean, cool breeze which brings the never old odor of frying bacon.

Fishing is reported good in Camas Creek and its branches. The trout have gone farther up the small streams this year than before, and it is an agreeable surprise to drop your hook into a dark pool just below a drift and pull out an "eight-incher," where last year there wasn't even a water spider. It's like fishing a new country.

Along this road through the forest there are two hot springs, Lehman and Hidaway, where hotel accommodations may be had; also swimming and dancing. This makes a delightful variation in a camping trip, especially if the family is along.

This trip might disappoint some who expect large catches, but for an easy, comfortable outing which the wife and kiddies can enjoy also, it cannot be beat. One can leave Pilot Rock in the morning and make the round trip via Lehman and Hidaway Springs, returning in the evening, and still have time to fish a few hours, but a week could be spent along the trail and still the time would be too short.

TWO EAGLES IN ORGEON

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

THE aerie was in the top of a storm-battered old pine on the east slope of the Cascades. It looked impossible to climb, yet the going up was not so hard. Excitement led me on. As I climbed, the task became more precarious. My heart beat wilder each time the pair of bald eagles circled near. I finally straddled the big



Bohlman and Finley Photographing in the Aerie of a Golden Eagle 60 Feet Up. The Young Birds Are Nearly Full Grown

limb below the nest and worked a hazardous way through five feet of dead limbs and debris.

I had read so many stories of fierce eagles, that I half persuaded myself I should be attacked, but I wasn't. After a careful study extending over several years, I have found that forty-eight such cases out of every fifty may be set down as false in the beginning. Investigation will show the forty-ninth is without truth, and there might possibly be a slight cause for the fiftieth. I have the records of over a hundred nests of the bald and golden eagles that have been robbed, and in not a single case did the birds put up a fight.

The pair of eagles were winding slowly around the blue dome of the sky. I moved the youngsters over and climbed in beside them to visit. Here were the nestlings of noble birth. Of the millions of

people who daily see our national emblem on the coins and arms of our country, few know anything of the eagle as a bird. Few know of the home life and habits. Fewer, still, have ever seen an eagle wild and free.

In North America, we have two eagles that are of general distribution, the bald eagle, found in the wilder places throughout the United States, and the golden eagle, now restricted almost entirely to the mountainous regions of the West. The term "bald" originated from the white head, which is an unmistakable mark of identity of the fullgrown bird and at a distance gives the impression of baldness. The bald eagle is much the same general color as the golden eagle up to the time it is three years old. In the time of Audubon, these young bald eagles were considered a separate species. At the age of three years, the bald eagle attains maturity and the white feathers appear on the head and neck. To distinguish one species from the other, look at the lowest joint of the leg. If this is covered with feathers down



A Young Golden Eagle Resisting the Camera-Man



Two Downy Golden Eagles One Month Old

to the toes, it is a golden eagle; if the leg is naked, it is a bald eagle.

In some ways, the golden eagle is a nobler bird than his white-headed cousin. The bald eagle is a resident along the big rivers, on the shores of lakes and on the islands of the sea. Its favorite food is fish. It often catches these, or compels an osprey to pay tribute.

In some places it lives almost entirely on the dead fish it finds along the shores. The golden eagle is more of a hunter. It has seldom been known to touch dead animals.

In the coast mountains of California, we found an aerie of a golden eagle that could be photographed. To the branch of a tall sycamore, bending out toward the valley, the eagles had carried a cartload of sticks and made a platform five feet across.

We made a close study of the castle in the sycamore. These eagles were successful hunters. We never saw the time when their larder was empty. The food of the young eagles consisted almost entirely of ground squirrels. The first visit I made to the aerie after the eaglets were hatched, I found the bodies of four ground squirrels lying on the rim of the nest. For miles along the lower hills, the ground was perforated with the burrows of these rodents. On rocky lookouts above, the eagles had their regular watch towers where they kept vigil.

The golden eagle cradled her eggs in the big sycamore the first week in March. The period of incubation lasted a month, for the eggs hatched on April 3. At first the eaglets were covered with soft, white down, rather poor garments for a hunter, but this coat lasted a full month. During this time the youngsters grew from the egg till they weighed as much as a good-sized hen. Then black pin-feathers began to prick up through the down, first appearing on the wings and back. It was not till the first week in June that the eaglets were fairly well clothed. The wings and feet were still very weak. The wing feathers were slow in gaining the strength that was necessary to handle such heavy bodies. It required the continued efforts of both parents to hunt food for such ravenous children. It took many days of practicing on the nest edge by flapping their wings, and much parental persuasion, before the young eagles sailed out from the castle in the sycamore.

FISHING WITHIN THE LAW

By "SYL" in The American Angler

A MAN is a sportsman when he loves the smell of a camp fire and the woods for their associations, but he is only entitled to that distinction when he becomes so devoted to his avocation that he lives within the letter of the law and becomes a conservator of the life about him. The man who loves the sound of a purling brook and the click of a reel is a sportsman, but is only entitled to that distinction when he gives his victim a chance for an even fight, respects the prescribed laws of the state and the more natural laws of supply and demand.

Any man, whether he be a devotee of rod or gun or rifle, who takes more game, fin or feathered, than he can use or than the law allows, or who does not give that game a chance for an even break for life, who violates the laws of supply and demand, who cannot control a bloodthirsty desire to slaughter, who kills more game than he can use for the simple sake of killing, just because there is the chance to kill, is most contemptible.

It is the duty of every man who finds pleasure afield or astream to abide by the laws of the commonwealth, not because of fear of the law, but because of his respect for them and the principles of conservation which they represent.

It is the duty of every man who pays his fee to the state to do

his utmost to stop violations and violators of the laws which govern his sport, not alone for his own benefit but for the benefit of others. It is a right he has to exercise for his own protection and the protection of game life for others.

It is the duty of all men who go into the open for sport and recreation to conserve their sport and insist upon laws that will for all time assure themselves and others good sport. It is also the duty of every man to be willing—cheerfully willing—to pay his mite toward the maintenance charges for those things which he finds sport in.

When a man becomes a conservator and a promoter in his field of sport for the betterment of the game and the common good of all, he becomes a sportsman whose smile is as broad as his heart is big and generous. He is a good man to know. He is a good friend to have. He is doing something for all.

THE BUSH-TIT

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

ONE can hardly help falling in love with the bush-tit. He is such a tiny bird, not larger than your thumb. He goes along in such a bustling, business-like way. He is quite fearless. One can make friends with the bush-tit as easily as with his cousin, the chicka-



Mother Bush-tit Feeding Young

dee. Any one who has studied bird character would know that the two are related, even if he did not know that both are members of the paridae family.

The bush-tit builds a real bird mansion, a long, gourd-shaped home from eight to ten inches, or even longer, with a round entrance at the upper end. I once watched a pair of these birds lay the foundation for a typical long-pocket nest. I say lay the foundation, but really the bush-tit does not follow our ideas of architecture, for he builds from the top down. This pair began making a roof to the home, then

a round doorway, and next they began weaving the walls of moss, fibres and lichens. From the doorway there was a sort of a hall down to the main living room. This was warmly lined with feathers. To make a good feather lining required a good deal of hunting. The feather lining was not really completed till after the eggs were laid. Whenever one of the bush-tits would come upon a feather, he would pick it up and bring it home. The bush-tits reminded me of some people who build a home, but are not able to furnish it throughout, so they pick up the furnishings later on, from time to time.

In some parts of Oregon where the moss hangs in long bunches to the limbs, the bush-tit uses this natural beginning for a nest. I saw one of these birds build its home by getting inside of a long piece of moss and weave this into the wall of the nest. At another time, I saw a bush-tit's nest twenty inches long. The little weavers had started their home on a limb and it was evidently not low enough to suit them, for they made a fibre strap ten inches long and then swung their gourd-shaped nest to that, letting the nest hang in a bunch of willow leaves.

I never had had a good idea of the amount of insect food a bush-tit consumed, until I watched a pair of these birds a few days after the eggs were hatched. Both birds fed in turn and the turns averaged from five to ten minutes apart. The parents were busy from dawn till dark. They searched the leaves and twigs, branches and trunks of every tree. They hunted through the bushes, grasses and ferns. They brought caterpillars, moths, daddy-long-legs, spiders, plant lice and many other kinds of insects. One pair of bush-tits about a locality means the destruction of a great many harmful insects. If we could but estimate the amount of insects destroyed by all the birds about any one locality, we should find it enormous. Without the help of these assistant gardeners, the bushes and trees would soon be leafless.



The Long, Gourd-Shaped Nest of the Bush-tit

DROWNING

Lay the body face downward, face turned to one side so as not to prevent breathing. Extend arms above the head. Kneel astride the buttock, place your hands on the short ribs, and alternately press down with the weight of your shoulders and release, twelve or fifteen times to the minute. Do this for an hour if necessary. When natural breathing is restored, rub legs and body toward the heart to stimulate circulation.

WONDERFUL LAKES OF BAKER COUNTY

By J. K. FISHER, Haines, Oregon

I HAVE thought that, perhaps, those who read my former article on stocking Van Patten Lake might be interested in knowing the outcome of that somewhat arduous undertaking, and this article will give some details as to the success of the undertaking, which at the time was looked upon as a disastrous experiment.

I repeatedly visited the lake, year after year, to learn from personal observation what progress was being made and adding each visit some additional fish. Until the third year but little was observed that could promise a foundation for any great amount of hope; but thereafter, at spawning time, we could see that the experiment was a greater success than at first anticipated and the fish were increasing in numbers and in size. They had progressed by this time to the point where it was deemed advisable to try our luck, as some that were seen in the water were fully two feet in length.

In view of the efforts put forth to stock the lake, and the further fact that but one other than myself knew of the stocking of the lake and the success of the undertaking, it was necessary that care should be exercised in selecting a traveling companion to fish the lake, and my choice fell upon an erudite Pundit, who at that time was principal of the High school at Baker, both by reason of the fact that he was a good sportsman and not overly well versed in woodcraft, which promised that he would be satisfied with reasonable fishing and would not be able to return to indulge his taste in the future without consulting me.

The 'phone being called into requisition, the professor expressed pleasure at the invitation and promised to enjoy the sport and forget the location. The next day I met him at the station at Haines, and the drive to my home, some five miles distant, was pleasant by reason of the cheery and interesting conversation of my companion. Early next morning, having saddled our horses and gotten the pack animal loaded with camping outfit, we struck out, the professor following the pack horse and feeling "fit as a fiddle." For the first four miles the going was good, until we arrived at Dutch Flat Creek, filled with boulders and just enough water for a "chaser" to a thirsty man, when the professor got his first glimpse of what was coming. He made the crossing of the creek in safety, and then came the ascent of the Devil's Backbone, named by a boy who had heard the parson give some personal and close-range observations of the physical make-up of Auld Clutie, and the description was so vivid that the boy thought this was certainly his lordship's vertebral column; then on through the Devil's Lane onward. I just mention these things to indicate that the professor was not now riding so easily and that the road was not the road to hell, but simply a hell of a road.

We soon left the lake trail and struck out for Van Patten, and the trail at this time was thickly strewn with logs and covered with brush, and its length of four miles seemed trebled, at the very least: it was such a journey as would test the spirit of the true fisherman, and the professor stood the rigid test with credit and a big reserve to draw upon.

We arrived at the lake and camped close to a fine meadow with an abundant crop of rich grass for the horses, who viewed the prospect with delight. The professor got off his horse, and as it had been his first experience on horseback for five years, and as he had just

finished a steady ride of four hours over the road above described, I will leave to the reader to determine for himself the condition of the professor and his inability to navigate with the grace that suggested the dignity of his position in the world of men and action. But the aroma of coffee and corn-fed bacon frying in the pan soon brought the professor back to earth, and that mountain meal, he confessed, was one of the best meals he had ever eaten.

After a hearty meal we got out our tackle and started along the shore to prospect for trout. We saw a large school of rainbows, from eighteen inches to two feet in length, and I made the first cast, and just as soon as the hook hit water, a large rainbow took it, and with the aid of the professor it was landed and was the first conclusive proof at our hands of the success of the initial experiment, and I confess to feeling just a little pride that it was so. I landed four in rapid succession and then connected up the professor with the lake and told him to get busy. In short order he yelled, and I knew he, too, was going to obtain additional proof that the minnows had become mature fish; but there is often a slip betwixt cup and lip, and while the professor was struggling with the prospective prize, I shouted directions to him as to what to do, and that trout followed the directions instead of the professor, and the struggle continued. The last direction given was to keep the trout from the rocks, and this the trout heard and headed for them, used the same as a leverage and complacently, but somewhat out of breath, swam away with the professor's hook and a goodly bit of line. The professor was "game" and with a hearty laugh declared that was sport and gave the trout the credit and did not begrudge it. His next cast was based upon the initial experience, and he soon landed a magnificent specimen, about twenty-three inches in length. We soon had an abundance and returned to camp for the night, both tired and pleased with the day's outing, and we both slept the sleep of extreme refreshment that comes only from exertion in the open air in a high altitude and in the pursuit of genuine sport. None of our catch was less than eighteen inches in length, and the prize was that caught by the professor—the reward of a true sportsman. We returned home the next day, and the professor learned that a down-hill pull is not all advantage, especially on horseback to which one is not accustomed.

The fish planted in Van Patten grew approximately five inches a year until maturity, but those planted later in the lake developed less rapidly, owing, I assume, to the lack of feed for the increasing numbers of fish and the limited spawning area.

I have seen but little of the professor since that memorable fishing expedition, for his time has been taken up with other matters, as he is now Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State, but I believe that I am justified in saying that he will ever refer to this trip to Van Patten, even under difficulties, as one of the pleasurable experiences of his life.

When you kill a deer and wish to skin it, always begin on its head or neck and pull the skin off towards its tail or heels, and you will scarcely need a knife except to make the slit along the stomach and inside of legs and around the neck. The skin will peel off almost free of any flesh and very easily, using the side of your hand or knife handle instead of the blade to push the skin loose. Just try this plan.



BEAUTIFUL FALLS CREEK

By WARDEN W. G. EMERY, Newport, Oregon

THERE is no stream in Lincoln County that can compare with Falls Creek for beauty, and few equal it as a most excellent trout stream. It rises at the base of Grass Mountain, and winding through deep canyons and tumbling over more than a score of rocky falls, it empties into the Alsea River, about eighteen miles above Tidewater and nine miles below Alsea. The falls along the creek are from four to ten feet in height, and between them are swift rapids and deep pools that promise a rich harvest to any angler who takes the time and trouble to visit this out-of-the-way section.

It can be most easily reached by auto from Philomath to Alsea, a distance of about twenty-five miles, thence over Digger Mountain to Trenholm's, nine miles. Accommodations may be secured along the creek from the hospitable ranchers living there, who, with one or two exceptions, require no request for fishing on their premises.

Last month, while visiting Falls Creek in the discharge of my duties, I was invited to join a fishing party for a day's sport on its upper waters. The party of six left Mr. Brannon's place about 8 A. M. and fished till noon, when we met at an abandoned cabin near the mouth of a small stream and lunched on fried trout, coffee and other picnic staples. We brought into camp that noon over fifty trout, and forty-nine had disappeared when Mrs. Brannon insisted that I had to finish the last one.

That afternoon we fished down stream, catching some fifty more, while Mr. and Mrs. Sherer took snapshots along the way. Picture No. 1 is at one of the upper falls, about six feet high, and Mr. Brannon, at the extreme left, is seen just landing a fourteen and a half-in height, where we were interested spectators while salmon every few minutes were making frantic efforts to ascend.

The total catch for the day was over 100 trout, the largest taken inch cutthroat. Photo No. 2 was a time exposure at a fall about three



feet high, and this picture gives a good idea of the size of the lower stream. Photo No. 3 shows the brink of the big falls, about ten feet being the one above mentioned in photo No. 1. Mrs. Brannon hooked an enormous trout that snapped her line as though it were thread, and I was also so unfortunate as to lose two, each of which broke a double-gut leader. They were extra large trout, apparently eighteen or twenty inches in length. I caught thirteen during the day, from



eight to fourteen inches long, all cutthroats. Mr. Brannon was high man with over forty to his string.

From the amount of deer sign along the upper creek, there will also be some excellent hunting in that neighborhood when the fall season opens.

THE FEVER

By BO B. FOSTER, McMinnville, Oregon

EVERY year since I was a boy of 12 or 13 years, it has always been my luck to have a fishing and hunting trip, and the older I get, the worse the fever grows. My father was a great hand to fish and hunt, so I think it is partly hereditary; but, just the same, about April 1 I have an attack, and when the deer season opens, I have another; then October 1 I have it again.

In the summer of 1903 I was working on a farm about three miles from town, putting up hay. I was then 16 years old and the fever struck me. It was about 10 A. M. and about 90 in the shade, and that hay was awfully heavy. The more I thought about the mountains, the heavier it got, so I stuck the pitchfork into a cock of hay and did not even go to the house and tell them, but hit for town.

I saw my brother C. and a friend of ours, and the result was two more cases of fever. There is but one cure, so the next morning we packed the old black mare and hit the road. We went out the old Goucher Road to the head of Testament Creek and took the trail past the old Gortner place down to Rainy Camp.

We hunted and fished for three or four days; no deer and not very many fish, so we decided to come back to the Gortner place and try our luck.

Every one who has hunted on the Nestucca River knows how thick the fog can get in that canyon. It was foggy the next morning, but we were up early and waited until the fog began to rise, then started out. C. went southwest and D. and I to the north. We had gone about 300 yards from camp when a yearling buck jumped out from behind some brush, and we could just see his back and head when he came above the fern. He made about five or six jumps when we both shot, and we did not see him after that so hurried up there—no deer. He had been running between two logs, which we could not see for the fern, and we both shot into a log. We both indulged in a little profanity, possibly more than that. We cursed that log till the fern won't even grow around it any more.

We went on about five or six hundred yards and heard an awful bombardment in the direction C. had taken, seventeen shots as we counted, and I think we missed some. We went on into a canyon and it looked awful brushy, so we got out on a log that stuck up above the brush and watched a long ridge that ran clear to the river and was pretty open. We had been watching about a half hour, when the sun began to hit the low points, and I saw a deer get up away down the canyon. We watched him a few minutes and another one got up close by, and then another that looked twice as large as either of the others. They were too far away to shoot at from where we were, as there was a very brushy canyon between us, so we decided to watch and see where they would go. Pretty soon they started around toward the head of the canyon. We decided, if both of us tried to go down there we would make too much noise, so I told D. to go and I would stay and watch them. I waited and watched and they kept coming around and had just passed through some small firs and hazel brush, when they wheeled around and ran back into the thicket. Pretty soon I saw D. in a little open spot within about 150 yards of them. The only way they could get out of there without him seeing them was to go straight up the hill, so I holloed and told him where they were.

Pretty soon one started out back the way they had come, and the

second shot broke his back and he went over a slide down the hill, bawling every time he hit. It was a spike buck. Next came a two-point over the same route, and the fourth shot finished him and he went down over the slide.

The big one took straight up the hill, and I shot six times at him at about 600 yards with a 40-60 Marlin. I don't think I crippled him very badly, as every time I would shoot he would open the throttle a little more, and you ought to have seen him go. More profanity; but I had to go it single-handed this time. I decided he was no good anyway, for if he was, even half the names I called him, one bite of his meat would give a man the hydrophobia.

I went on down and we dressed the two and started for camp about 9:30 A. M. I have carried some big deer in some very rough places, but that little yearling and my little gun (40-60) was the biggest pack I ever had by the time we got to camp. Hot; yes, it was worse than that.

We finally got out of that hole, but it was getting cooler by that time, for it was about 4 P. M. when we reached the top of the mountain.

When we got within hearing of camp, we heard four more shots in the direction C. had taken, and before long we heard him hollo up on the ridge, "Bring up the horse and pack saddle," says he. "——," says we, "if you want them, come down and get them," for we were some tired and had to stop and rest about every twenty yards. He came on down to camp and got there about the same time we did. He saw seven in one bunch, about six or seven hundred yards away, and they were running from him, and he did all the shooting we heard in the morning and got them bewildered and they ran toward him and sneaked in a vinemaple thicket. He sat on a log until about noon and decided they would stay there until evening. He then returned to camp and got some more shells and went back. About 4:30 the fog began to come up the canyon, so he went down in there and a four-point jumped out about thirty feet from him. He shot him behind the shoulder, and the jacket left the lead and hit him in the neck. He saw a two-point run through a little opening and got him, too.

We ate supper and then took the horse and went up and got his two and returned to camp about 10 P. M. We were some tickled bunch of kids with those four deer hung up in camp.

Next morning we packed all four on the old black mare and hit the trail for home. When we got out to Chase, we borrowed a one-horse wagon and loaded the deer into it, as the old mare wanted to lay down all the time, no wonder, for those deer weighed over 400 pounds and she had packed them about fifteen miles.

We got home that night, and there was some excitement among the neighbors, as some of them had never seen a deer before.

I don't know whether that fellow ever got his hay put up or not

"Fishing is more than catching. Its pleasures are the whole outdoors. Appreciation is the secret of the lure."—Theodore Macklin.

"Let us make the best of the time yet allotted to us and regain what of youth is possible—let us go a-fishing."—Andrew Lang.

PHEASANT RAISING IN EASTERN OREGON

By LOUIS KROESSIN, Ontario, Oregon

TO acquaint the readers of The Oregon Sportsman with the raising of Chinese pheasants, it is necessary to explain a few fundamental facts. First of all, you should be a lover of nature in all its beauty, an admirer of wild game and game birds. You should have the heart of a sportsman, then you can't help being interested in the king of all game birds—the Chinese pheasant.

The beauty of this bird made me experiment with its propagation some eighteen years ago. Although I made many mistakes and met with much discouragement in the raising of these birds, I kept at it until I had solved the problem to my entire satisfaction. I have found that it is no more difficult than raising turkeys, and the profits are better than anything in the poultry line.

There is many a small rancher with an orchard, whose wife and children could make a pretty penny on the side by raising China pheasants, as there is an ever growing demand for them in the U. S. A. Many a good check I have returned to the sender because I didn't have the birds to sell. I have made as much as \$600 during a season raising pheasants besides my regular occupation, merely for the fun and recreation after business hours.

No extra expense is necessary except a few dollars worth of poultry netting to fence in the grown birds after weening from their foster-mother—the common chicken. No housing or shed is necessary. All you need is a pen with some brush or weeds to shelter them from the blazing sun. They will thrive in all climates in all kinds of weather under any kind of conditions, after they are two-thirds grown. That is when they are from ten to twelve weeks old.

They are a hardy bird, and are not afflicted with disease or vermin like chicken. They eat very little and take care of themselves. Any household can feed a dozen or two birds from the scraps and waste from the kitchen and table, with a handful of grain at intervals.

I will state briefly how the birds are hatched and fed. First I give thirteen eggs to a setting hen. These will hatch in 24 days. Then I take a box 30x30 inches, screen it in front with wire netting, place it on a grassy spot, put in the hen and little birds, and let them alone for 24 to 48 hours. It is a good idea to place a board in front of the coop, so the little chicks can't run away until they know the cluck's call. After three or four days remove the board, and let the little ones run. They will not leave her then. Under no circumstances let the old hen run with them at large, for she will surely lose them.

When the birds are 24 to 48 hours old, feed them one part hard boiled egg to two parts wheat bread crumbs. After they are two or three weeks old give them a little oatmeal or chick feed and gradually feed them grain or anything a chicken eats.

Always have water near the coop for them to drink. It is very important to keep the old hen clean from lice as she will surely transfer them to the young.

When the birds get the size of a quail, they must be put in a pen, otherwise they will stray away.

In 1915 I raised eighty-five birds on a back lot 60x63. Besides the great pleasure I had in Ontario in raising them, they netted me \$232 clear profit.



THE VIOLET-GREEN OR WHITE-BREASTED SWALLOW

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

I N Oregon, by the first week in March the first violet-green swallows have returned to their summer homes. For several years, I have watched the violet-green swallows return to my bird houses. There is no doubt in my mind that the same birds return to the same places year after year. I have known this on account of peculiarities of birds, their methods of building and the places they have built.

What a sense of location the swallow has, for his journey from the South leads him through trackless paths of unmeasured regions of the skies; yet he has some compass and sign posts that seem to guide him. I have often wondered how, from his lofty course, he knows just when he gets back to his old home. I have often wondered where he spends the night. If it rains, he will disappear for a week as suddenly as he came. But the minute another bright day dawns, I know he will be down around my orchard and he will remain till the summer is past. No wonder people used to think the swallows dived into the mud to spend the winter; they appear so suddenly and are away again so mysteriously.

One thing that is necessary to a violet-green's nest is a bed of feathers. These are always handier to get about the farm yard. I generally keep a good supply of these on hand when the swallows are nesting. When I stand on the hillside and blow up the feathers, they ask for nothing better. The swallows skim past and catch them before they touch the ground. When the feathers begin to appear, it isn't many moments till half a dozen swallows are in the game. They flit back and forth and soon become tame enough to take the feathers the instant they leave my hand. Then occasion-

ally, I have had a bird that is bold enough to snap a feather from my fingers.

In the western part of Oregon, the violet-green swallow formerly nested in old woodpecker holes and crevices in stumps, or a knot-hole in the corner of a building. It is now one of the birds that invariably rents a bird house if it is put up about the garden or orchard. Or, better still, if a hole is cut in the side of a woodshed and a box put on the inside, it is almost sure to be taken by a violet-green swallow.

A LONELY HUNTER'S SOLILOQUY

By M. D. ORANGE, Pilot Rock, Oregon

I'm lonesome this evening, I'm alone.
The sun's my guide, it points toward home.
Home, yes, home, home in the little cabin, old and sore,
Dilapidated, moss-covered, and minus a floor.
Yes, the same old home, and whither I go
With a beckoning hand to the valley below;
The valley all quiet, unpeopled, and alone;
The cabin, a recollection of a miner's home.
Still, dear old cabin, scores of years have fled,
And the man with the pick and ax long numbered with the dead;
Your face is depicted with vines and moss,
And ashes of decay that nature has lost.
And did I not know your past with its noble call,
Would I trust myself within these walls?
For I know you once sheltered them with pick and pan;
Now you nestle the hunter, called king of man.
So as twilight gathers quickly, casting shadows as it goes,
Comes your king with all his kingdom,
Sharing laughter with his woes.
Oh, to be within that palace,
Just inside those shattered walls;
Deep outside nature is singing, encored only by the hunter's call.
Yet to me comes sweeter visions,
Odors like the fragrant flowers;
Pipes, and steaks; and chops, and evening
Calls to me the hunter's hour.
But, dear old cabin, as I am dreaming,
Classing you as with our clan,
Will there ever be an ending
Such as you and mortal man?
Will there be others coming,
Armies like them, brave and bold?
Will they think of our epitaph
Molded as we have thought of old?
But now, my cabin, the boys are dreaming,
Softly, we must whisper light:
So I lay my case before you and bid you good-night.



CHINOOK SALMON FISHING AT OREGON CITY

By LESTER W. HUMPHREYS in *The American Angler*

THE Chinook Indians whose turbulent history still lingers in the memories of the pioneers of Oregon, have given their name to a salmon of the Pacific. The home of this fish is the big ocean; his flesh is a delicious, savory food, and his fighting spirit is as fierce and untamed as the Indians whose name he bears. Spurred by the instinct for reproduction, the chinook salmon enters the Columbia River in countless thousands to seek the shallow spawning beds of its upper waters. In the Columbia they are the prey of the nets of the cannery fishermen and the annual salmon pack of the Columbia is worth millions of dollars.

A hundred miles from the sea those fish which have escaped the predatory nets turn into the Willamette River, and shortly their passage is impeded by a waterfall. Here the fish congregate, delayed while they hunt for the fish ladder, and here they prove a never-ending joy to anglers who delight in a tussle with a heavy fighting fish.

He is a big and kingly fish, the royal chinook salmon. Sometimes when landed he weighs thirty, forty, or even fifty pounds. And sometimes when he is not landed he weighs—well that were better left to the imagination, as it usually is.

He fights. Rarely he shows himself, a flash of shimmering silver, in a desperate leap when he tries madly to shake out the strong hooks that hold him. More often he charges sullenly about, deep down in the river to rub his nose on the rocks and so get free. But always he fights, never yielding while there remains the strength to fight. Daily during the season he smashes rods, breaks lines of wondrous strength, and tears his way to freedom.

There came upon a day to Oregon from the East a fisherman who sang the praises of the muscallonge. Ah! that was the fighter (and he paid well merited tribute). This fisherman was invited to Oregon City on the Willamette. Oh, yes, he would fish for chinook salmon—but what a pity the Willamette did not hold muscallonge! He went

and sat in an anchored boat, chatting the glory of the muscallonge, fishing for salmon for want of better sport.

And presently a salmon struck. No one knows how big he was, but he hung his mighty strength on the hook with a swift downward tug until rod and line and fisherman trembled. He raged up and down the river; he took line off the reel so fast that it blistered the angler's resisting thumb. He charged toward the boat, then dove straight down. He sulked and tugged for half an hour. Once only he showed himself, a brief instant, on the surface sixty feet away. Then he turned, a great broad tail hesitated half a second out of the water, and he started down the river. In vain the angler tried to stop him. On and on he went, fifty yards, one hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, while the reel sung. Then a sudden, short stop. He had come to the end of the line. An instance of tense, vicious straining—the line broke at the reel, and he was gone. The angler sat dazed and a trifle unsteady, looking ruefully at the empty reel and his blistered thumb. He turned limply to his host and said hoarsely:

“A muscallonge is a tame fish!”

The setting is picturesque. At Oregon City in a great horse-shoe the river flings itself over a wall of solid rock and rushes a little way through rock walls to quieter reaches, then flows steadily onward “winding, widening to the sea.” Flanking the falls on both sides are great mills for the making of paper and woollens and the generation of electricity. Between and above the mills the river leaps from a rocky height made higher by a concrete wall, and falls roaring into a basin from which rises a constant, shifting cloud of spray, wherein the sun plays at making rainbows. Behind the mills on one side are the locks where river boats pass. From both sides the water is taken to turn the wheels of industry. At intervals below the falls this water rushes from tail races into the river.

Danger lurks there in that seething quarter-mile of maelstrom below the falls for the entertainment of those hardier souls who seek a constant thrill. A short half-mile farther down a suspension bridge leaps from one rock wall to the other. Here the water is safe and quiet and the current steady and serene—an admirable place to row lazily about with a troll line dragging astern. Here and below the fishing is as good as any; here and below women and children are seen in the boats. Below are sand bars where one may land for leisurely lunch and where children play.

It is a matter of keen regret that the chinook does not take the fly. The popular lure is a large spoon (number five) with treble hooks. Rather heavy sinkers are used to keep the twirling spinners near the bottom, where experience has taught the angler to keep them. Short, stiff rods are used, most of them between five and six feet in length, but many of them shorter. Of lines the variety is infinite. You can hear a fisherman boasting proudly that his line is tested to hold sixty-five pounds dead weight. Never less than one hundred yards of line is used—more often two hundred yards, and always on a multiplying reel.

Good sportsmanship is not wanting, and a club has been organized whose members use six-ounce rods of a minimum length of five feet, with lines of eighteen pounds maximum test. Moreover this club requires the angler to gaff his fish unaided—a feat of no small difficulty. To qualify for membership in this club—it is called the Salmon Club of Oregon—an angler is required to land a fish, weighing

twenty pounds or more, without breaking his rod, using the club specifications for tackle. The largest fish so far taken on this light tackle weighed a little over forty-four pounds.

Fishing begins in March, about the time when spring is officially announced by the almanac, though the chill of winter still unofficially numbs the fingers. It continues through the warming, lengthening days of April; the time of sunshine and showers, of budding leaves, new sprouting green grass and blossoming meadows. It runs into May, when sweet, warm breezes eddy through open windows and with mild, seductive charm lure the thoughts from shop and counter and office to the big outdoors. It wanes and stops as May ripens into June.

Fishing is best at the falls and down the river half a dozen miles. Boats may be rented. On every holiday and Sunday the river is full of boats; there are literally hundreds of them, some anchored, some moving. And in those boats are men, women and children. There are men from every walk in life; bootblack, barber, butcher, baker, banker. Men from every corner of Oregon, from all parts of the United States, even from Europe. Men with their wives and children, men with their sisters, men with their sweethearts. They who live afar make annual trips to Oregon City. They come from California, from the South, from the Atlantic Coast, from England and Scotland. Kipling came and saw and was conquered; and in his American notes he built a monument to the glory of chinook salmon fishing in Oregon. Unluckily, though, no one has been able to duplicate Kipling's feat of coaxing the chinook to rise to a fly.

When boats are anchored, it is at those places where the current itself is strong enough to turn the spinners. Other fishermen with more energy and less patience row about constantly with dragging troll lines. Still others like to cast their lures in chosen eddies after the manner of casting for bass.

It is a sport of infinite variety. Easy of access, small in expense, the element of luck, a big, big factor in the result, it is a sport where the novice may and often does excel the veteran. It is within an hour's ride by electric car of the city of Portland.

