

Oregon Country Offers Unlimited Outdoor Activities

By William L. Finley
and
Ed F. Averill

Renting Houses For Songs; Many 'Homes' Needed

There is a shortage of good housing facilities for bird tenants. A survey proves that the lack of suitable houses is more critical in some sections than in others.

A woodpecker can build his wooden cabin in a dead limb with ease because, like a good carpenter, he carries his tools with him. Bluebirds, swallows and wrens often lease second-hand woodpecker holes, but there is a shortage of old stumps. They much prefer modern bird houses.

Building a bird house for rent is like erecting a dwelling for a human family. It should be made to accommodate the tenants. The door is an important feature. It should not be on a level with the floor, but should be at least six inches above. Tenants require this to avoid the danger of the nestlings falling out of the house before they can fly.

A box house 5x5x8 inches with a doorway 1½ inches in diameter is acceptable to a bluebird. The round limb of a tree sawed in two lengthwise, then hollowed out and fitted together again, makes an attractive bird house.

Location is important. It should be from 8 to 15 feet from the ground. A place slightly sheltered, especially on the side of a building or under the eaves, is more likely to be rented. Tenants are looking for protection from enemies. A house in a tree or in the woods is more dangerous.

One should never try to furnish a bird house. Each feathered tenant prefers to gather his own timbers for a foundation and appropriate material for the nest. The roof should be hinged or the house built so the old nest can be taken out and cleaned after the young birds have left.

A rustic or natural wood finish is preferable. Paint is not a necessary attraction to a bird house, although a brown, gray or dull green may be a protection from the weather.

Lore of Birds

Violet-Green Swallow

The violet-green or white-breasted swallow returns from the South to his summer home around Portland about the middle of March. Anyone can recognize this bird by his snowy breast. Another mark is the metallic violet or purplish-green back flashing in the sun.

A wayside telephone or electric light wire is a favorite perch. Gnats, mosquitoes and house flies are the game gathered in while cruising the sky lanes.

Did you ever happen to think how sharp are the eyes of a swallow, how quick on wing and how expert in gathering a gnat in his mouth gliding along at top speed? This is one of the marvels Nature exhibits at every turn outdoors.

Here is a game any person can start during the spring when the violet-greens have laid the foundation of dry grasses for a home. Take a handful of feathers, stand out in the open if you see these white-breasts flashing past, and blow a feather in the air.

It's like tossing a quarter in front of a street urchin. A swift turn, a sweep and zip goes the feather to the nest. A soft bed of feathers is as essential to the violet-green's nest as is a mud frame for a robin's home.

The news of a feather fortune generally spreads like wild fire. One morning, I had six different swallows circling and scooping to snap up the floating feathers. Competition was so keen that one of the birds grabbed a feather from my fingers whenever it was held at arm's length.

In the beginning, these swallows nested in holes in dead trees. As the land was cleared and buildings erected, they preferred the nooks and crannies nearer to man. A little hole in the side of a building with a box inside is the ideal location for



There's a shortage of bird homes in Portland and vicinity but it could be easily overcome by the construction of some of the houses pictured above. They are for violet green or white-breasted swallows, also pictured, bluebirds and wrens. Below on the right is Frank B. Wire, state game supervisor, and an 8¾-pound steelhead which he caught recently in Lake creek about 40 miles from Eugene.

Steelheads Fight

Taking an 8¾-pound Steelhead on a four-ounce rod with a three-pound test leader and a No. 10 Bucktail Royal Coachman fly was the experience enjoyed recently by Frank G. Wire, state game supervisor. The fish was caught in Lake creek, in Lane county—one of the tributaries of the Siuslaw river. It is the outlet of Tringle lake, located approximately 40 miles northwest of Eugene. Wire is a light rod devotee and did not begrudge the 30 added minutes that it took to land this very fine specimen of the gamiest of all game fish.

Incidentally, Wire, who has fished in nearly all of the streams of the state, says that each stream is individual. He says an angler to be successful must use different methods in different streams. Also, answering the statement made to him by a golfer that any dub could learn to be a fisherman in two or three days, says this is not absolutely true. He says anyone can easily learn how to cast a fly but it takes something more than that to catch a fish.

