

Sportsmen Blamed for Slump in Oregon Game, Fish -

By William L. Finley, D. Sc. and Ed F. Averill

Faulty Policies, Lack Of Scientific Method Decried; Remedy Cited

Data collected relating to game resources of Oregon tend to show that the sportsmen as a group are responsible for the gradual disappearance of valuable species of Oregon game birds and fish.

Strange as it may seem, this has not come so much from open hunting and fishing seasons and too large bag limits as from faulty game policies. Because of the lack of underlying scientific principles and an effective game management plan, sportsmen are strangling the goose that lays the golden egg.

About 25 years ago the game fish, game birds, and mammals of Oregon began to decrease and funds appropriated were insufficient to protect them. Laws were passed establishing hunters' and anglers' license fees and creating a game fund.

At the time this seemed to be a fortunate plan for protection and propagation of game resources. The license money was kept in a separate fund and spent for the purpose for which it was collected by officials appointed by the governor.

Inasmuch as sportsmen paid the license fees, they took the stand from the beginning that the appointment of game executives should come from the ranks of the sportsmen. This seemed fair at the time, but years have proved this to be a serious mistake.

In the first place, the game of the state belongs to all the people and not to any one group. The game is a state resource and should be handled for the benefit of all the citizens. Let us get a closer view of the subject.

Native trout in Oregon streams are species world renowned for their gameness and food flavor. The geographical position and environment of the Pacific Northwest with its ocean-fed streams have created the wonderful steelhead and rainbow trout.

REMARKABLE TROUT

The Clark trout, commonly called cut-throat, was first described by Captain William Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition. This trout, like the rainbow, has a fortunate ancestral habit of part of the family migrating to the sea and developing to large size and then returning to fresh waters to spawn.

Few persons except scientists realize this remarkable trait of both the rainbows and cut-throat leads to the development of a strong race.

When it comes to upland game birds, Oregon is most fortunate in being the home of five species of grouse. The blue or sage grouse, commonly called "hooper," is a remarkable game bird formerly abundant through the fir-timbered area of Western Oregon. The ruffed grouse or "drummer," a typical bird of the thickets, rich red-brown in color because of the more humid belt in which it lives, was always a prize of older sportsmen. The sage hen or prairie grouse, the Columbia quail, the Franklin grouse or fool hen are all splendid species of the Eastern Oregon country. Comparatively few years ago, they maintain or plumed quail flocked through all parts of Western Oregon, and the little blue or valley quail were abundant in Southern and Eastern Oregon.

ALMOST FORGOTTEN

All these were the native game birds sought by the sportsmen of two or three decades ago. Some of the fact that they established the reputation of the state from an outdoor recreation standpoint, they are now almost forgotten.

Years ago when the sportsmen of the state began dominating game resources, one view was naturally uppermost in mind. License money was paid with only one idea, to kill game birds and mammals and to take fish from the streams. Therefore, this influenced the work of the game commission. When our quail and grouse began to go down, no thought was given to the causes or to helping the disappearing species. This would have required research and study. The cry of sportsmen was something to kill.

W. L. Finley to Talk Before Ad Clubbers

William L. Finley, vice president of the Izard League of America and a staff correspondent of The Journal, will be the principal speaker of the Waltonians program for the Ad club at Club Victor Wednesday noon. Arthur L. Moulton, a national director; Chester McCarty, state president, and E. L. McDougal, local president, will be other speakers. The luncheon will start at 12:15 o'clock.

Why Go Far to Catch Big Ones?

Newberg, June 22.—Dayton Haworth doesn't understand why anyone should travel many miles to coast or mountain streams to fish. A few days ago while fishing from the banks of the Willamette river near Newberg he landed a 6 1/2-pound trout, which measured 26 inches. Darrel Deiner, 10-year-old boy, caught a 16-inch trout in the Willamette near here a few days ago.