One of the finest bits of equipment for sportsmen that we know is the DANZ Bag, or, to put it long, "The DANZ Shell and Game Carrier"—its full title giving a fair idea of its all-round usefulness, except that it fails to adequately express its wonderful adaptability to a fisherman's outfit.

The bag is made in three sizes, of heavy, Olive Drab Duck, double sewed, leather-bound, reinforced and riveted—the last word in strength and durability—and can be worn with or without the coat. It is skillfully hung and adjusted, the weight being distributed to burden the wearer as little as possible.

Game or fish carried in it are kept in the best possible condition, the bellows-like movement at the back of the bag forcing the fresh air through special ventilating eyelets. While for the hunter there is a nifty little arrangement for shell carrying which will make its own particular appeal.

The DANZ and the fisherman are so admirably adapted to one another that we feel we must give them a special introduction. But for hunter, fisherman, and hiker alike, we can imagine no greater asset to comfort and convenience than the DANZ Bag.

TWENTY-EIGHT BLACK BASS, CRAPPIES AND TROUT

By IVAN L. PEARSON, McMinnville, Oregon

THE accompanying picture shows twenty-eight bass, crappies and trout caught from Horseshoe Lake in Yamhill County by two McMinnville nimrods after two hours' fishing.

This lake is situated about ten miles east of McMinnville, near the Willamette River, and affords great pleasure to fishermen who prefer either artificial or live bait. These fish averaged a pound apiece, the largest weighing over four pounds. Many larger fish, weighing up to eight pounds, are often caught in this lake. Fishermen may secure boats at this lake at very reasonable charges.



THE FIELD THAT SILAS PLOWED

By W. S. C.

This is the field that Silas plowed.

This is the corn that grew in the field that Silas plowed.

This is the bug, prolific and smug, that destroyed the corn that grew in the field that Silas plowed.

This is the bird, of joyful song, that ate the bug, prolific and smug, that destroyed the corn that grew in the field that Silas plowed.

This is the cat, stray and forlorn, that killed the bird of joyful song, that ate the bug, prolific and smug, that destroyed the corn that grew in the field that Silas plowed.

This is the field that Silas plowed—deserted by birds of joyful song, swarming with bugs, prolific and smug, yielding but half a crop of corn, roamed by the cat, stray and forlorn.

THE FIRST ANGLERS

“Since foode there was not any to be found,
For that great flood had all destroyed and drowned.
Then did Deucalion first the Art inuent
Of Angling, and his people taught the same;
And to the woods and groues with them hee went,
Fit tooles to finde for this most needful game;
There from the trees the longest ryndes they rent,
Wherewith strong lines they roughly twist and frame;
And of each crooke of hardest bush and brake
They made them hookes the hungry fish to take.”

—John Dennys, 1613.

THE BLACK-HEADED GROSBEAK

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

ONE day I stopped to look for a bird that was caroling in one of the maples. I saw the grosbeak mother singing her lullaby as she sat on her eggs. It looked to me so like a human mother's love. Few birds sing in the home. However much they wish to, they are afraid. As John Burroughs says, it is a very rare occurrence for a bird to sing while on its nest. But several times I



Male Black-Headed Grosbeak and Young

have heard the black-headed grosbeak do it. How the grosbeak took up such a custom, I do not know, for birds in general are very shy lest they attract attention to the nest.

In the grosbeak family, the Cardinal or Redbird is perhaps more familiar, since he is often seen behind the bars of a cage. The rose-breasted grosbeak is the bird of the Eastern states, while the black-headed grosbeak is of the West. He may be found anywhere from Eastern Nebraska to California and from British Columbia south to the plateau of Mexico.

I have watched a good many bird families, but I never saw the work divided as it seemed to be in the grosbeak household. The first day I stayed about the nest, I noticed that the father was feeding the children almost entirely and whenever he brought a mouthful, he hardly knew which one to feed first. The mother fed about once an hour, while he fed every ten or fifteen minutes. This seemed rather contrary to my understanding of bird ways. Generally the male is wilder than his wife and she has to take the responsibility of the home.

The next day I watched at the nest, conditions were the same, but I was surprised to see that parental duties were just reversed. The mother was going and coming continually with food, while the father sat about in the tree-tops, sang and preened his feathers leisurely, only taking the trouble to hunt up one mouthful for his bairns to every sixth or seventh the mother brought.

To my surprise, the third day I found the father was the busy

bird again. Out of eighteen plates exposed that day on the grosbeak family, I got but five snaps at the mother, and three of these were poor ones. The fourth day I watched, the mother seemed to have charge of the feeding again, but she spent most of her time trying to coax the bantlings to follow her off into the bushes. It was hardly the father's day for getting the meals, but, on the whole, he fed almost as much as the mother; otherwise the youngsters would not have received their daily allowance.

I have watched at some nests where the young were cared for almost entirely by the mother, and I have seen others where those duties were taken up largely by the father. Many times I have seen both parents work side by side in rearing a family, but this pair of grosbeaks seemed to have a way of dividing duties equally and alternating with days of rest and labor.

The parents fed their nestlings a diet of both fruit and insects. Once I saw the father distribute a whole mouthful of green meas-



Mother Black-Headed Grosbeak About to Feed Young

uring-worms. The next time, he had visited a garden down the hill-side, for he brought one raspberry in his bill and coughed up three more.

According to Bulletin No. 32 of the Bureau of Biological Survey, entitled "Food Habits of the Grosbeaks," by W. L. McAtee, the black-headed grosbeak is a bird of economic value to the fruit grower, notwithstanding the fact that it eats some fruit. An examination of 226 stomachs of this bird, the majority of which were collected in California, shows that, during his six months' stay in his summer home, the bird consumes an average of 34.15 per cent of vegetable and 65.85 per cent of animal food. This bird shows a distinct preference for black-olive scale, one of the most abundant and destructive insects on the coast. This insect constitutes 20.32 per cent of the grosbeak's entire food. Of the stomachs examined, this insect was found to have been eaten by 123 birds. This service alone more than pays fruit growers for the fruit the bird eats. To give a clearer estimate of the value of this bird to man, scientific observations show that, for every quart of fruit eaten, the black-headed grosbeak eats more than three pints of black-olive scales, more than a quart of flower beetles, besides a generous supply of canker worms and the pupae of the codling-moth.

FISHING FINE IN LINN COUNTY

By WARDEN S. B. TYCER, Brownsville, Oregon

A FEW remarks from this territory may be of interest to the readers of The Oregon Sportsman. At this writing the trout are just beginning to raise to a fly or spinner in the Calapooia River. For the benefit of the sportsmen, there is a good auto road for thirty-five miles above Brownsville, and good camping grounds are to be found almost anywhere along the river. From now on I believe that the fishing will be fine in all the streams of Linn County.

On the South Santiam River the conditions are similar to those on the Calapooia. The roads are fine from Brownsville to Sweet Home and on to Cascadia; also a daily auto stage runs from Lebanon to Cascadia, one of the most beautiful and most pleasant summer resorts in Oregon. The South Santiam abounds in nice camping grounds. In the South Santiam the Rainbow, Cuthroat and Brook trout are the principal fish caught, while the Calapooia furnishes the Rainbow, Cut-throat and Brown trout. Since the Calapooia has been stocked by the State Fish and Game Commission it furnishes some excellent fishing.

Charles Standish, of Brownsville, has made the best catch in the Calapooia River so far this year. Mr. Standish went by auto eighteen miles above Brownsville on June 26, returning the same day with thirty of the finest fish that have been seen this season. They measured eight to eighteen and one-half inches in length.

I am sending The Sportsman a picture of the catch I made Sunday, June 24, while patrolling the Calapooia River twenty miles above Brownsville. These fish were from seven to sixteen inches in length.

With regard to upland bird hunting in this county, the crop of young birds appears to be above the normal. Especially with the Chinese pheasants. This section had more birds last season than any other in the Willamette Valley, and as there was a good supply of old birds left over the crop of young birds this year is above the average.

With regard to deer hunting in the mountains of Eastern Linn, will say that it begins to look more encouraging. Quite a number of deer have been seen feeding in the grain fields of the upper Calapooia Valley. As many as six in a band have been seen at one time feeding in the pastures along the foothills between Brownsville and Coburg. This looks very much as though the "hound dogs" were going out of commission.



FISHING LAKES AND STREAMS OF WALLOWA COUNTY

By G. F. RYAN, Pendleton, Oregon

I HAVE noticed articles in The Oregon Sportsman about fishing in the different lakes and streams of Oregon, but it seems to me that the sportsmen of Oregon have passed up some of the best fishing places in the West as the lakes and streams of Wallowa County afford some of the best trout fishing I have ever experienced.

There are three lakes in the vicinity of Joseph that are easily accessible. They are Wallowa Lake, Aneroid Lake, and Ice Lake, and there are several others that one would have to pack into as there are only trails leading to them. But fishermen coming to Wallowa Lake, which is only a mile from the railroad, will find good fishing after the first of May. I have caught rainbow trout up to thirty-two inches in length there, but a man must be a good fisherman to catch them as the resort at the head of the lake brings many amateurs there and the fish are pretty wise.

I have spent three summers in Wallowa County and have done a lot of fishing. One of the best fishing trips I ever took was last summer. I had heard about Aneroid Lake, but had never been there. This lake is seven miles above Wallowa Lake and on the east fork of the Wallowa River. One morning I left the resort and walked up to Aneroid Lake. It took me about three hours to make the trip as the lake is situated about 3,000 feet higher than Wallowa Lake. However, I arrived there about 11 o'clock and after eating my lunch, took my fishing outfit and walked around the lake to the outlet, making a few casts as I went, but not meeting with any success. After I struck the outlet of the lake business began to pick up. I walked down the river about a hundred yards and threw into a likely looking hole and connected with a rainbow twenty-eight inches in length and weighing 5½ pounds. The water is very swift there and I was almost as wet as the fish when I finally landed him. I went on down the stream a short distance and landed another which was twenty-six inches long and weighing 4½ pounds. I also caught several smaller ones, these being mostly Eastern brook trout. I then returned to camp and decided to try the lake again early in the morning.

The next morning I started for the lake just as the sun was coming over the mountain tops. Arriving at the lake I went along a sandy beach to where the water was about two feet deep. Here I saw about 200 Eastern brook trout lying in the sun. I made several



G. F. Ryan, of Pendleton, and Two Big Ones taken from Aneroid Lake, Wallowa County

casts and caught several before they took to deep water. Then I cast farther out and hooked the largest Eastern brook trout I ever caught. It measured nineteen inches long, seventeen inches around, and weighed $4\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. He sure made my reel sing, as the water was deep and he was full of fight. I also caught several smaller ones, but not having much time to spare I had to stop fishing and go back to camp, arriving at the resort at 11 A. M.

I also made a trip to Ice Lake, which is about the same distance up the west fork of the Wallowa River, and caught 43 Eastern brook trout, measuring from eight to fourteen inches.

These lakes were stocked about four years ago by the State Fish and Game Commission. Fishermen going there and spending three or four days will sure get more fish than they can handle. Grouse shooting is also very good in this locality. Pack outfits can be obtained from the resort management and accommodations at the resort are also very good.

ANGLERS HOLD TOURNEY IN OREGON

William C. Block and Charles P. Smith were the stars of the fly direction of the Multnomah Anglers' Club.

and bait casting tournament held in Portland recently under the

In the accuracy bait casting, three-fourth ounce, Charles P. Smith was first with a mark of 97.6. This is the first accuracy test Mr. Smith has ever tried. W. F. Backus was second with 97.4, and W. C. Block third with 96.9.

Block won the light tackle dry fly accuracy cast with a score of 99 13-15. W. F. Backus was second with 99 12-15 and W. E. Carlon third with 99 4-15.

The distance fly cast, heavy rod, was won by Block with a cast of 88 feet, W. F. Backus second, 86 feet, and J. C. Morris, 60 feet.

The accuracy bait casting consisted of casting at a 30-inch bullseye at 60 feet, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet. Two casts are made from each distance.

The light tackle dry fly accuracy test is made from circles at 20 feet, $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet, 35, $42\frac{1}{2}$ and 50 feet. Three casts are made from each circle.

DUCK'S NEST IN A YELLOW PINE TREE

By COMMISSIONER C. F. STONE, Klamath Falls, Oregon

IT is not an uncommon thing for the average individual, or the person of mediocre information on a given subject, to discover something that, to him, is a revelation, and yet to the initiated, it may appear to be the usual thing. All this rambling preliminary was inspired just the other day by the spectacle of a mallard duck's nest in a yellow pine tree, about thirty feet from the ground. The tree stands at the edge of the public road about a half mile west of Pelican Bay Lodge, and many persons saw the duck daily during the sitting period. The eggs hatched on the 27th of this month, and in carrying the little ducks to a swamp a hundred yards away, the mother duck dropped one of the babies to its death in the road. The nest appears to be compactly constructed among a cluster of vertical branches growing from a large horizontal limb, and it is very probable that one of the small branches brushed the little hour-old duck from its mother's back and caused the tragedy.

A FISH TRAGEDY OF THE PACIFIC

By ERNEST ELVA WEIR in Forest and Stream

WHEN the chinook salmon of the Pacific Coast leave salt water and go far inland to spawn in shallow streams, they never return. Large, fat and healthy when the run up the coast rivers begins in the spring, the fish soon waste away from lack of food, as they never eat after leaving the salt water. During the long trip to the spawning grounds, hunger causes the fish to attack each other viciously, and it is a question of the survival of the fittest. The weaker never reach their destination, the stronger lose tails and fins in their fights for supremacy. As a result of the actual spawning following the run up the rivers without food, the fish change in color and lose all their scales and most of their skin, becoming a mass of white patches and blotches of decay. Their mission in life is ended, the old fish die and the newly born find their way to salt water, only to repeat the experience of their elders four years hence. The spawning ground of the chinook salmon is both his cradle and his grave.—Here is a fish tragedy unequalled certainly by anything in human annals.

COMMENDS UNION COUNTY GAME WARDEN

La Grande, Oregon, June 12, 1917.

Editors Oregon Sportsman:

A few words from the Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot Club of La Grande with reference to the way in which our game warden is handling the business of his office this year. Mr. Walden, our genial warden, makes every one he finds fishing show him their license, at the time taking their name and the number of the license. This is one way of getting the license money that is approved. Years before no attention has been paid to persons fishing without license.

I myself with a party was out fishing Sunday, and walked up the stream several miles. On our way we met two boys who informed us that they had been "pinched" for not having a license to fish. We walked up two miles farther and commenced to fish, when we heard the brush cracking and several big stones came rolling down the hill. We thought it must be a bunch of elk coming down to the stream for water. Getting out of sight we were surprised to see instead of the elk that we had anticipated, our worthy game warden making his way to the stream. You know he weighs 320 pounds. We were safe as we both had our fishing credentials, so showed up and he took "our number."

But the boys are well pleased with the way things in the game line are handled. We have our small lakes all stocked with bass and are figuring on raising our own game birds for stocking purposes, as the County Judge, Mr. Phy, is a good sportsman and the county is going to raise them for us. The Club is to furnish the birds for breeding purposes. We are also very anxious to get the Minam hatchery going. This is what we need to make this section the fishermen's paradise.

AL. ANDREWS, Secretary,
Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot Club.

WHERE TO GO FOR THE SUMMER

SOUTHERN OREGON—A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

By WARDEN EDGAR WALKER, Medford, Oregon

SOUTHERN Oregon affords extensive opportunities to the hunter and angler; especially is this true of Jackson, Josephine, Curry, and Douglas Counties.

The Rogue River, about nine miles from Medford, is the ideal place for the big fish which vary in weight from three to fifteen pounds or more, and offers the angler royal sport in fly fishing. The South Fork of Rogue River is best for mountain trout, and is easily reached from Medford via Butte Falls, the distance being about forty-nine miles.

The North Fork of Rogue River is only a few hours' drive from Medford over good roads, and will afford exceptionally fine fishing this summer as the State Fish and Game Commission planted 15,000 cut-throat trout here in 1915, which should take the fly now.

Big Butte Creek, about thirty miles from Medford, is the best stream in Southern Oregon for the famous cut-throat trout, and will be at its best this year in July.

There are a great many mountain streams in Southern Oregon where the mountain trout are plentiful and the camping out places are convenient, although there are comfortable hotels at Rogue River, Crater Lake and other resorts for those not desiring to carry camping impedimenta.

One of the most charming places to the writer's knowledge, and one farthest away from the "beaten path," is Blue Canyon at the base of Mt. McLoughlin. There are innumerable lakes abounding in exceptionally fine trout. The hunting also is excellent in the canyon: deer, grouse, mountain quail and pheasants are plentiful, and an occasional bear may also be found. The camping facilities are especially good; pure cold water from natural springs on the camping grounds; good feed for horses, and an abundance of wild blue huckleberries covering the hills. The principal lakes in Blue Canyon are Blue Lake, Horseshoe Lake, Long Lake and Island Lake. The canyon can be reached by automobile to the foot of Cat Hill at the base of Mt. McLoughlin, thence about four or five miles over trail by pack horse. July, August and September are the best months in which to go into the canyon.

Squaw Lake, located in the Upper Applegate country, affords excellent fishing, as does also Fish Lake, Four Mile Lake and Lake of the Woods—the latter two lakes being just outside the Jackson County boundaries to the east.

The hunting is excellent in nearly every wooded part of the counties; especially in Curry County, although it takes from ten days to two weeks for a good hunting trip there, as most places have to be reached by pack horses. Good packers can easily be secured through the co-operation of the sporting goods houses or deputy game wardens at Ashland, Medford, Grants Pass or Roseburg.

Crater Lake is the most beautiful of all resorts in Oregon. It

is located at the summit of the Cascade Mountains near the northeast corner of Jackson County, eighty-five miles from Medford. Crater Lake is the deepest body of fresh water in North America, half filling the shell of a great extinct volcano. The lake has no known inlets or outlets though the water is fresh and cool and stocked with a plentiful supply of fish. The waters are blue, of a tint nowhere else seen. The lake is oval in shape, four miles wide and six miles long, having a depth of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. The lake has a number of excursion boats, a hotel, and numerous resorts and camping spots are found in the near vicinity. The regular Crater Lake National Park season is from July 1 to September 30. Special excursion rates to Crater Lake during the season are made via Medford from all points on the Southern Pacific. At Medford connection is made three times a week with auto stage.

The tourist attractions in Southern Oregon include many varieties of mineral springs; the wonderful Rogue River gorge at Prospect; the weird underground caves just across the Josephine County line, and almost unrivalled hunting and fishing advantages.

WHERE TO GO IN DOUGLAS COUNTY

By WARDEN ORRIN THOMPSON, Roseburg, Oregon

DOUGLAS County offers many inducements to people looking for a place to enjoy outdoor life, and where fish and game is abundant. There is a variety of locations, from the seashore and lakes, to snow-covered mountains.

The Umpqua River, which rises at the summit of the Cascade Mountains and flows through Douglas County, about 250 miles, to the ocean, is one of the best fishing streams to be found anywhere. It has many tributaries, where fishing and hunting are good. Douglas County is especially noted for the large numbers of deer to be found.

At the mouth of the Umpqua River is Winchester Bay, a summer resort where bathing, boating, fishing and hunting may be enjoyed. There is an abundance of shellfish, perch, herring, etc. Lakes and streams in the vicinity afford good trout fishing. Duck shooting is good in season. The silverside salmon take a spinner readily during the fall months. Tidewater runs for thirty miles up the Umpqua and it is an ideal place for motorboating. This territory can be reached by railroad from Eugene to Gardiner or Reedsport, and from these places by boat. Also by auto from Drain or Oakland to Scottsburg at head of tidewater, and from there by boat.

The North and South Umpqua Rivers in the vicinity of Roseburg are favorite places for those who like to troll for the Royal Chinook salmon. They are running between April 1 and June 1. The Umpqua chinook is a large and gamey fish. Several specimens were taken this season which weighed over sixty pounds each. The fishing may be reached by auto from Roseburg. Many were caught in the South Umpqua this year, most of them within the city limits of Roseburg.

The North Umpqua is accessible by auto to Rock Creek, about twenty-five miles from Roseburg. There are many beautiful camping places and the fishing is good. The species caught are mostly cut-throat and steelhead trout. A great many rainbow and Eastern brook

trout have been planted by the Fish and Game Commission. Some of these are being caught.

Above Rock Creek the United States Forest Service has built a network of trails, leading to many points of interest. The fishing, hunting and scenery in this territory cannot be beat.

It is an interesting trip, to take the pack trail route to Diamond and Crater Lakes. There is an abundance of large game, deer and black bear, and the fishing is exceptionally good. It is about 100 miles from Roseburg to Crater Lake.

That part of Douglas County which is drained by the South Umpqua and its tributaries, has long been noted for the large number of deer it contains. Cow Creek Canyon is a noted place for deer hunting. It is reached via the Southern Pacific railroad. Packers can be secured at Peck and West Fork stations for the various camping places in that vicinity. Upper Cow Creek can be reached from Glendale by auto for about twenty-five miles.

Middle Creek, another favorite hunting ground, can be reached by pack horse from West Fork, or wagon or pack horse from Riddle, about ten miles from Riddle.

There is probably no place in Oregon where deer are more plentiful than in the territory around Tiller. There are many beautiful camping places either along the streams or in the high mountains. The headwaters of the streams furnish good fishing for mountain trout. In addition to hundreds of deer, a great many bear, cougar, bobcats and wolves are killed in this section every year. Tiller is located twenty-eight miles from Riddle, a station on the Southern Pacific railroad. Auto stage runs from Riddle to Tiller. Hotel accommodations, guides, horses and outfits, can be secured there.

The deer in Douglas County are nearly all blacktail. There are a few whitetails in the vicinity of Roseburg, but they do not inhabit the high mountains and are not numerous like the blacktail. In every section where I have been the deer seem to be quite plentiful, and prospects look good for the nimrod to "bring home the bacon" this season.

WHERE TO GO FOR THE SUMMER OUTING

By WARDEN O. B. PARKER, McMinnville, Oregon

IN reply to your letter asking me to send in an article for the "Where to Go For the Summer" number of The Oregon Sportsman, I will mention a few of the best camping places for hunting and fishing in my district.

One of the most desirable in every way is the old resort known as Meadow Lake; while Meadow Lake itself is a private fishing ground, below the lake, the Nestucca River is a splendid fishing stream for cut-throat, rainbow, and what is commonly called salmon trout. This is an ideal place to take a family for a camping trip as it can easily be reached by an automobile. It is situated fifteen miles west of Carlton and twenty miles from McMinnville. This location is a favorite one with our local sportsmen for both hunting and fishing. There are many deer and bear found in the mountains near by and hunting for the former is especially good as they are quite numerous.

Another good place which is easily reached by automobile is Fairdale on the north fork of the Yamhill River at the foot of the

Coast Mountains about ten miles west of Yamhill. This is one of the most beautiful camping places and also one of the best hunting grounds to be found in the Coast Mountains. A number of fine deer are killed here each season and quite a number of bear. Wild blackberries are very plentiful and fishing fair. Those who care to pack about nine miles into the mountains, to the north and south forks of the Trask River can catch the limit of fine trout almost any time and will also find hunting excellent.

The camping place known as the Wortman Camp, lying fifteen miles West of McMinnville on the headwaters of the Willamina River and near the beautiful Willamina Falls, is noted for its ideal trout fishing as the stream is kept well stocked each year by the State Fish and Game Commission. The deer hunting is excellent and some bear are also found in this location. The beautiful camp grounds, lovely scenery, fine fishing and hunting, good automobile roads, leave nothing to be desired in the way of a suitable place to spend the summer vacation. This road extends fifteen miles farther into the mountains to the Big Nesucca River which is one of the finest fishing streams in the State, and there is also plenty of deer hunting. From Wortman's Camp the road is not suitable for travel by automobile but may be reached by team or pack horses, and those who make this trip will be well repaid for the effort.

The Tualatin River near Cherry Grove is one of the finest fishing streams in my district. It is also a good location for deer hunting. Camping places may be found at various places along the river and it can be reached either by train or automobile. While fishing along this stream June 17, Mr. Frank Woodard of Portland saw three fine deer. Trout fishing and deer hunting are especially good at Gales Creek near Gales City, at Dairy Creek near Mountaindale, and at Scoggins Creek at the head of the famous Scoggins Valley. There are also beautiful camping grounds along these streams and a good automobile road. There are many other locations too numerous to mention in this district and I will be glad to furnish any information I can to those who anticipate a trip to this section.

GAME CONDITIONS IN COOS COUNTY

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

GAME conditions in Coos County at the present time are fine. Deer seem to be very plentiful in some localities, while not so plentiful in others. The Chinese pheasants in the Coquille Valley, liberated by the State a few years ago, are doing fine, and the birds can be seen most any place in the Coquille Valley.

The State Fish and Game Commission has tried very hard to get the birds started in this section, but it seems to be very difficult any other place other than in the Coquille Valley. The State has a large game reserve, consisting of probably 10,000 acres, the entire holding of the Dement brothers, on the South Fork of the Coquille River, and has liberated eight crates of birds on this reserve, but the birds either won't stay there or have been caught or killed in some way. There are a great many deer on this reserve. The writer had occasion to visit the reserve not long ago and in one day's travel counted thirty-one deer. We learn that there is some poaching on the reserve, but this will be watched very carefully in the future.

The South Fork of the Coquille River is a great stream for fish-

ing, and the mountains along the river for forty miles afford splendid hunting and compares favorably with any section in this country. Anyone desiring to see some beautiful scenery and catch all the speckled beauties they like and see some of the finest timber, both fir and cedar, and forget all the troubles they ever had, should make the trip from Powers up the river to Ash Swamp, and then back on Eden Ridge. Take a week for this trip, then when some excitement is wanted, get John Warner at Powers and his old dogs "Grit," and "Foxy," two of the best panther dogs in the State, and go for a panther hunt. Mr. Warner never fails to get from one to four panthers on a trip and will guarantee to get one for any one who would like sport of this kind. This being done, if you are not satisfied, the deer season opens August 15, and you can find splendid deer hunting on Eden Ridge, Bone Mountain, or on many other famous hunting grounds in that section that I could mention, but a stranger would need a guide to find them.

Now this is just a little sketch of the South Fork of the Coquille for fishing and hunting. It is only an introduction, and not to be considered from a comparative standpoint to the rest of Coos County for sport. I have not mentioned the Middle Fork, with all its tributaries, and the North Fork and its tributaries. Many people who read this article have no doubt heard of the famous Brewster Canyon, noted far and wide as a "fisherman's paradise." These streams are all on the Coquille side.

Now we will come over to the Coos Bay side. Here I would like to introduce you to a couple of my friends, Dr. Straw and Dr. Vaughn, of Marshfield. Would rather wait, however, until you meet them personally, as a lot of people take them to be truthful. But even if they are not, they don't charge anything for what they tell you. And Mr. L. L. Thomas is a close second to the two former named gentlemen. Here we have Coos Rivers, both North and South Forks, with all their tributaries, with as fine fishing as anyone could ask for, and the hills on either side of the river furnish splendid deer hunting in season; and Coos Bay and its inlets and lakes, near by, can't be beat for ducks during the fall and winter. Everyone going out duck hunting during the fall of 1916 and spring to January 15, 1917, got all the ducks they wanted every time they went out.

The next issue of The Sportsman will contain a story entitled, "Bull Wheel Jim's First Experience with the First Hammerless 303 Savage Rifle on His Lucky 13." Also hunting stories by two of the oldest settlers on Coos Bay, and other interesting stories from this section.

SOME PLACES TO GO IN UMATILLA COUNTY

By WARDEN GEORGE TONKIN, Pendleton, Oregon

AMONG the mountains of Umatilla County are many places where camping may be thoroughly enjoyed. From Pilot Rock in the south end of the county or from Milton, Athena or Weston in the upper part of the county a half day's ride or less by auto will take one to the timbered hills where there is good grouse hunting and in many places quite a few deer. From Gibbon, Duncan, Meacham and Kamela, on the O.-W. R. & N. railroad, one can find a good camping place in a few minutes' walk. Meacham Creek heads near Kamela and the railroad follows this stream to its junction with the Umatilla River near Gibbon. There is some excellent fish-

ing to be had, especially in the north fork, which joins the main creek above Duncan. Grouse shooting is good on the breaks of this stream and at the heads of the canyons quite a few deer may be found.

Bingham Springs is on the Umatilla River, eight miles above Gibbon. An auto stage makes at least two trips daily between these places. The springs are warm and the swimming pool and bath add materially to the pleasure of an outing at Bingham. Tents, cabins, and hotel accommodations may be had here and there is a well patronized dance hall. With all these attractions you can hike up the stream or across the hills and feel no worriment for the comfort and pleasure of those members of the party who may prefer to stay at camp. No better fishing can be had in any part of the county. Below the springs the river is open for eight miles to Gibbon and if your ambition fails you you can return from your fishing trip by the auto stage. Above the springs there is Bear Creek and both forks of the river. The stories of fishing and hunting trips on these streams have been repeated, (and enlarged), at many a campfire. Grouse and native pheasants are quite plentiful here and deer can be found within a few miles of camp. Many herds of deer winter on the breaks near the springs and toward the last of the open season they begin to move toward their winter feeding ground.

Many fine catches of trout have been made this year in all parts of the county, some of them by parties who made the return trip in one day from the county seat.

In favorable seasons great quantities of huckleberries can be found in the mountains. Camping parties gather them and often cook and put them in cans, before leaving camp. The berries usually begin to ripen about the first of August.

WHAT SOUTHEASTERN OREGON HAS TO OFFER SPORTSMEN

By WARDEN H. L. GRAY, Vale, Oregon

SOME of the most ideal camping places that can be found in Oregon are to be secured around Ironside Mountain, on the North and Middle Forks of the Malheur, and at Steins Mountain, which is the home of the mule deer and other species of game. In all of these locations is found plenty of the best, pure mountain water, shady nooks and fish-bearing streams.

Ironside Mountain is located on the line between Baker and Malheur Counties, and is the last of the Blue Mountain Range as you travel southeast. One of the most ideal camping places in the Ironside Mountain district is near the Lockhart ranch. This location can be reached by good roads by automobile about fifteen miles west of Ironside store, which is located on the John Day highway, about fifty miles from Vale and forty miles from Baker, and is at or near the head of the following streams: Willow Creek, Lost Creek, Clover Creek, Camp Creek and Burnt River. All of these are excellent streams, where sportsmen from various parts of Malheur County have been making the limit catches, with some of the mountain trout twenty inches and better in length. In hunting season this is an ideal location for game, there being quantities of sage hens and

grouse, and deer are reasonably plentiful. As to grouse and sage hens, a sportsman may easily expect to see 400 to 500 in a day.

Camping locations on the North and Middle Forks of the Malheur River are plentiful and can be reached by automobile from Vale or Burns by the way of Drewsey, or from Canyon City. The road leading to Crane and Summit Prairies and Logan Valley, leaves the Vale-Burns highway about seven miles east of Drewsey and runs almost due north. At about thirty miles Crane Prairie is reached. The best location for camping is at the extreme east end of Crane Prairie, at the head of Crane Creek. Here there are to be found grouse, sage hens, and deer during the open season. It is about four miles from this point to the North Fork of the Malheur River, where plenty of mountain trout are to be had, and they will strike at anything that looks like bait. From this point it is only fourteen miles north and west to Logan Valley. This is on the Middle Fork of the Malheur River, and is one of the most ideal camping places in Oregon, there being plenty of salmon in this stream all summer as well as Dolly Varden, cut-throat and mountain trout. The elevation at this place is over 5,000 feet, and it is necessary to have plenty of bedding as the nights are always cool—so cool that you will often find ice on the streams in August. This location is in the heart of the Blue Mountain Forest Reserve, therefore it is not necessary to dwell on the shade or hunting conditions as both are par excellence.

In speaking of Steins Mountain, this is the nearest to a sportsman's paradise of any place with which I am familiar in Oregon. It is located about forty miles due south of Malheur and Harney Lakes. The elevation of the mountain is about 9,000 feet and can be best reached from the Narrows, or from Burns by the way of Narrows, or from Vale by the way of Skull Springs, Crowley, Folly Farm to Diamond. In this locality there is not one, but hundreds of good camping locations, the best being at the extreme top of the mountain at the head of Blitzen River. The Blitzen River is a virgin stream for fishing, where the limit can be had every day, and the trout are big ones. This mountain has been in a game reserve for a number of years. The last Legislature opened the season here for deer from August 15 to October 31, and I am reasonably certain that a more ideal hunting ground it would be impossible to find—for deer, sage hens and grouse.

EASTERN OREGON LAKES AND STREAMS MORE POPULAR THAN EVER

By WARDEN JOHN CUNNINGHAM, Bend, Oregon

THE lakes and streams of Central Oregon are more popular this year among fishermen of Oregon, California and Washington than they have ever been before. The stories of fine catches of rainbows, red sides and Dolly Vardens have spread far and near and already the anglers are making their hegira to the sequestered holes where the finny beauties lie and wait.

The sportsman in search for varied kind of scenery, plenty of rugged spots, beautiful clear streams, deep blue lakes, may well pack his outfit and start for Central Oregon, where his heart's desire will be satisfied. These spots are all accessible at this time of the year from Bend by auto roads, which now are in good condition for travel.