A pair of these swallows. Next is a bird house under the eaves.

This is only the beginning of swallow lore. Oregon is rich in other species of swallows. The tree swallow is like the violet-green, but a sharp eye can easily detect the difference. The bank and rough-winged swallows nest in holes in banks. The barn swallow with deeply forked tail and rich chestnut breast generally nests inside of a barn or under a bridge. The eave or cliff swallows are the birds that nest in colonies, plastering their mud nests against the side of a rocky cliff or often under the eaves of a barn.

Values of Out-Doors Countless

It is impossible to evaluate the outdoor resources of the Pacific Northwest in dollars and cents. Our main industries are based upon the resources of the soil and water. Who knows the recreational value of the rivers, forests and mountains where we live? Who knows how closely all outdoors is connected with the health and happiness of our people?

A true measure of happiness is the appreciation of those things we have, "for what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

If the sunshine of summer, the flowers of the fields, the songs of birds and the spirit of forests and snow-capped mountains are interwoven into our lives, we have riches that are not based merely upon the accumulation of money.

Duck Stamps Aid

A year ago, congress passed a license bill requiring each hunter of migratory birds to pay a fee of \$1. The duck stamp dollars collected last season are now being put to work restoring water fowl breeding areas. There were more duck stamps sold in Minnesota than any other state.

Co-operating with the Minnesota department of conservation, the United States biological survey has recently established Talcot Lake Water Fowl Refuge. The bureau is restoring this area to its former usefulness to wild life. Other areas, such as Malheur lake, in South-eastern Oregon, are being restored by the use of other federal funds, but Minnesota's is the first to be financed by the duck stamp revenues.

There was a total of about \$600,000 collected last season for federal hunting licenses.

Willows Help Fish

One of the reasons why the Deschutes river is one of the very finest trout fishing streams in the entire world is because of the willows that line its banks. The insects that hatch in the river and then swarm onto the willows in the spring of the year to complete their life cycle provide the food supply that makes possible such an abundance of fish life in that wonderful stream. Without the willows there would be no insects. Without the insects there would not be so many fish.

During recent years, railroad employees have been burning off these willows. Apparently this is being done for no good reason at all. If someone does not protest, if the practice is not stopped, fishing in this wonderful Oregon stream cannot long continue to furnish the sport it now does to so many hundreds of anglers from this and other states.

Walk Billed Today

Hall's farm, 1½ miles west of Fairvale, will be the site of this morning's bird walk. Harold Gilbert will be the leader. Everyone at all interested in bird life or the study of birds is cordially invited to join in this walk. The participants plan to meet at Parkrose at 7 o'clock and will gather at the farm at 7:30 o'clock. The country about Vancouver, Wash., will be the scene of a walk on the morning of May 30. The participants will meet at the Washington end of the Interstate bridge at 7:30 o'clock, where they will be met by Rufus Comstock, who will be leader of the expedition. Water birds, shore birds and swallows will be the particular subjects of observation.

O. E. Wheeler, GARfield 9264, will conduct a bird walk for anyone interested either Thursday or Saturday morning. This walk will be in the vicinity of Rose City Park golf links. He has nests of Cassin's Vireo, Bushit and House Wren which will be shown to those taking part in this walk.

The Answer Is Yes

Said the small daughter on the way home: "Daddy, don't we meet the swell-est people on a bird walk?"

And the small daughter was right. There is something about the singing and the sight of the birds, the sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the fragrance of the woods, the sights, sounds and scents of all out-doors that seems to bring out the very best in one.

Bird Strolling Is Relaxation; Inexpensive

For entertainment, inspiration and sheer enjoyment there are few things to compare with a "bird walk" under the leadership of some member of the Audubon society. Without any expense and with only the equipment one already has here is an outdoor sport that can be had for the taking. All that is needed is a reasonably good pair of legs, eyes and ears. Field glasses are a great help but are not absolutely necessary. There is always an obliging friend who will loan you his when you feel the need of them. In fact he will not wait for you to feel the need.