KNOWN AROUND WORLD

No state in the Union had finer fish resources in all her streams than Oregon. The native species of trout and salmon were known around the world as something distinctive, an integral part of a great state.

Not one angler in 50 knows the different species of trout native to the stream in which he fishes. It is safe to say that not more than one angler in 20 has any idea in mind but the number of fish in his creel.

Any student of natural history knows that a trout develops and thrives according to environment and food conditions. The history of the last 20 years shows an utter lack of study of the fundamental problems. There has been no scientific basis for protecting and conserving the native species adapted to individual streams. The sole idea has been to establish hatcheries, produce millions of fingerlings, both native and foreign, and dump them indiscriminately into the streams. The quality of the stock has been neglected.

A fish is a fish from the sportsmen's standpoint. Suppose in the livestock industry, farmers and stock owners paid no attention to breed. What a heterogeneous mass of mixed-bred chickens, sheep, cattle and horses Oregon would have if she followed the sportsmen's plan for production of quantity with no thought of quality.

IN HANDS OF EXPERTS

The breeding and care of stock is in the hands of students and experts. The state and government train these in institutions to develop livestock along scientific lines. The study and breeding of stock are not governed by butchers and market owners. The sportsmen as a group pay their li-

Big Clubhouse for Wee Birdies Aim of Audubon Society



Don't Quit, Main Rule When Lost

Uncle Sam's trained forest rangers suggest the following simple and commonsense things to remember when lost in the woods or mountains:

1. Stop. Sit down and try to figure out where you are. Use your head and not your legs.
2. If caught by night, fog or storm, stop at once and make camp in a sheltered place. Build a fire in a safe spot. Gather plenty of dry fuel as soon as possible after selecting a stopping place.
3. Don't wander about. Travel only downhill.
4. If you are injured, choose a clear spot on a promontory if possible and build a signal smoke.
5. Don't yell; don't run; don't worry; and above all don't quit.

Young Naturalist Walks and Plants

Ivan Donaldson, a recent graduate of a Portland high school whose home is in Maupin on the Deschutes river, is an embryo naturalist. All birds, animals, trees and wild flowers. Among his hobbies is tree planting.

In a letter to a Portland friend he writes: "For several years I have been planting trees and nuts along the water courses as I hunted jack rabbits or walked over the hills. This year I planted nearly 700 small trees and a number of pounds of different nuts. I have persimmon, Japanese, Chinese and American chestnuts, hickory, black walnuts and English walnuts growing. I plant these trees for birds and other wild life. Also the walnut wood will be of value for the next generation."

Native home of the Bush Tit (on the left) as compared with the house planned for the Pittcock Bird Sanctuary. The other pictures are of various phases of the life of the Bush Tit, which is of the same family as the Chickadee. The Bush Tit is not much larger than a humming bird.

The above excerpts are from a letter received this week by Clayton B. Lewis of Russellville Nurseries, from Adolf Muller of Norris-town, Pa. The latter is particularly significant since Pennsylvania has made greater progress in the restoration of wild life than any other state.

Easterners Glad to Hear Rogue Is Safe

"Through the press, I am pleased to note that your Oregon legislature saved the Rogue river to sportsmen and for me. I have some friends also who are glad to know this. "May Oregon continue to realize upon its virgin assets!"

Bush-tit Fearless, Friendly And Busy Bird; Real Mansion Needed for Cheerful Midget

One can hardly help falling in love with the bush-tit. He is such a tiny bird, not larger than your thumb. He goes along in such a bustling, business-like way. He is quite fearless. One can make friends with the bush-tit as easily as with his cousin, the chickadee. Anyone who has studied bird character would know that the two are related even if he did not know that both are members of the Paridae family.

The bush-tit builds a real bird mansion, a long gourd-shaped home from 8 to 10 inches or even longer, with a round entrance at the upper end. Really the bush-tit does not follow our ideas of architecture, for he builds from the top down. He begins by making a roof to the home, then a round doorway and next weaves the walls of moss, fibres and lichens. From the doorway there is a sort of hall down to the main living room. This is warmly lined with feathers.

