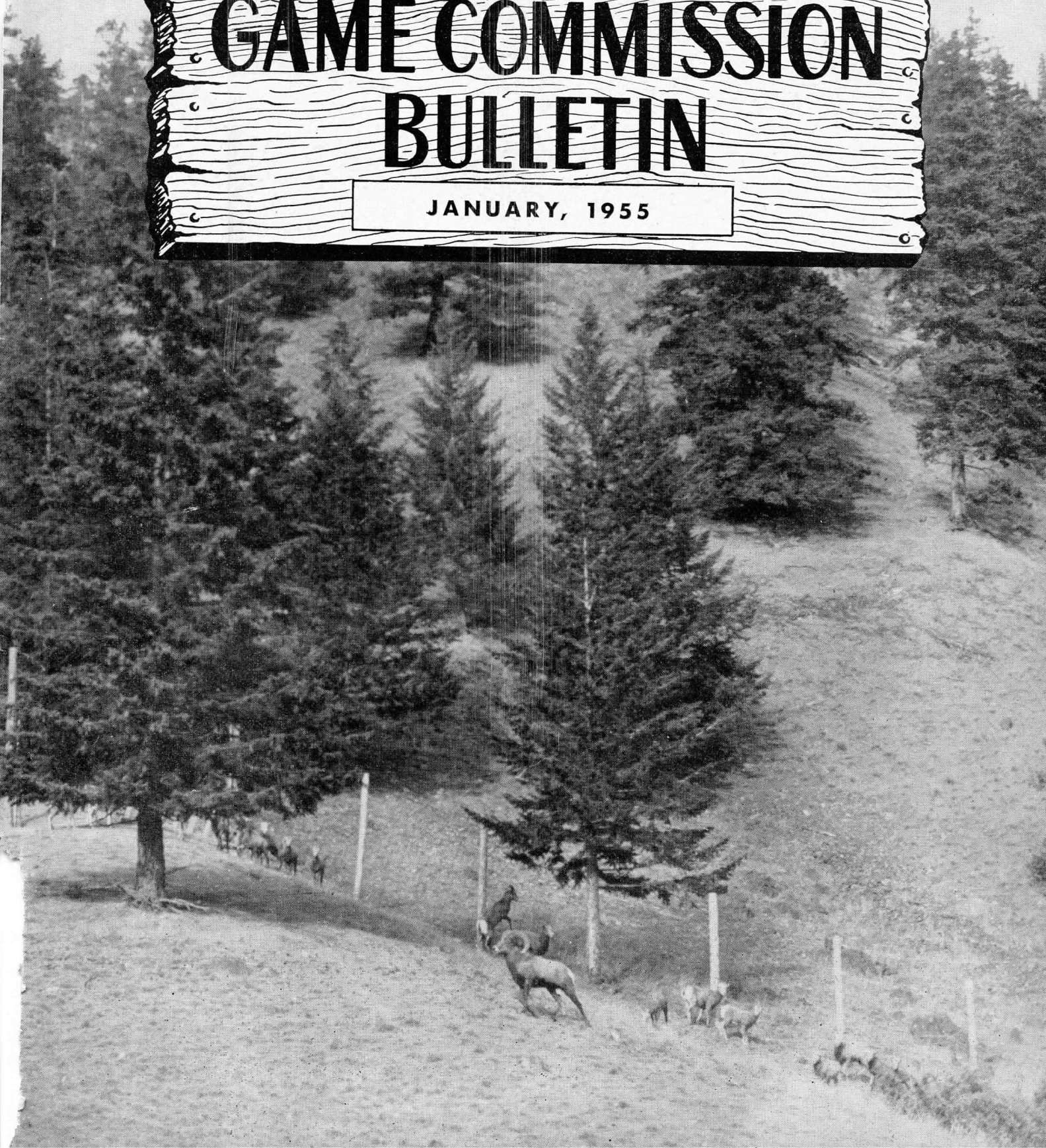
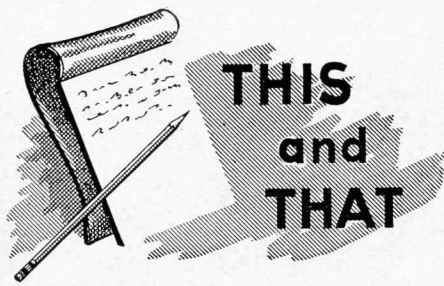


OREGON STATE
GAME COMMISSION
BULLETIN
JANUARY, 1955





Final angling regulations for the current year will be adopted by the Game Commission at its hearing in Portland on January 28. The new regulations will become effective on February 5, 1955.