The Metolius River, about forty-two miles from Bend, is acces-

sible by auto all the way from Bend, Redmond, and Prineville, where the main roads into Central Oregon branch off. Splendid camping grounds are available at almost any place along the river. Dolly Vardens and rainbows abound in the fast flowing clear stream. From the Metolius, by trail, Square Lake, Long Lake and Wasco Lake may be reached with ease. There are several other small and exceedingly picturesque lakes in the vicinity, most of which are stocked with Eastern brook trout and rainbows, many weighing as heavy as six pounds. They are gamey fish for the fisherman who enjoys a scrap on the end of his line. Suttles Lake is easily reached by automobile from the Metolius, and affords splendid bathing and fishing. On the Metolius are two summer resort hotels, the Midway Ranch, of which Dan Heisig is proprietor, and the ranch home of H. K. Allen, at Allendale, a few miles below the Heising ranch. Mr. Heising always has pack horses available for persons wishing to pack into the interior.

There are few lakes in Oregon that have the natural beauty possessed by Crescent, Odell, Paulina and East Lakes. All of these lakes may be reached without difficulty at this time of the year. There are most favorable camping grounds and the waters abound in large, scrappy fish, which, by the way, are biting good now. In season, there is always good hunting in the districts around these lakes. For those desiring to obtain huckleberries in season, it may be said that they are plentiful. Good accommodations may be obtained at Odell Lake, and guides may be secured to pilot parties wishing to take extended interior trips.

Paulina and East Lakes are thirty miles south of Bend, and about twelve miles from the main highway to La Pine. The reputation of these lakes to give up trout weighing as heavy as sixteen pounds is well known to local fishermen. At East Lake there are hot and mineral springs. These lakes are located in the Paulina preserve, where it is not uncommon to see deer and bear browsing along the banks. These animals are protected by law and it is unlawful at all times to kill them.

The reputation of the Deschutes River as a rendezvous for anglers from all parts of the Northwest is well known. The fishing season started late in this locality, but sportsmen report it to be at its best now. The river is accessible at almost any point and the Crane Prairie district has just been opened to automobile travel. Lava, Cultus and Twin Lakes all abound in fine, scrappy trout. Twin Lakes was planted to steelheads about five years ago, and in the last two years some great sport has been experienced with this variety, weighing from four to twelve pounds. Twin Lakes are located near the road from Bend to Crane Prairie, forty miles from Bend.

It is a rarity for fishermen not to come home without catching enough of Central Oregon trout to make their trip worth while. This is the ideal season of the year to come into Central Oregon. The days are warm, nights cool. Bring plenty of bedding and wraps. The water everywhere is of the very best. The scenery is splendid.

GAME AND FISH IN COLUMBIA COUNTY

By WARDEN WILLIAM BROWN, St. Helens, Oregon

AS MY quarter-yearly contribution to the Sportsman relative to the condition of game and fish in my county (Columbia), I will briefly state that so far as the big game, such as deer, is concerned, in my opinion they are more plentiful than they have been the past two or three years. In fact I am constantly coming in contact with bunches of two or three deer throughout the county which seems to be an unusual condition, but may be accounted for from the fact that we have had a very mild winter and there has been plenty of feed. The animals are all in good condition.

Game birds of all kinds are plentiful, especially pheasants and grouse. They are fat and have fared well on account of the mild weather and feed being plentiful. The only disadvantage they are suffering from now is that the streams are all swollen over their banks and the lowlands as a consequence are flooded, which makes it hard for them at the present time.

Now as to fishing. There is plenty of good fishing, especially trout. The fisherman experiences no difficulty in getting to and from the streams in Columbia County. A person can go to St. Helens on the night train, stop at the hotel, and in the morning leave early for the nearby trout streams and catch a good mess of trout and be back in time to take the train into Portland the same day. All of the necessary fishing tackle is carried by the St. Helens Hardware Store, so a person can get everything he wants right there on the ground. I might mention this to the tourist unacquainted with the streams and fields of this country, that the St. Helens Hardware Company, as well as the deputy game warden, will take pleasure in directing strangers to the good trout streams so there will be no time lost in locating the best fishing grounds; and to the most abundant game districts.

There are many streams in Columbia County where, with the right kind of bait, the limit of trout can be taken in a few hours.

WHERE TO GO IN MARION AND POLK COUNTIES

By WARDEN ROY BREMMER, Salem, Oregon

ONE of the most attractive places for fishing and camping parties in Marion County is the North Santiam River and its tributaries. From Salem to Mehama the distance is thirty miles. At that point the Little North Fork of the Santiam can be covered by auto for a distance of twenty miles and the fishing will be found good.

From Salem to Niagara, the end of the auto or wagon road, the distance is forty-five miles. A beautiful place to camp and fish will be found at that point. Parties wanting to go into the heart of the Cascade Mountains can take the train at that point and go to Detroit, where Government trails will lead them to some of the most attractive hunting and fishing grounds in the State. The Breitenbush, a tributary of the Santiam River, is known as one of the finest summer trout streams and can be reached from Detroit. The San-

tiam and its tributaries are at their best for fishing in July, August and September.

The famous Breitenbush Hot Springs, which are located twelve miles from Detroit, can be reached by pack horse. Parties wishing to go in that vicinity can hire pack horses at Detroit, and from the Hot Springs all of the country in the vicinity of Mt. Jefferson and Olallie Butte can be covered. In a radius of twenty miles from the Hot Springs there are thirty lakes that have been stocked with Eastern brook trout by the State Fish and Game Commission, and fish weighing from three to five pounds is a common catch.

Other places in Marion County that will be attractive to the summer camper are the well-known Silver Creek Falls, Abiqua River and Butte Creek. All of these places are within twenty to thirty miles of Salem.

For an angler who likes to fish for the gamey black bass, Marion County can give him his heart's desire as there are twenty lakes located along or near the Willamette that abound in this kind of fish, and the lakes are from five to twenty miles from Salem.

The western part of Polk County is divided by the Coast Mountains, and for the summer camper that portion lying west of the Coast divide would appeal to parties spending their vacations, more than the eastern slope. Fishing on the western slope is at its best during the months of July, August and September. The Siletz River and its tributaries can be reached by the way of Dallas and Falls City. From Dallas to the mouth of Rock Creek is forty-two miles, but parties not wanting to go that far can find good fishing within thirty miles of Dallas. Parties going to Newport would find this route a very fine trip. The road is rather narrow and there are a number of short turns, but with careful driving they would find no difficulty in going this route and would enjoy spending a few days in the vicinity of the mouth of Rock Creek fishing for cut-throat trout. The road is in good condition from July to October for autos.

Salmon River is reached by the way of Willamina and Grande Ronde, and good fishing can be had on that stream within fifty miles of Dallas.

On the east slope of the Coast Mountains, the Little and Big Luckiamute, Mill Creek, Rickreall and Yamhill Rivers supply the angler with fine early fishing. After the middle of August these streams are not very attractive to the sportsman wishing to make a good catch.

A HUNTING STORY

By WARDEN JOHN LARSON, Astoria, Oregon

ON the first of June, four of "us fellows" went down to Elk Creek by auto. From there we walked a mile and a half to Ecola Rocks, arriving at 7 A. M. The tide was low and we walked out to the middle reef. On the outside reef were about a thousand large sealions lying and sunning themselves on the rocks. Each one selected a large sealion and at the signal to shoot we all hit the mark, causing the ugly monsters to fall off the rocks dead. We had good shooting for about three hours, or until the tide came in and drove us to the shore. We killed about sixty sealions.



WHERE TO GO IN TILLAMOOK COUNTY

By WARDEN C. W. LOUGHERY, Tillamook, Oregon

IN your "Where to Go for the Summer" number, I would like a few words to say in commendation of Tillamook County. In all my years of public service, I never saw such an ideal spot for a summer's vacation. It is easy to reach by train or auto, being only about six miles to the county seat coming in over the old Sheridan road through the famous old Grand Ronde Indian Reservation, where the illustrious Phil Sheridan was once stationed, then on down three rivers to Hebo where you strike the big Nestucca River, which is justly famous for its trout fishing. But it does not need a word of mine to herald its virtues, as there were more than forty autos up as far as Blaine last Sunday, all fishing parties and most of them came from outside of the county. The people who live in this section think that the numerous rod and gun clubs that use the rivers for fishing and hunting should make some effort to secure young fish for restocking the rivers. From Hebo you can either go up or down the river. You may go down the river as far as Cloverdale and Pacific City, where there are excellent camping grounds. At this place you have the privilege of partaking of one of the justly famous chicken dinners, with all the trimmings, which the Edmunds prepare. The dinner itself being worth the trip here from Portland. In case you should be going to the county seat, you go up the river from Hebo, turning at Beaver which is at the junction of the Beaver and Nestucca. There are fine camping grounds at this place and many camps here on account of its being sheltered. Also, the beach is handy from here, and fishing is good. From Beaver there is an excellent road to Tillamook, being about a sixteen miles' journey. At Tillamook they give good hotel accommodations at a reasonable rate. You may have your choice of a half dozen places to fish from this place, being so near the Trask, Wilson and Kilches Rivers and Foley Creek, on all of which you may obtain good transportation. The

Nehalem River may be reached from here by train. Hunting in this district is good.

I am sending you some pictures which I wish you would print if you can give them space as they are out of the ordinary. I think they would be of interest to your readers. No. 1 is a picture of some swan taken at the place of Mr. S. M. Batterson, the bird man, by whose courtesy we are indebted for a number of striking pictures of bird life taken by Mr. E. S. Catron, Inspector of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, and myself. Mr. Batterson's place is well worth seeing and would be worth anyone's time to make the trip there. He rears all kinds of wild birds, hatching the eggs by bantam hens. If Eugene Stratton Porter only knew him there would be another nature story with an Oregon setting.

No. 2 is a picture of a fawn that was taken from its dead mother; she was run in from the hills by dogs and broke her leg while traveling over the rocks below Neskowin and was shot by

Arthur Tatro. He opened her and took from her two fawns, one being dead. He raised the other one on a bottle until now it is doing well. It is about a month old in the picture with young Tatro, and is quite a pet, being able to follow him about. It now feeds from a cow as a calf and the cow seems to welcome it as though it was one of her own.

No. 3 is a picture of a fawn that was born in a box stall on the place of Deputy Sheriff Frank Reed. Its mother was run in by dogs and swam the Nehalem River, but became stuck in the mud on the opposite side. Wm. Pickett, Ed. Pickett and J. Jones caught it and after a very exciting time they were able to turn it over to Deputy Sheriff Reed. The case was reported to me and I

gave him permission to keep the deer until the birth of the fawn. After the fawn is weaned, he will turn the mother into the hills



again and the Department will give him permission to keep the fawn.

There have been some fine catches of fish in the Tillamook River and vicinity this spring.

Ed Gilbert reports catching twenty-three fish in the Nestucca in less than an hour, just filling a basket.

Mr. Burke also reports large catches on the Nestucca River.

Alvin Wells and Ermie Hines hold all records on the Trask River.

Our artistic blacksmith, Henry Wolf, also nearly caught a fish. According to H. Wolf's story, he hooked a beauty and it got away—hook, leader and all. It may be so, but we all know Wolf.

The Ramsey Club is a week-end affair and consists of Captain Bill Donough, the ever genial, loquacious Fred Harvey, R. T. Driskill, H. Wolf, Ed Wells and E. Hines. Their object being to catch what fish they can, to be sociable and to pretend to believe each others' stories.

FISHING AND HUNTING IN WALLOWA COUNTY

By WARDEN GEO. W. MITCHELL, Enterprise, Oregon

THE fishing conditions in this district will be at their best about July and August, and the tourist and sportsman will find no better place to spend his vacation than in Wallowa County, where one can get away from the city to one of the most pleasant climates in Oregon.

Here we would like to mention the Little Salmon River, situated about fifty miles north of Enterprise, which may be reached by auto either from Wallowa or Enterprise. This stream will delight the fisherman or hunter who desires a place where he may camp and have both hunting and fishing. It is usually at its best about the last of August.

The south fork of the Wallowa River will also furnish the sportsman with one of the most beautiful places to spend his vacation, where he may get back in the high mountains, where there is an abundance of fish and game and a fine place to camp for a month or two. This stream may be reached from the main highway near Lostine and can be traveled by auto for some twenty miles up in the mountains. Here one may also enjoy lake fishing, as there are a number of lakes that can be reached by pack horses over good trails to each of them. These lakes were stocked with rainbow and Eastern brook trout about five years ago and will furnish good sport for the angler.

The Imnaha River in the eastern part of the county, about thirty miles from Enterprise, can be reached by auto and has good camping grounds where one can get plenty of good fruit, as well as good fishing. This stream has not been stocked and the fish are mostly mountain and Dolly Varden trout.

Aneroid Lake, about fourteen miles above Joseph, is noted for its large brook trout and can be reached only by horse and pack outfit; also Horseshoe Lake, only a few miles farther up in the mountains. That is where they get the big ones.

Last, but not least, is the beautiful Wallowa Lake, situated at the foot of the Granite Mountains on the main highway, near Joseph, where the tourist may lounge in the shade of the mountain pine and forget all his troubles.

The hunting season will soon be on and the hunter will find it to

his advantage to bear in mind that Wallowa County furnishes plenty of good sport for the hunter, as it is well adapted to big game, such as deer, bear and other animals such as inhabit the canyons and mountains of Oregon; also that blue grouse and native pheasants will be found in great numbers in the mountain regions of this county.

The rod and gun clubs of the different towns will be glad to assist in helping any one get to the best hunting camps, or the deputy game warden will give his assistance to any one who may desire it.

FISHING AND HUNTING IN LINCOLN COUNTY

By WARDEN W. G. EMERY, Newport, Oregon

IT would take considerable space to list, describe and give directions for reaching all the trout streams in Lincoln County, as there is good angling on each of the sixty-one streams I have visited this spring. The larger and more accessible waters are as follows:

Siletz River and tributaries. This is an excellent stream for either troll, fly or spinner. Last season hundreds of trout, ranging from six to twenty inches, and even larger, were taken from its waters by visiting sportsmen. Siletz Agency, where good hotel accommodations may be found, can be reached by auto from Dallas via Falls City, or from Corvallis via Toledo, county seat of Lincoln County. The Southern Pacific railroad from Corvallis will also land the angler at Toledo. From Toledo there is a daily stage to the agency, fare fifty cents. It is also reached from Newport by train to Toledo and auto to the agency, fare one dollar.

Salmon River and tributaries. Reached by auto or stage via Willamina. The roads in the summer are excellent; the stretch through the Coast Range being a toll road. Salmon River is at its best for trout early in the season; its tributaries are good the year round. From Salmon River it is a short drive to Schooner Creek and Drift River, which empty into Siletz Bay. Both are excellent trout streams. Devils Lake, half way between Salmon River and Siletz Bay, is also an excellent fishing ground and the favorite feeding grounds for waterfowl.

Yaquina River and tributaries. The Southern Pacific railroad from Albany or Corvallis crosses the Coast Range at the head of Yaquina and follows it thence to Yaquina Bay. This river is also reached by auto, the road being well-known to almost everyone. Good angling may be found anywhere along the upper waters of Yaquina. At Eddyville and Elk City, two good-sized streams, Little Elk and Big Elk, join the Yaquina, and both of these streams are excellent for trout. The trolling at Elk City is famous throughout the state and attracts sportsmen from all sections. From Elk City to Harlan at the head of Big Elk, twenty-five miles, a good auto road follows the stream and crosses numerous smaller streams, all of which furnish good fly fishing. Wolf Creek, Congar Creek, Little Deer Creek and Fiegles Creek are the largest of these streams, and there is no trouble to catch the limit of six to ten-inch trout in any of them.

Alsea River and tributaries. There are two ways of reaching the Alsea country, which is the premier fishing and hunting ground in Lincoln County. One is by auto via Philomath, thence twenty-five

miles to the little town of Alsea at the head of Alsea River, and thence down the river, about forty miles, to Waldport at the mouth of Alsea Bay. The road is fair the entire sixty-five miles, the greater portion being first class. The second route is by Southern Pacific railroad from Albany to Newport, thence down the coast sixteen miles by auto stage to Waldport, fare \$1.50, and then on up the river by regular mail boat and stage to the head of the stream. An entire summer season may be passed whipping the numerous streams tributary to the Alsea, all of which are splendid for fly fishing or spinner, while Alsea River from Waldport to Tidewater (ten miles above) and the lower four miles of Drift Creek are excellent for trolling. Four miles above Waldport is Drift Creek (reached by boat from Waldport), which is annually visited by enthusiastic anglers from Portland to Roseburg. Every summer Professor John Horner of Oregon Agricultural College makes this stream his headquarters and faithfully trolls its lower waters, taking trout up to twenty-two inches. Four miles from its mouth the riffles are reached, and then an ideal stream for fly fishing for ten miles more. Senator B. L. Eddy of Roseburg caught the largest trout last season in these riffles, a three-pound cut-throat measuring fifteen inches in length. It was a beauty and was one of a basketful landed by him with fly and six-ounce rod. Other similar streams tributary to Alsea are Canal Creek, one mile below Tidewater; Scott Creek, four miles above; Falls Creek, and numerous others.

Five Rivers and tributaries. As its name indicates, this stream is a confluence of five good-sized streams, a short distance above its junction with Alsea River, some ten miles above Tidewater. These streams are respectively known as Lobster Creek, Buck Creek, Paris Creek, Preacher Creek and Green River, and all are splendid trout streams. The Five Rivers country is also an excellent hunting ground for deer. Five Rivers can be reached from the Alsea River road by either route mentioned above, or by auto or stage along Preacher Creek, direct from Alsea, Benton County.

Yachats River and tributaries. This well-known fishing stream may be reached either by auto from Philomath to Alsea, then through the Five Rivers country, crossing the Coast Range at the head of Wilson Creek, or by auto to Waldport and then down the coast ten miles. This latter route is the best. The easiest route is from Newport by auto stage to Waldport, thence by auto stage to Yachats. This stream is a popular resort for late fishing, probably due to the fact that the best deer hunting grounds in the country are found in its neighborhood, and good fishing is enjoyed by most hunters. There is a good hotel at Yachats, and two stores, and it is an ideal camping place for a summer outing. Four miles below Yachats is Cummings Creek; two miles farther is Bob Creek, and another two miles is Ten Mile Creek. These three streams are across the line in Lane County and all good trout streams.

Beaver Creek. This A-1 trout stream is seven miles down the coast from Newport and is unexcelled for trolling. State Game Warden Shoemaker passed a day on its waters last summer, and his fine basket of trout was evidence of an enjoyable day. This stream, which formerly was partially controlled by the Beaver Lake Club, has been declared a public highway by a court decision and is therefore now open to the public for its entire length.

WHERE TO SPEND A DAY IN LANE COUNTY

By WARDEN E. C. HILLS, Eugene, Oregon.

THERE are many wonderful fishing streams and hunting districts in Lane County. Space will not permit me to describe all of them, but for the benefit of the sportsman, tourist and stranger in our midst, I shall endeavor to mention a few of the most attractive.

From Eugene the most important trout streams may be reached by train or auto stage.

The first, and perhaps the best known to Oregon sportsmen, as well as sportsmen from other states, is the McKenzie River. From the mouth of this river to its source is one continual round of pleasure to the angler, as this stream abounds in rainbow, cut-throat and Dolly Varden trout, and Eastern brook trout are found in the lakes at the headwaters. Some of the most beautiful camping sites are along this river, or good hotel accommodations may be had from Walterville to Foley Springs, if one chooses to travel that way.

At the Log Cabin Hotel, sixty miles from Eugene, pack horses and guides may be had for hunting trips into the Cascades, where there is an abundance of deer, bear, cougar and wildcats.

Another very good angling stream is the Willamette River, which is accessible by auto or train and may be fished for a distance of eighty miles. The best hotel accommodations are at Oak Ridge, sixty miles from Eugene. Pack horses can be had at this place for trips into the mountains after big game.

Going west from Eugene by rail, some very good fishing streams may be found, among them being Lake Creek, Siuslaw River and North Fork.

If you wish to enjoy the beauties of nature in her wild state, by writing a note to Clyde Forth, Heeeta, Oregon, to meet you at Florence, he will direct you to a place where the deer may be seen from the roadside and the elk roam the hills like cattle. Here, also, the fishing is excellent, and bear and cougar plentiful. The round trip fare is eight dollars.

If any further information is desired in regard to the best fishing streams and hunting grounds in Lane County, by writing to the deputy game warden at Eugene he will gladly furnish same.

FISH AND GAME IN GILLIAM AND WHEELER COUNTIES

By WARDEN JAS. STEWART, Moro, Oregon

HAVING just returned from a trip into these counties in the interest of fish and game protection, I thought that your readers might like to know just what the fish and game conditions are there. I am therefore writing this article.

Gilliam County extends from the Columbia River into the Blue Mountains and affords a considerable variety of both hunting and fishing. There is the duck and goose hunting along the Columbia River from the John Day River to above the mouth of Willow Creek.

Arlington is about the center of this and justly claims to afford the finest goose hunting in America during the open season, or from October 1 to January 15. There is also good deer hunting in the

part of the Blue Mountains in this county which are within easy reach of Condon, the county seat.

Besides this, there is fine trout fishing in this county in Rock and Thirty Mile Creeks and their tributaries, which are also within easy reach of Condon. These creeks are from fifty to seventy-five miles in length, have numerous branches and can well be classed as small rivers.

Wheeler County extends from the south line of Gilliam County to the Grant County line and also affords a great variety of hunting and fishing, as it contains a great deal of rough, mountainous country and takes in part of the Blue Mountains on both sides of the John Day River, which flows nearly through the center of the county. These mountains formerly furnished fine deer hunting during the open season, which was generally the year round. Under this system the deer have been badly thinned out, but since being protected are again on the increase and with continued and adequate protection will soon be quite plentiful again. The Blue Mountains in both of these counties are much easier of access than the mountains in some other parts of Oregon and can be penetrated in most cases in cars over fairly good roads.

Wheeler County boasts of a large number of fine fishing streams, which rise in the Blue Mountains and run into the John Day River.

These creeks were formerly full of mountain trout, but for lack of protection they have been badly thinned out. A great deal of the damage here, as well as in Gilliam County, has been caused by the irrigating ditches, but few of which are screened. During the past season a start was made in screening these ditches, but it was not possible to continue this, owing to the lack of funds in the game protection fund.

The State Fish and Game Commission and Mr. R. E. Clanton, Master Fish Warden, sent the fish car "Rainbow" to Condon last season with over 77,000 trout fry, which were divided among the best fishing streams of Gilliam and Wheeler Counties. Besides this, these counties received from the commission last season, through Carl D. Shoemaker, State Game Warden, twelve dozen Chinese pheasants, which were liberated in the most favorable locations for shelter and protection. We hope to do at least as well this season if the commission has the funds to permit. As a result of these activities on the part of the Fish and Game Commission and their officers, there is a great and growing interest being taken in fish and game protection in these counties, and the best people are right in for it. There are three rod and gun clubs in these counties, at Arlington, Condon and Fossil, the latter being only organized last summer. Some of these clubs had fallen into a state of "inocuous desuetude," but since the commission and its officers have been taking so much interest in these counties have wakened up to their own interests and are now in good working condition.

As an evidence of this, they have recently petitioned the State Fish and Game Commission to investigate the John Day River with a view to stocking it with some variety of fish adapted to it. On account of the great amount of sediment in this river for the larger part of the year and its liability to sudden and violent rises, trout cannot live in it for a distance of 150 miles from its mouth. The same is true of lower Rock Creek and other streams running into the lower part of this river, and I think for the same reasons. We hope, therefore, that the commission will be able to do something for us in this matter.

Although the receipts from hunting and fishing licenses for 1916

showed a decrease for the state of over \$14,000 from the amount collected in 1915, I am glad to report that these counties kept even and even showed a small increase. This is certainly a remarkable showing and proves that the people are becoming aroused to the necessity of fish and game protection and enforcement of the laws to that end. I only hope that the good work now started in these, as well as other counties of the state, may continue and that the streams and mountains may again teem with fish and game, as they did in the days of yore, making a national asset for the benefit of all the people and reducing the cost of living by millions of dollars annually.



Mrs. Florence Parsons of Rainier, Oregon and baby cougar captured May 2, 12 miles south of St. Helens, Oregon. This little "deer killer" was about eight days old when found in its mountain home.

EASTERN BIRDS COMING INTO OREGON

M R. Stanley Jewett, of the Biological Survey, reports some very interesting data concerning the spread of some of the commoner Eastern birds into the Eastern part of Oregon. The early records do not show that the Cat-bird was a resident of this State. The first record which Mr. Jewett secured of this bird being in Oregon was August 11, 1906, at Sparta in Baker County. The birds seem gradually to be spreading out more through the State and coming over toward the west. In 1915 he saw one bird at Mt. Vernon in Grant County. One of these birds was also seen at Prairie City.

The Cat-birds seem quite common this year in the vicinity of La Grande, where Mr. Jewett saw five or six. He also saw the birds in Wallowa County at Minam, Wallowa, Enterprise and Joseph.

A still further western record is noted by Mr. Jewett, who collected one of these birds September 3, 1916, at Pendleton, Oregon. He also saw two others. He knows of two broods of Cat-birds which were raised in that locality during the past season.

Another very interesting record is the appearance of the bobolink in Eastern Oregon. Wm. L. Finley first saw this bird in Harney County in 1908. It was not there in an early day when Captain Bendire wrote his list of the birds about Camp Harney. For the past ten years they have been quite abundant in the meadows about Burns. Mr. Jewett has recorded the bobolink at John Day in Grant County. Also he saw two at Wallowa and two at Halfway in Baker County.

EXTINCT BIRDS AND ANIMALS

(From All Outdoors)

MORE than twenty-five species of American birds and animals have become extinct within the memory of persons now alive, according to Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Among those which have been utterly destroyed during the past seventy-five years are the passenger pigeon, the last specimen of which died in the Cincinnati Zoological Musum; the great auk, the Labrador duck, the Carolina parakeet, the Eskimo curlew, and a number of the macaws of the West Indies. The American buffalo, or bison, he regards as extinct in so far as its wild life is concerned; and he counts the prong-horned antelope as one of those plains inhabitants which is sure to go in the near future.

The extinction of the wood duck, he says, is seriously threatened. This is a tree-nesting species and reputed to be the most beautiful of the many American species of wild duck. The woodcock also is in danger, with many other shore birds that once were plentiful, even the well-known killdeer plover, or killdee, being on the list of doubtful survivors.

To save the remnants of our wild life, Mr. Fuertes advocates widespread educational measures, the full support of the federal migratory bird law, the establishment of game and bird refuges, and whole-hearted public opinion to back up the protective measures now upon the statute books.

A SOUTHERN OREGON BEAR STORY

By JOHN B. GRIFFIN, Kirby, Oregon

IN this story I am not going to tell you of a regular bear hunt, but I am going to tell you of a few of the bears that Trailer treed, the fall that he was three years old. I say a few, for if I would tell you of every one, it would probably take up more space than the editor would feel like giving up, as he caught twenty, all told, and the last one on the day before Christmas.

I was living on Griffin Creek those days, running a farm four miles from Medford, and did not have time to go out hunting very often, so Trailer got to going out of a night and treeing bears, foxes, wildcats and now and then a cougar. In the morning when I would get up I would discover that he was gone, and I generally would go out and listen and, if I didn't hear him barking, I would wait until noon and then I would saddle a horse and strike out. I would then go to the top of what we called the divide between Griffin Creek and Sterling Creek, where I could hear off either way, then I would follow along the top of the ridge and every little while I would stop and listen, and at last I would hear his bow! wow! wow! Instantly I would throw up the horn and give it a long, loud toot to let him know I was coming. The effect would be magical. Instead of the bow! wow! wow! every few minutes, he and old Lion, my old standby that helped him tree so many, would turn loose too, barking steadily and joyfully, and there was a hunter who felt pretty joyful about that time, if you believe me.

I generally rode my horse until I was within two or three hundred yards of them, then I tied him up and made my way cautiously up to near the tree. When I had discovered him, I most always approached behind a tree so that he couldn't see me. After I got close enough, I walked right out and under the tree as quickly as I could, then I had him safe. There is no danger of them coming down after you are under the tree, but, as I have said before, just as sure as a person undertakes to rush up to a tree where a bear has been up any length of time, he will come down, and then you have got a scrap on your hands. So if young bear hunters will take my advice and always be cautious about getting up to the tree, you will seldom ever get into trouble and at the same time take no chances on getting a dog killed, or, if not killed, spoiled, for any number of dogs, after having been whipped out once, will not tackle a bear the next time.

Well, as I said in the beginning of this story, that it was not an account of a regular hunting trip. I will just give you the stories of each bear he treed and the little scraps I had with a few of them. I used a .44 Winchester in those days, and although they are a back number now, we banked on them then and I feared nothing when I had my .44 with me.

The first time that Trailer ever went out on one of these night hunts was in the fore part of the fall. One morning I got up and was choring around the house and hadn't missed him, when all at once I heard the sound of his voice away off up the creek. I listened until I satisfied myself that he was at a tree, then I got the gun and started out. It was about two miles, and when I got there, lo and behold, it was a fox. I was a little bit disappointed, but Trailer was awfully tickled to see me come, so I up and shot the fox and went back home, but carried the fox along with me, Trailer walking behind, perfectly contented. I skinned the fox and stretched the hide in good shape, and I guess Trailer thought he had done something worth while, for he

treed four that week. I began to think it was going to be all foxes, but one morning I got up and discovered he was gone, and after listening a while, I heard them both, away off up this same canyon where he had been treeing the foxes. My first thought was another fox, but they were barking furiously and I began to think maybe it might be something larger than a fox, so I hurried up, got my gun and lit out. There was a wagon road up this creek for quite a ways, and they sounded like they were close to the road, so I stuck to it, and, sure enough, when I got there I found them within fifty steps or less of the road, barking up a dead fir tree with hardly a limb on it, and there, only about twenty feet up, sat a big mealy nose brown bear. Gee, but I was surprised and highly elated, too, and I lost no time in shooting him out, which I did by putting a .44 bullet square between the eyes. Over he went, and the dogs piled in on him and yanked him around until I had to make them quit. I dressed him and went back home, ate breakfast and hitched up to a rig and went and loaded him in and brought him home. I took a fellow with me by the name of Maxon, and we had to take the wheels off and let the hind axle down and the bear in, then we put him forward as far as we could and raised the hind wheels up and the trick was done. This bear weighed several hundred pounds and turned out several cans of oil. The meat was fine.

I will say right now, while I think of it, that Trailer never treed another fox in that region, that I recollect of. I think he passed over the tracks, feeling they were too insignificant to bother with.

In a few days more Trailer treed another bear in the same canyon, only higher up the creek and farther up the hillside. This, too, was a large mealy nose, and I killed him without any trouble or excitement either.

Shortly after that I went up in that part of the country to try to kill a deer. I had hunted up to the head of the creek and along on the Sterling side and back over on the Griffin Creek side without seeing a deer, and was headed down a ridge for home. The ground was rather open and, happening to look off to my right about a hundred yards, there stood a big black bear under an oak tree. The boughs hung down and he had his head towards me, drooped down and looking at me. He stood a little quartering, so I pulled down and drew a bead on the point of his shoulder and let drive. At the crack of the gun, down he went, but was up and out of sight before I could shoot again. There was a brushy gulch beyond him, and by the time I got over to where he stood, he was down into that. I could hear the rustle of the brush at first, then all was quiet. I went down a short distance and could see nor hear nothing of him, so I came to the conclusion I didn't want him bad enough to go down in the brush after him, so I went back to the ridge and went down until I struck a good open place and sat down and commenced to blow the horn. By the way, I neglected to say that I had not brought the dogs with me, as I did not want Trailer to get any notion in his head of hunting deer. I sat there and kept blowing the horn for a long time, and finally I had the satisfaction of hearing Trailer answering me away off down the hill, coming. Say, my heart leaped for joy and I never thought more of Trailer than I did right then. I commenced talking to him before he got to me, and he wagged his tail and was awfully pleased to get to me. I petted him a few minutes and then I told him to come on. I went back up and, say, when he struck that bear track and smelled the blood, I think he knew what I had called him for.

Away he went, straight down the gulch into the brush, and, sure enough, there was the bear. He was hurt pretty bad and was lying

down all the time Trailer was coming. I could hear the racket and knew he was going down the gulch, so I ran down the ridge and pretty soon I got a little below, and I yelled at Trailer to go after him.

The fight was now in dead earnest, and Trailer was making it hot for him, as he had one shoulder broken and Trailer could easily keep out of his way. He must have heard me yell, for he left the gulch and took up and around the hillside and came up in plain sight. This was what I wanted. I caught a bead and pulled. I hit him, but he did not go down. Just then Trailer seized him by the ham, and as the bear turned to strike, he held on a little too long and he got a lick on him which sent him rolling down the hill. Before he could recover himself, the bear made a dive to grab him, but I shot again and hit him in the thick part of the neck, as I discovered afterwards. He reared straight back and fell with all heels up, but struggled to his feet again. I gave him another, and before Trailer could get to him I gave him another, and over he went and came rolling down the hill, with Trailer trying to hang on. He was dead as dead could be. He gave Trailer a mark on his hip that he carried all his life and can be seen in his picture that I have here at home now.