MUCH HUNTING REQUIRED

To make a good feather lining requires a deal of hunting. The feather lining is not really completed until after the eggs are laid. Whenever a bush-tit comes upon a feather, he picks it up and takes it home. He is like a person who builds a house but is not able to furnish it throughout, so he picks up the furnishings later on from time to time.

In some parts of Oregon where the moss hangs in long bunches to the limbs, the bush-tit uses this natural beginning for a nest. One of these birds built its home by getting inside a long piece of moss and weaving this into the wall of the nest. Another bush-tit's nest was 20 inches long. The little weavers had started their home on a limb and it evidently was not low enough to suit them, for they made a fibre strap 10 inches

Hood Domain Public's Own For Pleasure

Do you like to hike? If so, the United States national forest has anticipated your wish.

For instance, let us consider the Mount Hood national forest, just to the east of Portland. That part of the forest in a strip varying in width from one to four miles adjacent to the Columbia River highway within the Columbia Gorge, consisting of 14,000 acres, has been set aside for the use of the public. In order that it might be enjoyed to the fullest extent, the secretary of agriculture on July 27, 1915, declared it a public playground, forever to be dedicated to "the use and enjoyment of the general public for recreational purposes co-ordinately with the purpose for which the Mount Hood national forest was established."

ADDITIONAL AREA

An additional area of 83,731 acres surrounding the mountain itself and adjacent to the Mount Hood Loop road was dedicated in a similar manner on April 23, 1926, for the same declared purpose.

Both these large areas are supplied with interesting trails, suitably marked as to directions and distances, so forest beauties are available to everyone who likes to walk and climb. More of these trails are being added each year.

One of the recent developments has been marking the Oregon Sky-line trail from its new connection with the Columbia River highway to Lost Lake. This leaves only that part of the trail between Lost Lake and the Mount Hood Loop road near its junction with the Wapinitia cutoff to be charted.

GROWING IN FAME

When completed this trail, which is rapidly growing in fame and popularity, will extend from the Columbia river south along the backbone of the Cascade range to Crater Lake.

Up until recently the name "Sky-line" has only been applied to that part between the Loop road and Crater Lake, some 250 miles. According to the forest service map, the average elevation for the 250 miles is 5400 feet, but many peaks along the way reach above 8000 feet. There is snow from about October to the following June, and snowbanks may be encountered during July. Ordinarily the route is open from about July 15 to September 30.

All trails are kept well marked with signs, so even the novice can follow them without difficulty.

200 Kinds of Birds In Portland Sector

"How many different kinds of birds are there in the Portland area?" was a recent question.

The number of summer residents and visitors is about 150 while the total for the entire year is a few more than 200. To the person whose knowledge of birds is confined to the crow, robin and gull this may seem unbelievable, but it is nevertheless true.

At this season of the year any resident of the Council Crest, Westover, Willamette Heights, or Dunthorpe districts or any district near the city boundaries should find from 15 to 25 different kinds of birds within a few blocks of home. And the best part of it is that there is no excuse for ignorance. The Audubon society is composed of enthusiasts who would be delighted to initiate one into the delightful study of birds.

One can recognize the bush-tit by its plain gray body and long tail. After the breeding season, one family of young joins another and the flock hunts through the trees and bushes with constant chorus of chirping notes. Often they hang upside down like chickadees, as they hunt among the branches and leaves.

Federal Projects Blamed for Water Fowl Famine

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Wormy Lawn And Cherries Robin's Eden

The robin is the most widely known of some 800 species of North American birds. No matter how limited a boy's or girl's knowledge, he knows the robin when it arrives in the spring and begins to hunt worms on the lawn. For spunk and audacity, he has it over most birds.

