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THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

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OREGON FISH *and* GAME COMMISSION

Volume Six

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Number One

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BEAUTIFUL LAKE O'DELL

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

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THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

OREGON BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON

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RUFFED GROUSE STRUTTING AND SHOWING RUFF OF GLOSSY BLACK FEATHERS
AND FAN-SHAPED TAIL

THE OREGON SPORTSMAN

Volume Six

January, 1918

Number One

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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.

“More fish and better fishing; more game and better hunting; more sport and better sportsmanship.”—Governor James Withycombe.

* * *

DON'T EAT YOUR SEED POTATOES

It is unnecessary to offer this kind of advice to any one who raises potatoes, and it would seem equally unnecessary to offer similar advice with reference to salmon; yet, there are many people in this state who do not stop to consider that it is necessary to permit salmon to reach the spawning beds and deposit their eggs in order that we may have a future supply of this splendid food. The eggs which are deposited by the female fish are the seed which brings forth the future salmon, the

same as the seed potato is necessary to insure a crop the succeeding year.

Many petitions have been circulated, asking that the Fish and Game Commission open what is known as the closed season from March 1 to May 1 on the rivers of this state. No fishing of any kind for commercial purposes is permitted during this period. The closed season has been placed on these streams in order to insure a future crop, or run, of salmon, and is just as necessary to the future of this food supply as is the retention of a certain quantity of potatoes or a certain quantity of wheat to be used as seed for the next crop.

The salmon is a peculiar fish. It lives only to spawn. It migrates to the ocean after being hatched in fresh water, and in the fourth year, having obtained its growth, it proceeds to enter the stream from which it went into the ocean and ascend to the upper reaches of its parent water, where it deposits its spawn and then dies. The two months of March and April have been considered, by men who have studied the habits of the fish, to be the best months for the spring closed season to permit this migration.

Many subtle reasons are advanced why the closed season should be suspended this year, chief among them being the necessity for fish food to take the place of beef and pork. It is contended that if the closed season is permitted to remain that thousands of these fish, after spawning, die and lie on the banks of the rivers, where they decompose and become a menace to the public health. This is not literally true. The salmon which reach the natural spawning beds do die, and they do float down the stream, but they float slowly, work themselves along the shores into the shallow waters, where they become the food of the baby salmon and other fish which are in the stream.

It is true that in certain places where there is an obstruction in the stream over which the salmon are unable to make their way, that small quantities die and do collect, and in the process of decomposition a stench is noticeable, but these are isolated cases, and are taken care of promptly and vigorously by the Fish and Game Commission. These cases are not as aggravated as the public has been led to believe.

The slogan, "Food will win the war," is a contraction of "Food Conservation will win the war." We must not confuse food conservation with food destruction. Let us bear this in mind then when we hear people advocating a cause which will destroy rather than conserve our food resources. A number of these food destruction campaigns, which are being waged now under the guise of food conservation campaigns, are the opening of closed seasons on the river on food fish; the suspension of a closed season for wild game animals and wild birds; and the suspension of all regulations with reference to fishing both for commercial and pleasure purposes.

* * *

WE ARE GETTING CO-OPERATION

It is gratifying to the Fish and Game Commission to note the constantly increasing amount of co-operation which it is receiving from the people of this state. Scarcely a day goes by without a number of offers of co-operation on the part of people who are interested in good sportsmanship.

A number of years ago it was hard to interest the rank and file of the people in the preservation of our game and fish. Today it is easy because the public mind has realized that if the people of this state are to continue to enjoy the many benefits

from this source of food and recreation, they must actively assist in its protection.

The Game Department wants to thank the people who have so generously given of their time in aiding the cause of game protection. We cannot say too much in their behalf. We feel that a great deal has been accomplished toward the future supply of game and fish by the active co-operation which we are receiving. A good sportsman a number of years ago hesitated about reporting a violation of the game law. Today he either apprehends the violator himself, or brings in the information to a warden who then makes the arrest.

The Fish and Game Commission thanks the true sportsmen of this state who are looking to the future, and who are so earnestly co-operating with the Game Department to the end that our fish and game may be a perpetual source of food and recreation.

* * *

MIGRATORY BIRD TREATY BILL

For several years those who have been interested in the protection of wild birds have been trying to get effective laws whereby the federal government could protect migratory birds. Two or three years ago a bill was passed by Congress, protecting all its migratory birds. The question as to the constitutionality of this law was brought up soon after, and the case was taken to the United States Supreme Court. This has not yet been decided.

In the meantime, after this case was taken up, a treaty was agreed upon between the United States and Canada for the protection of all migratory birds. This treaty has been ratified by the

Canadian government, but up to the present time it has not been made effective by the passage of an enabling act by Congress.

The Migratory Bird Treaty Bill was passed by the Senate, July 30, 1917. Ever since that time it has been held up in the House. Those who are interested in making effective the federal laws for the protection of migratory birds should make every effort to try to get the House of Representatives to pass this enabling act during the present session.

* * *

GUARDING GAME FOR THE FUTURE

In some parts of the country the gunners are taking advantage of the demand to increase the food supply by overthrowing present game laws. In the eastern part of Massachusetts some of these so-called sportsmen are trying to open the spring shooting of wild fowl. Similar efforts are being made in New Jersey.

Plans have also been started to abolish some of the most important federal wild bird reservations. One of the best reservations in the eastern part of the United States is Big Lake in eastern Arkansas. Many of the people in that locality have signed a petition, asking that during the duration of the war all prohibition of hunting be suspended. In our own state, Klamath Lake Reservation and Malheur Lake Reservation, which are the breeding places of untold numbers of wild fowl, are in danger of being destroyed by those who want to get possession of the surrounding land.

This is the time when those who are interested in the future protection of wild birds and animals should be more alert and active than ever before.

GAME BREEDING TAUGHT AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A bill appropriating \$15,000 for a game farm at Cornell University passed at the last session of the New York Legislature. Land has been selected and purchased not far from the campus. Courses of instruction are being given in the conservation of wild life. Lectures and laboratory work will be given from February 18 to May 11. The idea is to give practical work in game breeding and preserving for those who wish to take up this line as a commercial pursuit. It is thought that by establishing a game breeding experiment farm at the university, it will prove of great value in increasing the game supply of the state.

* * *

This winter has been very mild and insures a good hunting season this fall.

* * *

Beware of him who seeks to overthrow in the name of patriotism some law or regulation, the ultimate object of which is to line his pockets with gold!

* * *

If you have not already done so, it is time to buy a can of oil, wipe off the old pole, look over your stock of flies and get ready for that day's outing on your favorite stream.

* * *

Don't forget that the Oregon Sportsmen's League is raising a tobacco fund for the boys in France. Have you contributed your bit? If not, Dr. E. C. MacFarland, President of the Oregon Sportsmen's League, of Portland, Oregon, or S. C. Bartrum, Secretary of the League, Roseburg, Oregon, will be glad to receive your contribution.



“A PERFECT DAY”

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following interesting narrative was received from an unknown writer. It may have some connection with a recent fishing trip of “Red Necktie” Van Duzer, “Walt” Bachus, “Doc” Stolte and I. N. Fleischner.]

THE sun was trying to shine through some thick clouds as we left the station last Saturday morning on one of our weekly winter fishing trips. We were all there with our baggage, and tools of the craft, as reports had come in that the conditions were ideal. We had swallowed this sort of bait before many times with indifferent success, but we were just as hopeful this time as we had been before. A fisherman must always be hopeful and wear the badge of optimism; that is part of his religion.

The start was clearly propitious; the sun was shining; the weather man stated “Fair today and tomorrow,” and the reports we carried in our pockets—“Conditions fine, now’s the time for the steelheads,” were encouraging to the quartette.

We were a merry crowd, and, having traveled over the Nehalem route many times, forgot to look at the wonderful landscapes which were continuously in view. We told the usual stories, some grown gray in the service, and some new—real bright new ones out of the Bible. Thus time whirled on as the train labored laboriously over the mountains, entirely too slow for this anxious little crowd. So much engrossed were we with the work before us that we did not notice the long freight trains loaded with aeroplane material which we passed at several spurs. Lunch over, and, by the way, this is always an important event and part of the trip, we sat with our eyes glued to the windows watching for the river in order to find out if the conditions were really what they had been reported. Sometimes these reports are

false, and sometimes they change over night. Slowly the big and rushing river came into view, and our hearts palpitated, for all depended on the height and color. "The color is fine," said the enthusiast; "a little too yellow," said the pessimist; "a little too much water, I am afraid," said number three, but all agreed that it was worth trying because we were there. Fishermen are peculiar fellows and often superstitious. We talked about the color for fully an hour, and finally persuaded ourselves that it was getting better and clearer as we approached the end of our journey. To be truthful, the color of the water was a little yellow, but we could not see it that way.

Arriving at our station in the afternoon on time, we went to our farm house and prepared ourselves hurriedly for a try at the fighting steelhead. The weather was clear and mild, and all augured well for a successful catch.

Our first try was at Cook Creek, a place that has never failed us, and where we were sure many a fifteen pounder was waiting for some juicy bait. We cast, and cast, and cast, and nary a strike except on an ugly rock which took from us some fine new hooks, hand made and highly recommended. Suddenly old reliable "Doc." sent forth his favorite cry—"I've got him!" and the fight was on!

Down, down the rushing and gurgling stream went the big silvery steelhead, and out goes the line, the reel singing a lively tune, in fact, too lively to be comfortable; suddenly there was a check and the big fellow came back slowly; out he went again, and into the air, and when he struck the water there was a sound like a shot from a big gun, but he recovered quickly and darted down the stream again, but this time not quite so far. Slowly he came back, and when we thought he was quite near the bank and ready to land, with a sudden jerk he rushed away again, this time also stopping a little closer in. It took "Doc." just thirty-one minutes, to be exact, to land that splendid specimen of the steelhead family, and I tell you he looked beautiful as he lay on the bed of rocks with the sunlight streaming over his silvery scales. There were others hooked that afternoon, just like this fellow, but they were not so beautiful to us, because they got away. There was one, however, who played "Doc." a nasty piece of camouflage—he took the hook beautifully and sailed away like a true sport, never stopping until "Doc.'s" line was all out, even to the end of the "filler," when he halted and made a sudden dash across the stream, taking "Doc." for some distance with him. After many struggles he finally responded to the check and came slowly back, but tugging and struggling on the way; another dash down the stream, and another check, thus they kept up the combat, "Doc." and the fish, for some time, until the fish became exhausted and allowed "Doc." to bring him in. Imagine the indignation when our joyful eye caught a glimpse of him—a fifteen pound "chub"! but he was a fighter and he deserved his release.

When we returned to the farm house, saturated with good old-fashioned "Webfoot" mist, we hung our fish in the woodshed high up in the air away from the hungry cats, and then went in to dry and dinner.

Around the red hot stove sat a couple of cruisers, whose acquaintance we soon made, and whom we found to be two interesting and muchly traveled woodsmen.

There was to be a change in the tenancy of the place, but the old family had not yet moved out, notwithstanding the new family had moved in, therefore, we had two hosts, two hostesses, five children and three dogs. All participated in a hearty welcome, and congratulated us on our catch.

The dinner was not a brilliant success, but our donation of a couple of "city" chops saved the day. The landladies in explanation of the scanty meal said they were "Hooverizing,"—rather a neat way to cover their delinquencies.

After dinner the cruisers and the fishermen, and the entire membership of the two families, sat around the stove talking "shop," and I am in duty bound to say that the fisherman met his equal in the cruiser.

Lying on my soft bed in that cold little upstairs room 'neath the roof, listening to the patter of the rain and watching the cobwebs on the rafters, and wondering whether any would fall during the night, I soon fell asleep to the popular strain of "The End of a Perfect Day."

THE OUTER TO HIS PAL "OVER THERE"

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED, in *Outer's Book*

Jim, you are off with your rifle,
Hunting a new sort of game!
Stalkin' for men is th' trifle;
Gunning for Glory and Fame.
Luck to you, Jim, on your mission:
True to your trust an' the flag.
Bring back th' goods, we are wishin';
Fill up with medals your bag.
(But, as I sit here this evening,
Smoking my pipe in th' shack,
Gee' but your old pal is lonely!
Gee, but I'm wantin' you only!
Wish to gol darn you was back!)

Jim, you are overseas, yonder,
Camped in a new sort of way.
Mebbe, while at it, you ponder—
Think of ME, Jim, and To-day.
This time of year we went scouting,
Up in the hills and the sky.
Off on a primitive outing.
Sweetened with bacon we'd fry.
(Here I am—up in the mountains;
Here I am, Jim, in the shack.
Campfire burns red, and I'm thinking,
Ah! those Camp toasts we were drinking!
Wish to gol darn you was back.)

Jim, the old trails are as gleaming,
Game just as thick as before.
Fish in th' deep streams are teeming,
Deer tracks are thick on th' shore!
Dogs just as eager at morning,
Woods just as sweet as they were.
Only ME, Jimmy, forlorn-ing,
Heart-sick and throat like a burr.
(Always, at night-time, I see you,
Laughin', there, shinin' your gun.
Gee! But th' shack is some lonely,
Gee, but I'm wantin' you only;
HURRY BACK . . . when it's all done-)

OREGON SPORTSMEN'S LEAGUE MEETING

Fifth Annual Meeting Held in Portland in December —Important Resolutions Adopted

T of enthusiasm and genuine work accomplished than any previous held in Portland, December 9 and 10, was more successful in point. The fifth annual meeting of the Oregon State Sportsmen's League, meeting of this representative sportsmen's organization.

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

Despite the disagreeable weather, some excellent shooting was witnessed. Abner Blair, one of the club's veteran shots, cracked 50 straight in the class shooting event and in the special added bird handicap, he registered 48, giving him a total of 98 for the day. W. C. Bristol did some remarkable shooting with a 20-gauge gun, cracking 37 out of 50 in one event and 39 out of 50 in another. C. B. Preston surprised the gun club members with a score of 48 out of 50 in the added bird handicap. Shootoffs were necessary in all events on account of ties.

The prize winners:

Class A—Abner Blair, first; Mark Siddall, second; Charles Leith, third.

Class B—E. H. Riches, first; W. E. Carlon, second; Dr. C. F. Cathey, third.

Class C—A. B. Weatherford, first; C. B. Preston, second; W. G. Fortman, third; W. C. Bristol, fourth.

Special Handicap—Wilford Allen, Bristol trophy, first; Ada Schilling, F. Friedlander trophy, second.

Anglers' Event—J. Myers, first; R. C. Winter, second; J. T. Drennen, third; J. Madden, fourth; W. C. Block, consolation prize.

The casting events were very interesting. Dr. E. C. McFarland won one first and two second places. J. C. Myers won a first and a third and Walter Backus also won a first and a third.

The affair was handled by H. R. Everding, A. K. Downs, W. F. Backus and Dr. E. C. McFarland.

The Denny fund realized \$24 from the class shooting event.