Well, the fight was over and the job was to get him in, which had to be done by skinning him and cutting him up. This spoiled the biggest part of the day, but we got him in just the same.

The next bear Trailer treed was away over on the Sterling side. I waited that day until about 2 o'clock before I started out to hunt him up, and it was sundown before I got to where I could hear him barking, and I had to hurry to get there in time to see the sights before it was too dark. I made it, however, and found he was up a big pine and had gone high up, from some cause or other. The dogs were probably crowding him pretty close when he struck the tree, and he wanted to get as far away from them as possible. I got around where I could see his head and took a good rest along side of a small pine tree, and pulled down a fine sight, square between the eyes. At the crack of the gun he came rolling out, dead as a mackerel. I hurried up and dressed him and got on my horse and struck out for home, getting there between 10 and 11 o'clock, and it was dark as pitch, so it was not all plain sailing hunting bears, you see.

The next bear Trailer caught I found him about 2 o'clock. When I discovered he was gone, I saddled up my horse and struck out the first thing in the morning, and it was well I did, for I rode until 2 o'clock before I got to where I heard him. This time I found him away up near the head of Griffin Creek, several miles from home. When I got to the tree, sure enough, it was a bear. Well, it was only a short job to put him out of business, as he was only up a short distance and not a very large tree at that. I shot him in the head and killed him the first shot, and he came rolling out. When I came to examine him, I found it was one of the oldest bears I had ever killed. Its nose and head had turned perfectly gray, and its teeth were all broken off, and besides that it was poor, at a time of year when it should have been fat. I let it stay right there.

One night I woke up about 2 o'clock and I heard the dogs. They were barking furiously, I can tell you. From the sound I could tell they were west of the house and across the field, which was about three-quarters of a mile wide. I knew from the way they barked that it was big game, and I could hardly wait until daylight came; in fact, before it was light I was up and off. I had fifteen shells in the gun, and as I started off I called to my sister and said, more for a joke than anything else, "if you hear me shoot fifteen times, bring me some more cartridges." I had no more idea of shooting fifteen

times than anything in the world. Well, I crossed the field, and when I came to the foot of the hill, I found they were only about one-half mile up. There was a big gulch on my right, and on the left of the ridge was a smaller one. I kept up this gulch until I got opposite to where they were, and then turned and bore up towards the tree, keeping well out of sight, as by this time I had them located definitely, for they were both barking terrificly. When I got in sight of the tree, the first thing I saw was a big black bear, one of the largest I ever saw or ever killed in my life. The tree stood in fair, square, open ground, nearly on top of the ridge, and was an immense big fir, and he had only gone up a few feet, just enough to be well out of the reach of the dogs. I was now within about sixty yards, and I knew positively that if I undertook to get any closer, he would see me and come down, as sure as fate. I studied the matter over for a minute or so and decided to shoot anyhow and risk a fight, as the ground was good. So I pulled up on him offhand and pealed away. At the crack of the gun he reared up and clawed the air for a few seconds, and down he came and the big fight was on, and was on the steep hillside next to the big gulch. I realized now that I had been too hasty and had made a bad shot. I rushed up there as fast as I could, and they were working him so fast and furious that he hadn't made but little headway, and when I got to where I could see down, it put me within twenty-five or thirty steps of him. They had him going backwards and forwards and turning so fast that I could not get a bead on a vital part, but I lost no time in getting the Winchester into action and commenced to pour the lead into him. About the third or fourth shot he fell and the dogs piled in on him, but he was up instantly, and before old Lion could get out of the way he had him. Trailer was swinging to his ham, but he paid no attention to him. I bore down closer and strung the bullets as fast as I could work the lever, and he had to let go, and at it they went again. They had him rearing, plunging and tearing around until it seemed like I couldn't get in a dead shot to save my life. Trailer did some of the best work I ever saw him do in all my hunting, and once when I got in close he got them entirely loose. Here he came straight at me, mouth open, ears laid back and hair all up the wrong way. The dogs were both behind him, in line, and I dare not shoot, so I ran back several steps to get to a tree, but it was not necessary. They both had him in little or no time and swung him around. As they let go to get out of the way, I let drive again. Over he went, down the hill, and landed in a flat place next to the gulch and brought up in a bunch of brush. Here he regained his feet again, and, backing up so the dogs could not get around him, he stayed right there and stood them off. All they could do was to bark in his face. I got around now and crossed the gulch above and came on the other hillside above him, and thought I would take my time and shoot him in the head. It had been several minutes since I fired the last shot, and I had fired every cartridge but had not discovered the fact, but my sister at home had kept count, and when she heard the fifteenth shot she ran for her horse and was coming across the field as fast as she could. This I did not know, of course, and when I got around to where I could get a fair, square shot, I pulled up, took a good bead on the side of the head, and snap went the gun. I thought I had forgotten to load. Down and up went the lever, and snap again. I suddenly realized I was up against it. There was a good trail going down the gulch, and I lit out down this trail, but had not gone far until I saw my sister coming on a dead run. I went out and met

her at the fence, took the box of cartridges and hurried back. When I got back I thought I would try one shot for the bear's heart, so I pulled in behind the shoulder and shot. I hit him square in the heart, but still he did not succumb for several minutes and I had to give him another in the head and he rolled over. The dogs were too much exhausted to even touch him, but both of them lay down and panted for a long time before they would start home. As I said before, this was one of the largest black bears I ever saw. He was coal black, with a large white spot in his breast, and rolling with fat. When we came to skin him, we found that he was literally riddled with bullets.

It took the dogs several days to get over this scrap, but they got rested up, and one morning when I got up, they were gone again. That afternoon I got on my horse and took the same old route. I followed the ridge clear back to the head of Sterling Creek, then down to Griffin Creek and down that creek and home, and no dogs. I got up the next morning and no dogs. I rode the country over that day, over in back of Jacksonville, Poor Man's Creek, and got back late in the evening, half expecting to find them at home, but in this I was disappointed. I was getting pretty uneasy now, and I lay awake a long time that night, studying the matter over. At last I made up my mind that I would go up Griffin Creek until it made the bend towards Sterling, then turn east and go up the ridge towards the head of Coleman Creek. Having decided, I was anxious for morning to come, so at daylight I had breakfast and was off. I went the route I had planned, and along about 10 o'clock I had got away up on top of the mountain. When I made the turn I stopped and listened. At first I could hear nothing, but waited, somewhat disappointed, and at last was rewarded by the sound of Trailer's voice, the old familiar bow, wow, wow. Well, now, listen to me. Hundreds and thousands, and I might say millions, remember how they felt when they heard Wilson was elected after hearing positively that Hughes had been elected. Well, multiply that feeling by ten and you will have a pretty good idea of how I felt when I heard Trailer. I was wild with joy, not so much for the sake of the game as it was to know that Trailer was safe and I was soon to set my eyes on him again.

Down the hill I went, leaving my horse, as the dogs were not a great ways off, picking my way through the brush until I struck the timber. Then it was more open. Now I blew the horn just once. Immediately both dogs began to bark joyously. I slid around the hillside mighty cautiously now, and soon I saw them at the root of a big tree, on the same side of Coleman Creek that I was on, so I moved a little closer but could see no bear. I did not know that he was on the opposite side of the tree from me, but he was, and had his head poked around the trunk. When I moved up closer, down he came, hand over fist, tearing the bark to pieces as he came. The dogs were on the upper side of the tree, and when the bear struck the ground he gathered himself and went smashing down across the creek and up the other side. Both dogs dashed down after him, but before they got to him the Winchester cracked and, to my surprise, he came heels over head and rolled over and over back down into the creek, which was dry and rocky. The dogs piled right in after him. I ran down as quickly as I could, but he was dead. As good luck would have it, in catching the bead in my hurry I had shot a little high, the bullet hitting him in the back of the neck, killing him instantly.

The first hard work I did was to take his entrails out and feed

the dogs some liver, which I cut up fine for them. They did not like it very much, but ate some of it. However, as soon as I got back to my horse I fed them, as I had brought along something for them.

This was a big cinnamon bear, and how those dogs could keep him up that long is a mystery to me, unless he had come down and been fighting them on the ground part of the time.

I will skip over the rest of them now and tell you about the bear I caught the day before Christmas. As I said before, to tell of every one Trailer caught would take up entirely too much space. But just think of two dogs staying out three days and nights! Do you wonder at me thinking the world of Trailer?

On the 24th of December there was snow, so I took both dogs with me and started out in the morning for a hunt, not expecting in the least to kill a bear, as they were all holed up long before, but I wanted a deer, and in those days it was not against the law to kill them in December. I took the dogs along in case we should run across a varmint track.

I went away off up Griffin Creek and up by what they called Miller's Flat and quite a ways up the ridge, without seeing a thing, when all at once I ran across a wildcat track. Away the dogs went, straight down the hill, across the left hand prong of Griffin Creek, and over the hill out of hearing. I followed, and when I got down across the creek I stopped and, happening to look back up the hill, I saw a bear going along the hillside, right where I had come along. The hillside was burned off and I could see him plainly, but it was a long shot. I hauled up and sent a bullet over that way once, anyhow, just for luck, but didn't reach him, and away he went as fast as he could run. I didn't shoot any more as it would be nonsense at that distance, anyhow, so I went on up to the top of the hill, thinking as I went along what the dogs would do when I brought them back and they struck that bear track. When I got up there, I heard them down the hill a short distance, barking up a tree. I went down and, sure enough, it was a big wildcat. I shot him out, and after they yanked him around a while, I started back over the hill. I was getting mighty anxious to get back to that bear track. When I got up within thirty or forty yards of where he had gone along, both dogs broke out and, taking the track, went down around the hillside, yelping every jump. I knew they couldn't help but get him, so I thought I would take his back track and see where he came from. I tracked him back about forty yards, and there I found his den at the root of a big fir that had been burned and hollowed out. The dogs and I had disturbed him and he lay still until he thought the coast was clear, then came out to change his quarters. The dogs were soon around the point of the hill and out of hearing, so I went straight up to the top of the hill and I heard them away off, down near the right fork of the creek. I went on down to where they were, and they had him in a cave. I went up along the side of the mouth of the cave and looked in and I could see his eyes shining like two coals of fire. I pointed the gun as near between the eyes as I could and pulled the trigger, then stepped back to one side and threw another load in. When the gun cracked, both dogs went in side by side, and I suppose he must have fallen, for they came out of there backwards and each one had him by the side of the head, and he wasn't dead by a long shot. There was a big log along in front of the cave, and when he got well out, he knocked Trailer loose and gave some kind of a yank and threw the old dog over the log, but Trailer held on and hung right to him. The bear placed his feet on

the log and braced himself back. This was all done quicker than it takes to tell it. I was within five feet of him and I jerked up and shot, hitting him at the butt of the ear. This finished him. He was a black bear, about three years old and very fat. We came back next day and packed him in, without having to skin him and cut him up.

Now, I hope the readers will enjoy this story as much as I enjoyed the bear meat.

MY DOG

JOHN BERNARD O'SULLIVAN

I've got as many friends, I guess,
As any other chap;
My wife is just as beautiful
As ever set a cap;
My crop is lookin' kinda good,
My cheeks are red as wine,
But something's sure the matter with
That hunting dog o' mine.

He's a little bit o' pointer,
With a strain 'r so o' spitz,
And a third or less of wolfhound,
But now he's full of fits.
He is looking like a goner,
And he can barely whine,
Which makes my heart go jumping for
That hunting dog o' mine.

The fellow who I got him from
Has often told me how
The father of my dog brought home
A neighbor's butchered cow;
And also how his mother took
A prize for looking fine;
I wish you knew how well I like
That hunting dog o' mine.

I wonder what it is that makes
A man and dog so thick,
And keeps a fellow worrying
When one of them gets sick.
'Tis strange, indeed, for dogs can't talk,
Tho' this old one of mine
Has lately kept me listening, yes,
That hunting dog o' mine.

BARN OWL OFTEN CALLED MONKEY-FACED OWL

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

SOME years ago I had a good opportunity to make an intimate study of a barn owl family. They had a nest in the gable end of my neighbor's barn and occupied it for a number of years. This year they had three young, and at three weeks old they were the funniest, fuzziest "monkey-faced" little creatures I had ever seen.



Young Barn Owls.

They blinked, snapped their bills and hissed like a box full of snakes. They bobbed and screwed around in more funny attitudes than any contortionist you ever saw.

We crept out one night and hid in a brush heap by the barn. Before long the scratching and soft hissing of the young owls told us that their breakfast time had come. The curtain of the night had fallen. The day creatures were at rest. Suddenly a shadow flared across the dim-lit sky. The young owls in some way knew of the approach of food, for there was a sudden outburst in the nest box

like the whistle of escaping steam. Again and again the shadow came and went. Then I crept into the barn, felt my way up and edged along the rafters to the old box. As soon as food was brought, I lit a match and saw one of the half-grown young tearing the head from the body of a young gopher.

Barn owls are always hungry. They will eat their own weight in food every night and more, if they can get it. To supply such ravenous children, their parents ransack the gardens, fields and orchards industriously night after night and catch as many mice, gophers and other ground creatures as a dozen cats. For this reason, it would be difficult to find birds that are more useful about any farming community. Yet many times people kill these owls through ignorance of their value, or from idle curiosity.

A case is on record where a half-grown barn owl was given all the mice it could eat. It swallowed eight, one after another, and the ninth followed, all but the tail, which for a long time hung out of the bird's mouth. In three hours this same bird was ready for a second meal and swallowed four more mice.

The owl is not particular when he eats. He puts his feet on his game to hold it, then tears it to pieces with his hooked beak, swallowing the entire animal, meat, bones, fur and all. In the stomach the nutritious portions are absorbed and the indigestible matter is formed into round pellets and disgorged. About the owl's roost or near its home, one may often find these pellets in great numbers. A scientist, by examining these, can tell exactly what the bird has been eating. He can also get a careful estimate of the size and number of the owl's meals.

The best known record we have concerning the food of the barn owl is that which was made from a pair that occupied one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. Dr. A. K. Fisher, who is our greatest authority on the food of hawks and owls, examined 200 pellets from this pair of birds. These showed a total of 454 skulls. There were 225 meadow mice, 2 pine mice, 179 house mice, 20 rats, 6 jumping mice, 20 shrews, 1 star-nosed mole and 1 vesper sparrow.

FACTS ABOUT CLATSOP COUNTY GAME

By WARDEN JOHN LARSON, Astoria, Oregon

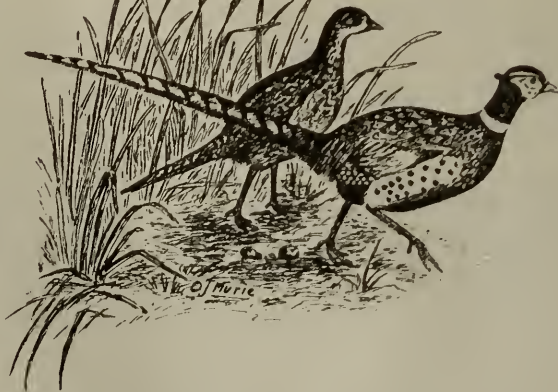
GAME conditions in Clatsop County are improving yearly. The indications are that we will have more ducks this coming fall than for several years. The closing of the open season two weeks in January gave the ducks a chance to go back to their breeding place unmolested, thus making it possible for more ducks to come north when the season opens this fall. I look for a big migration of ducks on the Columbia River lakes this fall.

The trout fishing has been reported very favorable in Big Creek, and in several other smaller streams. Weather conditions have been pretty bad this season and the water awful high, but now it is falling in all the streams and I look forward to good fishing during the balance of the season.

The salmon fishing has been below the average this year, because of the rapid rising of the Columbia River, causing the fish to stay outside at the mouth of the river. As soon as the river comes to a standstill the fish will enter. I am looking forward for big runs of salmon because the trollers report that there are large schools of fish out in the ocean waiting to enter the Columbia.

ITEMS ^{OF} INTEREST

TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



There was a young man from the city.
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
He gave it a pat
And said, "Nice little cat."
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

* * *

Deputy Game Warden John Cunningham, of Bend, reports an increase in the number of sage hens in different sections of his district that he has visited recently.

* * *

The Moro Rod and Gun Club recently voted to donate \$100 out of funds on hand to the Red Cross. The sum was divided equally between the general Red Cross fund and the Ladies' Auxiliary of Moro.

* * *

Pioneers of Oregon, who came to the state prior to 1860, are entitled to free hunting and angling licenses, according to a law passed by the last Legislature. These licenses can be obtained only from the county clerks of the different counties of the state.

* * *

It seems to The Sportsman that the high cost of living could be materially reduced in the Eastern Oregon country. There is good meat running around wild in that part of Oregon in the form of jack rabbits, and so superabundant that the natives declare them to be a nuisance.

* * *

The Clackamas River, one of Oregon's famous trout streams, has not been closed to angling by the State Fish and Game Commission. The commission recently closed this stream to commercial fishing, which accounts for the impression abroad that it had been closed to all kinds of fishing.

* * *

Dr. Earl C. McFarland, of Portland, president of the Oregon State Sportmen's League, made a fine catch of black bass in Ocean Lake

in Tillamook County recently. It was no trouble for Mr. McFarland to hook twenty in a short time, ranging from one and one-half to four and one-half pounds.

* * *

Charles D. Alexander, proprietor of the Linn Ringneck Ranch near Albany, has sold more than 4,000 Chinese pheasant eggs this season. The game department of the State of Ohio bought 2,000, Michigan 1,000 and Tennessee 400. Smaller orders have been received from other states and individuals.

* * *

C. H. Corson, Larry Brumfield and George Matthews, of Cottage Grove, claim the honors for the best basket of trout caught in the McKenzie River in Lane County this season. One hooked by Mr. Corson measured thirty and three-fourths inches. Another, hooked by Mr. Matthews, was twenty-four inches long.

* * *

Local disciples of Isaac Walton, who were out on Hood River Sunday, declare that fishing was never better, says the Hood River Glacier. Dozens of huge steelheads, which require an hour of playing to bring them into quiet water, were successfully landed. Many fishermen caught nice strings of mountain trout also.

* * *

The Oregon Field Trial Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. Calvin S. White, president; C. G. Liebe, vice-president; L. A. Wheeler, secretary-treasurer; E. A. Parsons, M. Abraham, William Hilgers, M. H. Butler and Carl B. Stratton, trustees. The date of the fall trials will be decided at a meeting to be held soon.

* * *

There is a considerable increase in deer in the vicinity of Buell, Polk County, according to reports received by the state game warden. Ruffed grouse appear to be increasing in that district, also, while Chinese pheasants and Bob White quail are apparently decreasing. The cold weather of the last two winters is given as the cause of the decrease in pheasants and quail.

* * *

The fourth annual fish fry, given under the auspices of the Madras Rod and Gun Club, was held on the banks of the Deschutes River, near Vanora, on May 27, and was a great success. Sportsmen and their friends, including between 400 and 500 persons, were present from all parts of the country. Three hundred pounds of fish were fried, and everyone declared it the most enjoyable picnic ever held in Central Oregon.

* * *

The Port Umpqua Courier says that deer, which are numerous around Winchester Bay, are becoming quite tame and bold enough to come inside the townsite and take observations. One day last week four large bucks came down from the hills and walked around town fearlessly, apparently sizing up the garden patches. After spending considerable time they walked off into the woods without being molested.

* * *

Earl Davis was recently sentenced to thirty days in jail and later paroled in Douglas County on the charge of resisting an officer of the

game department. The complaint was filed over a year ago. Davis, with the assistance of a friend, successfully resisted arrest when caught in the act of violating the game laws, and fled the country. Doubtless under the impression that the offense had been forgotten, Davis returned and was immediately placed under arrest and sentenced.

* * *

Albert Altno, of Drewsey, Harney County, built his home some fourteen years ago. The first spring a flycatcher (says Phoebe) built its nest on the beam over the front door. The same nest has been used every year since that time, the birds adding a little to the structure each season. Mr. Altno thinks it is the same pair of phoebes that have been there, at least for several years, as the birds are not at all scary when any members of the family approach, but as soon as a stranger comes near they fly away.

* * *

H. M. Winkley, secretary of the Corvallis Rod and Gun Club, sent the State Fish and Game Commission recently a photo of ninety-five trout, from seven to eleven inches in length, which were caught by Mr. Winkley and a friend in a Benton County stream that has been stocked with fry furnished by the commission. "This stream," says Mr. Winkley, "a few years ago was completely fished out, and it would take a fisherman a whole day to catch enough for a meal. Now most any stream that has been stocked is good fishing, and all fishermen are reporting better catches than ever."

* * *

Forrest L. Moe, an orchardist of the Odell district in the Hood River country, tells of a well defined system of signals used by China pheasants, cocks and old hens on his ranch to warn of the approach of hawks that frequent the neighborhood. "Invariably," says Mr. Moe, "the pheasants sight the marauder first. The pheasant cock will emit his raucous squawk. The barnyard rooster immediately sounds his warning and the old hens transmit the message, telling of danger to the little chicks. As a result of this wariness, hawks have not been able to catch any of the chickens on our place this season."

* * *

The Hood River Glacier tells the following snake story: "Charles Barnes, a rancher, whose place is east of Neal Creek at the base of Bear Mountain, now holds the record for Hood River County as the slayer of rattle snakes. One day last week, while in search of a horse that had strayed away on the side of Bear Mountain, Mr. Barnes peeped into a depression, formerly the resting place of a huge boulder, and declares he was astounded to see a wriggling mass of serpents. The snakes were fished out with a long stick. When all had been dispatched, Mr. Barnes took count. He had killed thirty-one snakes and he returned home with 122 trophy rattlers."

* * *

What damage to game one panther can do was illustrated recently on Pistol River, says the Gold Beach Reporter. Charles Ericson and companions, living there, one night heard a deer blat close to the house, but investigation did not disclose anything. A second night the same occurrence. A third evening the same happened. Having a dog with them the latter time, the men started another investigation and found a panther crouched on a log, baiting a badly injured deer

in the water. The panther was killed, and a thorough search disclosed three partly devoured carcasses of deer. Three deer in three days shows the destructive ability of one panther.

* * *

Henry Stout, deputy game warden for Klamath County, has just returned from a trip to Diamond Lake. He reports that rainbow trout are thick in this magnificent lake. Several years ago the State Fish and Game Commission stocked this lake with fry from the Spencer Creek hatchery. No evidence of the fry were seen for several years and it was thought that the young fish had gone down through the outlet of the lake and perished as they fell over the falls several miles below. It is now believed that they have remained in the deep waters of the lake and consequently were never seen by campers and tourists, as there is no boat on the lake and one must fish from the shores. The discovery by Mr. Stout should be of great interest to sportsmen, as Diamond Lake is one of the finest summer resorts in the state. The fact that rainbows are there now in great numbers will make it even a more desirable place to spend a week or two in the vacation season. Mr. Stout and his party caught many rainbows over thirty inches in length.

DESERT BEAR KILLED IN PAULINA MOUNTAINS

(From the Bend Bulletin)

WHAT is said to be a desert bear, weighing twenty-five pounds but full grown, and in appearance the same as a regular brown bear, except for a smaller neck and a larger stomach, was killed Monday on the road between Klamath Falls and the O. T. McKendree ranch in the Paulina Mountains. The dwarf bear was scared up a juniper tree and shot by Dan Driscoll, an employee of Mr. McKendree.

The bear, which is only twenty inches long, was believed to be a cub, until after it had been shot and found to have hard paws and teeth, proving it to be several years old. Mr. Driscoll shot the bear with a pistol and, not knowing just what kind of an animal he had bagged, carried it home in a pocket on his pack horse.

The only bear of this kind known to have been killed in Central Oregon was shot about five years ago in about the same neighborhood as the one found Monday. Mr. McKendree, although having heard of the dwarf bears, had never seen one before. He is in Bend and will send the skin to a taxidermist.

FOOD FOR WILD DUCKS

TO assist clubs and individuals in propagating wild ducks, the United States Department of Agriculture has just revised two of its publications on the food plants of these birds and published the revision as Bulletin 465. It recommends for propagation eel grass for salt water; widgeon grass, sago, pondweed and wild celery for brackish water; wild rice, wild celery, the pondweeds and water-cress for fresh water with a slight current, and the pondweeds, banana water lily, muck grasses, waterweed and coontail for fresh water where that is usually quiet. Along the margin of fresh water where there is no marsh, wild millet is desirable. In addition, a number of other recommendations are made for various conditions.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE FIELD DIARY OF THE WARDENS

Recently the wardens in the employ of the State Game Department were invited to submit memoranda as to the obstacles and difficulties encountered in their service and to give any suggestions as to how, in their opinion, the administration of the game and fish laws might be improved. Most of the wardens have responded, and some of them discussed the subject ably and with clear understanding. Many of the papers are so interesting that we have decided to reproduce them in *The Sportsman*. This department will be continued from time to time. Many of the articles, however, cannot be printed in full.

By WARDEN L. L. JEWELL, Grants Pass, Oregon

My experience in meeting the public in the discharge of my duties has been very pleasant, and I find, with a very few exceptions, the people in full sympathy with the game laws; the only drawback is that if they know of a case of deer killing they usually want me to get my evidence from some other source, as they dislike to complain for fear of making an enemy of a "neighbor."

I have found that the more a warden can keep in touch with the farmer and miner, the less the violations; let them feel that they have an interest in the protection of game the same as a warden and they will let you know if there is anything very much wrong going on near them.

By WARDEN H. D. STOUT, Klamath Falls, Oregon

I have had no trouble in the discharge of my duties as a warden. With regard to the administration of the laws, I have nothing to suggest, but think it is largely up to the wardens. I think it is a mistake to make arrests and not get a conviction; also to talk about violators until there is evidence to warrant an arrest. I think a warden should try to leave the impression with every one that he believes they are all right.

I tell the people it is up to them to protect the fish and game; that a warden can help, but can do nothing without their help. In my district the public generally is interested in the protection of game and fish. The propagation of game and fish has helped to get the people here interested. I have not had any trouble with violators, which I believe is largely due to how they are treated by the warden while under arrest.

By WARDEN ROY DICKSON, Gold Beach, Oregon

You requested me to submit to the Game Department a memorandum of obstacles and difficulties encountered in line of duty.

Well, the most of the time the difficulty is in not being able to be in more than one place at a time. One trouble down here is that you have to follow the roads more or less, and all of the people along the telephone line know where you are. Another trouble is deer-hunting dogs. Every one has dogs and some varmint dogs, but all of them are called varmint dogs. If a dog gets after a deer they will swear that they put it out after a wild cat, panther or bear and you cannot prove different.

What action can be taken under the new law if a man admits

ownership of a dog, and claims he had his dog after a varmint and it switched after a deer? Under the old law one could do nothing.

The biggest improvement I could suggest would be to take all cases of violations out of the Justice Court and before the Circuit Court. Too many justices are game violators themselves.

As far as my personal dealings with the public in general, everything has gone along O. K. I always speak respectfully to anyone hunting or fishing, in regard to licenses or about the law, and explain anything they want to know to the best of my ability. I have never met anyone hunting or fishing that did not treat me with respect, even the men I have arrested for violations.

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

In answer to your letter to all Game Wardens to submit memoranda as to obstacles and difficulties, will say the worst difficulty in this county is, and always has been, the cussed dogging of deer. We have a certain class, or excuse of humanity in this county that will run deer in spite of everything any one can do.

In dealing with the public generally, my first steps when I went into office was to try and get the co-operation of all the desirable class of people. I even went all over the country the first two months and got the different ideas and opinions of the more law-abiding class, and asked them to help me where convenient, and on the promise to not mention their names, many of the best citizens in the State promised me their support. But of course their promise at that did not satisfy me as I thought this may only be to pacify me at the time, but I must say I began to be surprised as time went on. Not only did these people give me information, but others that I had not heard of fell in line, saying such a person had told them, and when I came to investigate this information I found it true in every case, and the wilful violator wonders how I find these things out as I am after him as soon as the complaint comes in.

The thing I made up my mind to do in the first place was never to deceive any one that I found was trying to assist me, and to attend to a complaint just as soon as I could possibly do so. Of course there are hundreds of complaints while there are very few convictions, but I find in my experience that a thorough investigation of a complaint sometimes is just as good as a conviction, and probably a great deal better in lots of cases.

I am well satisfied with the co-operation I have in my territory from the desirable class, and can say it is more than I ever dreamed of, taking into consideration who the people are, and I couldn't ask them to do any more as I am here to do the rest. As to the undesirables, I know all of them and don't want any of their assistance or information which they oftentimes appear anxious to give.

By WARDEN W. G. EMERY, Newport, Oregon

The worst condition I had to contend with in this county when I was first appointed, was the hostility almost everywhere against a game warden. This ill-feeling extended to the laws themselves, and it was almost impossible to secure any efficient co-operation from the farmers and ranchers living adjacent to the hunting grounds and game ranges.

I soon learned that this unfortunate condition was due to under-

hand methods that had been used to secure arrests for violations, and to the system that had caused the arrest of every violator no matter if only for a mere technical violation of the letter of the law. I might mention numerous examples illustrative of the above statements, but one will be sufficient.

Two deputies visited the home of F. O. Johnson on the Yachats, representing that they were Portland sportsmen who wanted to be put on a stand and have a deer run by them. Johnson spotted them as game wardens, so piloted them to a thick jungle several miles away, left them there and returned home and resumed his daily work. Late that night the wardens came into camp, sore because of the trick that had been played on them, and the next morning arrested a boy neighbor for cleaning a trout on the creek bank and throwing the entrails into the stream. Ten miles below at Waldport, two canneries empty all the offal into the river from the daily catch that is turned in to them.

The boy plead guilty and his father paid his fine. The law was vindicated but game protection and preservation in the Yachats district took a long step backward.

Law in any community is only the expression of that community. If the sentiment is against the protection of game, statute laws are of little value, and a game warden is practically helpless. Even if arrests are made, the defendant is promptly acquitted.

When I was appointed game warden, acting upon the suggestion of State Game Warden Carl Shoemaker, I began an educational campaign among the residents of this county and made it my business to attend all public meetings, public schools and other gatherings and get acquainted. I talked game preservation and game protection as an economic as well as humane proposition. When I found a technical violation of the law, I pointed out the violation and explained the reason for such a law, and upon a promise not to repeat the violation, made no arrest. Of course in this county, as in all others, there are certain individuals who need a club, and I do not hesitate to make life a misery for such criminals, but I sincerely believe that the promiscuous arrests of everyone guilty of unimportant minor violations do more toward making the game laws a dead letter than all other influences combined.

During my first patrol of the county it was a common occurrence for me to be curtly told that no game warden need apply for lodging or other favors and I found that in some localities I was looked upon as a sort of pariah unfit to introduce to wives and daughters.

Owing to the policy outlined by our State Game Warden, as above, and which I have been continually following in my work here, I am glad to report that these conditions have entirely changed. There is a healthy sentiment in favor of game protection in all parts of the county. A number of special deputies appointed from among the better class of citizens are helping along the good work and I feel that we are getting far better results than for years past.

Of course we have our violators, and some bad ones. We have those among the better class who wink at some violations; these are but exceptions that prove the rule. And this rule is that the useless violation of our game laws are being frowned upon in all sections, and the flagrant violator is finding his neighbors arrayed against him, and willing to help the warden secure evidence that will justify an arrest.

In this county, as elsewhere, the worst problem a warden has to contend with is how to secure evidence to convict certain dyed-in-

the-wool violators who know every trick of the trade; are shrewd and slippery, and who in some way keep themselves informed as to the whereabouts of the warden and time their depredations when he is away in some distant part of the county.

In my opinion who regularly patrols his district, meets with the residents in their homes, talks and practices game preservation, is sure to gain a certain prestige and respect that entails a like respect for the service he represents. Prevention of violations is much more to be desired than punishment for violations. It is better for the game and much less expensive. Consequently, in my opinion, that policy would seem best that would emphasize this educational work rather than to rely entirely on police methods.

By WARDEN E. C. HILLS, Eugene, Oregon

I am requested to submit to the Game Department, a statement as to the obstacles and difficulties encountered in the discharge of my duties as deputy game warden, and suggestions as to how the administration of the laws may be improved; also as to my experience in dealing with the public and game violators.

The principal difficulty I find is the lack of ready transportation. It is impossible for me to cover Lane County effectively under the present system. A light car would very greatly assist in a thorough discharge of game warden duties.

The only suggestion that I would care to offer as to the improvement of the administration of the law, would be that more educational work be done. Moving pictures should be shown in every school and a lecture given on the importance of obeying game laws, the same as other laws, so as to get the younger generation to understand the value of the game to the community.