And another fine thing about a "bird walk" is that you need not walk your legs off. This was beautifully demonstrated Sunday morning when President W. A. Eliot of the Portland chapter conducted a party of 29 men and women along Fairmount boulevard on Portland Heights.

Seeing there were some "first timers" in the party, he started out by saying, "Now it is not necessary to take a long walk. We can keep right around the top here and see plenty of birds. So we will just saunter this way—". And the walk was on. And so right in the front yards and back yards of those lucky people who live on Portland Heights 29 different kinds of birds—one for each member of the party—were seen, heard and identified within a two-hour period. This was from 8 o'clock until 10. Those who were out earlier reported more.

Of course there should be in your party a Mr. Oakes to tell you exactly what the birds are saying when they greet you with a song.

"Listen!" he will say. "There is a Black-Throated Warbler. Hear him say 'Oh, you little g-g.' And when the Warbling Vireo was spotted he interpreted the song to be 'See! Here is some ice cream and tea.'"

And without too much strain on the imagination one could easily hear them say just that. At least the corresponding number of syllables was in each song. This was also true of the "See, see, the pretty white crown," song of that blithesome member of the sparrow family.

This was a walk into what the friends of the birds knew to be warbler territory, and so it was to be supposed that there would be found several members of that family. We were not disappointed. There was the Yellow Warbler, Pacific Yellowthroat, Black-throated Gray, Lutescent, Audubon and Macgillivray.

Other birds identified were the Pine Siskin, the White Crowned Swallow, Warbling Vireo, Robin, Violet-Green Swallow, House Wren, Stellar or Coast Jay, Rusty Song Sparrow, Flicker, Chinese Pheasant, Western Tanager, Band-tailed Pigeon, Olive-sided Flycatcher, Nuthatch, Purple Finch, Russet-backed Thrush, Chickadee, Black-headed Grosbeak, Seattle Wren, Bushit, Junco and Towhee.

Swallows at Home

"There's a swallow's nest there in the wall of that building," said the girl to the conductor.

"Yes, I know," he replied. "They have been coming back every year for eight years now."

And if you are interested you can verify for yourself. Go up to where the Council Crest cars stop and hesitate for a few minutes before starting back to the city. On the south side of the station building, just above and a few inches to the right of the window on the right, you will see a small hole. Watch carefully a few minutes and you will see a violet green swallow hit that hole on the wing without seeming to touch with either wings or feet. A matter of seconds later and out she comes in the selfsame manner.

Chinook Salmon Never Lose Sight of Life's Mission

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

Salmon Live And Grow in Ocean Water

The Pacific salmon, including the Chinooks, Bluebacks and Silvers or Co-hoes, live and grow in the sea. After three or four years they ascend the fresh water streams to spawn. It is a strange provision of Mother Nature that has supplied the female salmon with sacs for but one series of eggs, and when the eggs are laid and fertilized in the shallow waters of a mountain stream, the course of life of both male and female salmon has been run and they die.

The spring Chinook is the largest and finest species of the Columbia. It enters the river in March or April, weighing anywhere from 20 to 80 pounds. The egg sacs of the female may contain from 4000 to 6000 eggs. These are rather small and undeveloped when the fish starts upstream. The flesh of the salmon is then bright pink, almost red, and full of oil. When she leaves the sea, her last meal has been eaten. Her stomach grows smaller and shrivels up. The fatty tissue in the body is the fuel for the long trip and the food that nourishes the eggs. As this is used, the flesh gets lighter and lighter in color and becomes less and less valuable as food for man. This is the reason why the salmon crop should be taken downstream and not a long way from the ocean.

FIGHTS TO GET HOME

The Chinook never loses sight of her mission in life. In the long struggle over innumerable obstacles, her body may be half worn off, but she keeps on heading upstream between rock walls where the torrents boil until at last she is at home on the gravelly bars of the headwaters. By turning and twisting, she wallows out nests in the sand and gravel and in the final effort of life lays her eggs. Her mate remains close by. He guards and keeps other fish away, for there are many that have a taste for salmon eggs. When the eggs are fertilized by the male, they are covered by the loose sand and gravel.