The results:

GLASS SHOOTING EVENT

Class A			
	50 Targets	J. W. Seavey.....	44
Abner Blair	50	E. H. Keller.....	43
Mark Siddall	48	Walt McCormack	43
Charles Leith	48	P. B. Doedle.....	42
H. H. Ricklefsen.....	48	Dr. O. D. Thornton.....	41
C. J. Schilling.....	48	J. P. Bull.....	40
Frank M. Troeh.....	47	Class B	
J. E. Reid.....	46	E. H. Riches.....	47
C. G. Dodele.....	46	W. E. Carlon.....	45
H. R. Everding.....	45	Dr. C. F. Cathey.....	45
P. J. Holohan.....	45	H. F. Winlon.....	44
E. G. Hawman.....	44	Al Seguin	44
		J. C. Morris.....	43

R. M. Standish.....	43	Walt McCormack	5	50
J. W. Lewis.....	43	Frank M. Troeh.....	1	50
Ada Schilling.....	41	J. C. Morris.....	5	49
H. H. Veatch.....	41	Al Seguin	4	49
T. J. Mahoney.....	41	A. Blair	48
Gladys Reid	40	H. R. Everding.....	3	48
A. K. Downs.....	39	R. M. Standish.....	5	48
Wilford Allen	39	A. K. Downs.....	9	47
A. Woelm	35	*C. J. Schilling.....	.	46
A. L. Zachrisson.....	34	*P. J. Holohan.....	.	46
J. Madden	34	Charles Leith	45
E. W. Bartlett.....	32	E. H. Riches.....	1	45
		E. G. Hawman.....	4	43
		T. J. Mahoney.....	7	43
		E. W. Bartlett.....	16	43

Class C

A. B. Weatherford.....	41
C. B. Preston.....	40
W. G. Fortman.....	40
W. C. Bristol (20 gauge)....	37
Mrs. E. E. Young.....	34
Mrs. C. Reason.....	33
F. Waespe	32
F. O. Joy.....	31
Dr. J. S. Harkins.....	31
F. Friedlander	30
F. Kunkel	29
P. Kitzmiller	27
George Bertz	24

Special Handicap Event

—50 Targets—
Handicap. Total.

Wilford Allen	9	50
Ada Schilling	7	50
J. W. Seavey.....	4	50
W. C. Bristol (20 gauge).11		50
C. B. Preston.....	8	50

Anglers' Shooting Event

50 Targets.

J. Myers	39
R. C. Winter.....	39
J. T. Drennen.....	33
L. L. Langley.....	33
W. J. Gearin.....	31
W. R. Kaser.....	30
E. C. McFarland.....	29
G. E. Millington.....	28
W. P. Kaiser.....	27
W. L. Kinzer.....	25
W. M. Umbdenstock.....	24
G. C. Howarth.....	24
E. J. Wallace.....	23
J. McClelland	20
W. F. Backus	14
W. C. Block.....	1

*Professionals.

Results of Casting Events

One half ounce distance bait castings—Dr. E. C. McFarland, 157 feet; W. C. Block, 131 feet; J. C. Myers, 115 feet.

One half ounce accuracy bait—J. C. Myers, 44 demerits; Dr. E. C. McFarland, 20 demerits; W. F. Backus, 36 demerits.

Accuracy fly—W. F. Backus, 12 demerits; Dr. E. C. McFarland, 14 demerits; W. E. Carson, 14 demerits.

The business sessions of the League were held at the Imperial Hotel with representative sportsmen present from a large number of the rod and gun clubs of the state, and occupied the entire day.

Many important resolutions were adopted at the business sessions which have for their purpose the betterment of game and fish conditions throughout the state.

That the war has decreased interest in fishing and hunting was evidenced from State Game Warden Carl D. Shoemaker's report of the license money received during the last three years. In 1915 \$111,000 was spent for licenses. The commission received \$96,000 in 1916 from the sale of licenses, while this year only \$90,000 was spent for fishing and hunting permits, a falling off of \$21,000 since 1915.

State Game Warden Shoemaker read his report on the expenditures

of the hatchery fund, which showed the state spent \$29,784 for the propagation of trout in 1917, against \$29,430 in 1916.

The salaries of the State Game Warden's force showed a decrease of more than \$12,000 for 1917. The 1916 salary list totaled \$31,122, against \$18,962 for 1917. The expenses of the Game Warden's office for 1916 were \$12,102, while the expenses for 1917 totaled \$10,690, a decrease of \$1412.

A resolution was adopted recommending that the China pheasant season be closed for two years. The China pheasant shooters of Umatilla County will be able to enjoy a ten-day shoot each year if a resolution adopted, recommending its passage, is acted favorably upon by the next Legislature.

A motion was made by A. B. Weatherford, of Albany, on behalf of the Albany Gun Club, recommending a bag limit of five, male or female, China pheasants in seven days. The motion was lost.

The league decided to recommend that the deer season in district No. 1, which comprises Western Oregon, open September 1, and close October 31.

A resolution recommending that the law covering salmon egg fishing on the Willamette River south of Independence, be repealed, was adopted. This section is the only one in the state which is prohibited from using salmon eggs and the league voted to ask the next Legislature to strike out this part of the act and make it uniform throughout the state.

Carl D. Shoemaker, state game warden, in discussing the condition of the patrol service of his force, said that it was a serious task to keep competent deputies in the service at a salary of \$3 a day, which is all the Legislature has allowed. A motion was made recommending that the salary be raised to \$5 a day.

A. B. Weatherford, of Albany, made a motion recommending a county administration of game fund collections and expenditures. This would take the matter out of the State Game Commission's hands and each county would be forced to propagate and distribute its own fish and game. The motion did not carry.

The work of the Hoover adherents was seen in a resolution adopted that no millable wheat or wheat that could be exported be used for duck feed.

It was recommended in a resolution adopted that all important changes in the present fish and game laws recommended by clubs must be made by an authorized representative of the club in writing.

A committee of three was appointed to conduct a campaign against the referendum invoked by the commercial fishermen against the net fishing law in the Willamette and Rogue rivers which was passed at the last Legislature.

A resolution was presented and adopted asking that a committee of three be appointed to report on the finances and expenditures of the State Game Warden's office for the past season.

Every rod and gun club in the State of Oregon will donate money from its treasury toward a tobacco fund for boys in the United States Forestry Division, according to a resolution carried at the meeting.

Owing to war conditions and the fact that the state game fund is depleted, a resolution was adopted urging all club members to co-operate in every possible way to assist the State Game Warden's office in a strict enforcement of the game laws.

R. E. Clanton, master fish warden, said that the hatcheries turned out 9,000,000 game fish in 1917, including steelheads and trout. Owing to the enlistment of a number of employes of the fish hatcheries Mr.

Clanton said he was finding it a hard task to maintain the high efficiency for which his staff has always been noted.

The officers of the league, Dr. E. C. McFarland, president; W. N. Matlock, Pendleton, first vice-president; Dr. J. G. Gill, Lebanon, second vice-president, and S. A. Bartrum, secretary-treasurer, were unanimously re-elected.

Following the close of the business session, more than 300 sportsmen and their friends engaged in a sumptuous grilled venison dinner in the main dining room of the Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. E. C. McFarland was toastmaster. After patriotic remarks by Governor Withycombe and Mayor George L. Baker, W. L. Finley, state biologist, showed five reels of the state's moving pictures illustrating some interesting and educational views of angling in the Rogue and Umpqua Rivers; Upper Klamath Lakes and Willamette Falls. Flocks of wild geese dotting the islands in the Upper Columbia River, as well as many other interesting views of wild game in different parts of the state, were exhibited.

Lew Hubbard's real jazz band provided music and other diversions during the banquet.

MY HILLS

BY GERTRUDE K. LAMBERT, in *Sports Afield*

Far off at the head of the valley
 My hills, wrapped in purple sheen,
 Stand guarding in solemn silence
 The forests and fields between.
 Graceful and bold in outline
 Traced on the eastern sky,
 Unheeding through storm and sunshine
 As the changing years go by.

I watch them at early morning
 On a background of shining dawn,
 With drapery of mist adorning,
 That fades as the day comes on;
 I watch them when noon-days strengthen
 Their grandeur in glory of light;
 I watch them when shadows lengthen
 And drown them in shades of night.

At their feet Life's human endeavor
 Drifts by with its ebb and flow,
 Yet they stand in their strength forever
 As the seasons come and go.
 And I say to my heart, "Be ye cheerful
 And await what the Maker wills,
 Ever calm, serene and unfearful,
 As stand, through the ages, my hills."

WANTED

The person who subscribed to The Oregon Sportsman to be sent to 37 West Park Street, Albion, New York, to call at the office of the Fish and Game Commission, Oregon Building, Fifth and Oak Streets, at once.



EXPLOITS OF "BOB" AND "KING"

Famous Bear Dogs—Miss Esther Howard, who Killed Large Cougar Treed by These Dogs

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD, Brownsville, Oregon

KING" and "Bob" are the intrepid leaders of a pack of varmint-dogs belonging to a physician and sportsman who lives in the Willamette Valley, Oregon, in a little village just a few miles from the bear, coyote, cougar and wild cat country of the Cascade Mountains. These two dogs probably have more predatory animals and varmints to their credit than any other hounds in the whole Pacific Northwest. They have hunted up and down the wild Cascade ranges and in the thickly wooded coastal mountains. In fact there is not a bit of game country in Oregon where they have not trailed and fought with wonderful success. Their owner has collected many a dollar in bounties on the coyotes, wolves, bobcats and bears that these trailing and fighting dogs have brought to bay, engaged and held until the hunters could come up. The exploits of King and Bob are well worth recounting.

In a mid-winter hunt of one week's duration, these dogs, aided by a pup, "Trailer," brought to bay or treed a total of sixteen bobcats, and by way of good measure captured two full-grown coyotes. The snow was deep in the mountains and the boys who were in charge of the dogs say that the hunt was the most thrilling of any in which they have engaged. Some of the cats were large and fierce, and showed so much fight that the hounds were often in considerable danger. This hunt was one of the few in which King and Bob have escaped unscathed.

Another lucky hunt occurred in September, 1917, when the dogs successfully surrounded and held at bay a cougar that could easily have torn the two fighters to bits. But King and Bob are sire and son and fight shoulder to shoulder. In this instance, the great puma did not know which one of the dogs to attack, and so it finally took to a tree. Then sixteen-year-old Esther Howard, a daughter of Dr. E. W. Howard, who owns the courageous and belligerent hounds, rode up on

her pony and shot the creature through the heart. This occurred in the wild Alsea country in the Coast Range Mountains in Oregon.

But the dogs have not always been so lucky in escaping injury. Although they know well the dangers of combat, these wise and fearless leaders have, when attacked by bear or cats, led the pack in many a desperate encounter. On a hunt near Alpine, Oregon, an infuriated black bruin suddenly turned on the pack and seized one of the dogs. Bob immediately went to the poor hound's rescue, but Mr. Bear hastily pitched the first dog over a cliff, then seized Bob with the intention of hurling him over the precipice also. But old King had to be reckoned with before the bear could complete his work. That brave and sagacious animal sank his teeth in the bear's flank, then side-stepped and jumped away just in time to avoid a big swinging paw. In the excitement Bob wriggled loose from the creature's grasp, and so was saved from a horrible death. Thereafter he kept well out of reach of the bear's clutches and when the hunters came up bruin was speedily dispatched.

But Bob has fully repaid his debt to King for saving his life. In one of the most furious and thrilling encounters with black bear, the first named animal by a desperate and instant attack saved his sire from being torn limb from limb. As it was, King suffered from such rough handling that four of his ribs were broken, a big hole ripped in his side and his face badly crushed. This occurred in November, 1917, in the mountains on the Calapooia River, a tributary of the Willamette. Mr. Howard had received word that a number of huge bear had been sighted upon this stream in the vast, wild region known as "Grass Mountain." Accordingly, Mr. Howard and two other hunters at once started out with the pack for the country designated. The hunters had no sooner reached the place than King and Bob took a hot trail through the bear country. The hunters followed as best they could through the thick timber. After a three hours' chase the dogs brought a fierce black bear to bay. Mr. Williams, one of the hunters, came up and seeing that the animal was about to attack the pack, he fired and crippled the creature. Hereupon, bruin charged the dogs and in the general scramble succeeded in catching King. He had grabbed the old dog by the muzzle in his teeth and it looked as though there was no possible show for the hound. But Bob was not going to stand idly by and see his sire torn into bits. He plunged into the fight and sank his teeth in the bear's hind-quarters, then tried to sidestep and avoid the swinging blow of his great antagonist. But Bob had hung on just a moment too long, and although the main force of the blow passed on over him, the dog received a bad gash in the face and had several teeth knocked out. But the bear had dropped King, whimpering and well-nigh dead. This turn of affairs gave Mr. Williams another opportunity to shoot, and the beast being struck in a vital spot, rolled over dead.

THE BAND - TAILED PIGEON

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

THE most striking example of the disappearance of a species in American natural history is that of the Passenger Pigeon. The Band-tailed Pigeon of the West might have followed in the path of the eastern bird within a few years, had our people not been aroused to its necessity for protection. The enactment of the Federal law for the protection of migratory birds in 1913 was the most important step ever taken in saving this as well as other species of American birds. Under the provisions of this act, the Band-tailed Pigeon has been re-

moved entirely from the list of game birds that can be killed until September 1, 1918.

The Band-tailed Pigeon, often called Wild Pigeon, is sometimes mistaken for the Passenger Pigeon. It ranges up and down the Pacific Coast with an occasional record as far east as Colorado and Western Texas. The habit of the pigeon collecting in large bands in certain seasons has made it possible in the past for hunters to kill enormous numbers. This, coupled with the fact that the bird does not reproduce itself rapidly, usually laying but a single egg, is sufficient reason why it can be exterminated readily.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, men made a business of netting Band-tailed Pigeons in the Willamette Valley, Oregon, for the market. Mr. O. G. Dalaba of Corvallis, Oregon, says that he caught a great many in the coast hills in the early nineties. He says he got twenty-five dozen birds at one spring of the net at Eddyville, and many others got away. At that time, they were shipped to Portland and San Francisco by way of steamers from Yaquina Bay. He shipped as many as eighty dozen at a time. The birds were accustomed to collect around mineral springs or at watering places at certain seasons of the year.

During the winter of 1911 and 1912, Mr. W. Lee Chambers reported an immense flight of Band-tailed Pigeons from Paso Robles south to Nordhoff all through the coast mountains. Great numbers of the birds were killed and shipped to San Francisco and Los Angeles. One hunter shipped over two thousand birds. A great many hunters from all through Southern California turned out daily to shoot pigeons. This was a good example of certain time and place where perhaps a large portion of the existing numbers of pigeons collect together and stay about in one locality until they are practically destroyed. It would take very few occurrences like this to exterminate the species.

AN UMPQUA TRAGEDY

By ALVAH ELMER KELLOGG, Gold Hill, Oregon

ONE winter day in the wooded wilds of the Umpqua Mountains in Southern Oregon, John Burch, a government hunter, was plodding his weary way over a new fall of snow, on a tour of inspection over his district. His legs were encased in waterproof leggins, laced above the knees, and shoes of the timbermen type; about his gaunt frame hung a short leather jacket lined with felt. Plainly, he had paid but little attention to his attire, except for comfort. He carried a late-modeled Winchester rifle strapped over his shoulder, his field glasses hung in a leather case by his side.

Chained to the hunter's waist was Bruce, an old hound that had been his boon companion for five years. The dog was sired by a blood-hound, imported by his master from old Kentucky. His dam was a black and tan hound, who had lost her life in a battle with the crafty panther in these very mountains. All during his career old Bruce had led a charmed life. His puppyhood comrades had all fallen on the trail, the victim of their foe. The old hero had survived them all. He was of a lank frame, sense wonderfully developed, of great strength and endurance. He knew but one master; his comrades feared and respected his superior authority. Keen on the trail, swift on foot, and valorous, the old fighter had never met defeat; every child was his friend and playmate.

Chained to the old hound were four young dogs of the same breed.

The hunter called them his "pups." Since waddling puppies the youngsters had been under the artful tutorship of old Bruce. They had oft times been on the trail and in the din of battle, being well versed in the art of the old master. The hounds were all uneasy, clamoring for the fray. The hunter and his faithful dogs had been very successful in ridding the range of the presence of their foe. It had been a fortnight since the pack had had the sport of chasing the panther to his lair.

It was some task for the hunter to keep pace as his feet followed the chained animals as they forged ahead in the unbroken path. Suddenly they emerged from the deep recesses of the dense forest, into a large clearing which had been made by a forest fire. The view from the opening was high upon the mountain side, far above their return route to camp. The hoary evergreen forest, fringed with the lingering morning mist, greeted the eye of the hunter to the vanishing point in the far-reaching uplands.