In my experience as game warden, I have always tried to deal with the public, open and above board, and with the endeavor to cause a better feeling and respect for the game laws; always protecting the farmer and rancher that would furnish information as to violations of the law, as I find that nearly every rancher before he will give you any information wants to know that his name will not be used in the matter. By being square with the public you can generally get a tip if there is any violation, and unless it is an unusual case I go to the violator himself first, and tell him what he has done and that I have the goods on him, and unless he will agree to cut it out, and does cut it out, I will get him. My experience is that it is better to get the good will of a person who is not at heart a violator of the law than to arrest and prosecute him without first giving him an opportunity to do right.

A COUGAR STORY OF ANOTHER KIND

IN the April issue of The Oregon Sportsman appeared an item to the effect that during the year 1916 California paid out the sum of \$60,000 in bounties on cougars killed in that state. Since the publication of the item it has been learned that the above figures were considerably larger than the actual amount should be. The facts are that bounties paid on cougars, or mountain lions, from 1907 to June 30, 1916, by the State of California, was only \$49,160. This was for nine years. From January 1 to June 30—half of the year 1916—111 mountain lions were killed in California, for which the sum of \$2,220 was paid in bounties.

ANGLER GROVER CLEVELAND

By A. M. STODDART

VARIOUS stories are told of Grover Cleveland by anglers. While fishing one day, dressed in oilskins and slouch hat, Mr. Cleveland was addressed by an angler dressed in the height of fashion with:

"Hello, boatman, you've certainly got a good catch. What will you take for the fish?"

"I'm not selling them," replied the man in oilskins.

"Well," continued the persistent angler, "what do you want to take me out fishing tomorrow?"

Mr. Cleveland was plainly enjoying the joke.

"I can't make any engagement except by the season," he replied. "Will you give me as much as I made last year?"

"You're a sharp fellow," replied the angler, "but a good fisherman, and I'll accept your terms. What did you make last year?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Cleveland, "about \$1,000 a week. I was President of the United States."

Mr. Cleveland was an angler who believed in conservation. He practiced leaving something for those that come after. His limit was twelve fish a day. Curious to relate, when black bass fishing he always carried a measuring stick and returned to the lake all fish less than twelve inches in length.

BEND JUDGE BREAKS FISHING RECORD

(From the Bend Press)

JUDGE Eastes has always been recognized as one of Bend's leading lights in the piscatorial art.

Now he has established beyond all peradventure that he is entitled to the championship belt, in the absence of a suitable trophy for this class of sport. The Bend Press would suggest that Billy George's Middle Weight Championship Belt of Central Oregon be given to Eastes.

The majority of fishermen Sunday were satisfied with a fish or two, some even report strikes which were satisfactory. The Judge, however, went out with blood in his eye and came back with fish in his basket. He was among the large number who went to the Metolius Sunday to try the waters of that magnificent stream. He had been fishing for some time with little luck when suddenly he had a strike from a 14-inch rainbow that made the water boil. The Judge was in some brush, a very difficult place to fish, and tried to work his way to a place where it would be easier for him to land the trout. Before he was able to reach a place, another trout, this time a Dolly Varden eighteen inches in length, took the other and then began a battle royal. The Judge was equal to the emergency, as he has been in times past, and landed both fish without mishap. Spectators are still wondering what the subject of his oration would have been if the leader had snapped under the strain.

Not until the fish were in the basket did he allow himself a second's hilarity, and when they were there, he was too weak to yell.

About twenty carloads of fishermen from various parts of the county enjoyed the day at the Metolius. Although no large catches were reported the fish were rising to the fly better than any day this spring.



LOOK BEFORE YOU SHOOT—SAFETY FIRST

WE need but call the attention of the Oregon hunter to the fact that many accidents—some of them fatal—have taken place during the past years, to bring home the need for the following motto: "Look Before You Shoot—Safety First." careful study of the above picture will doubtless cause hunters to be extremely careful, especially during the deer season, which opens in Oregon on August 15. The law definitely states that the only deer which may be killed are those having horns. There is, therefore, little excuse for the man who mistakes a man for a deer. Be sure you see the horns before you shoot.

IN THE FIELD WITH THE WARDENS

Prosecutions for April, May and June, 1917
By the Game and Fish Departments

Game Department

BAKER COUNTY—By Warden I. B. Hazeltine—B. Sachs, arrested for having beaver skins in possession unlawfully, fined \$25; L. L. Dunn, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; F. H. Baldock, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; Thos. Dunn, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; H. J. Elskamp, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; A. Broyles, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

BENTON COUNTY—By Special Warden W. R. Stanturf—Richard Kiger, arrested for shooting wild pigeons in closed season, fined \$25.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—By Special Warden C. J. Long—Emery M. Cole, arrested for having trout under six inches in possession, fined \$25; Chas. M. Tyler, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden William Brown—Walter Kelm, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; Harry Loudon, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; Si Condit, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—Earnest Johnson, arrested for having deer meat in possession in closed season, fined \$300, paid \$50.

COOS COUNTY—By Warden J. M. Thomas—Fred Figer, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$50; Fred Gross, arrested for killing deer in closed season, found not guilty by jury; A. D. Gross, arrested for running deer with dogs, fined \$100.

CROOK COUNTY—By Special Warden—E. Gunter, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$40.

CURRY COUNTY—By Wardens Dickson and Adams—John Brewster, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—By Warden Orrin Thompson—Tom Davis, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$50; Earl Davis, arrested for resisting an officer, fined 30 days in jail; Mose Thomas, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$75.

GRANT COUNTY—By Warden I. B. Hazeltine—Frank Keeney, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25.

HARNEY COUNTY—By Special Warden Triska—James Adrian, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25.

JACKSON COUNTY—By Warden Ed. Walker—H. A. Wysong, arrested for blocking fishway to take fish, fined \$25.

MALHEUR COUNTY—By Warden H. L. Gray—I. F. Smith,

arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; L. Andrews, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; Ellis Andrews, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; A. R. Cordell, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

LANE COUNTY—By Special Warden Holdman—O. H. McCallister, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25.

LINCOLN COUNTY—By Warden W. G. Emery—E. V. Johnson, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

LINN COUNTY—By Warden S. B. Tyce—Clarence Lerwill, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25; Herbert Lerwill, arrested for killing deer in closed season, case dismissed.

MARION COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—J. R. Green, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; G. W. Adams, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; James Murphy, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—D. B. Ewen, arrested for hunting with dogs in closed season, \$25; A. Wallace, arrested for illegal shipment of game, fined \$50; H. J. Barbey, arrested for having sturgeon in possession illegally, case dismissed; Frank Lonkey, arrested for killing deer in closed season, found not guilty; R. C. Harris, arrested for killing deer in closed season, case dismissed; F. E. Reed, arrested for selling sturgeon under four feet in length, fined \$20; R. E. Bundy, arrested for having trout under six inches in length in possession, case continued for sentence.

UMATILLA COUNTY—By Warden George Tonkin—Lafayette Green, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$50; R. E. Manning, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25; Elmer Stubblefield, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25; Chas. Bono, arrested for trapping robins and larks, fined \$25; Baptist Bono, arrested for trapping robins and larks, fined \$25; L. L. Kennedy, arrested for having trout under six inches in length in possession, fined \$25; R. S. Edwards, arrested for having trout under six inches in possession, fined \$25.

UNION COUNTY—By Warden J. W. Walden—Frank Counsell, arrested for angling without license, found guilty, case continued for sentence; Earl Miller, arrested for angling without license, found guilty, case continued for sentence.

WALLOWA COUNTY—By Warden Geo. W. Mitchell—Thos. Jacobs, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$150.

WASHINGTON COUNTY—By Warden Brown—Henry Peterson, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; Leslie Kirry, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

WASHINGTON COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—Earl Hollandbeck, arrested for having trout under six inches in possession, fined \$25; J. Moffitt, arrested for having trout under six inches in possession, fined \$25.

YAMHILL COUNTY—By Warden O. B. Parker—Wm. George, arrested for having trout under six inches in possession, fined \$25.

Commercial Fish Department

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—By Warden B. L. Jewell—Arrested Chas. Wheeland, Sidney Waldron and Gilbert Coffey for gaffing salmon in the Willamette River, the jury disagreed in each case; Ralph Gribble and Carl Ward were arrested for foul-hooking salmon in the Willamette River, fined \$50.00 each, \$40.00 of the fine in each case being suspended; William Jubb, William Finucane, Geo. Story and Matt Story were arrested for fishing within 200 feet of the fishway at Oregon City, the jury found each "not guilty."

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—By Warden M. R. Pomeroy—S. G. Waldron, H. W. White and P. A. Lacey were arrested for foul-hooking salmon in the Willamette River, fined \$50.00 each, \$40.00 of the fine in each case being suspended.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—John Minelea, arrested for fishing a gill-net during spring closed season in the Columbia River, fined \$50.00; Oskar Mickelson, arrested for fishing a gill-net in the Columbia River during spring closed season, fined \$50.00, fine suspended; William Oyala, arrested for fishing during the spring closed season in the Columbia River, fined \$50.00; Charles Fuhrer, arrested for fishing in Columbia River during spring closed season, fined \$50.00.

CLATSOP COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—Unknown, operating set-nets during closed season, confiscated salmon sold for \$14.75; unknown, operating set-nets during closed season, confiscated salmon sold for \$13.45; Albert Matson, arrested for fishing a set-net during closed season, fined \$50.00, sentence suspended on good behavior; August Matson, arrested for fishing a set-net during closed season, fined \$50.00, sentence suspended on good behavior.

CURRY COUNTY—By Warden Roy Dickson—Louis Ossenbergh, arrested for fishing a gill-net without properly marked corks, fined \$10.00; L. Lundi, arrested for fishing a set-net without properly marked corks, fined \$10.00; Douglas Raine and Charles B. Collins, arrested for fishing below deadline established on the Rogue River, fined \$50.00 each, \$40.00 of the fine being suspended in each case.

CURRY COUNTY—By Special Warden John F. Adams—Fred Clarno, Harvey Redfield, Sid Howell and Ralph Mow, arrested for fishing below deadline established on the Rogue River, fined \$50.00 each, \$40.00 of the fine being suspended in each case.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—By Warden Orrin Thompson—Unknown, fishing for salmon at Winchester dam, confiscated salmon sold for \$2.76.

JACKSON COUNTY—By Warden Ed Walker—Bert Rippey, arrested for selling salmon without license, fined \$100.00 or 25 days in jail, both fine and jail sentence suspended but jail sentence was later revoked by Justice Taylor and Mr. Rippey served his time in jail while county provided for family which was in destitute circumstances.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Wardens E. H. Clark and S. L. Rathbun—A. M. Wright, arrested for fishing during closed season in the Columbia River, fined \$50.00.

SYNOPSIS OF OREGON FISH AND GAME LAWS

Following is a synopsis of the fish and game laws of the State of Oregon for 1917-1918:

RATES FOR HUNTERS' AND ANGLERS' LICENSES

Resident Hunter's License.....	\$ 1.50 per year
Non-Resident Hunter's License.....	10.00 per year
Resident or Non-Resident Angler's License.....	1.50 per year
Combination Hunter's and Angler's License.....	3.00 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 angle. She is required to have a hunting license. Pioneers of Oregon who arrived here before 1860 may obtain license free.

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 15.

Silver gray squirrels—September 1 to October 31.

Ducks and geese—October 1 to January 15.

Rails and coots—October 1 to January 15.

Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)

Male 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—September 1 to October 31. Klamath County August 15 to October 15.
- 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. Malheur and Harney Counties, September 15 to December 31.
- Rail and coots—October 1 to January 15.
- Shore birds, black breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs—October 1 to December 15. (Federal law.)
- Male 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—August 1 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—2 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 and 10 in any seven consecutive days.
- 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 limit 50 fish or 35 pounds in any one day.
- Trout over ten inches—All year in Game District No. 1—Bag limit 50 fish or 50 pounds in one day.
- Trout over 18 inches—All year in Game District No. 2—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, English 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 morganiser, 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 under a game breeder's permit, the cost of which is \$2.00, 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 Carl D. Shoemaker, 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.

If you have a dog, gun, rod or anything you wish to sell or trade, you can dispose of it quickly by using the Wants, For Sale and Exchange columns of The Sportsman.

OREGON FISH & GAME COMMISSIONERS

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Office of the Commission....Oregon Bldg., Fifth and Oak Sts., Portland

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E. H. Clark.....	Portland	Geo. W. Mitchell....	Enterprise
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John Larson	Astoria	B. L. Jewell.....	Oregon City

CLASSIFIED ADS—FOR SALE—EXCHANGE, ETC.

On this page we will run Classified "For Sale" or "Exchange" ads or, in fact, classify your ad in any way you want. There will be a department headed "Resorts," another "Summer Camps," etc. The cost will be 5c a word and cash must accompany the order, as we keep no books on this page.

If you have a dog for sale or trade, or a gun, in fact, most anything you can think of—here is the place to put it up to the Sportsmen of Oregon. All ads for October issue must reach us on or before Sept. 25.

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Special Offer 6 MONTHS for 50c

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Outdoor Life, published in Denver, Colo., edited by J. A. McGuire, a bonafide 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. Interesting stories of hunting and fishing, gun-lore to suit, be you a novice or an unquestioned expert—everything the out-door man wants to read.

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Croft Lake Ranch

COOS COUNTY, ORE.

Acres

Lot 6, Sec. 12, Tp. 30, R.	
15, W. W. M.....	34.20
Lot 1 & 2, Sec. 11,30,15)	
N 1/2 SW 1/4 W 1/2 Sec 11,30,15)	
W 1/2 SE 1/4 Sec 11,30,15)	356.80
N 1/2 NW 1/4 Sec 14,30,15)	
NE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec 15,30,15)	
Lot 5, Sec. 10 30, 15,.....	21.25

412.25

This property has unexcelled all around farming, shooting and fishing advantages. Eleven miles south of Bandon and 4 miles north of Dairyville, has new seven-room hunting lodge, 3 ft. 6 in. open fireplace, tessellated tile hearth, building finished with Port Orford Cedar, new barn and stable, nearly 400 lineal feet of goat sheds, in fields fenced off with wire web fencing, two lakes affording the finest sport with wild fowl, salmon and trout, two streams feed the lakes, for which I have had application for a hatchery and trout farm for the Portland market. Two marshes suitable for cranberries, a bearing orchard of apples, pears and plums, a perfect climate and mild winters. On the ocean beach in front of the house are found clams, crabs, mussels and seals, also sea lions. Fishing can be had from the beach, and deer and bear are plentiful.

This is a great chance for a profitable investment in the best sporting locality in the northwest and presents great possibilities for quick development, as the Southern Pacific Company have located their coast line of rail through the northeast quarter of this property. The ranch is occupied by cattle, sheep and goats and can be reached by a mail stage from Bandon leaving 7 A. M. and my mail box is on the county road, one mile from the ranch house. In going to Bandon, my market town, I prefer to drive by the beach, as it is nature's highway. The district school house is a little over a mile from the house.

This ranch could be divided nicely giving lake shore frontage for a resort. I will add that this property is, by nature, intended for a man of means wishing to combine business and sport and a caretaker or manager can be placed upon it, so that a city man can enjoy its possibilities. My eldest son, Sydney, is in charge and will be pleased to receive any one to show it. Any further information I will be glad to give you.

EDMUND CROFT
Croft Lake Ranch
Bandon, Coos County, Ore.



Mr. Sportsman —

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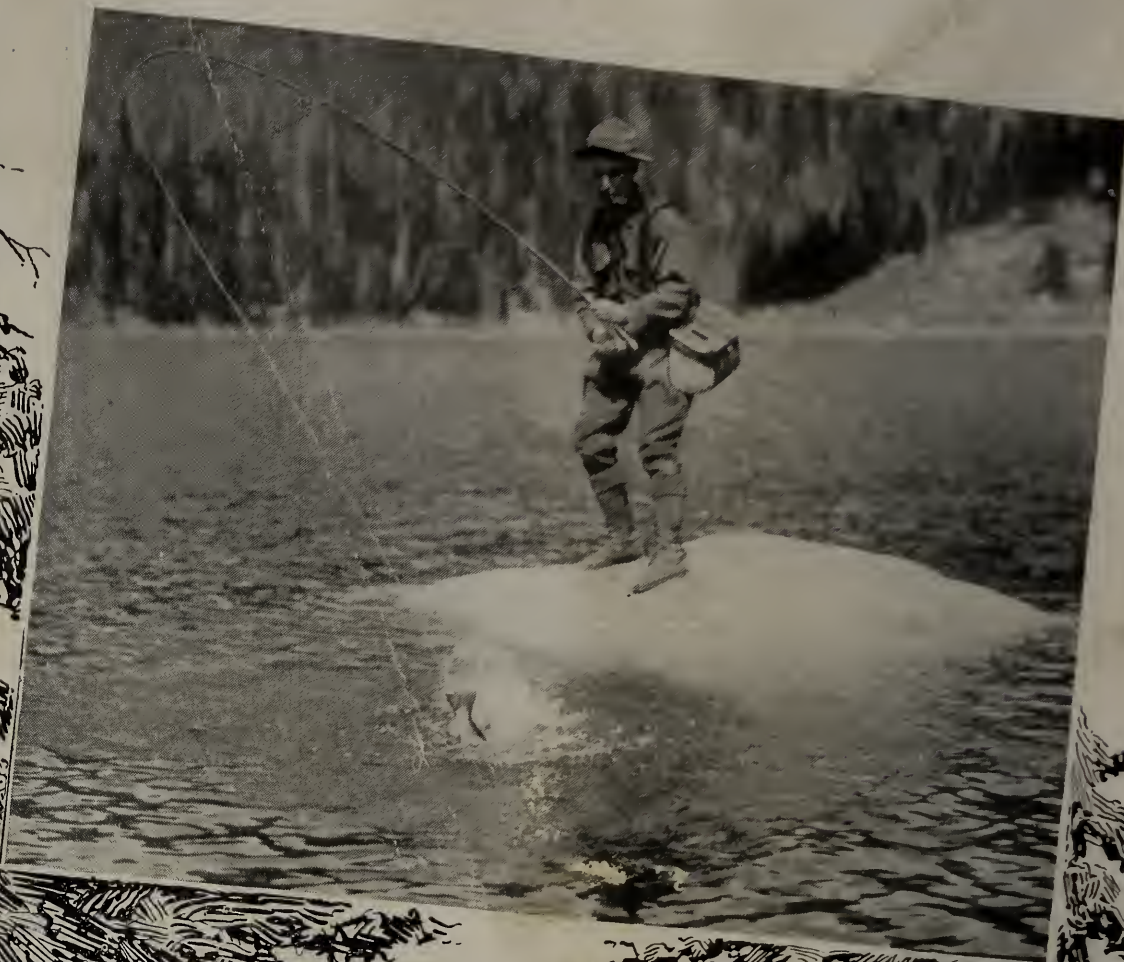
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THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

OCTOBER - NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

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THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

OREGON BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON

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THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

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Carl D. Shoemaker.....State Game Warden
Wm. L. Finley.....State Biologist

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.

THE WAR AND THE GAME LAWS

The man who advocates the throwing down of all the bars of game protection, using as his reason for this drastic action the fact that this country is at war, is no better than the food profiteers who have stored up the necessities of life and have held up the public by demanding an exorbitant and extortionate price for their release.

If restrictive legislation is necessary to protect our fish and birds and game during times of peace, it is doubly necessary in times of war. Because this country is engaged in a vital conflict, is no reason why we should listen to these demands made in

the name of patriotism, back of which is nothing but an effort on the part of those who urge them to profit out of the situation.

There is just as much excuse or reason for the State of Oregon to open all closed season on fish and game as there would be to urge that the farmers of this state sell their seed wheat and their seed potatoes. While the food situation may be acute at this time, there is a likelihood—and a strong one at that—that the situation will be even more critical in the future.

By following out the suggestions of some people who claim to be sportsmen we would exterminate very quickly the fish and game of this state and tear down almost over night that which has taken many years to build up.

The game protection sentiment which has been brought to a high point in this State could not again be brought about in a short time if the supply of fish and game has been reduced to practically nothing.

The best kind of patriotism is to urge that the laws be strictly enforced, and for the good citizens generally to co-operate with the game department in holding down those who want to profit at the expense of our game under the guise of patriotism.

FOREST FIRES AND HUNTERS

Each year the Executive of this State and the Game Department are besieged with requests to close the hunting season and keep the hunters out

of the forests on account of the prevalence of forest fires and the ensuing danger from them.

The general public accept the newspaper stories that appear each year without thought and immediately jump to the conclusion that if the hunter were kept out of the forests that forest fires would be reduced to a minimum in number; and until the general public is made to understand that this is not true, the Governor of this State and the Game Department will be annually besieged by requests to close the hunting season, and the sportsmen will be denied their vacation in the forests.

As a matter of fact, the man who goes into the forest to hunt deer or bear, or any other animals, is about the most cautious man outside of the forestry officers and employes who goes into the forests. He realizes that extraordinary care and precaution must be taken. He is not careless with his fires; nor does he frequently toss aside a lighted match or a cigar along the trail.

We must, and do, fully appreciate the value of our standing timber to this state, and we would not advocate anything that would bring this value into jeopardy. The law gives the Governor of this State the power to suspend the hunting season upon the recommendation of the State Forester, when, through an extreme drouth, forest fires are liable to become prevalent. This does not give the Chief Executive authority to keep people out of the forests—it simply closes the season on hunting, but permits anyone to go within the forests, camp along their streams, and roam over the wooded area. The law to be effective at all should prohibit anyone from entering the forests during the time when the hunting season is suspended.

We do not know whether this would be beneficial or not. We leave the question open in the hope that the people of this State will realize that the sportsman is not responsible for forest fires, and that by permitting him to go into the woods but refusing him the privilege of carrying a gun that an injustice has been done him in favor of the camper, the tourist, the trapper, the angler, the homesteader and every other class of citizen who may care to go into the forest at that time, not for the purpose of hunting.

And in conclusion we will call the attention of our readers to the significance of this statement: The records of the United States forestry officials and of the State Forestry Department do not disclose one single instance of a forest fire having been started by the discharge of a firearm.

* * *

Be a true sportsman.

* * *

Send in your renewal to The Oregon Sportsman.

* * *

Don't be a game or a fish hog.

* * *

Hundreds of Oregon sportsmen are serving their country in the Army and Navy. We will see that every one of our subscribers who have enlisted is followed by The Sportsman, provided the address is given.

* * *

The true sportsman will assist the State Game Department at every opportunity to induce violators of the game laws to mend their ways.

* * *

There are only two means for enforcing game laws—public sentiment and cash. A successful game department must have both behind it.

Oregon hunting and fishing tales add much to the value of The Sportsman. How many readers will give us their experiences in the field, woods and mountains for publication in the next issue?

* * *

Patronize the advertisers in The Sportsman and let them know why you are doing it. While the advertiser expects a financial benefit as a result of placing his advertisement in The Sportsman, at the same time he is adding his bit to help pay the cost of publication, and thereby assisting in the protection and propagation of game and fish.

* * *

Owing to lack of time to prepare copy for the printer, this issue of The Sportsman has been greatly delayed. Doubtless the reader knows that the editorial work on The Sportsman is done as time may be found from other work, and it seems that there has never before been so much to do in both the game and the commercial fishing departments as now. This condition is partly due to the fact that department officers have had additional work added to their regular routine, because it became necessary some time ago to reduce the force in the Game Department on account of the falling off in the usual sale of hunting and angling licenses at this season of the year. Readers interested in receiving future numbers on time can assist greatly by sending in information concerning game and fish conditions in all parts of Oregon. Without a doubt, there are sportsmen, farmers, gamekeepers, game protective organizations, boy scouts, guides, resort keepers, and many others, in position to observe, who could write interesting tales about their experiences with the wild life of the state in the field, woods and mountains, and furnish much information of great value for publication in The Sportsman.



Home of John W. Herron, near Gold Hill, Oregon, and fish pond where the Black Bass with which the Rogue was stocked were propagated.

BLACK BASS OF THE ROGUE RIVER

By ALVAH E. KELLOGG, Gold Hill, Oregon.

FAT and jovial John W. Herron, of Portland, came to Gold Hill during the season of 1912. Soon after his arrival he purchased the home of Jesse J. Houck, which was situated a half mile north of the burg on the Rogue. The Gold Hill-Sams Valley highway leads past the door of the new home; its green lawns and shaded acres border on the banks of the swift flowing river. The premises were bountifully supplied with water piped from a spring in a shady nook on the neighboring hill, and the waste from the pipe line flowed across the grounds joining the Rogue.

The newcomer's hobby was the mountain torrent passing by, and its finny tribe. In his new environment his thoughts ran rife, as to how he could improve the surroundings. "I'll build a pond," he said one day to friends.

The next season he constructed a concrete reservoir 60 by 60 feet, with a depth of five feet, on his new possessions near the dwelling. And thereafter the ice cold water escaping from the waste pipe of the water system fed the new aquarium.

One summer day Ben Hur Lampman, who was the ruler over the devil in the Gold Hill News establishment, came that way. It was a short cut to Ben's favorite riffle on the Rogue. "Splash! What is it?" said the country editor, as he craned his neck that way, observing the swell spread over the calm waters of the pool; "fish," he smiled.

"Hello Ben!" said the merry landlord, as he sauntered out from a nearby shade.

"What have you cooped up here?" continued Ben, pointing towards the placid waters.

"Gol darn it, you've caught me in the act," continued Herron.

"Say, Ben, they say that confession is good for the soul. I'm going to tell you all about it and relieve my mind. You'll not repeat it will you? Now, to begin with, after I got the tank completed I was in a quandary as to what variety of fish that I should stock it with, and how and where to procure them. Naturally, my memory wandered back to my boyhood days, and the grassy glades bordering on the black bass waters in old Kentucky. Golly, boy, how I used to love to hook them fighting beauties. We didn't have reels in them days; how I landed them whoppers with my little willow pole and makeshift gear, I don't know. Yes, yes—I used the minnow, too—but the little green toad was my favorite live bait them days; it was always lurking around, and easily captured. In my predicament I wrote to my old friend J. H. Baker at Portland; and say Ben, he's some fisherman, too—well, it ran along for several weeks with no reply, when one morning about train time the Southern Pacific agent at Gold Hill called me up on the 'phone and said, 'there's a fellow down here with some live stock for you; come down.' Now, Ben, you can't guess who it was, and what the live stock turned out to be. Guess again! Yes—no, it was my cubhood friend Baker. He carried a bucket with a wire screen covering the top and in it was a pair of my favorite beauties, weighing about a pound each. When Baker left after a few days' stay, the last words he said to me were, 'Now, John, for God's sake don't let it get noised around about how and where you got those bass; it may get us both into trouble.' Well, Sir Ben, that just put fear in my heart ever since, and what do you think? That pool is chock full, right now, of bass about this long," (measuring off about six inches on his forefinger and hand). "Now, for goodness sake, tell me what to do with them."

"Put them in the river," replied Ben.

"But we don't know about that, I might be committing another crime," chuckled Herron.

"We will see Fat Kellogg about it, he will know," replied Ben.

The next day Ben and I met; he made a full confession. I said to him: "The fish commissioners will send you fellows to the penitentiary if you put those black devils in the river; they'll eat up all the other fish in the stream."

"Did you say that they would destroy all the native fish," piped Ben.

"Say, you just watch those bass whip around the corners into the calm waters, in the event that they should happen to venture out into the stream where the cutthroat or Steelhead are slumbering."

The next season State Game Warden Finley exhibited his game and fish films at the Wego Theatre in Gold Hill. After the show I introduced our black bass friend to the game warden. Winking at Mr. Finley, I said to Herron: "Now, dad, we've got in bad with the authorities about permitting those black bass to escape into the Rogue River; you just make a clean breast of the matter to Mr. Finley. It may be the means of reducing the penalty."

"Well, now!" began the old sport, coughing and flushing up, not certain just what was coming. He then related to Finley his fish story up to and including Ben's first revelation, then he said, "I cleaned the tank out and put 600 of the bass into the river, keeping the old pair and quite a number of the increase. Now, Mr. Finley, she's just swarming with two crops, about four and six inches long."

"Good for you, Mr. Herron!" said the Game Warden, slapping Herron on the shoulder. "Keep the good work going."

A short time after this interview, and before Herron had found time to again liberate a bountiful supply of the young fish in the river, he had had the pipe of his water system reconstructed. The accumulation of oil used in the construction throughout the new pipe line, on flowing into the pool killed the major part of its inhabitants, including the old pair. But that same season he liberated 280 more from his stock, retaining several hundred to continue the propagation.

This spring he again liberated into the Rogue 200 of the six-inch specimen and twenty of the four-pound size, leaving him several hundred of various sizes in stock. They thrive upon cooked liver ground fine and the insects attracted by the open pool.

SOME FACTS WE SHOULD KNOW

By J. B. BRESSLER, Grass Valley, Oregon.

WE started for a pleasure trip on July 8, Judge Krusow and I, in a five-passenger Pope Hartford, and there being only two of us it gave us plenty of room for our outfit.

The first night we camped at Crooked River, by the power plant, and found that stream badly fished out; otherwise, in fine condition. Then we went to Suttle Lake and found it the same. There are at least twenty-five persons a day fishing on that lake, which should be stocked better.

Then we hired pack horses and went to Square Lake, which is stocked with Eastern trout. I examined that lake very carefully and found very little spawn or young fish in it, although there are quite a lot of people fishing there, in spite of the fact that this lake is somewhat inaccessible. I also saw where someone had dried fish there. How I wish I had been present at the time, as they get all they can when they think a game warden won't catch them! That lake should be closed to fishing, by all means.

Then we went to Round Lake. That is a fine lake, but no fish and should be stocked. The same is true of Long Lake; also another lake (name of which I cannot recall) which they tell me has no fish in it. These are all fine lakes fed by snow water. Bear and cougar are plentiful there. I saw but few signs of deer.

Then we went to Blue Lake. I found that lake in the best condition of all; plenty of young trout, and great schools of large ones.

Then we started for Cline Falls. I inspected that stream, knowing it had been re-stocked with trout. I traveled up and down stream for miles on a well beaten trail and every little while saw papers which had been thrown away that previously contained extra trout flies and leaders. At that place it is a fine stream and easily approached, but surely fished to death. The fish were small and few, as anything that could take a hook was taken out. I looked for notices stating it was closed to fishing, but not a sign nor a notice did I see. That also should be closed to fishing. I found the river the same above and below Bend, badly fished out and very little spawn. I think this condition will be found any place where there is room for parking of automobiles near a stream.

As I have fished and hunted in the State of Oregon for thirty-five years, I feel my competency in knowing what a trout stream needs as well as our hunting grounds.

HUNTING DEER AND COUGAR IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

By JUDGE J. W. KNOWLES, La Grande, Oregon.

I THINK it was in the latter part of February, 1909. I know that it was one of the years that through a bobble in the game laws deer were left unprotected in Eastern Oregon that word came to La Grande that cougars were killing a great many deer along the brakes of Beaver Creek on account of the depth of snow in the mountains. A party consisting of Dr. G. L. Biggers, a physician and surgeon of La Grande; H. R. Hanna, court reporter of the Tenth Judicial District; Charles Crandall, a farmer and teamster of La Grande, and the writer, left La Grande for Beaver Creek on a combined deer and cougar hunt. The cougar is by far the greatest enemy of deer. Assisted by the deep snow they either run their victims down or lay in wait and spring on top of them from some tree as the deer pass underneath. So destructive are the cougar to deer that I believe a bounty of at least fifty dollars should be paid for their destruction instead of twenty-five dollars as at present. To the critical it may not seem very sportsmanlike for hunters to endeavor to protect deer from the cougar and then kill them themselves or to hunt deer at a time when through an inadvertance on the part of the legislature they were left unprotected, but other hunters were taking advantage of the conditions and hunting deer.

No doubt State Biologist Wm. L. Finley has done more for the protection of game in this state than any other one man and his appeal to sportsmen to spare the China hens when the law made it lawful to kill two hens in a bag of five was very commendable; but I believe his appeal fell upon deaf ears. The way to protect game birds and animals is to protect them by law, applying to all alike and rigidly enforcing the law, as I believe is being done at the present time by State Game Warden Shoemaker and his deputies. It is unfair to the sportsmen who obey the law to permit others who violate it to go unpunished.