Perhaps no bird is so closely associated with our everyday life as the robin. He takes his chances with the cats about the dooryard. He is a rural life bird, but he doesn't like the primitive forest. He can get better nest-building material and better food wherever man is, and he stays near by some house.

He likes lawn in the springtime, for it always holds a good supply of worms. Give a robin plenty of lawn in the spring and a good cherry orchard in the summer and he asks for nothing else, and you can't get rid of him. And he makes a picture in the field. How his ruddy breast shows against the green! He hops along for a few steps and suddenly stands erect and still, as if thinking. Then his head turns to one side in a pert way and he examines the ground and listens. Down into the earth goes his bill, and he sits back and jerks a long worm from his hole.

TWO OR THREE CROOKS

The robins are part of our 10 acres. Two pairs generally nest about the house. Each has two or three broods during the summer. In the spring when my strawberries turn red, I used to get angry, pick up a clod and leave it to drive the bold red-breast out. He would fly up on a limb and say: "Well, you are a great bird lover." I buy most of my strawberries.

A year ago an old robin built in an apple tree next to the cherries. This year he planted his nest in the main crotch of the cherry tree. The minute I swung up into the branches to get some fruit, I was pounced on by two angry robins. They raised such a cry of "Theft! Theft!" that all the birds in the orchard were scolding me. I was about to lose my head for taking my own cherries.

During the early part of April I found a robin's nest in a silver fir on the side hill below the house. It was built out on a limb about 20 feet from the ground. The mother bird had been sitting on the nest for several days, then I noticed the nest seemed deserted. Climbing the tree, I found that something had taken the eggs.

Before long the robins began building another nest in the same tree about eight feet from the ground where some little branches had grown out. Later I climbed up and saw four eggs in the nest.

THEN GREAT FUSS

Then one morning there was a fuss down the hillside. The robins were fairly screaming in excitement. Rushing down the hill, I discovered a red squirrel sitting on the edge of the nest with a robin egg in his paws. He was munching and looking contentedly. I hurled a stick at him and away he went up the tree. There were still two eggs in the nest, and the robins returned. But the next day these were gone.

The robins learned from experience. Now they always nest next to the house, sometimes on a bracket of the porch, behind the rain spout under the eaves in the ivy or in the grape arbor. The squirrels are not allowed around the house.

When a robin builds a nest she lays a foundation of twigs and grasses. When the grasses are cupped she carries mud and lines the nest. Later there is a second lining of finer grasses. As a rule, a second or third family is raised during the summer. When the young birds leave the nest, they are generally deserted for good and a second nest is built nearby.

VARIEITY OF FEELINGS

The songs of birds create a variety of feelings in different people. In some cases it brings back the memory of boyhood days. The carolling of a robin may be a reminder of a beautiful spring morning. Again, if one is nervous or has indigestion, it may arouse the most bitter anger.

One day a man came to my office complaining bitterly about a robin. He lived up on Alder street and said his room was in the second story above the sidewalk and opposite a maple tree. His complaint was that every morning just at daylight a robin sang so loudly in the tree that he woke him up and he couldn't get back to sleep. He insisted the robin be killed so he wouldn't be disturbed so early in the morning.

True Sportsman Will Heed Rules

A true sportsman gives the game a square deal. There is more honor in giving the game a square deal than in getting "the limit."

In hunting deer, make sure it's a buck. If you can't see his horns—she hasn't any.

Big Gull Colony—Green Head—Young Robins



GOOD MANNERS

- A U. S. Forest service publication says:
- A good sportsman, camper or tourist, when he goes into the national forest—
- First obtains a camp-fire permit.
- Carries a shovel, an ax and a bucket.
- Follows the smokers' code.
- Appreciates and protects forest signs.
- Puts out his camp fire with water.
- Leaves a clean and sanitary camp.
- Observes the state fish and game laws.
- Co-operates with rangers in reporting and suppressing forest fires.
- Preaches what he practices.