The sunshine glistened brightly upon the snow, and with the brisk walking it had splashed the lean cheek of the hunter with a lustrous pink. Halting, he removed his fur cap from his head; his unkempt brown hair hung crinkly and moistly on the edge of his forehead. Of a medium size and erect figure, vitality merrily rippled in his blue, contented eyes.

Removing his powerful field glasses from their case he placed them to his eyes, sweeping his vision over the vast mountain slope. While surveying his surroundings, he was interrupted by the whining of old Bruce. Lowering the glasses he turned to the old dog, which continued his whining, with his entire body in a tremor while he sniffed the balmy air and cast his gaze toward their rear. "Well, old timer, what is your trouble now?" remarked the hunter as he raised the glasses to continue the survey of the mountains. The hunter was well aware that the old dog with his keen scent or ear had detected the presence of some animal. Lowering the glasses, he returned them to the case dangling at his side, then moving a few paces back, sat down upon a log at the edge of the clearing. He bade the dogs "lie down," which command they obeyed by crouching down on the snow, then quietness for a few moments reigned over the animated scene in the mountain wilderness. Hark! Faintly; then harsher came the sound of the deep howl of the timber wolf, far to their rear. Instantly, the young dogs detected the distant call as it clearly wafted over the vast stillness. Springing quickly to their feet, joined by old Bruce, the dogs crowded around their master, whining for their freedom to begin the chase.

"Timber wolves! Dern their pesky hides! It's the first time this winter I've heard that familiar beckon in this neck of the woods. Lordy! she's been some storm; it's driving them down from above," remarked the hunter, gesturing to his dogs as he slowly arose to his feet from the seat on the snow-covered log. "Move on, old timer," commanded the hunter, addressing old Bruce, as he pointed to the western slope with his staff which he had cut by the wayside early in the journey. The old dog tightened his chain and led the way as directed.

The hunter had been in these mountains for the past three years as government hunter, and for sixteen years before as a homesteader and hunter, and knew well all the haunts and habits of the game and animals. He had established his camp and headquarters at Willow Flat, a few miles to the south down the mountain side, and was situated at the junction of two neighboring streams, which headed far above in the summit of the divide. It was the terminal of the wagon road leading from the valley below, and was only accessible with vehicles

during the summer season. The camp was the key to all that immense territory, and was the distributing point for the hunter, game warden, and all who visited this wonderful game preserve.

The hunter had served with distinction in the late Spanish war, with the Second Oregon, as corporal, in the Phillipines. After the war and his discharge from the army he located on and acquired under the soldier's homestead act, a claim situated near his present camp. The claim was covered with a valuable growth of Oregon fir, and like most of the homesteaders, attracted by the fancy prices offered for standing timber, the hunter sold his tract to non-resident timber purchasers. These timber barons are now holding their valuable assets until the time comes when the iron horse will transport this timber to the valleys below, then on to the markets of the world. A decade before many hundreds of the claim holders covered this large region; it was now unmarked by habitation, destitute of human beings, save and excepting this lonely government hunter.

This far-reaching woodland had reverted to the noblemen of the forest—the deer and elk. The wild animals, as tenants, for ages past had roamed over these grass and rill covered uplands. Nature, a mother kind to all, who so bountifully provided this pasture for the game, also made it the happy hunting ground of the Redman, timber wolf and panther, and these aboriginals of the woods, with their crude and cunning mode of capture, were unable to reduce the number of these prolific herds.

These lofty Umpqua mountains extend across the southern part of the state, a distance of one hundred miles, and are the connecting chains of mountains which run east and west between the Cascades on the east and the Coast Range on the west. The gentle slopes of the Umpquas extend a distance of from twenty to thirty miles on the south to the Rogue River Valley, and on the north to the Umpqua Valley. The Umpqua and Cascade mountains are the source of the waters which feed the streams in the valleys below. The home of the sportive trout, the little rill and the mighty mountain torrent flowing from these lofty peaks form the two snow-fed rivers, the Rogue and Umpqua, which glide onward to the Pacific.

The deer in these mountains are increasing rapidly in number. Hundreds are killed annually by the hunter in the open season, under the regulation of the State Game Commission. The elk, but few remain; in former years the gun of the skin hunter, assisted by the timber wolf and panther, nearly exterminated this noble game animal. The state, assisted by the government, came to the rescue of the fast disappearing elk and saved the remnant of the former herds in these mountains. But, almost too late, so few were left when the slaughter was stopped that the number could be counted on the fingers of the hands, but since protected from the gun of the hunter they are slowly increasing in number from that small herd. The game wardens of the state patrol this preserve for the poacher during the accessible season, while the government employs the special hunter throughout the year to capture the predatory animals that prey upon his wards.

The hunter, a person of considerable education, student of nature, and writer, was born forty years before in an adjoining county. A son of the hardy pioneer, he grew to manhood with the instinct of the hardy race, who built an empire in the golden west. The wilds of the mountains, the gun, the horse and dog, were the lords of his fancies. When on the trail, his eye and ear was ever on the alert; instinct seemed to guide the hunter through the dense and tangled forest. Possessed of an iron muscle, great power of endurance, he was master of all

the arts of woodcraft; and one of the most skillful riflemen in the country.

Hunting and trailing the mountain lion, in his home and adjoining states with his pack of trained hounds, the hunter became the hero of many a chase and capture. The hunter, his dogs and their trophies, were starred in the films; his pen was famous for his magazine stories. The government, attracted by his success, employed him as a special hunter to destroy the enemy of the game and stationed him in these mountains. And Uncle Sam doled out regular rations for the hunter and his dogs and horses, also furnished all the ingenious contrivances known to man for the capture of the foe of the game, while the hunter's wife and four small children resided in one of the valley towns at the foot of the mountain slope. The mother and children annually joined the hunter in his haunts, during the summer months. The hunter usually made regular trips to the nearest settlement in the valley below for supplies, a distance of twenty miles, and with each trip out he mailed to his publishers an installment of his serial, "The Waif of the Umpquas."

The shades of the closing day were covering the dreary mountain slope. For several miles on their path towards camp the hunter and his dogs were frequently interrupted by the near approach of the wolves in their rear. At every outbreak of the deep note of the wolves the young fighters would halt and attempt to retrace their steps to meet and challenge their enemy, and it was with some difficulty that the quartet were induced to proceed. With an occasional thrust of the staff, or a kick from the hunter's foot, accompanied by his harsh command, the unruly fellows sullenly went onward.

The timber wolf, ranging regularly through the year in this section in former times, was very destructive to the cattle upon this summer range; many of them were killed annually by the wolves. The cattlemen, with the assistance of the hunter and trapper, waged a war of extermination upon the wolf. The wolves now visiting this section of the mountains range far to the east in the Cascades. It only makes its appearance in this section when the heavy snow fall drives the deer down from the summits and the distant Cascade Mountains; it follows the deer down and ranges back with them as the snow line recedes.

During the summer months these wolves prey upon the breeding does in the thickets; they follow the mother to her foundling and capture the fawn. The wolf's favorite method of foraging is to range with the panther in the vicinity of the licks and watering places of the deer. After the panther makes a capture from aloft, the wolf drives the victor from its spoils, and devours the carcass of the deer. The deer in the early spring season range on the southerly high peaks of the mountains, where the snow first disappears, while the snow on the north slope remains at a great depth, and with the early spring freezing and thawing, causes a crust to form on the top of these immense snow beds. The wolves by an organized system drives the deer from their hiding places in the adjoining thickets out upon the crust-covered snow. The crust breaks with the deer, making it a helpless victim of the pursuers. The wolves creep out in pursuit of the deer on top of the crust, pounce upon the struggling animal in the snow pit, and begin eating the poor victim while still alive.

This timber wolf is of a dirty, grizzly color during the summer season, and as winter appears its coat turns nearly white. Its average weight at maturity is usually over a hundred pounds. It is possessed with an extra large and broad head, with powerful jaws, crushing the bones of its victim and swallowing them with a gulp. It is not very

ferocious, due to the plentifulness of game; they do not as a rule attack a human being. On account of the constant warfare waged against this wolf by the hunter and trapper, it will not unheedingly expose itself, but it is not a coward by any means. It is brave when occasion demands it; when necessary to gain its point. Instances are of record in these mountains when the wolf has risked and lost its life to save a wounded mate from the assault of either man or beast.

The hunter and dogs, marching in single file down the mountain slope, arrived on the old government trail, which leads past the door of the hunter's cabin. This deep-trod landmark was constructed by the government while conducting military expeditions in these mountains before the country was settled,—in the days of the Redman. The old trail extended over the mountains through Goulway Gap, the lowest pass in the summits, and in the time before the advent of the vehicle, it was the only thoroughfare between the distant valleys for the traveler journeying up and down the Pacific Coast.

The long and tiresome tramp during the day over the hampered path in the snowbound mountains had sharpened the appetite of the hungry hunter. His only subsistence during the day had been his morning meal at dawn, excepting an occasional handful of snow from the pathway to quench his thirst. It was a feeling of relief that the hunter experienced as he stepped into the old familiar highway, and with visions of an unobstructed trail to the journey's end and the comforts of the cabin home it impelled him to urge the dogs to quicken their pace.

Striding down the trail at a point where the timber grew thinner, again the hunter and his companions were disturbed by their pursurers. The deafening howl came from a short distance away—to their right above the trail, in a clump of young firs. At the sound of the alarm the young dogs with a sniff and yelp bounded toward the thicket, dragging old Bruce and casting the hunter down into the snow. "L-o-o-rdy! L-o-o-rdy!" loudly exclaimed the chattering hunter, as he regained his feet and shook the snow from his person. "Git out, you pups!" again screamed the angry hunter, as he swung his arms and staff over his head. "Beat it! Blow!" he commanded the dogs, as he thrust at them with his staff, and with a warning growl from old Bruce the young hounds retreated down the pathway, with the hunter and old Bruce in the rear.

In a short time the hunter and his companions arrived at a point on the trail where the fir timber grew thicker, the underbrush having disappeared, and again they were abruptly interrupted by the howl of the wolf sounding down the trail, directly in their front. "Dern yer! I'll bet fifteen cents I'll puncture your pesky hide for this," angrily muttered the hunter as he halted, dropping his staff in the snow, and by a rapid change ducked over, slipping the strap that supported the gun over his head and shoulders, and the gun was ready for service. Just then the young dogs set up a yelp, again defying the authority of their master by attempting to bolt down the trail. "Lie down, you pups! Dern yer, can't you keep quiet for a moment?" the hunter commanded and interrogated, as he raised his gun and waved it in a threatening manner over the young dogs. At this old Bruce, with a snarly growl, settled back on his chain, leaning against the hunter's legs, and with distorted bodies, their hair ruffled on their backs, crouched down in the snow, sullenly snarling and obeying the command. Lowering his gun to his waist line, the hunter then peered down the trail and viewed their disturber, poised, in the act of repeating his call. Quick as a flash the hunter raised the Winchester, and with a sharp

crack, a yelp of pain, the wolf leapt skyward, then dropping disappeared in the snow on the trail.

"Dern yer, I've won!" chirped the hunter in glee, as he quickly dropped his gun on the snow, then stooping down he unhooked the chain from the dogs. "Now go! you pups, go!" he shouted as he stood holding the chain in his hands watching the dogs file down the trail at a rapid pace towards the shot wolf. The dogs had just got under way when the wolf sprang to its feet, staggered for a moment, saw the dogs approaching, then with a bound it started down the trail, emitting with each leap a mournful howl of distress, with the hounds nearly upon it.

Instantly, from four quarters in the distance, came the sound of the dismal answer to the mournful wail of the wounded wolf. The hunter at this alarm threw the chain over and around his shoulder with one hand, and with the other grasped his rifle from the snow, then with a bound started down the trail in pursuit of the retreating animals. They soon disappeared from his sight at a point where the trail entered into a dense thicket, and in a few moments the dogs' baying sounded beyond. The hunter increased his pace and soon arrived in a little glen beyond the thicket on the old trail. The twilight gushed through the tops of the lofty firs into the little clearing and cast its light upon the coming combat.

The fearless dogs, with a galloping side step, were circling around their victim. Every avenue of escape attempted by the wolf brought it face to face with its powerful adversary, while others were snapping at its rear. The approach of the hunter prompted the dogs to close the circle and charge upon their foe, and with a joint move forward they closed in upon the wolf, whirling with a yelp of defiance. The next moment, with a wail of anguish, the bloodthirsty grip of the powerful jaws of the fighters were fastened upon the vitals of their victim. The work of death was done.

The shadows of the evening were fast falling upon the scene in the wooded glen on the old mountain trail. His thoughts absorbed in the savage butchery of the dogs, the hunter was unmindful of the lurking danger so near at hand. He was in the act of unwinding the chain from around his body to make the dogs secure again, and to proceed on the journey to the camp, when, "Whoop! whoop!" the twilight air was filled with the deafening roar, as the woods resounded with a mighty din. Volley after volley of the dismal howl of the wolves sounded in the trail above. The cool hunter moved a few paces up the trail to a point which gave him a full view of the approach on the shaded trail above. He raised his gun ready to fire, well knowing that an effective shot repeated several times would check the advent of the angry wolves.

At the first alarm of danger, the faithful dogs rallied to the defense of their master, who had just gained his position on the trail, when with a loud whirling whoop, the companions of the dead wolf made their appearance on the trail, tracking the blood-stained track of the wounded wolf—three in the lead—a vicious horde following a few feet in the rear. With a sharp crack, sounded the report of the hunter's gun—the leader dropped to the snow; again voiced the gun,—its victim fell. The swarming wolves in the rear, with vengeance bent, bolted over and past their fallen companions, and with a chorus of spitty snarls, they bristled the coarse and dirty hair along their spines and halted, facing the brave hunter and his faithful companions a few feet away. The dogs, with old Bruce slightly in the lead, stood abreast in front of the hunter, braced with bowed backs, showing their teeth with

a resentful growl. Again the hunter raised his trusty rifle, and with deadly aim he covered the foremost of his ferocious foes. "Snap!" replied the gun—it was empty.

Winter was drawing to a close, the snow had done its work, and was fast disappearing. Again the little wooded glen on the old mountain trail was an animated scene. Two lonely miners passing over the old thoroughfare reached the shady nook and halted! What is this on the snow? At their feet lay the carcass of the timber wolf. Peering down the pathway—(it gave evidence of a mighty struggle)—a few feet ahead lay another grizzly form—beyond was a third—a story of a tragedy. Advancing down the trail on the further side of their gruesome find—the melting snow was strewn with the strand of the garment—here and there—the bone of the victim—as the wild beasts had left them after the horrible feast. In the center of the circle, in the trampled snow, lay a Winchester rifle—its breech was gaping. On the stock of the gun was carved, "John Burch—Government Hunter."

CLARKE'S CROW OR NUTCRACKER

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

CLARKE'S Crow or Nutcracker was first discovered by Captain William Clarke near the site of Salmon City in Idaho, August 22, 1805. While this bird is a crow in actions, yet in dress he is very different. One might think Mother Nature had made him over by using an ordinary crow. She whitened his whole body, but did not finish with his wings and tail. These she left black except with a white patch on the lower part of the wings and the outer feathers of the tail. She made a striking character, typical of the high western mountainous country where the Alpine hemlocks and the jack pines live.

Whenever at Cloud Cap Inn, the log house hotel which is fastened down with cables on the north slope of Mt. Hood, I like to spend all the time watching the Clarke's Crows and Oregon Jays. These birds have learned to come about the hotel for their daily meals all during the summer, and from the interest that people take in these birds and squirrels, I sometimes think they are almost as big an attraction as the very mountain itself, for most people do really have a love for outdoor creatures that have changed their normal habits and have become so tame through protection that they will eat from the hand. The scraps from the table are thrown over the cliff down below the inn on the west side. Here is the best place to study crows and jays.

Clarke's Crow is very fond of meat, and for this reason he has often been called "meat bird." His taste for suet or for peanuts often leads the bird to become quite bold and even take food from the hand. The Oregon Jays are even bolder than the crows. They are both commonly known as "camp robbers."