The story of the salmon begins with a pink egg the size of a garden pea. The egg develops according to the temperature of the water. In about two months, it reaches the eyed stage, that is, two little eyes begin to show through the transparent shell. In about three months time, the baby fish struggles and cracks open the shell and emerges somewhat as a chick hatches from a hen's egg. When a newborn salmon comes out of the shell, he looks as if he were all eyes. He has a very slender tail. On the under side or main part of his body is the yolk sac which furnishes him food for a full month or more. He is an orphan without mother or father. So from the time he struggles up out of the sand, he paddles his own canoe in his world of waters. Weighed down with his yolk sac, for the first month he lies close to the bottom under and between protecting rocks.

TRAVEL TOGETHER

Then when the lunch he started with is absorbed, he is more active, buoyant, and can swim up. He learns to rise to the surface and snap up tiny insects. His development is slow, his nose always pointing upstream. He learns to keep in the shallower waters away from bigger fish that may snap him up. The instinct that unerringly led his mother up from the sea to the mountain waters where he was born finally takes possession of him. It may be nearly a year and he may be from three to six inches in length or even more before he tastes salt water. As birds of a feather flock together, so the fingerlings collect in pools and swim out of the river into the unknown depths of the ocean.

Resourceful Woodpeckers at Work and Play



Red-Shafted Flickers Capable Of Meeting Changes Quickly

The red-shafted flicker or woodpecker readily adapts himself to new conditions. He likes a dead tree, a maple or a fir, to bore a hole in for a home. In the city where the trees are cut down, he quickly finds a substitute. One day the telephone company cut down a flicker's tree. Early the next morning, the flickers began boring a round nest hole in a telephone pole. Each season they kept hollowing out the inside until it was a mere shell. Then the pole had to be replaced. That didn't bother the flickers because there were lots of other poles, and a flicker enjoys boring holes.

Another pair bored a hole in a church steeple. On reaching the inside, they found the apartment too big. The place didn't look homey so the birds tried some other spots until the steeple looked shell shot. They had an exasperating way of working on Sunday, which was annoying to the pastor.

The flicker that lives in the East has a yellow lining to his wings and is commonly known as yellow-hammer. Our flicker has red on the under side of the wings. The red flashes as he flies, and the white rump is a second mark of identification.

CLUNG TO CHIMNEY

As the flicker stays around all winter, he frequently uses a hole in the side of a building so he can roost on a rafter or board. In this way, he is protected from winter storms. For several years, a flicker has spent his winter nights clinging to the side of a brick chimney under a protecting eave at the residence of W. A. Van Scoy on Simpson street. I saw one light on the tin cornice of a building in the heart of the city. His bill hit the metal like a trip-hammer. He looked like an automatic toy wound to the limit. This was more fun than a new drum to

a boy. The city police were appealed to, but they couldn't arrest this disturber of the peace. The flicker is an insectivorous bird and is protected by both state and federal law. Anyway, they couldn't use a shotgun in a crowded city.

A robin has a foot with three toes in front and one behind. The flicker has two toes in front and two behind, enabling him to cling to the side of a tree or walk up the trunk as easily as one walks across the street. His stiff pointed tail feathers are used as a prop to hold up his body as he hitches up the tree. He balances well and can also perch on a limb as a robin does. Often you will see him hopping along on the ground and digging for ants and worms. His bill is like a pick-axe, while the bill of other woodpeckers is shaped like a chisel. In addition, he has a long elastic tongue resembling a little sticky brush at the end. This comes in handy for licking ant eggs out of a hole in the wood or ground. As ants are the protectors of aphids that damage the foliage of plants, the flicker is of real economic value when he lives on ant eggs.

When necessary, the flicker can



Above on the left is a red-shafted flicker about to enter next hole in an old maple tree and on the right (above), quenching his thirst in a galvanized wash tub. Below is a family of five full-grown young birds sunning themselves.

—Photos by Bohman and Finley.

sharpen his wits. During the warm days of summer, one used to quench his thirst from the water in a galvanized wash tub. It was very easy when the tub was full. But one day Mr. Flicker returned and found but three inches of water in the bottom of the tub. He lit on the rim, leaned over and lengthened out his long tongue. Even though it stretched like rubber, the tip was two inches short of the surface. He tried again, but nearly pitched headlong, and the water was too deep for wading. If he thought it out, it didn't take him long. He faced about, let himself down backward, swung loose with his left foot and hung to the rim above by the two front toes of the right foot. By stretching his neck down as far as possible, the tip of his bill touched the water. He had bridged the gap between himself and a drink.