Wenatchee Apple Crop Is Smaller

Wenatchee, Wash., June 29.—The 1935 apple crop of the Wenatchee-Okanogan district today was estimated at 17,622 cars compared with 19,475 cars last season. The estimate was given out by District Inspector Combelic. The district includes Chelan, Okanogan, Grand and Douglas counties.

The estimate shows a 10 per cent reduction over last year. The 1934 mid-summer estimate was only 20 cars short of actual shipments.

The pear crop estimate of the district is 1400 cars compared with 1418 cars in 1934, there being a slight gain in Bartlett's and an increase in winter pears.

Study of Insect Life Along Stream Big Help to Angler

Expert Uses Data in Choice of Lure; Stonefly in Oregon Leading Diet, O. S. C. Learns

The most successful angler along trout streams is one who studies insect life on the borders. The natural food supply of the fish is the various flies that develop and are abundant at different seasons. Every expert angler knows not only the art of casting but the type of an artificial fly that attracts a trout according to the season and the locality.

Caribou Herd Finds Refuge in Wild Land

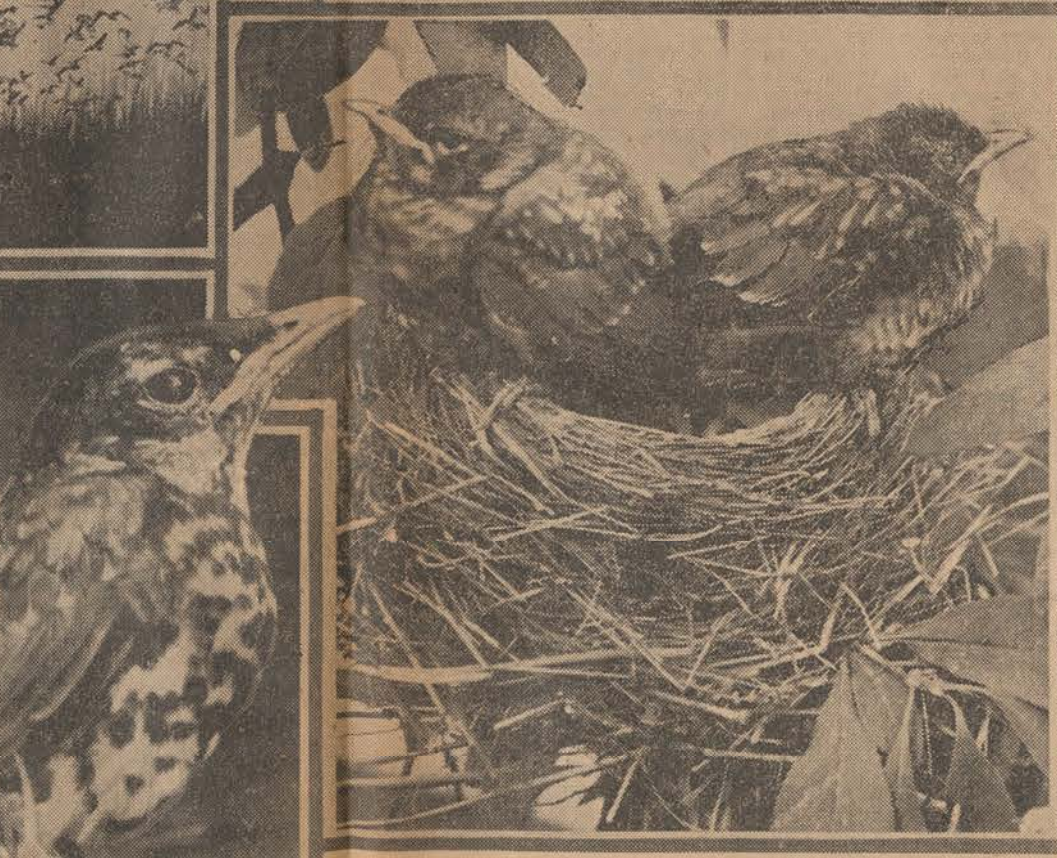
Within the boggy confines of Minnesota's northern Red Lake district the last herd of woodland caribou in the United States thrives unmolested, far from the habitat of man.