In a recent trip through Yellowstone Park, I was surprised to find Clarke's Crow so much wilder than the Rocky Mountain Jay. On account of the protection they receive, many of the wild birds and animals have become so tame that they feed from the hand. While we fed jays in many places, I never saw a single crow come down near the hotel. However, they perhaps do this at different times and places. It may have been natural food was so abundant in the forests that they did not care for the offerings of civilization. All during our trip, we saw them launching out from tree-tops, sometimes with a long swoop, opening their wings and letting themselves curve up before the next drop. Their continuous, harsh, rattling call that sounds like "Char-r! char-r!" is such a familiar typical sound of the pine timber and rugged mountains.

AN OUTING ON THE MIDDLE FORK OF THE WILLAMETTE

By FRANK V. SMITH, Portland, Oregon

I HAD the pleasure of spending the month of August on the Middle Fork of the Willamette, twenty miles north of Oak Ridge. We found the roads in very fine condition, with the exception of some steep hills. The party consisted of Mrs. Smith, my father, a Boston terrier and myself. We found many beautiful camping places and the fishing was good. My greatest pleasure was in seeing my father, who is seventy-four years old, get out along the stream and fish and showed just as much enthusiasm as I did. I guess I come by my hobby naturally.

I met your game warden, Mr. Lidge Hill; had the pleasure of fishing with him, and we had a very fine fishing trip up the stream, and a most successful one. Mr. Hill hooked a twenty-seven-inch Dollie Varden, and after a beautiful fight of over thirty minutes he was successful in landing him.

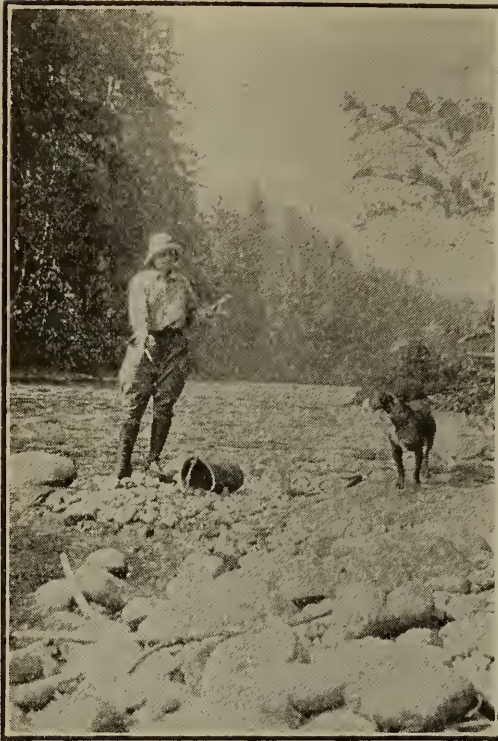
I had a most successful day with a dry fly, and when evening came my creel contained 45 Red-sides, varying in size from eight to sixteen inches. The Upper Willamette has some big fish and I hooked in two or three which didn't even give me an opportunity of straightening up after making a cast of 50 or 60 feet with just one lunge, taking hook and leader.

In fishing down the stream one evening, I was on the opposite side from our camp, and not wishing to walk down the stream a half mile to find an easy riffle to wade, I decided to take a chance and wade the stream there, and it was some deep and cold. I had picked up about thirty during the late afternoon and evening fishing, and as my appetite was unusually good, I was anxious to get into camp. In wading across I had out perhaps thirty feet of line and was carelessly casting in front of me taking a chance that I might hook one, and I did—my first Dolly Varden! I was using a nine-foot tapering leader and a number 12 white miller dry fly, and in order to keep from losing the fish, I want to say that he came nearly drowning me. After about twenty minutes we landed on the riffle which I had originally planned to cross on, and I was able to get him up into the shallow water and holding him up with my rod got my fingers in his gills and he found his way to the creel. As this was my first Dollie Varden I was naturally very proud of landing him, and one of the accompanying pictures shows you his size.



F. X. SMITH, of Deadwood, S. D.
Who Enjoys Angling at the Age of
74 Years

Mrs. Smith, who is a very enthusiastic sportswoman, accompanies me on all of my fishing trips and is quite expert in casting a fly up to about thirty feet. She is equipped with hip waders, and has no fear of swift water; while she has never made any big catches, yet she has picked up 15 and 18 on a fly in a day's sport.



MRS. FRANK V. SMITH
Enthusiastic Angler

We are both enthusiastic in fly fishing,—do not use bait, and I hope the time comes in Oregon when salmon eggs will not be allowed to be used on our streams. I was once the user of salmon eggs, but since I have learned the art of fly casting, thanks to Moom Abrahams, fishing ceases to be sport unless I can catch them on a fly.

I had two deer hunts and was successful in hearing them, but not seeing them, because it was very dry. I found a condition in the mountains which is no doubt very common to the old deer hunter, something that interested me very much as I am a great believer in conservation of game. On ridge after ridge along the main traveled deer trails we would find within the

radius of a hundred square yards from 8 to 15 dead skeletons which were killed no doubt by the cougar during the winter months. Many of the deer hunters whom I talked with state the same condition, and if any of our enthusiastic huntsmen are looking for the sport of shooting cougar they will certainly have fine sport in that section.

My only regret is that my trip couldn't last three months in place of one.

THE GRAY WOLF OF THE CASCADES

By JOHN F. SHORT, Foster, Oregon

AN article on the gray wolf of the Cascades may be of interest to your readers.

During the summer for several years, I have been employed by the government in the Santiam Forest of the Cascades. My work has been the building of trails, telephone work, etc. This has been an opportunity for me to study the habits and inclinations of these animals, and I have observed that the gray wolves are fast increasing in number.

I can well remember when it was a rare thing to see a wolf track anywhere; but during the last few years they have become very numerous. I have actually seen trails made by them through the forests, and

have several times come across carcasses of deer that had been killed by wolves, the remnants of the deer still warm.

One day after I had finished some telephone line work at Quartzville, and was returning to Foster, I came across two miners who were prospecting on the Middle Fork of the Santiam River, and while in conversation with them they told me that the day before, as they came down Packer's Gulch, they came upon the carcasses of seven deer that had been killed by wolves, and from the number of wolf tracks I had seen in the trail that day, I did not doubt their statement.

These animals travel in packs, generally from five to seven in number, which makes a deer an easy prey for them, and unless there is something done in the near future to exterminate these animals, the deer family of the Cascades will be a thing of the past, for I believe that ninety per cent of the deer killed in this locality are slaughtered by wolves.

It is generally known that the gray wolf is very sly and cunning, and in order to capture these animals one is obliged to spend considerable time in the forests locating their runways. I believe this is the only successful way to capture them.

I tried out these trail sets on three occasions, and find they are very successful. The last set was made in October. My son and I decided to go to Iron Mountain for huckleberries. While hunting for berries I found a trail that had been made by the wolves. We had good luck in finding berries. On our return home my neighbor, Mr. Buchanan, wanted me to go back with him for more berries, so I promised to do so.

In a few days we were ready for the trip. I thought it a good plan to take a few traps with us, four in number. We arrived at our camping place at 11 A. M. After we had fixed a temporary camp and had eaten our lunch, we thought it would be better to make the sets that evening, as we had plenty of time. After we had made the sets we went to the huckleberry patch. We were very much disappointed. The cold, frosty nights had caused the berries to fall off, so we returned to camp and decided to drive to Fish Lake for a day or two and catch a few fish. We had very good luck fishing, but were anxious to get back to our traps we had set for I was sure if the wolves made their round we would get some of them. On arriving at our camp, and the team had been cared for, we were ready to look after our traps.

The first trap we came to had been sprung by a wolf which had gone a short distance, and had pulled his foot loose from the trap. The second trap was gone, so we followed the drag we had attached to it, and soon came upon the wolf. He was caught well up on the foot, and was held fast. We soon made a good wolf of him. We then went to the third trap. It had also been sprung, but the wolf had freed himself from the trap, having been caught by one toe. The fourth trap had not been molested.

I am sure if my traps had been larger, I would have had three wolves instead of one.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

Newberg, Oregon, February 2, 1918.

Oregon Fish and Game Commission, Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sirs: I am enclosing herewith 25 cents for a renewal of my subscription to The Oregon Sportsman for another year. I think you are doing a good thing for your brother sportsmen in publishing The Oregon Sportsman. I would not be without it even if it was a dollar a year.

Yours respectfully,

S. J. MADSON,

WITH ROD AND GUN ON AN OREGON RIVER

Down the Umpqua, One of Oregon's Swiftest
Streams, Where Deer, Ducks and Grouse
Abound and Mammoth Salmon
Are CaughtBy ALFRED POWERS, in *Forest and Stream*

LET the Umpqua River, Oregon, stand for the Colorado; and in this parallel of adventurous navigation, let the Pearson Brothers, of Winchester, Oregon, take the place of the Kolb Brothers.

The Umpqua from Winchester to Scottsburg, at the head of tidewater, is in its rip-snorting qualities, a little brother—not such a very little brother, either—to the Colorado. This cataract-filled segment, about 200 miles in its tortuous length, is the part of the river traversed by Steve and Hugh Pearson in two rowboats each only fifteen feet long and lightly constructed.

The descent of the river is only a part of the experiences of these two men. They fished with hook and line near Scottsburg for 48 days and during those seven weeks of commercial angling they caught 1,602 salmon, which they sold for only a little less than a thousand dollars. Their economic adventures were therefore quite as exciting as their nautical adventures.

Steve Pearson's account, here given, describes in detail their trip down one of Oregon's swiftest streams—rapids, portages, ducks falling all around, and men disappearing into the fog on the disheveled current of a river hurrying to the sea; and it tells of two men catching 79 salmon in a single day with hook and line, of crisp November mornings, lines frozen in the guides, and hands too cold and numb to pull in the mammoth fish that struggled like a lassoed calf. Steve Pearson's narrative of this interesting trip follows:

During the summer my brother Hugh and I planned to go down the Umpqua River on a fishing trip. We had often been told about the great salmon fishing to be had down near the head of tidewater during the months of October and November. Hugh and I had had a great deal of experience in trolling for salmon at Winchester. As salmon were higher than usual, we thought we could have some good sport, make our expenses and probably wages by going on a trip to the mouth of the river.

About four years ago we made the trip from Winchester to the coast in a rowboat. We decided to make this trip in boats. I had a 15-foot boat at Winchester and Hugh had a boat of the same size 25 miles down the river. As my boat would not hold all our outfit, we took a quantity of our supplies by auto to the mouth of Little Canyon, on the river, and left it at a house where we could get it when we came by with the boats.

We started on our voyage at 8 A. M., on the fifth day of October. We had with us two Winchester shotguns, one .22 caliber Winchester rifle, plenty of ammunition and grub enough for three or four meals. We took these guns along, as we expected to have some great sport shooting fish ducks and shags, which are numerous along the river and which feed on young fish and ought to be killed.

It was a beautiful day to travel—the fog had just lifted from the river and the warm October sun was shining. Shortly we saw our first game—three fish ducks sitting on the shore. I kept the boat behind

some willow bushes. Hugh was to do the shooting. He took his 12-gauge Winchester, stood up so as to do more effective shooting, and blazed away as the ducks started up the river. Only one duck fell, which dove and was never seen again. The shooting was simply wretched, as the shot hit behind. I told Hugh what I thought of such shooting.

We soon came within sight of the Brown bridge. Here we had about a mile of stiff water, with some bad rapids at the end of it. We landed and took a look at the rapids and decided to run them. We got through without any trouble. A quarter of a mile below, without bothering to examine it, we took another rapid. We went over all right, but it was worse than we expected. As the river was low, quite a bit of water came over the boat, making it necessary to stop and bail out.

We now came to the forks of the river, where the South Umpqua joins the North. Here we had about three miles of still water and I killed a couple of ducks. We came to some shallow rapids, where the river is wide and very shallow during low water. We had to do a great deal of dodging and twisting to get through, as there were only certain channels deep enough to float a boat. We next came to the Crow rapids. I never liked these rapids, as they are almost a sheer fall at low water and very rough. The waves roll so high that a person cannot handle the oars to any advantage while going through. One just has to start the boat straight, "let 'er go," and trust to luck.

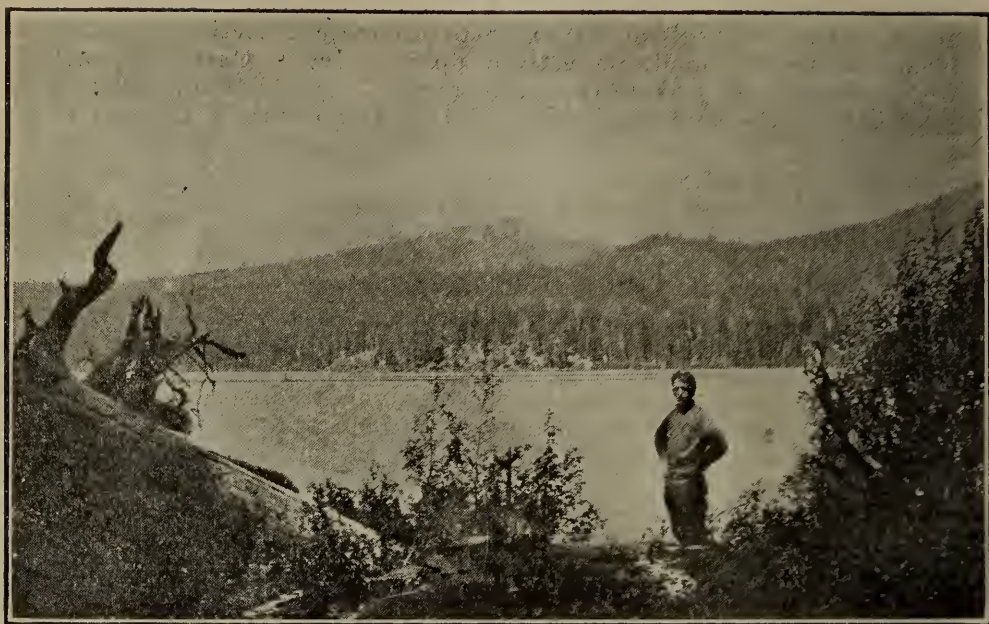
For a long way down we had good going. We traveled quietly along, flushing ducks and firing at them whenever they came within range. We killed a large number, but we also missed several, as they are hard to hit from a moving and rocking boat in swift water.

We saw we were not making very good time. It was getting late in the afternoon and we realized it would be impossible for us to reach the mouth of Little Canyon, where we had left our beds and provisions. So it was up to us to sleep out without any bedding the first night, but that didn't worry us to any extent.

At the mouth of Bottle Creek the water was so shallow our boat stuck in the gravel and we had a hard time getting through. We arrived at Ed. Mosier's place about 5 P. M. Hugh's boat was here, so from this on we each had a boat. Just after passing the mouth of Cougar Creek we had some good shooting. Large numbers of ducks and shags flew up the river past us and we made it warm for them, both turning loose on them with our shotguns, and fish ducks and shags were falling all around us.

We traveled an hour after dark, but this soon became too risky a business, especially running the rapids, so we tied up our boats. We found a suitable place, built a fire and prepared to spend the night. I counted our game and found we had killed 27 fish ducks, 2 bluebills, 3 shags, one pheasant, and 3 ruffed grouse. We sat up till late cooking bluebill and ruffed grouse on sticks over the fire. The night seemed long; it was cold; and we had no blankets. We lay by the fire, one side roasting while the other froze. I looked at my watch many a time that night. We got our boats and started almost before we could see to travel, for the dangers of the river seemed preferable to the discomfort of camp.

It was cold and foggy that morning. A person could see only a short distance ahead. It was a dandy morning for duck shooting, as they could not see us very far. My first chance was at a large bunch of hooded mergansers, small fish ducks we call them. They came out of the fog and up the river past me like a streak of lightning. They



BEAUTIFUL LAKE O'DELL

One of Oregon's Wonderful Playgrounds—Where the Scenery is Grand and the Angler Need Not Bother About a Six-inch Rule, for the Rainbow Are Big Ones

fairly whizzed, they had up such speed. I grabbed my gun and fired two shots, but no ducks came down. I had shot behind. Hugh had better luck. He fired one shot and killed two ducks. He said he was making up for the poor shooting he did the day before.