* * *

Although Diamond Lake stole the spotlight, fish poisoning operations were carried on in other areas this fall. Antelope Reservoir in southern Malheur county was treated to destroy a population of squawfish, suckers, shiners and perch. Priday Reservoir in Lake county had its population of brown bullheads destroyed. In the Northeast Region, 200 miles of streams tributary to Unity Reservoir were treated with 2,000 pounds of rotenone. Distribution was done in three days by a crew of 18 men.

* * *

Game habitat improvement is a continuing program. Projects finished lately include a waterhole in the vicinity of Juniper Mountain, Harney county, and another in Dry Valley; and a cooperative range reseeding project on the recent burn in Fremont National Forest. In the Columbia Basin fencing and quail roost construction has been carried on. Activities in the Northwest Region consisted of plowing for next year's food crops on the Wilson management area, construction of wood duck nest boxes and planting of multiflora rose bushes.

* * *

The 244 dove hunters checked this year by field agents had a total kill of 1,248 birds, a success ratio of 5.1 birds.

* * *

Statistics on the results of some of the special seasons are: McDonald Forest archery, 1,031 archers, 48 deer; Adair Area hunter's choice, 909 hunters, 212 deer; Tillamook Burn controlled elk, 157 hunters, 47 bull elk.

* * *

Oregon's 1953 deer kill of 106,000 was the highest in the nation according to statistics compiled by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Michigan was second with 97,900 deer and Utah came in third with 94,000 deer. Montana was first and Oregon second in the total take of all species of big game animals.

THEY GATHERED THE DRIFTWOOD

By Ben Hur Lampman

Courtesy The Oregonian

IT came on to rain in the night, and he knew that, come morning, the river not far from the sea would be running hasty, and high, and saffron—and on a windswept tide the steelhead trout would be coming in from the ocean. Out of the secret darkness, out of the sea and the storm, back to their river again. Come morning the river still would be rising, with mergansers flying low to the roily haste of it, and downstream, where the tossing eddy rushes, away on its seaward course, lithe silver would rise and splash heavily, glad to be home in the river. At this time of year, when it rains in the night, and a half-gale blowing, it is always that way in the morning.

How often they gathered the driftwood, exclaiming when cedar was found—for when one has cedar a fire is soon kindled, and, when once it is blazing over its embers, the wettest of driftwood cannot withstand it. And the smoke of the driftwood fire by the eddy in the rain, where their rods are baited and cast, gets into their eyes—and their hearts. Do you also remember? Never yet was there one who fished steelhead, at this time of the year, and who wanted it all to be right, who did not choose such a morning as this morning will be. Wind and rain by the river, and the river coming up fast, and a driftwood fire veering and leaping, and the mergansers passing. With the smoke in his eyes—and his heart. How often they gathered the driftwood on such mornings as this one surely will be.

Fair weather is all well enough, with the sunshine bright on the river, and no wind to speak of, and never a prospect of rain—but this is the weather for steelhead, and this is the weather for those who fish steelhead. Now they are strong and elate as they arise from the ocean, and the gray sea-lice still will be on the silver smooth flanks of them—for they came in on the tide—and they are wild of heart as the wild storm offshore. Draw back the driftwood fire, and gather more driftwood, for she's coming up fast. This one's a real one, this storm that comes shouting in from the sea—this is a steelhead storm, a fisherman's storm, the gift of the wind, and the sky, and the tide. It came on to rain in the night, with a half-gale behind it, and he remembered how often they gathered the driftwood.

Oregon State Game Commission Bulletin

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* * *

A pheasant killed this past season near Ridgefield, Washington, had travelled across the Columbia River to get there. The bird carried a band indicating that it was an Oregon game farm pheasant released on Sauvie Island.