Would Eliminate Duck Stamp 'Tape'

In a move to cut government red tape which interfered with the sale of thousands of additional "duck stamps" to sportsmen, conservationists and stamp collectors last year, several amendments to the migratory bird hunting stamp act have been introduced in congress.

One amendment provides for increasing the number of postoffices at which the stamps may be purchased. Another eliminates the necessity of pasting the stamps on state hunting licenses or certificates supplied by the postmaster to persons not required to have the state licenses.

Game Survey Shows Need Of Protection

The apparent necessity for a radical change in game conservation methods if the country's valuable game bird resources are to be maintained is graphically revealed in results of a survey of state game laws today as compared with 25 years ago, according to the More Game Birds foundation.

The comparison between 1910 and 1934 shows that 32 additional closed seasons have been declared on quail, grouse, prairie chickens or wild turkeys alone, while only seven states which had tried closed seasons to restore those species back in 1910 have open seasons on them now.

Along with the hunting bans have also come slashes in lengths of remaining open seasons running up to 75 per cent. This largest cut has been applied to prairie chicken hunting. Season lengths averaged 56 days in 15 states in 1910, as compared with but 13 days in 12 states now. Indiana, Texas, Idaho and Michigan have restored open "chicken" seasons.

Nearly a third of the states having open seasons in 1910 on grouse (including sage, dusky grouse, etc.) had prohibited all shooting of the birds by 1934. Average duration of open seasons has been cut more than one half. Twelve states have set closed grouse seasons. Only Alabama and South Dakota reestablished open grouse seasons, according to the comparison.

Quail apparently have decreased most noticeably in the North. Six northern states have prohibited quail hunting while Vermont was the only state to set a state-wide open season. Average length of quail seasons have been cut 20 days.

Wild turkey shooting has been tabooed in six states as compared with 1910. Seasons in states still permitting turkey hunting have been sliced almost in half.

Pheasants were found to be the only species on which seasons have been increased. Twenty-five states now permit pheasant shooting as compared with but eight. But even the average length of pheasant seasons has been reduced from 52 days in 1910 to 20 days.

Paulina Lake Fine Fishing Sport Now

Paulina lake, which has just become accessible for fishermen for the first time this season, is located in a crater of an extinct volcano in the Paulina mountains southeast of Bend. It formerly contained no fish life but was stocked by the state game department several years ago.

The first plantings over a period of several years were not successful because there are no streams flowing into the lake into which the fish could go to spawn. The result was that they went down the outlet stream seeking a place to spawn and were swept over the falls. In 1926, the outlet of the lake was screened so that the fish were compelled to remain within its borders, and since that time fishing has increased until it now is considered one of the best lakes in the state. A lava rock ridge separates Paulina from East lake.

Porchless Bluebird Homes

Don't put a perch on your bluebird or swallow house when you build it. A perch allows the English sparrow to camp near the entrance hole and when a bluebird or swallow pokes its head out the sparrow will often be there to attack it. They have been known to kill nesting birds in this manner.

Mammals Possess Same Urge to Travel as Humans

Veteran Ranger of Mount Hood Relates Seeing Chipmunks and Others on Snowy Slopes

The top of Mount Hood is perhaps the last place in the world where one would expect to study natural history. Yet mammals have the wanderlust the same as some people. Some are more adventuresome than others.

For many years Elijah Coalman was ranger for the United State bureau of forestry and was stationed on the summit of Hood during the summer. During the month of July, 1908, he saw his first chipmunks on the top. Two remained there through the season feeding on bits of lunch left by climbing parties. Their home was in the crevasses of Mazama rock.

"I am satisfied," says Coalman,

"they remained on the summit through the winter, as I saw two chipmunks here the following year. In August, 1909, a third chipmunk made his appearance as a baby. They either left the summit during the fall of 1909 or perished during the winter, as I saw none in 1910."

