

Dam Salmon Aids Studied By Biologist

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Dr. Henry Ward, Doing Field Work Here, Declines to Make Definite Prediction as to Effect Bonneville Job Will Have

By David W. Eyre

No definite predictions can be made on what effect Bonneville dam will have on the Columbia river's



Dr. H. B. Ward

salmon run, but "I cannot be too optimistic," Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, one of the nation's leading zoologists and conservationists, said Wednesday.

Dr. Ward, pointing to histories of other dams and their effects on stream life, said that fish have seldom survived in great quantities where waters have been obstructed, but

that he held hope that Bonneville might be the exception.

Bonneville's provisions for aiding salmon runs are new in many respects, said the noted doctor, with the elevator system an experiment that must be watched in operation before one can say that fish life will not be destroyed.

Doing Field Work Here

Dr. Ward is spending the summer in the Northwest doing independent field work in fish study. The former zoology department head of the University of Illinois will do freelance writing from the material gathered in his research.

Study of lower Rogue river conditions is urged by Dr. Ward to determine if mining operations upstream are rolling waters sufficiently to endanger fish as is claimed by many sportsmen. Here again, says the doctor, no definite statements can be made without thorough study of conditions. If mining sludge is heavy enough to collect on fish gills, the water life will suffocate, he said, and spawning nests may be weighed down enough to destroy infant fish life.

Act Now, He Urges

Oregon should nick stream pollution now, Dr. Ward recommended, and not allow contamination of rivers to progress further.

"Your stream pollution is only starting here in the West," he said, "and it will prove much more expensive to correct these conditions later on than now."

Polluted streams are serious threats to health, the biologist declared, referring to a survey he made for the state of New York in which it was shown that highest death rates center adjacent to polluted water.

"You would not allow your department stores to dump their refuse in the river each day. There is no reason why you should allow factories and cities to dump their waste and sewage in rivers."

Dr. Ward will speak at Friday

luncheon of the Izaak Walton league at Hilaire's. He will speak as a past president of the national league. Dr. Ward is permanent secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Science and has contributed many books and papers to the field of science. On Sunday he will attend a meeting at Hart mountain, called to discuss conservation of antelope herds. From there he will go with Stanley G. Jewett, Portland biological survey worker, to Malheur lake for further fish study. While in Portland Dr. Ward has been guest of William L. Finley, Oregon naturalist.

A directional radio antenna resembling a Ferris wheel erected experimentally at a California airport as part of a short wave transmitter has been found to convey exceptionally clear messages to distant airplanes.

Three Black Bears—Boo!

It is a tale of three black bears and it comes from Idaho. It is such a tale that proves that dreams can come true if they are nightmares, and that the bogies of childhood are real.

The only difference between the new story of three black bears and the one derived from Mother Goose is that there was only one big, big bear and there were two teenty-weenty bears.

And instead of Goldilocks, there was a fisherman.

Oh, yes; and instead of bowls of porridge, there was a fisherman who thought the mother bear intended him to be lunch.

At any rate, the fisherman, boots and booty, was coming through the woods. He was one of these intrepid mountain-striders and he just naturally walked right through a clump of brush instead of going around it. In that clump Mother Bear had snuggled her twins. She had done it to make sure they would be safe from traffic, and it annoyed her to find a mere man violating the rules of the road. First, she met him face to face. If he said, "Boo!" in the way that Naturalist Finley once used to acquire right-of-way from an Alaska bear, it didn't, in this instance, work. The bear chased the fisherman. She chased him up a tree. She took a swat with an armored paw and slashed right through the sole of his heavy fishing boot. She opened her cavernous mouth, displayed her ferocious teeth, roared terrifyingly—and then, hearing her cubs whimpering, became a mother again. Off she ambled with them. But did the fisherman amble? Say! He said to jack-rabbits, coyotes, antelopes, birds or whatever swift things were ahead of him, "Get out of my way and let a man do some running that has some running to do!"

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