Remnant of fauna that once ranged the northern United States from coast to coast, the herd is estimated at a dozen head. So inaccessible are the marshy Red Lake environs that a definite census is impossible.

Another stonefly is known as the Western drummer because the male has a hammer-like appendage at the end of the body which taps on a leaf, apparently to attract the attention of the female. Both these stoneflies are abundant in the bushes along the banks of the Deschutes river the early part of May.

Wild Canary Loath To Eat Man's Food

"I would like to know how to attract Yellow Warblers to my feeding shelf," asks Harold S. Gilbert of 1802 Southwest Elm street. "By using flax seed I can bring Purple Finches in numbers but neither suet nor seeds seem to attract the warblers."



—Photos copyrighted by H. T. Bohman.

Here's Easy Way to Prevent Birds' Destruction in Fields

Appalling Tragedies to Mothers and Fledglings Is Averted by Use of Simple Flushing Device.

The eggs of game and insectivorous birds are destroyed by the thousands in the hay and grain harvest fields of Oregon every year. Particularly in this true of the alfalfa districts of Eastern Oregon. Not only are eggs and nests ruined but untold numbers of new-born fledglings and hundreds of mature mother birds are killed or mangled so they become an easy prey for enemies.

Another flock of insect-eating friends of the farmer is destroyed. "A sad, sad story indeed! It's one which causes thousands of farmers to return home daily during the nesting season, weary and sad, because they have witnessed such havoc.

"The deadly knives move forward with a deafening clatter. A mother Bob White quail, a prairie chicken, a ring-necked pheasant, a Hungarian partridge, a wild duck or probably one of those other ever-busy helpers of the farmer, a meadow lark, hears the approaching din.

"She crouches closer and closer to her nest of precious fledglings just breaking into a world of sunshine and promise. Some of them, already out of the shell, and nearly dry, are snuggling contentedly among the downy feathers of a paralyzed mother's breast. Others are still fighting to free themselves from the confining shells.

"The roar of the knives increases as does the panic in the heart of the helpless mother. Suddenly the shadows of the approaching team loom up. Maternal love for those new-born babes chains the bird to her nest with an unbreakable bond as the approaching deadly menace cuts its way through the standing grass or grain.

Destruction of Birds' Refuges Deplorable and Futile

During the late '90s market hunters carried on a prosperous business along the Oregon-California boundary at lower Klamath and Tule lakes. Records of the Game Transfer company in San Francisco showed that 120 tons of ducks were shipped to market from this region in one season. Passage of state laws in Oregon and California stopped this traffic.

Today records show the bureau of reclamation of the department of the interior has killed far more water fowl than all the market hunters combined because it has destroyed the vast breeding, feeding and nesting areas.

A part of this destruction comes from drying up of swamps and lakes, the ancestral resting, breeding and feeding areas of ducks, geese and other migratory waterfowl. This may be justified on the basis of development, more important uses of land and water for the public benefit.

On the other hand, acts not essential to irrigation and reclamation, that show unnecessary destruction of one public resource in developing another, cannot be justified.

Orphan Otter Whistles and Enters Prison

A few miles up the Clackamas river where the stream is bordered with tall firs and the water swirls among the boulders, a shrill whistle broke the silence. It was too loud and penetrating to come from a person. It filled the whole space, wailed in by the ramparts of high firs. The note was plainly one of alarm or a cry for help, but who was in danger or where it came from, no one knew. From the sound, one expected something large but as nothing was in sight, the mystery increased.

Then with eyes scanning every part of the river, a small black head was discovered on the surface at the outlet of a stream. It looked like a mink swimming but who ever heard a mink with such a resounding whistle?