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Please report promptly any change of address. Send in both the old and new address with notice of change.

At the present time the Bulletin is circulated free of charge to anyone forwarding a written request.

COVER

Bighorn sheep trap in British Columbia. Twenty of the sheep trapped were released at Hart Mountain in southeastern Oregon. (Photo by Ron Shay)



Letter from a Salmon

As translated by R. C. HOLLOWAY
Chief, Information & Education

(Editor's Note: The following letter was received in this office recently. We think it is so important we have reprinted it in full here.)

November 15, 1954

OREGON State Game Commission
P. O. Box 4136
Portland 8, Oregon

Gentlemen:

I hope you can see fit to print this letter in your Bulletin. I believe that what I have to say will be of interest to all of your readers.

First, about myself. I am a salmon, I am five years old, I weigh 23 pounds, I'm 32 inches long and I'm about to die; but before I do, I've got a few things I'd like to get off my chest. I hope that what I have to say will make things a little easier for my kids and theirs.

I was born here in Oregon, I'm a native of this state. I was a resident here for about a year, after which I moved to the Pacific Ocean for three years. I returned to the old homestead a few days ago. When I was in the ocean, I traveled far and wide and had an opportunity to talk to a lot of other fish, mostly other salmon, but some steelhead. I believe that what I have to say reflects the thinking of most of the other salmon and steelhead born and raised in this state.

Earlier this week I returned to this stream where I first saw the light of day. Others have returned with me, though our numbers in some streams are small compared to the many of us who foraged here several years ago. I can remember the fun we had, and the expectancy with which we looked forward to our journey to the ocean, and the eventual return to our home. I can

remember the cold, clear water running shallow over the beds of gravel where we first started to look for food. I remember the big rocks, the tangle of roots, the hidden recesses where we found rest and shelter from our natural enemies.

Something dreadful has happened to this stream. I want to tell you about it so you can do something to correct the conditions that have brought this about. If you don't do something about it, our numbers will lessen and someday none of us will return to this stream.

Where are the gravel bars that I remember so well? I can't see them here now—all I can see is mud and silt. Where are the trees and other stream-side vegetation in the shade of which I used to lie and from which insects would drop on the surface of the water? They are gone, some of them are probably in that log jam I managed to get through down below. There is a road along the stream here now, a logging road. Yesterday it rained all day, muddy water ran off the road into the water, I couldn't see six inches in front of me.

Why don't the people who build roads keep them back from the streams so we won't have to contend with all of this silt? This is my home—I believe I am entitled to as much consideration as you gentlemen in your own homes.

I had planned on spawning here in this spot where I was born, but it isn't possible. I would go on upstream but I know there is bedrock up ahead, I can't spawn there. I'll probably have to drop back downstream, but I'm too tired to think about it right now. Just yesterday one of us died without spawning.

She had reached here late and had no energy left to seek some other place.

Put yourself in our place for a minute, I think you can better appreciate the predicament we are in—we need help.

I would like to go back for a moment to recall some of the conversations I had in the ocean. I remember one steelhead in particular, who, believe it or not, had made two trips from the ocean into one of the streams. She was definitely not looking forward to her third. She said that on her first trip upstream she didn't have much trouble. She did get some sawdust in her gills that irritated her for awhile, and she had a hard time finding the entrance to one of the fish ladders, but she made it safely to the small stream where she was hatched. She did see one of your crews removing a log jam just above the mouth of one of the tributaries. On her way back downstream, she noticed where you had put in some revolving screens to keep her out of irrigation and power diversions.

By the way, we all appreciate the screening work you folks have done. I understand you have installed several hundred around the state. Some steelhead friends of mine who were born in the Rogue River say that things are a lot better there now.

Anyway, to continue with my story, the second trip this steelhead made was a nightmare. In the first place, she almost didn't get into the stream because of a sand bar. High water washed it out in time. When she came to the dam with the fishway, there wasn't enough water coming through it. Some-

(Continued on page 6)



BIGHORNS RETURN

Twenty wild California bighorn sheep from Williams Lake, British Columbia, are now making their home at Hart Mountain in southeastern Oregon, formerly the center of their range. The native rimrock sheep disappeared from Oregon about 1916.