But I am digressing from my story. We arrived near the month of Beaver Creek in the middle of the afternoon and took possession of a deserted sheep herder's cabin for our base of operations. After we had transferred our bedding and provisions from the wagon to the cabin, we decided to reconnoiter the surrounding country, Hanna and Dr. Biggers going in one direction and Charles Crandall and myself in another. Crandall and I had not gone very far when we saw quite a good many deer tracks, evidently made the day or night before, and following along these tracks were invariably tracks of cougar. The snow was quite deep and it was pretty hard walking for Crandall and I as we were both built upon the stout order. Finally we noticed ahead of us where some animal had crossed plowing up the snow. Coming up to the tracks we observed that they were fresh deer tracks and a large deer at that. We started to follow the tracks and had not gone far when Crandall said, "There it stands over there." And sure enough there was the deer standing broadside to us. It was down hill somewhat from us and it looked like it was off quite a ways. In fact, I stepped the distance afterwards and it was four hundred and thirteen steps. Neither of us waited for orders to be given to fire, but we both dropped to our knees and without any ceremony opened fire on the enemy. Shooting at that distance is largely a matter of speculation, as experienced hunters will testify. Even when the gun is sighted for a long distance, as one is liable to mis-

calculate the distance. Crandall had a 30-30 and I had a new 32 special, and this was the first time I had ever used it upon game. We were both average good shots with a rifle, but as we observed each other's shots we could see that we were undershooting our quarry and our shots were falling short. In all we shot twelve times. I shot five and Crandall seven. The deer through all this bombardment stood there with its head near a little fir tree and at the report of our rifles, it would turn its head from one side to the other and look back as if trying to determine where the reports were coming from. Once when Crandall raised his gun to shoot he said, "Judge, I believe that deer is hitched to that tree." I don't think either of us had the "buck ague," but there is no disguising the fact that we were both a little bit too anxious to beat the other fellow to it and shot too quick and did not take the deliberation we should; a fault that is common to a good many deer hunters. At last one of us landed and the deer jumped up in the air and started to jump off. It soon put some trees between us and it and we had to stop firing.

Going to where the deer was standing, we found quite a lot of blood on the snow. Following the tracks, we soon discovered that the deer was hit in the left hind leg. It was dragging this leg. As it was now getting dark we followed the tracks briskly, too briskly in fact. We should have given it time to lie down and get stiff, although being shot in the leg might not have made much difference. We found where it had lain down and had left quite a pool of blood. It got so dark that we could not follow the tracks, even in the deep snow, so we struck out for camp. Hanna and Dr. Biggers reported that while they had seen lots of old deer and cougar signs, they had not seen any fresh signs.

The evening was spent in getting supper and in getting our beds fixed up. Hanna performed the duties of chief chef assisted by Dr. Biggers; Crandall looked after his team and I had the enviable duty of carrying the water and assisting in washing and wiping the dishes. In performing the latter duties I am quite proficient, but I do not want my wife to know anything about it.

After a bounteous supper of ham and eggs and fried potatoes, we spent the evening relating hunting experiences. The subject of conversation naturally drifted to the cougar. Dr. Biggers very vigorously maintained that the cougar was a coward by nature and would not attack a man. Others of us cited him to instances where the cougar had been known to attack a person, but the doctor readily branded these stories as fabrications.

The next morning we got up just as it was breaking day and after eating our breakfast, we again set out, Crandall and I, to take up the wounded deer trail and Hanna and Biggers in another direction. It was not difficult for us to find the deer trail and the longer we followed it the more we came to the conclusion that the deer had kept traveling during the night. Our only hope of overtaking it was for it to have lain down and become stiff. The deer had made for the brakes of the Grande Ronde River. We followed the tracks, discovering here and there a spot of blood, until along about noon when we came across a couple of men by the name of Young, two brothers who lived in that vicinity and who had hunted deer a great deal. They were following three deer and ran them down into a canyon just ahead of me. While I saw the deer yet they were out of the range of my gun and I didn't get a shot. It was difficult for Crandall and me to follow the trail of the deer when we came to bare and rocky ground, but Walt Young was a regular Indian when it came to following tracks. He could discern the

impression made by the feet of the deer and the blood stains on the grass and ground when Crandall and I could see nothing.

The four of us followed the deer until along in the middle of the afternoon Crandall and I became tired plowing through the snow and the mud, for in the middle of the day it would thaw considerably. Furthermore, the deer was not bleeding sufficiently to indicate that it was very badly wounded. I told the Young boys if they would follow the deer and bring it into camp I would recompense them. They were confident that they would find it in the wooded brakes of the Grande Ronde River and did not want to give up the chase. Crandall and I returned to camp.

As we neared camp, we saw the doctor coming into camp with something thrown over his shoulder. I remarked to Crandall that I guessed the doctor had bagged a coyote. We arrived at camp just before the doctor got there. "Well," I said, "I see you killed a coyote if you couldn't get a deer." "Do you call that a coyote?" he said, throwing a young cougar from his shoulder to the ground. The doctor was in exultation at his conquest, and his laughter echoed and re-echoed throughout the mountains. He had killed several deer and bear and only the night before had said that he would like to have a cougar skin to add to his collection. He said that after hunting deer until a little after noon, he became tired and sat down behind a stump to rest, and when he raised up, three cougar—an old mother cougar and three kittens—jumped out from behind another stump and beat it for the thick timber. He did not get a chance at the old cougar but took a shot at one of her kittens as it circled around, and landed. It was a good shot and the doctor could well feel proud of his trophy. Of course the rest of us tried to convince the doctor that his hitting the young cougar was a mere accident, but we could not convince him. He stepped the distance between the stump he was sitting against and the one the cougars were behind and it was twenty-one steps. I told him they wanted to see what a real, live disciple of *materia medica* tasted like. I don't know whether it was caused by exultation at his capture or the reaction of fear, but the doctor did not sleep very much that night or let any of the rest of us sleep. He would lie down awhile and then get up and sit by the stove and smoke. How he did rub it into Crandall and me about shooting twelve times at a deer standing and he only took one shot at a young cougar on the run.

That evening while we were eating supper, we heard several shots in succession towards the direction the Young boys were following the tracks of the wounded deer. I remarked that I guessed the Young boys had jumped our deer. The next day I saw one of them and he said that while they had not jumped the wounded deer they did jump another deer and killed it.

The next morning after partaking of a good breakfast of bacon, eggs and black coffee, we started out for another day's hunt, Crandall and I going in one direction and Hanna and the doctor going in another. While Crandall and I covered a good deal of ground for heavy weights we did not see any fresh sign and we returned to camp in the middle of the afternoon all worn out from trailing through the snow. We had not much more than reached camp when we heard a bombardment off to the south and east which sounded like an engagement between the Germans and the Allies. We concluded from the number and rapidity of the shots that the boys had jumped some deer, as it was in the direction they had started in the morning. Hanna and Biggers got to camp just about dark and reported having had an eventful day. When

they first started out in the morning and when they were about a mile from camp they entered a small opening. Biggers was at the upper part of the opening and Hanna at the lower part. Hanna was walking along near the timber when a big buck jumped out before him within about twenty yards and stopped. Hanna was so startled at the sudden appearance of the deer that the deer bounded off into the pines without Hanna getting a shot. Biggers fired at it from the upper part of the opening, but he was perhaps one hundred and fifty yards away and did not stop it.

No doubt other readers of *The Sportsman* have had the same experience as Mr. Hanna. I know I have. I was hunting once on Whiskey Creek in the Blue Mountains. I had seen some fresh deer sign that I was satisfied had been made that morning or the night before. After hunting carefully for several hours, I came to the conclusion that the deer had left that vicinity and started away, when, upon entering a small opening, a big five-point buck jumped out from behind the branches of a fallen tree, gave a snort or two and made for the pines. I had a peep sight that I had just put on my gun and in trying to pull back the hammer to cock my rifle I would grab this peep sight and draw it back. I did this twice and by the time I realized what I was doing Mr. Buck waved a flag at me and disappeared in the thick pines. It is needless to add that I have never used the peep sight since while hunting deer.

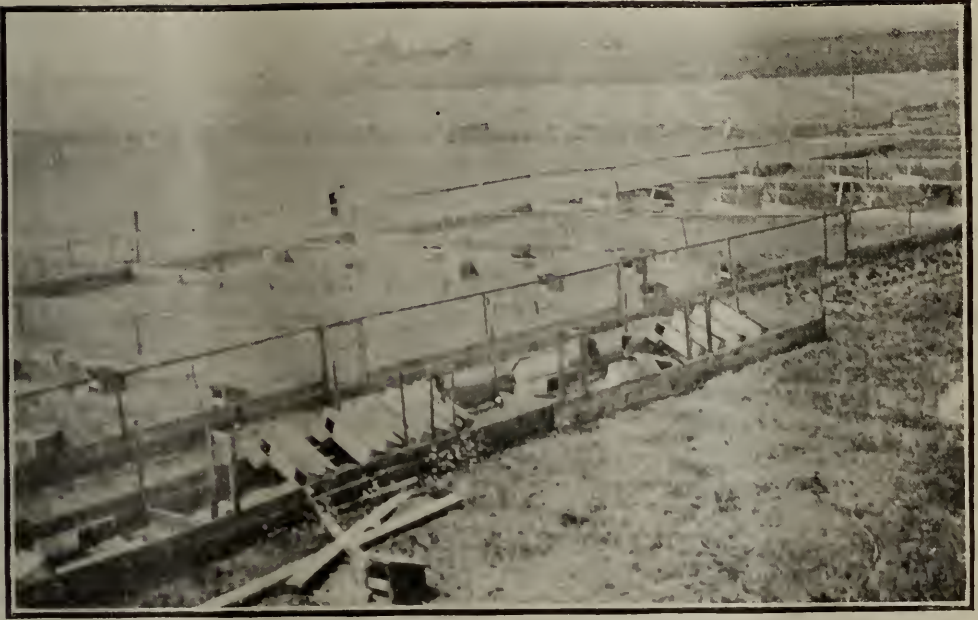
Hanna and Biggers related that after their experience with the lone buck they circled around on top of a high ridge and jumped a bunch of eight or ten deer. The deer got wind of them and were about three hundred yards off when they first saw them and started down a canyon. It was these shots that they took at the departing deer as they were going down one side of the canyon and up on the other that Crandall and I had heard. So far as they knew they did not hit any of the deer. At least they did not see any evidence of that fact. The next day we returned to La Grande with a cougar skin but no venison, but having had a very pleasant outing which tends to break the monotony of life.

WINTER

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD, Brownsville, Oregon.

Spite of her stolid ways and ruthless feet
Winter is time of all I hold most dear.
Lover of beauty, I; and much to cheer
I find in furious storms of snow and sleet.
The frozen brooklet I am first to greet;
And when the frost-elves touch each blade and spear
I range the silvered woods afar and near
And find my poet's cup of joy complete.

I love the shining vapors and the mists,
The rain-clouds dark with threat of sudden storm.
The slow fogs are my passion, and the trysts
Kept by the cloudlets near the peak's huge form.
Moan of the gale, shriek of the blast, and tempest call,
Piercing cold of the night—I love you all!



Hatchery and row of Chinese Pheasant rearing pens on the Linn Ringneck Game Ranch, Albany, Oregon.

THE OREGON "CHINABIRD," PRESENT AND FUTURE

By CHAS. D. ALEXANDER, Albany, Oregon.

"America today is undergoing, in her game fields, the sure and steady transition from a natural sufficiency to an artificially-supplemented sufficiency."

THOSE eminent qualifications which make the Oregon Chinese, or Denny Pheasant, peerless amongst the world's first-water game birds need no extolling to Beaver sportsmen, Beaver nature-lovers—and these two classes embrace the populace—nor to hosts of visiting tourists, hunters and people business bent. The intelligence of the hunted bird in the field, his toothsome-ness on the platter, and the zeal with which he sets in to recuperate his thinned ranks after a Fall of powder and shot and a Winter of rain and snow, are known to all of even the most meagre once-a-year acquaintance. These facts, intermingled with a thousand and two tales of "how we got him," have penetrated, mostly by word of mouth, the divers haunts of sportsmen East and West. And of the many good things said of Oregon, they form a portion of no insignificant value.

But what of the things that are to be said of Oregon? What of the future of the game, of dog, man, gun and bird? What of the tales to be told of the days afield in the yellowing stubble or rattling corn, and the pop-pop of the first day's opening reveille?

Perish the thought! The marathon-legged Chinabird will be with us still. He must be with us; and, although the development of the Oregon country has thrust new problems athwart his path, no dire, yellow prediction of extermination shall be meted out to him today;

rather, let us candidly consider those same problems, and the conclusions they may lead us to.

During the past few years tales of severe Winters have excused the fact that birds were slightly harder to find than usual. The Winters were hard; but the damage done by six weeks of wet snow in the Willamette Valley and similar regions, is negligent alongside the results of an hour's cold shower in Summer, such as were prevalent last season. So far as the very young pheasants are concerned, a German barrage could be hardly more fatal.

That is not the case this season. Whatever else may be said of the long dry period, it is assuredly highly beneficial to the pheasant crop. Broods of three ages may be seen by almost any roadside in the Valley. This happy condition spells the very best of good shooting for the coming Fall. But it will probably be found, as in recent years, that the birds have congregated in various favored localities. Apparently this is due to the presence of goodly fields of clover, cut once or twice, or corn, or other pheasant palate pleaser. So as the density of population—and, necessarily, cultivation—increases, and the planting of more ensilage and rich food crops results, we may expect to find the pheasant families spread more evenly over the country. While resulting some in smaller individual bags, this will better the average shooter's luck, probably; it will entice more hunters, because the hunting areas will be more available and handy, and it will place a heavier drain upon the numbers of the gamey Asiatic.

The future—fifteen, twenty, thirty years from now—will see mighty changes in the face of Oregon's farm land. Many choice localities will be thickly settled; all regions will be well populated, and there will still be steady, healthy increase as at present. Development will proceed apace here in the West when capital, after the excitement of war ventures, returns to the projects of peace. No man may forecast the numbers twenty years hence; but it is safe to assume that the population then will be even larger than is pictured by the most imaginative real estate agents of today. The pursuits, as now, doubtless will be mainly agricultural, only much more intensified than at present.

This condition spells vast armies of outdoor men and women who will hunger for a taste of autumnal sport. Paved roads, handy jitneys and railroad branches will make every pheasant covert extremely available.

There will be many birds this year. There were enough last year. So it will go for some years. The gamey, feathered Celestial is doing his best. His fitness isn't questioned—indeed, it is proven the best in the world. But even his supreme vitality cannot work the miracle of furnishing full game bags when there are a dozen shooters for every acre of pheasant range.

Lay your plans for good sport when the law is off in the Fall of 1917—powder enough will be left for the Spring drive in France. But pause here a moment to consider, ere you enjoy this year's pilgrimage, the shooting of the generation that is to follow your steps to the dusty stubble—or even of your own shooting but a few years hence.

Restriction helps, but it doesn't fully answer. Restriction has so far sufficed—but it nears the end of the rope. It cannot restrict more without incurring the very calamity it strives to offstand—no shooting.

So, if we do not wish to be set down, as have been some of the generation before us, with the white-hot brand of game-hog upon our brows, we must see to it that the birds entrusted to us, for our enjoy-

ment and our care, do not slowly but certainly fade away. We must leave the fields at least as rich as we found them, as evidence of our guardianship, and as example to our followers. To do otherwise is worse than selfish. It is worse than to despoil—it is, in plain words, to steal from the unborn clan of sportsmen and nature-lovers its rightful heritage.

Fear for this consequence is unnecessary, for it shall be averted; only knowledge is requisite to develop the problem's answer. This remedy is coming forward as surely as the need is being manifested, and it is nothing less than artificial propagation, as a means of replenishing the fields and coverts and of helping the Chinese Pheasant to keep on his feet in the face of the heavy toll demanded. You need not shudder at "artificial." You like your trout very well, even if they are hand-reared, carefully transported and planted for your enjoyment. And hand-raised pheasants, liberated when old enough to withstand natural enemies (three to five months) are nothing short of the wild bird that was reared by his own wild mother. If the birds reared are returned to the wild, and the breeding stock renewed occasionally with injections of wild blood, the resultant hand-reared pheasants need never show signs of domestication.



Day-old Chinabird.

This State, of course, has already liberated many birds in sections where formerly they were unknown; and results prove the work more than justifiable. But the increase which the future will demand opens a line of endeavor to sportsmen and bird-lovers alike which may be made profitable, as well as pleasurable. Pheasants can be raised by hand most successfully; that is demonstrated by the history of the State Game Farm which, guided by Mr. 'Gene M. Simpson, has reached a high rank amongst American pheasantries. Further, they may be raised profitably—hardly a business may be named for which the investment, compared to the returns, is so small; and the pheasant breeding industry is rapidly forging ahead to a place which will be, at the least, close to the livestock producing industry in importance.

Again, pheasant farming does not need to be undertaken on a large scale; as a backlot venture, with some extra time mornings and evenings, it may be made to yield, besides the pleasure and satisfaction of ownership and accomplishment, a handsome revenue as well.

The art of raising pheasants is not one requiring the science necessary to a modern poultry plant, nor the daily detailed labor of the egg factory. During the hatching and rearing season (Spring and Summer) activity on a pheasantry is at its height; during the Winter very little time is consumed with pheasant farm duties. No great amount of land is necessary.

A small beginning, wherein a knowledge and understanding of the wild habits and requirements of the birds is to be inexpensively gained, is far better for the beginner than a heavy splurge.

The pheasants are being raised, and the business is rapidly growing—half a dozen breeders' societies have sprung up over the country in

the past year or so. And, on top of the great increase in production, prices for hand-reared pheasants are rocketing skyward—after gaining steadily for two years they are still advancing rapidly. Seven and eight dollars per pair is being secured by all dealers at this time; and the Fall of the year, when young birds are plentiful, always sees the lowest rockbottom prices. Eggs, too, are in great and increasing demand; many thousands were marketed for hatching purposes this season.



WHITE COCHIN BANTAM.

The ideal pheasant mother—and brood.

White Cochins Bantam—the ideal pheasant mother—and brood.

The pheasant industry is well established in Europe; its ascendancy in America is not a faddist affair, but a steady, albeit rapid, growth. It may be said to be just emerging from the dark almost unknown wherein a few breeders only had made it a success, to the front rank of legitimate business enterprises with a solid foundation—the peerless adaptability of the Chinabird to the game fields; and an assured future—the certain increased demand for pheasants with which to restock depleted fields and coverts. In fact, it is this very hue and cry for birds, birds, birds, to again fill the stubble and hillside for the tired sportsman, that has inaugurated this, the first great era of New World pheasant history, into existence. America today is undergoing, in her game fields, the sure and steady transition from a natural sufficiency to an artificially-supplemented sufficiency.

And, as year by year it becomes more firmly established, recording a greater growth, the future of the Chinese Pheasant, in the West at least, is more than assured; and the great step from natural, wild propagation to supplemental, artificial propagation is safely taken. The years to come are to see heavy game bags, and the sportsmen to come are to call we of today sportsmen—nothing less.

And in this process Old Oregon, where the festive “Chinkese” is now found most abundantly of all the game fields of the continent, is to endure in pheasant lore and fame. For her climate is perfection to the imperial Chinese, her people already familiar with him and his audacious ways, and her opportunity to perpetuate him ready and waiting.

Judge Denny’s work shall live. Phasianus Torquatus shall not follow the passenger pigeon and the dodo.

OREGON UTILITY FISHING WATERS

By ALLEN T. GRIBBLE, in *American Angler*.

WHILE for the hunter nature was providing so many protected places and natural haunts for the home of our wild game, one might have formed the impression that the lovers of rod and reel were being slightly overlooked. But a glance at a map of the world shows us that the largest part has been set aside for inhabitants that dwell under the surface of aquapura.

"Oregon, the land of plenty," is a good slogan suitably adapted, and a bona-fide statement, when it comes to speaking of fishing waters.

This state is located centrally on the extreme western shore of Uncle Sam's great domain. It is bounded on the north by our northwest corner state, and on the south by our southwest corner state; lying between the two it has a coast line of about three hundred miles, and a strip of land approximately the same width extending eastward into the interior a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. Within this area there are no less than sixty rivers, forty lakes and two hundred and fifty named creeks that will stand the stamp of approval as first class fishing waters.

If one should interview a number of anglers that have fished the different waters of the state, and ask them individually to name the best fishing water in Oregon, each would perhaps name a different lake, river or creek, and have a good strong argument in favor of the same.

If it were in regard to the best fishing for a stated time of the season, or for a certain species of trout or salmon, it would be an easier matter to name a suitable water.

Supposing that we have obtained one of the new combination rods, that to a certain extent can successfully be used on all occasions, we will endeavor to seek a stream, on which to use the newly acquired four-in-one combination in practically all its transformations, viz., fly casting, bait casting, still fishing or trolling.

Nearing the state's population center brings us well up into the northwestern part of the state. Here there are a greater number of anglers and less unfished waters than in the sparsely settled districts.

The drainage system of this part is centered by Mt. Hood, the ever white-capped sentinel of the Pacific, its peak towering over eleven thousand feet above Balboa's discovery, and is ever inviting to those who love the exhilarating sport of scaling the steep slopes of ice and snow.

In this district a majority of the streams head around or near the base of this peak, and flow in every direction that the wind ever blew, but eventually they all westward flow to the calm Pacific, and mingle as one body. There giving life, food and home to the salt water fishes, when but a few hours previous they had been supplying the identical elements for several varieties of trout and other fishes which are found in the Pacific Coast streams.

As one of this state's utility streams I will refer to one which heads well up in the Coast Range mountains northwest of Portland. It flows through a heavy timbered region for probably fifty miles, and nearly the same distance through open country and a fertile valley, finally making a semicircle it starts back in the direction from which it heads, but is soon stopped attempting a circle by emptying into a funnel-shaped bay that bears the same name as the stream, "The Nehalem."

To attempt estimating how many fish have been taken annually

from this stream with hook and line would only be to guess. It is known that before Oregon bore a state title the salmon annually headed eastward up this stream to battle with the rapids and falls, spawn their eggs and spend their last days of useless efforts trying to overcome the tumbling waters.

In the early days they were met by Indians, who relied on marvelous skill and accuracy with the spear and gig in securing fish, which they cured and smoked for future use. The anglers of today take many salmon from these same waters, though by an entirely different method.

The upper Nehalem was a popular trout stream long before Elmer Colwell built his first shingle mill on the upper stream, it being situated where now stands the little town of Jewel and was built along about the summer of 1879. Today this stream continues to hold the reputation given by our forefathers, "A good trout stream," although the anglers whipping its waters have increased over twenty fold within the last few seasons.

Not many years back the Southern Pacific Co. completed a railroad from Portland to Tillamook City, building through the Coast Range mountains then following along the course of The Nehalem to the coast. Were my pen more fluent I would attempt to describe the scenic views visible from this winding and twisting trail of steel as it enters the Willamette Valley foothills of the Coast Range mountains, and spirals its way westward to the summit of the Coast Range mountains up among the dense evergreen forest at an elevation of eighteen hundred feet, then descends down the Salmonberry river, crossing and recrossing it many times before reaching The Nehalem, which is followed closely until reaching the white sea sands and balmy breezes of the Pacific.

Pitch camp where your fancy suits, there are stations and stops at close intervals and good accommodations can be found at nearby ranches, making it an easy matter to find a suitable camping place and an ample supply of provisions.

From a commercial standpoint The Nehalem bay is a very profitable body of water. Located at the live little town of Wheeler is a large cannery and packing plant, with an annual output of many tons of both salted and canned salmon. Perchance today some of us dined on Nehalem Chinook which we caught at the corner grocery with a two-bit piece.

Though there is commercial fishing in the bay it does not eliminate the angler from some rare sport, trolling in the bay. It is there many a noble warrior has struck, leaped, tugged and fought on the end of a silken line to finally be conquered by skilled human hands, while many a nobler one, seizing the spinning metallic coxer has determinedly fought a battle for freedom and left the would-be captor sitting in a boat on the rippling surface to tell the threadbare story of "the big one that got away."

Early in the spring the little speckled trout of the lower river and its tributaries are awaiting the bait fisherman, and soon as the weather warms and the insects begin to fly, the cutthroats (*Salmo clarkii*) are eager to rise to a well placed winged lure. This signifies the beginning of the fly fisherman's happy days, and this stream is an ideal one for this popular art. To the fly casters this stream never fails to yield many speckled trout each season. Some of the large ones if mounted would be trophies fit to adorn the most discriminating fish curator's den.

Later in the summer, following the first heavy rain, the big lusty sea trout enter the river. They are taken from the pools and deep

riffles on both bait and spinners, but at times when the former fail a sunken fly can be used to good advantage.

There are three kinds of salmon that enter the stream as soon as the fall rains raise the water enough to permit them to cross the shallow and wide riffles near the mouth. The Chinooks and Silversides (coho) are sought by most anglers, but at times the Jacks (quinnat) afford fine sport and they strike the spoon very freely.

About seven miles upstream are the Nehalem Falls. It is below these that most of the salmon are caught. They are taken by casting in the deep pools below the falls or by letting the current spin the spoon at the head of some likely looking pool. Where the river is wide a boat may be used either casting from it anchored in mid-stream or by trolling. When there is a heavy run in the river it is not uncommon for a good easter to land a dozen or more fine specimen in a single day.

The fall of 1915 my brother and I made a trip to the lower river, but we were a little too early. It being a very dry season the fall rains had not raised the water to the proper stage for the salmon to enter. Consequently we found practically no salmon in the river at this date (October 15). A heavy rain came soon after we left, and during the latter part of the month there was a heavy run in the river. Three Upper Valley anglers fishing the pools below the falls caught ninety Silversides in less than a week's time.

Referring to the size of our largest one brings to my mind that seemingly ever true saying, "The largest fish in the stream is yet to be caught." Our third day in camp was dark and cloudy. We were fishing the white water to avoid taking small fish. On coming to a place where the stream is divided by a long narrow rock island I began fishing on the large part carrying about two-thirds of the river's flow, my brother fishing the small part, which is a stream about twenty-five feet wide. At this point it has a bank five feet high, covered with a heavy growth of fern and grass with overhanging brush, drooping to the water. A partly submerged log lying across the channel forced most of the water to the high bank and under the overhanging brush. My brother, placing his number nine boots on the log, allowed the current to carry his spinner under the brush into a little eddy at the far side of the stream. I glanced over and caught sight of a silver spray about forty feet below the log on which he stood. His rod was humped like the back of an angry cat, and the tip was quivering and shaking like a schoolboy attempting his first declamation. From my position I had a good view of the fish, while my brother was deprived of that privilege by the overhanging brush. One minute later I observed him examining the broken shank of a No. 10 hook, and then mutter something about it "serving him right for buying cheap hooks."

Next morning he did not feel well, so I made a trip to town and got him some medicine. On my return he suggested that I go and fish from the end of the submerged log. For his satisfaction I made the three-mile walk through a drizzling rain, but was unable to attract his old friend by my best offerings.

My brother has resolved to return in the future and catch a twenty-four inch trout from the pool at the submerged log. It is plain to me that he thinks he holds an unexpired option on that speckled king.

To complete the fishing season we find the Steelheads (*Salmo rivularis*) entering The Nehalem along about mid-winter. Some authorities class this New Year visitor as a salmon, while others prefer to call them a trout, which seems to be the most suitable and best adapted name. When a good sized one is hooked he will not be long in convince-

ing the angler that there is the action of a trout with the combined strength and action of a salmon on the business end of his tackle. And I will say that they are a mighty fine fish, regardless of the suffix we prefer to adopt the name Steelhead.

The Steelhead run being over we have angled on one stream from early spring until late winter, trying our skill on several varieties of trout and salmon, ranging from the little speckled brook trout up to and including the Chinook salmon. In so doing we found use for many different kinds, sizes and combinations of tackle.

In conclusion, I'll yield for the reader's decision. Is it misleading when I mention this home of the finny occupants as utility fishing waters?

THE LITTLE PINE SQUIRREL

Recollections by WARDEN I. B. HAZELTINE, Canyon City, Oregon.

OF all my friends of the woods the Pine squirrel comes first in my affections. It is on account of sentimental reasons of course, but possibly many of you hold him in the same esteem and for similar reasons as myself.

My people have gone to the mountains for two or three weeks during the summer as long as I can remember. This event was looked forward to by myself from one year to another during my childhood days and I would just as soon that Santa had forgotten me at Xmas time, or that I had been deprived of my firecracker allowance on the Fourth of July, as to have missed one of these camping trips. The thing that I remember most of all was the waking in the morning of the first day. It was too good to be true that I was really resting on a bed of fir boughs under the shelter of the old tent that had done so many years' service, and that I had so many joyous days ahead, going with father after grouse, sitting around the big bonfire at night listening to the songs and the tales recounting the experiences of the day by the older members of the party, huckleberry bushes loaded to the ground, how numerous the deer tracks were, someone who had actually seen a giant bruin. These tales with the background of the dark mysterious forest against the firelight certainly remain in the memory of the man. Associated with these memories is the little Pine squirrel, who with his cheerful little chatter, announces that another day has begun, and I never hear one but the recollection of the first day in camp, or morning rather, is brought to mind.

BIRD LOVERS BUY LIBERTY BOND

The Audubon Society of Oregon, at a recent meeting, voted to invest \$100 of its savings account in a Liberty bond, as an expression of the patriotic spirit of the society.

William L. Finley, state biologist for the Fish and Game Commission, was re-elected president. Other officers were elected as follows: W. A. Eliot, vice-president; Dr. E. J. Weity, corresponding secretary; Miss Arlie Seaman, recording secretary; H. T. Bohlman, treasurer; H. H. Parker, W. S. Raker, Miss Mary Frances, Mrs. R. Bruce Horsfall and Dr. H. B. Torrey, directors.

Much good work was reported as having been done during the past year.



RAINBOWS caught in the Callapooia River near Brownsville, Oregon, July 1, 1917, by C. W. Standish of Brownsville. Planted by the Oregon Fish and Game Commission, July 10, 1914. The Callapooia River was practically depleted of fish at the time the Commission began the work of restocking. This stream, one of the best trout streams in the State, is now the mecca for anglers from all over the Willamette Valley. The fish in the accompanying picture run in size from 12 to 20 inches.

PROTECTING THE GREAT SALMON FISHING INDUSTRY

By ARCHER WALL DOUGLAS, in *Wild Life*.

THE salmon fishery industry ranks along with oyster and herring fisheries as among the most valuable commercial fisheries in the world. The most important salmon fisheries range from the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers in California, along the coasts of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska, up to the Yukon.

The whole industry depends upon the curious instinct of the female salmon, which spends most of its time in salt water, to run out into the fresh water rivers to spawn. So far as can be judged, this is done at the end of about four or five years, and the salmon immediately dies after spawning. The seasons when the salmon make this "run" vary according to latitude, beginning in April and continuing through May or June in the Sacramento river for the spring run, and commencing again in August and ending in October for the fall run; while in Southeast Alaska, the salmon are found in all months of the year. From March to the middle of June they are abundant and feeding in the numerous straits and sounds. They enter the rivers in May and June. In August, September and October they are again to be found in large numbers in the bays and sounds.

Where the salmon lived and where they went between these spawning seasons was formerly a deep mystery, but of late observations seem to indicate that they spend the other months along the Pacific Coast in the various bays, sounds and inlets. When they are born in the fresh water, they go out to sea; and apparently do not return again until the fourth year or older, when they come back to spawn and die.

It is this curious instinct that makes possible this great industry. They practically all spawn in all the rivers along the Pacific, northward from the Bay of San Francisco up to the Arctic Ocean. When they enter the rivers, which they do in incalculable numbers, they are caught by every species of device known to the ingenuity of man. Nets of all kinds are the popular methods; but fish wheels, something like the stern wheels of a Mississippi river steamboat, are also used with great effect. These wheels in their revolutions lift the salmon out of the water and drop them into a flat bottom barge.

The essential problem is that there shall be enough salmon escape and go up the river to spawn. Otherwise it is only a question of time when the whole salmon race would be extinct, because of not being allowed to breed. This is the greatest and most serious danger for this fish. The natural greed of man is apt to overlook this fact in a short-sighted way, without any regard to the future.

There is also great danger to salmon fisheries from the pollution of streams, since the salmon, both old and young, require pure, cold water. The salmon also suffer greatly from innumerable natural enemies, but none are so fatal to them as man.

In order practically to prevent salmon from being exterminated the government has undertaken to breed them artificially. So the United States Bureau of Fisheries operates a number of large and well-equipped hatcheries. This is done also by the state governments of California, Oregon, Washington, the Dominion of Canada, the Provinces of British Columbia, and certain private companies. The salmon are caught on their way up stream, both male and female. The females are stripped of their eggs, which are fertilized by the milk of the males. This is a hand process, but of late it is superseded by an incision whereby the eggs are taken from the female in a much more satisfactory way. The eggs are placed in a combination of troughs and baskets. Fresh water is constantly provided, and it is absolutely necessary that the dead eggs be removed as fast as they become evident. This is done largely by the injection of a salt solution, which has superseded the old process of picking out these dead eggs by hand. Upon the injection of this salt solution in the hatching troughs, the good eggs sink, and the bad ones remain afloat and are easily removed.

The young "fry," as they are called, are kept in the troughs and fed until they become about four or five weeks old. They are then placed in artificial ponds for a time, and later on transferred to natural ponds. When they have grown large enough to take care of themselves they are placed in the rivers and allowed to seek their natural home in the sea.

Since 1873 there has been distributed on the Pacific Coast over six billion of these fry. Their annual distribution during the past ten years varies from three hundred million to five hundred and sixty million.

When the salmon are caught they go through the various processes of dressing, cleaning, cooking and canning, the canning industries being situated immediately on the rivers where the salmon have been netted and trapped.

As food they are comparatively cheap, very palatable, and are high in nutritive quality. The extent of the industry may be judged by the statement that in 1915 there were caught in the various Pacific Coast fisheries four hundred and thirty-five million pounds of salmon, with a value of eight million six hundred thousand dollars.

