

Paulina Lake, Oregon. Monday August 15, 1938.

If Paulina Lake, which is situated in Newberry Crater, was named in honor of a lady, she has one of the greatest memorials in Oregon. Paulina Mts. are east of the Cascade Range and the Lake is a little over forty miles south and east of Bend. It is a good, small crater lake about three miles wide with various coves and cold water that is favorable for fish.

The question may arise as to whether any fish were in the Lake during early days. If so, they were rainbow trout. These, however, may have been introduced as the Lake is also well stocked with eastern brook trout which are not native to the area. It is reported that the State Game Commission also stocked the Lake with Loch Leven or brown trout. If this is the case, it is an error to import such a species into a fine lake which is suited to rainbows. The State has prohibited the propagation and distribution of Dolly Vardens because of their cannibalistic tendencies, and the Loch Levens have the same inclination. The rainbow is recognized as our most valuable game fish and every effort should be made to conserve and increase this species.

Paulina Lake is well adapted to rainbows as far as fish food is concerned. The plants that grow beneath the surface and the mossy areas are the breeding places of an untold amount of insect life. The so-called little freshwater shrimp (what is the scientific name?) and a mass of other water insects are a plentiful lure for fish life.

Since no open streams flow into Paulina Lake or East Lake, which is a mile across the ridge, the question has arisen as to whether the rainbows spawn and reproduce themselves here. Some say yes, and some say no. Paulina Lake is a good example of many other areas in Oregon. It is a great attraction to fishermen and outdoor lovers. A great deal of money is contributed by anglers and the State Game Commission receives several hundred thousand dollars a year for the purpose of conserving our fish and game resources. Millions of dollars have been spent for

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the purpose of conserving fish resources for the anglers yet the basic information needed for conservation is lacking. The cheapest political way is to propagate millions of fingerlings, scatter them to please the sportsmen and publish in the papers that a million fish have been released in ~~Paulina Lake~~ some lake where no study has been made of water conditions, aquatic food or the conditions necessary for the development of the species liberated. The paper release records indicate the success of the Commission work instead of knowing the approximate number of fish that live or that are finally taken by anglers. Too much publicity has been given as to the remarkable success of artificial propagation in comparison to natural spawning in favorable localities. The eggs that are hatched in fish or game birds and the number released is not the point of interest. Any farmer may plant a good crop but he is more interested in the harvest .

The word, Paulina, originally came from the Indian name, Puuiana, famous Indian Chief of the Snake tribe. In early days, Puuiana visited this country and made friendships with the other Indian tribes in this region, the Umatillas, Warm Springs, etc. He was a crafty person bent on feathering his own nest, so while he was pretending to strengthen the bonds with other Indian tribes, he was in reality selling them out to the white traders for his own personal gain. When friction came between the whites and Indians, Puuiana massacred his own people and fought with the whites.

lodge-pole

Camped on the northeast border of Paulina Lake among the pines

Perhaps the game warden didn't know that we were hunting the rarer and only breed of ducks that seems to live <sup>and nest</sup> in the Paulina Lake region. Of course, he couldn't object as long as we were shooting with a shutter instead of a gun.

It was the family of Barrow's golden-eyes that attracted the camera hunters. Every morning at daylight along the shoreline just out from camp, there was a duck fight that, like a human prize-fight, would have added great value to the camera shots.

There were two families of golden-eyes, each with about nine or ten ducklings. The best feeding area was along the shallow water on our side of the lake. The two mothers starting <sup>ed</sup> fighting each other at daylight, flying and stabbing, flapping and diving at each other, while the flock of young swam off to await the results. The mother that won seemed to have control of the <sup>hundreds of fearful</sup> larger family. At times, a covey of thirteen to sixteen youngsters were following her about, diving below the surface to get insects from the aquatic plants. The ducklings were not <sup>lead off the</sup> old enough to fly yet, so the camera hunt was carried on by setting up the tripods in one boat, and then with another boat corner the duck family along the shoreline, edging slowly a little closer until getting within good camera range.

Sometimes the mother would lead the ducklings along under the rocks of the shore, trying to figure out how to escape from the boats. Once she climbed out of the water on a larger rock, stood there a moment with head up and breast bared as if <sup>staring her persecutors</sup> thinking out her problem. Then, raising her head, she seemed to give some invisible <sup>signal</sup> message to the young, suddenly spread her wings and landed out with a swift flight and <sup>taking</sup> took a straight course between the

fearful monsters of boats, and, as if my magic, the young followed her instantly, escaping out to open water. ~~They were safe.~~ Some of them raised on their tails and celebrated their freedom by flapping their wings joyously. The mother swam <sup>off</sup> ~~away~~ leading them farther away from danger. Once again they were safe.