Through cooperation of the British Columbia Game Commission, the bighorns were made available to Oregon without cost other than for trapping and transporting. The remnant herd in British Columbia has a limited range and the Oregon transplant aims to provide a wider distribution and an increase in the species.

Plans for the trapping and transporting were worked out by Dr. James Hatter of the British Columbia Game Commission and Bob Mace, chief big game biologist for the Oregon Game Commission. The trap was constructed last summer and by November 5 enough sheep had gathered in the area to spring the trap. A one-ton truck equipped with a double deck was used to transport the sheep which arrived in fine condition despite the 36-hour trip. By 2:30 a.m. November 8, the sheep had been turned loose in the 35-acre holding pen built for them on the west side of Hart Mountain. Bids are being called for this month for the construction of four miles of fence to provide a larger enclosure. The sheep project is being financed with funds derived under the Federal Aid to Wildlife Restoration Act.



1. Oregon Game Commission truck and crew arrive at the scene of the bighorn trap near Williams Lake, British Columbia. Sheep can be seen gathered along the back fence line.



2. With the help of the personnel from the British Columbia game department, the sheep are herded into the squeeze chute for loading into the truck that hauled them to their new home.



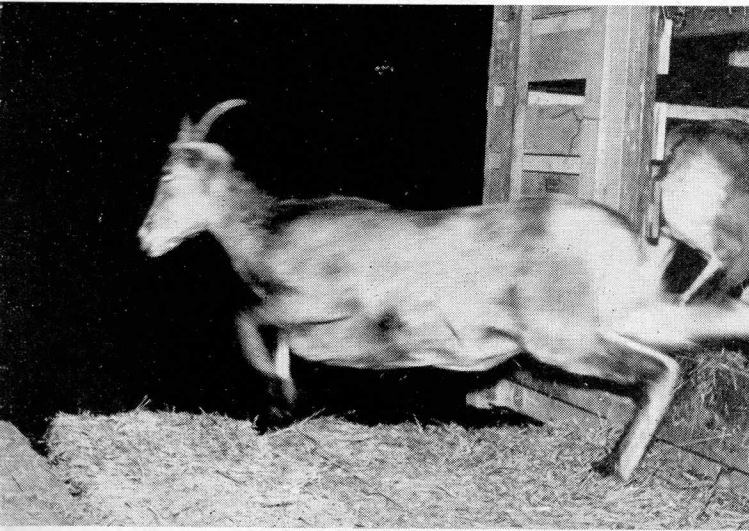
3. All the sheep are marked with ear tags. This one doesn't seem to think too much of the operation.



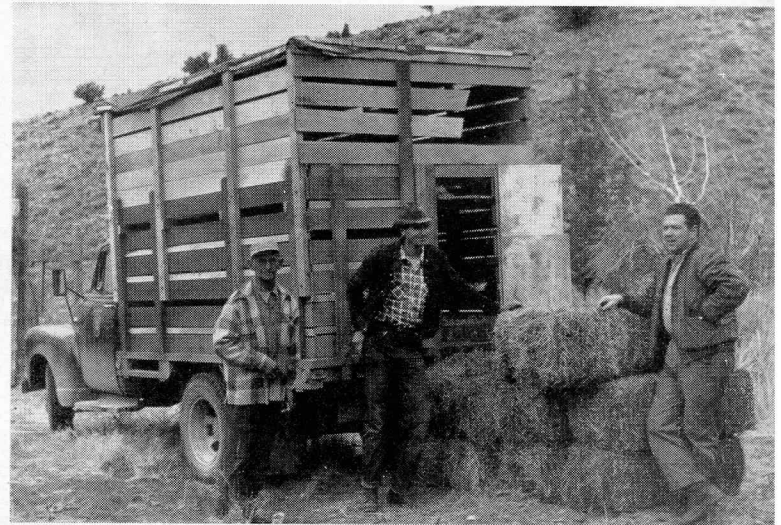
4. One of the lambs being lifted into the upper deck of the truck. The sheep were not all this gentle.