THE PLEASURES OF ANGLING

By GEORGE DAWSON, in *American Angler*.

To al you that been vertuouſ: gentyll: and free borne I wryte and make this ſymple treatiſe folowynge: by whyche ye may have the full craft of anglynge to dysport you at your luſte, to the entent that your aege may the more floure and the longer to endure.—(Treatiſe of Fyſſhyng with an Angle, 1496.)

WHATEVER pleasure a veteran may find in occasionally recounting his deeds of valor, the rehearsal at some time becomes monotonous. Not that a true angler ever passes the line which takes him into the land of ailment and decrepitude. It is the glory of the art that its disciples never grow old. The muscles may relax and the beloved rod become a burden, but the fire of enthusiasm kindled in youth is never extinguished. The time, however, does come when one is reluctant to parade the sources of even his innocent pleasures, except, perhaps, to those "simple wisemen" whom he knows to be in sympathy with him, and who can appreciate the too generally unappreciated truth that that pleasure is only worthy the pursuit of men or of angels which "worketh no evil."

Although my last was my thirty-fifth annual visit to favorite angling waters, it was anticipated with greater interest and with higher hopes of quiet enjoyment than any which had preceded it. And this, as all biography teaches, has been the experience of all true lovers of the angle. Sir Humphrey Davy retained his enthusiasm to the last. When, like Jacob, he had to lean heavily upon his staff, the author of "Noctes Ambrosiana" would wade his favorite streams with all the pleasure of his early manhood; and long after every other delight had waxed and waned, this remained as the veritable elixir of perpetual youth. "Kit North's" daughter (Mrs. Gordon) gives this charming picture of him when a hopeless invalid:

"And then he gathered around him, when the spring morning brought gay jets of sunshine into the little room where he lay, the relics of a youthful passion, one that with him never grew old. It was an affecting sight to see him busy, nay, quite absorbed, with the fishing tackle about his bed, propped up with pillows—his noble head, yet glorious with its flowing locks, carefully combed by attentive hands, and falling on each side of his unfaded face. How neatly he picked out each elegantly dressed fly from its little bunch, drawing it with trembling hand across the white coverlet, and then, replacing it in his pocket-book, he would tell, ever and anon, of the streams he used to fish in of old, and of the deeds he had performed in his childhood and youth."

And the experience of the past is that of today—not among the eminent alone, but among the lowly as well, who find pure delight and refreshing recreation in quiet forests and by the side of crystal waters,

with no other companions than rod and reel, singing birds and summer zephyrs. As Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," and so, if I may be judge, God did never make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

But it would be an inexcusable exaggeration to assume that this strong liking grows upon those who only engage in the grosser departments of the art. The greatest enthusiast soon wearies of bait and troll as lures for pike and pickerel, or sunfish and perch. As coarse food palls on the palate, so the love of angling soon dies out unless it reaches up to the higher plane of trout and salmon, lured by the tiny fly, kept in check by the gossamer-like leader, and conquered by the skillful manipulation of the slender rod, which curves to the pressure as gracefully as the tall pine to the blast of the tempest. It is only in this higher department of the art that the angler finds the witchery of his vocation and the octogenarian the ecstasy which gives to him ever-increasing pleasure and delight. If the fascinating art had no other commendation than this, that the pleasure which it affords never abates but grows in attractiveness and intensity with every repetition, it would be worthy of cultivation, and should commend itself to all who deem it possible for old age to have some more tangible joy than that afforded by the barren recollections of the distant past.

Nor is it alone during the all too brief period in which he is actually engaged in whipping the rivers and bagging the spoil that the angler derives delight from his art. Weeks before it is practicable to visit "the woods," or proper to even attempt to "entice the finny tribe from their aqueous element," the chronic angler finds exquisite delectation in the needful preparation for his sojourn.

Where lakes and rills and rivulets do flow;
The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves, and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their choir the Summer's Queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixed, with verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that swiftly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.

The recollection of what has been and the anticipation of what is to be; the quiet discourse of men with like tastes, of past successes and of anticipated triumphs; reminiscences of river and lake and forest and campfire, make up a series of prospective and retrospective pleasures akin to those experienced by the old soldier fondling his trusty musket and "fighting his battles o'er again." And unpacking one's kit is like meeting old friends. Every marred fly, every frayed leader, every well-worn tip and line and reel revives pleasant memories of river, pool or campfire, or "rise," or "strike," or struggle, only less real than the reality itself, for "only itself can be its parallel."

No marvel that apostles and prophets, emperors and kings, philosophers and bishops, soldiers and statesmen, scholars and poets, and the quiet, gentle and contemplative of all ages and of all professions, have found delight in angling, or that they have been made the better and the wiser, and the purer and the happier, by its practice. It brings its devotee into close and intimate communion with nature. It takes him into flowering meads and shady woods; by the side of murmuring brooks, silvery cascades and crystal pools.

LITTLE TIGER

By WARDEN GEORGE TONKIN, Pendleton, Oregon.

I T had often been told me that "wild animals of the cat family cannot be tamed," but last August when I found a young bobcat in the hills I at once resolved to take it home and try to establish an exception to the above rule.

In attempting to cross a canyon I was descending a steep, brushy hillside when something, apparently a rabbit, scooted from under my feet. It stopped just ahead of me and then I saw that it was a cat. Carefully raising my gun I hoped to shoot the little beast so that there would be enough of it left to enable me to claim a bounty. But it only stopped for a moment and was then out of sight in the thicket. After shooting into the brush at a distance of only about twelve feet and just ahead of where it disappeared I hurried forward, parted the brush with my hands, and there lay "Little Tiger."

It was just a little kitten, a female, about one-half the size of a domestic cat and probably three or four weeks old. The loud noise and the shot tearing the brush just in front of it had overpowered it with fear; not a shot had touched it. I hurriedly tied a leather thong about its neck and by that time it seemed to have recovered from the shock and fought quite fiercely for a creature so young and small. Its little teeth reached right to the bone in my fingers and its claws were used very effectively.

It soon began to howl and thinking that the old cat would attempt its rescue I tied it to a bush and stepped back a few feet with my shotgun ready. I was wearing very thin summer clothes, had no coat, and as the thick brush and steep hillside did not offer a good means of either defense or retreat I was not sorry that the mother cat failed to appear.

Tying the kitten to a light branch with the choice of riding or hanging—it rode the branch most of the way—I carried it out of the brush to the open ridge above. Here I made a swing by tying a leather thong in either side of my hat and thus making a handle far enough above the hat that my hands were safe. It seemed to take to the hat at once and rode three miles to camp in this manner.

During the first four weeks of Tiger's captivity we had hopes of thoroughly taming her. She played with a young house cat, came shyly up to the table and took pieces of meat from our hands and ran over the house from the basement to the second floor. But she never wanted to be caressed or petted and sometimes had a determination that was



Baby Bobcat captured by District Game Warden George Tonkin.

hard to overcome. If awakened too suddenly from sleep or barred from any place that she wished to go she showed teeth and claws quite freely.

She could be handled by some persons much more easily than by others, in fact, she "bluffed out" some people altogether even while she was so small. The twelve-year-old girl shown in the picture seemed to have more control over her than anyone else. She could carry Tiger around the house in her arms.

A prettier little animal than Tiger was at this time could scarcely be found. As she climbed around the furniture in the house, played on the floor, or lay curled up asleep on the couch, she was prettier than any picture could show her.

During the past few weeks she has grown quite rapidly and is fast losing her friendliness with everyone. She has also acquired an appetite for chicken and duck and shows no gentle disposition when whipped and driven away from the chickens. It has recently become necessary to put her in a cage, where, strange to say, she seems quite contented. She purrs quite loudly as she lays on her deer skin bed, but spits and growls much louder if one steps up to the cage when she does not want to be disturbed.

SAY, DID YOU?

By VERNE BRIGHT, Beaverton, Oregon.

Did you ever go a-fishing
On a sunny day in June,
All rigged out with rod and hip-boots,
Silken line and reel and spoon—
Say, did you?

Did you ever go a-marathon
Over rock and over stone?
Did you think that all the troutlets
To the pesky war had gone?
Say, did you?

When the sun hung lowly, lowly,
In the West—how did you feel
To come trudging homeward—slowly—
Nary troutlet in your creel?
Say, how did you?

WOLF AFTER DEER SLAIN IN LINN COUNTY

Clyde Rucker, of Lacombe, Linn County, went swimming in Crabtree Creek in August. He had just climbed out of the stream to dress when a five-point buck deer plunged out of the woods and off the bank into the water where Rucker had been an instant before. The plunge of the animal probably would have killed Rucker had he not changed his location.

Following the deer was a large gray wolf. Rucker could see on the legs of the deer where the wolf had bitten it in the chase. He went to the home of Mr. Clark, and the two, with guns, set out after the wolf and killed it. Mr. Clark received a total bounty of \$25 on the skin of the wolf.



THE LITTLE BEAR WONDER OF OREGON

By GUY M. INGRAM, Lakeview, Oregon.

NO ONE has yet named him, so we will call him "Teddy" for the present, believing that in the near future naturalists will probably find a more appropriate name, and, it is presumed, will be able to tell us something of his kind.

Teddy was a real bear, full grown, little larger than a badger, only weighing 23 pounds when killed.

The home of this species of bear is in the lava beds near Fossil Lake, well out on the Oregon desert. It is in this region that the unmistakable bones of many extinct animals are found, such as the three-toed horse, mastodon, etc. This country is all of volcanic origin, but appears to be far more recent than of any other locality in the West; hence, it is logical to assume that these wonderful animals (not Teddy, but others even more wonderful) made their last stand here at a time of the last great volcanic eruption in the West.

Teddy is not the only bear of his kind killed on the desert, but several others have been taken, all of which were taken by inexperienced people and thought to be cubs. Only last winter a woman with a few traps set for small animals near her home at Alkali Lake caught one of these bears.

There are many rumors prevalent in Lakeview about this wonderful little animal, concerning his existence and appearance in this great desert country, most of which are poorly supported.

This sort of bear may be of a distinct specie, and he may not. I am not now in possession of any authentic natural history, but am told by Deputy State Game Warden Harry Gray, of Lakeview, that this sort of bear is mentioned by some authority as having become extinct. My theory is that the lineage of this bear will be traced back to the common black or brown bear of the Cascades. Possibly many years ago a

pair of brown bears wandered from the Cascade Mountains and a family of brown bears were reared on a section of this immense desert. The old ones may have been killed, or, in any event, passed away, leaving the young to breed later, and generation after generation the race has been feebly perpetuated, largely through inbreeding in this dry, waste country, with no water and meagre forage, until they have dwarfed to their present size, and would ultimately become extinct.

Teddy was killed this year, sometime in May, by one of O. T. McKendree's sheep men, at the time presumed to be a cub. However, after a careful search for the mother and an examination of the supposed cub, he was found to be an old bear. Mr. McKendree then had the specimen carefully mounted and he is now perched on a showcase in A. L. Therton's drugstore, Lakeview, Ore., and will later be taken to McKendree's home in Oakland, Cal., where he may be viewed by naturalists and others.

This little bear looks just like any other bear, with the exception of his size and color. His hair has the appearance of wool more than hair, and its color is of a light buckskin cast. He is gray around the nose and his teeth and claws are worn.

It is believed that the state should make an effort to secure some live specimens of these bears, for without a doubt others interested will immediately begin trying to secure these rare specimens. I believe the state should get busy and add a new chapter to the natural history of Oregon.

Who can tell what may yet be found in Oregon?

IN OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

By WM. H. DEPEW, in *Sports Afield*.

WHILE the larger portion of Oregon has been settled for more than 40 years, there are still some parts of the state that are seldom visited by man where the game birds and animals are as plentiful as they were a century ago. In Stein's Mountains in Harney County several thousand antelope still remain, also some big horn sheep.

Alfred Shelton, a collector for the University of Oregon, has just returned from a trip that covered over 700 miles through Crook, Harney and Lake counties. He was accompanied by W. A. Kuykendall, a druggist of Eugene, Ore., whose hobby is bird collecting. While most of the mammals had gone into winter quarters, they however succeeded in getting about 100 specimens. Among the rare ones were a kinglet, a small yellow brown desert bird; four pigmy rabbits, the smallest known members of the rabbit family; a number of desert magpies and a couple of specimens of the yellow-headed blackbird, a species found in the pine and juniper groves of the mountain districts.

Antelope are still plentiful in the meadow lands of Southern Oregon and Northeastern California. The writer has seen a small drove every summer for the past ten years in Siskiyou County, in the neighborhood of Bray Station. They graze in the meadows with the cattle but are exceedingly shy and are off like a shot on the approach of a man or dog. The eastern portion of Siskiyou County is perhaps one of the least frequented parts of California today. Big game abounds in this rugged country. Here are antelope, elk, black and cinnamon bear, mountain lions, timber wolves and three different varieties of deer. A great deal of fur is trapped here every winter.

SALMON IN LAKE MICHIGAN

By HERMAN HAUPT, JR.

DURING the year of the World Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, the United States government planted in Lake Michigan spawn of the steelhead salmon (*Salmo gairdneri*) and the Chinook, or King salmon (*Ancarkynchus tshawytscha*) or quinnat. Then they were forgotten.

Some eight years ago Charles Leapp, while seining for herring off the lighthouse at Evanston, Ill., saw a fish jump out of the water. He saw that it was not a whitefish, nor a lake trout, and he felt sure it was a salmon but was not absolutely certain, so he related the occurrence to a friend who had fished on the Columbia River, who told him he had seen salmon in the lake. Later fishermen off the shore caught salmon in their gill nets (set for herring, perch and whitefish). Today it has become quite an industry with Mr. Leapp and others.

The salmon is a great fighter, and plays havoc with nets set for other fish, so that heavier twine must be used in those designed to hold him. They begin to run in the spring as soon as the ice breaks up and continue for about six weeks, or until the water gets warm, when they disappear entirely until the next spring. It seems that while the southwest wind blows there is good fishing, as the water keeps cold. When running, they swim near the surface and are always caught in the upper meshes of the net.

On the east shore of the lake, in the cold waters that empty into it, they are said to crowd so densely that farmers spear them with pitchforks. And the "Pentwater" is especially plentiful with them. They are becoming each year more abundant, and are now caught weighing from one and a half to ten and a half pounds. The steelheads are the most common off Evanston; the Chinook salmon is quite rare, and only a few are caught during the season.

It is held that these species of salmon must get to the ocean, but it is a problem to know how they can do so from Lake Michigan, and it is possible that in their life history the lake may serve them instead of the ocean, cold water streams furnishing the spawning grounds—for it is observed they are not found in the warm streams.

The meat of these fish is pink, while in the Pacific waters it is red, at this season of the year (spring). Later in the year it changes to pink and white and sometimes the flesh of a given fish will be red, pink and white. The Lake Michigan salmon are of a beautiful steel gray color, and much resemble the gamey bluefish of the Atlantic.

It is too early in the record of the salmon fishing in Lake Michigan to know much about this fish, but it will before long attract the serious attention of ichiologists. There is no record as yet of a fish having been caught with hook and line, but there is no reason why they should not in time be added to the list of game fish of the Great Lakes.

SAVING THE FISHES

"What our country has needed so long, and now needs more than ever, is a Ministry of Fisheries on the lines of the United States Fish Commission—a strong, independent State department, well equipped with funds and staffed by experts. The Americans have saved millions of pounds of fish annually. Its fish commission protects and develops the salt-water and fresh-water fisheries."—English Fishing Gazette.

TROUT GALORE

By ROBERT E. GOOD, of The Dalles, Oregon.

On July 1, 1917, Charlie, Jim and I left The Dalles in the former's big Studebaker, with Lake Odell as our objective point, but did not intend to pass up the Deschutes River by any means, for we all believe it to be the best stream in the state today.

We made Madras the first day without much trouble, and decided to spend our first night out at Vanora, which is about 12 miles from

there on the Deschutes. It is at this point that the big trout bake is held each year, which affords heaps of sport for fishermen from all over the state, and an excellent place to camp as well.

We did not wait to unroll our blankets before going after a mess for our supper either, as the time of day was just right (5 P. M.). Charlie did not feel very well after the long, hot drive, and did not care to fish, so Jim and I went after them, returning at about 6 o'clock with eight beauties—all we could possibly eat.

The next morning we stayed in our beds until about 7, for we were very tired. After a breakfast of bacon and eggs, hot-cakes and coffee, we started for Bend, but had hard work getting there on account of car trouble. When about seven miles from Bend we had more trouble.

Charlie was plowing through the dust at a pretty good speed when we struck something and stopped dead still. Finally, after we had the courage to get out to see what had happened, we found that we had bent the axle in two places and broken four spokes all to pieces, but managed to limp into Bend the next morning.

We stayed in Bend all day for repairs and started for Lake Odell at about 9 o'clock on July 4, arriving at the lake about 2:30. Have made several trips to the lake, but each time it looks better to me than the time before. Have never seen a more beautiful place in my life to spend a vacation, and the fishing is simply great.

Bill Brock, who leases the land where the camping places are located, will exert every effort to make it pleasant for you while there. He has good boats and rents them very reasonably. He also has Evinrude motors, for the lake is seven miles long and gets rough at times, making it difficult to row. We took our own motor along, however, and found it to be just the thing.



A catch of trout from Crescent Lake, made by J. D. O'Donnell, Robt. L. Good and Chas. Doyle, of The Dalles.

We ate fish for almost every meal, and had plenty for the other campers who were less fortunate; or who had only planned to spend a day or so sightseeing; or who did not come prepared to fish. If you want to fish, you are bound to catch fish, that's all, and Bill will show you where to get the big ones, too. His mother caught a dandy rainbow trout while we were there that must have weighed at least six pounds. It certainly was a beauty.

We also spent two days of our time at Crescent Lake, which is only six miles from Lake Odell. One can drive right to the lake over a splendid road. Fishing here is equally as good as at Odell, and the two boys who own the boats will see that you have a good time. They are very accommodating and will treat you in a manner that is sure to make you want to pay them another visit. The boats were not very good this year, but they are going to have several new ones next summer.

When you go to either one of these lakes you need not bother about a six-inch rule, for the trout are big ones and you don't have to worry about their being too small to keep.

So, my fellow fishermen, if you like to fish, and want some real fishing, as well as a trip that you can't forget, try Lake Odell and Crescent Lake next summer. You will find, too, that we do not have to leave the state of Oregon to get royal sport with the spoon and fly.



Five and three-quarter pound Rainbow caught by Robt. L. Good, of The Dalles, in Lake Odell.

WANTS TO GET BACK TO THE OLD WILLAMETTE

Lafayette, Indiana, Sept. 24, 1917.

The Oregon Sportsman:

Enclosed please find my subscription to The Oregon Sportsman for one year. The best time of my life was spent along the "Old Lammit," and I will be glad when the time comes for me to go back to that beautiful country to live. Plenty of "Redsides" in the "Old Lammit" good enough for me.

Yours truly,

ALBERT CRIDER.

ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF NORTHWEST ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC ANGLING CLUBS

By RICHARD MANEY, in *American Angler*.

THE second annual tournament of the Northwest Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, held at Seattle, August 25-26, under the auspices of the Seattle Fly and Bait Casting Club, resulted in an overwhelming victory for the casters representing the Multnomah Anglers' Club of Portland, Ore. Seven gold medals were offered as prizes to the successful contestant in each of the seven regular events, and every one of these medals were carried back to Portland by the triumphant anglers from the Rose City. No less than five gold medals are now lining the prize-creel of a single caster, W. C. Block, of the Multnomah Anglers' Club, who easily captured the all-around championship honors by outstripping a large and skillful field in each of five events—quarter-ounce accuracy bait, dry-fly accuracy, light tackle, quarter-ounce distance bait, half-ounce distance bait and half-ounce accuracy bait. W. F. Backus, a club-mate of Mr. Block, assured Portland a clean sweep when he captured first place in the only two events which did not succumb to the crafty rod of Mr. Block—distance fly, light tackle, and accuracy fly, light tackle. The exceptional showing of these two Portland experts does not mean that the contests were lop-sided and uninteresting. On the contrary, in all events the Portlanders were extended to their utmost efforts to win, and they deserve only great praise, winning, as they did, in the face of such keen and plentiful competition. E. C. McFarland, of Portland, proved himself a worthy associate of Mr. Backus and Mr. Block, and with them forms a casting trinity capable of holding their own in any company. Indeed, the records made at this tournament compare favorably in all events with those made at similar casting tournaments in the East and Middle West. Mr. Block's average of 141 feet in the quarter-ounce distance bait event, and of 171 feet in the half-ounce distance bait event, is one of which any caster may well be proud. In all cases the marks made show a vast improvement over those made at the tournament in Portland in 1916.

Only two casters succeeded in breaking into the monopoly of gold and silver medals organized by the Portland trio, A. L. Flammant of the Seattle club and William Bailey of the Tacoma Fly and Bait Casting Club. Mr. Bailey was second to Mr. Block in the dry-fly accuracy, light tackle event, and Mr. Flammant was runner-up to Mr. Block in the half-ounce accuracy bait. The fisherman's contest, a novelty bait event at unknown distances, rod and reel unrestricted, was won by T. C. Marmer of Tacoma, with E. G. Smart of Seattle a close second. This event proved one of the most popular of the tournament, and will probably be scheduled as a regular event in future tournaments. The dismal showing of the Seattle casters is not easily explained, but the visiting anglers were unanimous in saying that if the Seattle men had cast as well as they entertained the gold and silver medals would have remained in the Sound city. To E. A. Fry, of the firm of Piper & Taft, of Seattle, is due much of the credit for the success of the tournament. It was through his efforts that the exceptionally large number of merchandise prizes were offered to the successful casters, and the speed and dispatch with which the tournament events were run off was but another testimonial of his tireless activity.

At the business meeting of the Northwest Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, held on the final day of the tournament, R. S. Hayes of Seattle was elected president to succeed Dr. Ralph Hutchinson of Tacoma. Dr. E. C. McFarland, of the Portland club, was elected vice-president, and William Bailey of Tacoma, secretary and treasurer. At this meeting it was proposed that in the future a line conforming to actual fishing conditions be substituted for the silk thread now used in all bait events. After some discussion it was decided to leave this decision to a majority vote of the three clubs represented. This question of line restrictions in bait events will be decided by a mail vote in the near future. The 1918 tournament was awarded to the Tacoma Bait and Fly Casting Club.

In addition to the gold and silver medals offered to the successful candidates many merchandise prizes were awarded to those contestants who finished third, fourth and fifth in each event. Among the chief donors were the Shakespeare Co., South Bend Bait Co., B. F. Gladding, James Heddons Sons, Monnette Hardware Co., Horton Manufacturing Co., A. F. Meisselbach & Bros., and Piper and Taft. This latter firm contributed a knickerbocker combination traveling bag and tackle case, valued at \$30, to W. C. Block, the winner of the all-around championship.

The entries from the various clubs were as follows: Ralph Hutchinson, R. B. Nason, C. R. Werner, William Bailey, B. B. Perrow, D. E. Gilkey and H. J. Nason, of the Tacoma Bait and Fly Casting Club; W. C. Block, Dr. E. C. McFarland, W. F. Baekus and R. C. Winter, of the Multnomah Anglers' Club, and A. L. Flammant, R. E. Lyttaker, J. W. Monnette, J. H. Byers, D. C. Bryant, C. A. Wisen, F. S. Butler, R. S. Hayes, B. B. Farr, L. F. Allen, V. W. Theusen, William Edholm, William McDonald, Deskin Reid, L. F. Hayes, A. L. Byler and E. A. Throckmorton, of the Seattle Fly and Bait Casting Club. The tournament committee had expected entries from the Spokane Fly and Bait Casting Club, the Grays Harbor Rod and Gun Club and independent casters of Bellingham, Index, Everett and other cities. Every effort will be made to have these cities represented at next year's tournament.



Edward Jr., the 2-year-old son of District Game Warden E. H. Clark, of Portland, fishing in the Big Nestucca River in Tillamook County.

MOBILIZING THE BIRDS

(From the *Portland Oregonian*.)

HERE never was a time when the insectivorous birds of the country were so greatly needed as they are now, when we are bending every energy to the production of food for our own use and that of our allies. Officials of the Audubon societies estimate that insects and rodents annually destroy enough food in the United States to feed every man, woman and child in Belgium. Insects increase as the crops increase, by natural laws, unless at the same time their enemies are encouraged to keep at the work of destruction.

Unfortunately, the situation is the reverse of what it ought to be. Observation in the Eastern states has shown that many foreigners, unimpressed with the importance of bird life, have been killing song birds for food, and the same is true in less degree of the negroes in the South. The slaughter is increasing in proportion as men available for duty as game wardens have been called to other work. If it is not checked the effect will be felt not only in diminished crops this year and next, but for years after the war is over. Insects multiply with many times the rapidity of birds. Not a single bird can be spared.

The remedy lies in education of the people to the importance of bird preservation and in inducing them to report violations of the law, without waiting for particular officials to act. Game wardens cannot be everywhere, even when there is a full quota of them, and their number is decreasing in many states. Farmers who prohibit the killing of non-game birds on their premises, employers who warn their employes against unwarranted destruction, and all other citizens who co-operate in the movement organized by Audubon societies will be performing, although modestly, an essentially patriotic duty.

HUNTER, 79, KILLS PET DEER AND SHOOTSELF

C. S. White, 79, of Portland, went hunting near Forest Grove, with the net result that he killed one pet deer and shot himself through the right heel.

Mr. White, a retired farmer, who formerly lived in the Cherry Grove district, near Gaston, went to the farm of his son, Peter White, and scared up a herd of six deer. He "drew a bead" on the leader of the herd in true leather-stocking fashion, and the animal bit the dust.

Mr. White reloaded his rifle, and was regarding the deer with an appraising eye, when an irate farmer stepped out of the brush.

"What d'ye mean by killing my pet deer?" the farmer demanded.

"Your pet deer?" stuttered the hunter. Mr. White struck the barrel of his rifle on the ground, forgetting, in his chagrin, that the weapon was cocked. The rifle went off.

The farmer loaded Mr. White into an automobile and took him to his son's farm. He was brought to a Portland hospital, where he soon recovered from the wound with no serious results.

WING, FIN AND FLEETWOOD CLUB'S ANNUAL FISH FEED

La Grande, Oregon, September 8, 1917.

The Oregon Sportsman:

The Wing, Fin and Fleetwood Club held its annual fish feed at the Hotel Foley on the evening of the 7th inst., and a splendid time was enjoyed by all lucky enough to be present. Over 200 members of the club were present, all good sportsmen. This club enjoys three annual feeds each year. First, the fish feed; then in October comes the Chinese pheasant feed, and later the bear feed. We have lots of young cubs coming on for this event. More Eastern brook trout were caught for the fish feed than ever before, some of them being from 12 to 14 inches in length. While the boys enjoyed the banquet immensely, they missed the barley, corn and malt extracts, but were well satisfied, nevertheless.

Our genial game warden, J. W. Walden, was praised for the good work he has accomplished. You will find him at all times and all places, and you must be sure you have your license with you and that you have no small fish in your basket. If you have he will get you sure. He has made several examples of the fellow who shoots out of season, too. We have 1400 sportsmen in Union County and they are all helping the game warden enforce the laws.

I, with others, angled for the banquet in the Little Salmon River, which runs through the "Switzerland of Oregon." It was the first trip I ever made to that stream, but it won't be the last. It is 98 miles from La Grande and the country through which it travels abounds in the finest scenery I have ever seen. We left La Grande by the way of Elgin, up the Wallowa River through Wallowa to the lake, and on through Enterprise, covering 123 miles on the trip. Arriving at Troy, I filled my basket that evening, fished the following day and left for Wallowa late in the afternoon. If the readers of The Sportsman want to take a splendid trip, this one will well repay them. You must have a good machine and a good driver, however, as no novice can drive a car up the famous Powatke hill. One can look down from the top of this hill and see seven streams over 3000 feet below, like ribbons running toward the Snake River. We brought home some prize winners, and were well paid for the trip.

AL. ANDREWS, Secretary.

NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY SHOOT'S DEER

(From *Eugene Guard*.)

Marion Dormond, the nine-year-old son of John Dormond, of Mapleton, shot and killed a deer a few days ago, according to Harry Harrington, of that place, who was in Eugene Wednesday. Marion was going swimming and heard something in the brush, and discovered that it was a buck. He went back to the house and, finding his father absent, took his rifle, a 25-35, with seven cartridges in the magazine, and went after the deer. He fired every shot in the gun, the last taking effect at a distance of 40 rods.

The Dormond family were formerly residents of Eugene, moving onto a homestead at Mapleton about a year ago.

FARMER BATTLES WITH MAD DEER

FOR weeks during the recent open season hunters scoured the woods and hills near Creswell, Ore., in search of a monster buck deer, sighted by chance observers. To Robert Norton, however, fell the honor of killing the animal, and he did it with an ax.

Norton was cutting brush on his farm in the locality where the deer had been seen, when he heard dogs running, and, surmising that they were chasing a deer, he climbed a fence and crossed a small creek, when suddenly he met the deer face to face. The buck had been bayed by the dogs. Upon seeing the man the deer charged him, and all Norton had to defend himself with was an ax. He struck at the animal and cut off one prong of its horns. The deer came at him again, but by this time the dogs were worrying the animal again, and it turned to fight the dogs. Norton then sank the ax in one of the deer's thighs and crippled it in such a manner that it could not longer fight, and then struck it in the head with the ax and killed it. The legs of his overalls were cut to shreds by the deer, and had it not been for the dogs the animal would probably have either seriously injured or killed him.

IN CAMP AT SUNSET

By ORLEY E. GRAY, in *Sports Afield*.

The sun sinks to rest in the blood-tinged west;
A summer's day is dying.
The west wind stirs the sombre firs,
And sets their branches sighing.
The lone wolf howls to the quavering owls,
And they are in turn replying.
Upon the hill the whip-poor-will
His plaintive note is crying.

The waters flow and murmur low
Upon their pebbly shallows;
Above the yew, in the fading blue,
Skim many feeding swallows.
The last light gleams across the streams,
And up the dreary bottom—
Wild gleams and free that bring to me
Heartache for days forgotten.

ELEPHANT HAMBURGER TOUGH BUT FILLING

Under the above heading the New York World quotes Miss Marie Brown, an American singer, who recently arrived on a Norwegian liner. She told of eating zoo meat in Leipzig. The lions and tigers were eaten first. Then the elephants were killed for market. "I ate some of the elephant meat myself," Miss Brown said. "It was not any too palatable, but it was filling. It was so tough it had to be ground up to eat. The monkeys and birds were about the only things left in the zoo."

CHANGES IN MIGRATORY BIRD REGULATIONS

THE United States Department of Agriculture announces the promulgation of amendments of the migratory bird regulations, to be effective on and after October 15, 1917.

One of the changes permits migratory game birds to be hunted from half an hour before sunrise to sunset during the open season, subject, however, to the provisions of state laws restricting shooting during that time.

Other changes in the open seasons are as follows:

In the states now having an open season from September 7 to December 20—Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Idaho—the open season is changed to September 16 to December 31, both days inclusive. All of these states, with the exception of South Dakota and Wisconsin, recently amended their laws by opening the season on September 16 or later and closing it on December 31 or earlier. In South Dakota and Wisconsin the season closes on December 20, in accordance with the laws of those states.

The open season in Eastern Oregon and Washington and in Nevada and Pennsylvania is also September 16 to December 31. The open season, October 1 to January 15, is unchanged in Rhode Island, Connecticut, that portion of New York known as Long Island, New Jersey, Utah and that portion of Oregon and Washington lying west of the summit of the Cascade Mountains, which constitute the balance of the northern zone.

In response to numerous inquiries, the department announces that the migratory bird regulations are not to be construed to authorize the hunting of migratory birds at a time when it is unlawful to hunt them under state laws.

BOY SCOUT PROTECTIONISTS

(From *Forest and Stream*.)

IN certain parts of Oregon and California, as in other places all over the country, the Boy Scouts are taking much interest in game protection. They are reporting various abuses to game commissioners and game wardens, and in Oregon a plan is on foot to appoint a certain number of them as game wardens. This is an excellent plan, for more reasons than one. The boy is interested in everything that goes on, is active, energetic and pushing. If he can be made to see that game protection, and conservation generally, is a good thing, he will become deeply interested in it, and will give his best efforts to the work. So after a time he may accomplish great things. Moreover, a boy started in the right direction is likely, as he grows older, to recognize more and more clearly the value to the community of the protection of birds, animals and plants. He will study these forms of life, learn about them, and may become for his whole life a sturdy worker in behalf of these good objects. Boys so trained will not only do excellent work for the present, but they will learn to be all through their lives good sportsmen and useful members of the community.

ITEMS ^{OF} INTEREST

TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



"I have nine lives," the old cat cried,
"You others are not in it";
"Huh, I beat that," the frog replied,
"For I croak every minute."

* * *

Chinese pheasant breeding is increasing rapidly in Oregon.

* * *

The fine for hunting in Kentucky without a license is from \$100 to \$200.

* * *

Nevada has a new law, effective last September, which provides for the screening of intakes and irrigation ditches.