Again in 1912, Coalman saw four chipmunks on the summit of Hood, all full grown. It is interesting to note that one of the guides saw more than one chipmunk along the life-line climbing up the north side of the mountain. It is not unlikely that, if a chipmunk came to a rope stretched up a long snow-slide, his tendency to climb trees might readily lead him to follow it to the top, although a twelve-hundred-foot rope would be a mighty long climb for a chipmunk.

Small animals like squirrels and chipmunks are perhaps influenced a good deal by the actions of men. From long experience they know that where man is, there also is a supply of food. In seeing men climb to the tops of snow-capped mountains, it is not unlikely that some wild animals are led to do the same thing.

During the summer of 1915, while Coalman was packing provisions and materials to build a permanent lookout station on the summit of Hood, he saw a pine or red squirrel on Crater rock one morning, which is about five hundred feet below the summit.

In the afternoon, while resting at the big crevasse, he saw what he thought to be the same squirrel scrambling up over the west slope of Steel's cliff. The following morning the squirrel was perched on the cache of materials on the summit, and he stayed the balance of the season.

A silver-gray squirrel came up the south side of the mountain in 1917 and appeared at the cabin the last week in September. He was still there when Mr. Coalman closed the cabin for the winter on October 2.

Coalman had considerable experience with mice on the top of Hood. He is more inclined to think that these tiny animals may have been carried to the summit along with supplies. He says the first white-footed or deer mouse he ever saw on the summit showed up after they had packed materials for building the cabin in 1915. He saw five white-footed mice at one time in the cabin. He used to watch them play, chasing one another up and down the telephone wires. An ordinary house mouse appeared at the cabin in August, 1919. Coalman says he used to come into the cabin through a knot-hole in the wall and lie under the oil stove enjoying the warmth for an hour or two at a time. One morning, he found the little fellow dead on the snow at the north side of the cabin.

The top of Mount Hood is 11,225 feet above the sea. Neither this nor any other snow-capped peak has ever been thought a favorable place for studying natural history. Coalman's experience, however, proves that not only some of the small

Coming Bird Walks

Sunday, June 2. Leader, Mrs. A. L. Campbell. Meet at schoolhouse in Multnomah at 7:30 a. m.
Sunday, June 9. Leader, Miss Emma Applegate. Meet at Washington Park at 7 a. m.

For information concerning bird walks call Mrs. A. L. Campbell, general chairman of bird walk committee, BRoadway 3800.

Cat Owners Asked To Help Save Birds

The Oregon Audubon society asks cat owners to help save the birds at this time of the year by giving special attention to the care of their cats. Cats are instinctively hunters and killers of birds. They can not be blamed for this but their owners can be blamed if they turn their half-starved pets loose at night.

It is at daybreak when the birds go to the ground to feed that the greatest destruction of birds occurs. The animals that have been put out for the night are watching under the bushes and actually catch and destroy hundreds of song birds in the early dawn. These song birds are of inestimable value as insect destroyers. To prevent the loss of these feathered friends it is only necessary to keep the cat in the basement during the night and perhaps feed it a little more.

Points for Anglers

Here's a good lead for those who wish to take an outing in the Eugene area and especially to try trout fishing in the Mackenzie and other streams. A little booklet entitled "Fishing and Outing Guide" has been compiled by Jack Luckey and published by the Eugene Morning News. This not only gives the many streams and lakes where one can angle but is full of information from catching to cooking trout and the numerous points every angler should know. Better send for your copy, enclosing a stamp.

mammals but even the larger ones have inherent traits for seeking new frontiers. On the Fourth of July, 1917, the forester saw a red fox on the summit. He came up, looked around and went down over what is called the Langille route on the north side. When Mr. Coalman got up at five o'clock the morning of July 21, 1919, to scan the expanse below for forest fires, he came face to face with a new visitor. An old badger was chewing a piece of bacon rind in front of the cabin. The squat newcomer was rather numb with days he was a part of the mountain-fixed up a box for him and for 10 days he was a part of the mountain-top menagerie. Then the badger got one of the slats off the cage and started for a more temperate climate, going down by the north route.