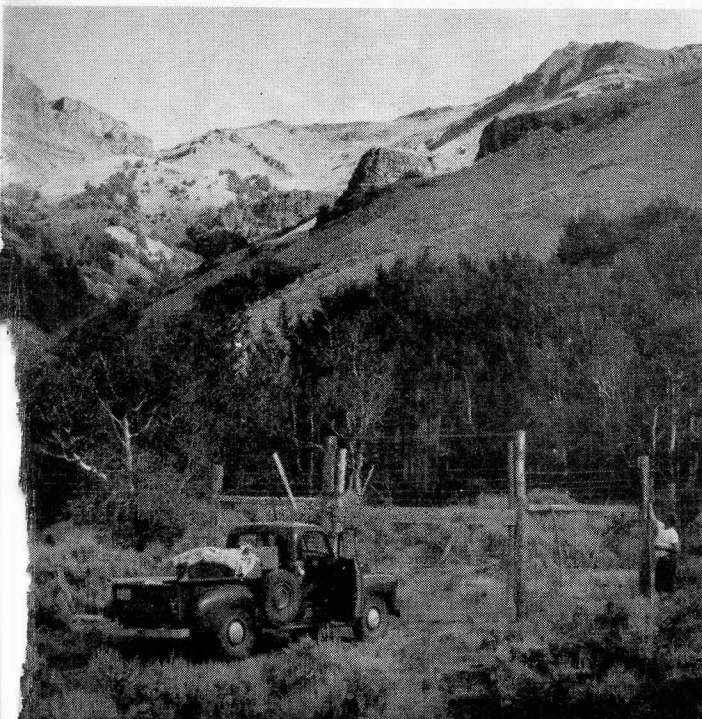
5. Most of the excitement of the trip is furnished by the big six-year old ram. Plenty of hands are needed to lasso and help get him loaded.



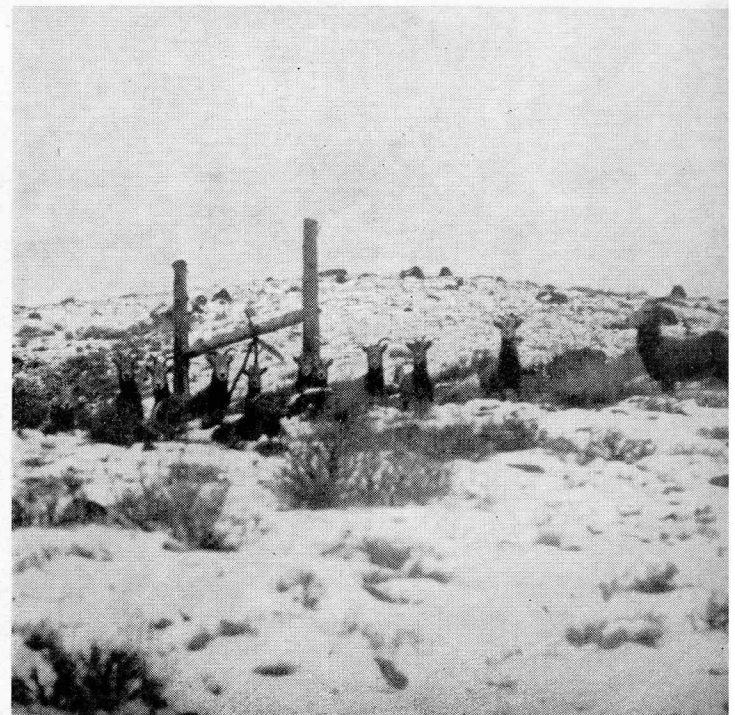
6. Sheep are released at Hart Mountain in the middle of the night. The twenty sheep included one 6-year old ram, twelve ewes ranging from two to six years, and two male and five female lambs.



7. The three weary sheepherders who rode herd on the sheep from Canada to Oregon—R. C. Dickinson, head of Hermiston game farm, Bob Mace, chief big game biologist, and Ron Shay, information representative.