We soon came to Timber Island, at the upper end of which was a big rapid. It sounded big, but it was so foggy we could not see much of it. Hugh was ahead, so he started over and soon disappeared in the fog. I waited till I thought he had time to get out of my way, then I started. It was much rougher than I expected. I had to dodge to miss the rocks, my boat took water pretty fast, but it was soon over. I found Hugh at the bank bailing water out of his boat.

About 9 A. M. we arrived at the mouth of Little Canyon, where we loaded our bedding, fishing tackle and provisions, and started on. The river was very shallow here. There were several small islands with shallow channels between, making it hard to tell which one to take. Hugh started down a channel near the middle of the river and I took one near shore. It appeared to be deep enough to take a boat, but I was soon disappointed, for the channel forked in several places. The water was swift, making it hard to turn back, so I went ahead. I had to wade and drag my boat, which was no easy job. After a half hour's hard work I got back into the main river again. At noon we stopped on an island and cooked our dinner—our first square meal. We were about starved.

We passed Kellogg about 5 P. M. Darkness came on before we reached the place where we intended to camp for the night. But we kept going and after traveling about an hour and a half, we came to the place, landed on a gravel bar, unloaded our boats, built a fire out of drift wood and soon had supper ready. We went to bed early. Making beds on this trip was an easy job, as we had folding cots.

While setting up my cot on the gravel I saw something splashing in the water just below me. It was a bright moonlight night. I took a shotgun and went stumbling as quietly as I could over the gravel towards it. It was a large otter. He came up the river within a few yards of our fire. I made no attempt to shoot it, as its fur was not good at that time of year.

The sun rose before we did the next morning. There were lots of otter and mink signs along the river. I think this would be a good place to hunt and trap, as but few people lived along the river. On one side was some fine looking deer country, and many deer tracks. We heard a shot a mile or so down the river. It sounded like a cannon, it made such a roar.

We came to some bad rapids. From the shore we could see no possible way of getting a boat through without hitting the rocks, so we led our boats down along the bank. It was rocky and so rough that our boats were almost filled before we got them past the falls.

Two fellows were coming up the river bank with guns. They caught sight of us, took to the brush and we never saw them again. Across the river, near the mouth of a little creek, another fellow was sitting on a rock with a gun in his hands. We decided to have a talk with the fellow on the other side, if we could reach him. We rowed over and found him bolder than the other two, for he did not run. He had an old-style 10 gauge Winchester shotgun. I concluded he was the one who had fired the shot we had heard. By his shooting only once, I surmised that he had killed a deer. I was rather curious to know about it, so we talked about hunting deer, and I asked if there weren't lots of them around and if this wasn't a good place to run them in the river with dogs. We talked a long time, thinking perhaps his dogs would run another deer and we would see if he would kill it.

I went to the mouth of the little creek a few yards from where he was sitting to get a drink. I picked up some shotgun wads and noticed the prints of buckshot on one of them. Farther on I saw blood spattered over the rocks, and where something had been dragged up the bank into the brush. Deer hairs were scattered along. The fellow looked rather funny when he saw me examining the spot, but said nothing. I didn't either, but we got into our boats and went on. I think he felt relieved that we asked no questions.

Several miles below we came to some bad rapids, with a channel so narrow in places that there was hardly room to use the oars. We decided it was too rough to ride and let one boat down with a rope. Hugh rode his boat through.

We arrived at Scottsburg about 4 P. M. the fourth day and camped on Brandy Bar, about six miles below the town. We could hear the salmon jumping all the time around us. The next morning the wind was blowing hard, the water was rough and roily—just right for good fishing. Before breakfast Hugh caught one of the finest salmon I have ever seen.

I will describe the tackle we used for salmon fishing. We had split bamboo trolling rods, about six and a half feet long, weighing about 16 ounces each. We had large double multiplying reels, made to hold 250 yards of line and used 200 yards of number 18 cuttyhunk line and G guitar string for leader. Our spoons varied from number 1/0 to number 7. We had the best success with a number 1/0 half gold spoon, lower outside gold, upper outside nickel-plated, the inside painted red.

The cannery was running a boat and buying fish. They paid 20 cents each for silversides and 3 cents a pound for chinook. The cold storage plant at Gardiner paid 3 cents a pound for all salmon but they

did not run a boat. So at first we had to sell our fish to the neighboring cannery.

About noon of the first day we began fishing in earnest. We caught a fish every few minutes. I soon hooked one that I thought must be a whale. He was very game and stayed deep in the water. It was almost half an hour before I got him to the surface, and when he did come up I was sure surprised, for instead of being a silver salmon he was a 30-pound chinook. I finally shot him in the head with my .22 rifle. By night we had 11 silversides and 4 chinooks, making 15 for the first day.

A man in a motorboat trolling near us offered to buy our fish, paying 25 cents apiece for silversides and 3 cents a pound for chinook, so we sold to him for several days. The next day, October 10, we caught 21 silversides and 8 chinook. On October 11 I went to Scottsburg to mail some letters and killed a buck on the way, besides catching seven salmon. October 12 we caught 56 salmon; the next day 40; the next day 50. Then they began to drop off, but we still caught from 15 to 41 a day. A number of people were trolling in this part of the river. They were mostly campers who had come in from different parts of the country to catch a few salmon to smoke or salt for their winter use.

After the first of November the salmon bit better. During the first week we caught from 20 to 40 per day. Then we had some rain, the river began to rise. During the first two days of the rise we caught 42 and 44 respectively. The third day the river was too high for good fishing and we caught only 25. The next day the river had fallen and we made our biggest catch—79 salmon. For the next ten days we caught from 44 to 75 a day. The price had raised and we were now getting four cents a pound for all our salmon.

The weather got cold and everything would be white with frost of a morning. It was pretty hard on the fishermen. The fish bit fine, but we could only catch two or three before our hands would get so cold that we would have to go ashore and run around awhile to get warm. Some fishermen made stoves out of 5-gallon oil cans, which they carried along to warm their hands by.

It was so cold that we would have to keep moving our lines through the guides on the rods or they would freeze fast. We would have to take a nail and punch the ice out of the line guides every few minutes or they would freeze fast and there was danger of the line breaking. We would have made some large catches during this cold weather if it hadn't been so uncomfortable fishing.

In this particular the other fishermen had the advantage of us. They used large hand lines to troll with instead of rods and reels. Ordinarily, however, I do not think much of the tackle they used. Their lines were almost as big as a rope and they tied on their spoons without a leader. It's a wonder they ever catch anything. As a matter of fact, they do not catch nearly as many as they would if they used light tackle. They seldom caught over 8 or 10 a day. Their hooks as well as their lines were too large. The striking salmon often failed to swallow them, but when they did it was all off with the salmon, which was brought in hand over hand and into the boat almost before he knew what had happened. Some of the fishermen made fun of our tackle at first, but they soon changed their minds. I think most of them will be supplied with tackle similar to ours next season.

The price on salmon would raise a little every few days. There were three boats buying salmon and the fish would go to the highest bidder. At the last of the season we were getting from 4½ to 6¼ cents a pound for our fish.

As it was rainy with little early promise of good fishing, on November 26 we started home, going by rail by way of Eugene. We fished 48 days and caught 1,602 salmon. In addition we killed one deer, one otter, three mink and about 125 ducks and shags.

TO TEACH THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING AND PRESERVING GAME

For the first time in the history of this or any other country the science of the breeding and preserving of game birds will be taught in one of America's great universities, says Field and Stream.

This is made possible by the passage of a bill in the New York Legislature appropriating \$15,000 for the purchase of a farm in Tompkins County, on which it is provided experimental and practical breeding of game may be carried on. It is further provided that the trustees of Cornell University shall accept, maintain and administer the farm and that it shall form a part of the New York State College of Agriculture "for the purpose of conducting practical experiments in and giving instruction on the breeding of game."

It is specifically provided that the farm shall be run in close co-operation with the State Conservation Commission and that its surplus product shall annually be placed at the disposal of the commission.

Farmers, sportsmen and nature lovers generally will doubtless welcome this epoch-making action of the New York legislators.

The immediate results that can be expected from the establishment of the farm will be twofold:

1. Instruction will be afforded young men who wish to become qualified gamekeepers, for which class of labor the demand greatly exceeds the supply. Practical experience on the farm will be re-enforced by the technical instruction of the lecture-room.

2. Farmers of New York will be given, through the medium of the farm, instruction in the cultivation of a remunerative crop which merges well with other agricultural activities, particularly dairying and the growing of grasses.

Upon the foundation that will be established, however, it is hoped and confidently expected that in time Cornell will turn out men and women well instructed not only in the science of game breeding and preserving, but in all of the work incident to the conservation of wild life of all kinds, particularly the insect-destroying and weed-seed eating birds which play such an important part in crop protection.

Those behind this movement believe that there will be an increasing demand in this country for experts of this sort and that eventually every state in the Union will have in its employ at least one such person as a practical aid to farmers in the protection of their crops and the breeding of game on a commercial basis, and to sportsmen in increasing the supply of game birds.

Cornell with her splendid laboratories and scientists of high rank is already admirably equipped for carrying on this work and it needed only the addition of this working laboratory, as it were, to make her equipment for giving instruction in wild life conservation practically complete.

Among those at Cornell who will co-operate in the development of this work may be mentioned Dr. J. G. Needham, the well-known biologist; Professor James E. Rice, head of the Department of Poultry Husbandry, and Dr. Arthur A. Allen, who has achieved a wide reputation as an economic ornithologist.

BUGLE AND TRAILER IN A BATTLE ROYAL

By JOHN B. GRIFFIN, Kirby, Oregon

I PROMISED in my last story to tell you about a hunt and bear fight in which Old Bugle—Fred Barneburg's thoroughbred hound—had a hand and helped to save Trailer when he was in the closest place of his life.

Fred Barneburg was one of the good old pioneers of the Rogue River Valley and was one of the first settlers and secured valuable land near Bear Creek. In those days he and Captain John S. Miller used to kill deer where Medford now stands. Fred was known far and wide and loved to hunt better than anybody, and was a great hand to take care of meat after he had killed it. I used to hunt a great deal with Fred and Dave Miller and it kept me pretty busy sometimes listening to them both talking at the same time, telling how they came to miss an old buck or managed to bag him.

Fred was several years older than I and used to tell around the campfire of his early hunting days and his hunts in Dead Indian and around Grizzly Peak.



PINTAIL DUCKLING POSING FOR PICTURE

I remember of him telling me of seeing two large grizzlies in mortal combat. He and his brother Aaron were camped near Hoxie Prairie, now owned by William Myers of Ashland, and went out one morning armed with muzzle loading rifles and upon coming out of the timber to the edge of the prairie were astonished to see two large grizzlies fighting savagely. It was immense to hear Fred describe the fight. How they would rear upon their haunches and claw each other, bite and growl and roll over and over on the ground oblivious to everything around them.

Fred was so absorbed in the fight that he could only stand and look without a thought of danger, but finally upon looking around, he discovered that he was alone, his brother Aaron having turned and ran for camp as fast as he could go without even calling to Fred to come. This brought him to a realization of his danger and the folly of trying to kill them, and he too, turned and fled and found his brother in camp.

* * *

Grizzlies in those days were dangerous. As they were plentiful and were not hunted much it took a man with plenty of nerve to tackle one with the old muzzle loading rifles. Sometimes a man had to have considerable nerve to tackle one with a Winchester after those firearms began to come into use. I know this by experience—having met one in the Siskiyou Mountains once while going around the side of a hill in a fog.

We were within forty steps of each other and he looked at me and I at him (like Davy Crockett and the jay bird) but only for a few seconds for he doubled himself up and rolling his hair the wrong way commenced coming, a little sideways at first, with his head down and champing his teeth. I was in open ground and realized that I had to fight. I jerked the gun to my shoulder and caught a bead. The bullet hit him back of the shoulder and ranged quarteringly but didn't get the heart. He then threw his head around and bit at the place and I sent another bullet just as he straightened around again and this time caught him in the fleshy part of the neck, and then he came. Gee, but he was a big one, raw boned and poor. Then the lever began to work up and down and send a stream of lead right at his breast—but he got within twenty feet.

As good luck would have it I struck him in the left shoulder which caused him to fall down and as the hillside was steep, he rolled over and over down through the brush.

I lost no time in getting out of there without waiting to see if my hat was on or not. I went back the next day and took Trailer. He took the scent and followed it for about a hundred yards and found him piled up against a bush, dead. I know that Trailer was disappointed, for after smelling him over he raised his head and looked around as much as to say, "What did you want me for?" I kept him with me all of the time on that hunt, for to tell the truth, my nervous system had received a shock that it took some little time to get over.

* * *

I remember another story Fred used to tell about himself and John Miller, the gunsmith of Jacksonville, shooting a big buck out near Hiatt Prairie. The buck fell near a bluff or rim rock with thick brush all along the edge. They walked to where he lay and leaning on the muzzle of their guns stood looking down at him and Miller counted the points on his horns and said to Fred, "He is a seven pointer." Just then the deer began to struggle and before they had time to think was over the bluff and gone, leaving two sadly disappointed men to mourn his loss. They had only creased him.

Another time Fred chased a big buck and going up to him, thinking him dead, set his gun down against a tree, took out his knife and just as he took hold of a horn with his left hand the deer began to struggle. Fred grabbed the other horn with the right hand and still held the knife. He was a stout man, but that buck came very near doing him, but Fred finally threw him and cut his throat.

William Mathes, of Ashland, another pioneer, used to hunt a great deal with Fred and no doubt could tell all about it. On the hunt I started to tell of, we were camped at the Walker place at Dead Indian. It was the first of November. We had hunted four or five days and killed but four or five deer, Fred especially having very poor luck which was new to him as he was a splendid hunter and number one shot.

I killed a deer on the east side of Dead Indian Creek the fourth day and next morning took a horse and went after it, taking Trailer with me. Fred went out across the Prairie and through Sarvis Glade and then down on the benches on the west side of the creek. The canyon is deep here and rough, only now and then a place where a man can get across. When I got down to where the deer had been hung up he had been eaten slick and clean by a bear. Trailer immediately took trail and started. I tied my horse and followed, but in a short distance overtook him. He had struck a very rough and rocky place and it had not left a scent. I sat down on a rock and waited awhile and concluded to call Fred and get Bugle, knowing that he—being a full blooded hound and Trailer only half—could track it. I called at the top of my voice and sure enough he answered me. I told him to turn old Bugle loose and blew the horn, and heard him start, bellowing at every jump. Sometimes he would stop to listen and I would give the horn a toot and he would come again. When he got to Dead Indian Creek he had quite a time getting across, but made it and came on up the hill. In the meantime Trailer had worked it off the rocks and was going on. As soon as Bugle got there he took the track and away they went, and talk about music, they fairly made the woods ring. On they went, down across Dead Indian Creek and out of hearing. I followed and found a place to cross and kept down on the west side for three or four miles and finally heard them barking up a tree—still a long way off. I blew the horn to let old Trailer know I heard him and was coming. When he heard the horn he commenced to bark steadily and kept it up until I was close to the tree. When he saw me he wagged his tail as much as to say, "I've got him."

The tree was an ordinary sized fir and there was thick high brush all around it, which made it difficult to see him, and while I was backing around trying to locate him he discovered me and gave a big snort and commenced to snap his teeth. I saw him then, next to the body of the tree, partially hidden by the heavy boughs. I had to move around a little to get a good place to shoot from and he commenced changing his position and snorted and champed his teeth continually,—I knew he was on the fight and a hard customer.