On closer view, the little stranger proved to be an otter. In some way, he had become separated from the mother and like any child was crying loudly for help.

MAD AS WET HEN

By the name of the otter, we caught the little otter. This made him mad as a wet hen. The whistle changed to a hiss and later to a whining note. As no mother appeared, the young otter was taken home and put in a wire enclosure. He had such a big square muzzle, so different from the pointed nose of a mink.

He finally escaped and took up a home in the water. In some way, he had become separated from the mother and like any child was crying loudly for help.

GLIDES LIKE STRAIP

The otter has followed a fisherman's life for so long that his movements are fish-like. His square looking face is closed, resembling that of a seal. His tail is so thick where it joins the body that it tapers off fish-like to a point. He might have come from seal ancestors and developed webbed feet and legs by spending part of his time on land.

What speed he has to catch a fish! He glides like a streak through the water. He swims and twisting and catching a fish, he swims him down. His big webbed hind feet speed him along.

NO SMOKING IN FORESTS

Since July 1, 1935 the following order is effective each year on all lands within the national forests: "Except on paved or surfaced highways, smoking on lands of the United States within the national forests of Oregon and Washington is prohibited while traveling in timber, brush or grass areas, from July 1 until the close of the fire season as declared by the regional forester, but not later than September 30."

CLEAR LAKE AN EXAMPLE

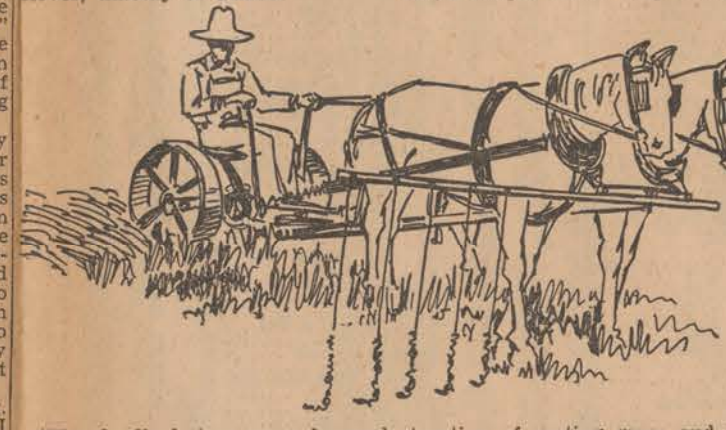
A number of cases may be presented where the reclamation service is destroying bird life on federal wildfowl refuges as the result of adopting a policy which is not essential to successful irrigation and reclamation. This policy has been the leasing of these federal reservations where birds nest and feed to livestock owners for grazing purposes.

Clear lake may be given as an example. It lies in Modoc county, Northern California, and was created a bird sanctuary by executive order, April 11, 1911. Originally it was a body of water about 8 by 10 miles. All around the border was natural plant life where different species of ducks and many Canada geese rested. Sage brush areas around the border were the breeding places of many sage hens. The value and variety of bird life, and its distance from any settled area.

LEASES MODIFIED

On complaint of the biological survey any leases now authorized by the bureau of reclamation forbid grazing between April 1 and July 1. While this prevents trampling out of the birds' nests, it destroys all the natural cover necessary for bird life.

B. E. Hayden, chief engineer in charge of the project, claims that formerly range stock had free access to the grass and weeds that grew along the water's edge. Therefore, it was leased to stockmen in return for cash revenues as follows: From 1931 to 1934, \$9552.57 was re-



Picture of a flock of gulls taken at Malheur lake a couple of years ago is shown on the upper left and on the upper right a Mallard drake, commonly called green head, which are abundant in Southern Oregon. Below on left—A young mottled or spotted breast robin. The breast turns a reddish color when full grown. On the right—Young robins in nest getting ready to break home ties.

P. R. S. Bink's crest, worked 10 years in early practice.