8. This canyon on the side of Hart Mountain is the site of the bighorns' new home in Oregon.



9. The sheep are still lively and wild after several weeks in their new home and not too easy to photograph.

LETTER FROM A SALMON*(Continued from page 3)*

one had put a board in the upper end. She waited several days and was about to give up when one of your Game Commission pickups appeared, a man got out and after inspecting the ladder, pulled the board out and let more water through. My friend scaled the ladder and continued on her way. After going a short distance up the tributary where she wanted to spawn, she found a log jam she couldn't get through. The logs were saw cut, some operator had been guilty of allowing them to collect in the channel. She dropped back out of that tributary and continued upstream. The next tributary was thick with silt, she finally found a fair place to spawn in the main stream. She doesn't know what she will find when she goes back.

Others I have talked to have had similar experiences. On the other hand, I know that you gentlemen have removed logging debris and other obstructions from many streams. I know that you are receiving much better cooperation from the logging industry in keeping the streams clean. On my way upstream I saw where you had blown out an old abandoned dam. I don't know how you missed the log jam down below, but I suppose you can't cover everything.

One of the young salmon that I became acquainted with in the ocean told me about the work you had done on the Siletz River. Another mentioned the work that was done on the Molalla—you see the word gets around, the good, and the bad.

One of your pet peeves is ladderless dams and dams with poor ladders. The bottom step of the ladder over the dam about 10 miles below here is too far above the water. I jumped several times there before I was able to make it. That's one reason why I'm so worn out now.

You know, they take a lot of us in the commercial and in the sport fishery. How I escaped that fate I haven't any idea. We don't mind that, because we want to serve a useful purpose. What we do object to is that the people of this state have not done a satisfactory job of housekeeping. You have to keep our homes in order—we can't do it ourselves, as much as we would like to. Some of us have to return to spawn. If we can't find a place to spawn, we are wasted.

One of your most important responsibilities is to keep the streams clear of obstructions. I know you fellows have a lot of other things to do but this is

one piece of business you can't neglect. I don't know how much money you spend on stream clearance each year but I suppose it is considerable. You have all of the streams in the state to consider, I'm primarily interested in this one little stream where I was born. This is where my kids, if I have any, will live. I don't want them living in a slum—I want them to be proud of their home.

Maybe the high water will come along and wash all of this silt away. If it does, it will settle out somewhere else. Maybe the vegetation will grow up again along the banks here, it doesn't look like anything would grow there now.

Gentlemen, these are some of the things I have learned in my short lifetime. Tomorrow, if I feel strong enough, I plan on working into one of the tributaries a short distance below here. I hope I will be able to spawn there. If not, this letter will have to serve as my contribution to future generations of salmon.

I commend you for the work that you are doing to make our homes habitable and available; I caution you that much remains to be done before we can again be proud of the homes in which we live.

Aquatically yours,
 Sylvia Salmon

EDITORIAL COMMENT:

We are sympathetic to the views expressed in the above letter. We recog-

nize the need for stream improvement, such recognition has brought about a program which we feel will go a long way toward solving the problems facing salmon and steelhead.

The Game Commission has an aggressive screening program. We operate our own screen manufacturing plant at Central Point. More than 600 rotary screens are now in operation. On the John Day river this year; more than 125 concrete screen boxes were poured and 55 rotary screens have been installed. The screening program is of such magnitude that 21 men are occupied most of the time in screening work.

The screens have demonstrated their effectiveness many times. A check of 19 rotary screens installed on 10 northeast Oregon streams revealed that more than 75,000 fish were by-passed in an eight-month period in 1953.

Several major power diversions have been screened through the cooperation of the power companies.

But our correspondent has not complained about the lack of screens—in fact she complimented us on that part of our program. The thing she is concerned about is the improvement of the physical environment in the streams. We are too, and we are doing something about it. A stream devoid of food and shelter, a stream heavily polluted, a stream choked with obstructions—none of these offer fit habitat for natural fish production, nor do they offer

(Continued on page 8)



While there's no water in sight, this is actually a stream—Cedar Creek near Taft. Logs are being dragged out to break up the jam.