I waited a few seconds and when he got still and turned his head down to look at me, caught a bead and fired full in the face, expecting to hit him square between the eyes, but failing on account of shooting in too big a hurry. The bullet caught him square in the side of the head and running around the skull went out in the back of the neck. I saw instantly it was a bad shot and had another load in quick as a flash, as it was a sure bet he would come down now.

* * *

He came hand over fist and as good luck would have it on the side

next to me. I shot again and hit him in the shoulder. He stopped now and threw his head around and bit at the place where the bullet struck him, which gave me time to load and fire again, hitting him this time behind the shoulder. This shot caused him to let go and come tumbling down to the ground with a crash, but he was up again in a second just as the dogs piled on him. As bad luck would have it, Trailer was at the head and before the bear was up had him by the side of the head, something he seldom did. I am sure he thought the bear was as good as dead or he wouldn't have done it this time.

Quicker than a flash the bear had both paws around him and crushed him down to the ground and would have crushed the life out of him in no time if it had not been for Bugle, who showed his blood right then and there, for he sprang forward with a bellow without the least sign of fear, brave old dog that he was, seized him by the side of the head and the bear went over backwards, letting go of Trailer and throwing Bugle entirely loose. By the time the dogs were up the bear was up and backing against a bush. He stood them off.

I waited for a good chance now and shot him in the head at the butt of the ear and he rolled over. I let Bugle and Trailer go after him now to their hearts' content. He was too big to hang up, so I dressed him and straightened him around so he would drain, then started along up the hill to look out a way to get the horse down to where he was. I had proceeded about three hundred yards and was going through some open timber when I noticed the dogs raise their heads and sniff like they'd caught the scent of some kind of game. I kept them back, however—thinking it might be deer—as old Bugle liked to run deer pretty well. I kept moving along up the hill and after awhile came to the edge of a thick patch of brush and studied a minute whether to go around it or through it. I decided to go through it, and hadn't got more than twenty steps when the brush cracked in front of me, and both dogs went by me like a shot and after running three or four hundred yards began to bay up a tree.

* * *

I went on up to where I heard the brush crack and there on a big log saw where an immense cougar had been lying. As there was a little snow on I could see his track plain. I went on around the sidehill and came in on the upper side of the tree and there he was. He was standing up on the limbs looking down at the dogs just like he would just as soon spring down right among them as not. I kept behind a tree until ready to shoot and then stepped out where he could see me. He had his side to me and turned his head and looked, but not for long—a bullet went crashing through his brain and he rolled out of there dead.

I knew Fred would be delighted at the part Bugle had taken in the two chases as he had been waiting to get him after a bear for a long time, and if he had kept Trailer awhile he would have made a fine dog. I wanted to keep him, but Fred couldn't bear the idea of giving him up and I couldn't blame him, for he was certainly a fine hound. I went to camp now and got there early, but Fred did not get in until after dark. I had supper ready for him. I asked him if he had killed anything. He said he had killed two deer. I told him then about the bear eating the deer and he got interested right away and wanted to know how Bugle performed.

It fairly took his breath away as I told about the dogs treeing the cougar and that it was one of the largest he ever saw. Fred had seen a great many and he thought that part of it was a mistake. I told him we would go get them the next morning and he would see. We took

the horses and went the next morning and went to the bear first and after getting him loaded we went up to near the cougar and hitched the horses and walked up to where he lay. Fred set his gun down and leaned on the muzzle and stood looking at him for some time without saying a word. "Well, what do you think of him, Fred?" "Good Lord Almighty, Griffin, ain't he a monster?" Fred said this in a voice that there was no mistaking he meant every word of it, and there is no harm in stating in print just as he said it, for his old friends knew him well and his way of expressing himself, would be disappointed with this story, which is true, if this expression were changed.

* * *

I have some of the teeth and claws of this cougar yet. I brought the hide to Ashland and also one of the feet and if anyone has any doubt of his size ask Ed Farlow or some other old timer there who saw him. This was the largest cougar I ever killed and no doubt had killed hundreds of deer as he ranged above the Soda Springs at the mouth of Dead Indian creek and was an old residenter when the deer trails were as thick as sheep trails. Fred and I were at camp two weeks and succeeded in getting eleven deer and the bear.

Poor Fred! He used to like to hunt better than anybody and often told me when we were out together that he was going to hunt as long as he could see the sights and then get him a shotgun, but when he got older he thought different of it and quit it entirely and took to fishing in Rogue River, which he followed up until at last it was the cause of his death; having gone over to the river above Bybee's Bridge he waded out on the cement and suddenly stepped off into deep water and was drowned. Thus ended the life of one of Rogue River Valley's highly honored and loved pioneers.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOYS

Pilot Rock, Oregon, January 7, 1918.

The Oregon Sportsman,
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

I enclose you a little reading that I sent to all "the boys" who hunted with me last year. I send it to you for publication.

Yours very truly, M. D. ORANGE.

"I have often hunted with you and I think of you quite often. I am asking you to forgive me for all the harm I have done this year to you and everybody else. I don't remember what it is, and being a hunter I know you don't.

"One thing sure, I have been wrong many times, so have you. I have had hard luck this year, so have you. But when I sit of evenings and think of the one unpardonable sin that I hold against you of you sending me through that thicket and I missed that chance and you got the shot, I was just plain mad, but that night at camp I forgave you as we always do. I want to always live just like that to always forgive all your faults and mine too.

"They say that grouchy people always have the indigestion. Have you got it? I haven't.

"I never knew of a man that could buck all the hardships that a day's hunt has laid out for him and of course sometimes cuss your luck and of course sometimes blame somebody else, and that evening not

forgive him. Did you? And forgive the whole world and everybody in it.

"I know you are that kind of a man or I would not be writing this.

"How often have you really and honestly laid out all night by a campfire in all kinds of weather, maybe your fire burns, maybe it don't, maybe the pitch stump that you set fire to smokes all night and you spend half your time chasing the smoke around the tree. You blame the wind and everything else on earth for being the cause of it and when morning comes maybe you have slept and possibly you haven't, and every bone in your body aches, and when God's sunlight gets up and you make a bee line for camp to find the boys have already started out to find you. Of course you are mad, but the boys' one touch of nature has the remedy. Nobody asks you any questions, they just naturally know. You tell them that you got too far from camp; of course they kid you a little, but that warm meal that somebody always stays in camp to have ready for you, that three or four cups of coffee made in an old burnt coffee pot and flavored from a can of condensed milk that you have punched one little and one big hole in its top, the best that was ever drank. That coffee. The boys. Of course I lied when I told you that I got too far from camp. I was just plain lost; of course you know I lied. Do you forgive me? Of course you do, and do I go out again that day? Of course I do.

"So I am writing this letter to ask you to forgive me for all my little harms; mine and yours, they are just alike.

"So now I sit around home of evenings, things have not gone just right, somebody has bumped into me and we had a word or two, my mind runs back to the night I spent chasing the smoke around that stump, to that bunch of human beings, to the hardships you and I have gone through with and never complained. I forget my grouch and the grudge I had against my fellow human being and I forgive him and everybody else. Do you? Of course you do. You, and all people like you.

"So here's Happy New Year, boys, and lots of them. Here's to the trails and our campfires and our songs and sorrows. Let's buck life and its propositions like we do our hunting game, and what's more we will get the game, whether it's life's propositions or it's on the trail.

Yours,

M. D. ORANGE."

UNIQUE PUNISHMENT

By ALDO LEOPOLD, in *The Bulletin*

An impressive lesson was placed before the boys of Albuquerque, in the novel sentence imposed upon Euland Greer and Seth Holmes after they were convicted of killing robins, meadowlarks and flickers, upon complaint of the Albuquerque Game Protective Association, of New Mexico. Judge W. W. McClellan fined the boys \$25 each, and suspended the fine on condition that the defendants, aged 16 and 14, would execute the following orders of the court:

First, it was ordered that the boys go out and secure signed pledges from fifty boys, promising to help protect the song birds and faithfully to observe the game laws.

Second, that the boys distribute an armful of the association's literature on game protection, and cards giving the game laws of New Mexico.

Third, in executing the above, the boys were required to carry a banner furnished by the association, exhorting all boys to help in the work of preserving wild life. On the pole of the banner were the dead birds unlawfully killed, each species labelled as follows:

"Robins, America's national song bird."

"Meadowlark, sweetest singer in New Mexico."

"Flicker, who eats the worm that eats the apple that boys like."

Crowds of boys followed the exhibit. After the defendants had executed the judge's orders, they agreed to become members of the Boys Club of the Albuquerque Game Protective Association. "We will give these boys every opportunity to become protectors instead of destroyers of birds," said the secretary of the association. "We recognize that every boy has as good a right to hunt as any other citizen, but we insist that in so doing he obey the law and grow up into a good sportsman instead of a mere destroyer."

WESTERN GREBE

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

For years, the lake region of Southern Oregon was the most profitable field in the West for the plume hunter. The Western Grebe was the greatest sufferer. This diver of glistening-white breast and silvery-gray back was sought not without reason. The grebe hunters call the skin of this bird fur rather than feathers, because it is so tough it can be scraped and handled like hide, and because the thick warm plumage seems more like the fur of a mammal than the skin of a bird. These skins when prepared and placed on the market in the form of coats and capes, brought the prices of the most expensive furs.

Formerly there were immense colonies of Western Grebes living along the north shore of Tule or Rhett Lake, Lower Klamath Lake and Malheur Lake. Plume hunters, however, sought out these big colonies and shot great numbers of the birds during the nesting season, leaving the eggs to spoil and the young to starve to death. This decreased the numbers so rapidly that within a few seasons the birds were exterminated in places.

Malheur Lake is a large body of shallow water surrounded on all sides by great stretches of tules. The whole border is a veritable jungle, an almost endless area of floating tule islands between which is a network of channels. Here is the typical home of the Western Grebe. In the edge of the tules, the Grebe gathers tule stems and other vegetation, making a floating raft which is anchored among the tule stems. Around the edges of one of these islands, which was two acres in extent, we found between forty and fifty nests. The usual number of eggs was four or five.

On several occasions, we watched a grebe chick cut his way out of the shell and liberate himself. After he gets his bill through in one place, he goes at the task like clockwork. He turns himself a little and begins hammering in a new place and keeps this up until he has made a complete revolution in his shell. The end or cap of the egg, cut clear around, drops off, and the youngster soon kicks himself out into the sunshine. It doesn't take his coat long to dry, and before long he is able to leave home.

The grebe parents have an interesting way of taking their young with them. The chicks ride on the backs of the mother or father just under the wing coverts with the head sticking out. Sometimes one may

see an old grebe carrying two or three young on his back. At the slightest alarm, the old bird raises the feathers and covers the chicks completely. One can readily tell when a grebe has chicks on his back, even if not visible, because he appears to swim higher in the water. Normally, the body is almost submerged. An old grebe not only swims, but dives readily keeping the young in place on his back.

HOW TO SIGNAL WITH GUN WHEN IN TROUBLE

The Oregon Sportsman,
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

I would like to offer a suggestion which I believe should be adopted. I am enclosing a clipping from a newspaper telling the proper way in which to signal with a gun in the woods. Every hunter should know this. It might be the means of saving lives every year.

If these signals were committed to memory by every hunter I think it would be a great thing. Why not have them printed on the back of every hunting license issued? In that way the hunter would always have them on his person, and even if not familiar with them, if he heard somebody signaling he would simply have to take his license and consult the signals on the back of same in order to find out what was the matter with his fellow sportsman. And on the other hand, if a hunter got in trouble and did not know what signal to give, he could consult his license and give the proper signal.

These signals could be distinguished from other shots fired, as in the case of a party of searchers hunting for a lost or wounded man in the woods. As soon as the man was located the proper signal would be fired and would thus inform the rest of the party of searchers that the man was found. While on the other hand, if no signals were agreed on it would cause a delay in conveying the information to the others that the man had been found.

Kindly let me know what you think of this idea.

Yours truly,

LAUSON LENEVE,
Coquille, Oregon.

* * *

The Sportsman heartily endorses the idea advanced by Mr. Leneve, and suggests that they be taken up and made effective through the Oregon Sportsmen's League. The signals suggested have been used frequently in Oregon and in other states, and many hunters are familiar with them. They are as follows:

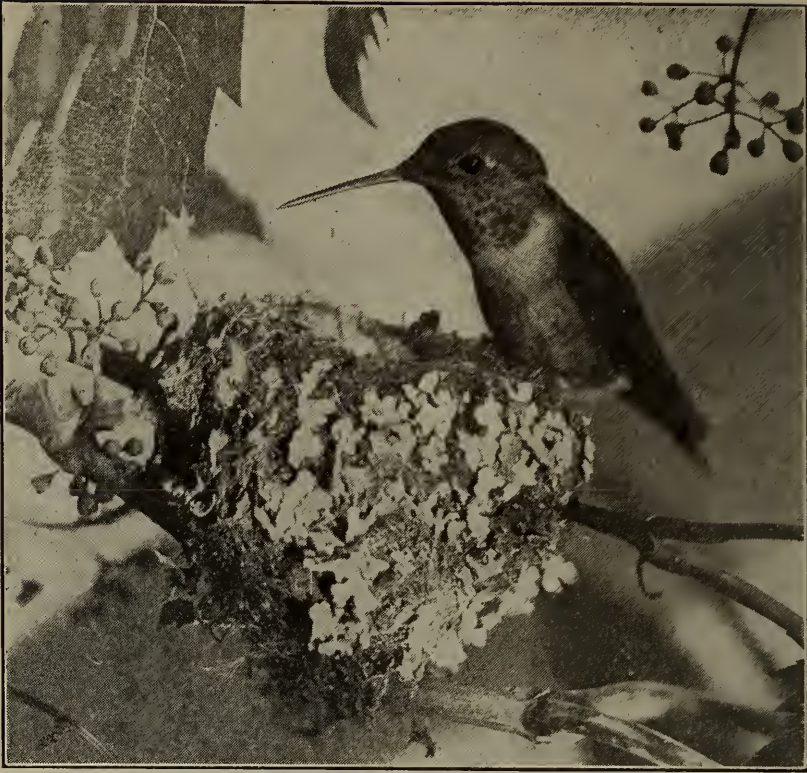
Help—Four shots in quick succession; as oooo.

Injured—Shot, pause, two shots, pause, shot; as o-oo-o.

Lost—Three quick shots, pause, one shot, as ooo-o.

Man Found—One shot, pause, three quick shots; as o-ooo.

Call Heard—Two quick shots, pause, two quick shots; as oo-oo.



RUFOUS HUMMINGBIRD AT NEST

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY

I was standing on the hillside one May morning when I saw a Rufous Hummingbird come down like the rush of a rocket. He turned and whirled up till I could see but the tiniest speck in the sky. Then he dropped headlong like a red meteor, his gorget puffed out and his tail spread wide. He veered just above the bushes with a sound like a whip drawn through the air and as the impetus carried him up, a high-pitched musical trill sounded above the whir of his wings. Again and again he swung back and forth, evidently in an effort to win the heart of some lady. He must have won her, for I think this was one of a pair that had their home in the Virginia Creeper at the side of the house.

I have never known just what to think of the male hummingbird. He is an enthusiastic lover, but he disappears entirely when the nest is finished and incubation begins. I think he was never known to give his wife a hand in caring for the young birds. I found it the same with the Rufous Hummingbird as Bradford Torrey says of the Ruby-throat; he drops out of existence leaving a widow with twins on her hands. Perhaps the male hummingbird is not an intentional shirk and deserter. I think that somewhere back through the generations of hummingbird experience it was found that such bright colors about the home were unmistakable clues for enemies. Therefore, it is the law of self-protection for him to keep away from the nest.

When the eggs of the hummingbird hatch, the birds look like two tiny black bugs. The first sign of feathers is a light streak of brown

along the middle of the back. But the queerest thing in the life of the hummingbird is to watch the mother feed her young. She collects sweets from the flowers, little spiders and other insects, which she swallows and then she feeds by regurgitation. She braces her tail against the side of the nest, draws her dagger-like bill straight up above and plunges it down the baby's throat to the hilt. Then she starts a jabbing process as if to puncture him to the toes. In this way she pumps his stomach full of food. It looks like the murder of the infants.