This happened every morning until it almost became a game and these two plucky mothers seemed to await for the irritating boats to appear. Anyway, it was fun for both.

## ANGLING FOR CHIPMUNKS

With the increasing number of anglers that are casting for fish along all of our mountain streams and the nigger fishing in still waters, the creel take is growing less and less. Along many waterways one is fortunate to even get an occasional strike and reel in two or three trout. Since a sportsman must have sport, he may as well begin practicing on a line of game that always seems abundant.

*Break-Int.* In angling for chipmunks, one does not need a hook. Instead of a fly or a worm, he can use a peanut or a walnut. Just tie it on the line without a leader and begin casting.

It is very true that the reason many anglers return with few trout is because they are not expert in the art of landing a fly just right so as to fool the fish. It is much the same in angling for chipmunks. One has to move with caution and not act as if he was trying <sup>for a</sup> to kill.

In most places where one is camped in the woods, these rollicking little fellows are on the look-out for bait. Even though Chippy may not be living in an area where nuts grow, he instinctively knows this is a most attractive desert, and especially something that can be stored away for a windy day. Nothing lures a chipmunk like a nut. Instead of tossing in a bunch of salmon eggs to attract the rainbows, all one has to do is to lay out two or three nuts on a log. It may be both the sight and the odor that are sure to lure in your game.

At first Chippy may be a little suspicious when you cast out the bait. All that is needed is a ~~little~~ quiet attitude and a little patience of the angler when you get the first strike. Away he goes like a shot, and then he <sup>tries to</sup> figures how in

world he lost his dinner. It may be quite different with a trout when he misses the first strike. He is suspicious and may not try again. Not so with the chipmunk. His mind is on the getting. He is sure to make a second grab. Then comes the sport. He'll hold on as you reel in, but the question is how long.

When he finds he cannot get away with the bait, it is a case of devouring the nut in a hurry. <sup>then</sup> Next comes the marked intelligence in different animals. Nine out of ten, a chipmunk has never been trained to know that a nut grows on a string. It is the tenth little Chippy <sup>that</sup> is wise on sight, and before you can reel in he has cut the line and away he goes to his store-room. By the time you have baited up, he is on the job again and it isn't long before you can pull him up close enough to even take the nut from your hand.

Through the higher mountain ranges, is another little animal that looks something like a chipmunk, but in reality is a golden-mantled squirrel. When you angle for one of these, he is quicker to swipe your bait. He generally cuts <sup>the line at</sup> ~~xxxxxxxx~~ sight.

The area around Paulina Lake was set aside as a game refuge years ago, and as a result a camper <sup>had</sup> a good chance of viewing deer mornings and evenings that come down to the shoreline for a drink and to graze. Although these deer are protected in the area, they are wary about seeing a man wandering about. The best chance for a good view or a photograph is from a boat because the deer are accustomed to see anglers casting ~~from~~ or trolling from motor boats.

One of the most abundant song birds along the shore line is the crossbill that nests even in the late summer here. It has a most peculiar pointed upper and lower beak that reminds one of ~~an~~ upper and lower teeth that do not connect in chewing and grow too long for use. Although the points of the bill do not connect but cross each other, the bird is expert in cutting out the seeds of pine cones for its food supply.

Two of the birds that come around camp are the gray jay, sometimes called camp robber, and the Clark crow or nut-cracker. The former is bold enough to light on a lunch table and grab food. He is fond of bacon or <sup>a</sup> piece of meat and will light boldly on one's hand.

While the latter is not black like a crow, he has a black crow character. His body is light gray with ~~dark~~ <sup>black</sup> wings and the harsh call is easily recognized.

Robins, chipping sparrows and juncos are abundant along the lake shore. On the north shore of the lake are little springs of warm water which produces moss and many insects. Here is where the birds like to take a bath and hunt food.

At an altitude of between 6000 and 7000 feet, Paulina Lake is a cool summer resort. Even in mid-summer one may find



ice in the pan at daylight. On account of the cold wind, one should always have wool clothing and plenty of blankets