* * *

In a recent raid upon violators of the game and fish laws of New York, the officers used a moving picture camera to record the evidence.

* * *

The Gaston Gun Club has been reorganized with 15 members. The club has leased the Wapato Lake tract of 800 acres for bird shooting.

* * *

The Oregon Fish and Game Commission has power to close an open season at any time, but it has no power whatever to extend an open season. Only the legislature can do that.

* * *

Plans for the organization of sportsmen's clubs throughout Washington are being worked out. The scheme is to perfect a state organization similar to the Oregon State Sportsmen's League.

* * *

Fish waste, after it has been manufactured into poultry food and fertilizer, is a very valuable product. Not many of the readers of The Sportsman know that much of the fish waste in Oregon is utilized in this way.

The Illinois Sportsman remarks: "Fish are so plentiful in an Oregon lake that they may be caught with the hands; especially by those who have become expert chasing a cake of soap in the bathtub."

* * *

A Chinese pheasant, in order to escape some hunters in Linn County, flew into a schoolhouse near Tallman. The teacher, Ruth A. Smith, put the bird in a cloakroom and fed it bread crumbs. She liberated it the next morning.

* * *

The enforcement of the game laws are entrusted to game commissions in 47 states and territories; in Florida to local officers; in Nevada to county wardens, and in the District of Columbia to the police department.

* * *

Congress is beginning to awake to the fact that the game of Alaska is entitled to some protection. At the last session \$20,000 was appropriated to assist in enforcing the game laws in that wonderful country of big game.

* * *

Recently I. C. Hays, one of a party of hunters of which a justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington was a member, was fined for violating the law in shooting ducks before the lawful time in the morning.

* * *

It will be lawful to trap fur-bearing animals in Oregon from November 1 to February 2, inclusive, provided the trapper procures a trapper's license at the office of the state game warden, the cost of which license is \$1.

* * *

The law requiring hunters and anglers to carry their licenses upon their person when hunting and fishing has not been repealed. Oregon game wardens are especially charged with the duty of ascertaining if hunters and anglers are complying with the law in this respect.

* * *

Have you ever noticed that when flocks of wild ducks and geese are on the wing for long distances they form a triangle to cleave the air more easily, and the most courageous bird takes the lead at the forward angle?

* * *

Through the co-operation of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company with the State Fish and Game Commission, the fish ladder at the big Sandy dam was recently repaired and put in excellent condition for the passage of fish.

* * *

The Wisconsin game and fish laws have a clause that should be heeded by those who go hunting in automobiles, for it provides that any automobiles, boats, guns, etc., used in violating the game laws may be confiscated by the state.

* * *

The sportsmen of Lane County are after the fish dynamiters. A reward of \$200 is offered for their arrest and conviction. Dynamiting fish in certain streams of Lane County has been going on for a number of years without the guilty persons being caught.

Local sportsmen enjoyed splendid Chinese pheasant shooting in Hood River County during the open season provided by the last legislature. It was the first open season since this noble game bird was introduced into that section of the state by the Fish and Game Commission.

* * *

Arthur Hutchins, William Goode and James McGilchrist, three enthusiastic Salem sportsmen, landed 400 pounds of salmon while fishing in the Little Nestucca River in Tillamook County. Mr. Hutchins landed a 43-pound Royal Chinook, which he caught on an ordinary hook with a light fly rod. He landed the fish after a battle of more than an hour and a half.

* * *

Eels are fish which started out to be snakes and changed their minds at the last minute. They live in the water and die out of it. There are electric eels which make a dynamo ashamed of itself and common eels which make a sailor despair when it comes to tying knots. Eels are covered with axle grease and it takes a man with lots of sand to handle one.—Illinois Sportsman.

* * *

John C. Speaks, chief game warden of Ohio, in a recent address before the Ohio Fish and Game Wardens Association, said the present conditions in the Buckeye State were among the best in the entire United States, and that violations of the game law were steadily decreasing. He also called attention to the fact that game protection and the enforcement of the game laws in Ohio, as in most of the other states, was paid for out of the money received for hunters' licenses, and did not cost the taxpayer a cent, unless he was a sportsman.

* * *

A company formed at Moss Landing, California, has established a packing house for whale meat and will endeavor to supply consumers of the Pacific Coast with this article of "war meat." The flesh of the whale is sold in steaks and roasts, free from bone and gristle, at 8 to 10 cents per pound. The meat is said to resemble good beef in flavor, texture and appearance. It is said the Pacific Coast is able to supply an unlimited demand for years to come.

* * *

The California state market director is conducting a campaign of education to bring fish to the attention of the public and also to stabilize the fish industry and the distribution trade. A fish day has been appointed when fish will be featured in the hotels and department stores, demonstrations in preparing and cooking being given by trained cooks. By a system of repricing different food fishes, to strike a better average, and encourage a more even consumption, the cost of fish to the consumer is being reduced 20 per cent.

* * *

From far-away Boston comes a contribution to the Denny fund, which is being raised by the sportsmen of Oregon to provide a competence for the aged widow of the late Judge Denny. Judge Denny, it will be remembered, introduced the Chinese pheasant into Oregon many years ago. The money was sent by Mrs. Elizabeth Tomlinson, who accompanied the gift with a note requesting that the amount be added to the fund.

A. M. Beaty, a resident of Riddle, Oregon, procured his annual hunting license this season, and, of course, "got his buck," as usual. There is nothing interesting about this transaction except the fact that Mr. Beaty is over 80 years of age. Mr. Beaty served his country in the Civil War as a member of the First Oregon Cavalry, Company C, under Captain Kelly, and is now enjoying a happy old age.

* * *

A leading magazine pertinently remarks that it is cheaper to observe the game laws of a state than to attempt to evade the game warden, or to talk them out of arresting you when they have found that you have disregarded the law. The game warden is as much an officer of the law as is a sheriff, and if he is worthy of his office he will arrest a game violator as quickly as a sheriff would arrest a burglar.

* * *

Sportsmen in Portland, Oregon, who have been out after Chinese pheasants in that vicinity this season, say that the birds are very plentiful and most of them have found no trouble in getting the bag limit. A party of four hunters who hunted on Mr. Frizzel's ranch, 20 miles west of Salem, bagged 18 birds, while another man, who motored to Independence, got the bag limit without any strenuous work.—The American Field.

* * *

Recently the Oregon Fish and Game Commission shipped about 35,000 salmon eggs from the Central Hatchery at Bonneville to Corvallis, to be placed in the hatcheries at the State Agricultural College. The eggs will be used to help develop the fishing industries of the state. The eggs and young fish will be used as object lessons to the public as well as means of practical experience for the students who will care for them under the direction of Professor George F. Sykes.

* * *

The municipal authorities of McMinnville, Oregon, found it necessary to thin out the number of wild animals in the public park of that city. A short time ago application was made to the Fish and Game Commission for permission to ship two deer to the Texas State Agricultural College, but when an attempt was made to catch them one hanged himself and the other broke a shoulder and had to be killed. The city has sold two black bear for shipment to Australia.

* * *

Plans are being made by the Oregon Fish and Game Commission for a new fish hatchery on the Willamette River near Oak Ridge in Lane County. The hatchery at Poujade on the McKenzie River, also in Lane County, and one of the best in the state, is being enlarged and improved. The commission has also established an egg-taking station on Tsilieos Lake, in the western part of Lane County, where native trout and steelheads abound, and the eggs will be used for the purpose of restocking streams and lakes.

* * *

A recent issue of The Messenger, published at New York City by the Wells-Fargo Express Company, contains an article descriptive of the shipment of a herd of elk from the Billy Meadows state reservation in Wallowa County to Chiloquin in Klamath County, where the elk were liberated for the purpose of restocking that section of Oregon. The article is nicely illustrated. The elk, which are the subject of the

article, were transported from the state reservation, where elk are being raised by the State Fish and Game Commission for the purpose of restocking the state. The next lot to be taken from the Billy Meadows refuge will be liberated in eastern Marion County.

* * *

Every Oregon hunter and many from other states know that Curry County is noted for the abundance of deer to be found in its vast mountain reaches. The Gold Beach News adds another proof of this fact in publishing the following: "Prospectors who recently came in from a trip of several weeks in the eastern and southeastern part of the county report an unusual number of deer sighted and many instances of two fawns to the doe. In some localities bands of deer were found, in one place about 150 being seen in a band. After traversing some of the roughest parts of the county, they state that Curry County is, and will remain, the greatest deer section of the United States, if the panther can be kept down to protect the young deer."

THE SOLDIER ANGLER

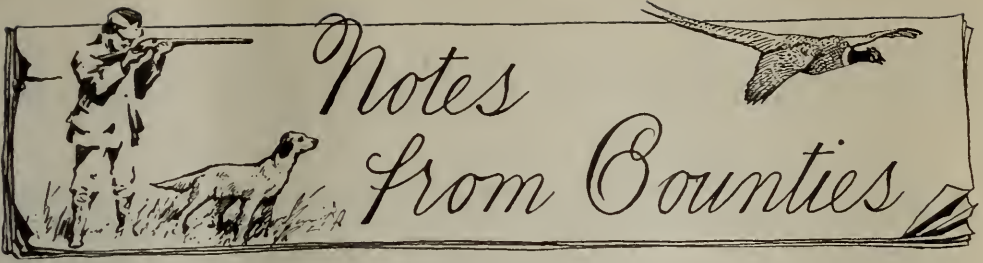
"Down by the Somme, Frenchmen and Englishmen were bathing in the same water pools. Close by French soldiers, fresh from a recent battle, the dirt and dust of war upon them, were fishing, as Frenchmen will always fish, whatever thunderbolts of fate may be falling near them, and upon the hillcrest above the Somme two French trumpeters sat for an hour or more playing a duet. The thunderstroke of great guns not far from us shook the hills and echoed with dull thuds in the valley. Death was busy only a mile or two away, but the music of the two trumpeters came wandering down the hillside very sweetly, and the French soldier with a worm on the end of his line pointed to five small perch in a petrol tin and smiled with pride at his good catch. It was one of the little contrasts of war worth recording, because war is not all blood and agony, but has quiet places and quiet hours.'"—War Correspondence of Philip Gibbs.

BUGS, BIRDS AND WAR

(*The Pine Cone.*)

The United States is now paying cash for its long neglect of insectivorous birds. To supplement the work of the bird army, the Department of Agriculture is putting into the field an army of men to combat the depredations of insects—the greatest enemy of the American farmer. Specialists in rice insects, orchard and vineyard insects, truck farm and cereal and forage insects—specialists on the Hessian fly and the chinch bug and the joint worms—will try to stop the expensive thievery of these insatiable gluttons.

We fancy that the birds, which once were probably numerous enough to hold most of the insects in check, will smile at the frantic efforts of men to do the work which they themselves know so well how to do, and would be willing to do without pay from the nation's war chest. The only wage they demand is protection. This wage we have never fairly paid; but we do pay hundreds of millions to the devouring insects, which silently, relentlessly and almost unseen compete with man for the food supply of the earth.



HOOD RIVER AND WASCO COUNTY NOTES

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

TO SHOW what is being done by the Fish and Game Commission for the sportsmen by restocking the streams and lakes of Oregon, I am taking for example Waddam's Lake, situated in Hood River County at the head of the east fork of Eagle Creek, about 11 miles south by trail from the Herman Creek ranger station. This lake is a beautiful body of water about one mile long, one-half mile wide and very deep.

On July 14, 1915, the Oregon Fish and Game Commission shipped a carload of Eastern brook trout to Hood River, and out of this carload the Hood River Game Association packed into the lake 22,000. This being a landlocked lake, there were no fish in it up to this time.

Since the first planting of fish in this lake District Forester C. C. Hon has packed in additional trout from the Central Hatchery at Bonneville by way of the Herman Creek trail.

The result of the planting of this gamey fish has been that all anglers who go to this lake are more than repaid for the trip. Many fishermen have enjoyed good sport there during the last few months, among them Messrs. Russell Field, J. C. Cole, Ulman Weller and Marion Kerr, of Mosier, who during their stay of several days landed many 12-inch trout which were from the 1915 planting. Mr. Cole says he had some of the best fishing he ever enjoyed.

When the new trail up Eagle Creek to this lake is completed this will make a very popular outing place. At this place and around Mud Lake there are an abundance of huckleberries, which will be an additional attraction to campers.

New York furnishes Oregon with one very good sportsman, in the person of H. W. Shuttuck, who makes my district twice a year. This morning I sent him out on the Deschutes with two congenial sports—R. J. Gilbert and Clarence Hedges, of The Dalles.

It was hard for me to turn this trip down, but other work would not permit my going. When it comes to lazy men around town, Hedges, who is editor of The Dalles Chronicle, takes the bun, but when he gets on a good fishing stream there is a marked difference in his actions. A short time ago I wanted to make a trip to the Deschutes, so I suggested that he get out his "gas wagon." He said he wanted to reduce a little and would go. On our return to The Dalles he weighed in and claimed he had lost 18 pounds on the trip, so the reader may know that he goes some when on a fishing trip.

J. A. Epping, better known as "Dad," is the proudest fisherman in the Hood River Valley, having caught a 27-inch steelhead in the upper Hood River, and is going around telling his friends all about it and how long it took him to land it. In fact, he hardly has time to attend to his farm work.

DUCK AND GROUSE IN TILLAMOOK COUNTY

By WARDEN C. W. LOUGHREY, of Tillamook, Oregon.

DUCKS are very plentiful in all the bays of Tillamook County. Grouse are also plentiful. On my way down to the Trask River, in company with R. T. Driscoll, we saw five grouse in the south part of Tillamook City. Two of them alighted on a house and the other three in a spruce tree. Pigeons appear to be more plentiful this year on the tidelands, feeding on crabapples and on the dykes. The boys are all getting their guns polished up ready for the duck and grouse season to open up. They expect to bag a large quantity of game birds. Owing to the birds being much more plentiful, hunting in the county will be unusually good.

Considerable trolling has been done for jack salmon, with success. I have heard several cries of grouse on my travels in different parts of the county. Very few persons have gone deer hunting this far, and in consequence but few deer have been killed. On account of the new law the dog men are more careful about their dogs chasing deer, for fear of getting into trouble.

On my last trip down the Nehalem I met a logger who said he had made a trip to Onion Peak, where, much to his surprise, he ran across a band of elk, there being 15 or more in the band.

Trout fishing on the north fork of the Nehalem River has been good. On my last trip up there I caught 20 of them, 15 being salmon trout and five cutthroat. These were all caught on a fly made by Bert Godfrey, of Seaside. One of them measured 20 inches. The fly they were taking was a gray hackle with red body, and I caught them all in one hole. Unfortunately, I broke the tip of my rod, otherwise I could have landed more. However, I had all that I cared for to carry on a forked stick, as I had no basket with me.

Fred C. Baker, president of the Tillamook Commercial Club, by previous agreement with the state game warden, received a number of crates of Chinese pheasants for the purpose of climatizing them before liberating them. He is taking good care of the birds and they are looking well. The birds will not be liberated until early in the spring. In previous years pheasants liberated here in the fall of the year have not done well, and it is thought that by climatizing the birds and caring for them in the winter and protecting the young birds from winter storms, they will do better in the spring. It is the intention to breed birds in the county, as some of the sportsmen have agreed to do this.

GAME ITEMS FROM CURRY COUNTY

By WARDEN JOHN F. ADAMS, of Agness, Oregon.

THE dry season is causing the hunters to have very poor luck in getting the big bucks. The shortage of feed makes the deer about a month late in shedding into the blue. Most of the bucks are in poor condition, but as there is a big crop of acorns the animals will take on fat rapidly from now on.

Game birds are more plentiful this year than for a good many years past. The wild pigeons are increasing rapidly and are becoming a pest to the farmers along the coast.

Salmon trolling at the mouth of the Rogue River is at its best now and big catches are reported every day.

COLUMBIA COUNTY GAME NOTES

By WARDEN WILLIAM BROWN, St. Helens, Oregon.

THIS will undoubtedly be the banner year for game in Columbia County, more especially deer. Sportsmen who have gone into the woods report to me that never before have deer been so plentiful as this year in this county. There are good reasons for this. One is that the cougar are fast disappearing. The cougar is a very destructive animal when it comes to deer. Another cause is the control of dogs that in the past have been allowed to run the deer. Owners of dogs are learning that they must not allow them to run deer, otherwise the animals will be taken care of by the game department under the new law passed by the last legislature.

During the fore part of the deer season, before the governor's proclamation closing the season on account of the danger from forest fires, some of the largest deer bagged in this state were killed. Edward Law, a member of the St. Helens Rod and Gun Club, shot a four-point buck that weighed over 200 pounds. Mr. Law did his hunting on the Nehalem River. A Portland man, Mr. Estes, also shot a four-pointer at Oak ranch. Messrs. William Pringle, R. V. Duncan and A. Parker, residents of Columbia County all killed three and four-pointers.

Columbia County also has better fishing this year than for some time. Black bass are very plentiful in the sloughs along the dyke lands; mountain and salmon trout abound in large numbers and there is no trouble in taking the full quota in a short time.

Game birds are also more numerous than ever before, according to reports received from those who are in a position to know.

As a matter of fact, the hunter and the fisherman will find Columbia County game conditions greatly improved and no difficulty will be experienced in entering the mountains and finding the streams.

SHIPMENT OF GAME — FEDERAL LAWS

FEDERAL laws affecting the shipment of game comprises statutes regulating interstate commerce in game and the importation of birds and mammals from foreign countries, as follows:

Act of March 4, 1909, Ch. 321 (35 Stat., 1088).

The importation of certain injurious animals and birds; permits for foreign wild animals and birds; cage birds, specimens for museums, etc.

Sec. 241. The importation into the United States, or any territory or district thereof, of the mongoose, the so-called "flying foxes" or fruit bats, the English sparrow, the starling, and such other birds and animals as the Secretary of Agriculture may from time to time declare to be injurious to the interests of agriculture or horticulture, is hereby prohibited; and all such birds and animals shall, upon arrival at any port of the United States, be destroyed or returned at the expense of the owner. No person shall import into the United States or into any territory or district thereof any foreign wild animal or bird, except under special permit from the Secretary of Agriculture: Provided, that nothing in this section shall restrict the importation of natural-history specimens for museums or scientific collections, or of certain cage birds, such as domesticated canaries, parrots, or such other birds

as the Secretary of Agriculture may designate. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to make regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this section.

Interstate transportation of animals and birds illegally imported and game killed or shipped in violation of state laws; transportation of game in season; feathers of barnyard fowls.

Sec. 242. It shall be unlawful for any person to deliver to any common carrier for transportation, or for any common carrier to transport from any state, territory, or district of the United States, to any other state, territory, or district thereof, any foreign animals or birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds, where such animals or birds have been killed or shipped in violation of the laws of the state, territory, or district in which the same were killed, or from which they were shipped: Provided, that nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured, and the export of which is not prohibited by law in the state, territory, or district in which the same are captured or killed: Provided further, that nothing herein shall prevent the importation, transportation, or sale of birds or bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of barnyard fowls.

Marking of packages containing bodies or plumage of game animals or game or other wild birds.

Sec. 243. All packages containing the dead bodies, or the plumage, or parts thereof, of game animals, or game or other wild birds, when shipped in interstate or foreign commerce, shall be plainly and clearly marked, so that the name and address of the shipper, and the nature of the contents, may be readily ascertained on an inspection of the outside of such package.

Penalty for violations of sections 241 to 244. Sec. 244. For each evasion or violation of any provision of the three sections last preceding, the shipper shall be fined not more than \$200; the consignee knowingly receiving such articles so shipped and transported in violation of said sections shall be fined not more than \$200; and the carrier knowingly carrying or transporting the same in violation of said sections shall be fined not more than \$200.

Act of May 25, 1900, Ch. 553, Sec. 5 (31 Stat., 188).

Bodies of game animals and game and song birds subject to laws of state, etc., into which transported.

Sec. 5. That all dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any state or territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale, or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such state or territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such state or territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such state or territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise. This act shall not prevent the importation, transportation, or sale of birds or bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of barnyard fowl.

IN THE FIELD WITH THE WARDENS

Prosecutions for July, August and September, 1917
By the Game and Fish Departments

Game Department

BAKER COUNTY—By Warden I. B. Hazeltine—H. R. Masterson, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; E. E. Beegan, arrested for killing ducks in closed season, fined \$25; Andrew Nedrow, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; George Blank, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; Edward Blank, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

BAKER COUNTY—By Special Warden S. D. Garlinghouse—W. H. Tussill, arrested for killing game birds in closed season, found not guilty; C. R. Bennett, arrested for killing game birds in closed season, found not guilty.

BENTON COUNTY—By Special Warden W. Startuff—Dick Kiger, arrested for killing wild pigeons, fined \$25.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Wardens Clark and Brown—James Leap, arrested for having deer meat in possession unlawfully, fined \$50; James P. Leap, arrested for having grouse in possession unlawfully, guilty, case continued for sentence; Clarence Leap, arrested for having deer meat in possession unlawfully, fined \$50.

CURRY COUNTY—By Warden John Adams—W. E. Foote, arrested for having deer in possession not tagged, fined \$25; L. Mynott, arrested for having deer in possession not tagged, fined \$25; L. E. Osborne, arrested for having deer in possession not tagged, fined \$25; James Fay, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$25.

CURRY COUNTY—By Warden L. B. Jewell—A. J. Dumphy, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

DESCHUTES COUNTY—By Warden John Cunningham—W. E. Huson, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

GRANT COUNTY—By Warden I. B. Hazeltine—Bennie Welch, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$25.

HARNEY COUNTY—By Warden I. B. Hazeltine—Oscar Newall, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25; H. P. Presley, arrested for angling without license, fined \$25.

JOSEPHINE COUNTY—By Warden L. L. Jewell—Scotty Ray, arrested for having deer in possession in closed season, fined \$25; Justin Mead, arrested for illegal fishing, guilty, minor, paroled.

LAKE COUNTY—By Warden H. L. Gray—E. L. Pegma, arrested for killing sage hens unlawfully, fined \$25; S. Salone, arrested for killing sage hens unlawfully, fined \$25.

LINCOLN COUNTY—By Warden W. G. Emery—Frank Wade, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25; Verne Jones, arrested for killing deer in closed season, fined \$25.

MARION COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—Joe Davis, arrested for having trout under size in possession, fined \$25; W. Argensinger, arrested for dynamiting fish in Santiam River, fined \$50.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—Emiel Rautenberg, arrested for allowing oil to cover the waters of Columbia Slough, fined \$25; Chas. Mouton, arrested for killing non-game birds, fined \$25; Oscar Spahn, arrested for killing quail unlawfully, case continued for sentence after plea of guilty; Frank Kelt, hunting in closed season, found not guilty; L. E. Drennan, arrested for hunting in closed season, found not guilty; Adam Wolf, arrested for fishing at night, fined \$25.

UMATILLA COUNTY—By Warden George Tonkin—Floyd S. Fox, arrested for having undersized trout in possession, fined \$25; John Doe, arrested for having undersized trout in possession, fined \$25; Jesse Schell, arrested for having deer in possession in closed season, fined \$50; Asa Thompson, arrested for killing elk, fined \$200; J. F. Spinning, arrested for killing elk, fined \$200.

WALLOWA COUNTY—By Warden Geo. W. Mitchell—Floyd Greer, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants in closed season, fined \$25; Bert Hammock, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants in closed season, fined \$25.

WASHINGTON COUNTY—By Wardens O. B. Parker and Geo. W. Russell—Ten Lee, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants in closed season, fined \$29.50; Chin Yea, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants in closed season, fined \$29.50.

WASHINGTON COUNTY—By Warden Geo. W. Russell—Ernest Miller, arrested for hunting deer without license, fined \$25.

WHEELER COUNTY—By Warden C. F. Cathey—Leo Shelley, arrested for killing female deer, fined \$25.

WHEELER COUNTY—By Special Warden J. H. Tilley—L. L. Stewer, arrested for not properly screening irrigation ditch, fined \$25; W. S. Nelson, arrested for not properly screening irrigation ditch, fined \$25.

YAMHILL COUNTY—By Warden O. B. Parker—W. B. Magness, arrested for having trout under size in possession, fined \$25; Harvey Westfall, arrested for having trout under size in possession, fined \$25.

Commercial Fish Department

CLATSOP COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—Ervin Sarri, arrested for fishing during weekly closed season with gill-net, fined \$50; Louis Poletes, arrested for fishing during weekly closed season, fined \$50; Nick Cayapas, arrested for fishing beyond deadline inside the Columbia River, fined \$50; Andrew Marincovich, arrested for fishing fifteen minutes before time on August 5, fined \$50; Nick Cayapas, arrested for fishing purse-seine without license, fined \$100; Cusick Arquette, arrested for fishing during closed season, fined \$75; Chas. A. Kantola, Andrew Hawke, Ed Willman and Harris Paulus, arrested for fishing during closed season, fined \$50 each; John Skalentos, arrested for operating a purse-seine at the mouth of the Columbia without a license, fined \$75.

CLATSOP COUNTY—By Wardens E. H. Clark and S. L. Rathbun—John Oppel and F. A. Munson, arrested for operating fish trap during closed season, fined \$250 each.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—Tom Taylor, arrested for operating fish trap during closed season, fined \$250.

COOS COUNTY—By Warden J. M. Thomas—C. A. Clinton, arrested for setting set-nets more than one-third across Coquille River near Arago, fined \$50.

CURRY COUNTY—By Warden Roy Dickson—Dan Connors, arrested for operating set-net without license, fined \$50, \$40 of the fine being remitted; Theron Fromm, arrested for fishing below deadline, fined \$50, \$40 of the fine being remitted.

CURRY COUNTY—By Warden B. L. Jewell—Dan Conner, arrested for fishing with gill-net below deadline on Rogue River, fined \$50, \$25 of the fine being suspended; P. W. Nicolle, Calvin Woodruff and Lyman Woodruff, arrested for seining with a gill-net on a gill-net license, fined \$50 each, \$45 of the fine being suspended in each case; Alfred Justtrom, A. Buchanan, Louis Ossenburt, Frank Oldenburg, Gus Rivers, Fred Hughes, Chas. Doyle, Al Hall, James Hall, Alfred Justtrom, Ed. Kelly, Jack Robison, William Bailey, Gilbert Anderson, Ezra Turner, Jess Pullen, John Rundell and P. W. Nicolle, arrested for fishing below deadline with gill-net on Rogue River, fined \$50 each, \$45 of the fine being suspended in each case; Henry Johnston, Earl Johnston and John Maltsin, arrested for fishing with gill-net below deadline on Rogue River, fined \$50 each, \$45 of the fine being remitted in each case; L. Lackey, arrested for fishing with gill-net below deadline on Rogue River, fined \$50, \$40 of the fine being suspended; G. W. Lewis, arrested for operating a gill-net without having license numbers on boat, fined \$10.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Wardens E. H. Clark and S. L. Rathbun—A. Wicke, Geo. Joeschle and Mat Matson, arrested for fishing during closed season, fined \$50 each.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Warden S. L. Rathbun—Floyd Reed, arrested for catching and selling undersized sturgeon, fined \$20.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY—By Wardens E. H. Clark and S. L. Rathbun—C. Follett, arrested for fishing during closed season at 4 P. M. on July 15, 1917, fined \$50; J. P. Matoon, arrested for fishing during closed season, fined \$50.

RAIDING THE RIVERS OF FRANCE

The special correspondent of the United Press of America, Mr. Henry Wood, relates how the Germans, before evacuating those portions of France from which they were recently compelled to retreat, made a systematic raid on the fish of the canals and rivers. It shows clearly the value attached by them to fresh water fish.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET IN OREGON

THE State Game Department has received so many inquiries regarding the hour of sunrise and sunset, and when it is lawful to shoot ducks and geese, 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, 1918. At the present time and up to and including January 15, the only open season for shooting is on migratory birds, such as ducks, geese, etc. The hunting of these birds is controlled by the Federal Migratory Bird Act. It is lawful to begin shooting 30 minutes before sunrise and one must cease shooting at sunset. Cut out the table which is printed below and paste it on the back of your hunting license. It may save you trouble with the game wardens.

Date—	November		December		January	
	Sunrise	Sunset	Sunrise	Sunset	Sunrise	Sunset
1	6:52	4:57	7:33	4:27	7:53	4:37
2	6:53	4:56	7:34	4:27	7:53	4:37
3	6:55	4:55	7:35	4:27	7:53	4:38
4	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	7:22	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		

OREGON FISH & GAME COMMISSIONERS

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 R. E. Clanton.....Master Fish Warden and Supt. of Hatcheries
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Office of the Commission....Oregon Bldg., Fifth and Oak Sts., Portland

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		Edgar Walker	Medford

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W. O. Hadley.....	The Dalles	W. G. Emery.....	Newport
C. W. Loughery.....	Tillamook		

CLASSIFIED ADS—FOR SALE—EXCHANGE, ETC.

On this page we will run Classified "For Sale" or "Exchange" ads or, in fact, classify your ad in any way you want. There will be a department headed "Resorts," another "Summer Camps," etc. The cost will be 5c a word and cash must accompany the order, as we keep no books on this page.

If you have a dog for sale or trade, or a gun, in fact, most anything you can think of—here is the place to put it up to the Sportsmen of Oregon.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE — Japanese Silkie Cockerels \$1 each, a few fine full-plumed Golden Cocks \$6 each, F. O. B. Silverton. Benson's Pheasant Farm, Silverton, Oregon.

FOR SALE — Leonard Salmon Rod, Salmon Reel, one hundred and fifty yards of line and Salmon Rod Holder to go around waist. Combination cost \$85. Used only one day. Make me a price on this excellent equipment. Address K-100, Oregon Sportsman.

FOR SALE — English Setter, 2½ years old; well bred. Beautiful English Setter, 2½ years old; all white, thoroughly broken. Stands his game all day—absolutely guaranteed in every way. For sale \$100—worth 5 times as much. K-101, Oregon Sportsman.

In Replying to "Blind Ads"

Be careful to put on envelope the correct number in the ad and also the address of The Oregon Sportsman, Oregon Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Important

Do not enclose valuable papers to unknown correspondents—send copies.

Situations Wanted

SITUATION WANTED —Expert bookkeeper and general office man. Thoroughly capable, good references and bond. Address, B. H. Stewart, care Oregon Sportsman.

WANTED

WANTED—Best place in Oregon for daughter and self this summer hunting and fishing. Must be reasonable. Write K-102, care Oregon Sportsman.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE — 19-foot motor boat. Practically new. Safe, fast and in perfect condition. Late model. Cost \$300. Price \$200. Write K-103 care Oregon Sportsman.

**Get Your Ad
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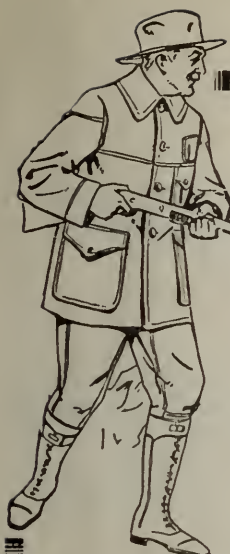
read the OREGON SPORTSMAN. Most of them are ready to buy or sell or trade guns, rifles, reels, rods, cameras and in fact anything that sportsmen use.

Look over your outfit now and see what you want to buy or sell, and send your ad to the

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Correct equipment is a matter that entails the accurate knowledge of the conditions you will meet in the territory in which you intend to hunt.

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**Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the
Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Oregon Sportsman, Published
Quarterly at Portland, Oregon, for October, 1917.**

State of Oregon, County of Multnomah, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carl D. Shoemaker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the editors of The Oregon Sportsman, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc.), of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, Oregon State Fish and Game Commission, Portland, Oregon.

Editors, Carl D. Shoemaker and Wm. L. Finley, Portland, Oregon.

Business managers, none.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) State of Oregon.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

CARL D. SHOEMAKER,

Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of October, 1917.

H. L. MORELAND,

Notary Public.

(Seal.)

My commission expires November 26, 1919.



Bear Hunting

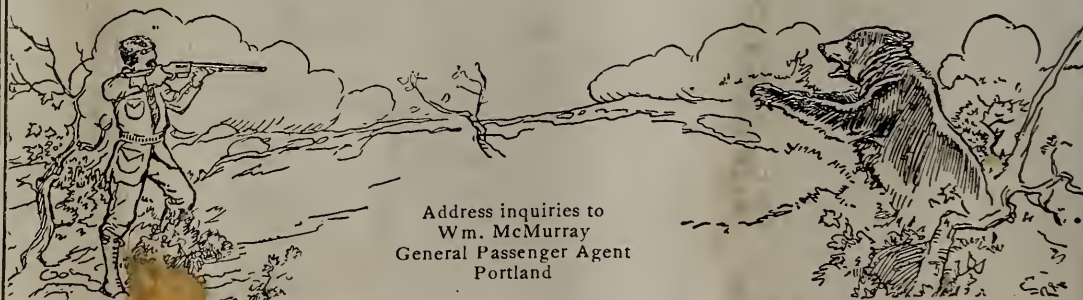
Bruin has his new overcoat, and makes a splendid trophy of an equally splendid chase.

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