I have never seen a hummingbird fledgling fall from the nest in advance of his strength, as a young robin does. When the time comes, he seems to spring into the air full-grown, clad in glittering armor, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. One day, as I watched a young hummingbird in the nest, I learned the reason. He sat on the nest edge, stretched his wings and combed out his tail feathers with his bill. Then he tried his wings. He began slowly, as if getting up steam. He made them buzz till they almost lifted him off his feet. He had to hang on to keep from going. In this way he practiced many times during the day, until he mastered the art of balancing and rising in the air.

BIRD PROTECTION AS A WAR MEASURE

Readers of The Sportsman wishing to prevent shooting on their premises will be interested in cloth signs issued free of charge by the National Association of Audubon Societies, which reads as follows:

SHOOTING ON THIS PROPERTY IS PROHIBITED.
PROTECT THE BIRDS AS A WAR MEASURE!

The food destroyed in America by insects and small rodents would feed the people of Belgium! Birds are the great natural enemies of these pests. The laws of the state and of the nation protect insect-eating birds, but many are being shot wantonly and for food. Report violations to the nearest game warden or to the address given below.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES
1974 Broadway New York City

DANDELIONS

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD, Brownsville, Oregon

Afar from city streets I wander out
To see what flowers are left upon the hill.
The leaves are drifted in the tiny rill
That trickles slowly in its chosen route.
The wind is sighing like a soul in doubt
Whose way is lost in winter woods so chill.
There is no hint of any sweet bird's trill
In all the mighty forest round about.

The dainty children of the summer hours
Are perished every one and fled away,
Save that the hardy dandelion flowers
Remain to testify of summer's day.
Well worth the walk it was into the cold
To see the proud plant flaunt its mite of gold.

HUNTING SEASON TAKES DEATH TOLL

Nine Men Killed and Three Seriously Injured During the Year 1917

Statistics collected through the office of the State Game Warden disclose the deplorable fact that nine men were killed during the year 1917 while hunting in Oregon, and three were seriously injured. No doubt others were injured, but if so the State Game Warden has not been apprised of the fact.

Fatalities

Jack Campbell, aged 17 years, son of Mrs. Idaho Campbell, of Eugene, a student at the Eugene High School, was almost instantly killed October 28 while hunting near Harrisburg. He was out in the fields after pheasants with his two cousins, living on a farm. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after the boys had stopped to rest, Campbell grasped his shotgun to start on toward the house when, in some manner, the gun was discharged and the entire load of shot entered his head near the top of the forehead, blowing almost the entire top of his head off. His companions said that his heart beat for half an hour afterward, but he died before assistance could be reached.

Charles W. Arnold, of Roseburg, was shot and killed by accident September 16 by his brother, R. C. Arnold, while hunting deer in the mountains. The bullet entered the head of the victim in two pieces, indicating that the fatality was the result of the bullet glancing from a rock.

August Carlson, of Allegany, Coos County, shot and killed Edward Johnson, aged 12, his brother-in-law, on August 12, the shot being accidental while Carlson was hunting deer out of season. The shot was fired at a deer 200 yards away, missed the animal and struck the lad, who was 100 feet beyond the deer.

P. E. Stickel, aged 35 years, an employe in the office of the Portland city incinerator, sustained a shotgun wound while hunting that resulted in his death. The gun was accidentally discharged by Fred Klem as the two men were climbing down an embankment.

N. Y. E. Scott, of Philomath, accidentally killed himself August 24 while hunting deer. The accident occurred on Mary's Peak. Mr. Scott and Tonis Lake had started a deer and wounded it. Scott started down the mountainside after the animal when he tripped and fell, the automatic rifle discharging a bullet through his neck, severing the jugular vein. He died almost instantly.

Lane Wyland accidentally shot and killed Dave Cottrell, a fellow cattleman, in Jackson County in June while the two men were hunting stock on the range. For 20 years Wyland and Cottrell had worked together in the cattle business, and, as usual, they started out together to salt their herds. Both men were armed. They separated, but later, when Wyland saw a bush move, thinking it was a deer feeding, he took careful aim and fired. The agonized cry that followed gave Wyland some premonition of his tragic mistake. Dropping his gun and rushing to the spot, he arrived just in time to raise his friend's head, who, shot through the neck, died in his arms.

Robert L. Campbell, the 15-year-old son of Mrs. Lizzie Campbell, of Sutherland, was mistaken for a deer by his friend and companion, Floyd Norris, while hunting in the mountains of Douglas County, and shot and killed almost instantly.

James Thompkins, aged 45 years, was killed on Sain Creek in Washington County August 14, by John Miller, his companion, while hunting deer. Thompkins lived at Cherry Grove.

"I shot myself accidentally." This short note, written on a piece of brown wrapping paper and pinned to the ground with a lead pencil, briefly told the story of the death of Frank J. Steinmetz, prominent realty operator of Portland, while hunting ducks on Sauvie's Island on the Columbia River in December. When Mr. Steinmetz failed to appear for dinner at the farm house where he was a guest, Mr. Gillahan and two men went in search and, assisted by a dog, they discovered the body within a few feet of where the accident happened. Apparently Mr. Steinmetz had crawled through a woven-wire fence and attempted to draw his gun after him, muzzle first, when it was accidentally discharged. The full charge of shot had entered his left side and pierced his stomach. Apparently, after being shot, Mr. Steinmetz, realizing that he was mortally wounded, took from his pocket the scrap of paper and pencil and wrote the note of explanation.

Accidents

Carl Simonson, 16 years of age, residing at Fernhill, Clatsop County, was accidentally shot in the back by a companion while returning from a hunting trip on December 23. The boys were walking along a railroad track when the gun in the hands of Simonson's companion was discharged accidentally.

Cecil Carish, aged 16, son of J. B. Carish of Wendling, suffered the loss of one thumb and a couple of fingers by the discharge of a gun in his own hands while hunting near Wendling on November 4. The accident happened when the young man was climbing a fence.

While lifting a 10-gauge shotgun from his boat on December 1, Edward Sandine, of North Bend, accidentally discharged the weapon. The charge struck his right foot just above the ankle and almost severed it, the foot being held only by the tendons. Friends who saw the accident took him to a hospital, where amputation of the foot followed. He was enroute across Coos Bay to shoot ducks.

PERMITS ISSUED

The following permits were issued by the State Game Department during the year 1917:

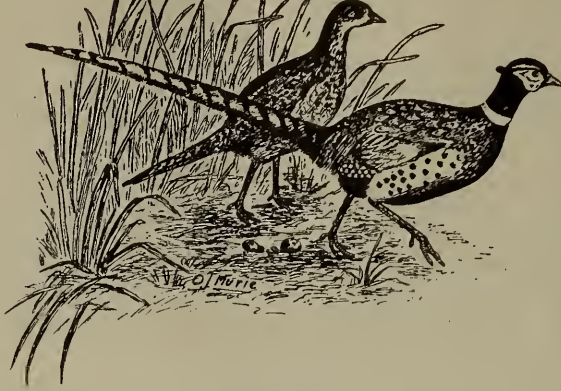
Kind	Number
Game breeders	98
To ship game.....	339
To trap game animals doing damage.....	36
To hold wild game in captivity.....	78

WATERPROOFING TENTS

Dissolve half pound each of sugar of lead and powdered alum in a bucket of water, and pour the solution into a large tub. Soak your tent for 24 hours, and then hang it up to dry, instead of wringing it dry. Rain will hang to it in globules, but will not go through the fabric. This also prevents mildew. If your tent is already mildewed, whitewash the tent with a weak solution of chloride of lime to remove it. Two pounds of slacked lime to a barrel of soft water is the right proportion.—John L. Wilson.

ITEMS ^{OF} INTEREST

TO OREGON SPORTSMEN



Don't shoot more game than you can use.

* * *

A true sportsman will never take more game or fish than he has use for.

* * *

Failure to respect closed seasons is partially responsible for posted lands.

* * *

A law enacted in North Carolina prohibits hunting game with flying machines.

* * *

New Mexico values the game and fish killed annually in that state at \$8,000,000.

* * *

Game laws are intended to increase and improve sport and not to restrict or prevent it.

* * *

The big game shooting season in Minnesota closed December 1, without a single casualty.

* * *

If you have a good hunting or fishing story tell it to the readers of The Sportsman. Write it now and mail it at once for the April number.

* * *

In Michigan a game law provides for the prosecution of any owner of a cat which he permits to run at large, knowing that it destroys song or game birds.

* * *

On December 18, H. W. Poole, of Klamath Falls, landed an 18-pound Rainbow trout at the mouth of the Sprague River. The fish measured 33 inches and was landed with a six-ounce rod.

* * *

The co-operation of game commissioners, game wardens, game conservation associations and sportsmen's leagues, generally, is requested by the Department of Agriculture as an aid in securing accurate reports of the number of deer killed each year in the several states of the Union.

Under the game laws of Pennsylvania the penalty for a second conviction is imprisonment equal to one day for each dollar of the fine and denial of license to hunt for two years following conviction.

* * *

"Sport for Sport's Sake," is the motto adopted by the American Game Association. A nation-wide campaign is now going on for the adoption of this motto by the 5,000,000 sportsmen of this country.

* * *

After you have finished reading your copy of The Sportsman, wrap it up and send it to some sportsman friend who is serving Uncle Sam "Somewhere in France." You can rest assured that it will be appreciated.

* * *

Never forget that it is a part of the business of a true sportsman to lend the game authorities every assistance possible to the end that we may have more game in our fields and forests and more fish in our streams.

* * *

A monster White Owl was killed near Cottage Grove recently by a farmer who did not know that this species of owl is protected by law. The bird was a magnificent specimen of the snowy white variety, very rare in this latitude.

* * *

A German forestry journal announces that the Kaiser, in 1908, killed 1995 pieces of wild game. This statement proves the Kaiser a game hog of the first order. His bloodthirsty desire to kill seems now to have been diverted into another channel.

* * *

Hunting on Sundays is prohibited in all states east of the one hundred and fifth meridian except in Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Texas and Wisconsin. Certain days of the week in some states constitute closed seasons in which hunting is prohibited.

* * *

Over 160,000 hunting licenses were issued in Wisconsin last year. At least 63,000 of these nimrods went hunting for deer. Those desiring to hunt the fleet-footed quadruped were required to buy a tag in addition to the license, but the price of the tag was only 10 cents.

* * *

Ex-Game Warden John F. Adams, of Agness, Oregon, is to be employed by the United States Biological Survey in the capacity of government hunter to rid Curry County of the festive coyote and other predatory animals, announces the Gold Beach Reporter. John can get 'em if anyone can.

* * *

Skunk and mink farming is being tried out in Oregon by a number of persons who hope to establish a profitable industry. Why not encourage beaver farming as well? The hides of the beaver are valuable for fur and there are many places in the state admirably adapted to the raising of beaver for commercial purposes.

* * *

Here we are again planning and anticipating once more the spring days on the trout stream. Winter is not long after all. Won't it seem good to again enjoy the bursting buds, the joyous songs of the birds, the soft air and the gurgling, splashing, rushing stream with the elusive trout lurking in its crystal depths? The good days are just ahead.

The herd of buffalo on the national range in the Flathead reservation in Montana numbers over 200, according to Superintendent Hodges. Three calves were born last year and no calves have been lost in the nine years since the range was established. It never has been necessary to feed the herd, no matter how severe the winter.

* * *

Recent orders adopted by the Oregon Fish and Game Commission closes to fishing Cedar Creek and Rock Creek in Washington County; a portion of Paulina Creek in Deschutes County; portions of Klamath River, Spencer Creek, Seven Mile Creek, Four Mile Lake and Four Mile Creek in Klamath County, and Foster Lake in Linn County.

* * *

In the winter the birds more than ever need your friendship. Perhaps not more than ever. In the summer, when the baby birds are just out of the nests, humankind can do a tremendous work for the birds by keeping cats away. But next to this, perhaps the greatest service you can render your feathered friends is to feed them in the winter.—Illinois Sportsman.

* * *

A gentleman who claims to know what he is talking about says that a mudhen is pretty good eating if it is properly dressed and cooked right. His recipe is as follows: Skin the birds, cut off the head and the legs at the first joint, parboil them, adding a little vinegar, and then fry in butter or bacon grease, or stew them the same as you would a domestic chicken. He says that a mudhen thus treated and cooked is an excellent substitute for a wild duck.

* * *

Dr. Arthur K. Downs, enthusiastic sportsman, heads that live organization known as the Portland Gun Club. Dr. Downs was recently chosen president of the club to succeed John G. Clemson. H. A. Pollock was re-elected vice-president, and H. B. Newland is secretary-treasurer. Directors chosen were E. H. Keller and C. B. Preston. Reports submitted by the retiring officers show the past year was a successful one, and that the club is on a prosperous financial basis.

* * *

The beaver has been protected for a number of years in Oregon and shows a marked increase in practically every section of the state. In some sections they have become so numerous that complaints from farmers and ranchmen are quite frequently made to the game department that property is being destroyed. However, the law is adequate, and whenever it is found that beaver are actually doing damage, permission is given to trap them, thus lessening the number and stopping the work of the industrious little fellows.

* * *

The Department of Agriculture urges all persons to co-operate to secure the best possible protection for deer so as to get the maximum amount of venison as a source of meat. It is estimated that about 80,000 deer are killed legally in the United States each year. These produce nearly 10,000,000 pounds of venison. The Biological Survey of the department says that this number can be very largely increased, since only two or three states produce more than 10,000 deer and many less than 1,000. When 1,100 deer are obtained in a state as densely populated as Massachusetts, it should not be difficult, says the department, to increase the total in the other states by at least 25 per cent. Every pound of venison brought in from the woods should be made to save a pound of beef, mutton or pork raised on the ranch or farm.

THE HUNTERS

By ORLEY E. GRAY

The autumn sun shone redly
Through the blue October haze,
And the autumn wind sang gladly
To the finest of fine days.
The maple's leaves of crimson,
And the willow's leaves of gold,
Filled all the air with visions
Such as artists never told.

Two boys stout clad in homespuns,
With dogs well trained to trail,
Set out, with bags and shotguns,
To hunt the whirring quail.
Through the back lot pastures,
Across the close cut meads,
Across the rill and up the hill
To a field o'ergrown with weeds.

Here the trailing dogs stood steady,
While each boy, with throbbing heart,
Grasped close his gun—the quick wings hum—
From the weeds the beauties start.
Then they poured from their single barrels
The rain of leaden hail;
And faithful Ned brought in the dead—
A solitary quail.

Then they followed up the stragglers,
And flushed them one by one,
Till all were fled or fallen dead
At the crack of the single gun.

On a fallen log, at noontime,
They ate their frugal lunch,
Invoiced their game and lived again
Each act of the morning hunt.
Their hearts were filled with gladness,
Their lives were filled with joys;
They knew naught of a world of madness,
For they were only boys.

They worried not of war times,
Nor the price of needful things,
Of subjects' woes, nor kings and foes—
For they themselves were kings!
Kings of the world about them—
The forests, fields and streams;
Kings of blameless consciences,
And futures filled with dreams.

IN THE FIELD WITH THE WARDENS

Prosecutions for October, November, December, 1917
By the Game and Fish Departments

Game Department

BAKER COUNTY—By Special Warden P. J. McGovern—Tom Magar, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25.

BENTON COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—J. A. Seavey, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; Frand Ridders, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—By Special Warden E. S. Ellerman—P. Pastonio, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$10; Joe Beesona, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$10; Harry Avery, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$10.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—By Special Warden H. M. Chitwood—Max Keiser, arrested for hunting on game refuge, minor, case dismissed.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY—By Special Warden H. E. Mead—Arthur Brocha, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasant, fined \$25.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden E. H. Clark—Harry Watters, arrested for hunting deer with dogs, jury trial, found not guilty; Walter McKie, arrested for hunting deer with dogs, jury trial, found not guilty; Owen Carley, arrested for hunting deer with dogs, jury trial, found not guilty; Warren Thorp, arrested for hunting deer with dogs, jury trial, found not guilty; Peter Lousignaut, tried in Circuit Court on appeal from Justice Court, sentence of lower court confirmed, fined \$50.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—By Warden Orrin Thompson—Carl Wagner, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants during closed season, turned over to juvenile court and paroled; Albert Griffin, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants during closed season, turned over to juvenile court and paroled; Charles Carr, arrested for killing Chinese pheasants during closed season, turned over to juvenile court and paroled; Harold Hampton, arrested for having deer meat in possession unlawfully, minor, turned over to juvenile court and paroled; Wm. Johnson, arrested for having deer meat in possession unlawfully, sentenced to imprisonment in county jail for 60 days.

GRANT COUNTY—By Warden I. B. Hazeltine—Coleman Koehler, arrested for killing grouse during closed season, fined \$25.

HARNEY COUNTY—By Special Warden F. W. Triska—Lile Jones, arrested for trapping without license, fined \$60; W. H. Craighton, arrested for trapping without license, fined \$60.

LANE COUNTY—By Wardens Roy Bremmer and E. S. Hawker—Ezy Rubenstein, arrested for having deer skins in possession unlawfully, plead guilty and case continued for sentence; Sam Gans, arrested for having deer skins in possession unlawfully, plead guilty and case continued for sentence; Effie Johnson, arrested for having

deer skins in possession unlawfully, case dismissed; W. G. Ross, arrested for having deer skins in possession unlawfully, case continued for trial; Charles Ring, arrested for having deer skins in possession unlawfully, plead guilty and case continued for sentence.

LINCOLN COUNTY—By Wardens W. G. Emery and Roy Bremmer—John Gilman, arrested for shooting waterfowl from motorboat, fined \$25; Royal Ferr, arrested for shooting waterfowl from motorboat, plead guilty and case continued for sentence; Albert Seedler, arrested for shooting waterfowl from motorboat, plead guilty and case continued for sentence.

LINN COUNTY—By Warden E. S. Hawker—B. B. Doughton, arrested for killing elk, fined \$200; Elmer Erb, arrested for killing elk, case dismissed; M. S. Erb, arrested for killing elk, case dismissed; W. G. Ross, arrested for selling and dealing in deer skins unlawfully, fined \$50; Guy Beeble, arrested for hunting without license, minor, case dismissed.

LINN COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—W. E. Fisher, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; H. M. Williams, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25.

LINN COUNTY—By Wardens Roy Bremmer and E. S. Hawker—L. E. Mize, arrested for having deer skins in possession unlawfully, fined \$25.

LINN COUNTY—By Wardens E. H. Clark and F. M. Brown—Walter W. McCormack, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$75.

MARION COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—John Doe, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; Chas. Letcher, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; Lucis Short, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; Wm. Gillen, arrested for shooting from public highway, case dismissed; Frank Gringle, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; Wm. Gillen, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; J. W. Wood, arrested for hunting without license, case dismissed; I. Saffron, arrested for selling deer skins, plead guilty and case continued for sentence.

MARION COUNTY—By Wardens Roy Bremmer and E. S. Hawker—Jack Goffery, arrested for killing pheasants during closed season, plead guilty and case continued for sentence; Edgar Collins, arrested for killing pheasants during closed season, fined \$25.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Warden S. L. Rathbun—Bill Simfer, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$10; Leo Motchadrick, arrested for hunting on game refuge, fined \$10.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—By Warden S. L. Rathbun—Bill Aimons, arrested for allowing oil to escape upon the waters of Willamette River, fined \$25.

POLK COUNTY—By Warden Roy Bremmer—M. E. Holdman, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; Wm. Zozel, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; C. L. Maple, arrested for killing female Chinese pheasants, fined \$25; Jas. Cooley, arrested for having trout under size in possession, fined \$25; Henry

Cocley, arrested for having trout under size in possession, plead guilty and case continued for sentence; W. T. Grier, arrested for allowing sawdust to enter a stream, fined \$25.

UMATILLA COUNTY—By Warden George Tonkin—C. O. Sipe, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25; E. Baker, arrested for making false statement in regard to purchase of license which he did not possess, fined \$25; P. R. Clarke, arrested for making false statement in regard to purchase of license which he did not possess, fined \$25; W. M. Thompson, arrested for making false statement in regard to purchase of license which he did not possess, fined \$25; Ben F. Marlin, arrested for polluting waters of stream, case dismissed; W. E. Snyder, arrested for hunting without license, found not guilty; Harold Jestings, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25; Leroy Jestings, arrested for hunting without license, fined \$25.

WASCO COUNTY—By Warden W. O. Hadley—S. Sakamoto, arrested for fishing without license, fined \$25; S. Takotia, arrested for fishing without license, fined \$25; Y. Morilo, arrested for fishing without license, fined \$25; Ed. Dyball, arrested for disturbing geese on game refuge, fined \$25.

Commercial Fish Department

CLATSOP COUNTY—By Warden S. L. Rathbun—E. D. Landon and C. Olson, arrested for setting net more than one-third across Wahama River, above cases taken before Justice Court and dismissed.

CLATSOP COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—A. R. Price, arrested for buying and selling salmon without a license, fined \$50.00.

COLUMBIA COUNTY—By Warden John Larson—Tom Taylor, arrested for operating fish trap during closed season, fined \$250.00.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—By Warden J. M. Thomas—W. W. Miller, arrested for fishing for salmon on Five Mile or Tahkewitch Creek without a license, fined \$50.00.

JACKSON COUNTY—By Warden Ed Walker—Wm. Tergerson and Bert Rippey, arrested for fishing with net in Rogue River in closed waters, fined \$200.00 each. This case was appealed and taken before the Circuit Court, and defendants were found not guilty.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY—By Warden C. W. Loughery—Blanchard Bros., arrested for operating net without corks being numbered, fined \$10.00; James Carver and M. P. Dunn, arrested for setting net more than one-third across the Big Nestucca River, fined \$50.00 each; Paschal Fraser, arrested for fishing in closed stream, to-wit: Trask cut-off, fined \$100.00; J. C. Dunn, H. J. Gould and Carl F. Shortridge, arrested for having net more than one-third across the Little Nestucca River, fined \$50.00 each; C. C. McKinster, arrested for operating net more than one-third across the stream, fined \$50.00.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY—By Wardens E. H. Clark and C. W. Loughery—Louis Ludtke and Edward Clarke, arrested for fishing above deadline on the Nehalem River, fined \$100.00 and \$150.00 respectively.

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, 1917, to December 31, 1917:

CLATSOP COUNTY

Liberated by	Number Birds	
J. S. Dellinger, Astoria.....	24	
F. P. Kendall, Seaside.....	48	
	—	72

COLUMBIA COUNTY

G. D. Richey, Deer Island.....	12	12
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CROOK COUNTY

Harold Baldwin, Prineville.....	12	
C. M. Bragg, Bend.....	12	
Charles Charleston, Prineville.....	12	
G. M. Cornett, Prineville.....	12	
C. H. Erickson, Bend.....	12	
Vernon Forbes, Bend.....	12	
H. J. Overturf, Bend.....	12	
Geo. H. Russell, Prineville.....	24	
Thomas Sharp, Prineville.....	12	
J. W. Stanton, Prineville.....	12	
	—	132

DOUGLAS COUNTY

R. Roy Booth, Yoncalla.....	12	
W. C. Harding, Roseburg.....	12	
Sutherlin Rod & Gun Club, Sutherlin.....	24	
	—	48

HARNEY COUNTY

W. H. Robbins, Crane.....	1	1
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JOSEPHINE COUNTY

Thos. N. Crow, Galice.....	12	12
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LAKE COUNTY

Frank Light, Lakeview.....	12	
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LANE COUNTY

L. E. Bean, Eugene.....	12	
Elbert Bede, Cottage Grove.....	24	
T. H. Goyean, Jasper.....	12	
Treaves E. Steinhauser, Swisshome.....	12	
S. Curtis Veatch, Cottage Grove.....	24	
	—	84

MALHEUR COUNTY

Eastern Oregon Fish & Game Association, Vale.....	24	
L. F. Orrell, Riverside.....	12	
	—	36

MARION COUNTY

C. A. Beauchamp, Stayton.....	24	
Hauser Bros., Salem.....	24	
Mark McCallister, Salem.....	12	
	—	60

MORROW COUNTY

Dr. George G. Gaunt, Hardman.....	12	12
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MULTNOMAH COUNTY

O. C. Bortzmeyer, Portland.....	12	
H. T. Clarke, Portland.....	24	
Fish and Game Commission, Portland.....	84	
C. J. Honeyman, Portland.....	12	
F. W. Isherwood, Portland.....	2	
G. F. Johnson, Portland.....	24	
	—	158

TILLAMOOK COUNTY

Fred C. Baker, Tillamook.....	60	60
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UMATILLA COUNTY

Dr. D. C. McNabb, Pendleton.....	1	
George Tonkin, Pendleton.....	72	
	—	73

UNION COUNTY

Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot Club, La Grande.....	48	48
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WASCO COUNTY

Dufur Rod & Gun Club, Dufur.....	12	
L. S. Fritz, The Dalles.....	12	
W. O. Hadley, The Dalles.....	48	
	—	72

WHEELER COUNTY

Wallace Wharton, Burnt Ranch.....	12	12
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SUMMARY OF PHEASANTS LIBERATED—1917

County	No. Birds
Clatsop County	72
Columbia County	12
Crook County	132
Douglas County	48
Harney County	1
Josephine County	12
Lake County	12
Lane County	84
Malheur County	36
Marion County	60
Morrow County	12
Multnomah County	158
Tillamook County	60
Umatilla County	73
Union County	48
Wasco County	72
Wheeler County	12

VIOLATIONS OF GAME AND FISH LAWS

From January 1, 1917, to January 1, 1918

Offense	Number Arrests	Fines Imposed
Hunting and angling without license.....	55	\$1225.00
Deer, closed season, killing or possession.....	58	1990.00
Female deer, spotted fawn, killing or possession.....	3	75.00
Running deer with dogs.....	6	125.00
Not tagging deer when killed.....	3	75.00
Selling deer hides unlawfully.....	9	75.00
Hunting deer from runway.....	3	50.00
Elk, killing or possession unlawfully.....	5	600.00
Chinese pheasants, killing or possession unlawfully....	23	309.00
Ducks, killing or possession unlawfully.....	3	75.00
Swan, killing or possession unlawfully.....	1	25.00
Pigeons, killing or possession unlawfully.....	1	25.00
Sage hens, killing or possession unlawfully.....	2	50.00
Song birds, killing unlawfully.....	1	25.00
Trapping song birds.....	2	50.00
Catching and keeping undersized trout.....	16	375.00
Selling trout	1	25.00
Netting game fish.....	4	100.00
Fishing for game fish at night.....	1	25.00
Blocking fishway	1	25.00
Beaver, trapping unlawfully.....	8	275.00
Hunting without alien gun license.....	1	25.00
Hunting on game refuge.....	7	75.00
Unlawful shipment of game.....	1	50.00
Hunting unlawfully	2	50.00
Hunting from powerboat.....	3	25.00
Using explosives to kill fish in streams.....	6	550.00
Putting sawdust in streams.....	1	25.00
Resisting an officer.....	2	50.00
Allowing oil to enter stream.....	2	50.00
Trespassing on lands while hunting.....	1	25.00
Not screening irrigation ditches.....	2	50.00
Trapping without license.....	3	75.00

An eastern sportsman's magazine may truthfully remark: Human nature is frail enough, and we are many of us likely to think first of what it is that we want, rather than what other people may wish. We are disposed to push others out of the way and to elbow ourselves to the front. The true sportsman will try to think of others as well as of himself; he will have sufficient self-control to be willing to go out of his way a little to be civil to his neighbors, and he is likely to ask permission of the owner when he desires to shoot or fish on a stranger's land. He knows that he is receiving a favor, and his self-respect demands that he acknowledge this, if the opportunity occurs. There will be no conflict between sportsman and land owner if each treats the other as he himself would wish to be treated.

ARRESTS AND CONVICTIONS BY COUNTIES

From January 1, 1917, to January 1, 1918

County	Number Arrests	Number Convictions	Amount Fines
Baker	14	12	\$ 300.00
Benton	3	3	75.00
Clackamas	9	8	105.00
Clatsop
Columbia	18	10	475.00
Coos	9	4	225.00
Crook	1	1	40.00
Curry	6	6	150.00
Deschutes	1	1	25.00
Douglas	9	9	225.00
Gilliam
Grant	12	12	675.00
Harney	5	5	75.00
Hood River	7	6	200.00
Jackson	4	4	100.00
Jefferson
Josephine	2	2	25.00
Klamath	2	2	75.00
Lake	2	2	50.00
Lane	9	7	50.00
Lincoln	7	6	100.00
Linn	13	9	475.00
Malheur	7	6	150.00
Marion	18	16	375.00
Morrow	4	4	100.00
Multnomah	28	20	590.00
Polk	10	9	225.00
Sherman
Tillamook
Umatilla	30	27	1175.00
Union	2	2
Wallowa	4	4	225.00
Wasco	6	6	100.00
Washington	7	7	184.00
Wheeler	8	8	200.00
Yamhill	3	3	75.00
Total	260	221	\$6844.00

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

F. M. Brown, Secretary.....Portland

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

REGULAR DEPUTY GAME WARDENS

Roy Bremmer	Salem	H. D. Stout.....	Klamath Falls
E. H. Clark.....	Portland	George Tonkin	Pendleton
I. B. Hazeltine.....	Canyon City	Orrin Thompson	Roseburg
E. S. Hawker.....	Albany	J. M. Thomas.....	North Bend
W. O. Hadley.....	The Dalles	J. W. Walden.....	La Grande
		Edgar Walker	Medford

REGULAR FISH WARDENS

S. L. Rathbun.....	Portland	John Larson	Astoria
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.

YOUR ROD HAND WRAPPED AND VAR-NISHED BY AN EXPERT

—Special placing of the guides and the new double silk running wrap used. Your name and address under transparent silk included. Cluster wrap if preferred. Correspondence solicited. Work guaranteed or money refunded. Prices \$3.50 and \$5.00. Harry D. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon.

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.

FOR SALE

PHEASANT EGGS FOR SETTING—Pure Chinese, Mongolian, Mongolian Cross, Silver, Golden and Reeves eggs for sale. Write for prices. Classic Lake Pheasant Farm, Nehalem, Ore.

PHEASANT EGGS—Chinese, dozen \$3.50; Ringneck, \$3; Mongolian, \$5 dozen. Linn Ringneck Ranch, (state licensed and reliable), Albany, Oregon.

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.

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Thousands of Sportsmen

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.

We have this information and will gladly help you to bring home a bag of game. We carry a complete stock of Remington, Winchester and

Western Shells, Also a full line of guns and hunter's equipment.

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Buy it of your dealer

Take along
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Duck season is here! Along with gun and dog take plenty of Vogan's Pure Delicious Milk Chocolate. Then you can stay till you get 'em. Hundreds of sportsmen demand Vogans 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—you will like it.

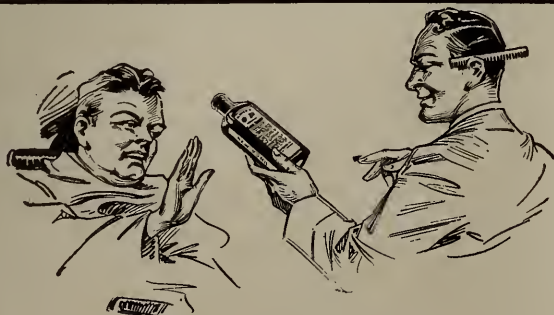
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Hair tonics are an old story to me.
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"Excuse me, friend. Here's
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