NOVEMBER and DECEMBER MEETINGS OF THE GAME COMMISSION

At meetings held November 19 and December 10 the following matters were acted upon by the Game Commission:

UNIFORMS AND INSIGNIA: A uniform was selected, consisting of cruiser type coat and slacks, for wear by certain classes of employees whose duties entail meeting the public. It was instructed that the department insignia be used on uniforms, publications, signs at fixed facilities, and game refuge signs and wherever else deemed appropriate.

CAPITAL OUTLAY: Expenditures were approved as follows: \$2,750 for garage and utility room at Willamette Hatchery house No. 1; \$1,223.25 for multiple forms detach; \$3,900 for six fish graders; \$1,155 for 300 deer panels for haystacks; \$8,893 for 1,200 gallon fish liberation tank truck; \$800 for furnace at Oak Springs hatchery residence; \$5,950 for gas house, office and garage at Willamette hatchery; \$655 for repair of refrigeration equipment at Willamette hatchery; \$1,571 for moving of house at Sauvie Island.

LEASES AND EASEMENTS: Approved ten year lease for sawmill site in Wenaha area; also logging road right of way provided road is kept open to public.

OPTION: Authorized exercise of option from Christine DeJean for 440 acres at \$9,700 in Wenaha area.

ONTARIO GAME FARM: Authorized advertising for sale the west half of the Ontario game farm property, including two residences.

WATERFOWL DAMAGE: E. E. McCormack reported that geese were doing considerable damage to his ranch located within closed area on upper Columbia River and requested that that portion of the area be opened to hunting next fall. Matter is to be brought up for consideration at the July hearing of the Commission when hunting regulations are established.

WELL: Authorized digging of a well at headquarters site of White River area with expenditure limited to \$1,200.

LAKE TROUT EGGS: Authorized \$1,000 for purchase of 200,000 lake trout eggs for fall delivery.

SAUVIE ISLAND: Discussed with members of Sauvie Island Drainage District replacement of bridge across drainage canal on Game Commission land. Matter tabled until January meeting.

PHEASANT RELEASES

A total of 36,909 pheasants was released from state game farms in 1954. This included 18,788 pheasants reared at the E. E. Wilson Game Management area near Corvallis for western Oregon counties and 18,121 pheasants from the Ontario and Hermiston game farms for the eastern counties. Liberations started on March 3 and terminated on November 4 with the following classes of birds being shipped: 6,842 adult breeders in March; 3,599 breeders in June following completion of egg production

quotas; 21,518 young birds from 8 to 10 weeks of age in July, August and September; and 5,011 adult cocks in October and early November. Only 51 young pheasants were produced at Hermiston as this facility is now used chiefly to produce chukar partridge (11,452 chukars were released in 1954). Some 8,900 pheasants are now being held at Ontario and Corvallis for spring release and the 1955 egg production.

Distribution by region and individual county is shown in the table below.

1954 PHEASANT LIBERATIONS

Region—County	Adult Spring	Young Summer	Adult Fall	Total Shipped	Shipping Loss	Total Liberated
Northwest:						
Benton.....	688	525	21	1,234	0	1,234
Clackamas.....	216	0	96	312	0	312
Clatsop.....	0	0	384	384	0	384
Columbia.....	136	1,104	1,016	2,256	0	2,256
Lane.....	528	720	640	1,888	1	1,887
Linn.....	1,483	745	1,224	3,452	0	3,452
Marion.....	936	720	400	2,056	0	2,056
Polk.....	424	495	0	919	1	918
Washington.....	768	270	56	1,094	0	1,094
Yamhill.....	632	450	310	1,392	2	1,390
Total Northwest	5,811	5,029	4,147	14,987	4	14,983
Research Unit.....	19			19	0	19
Southwest:						
Douglas.....	384	720	384	1,488	2	1,486
Jackson.....	216	720	480	1,416	1	1,415
Josephine.....	168	720	0	888	3	885
Total Southwest	768	2,160	864	3,792	6	3,786
Western Oregon Totals	6,598	7,189	5,011	18,798	10	18,788
Central:						
Crook.....	200	1,380	0	1,580	4	1,576
Deschutes.....	280	915	0	1,195	3	1,192
Jefferson.....	0	405	0	405	0	405
Klamath.....	0	1,800	0	1,800	2	1,798
Sherman.....	264	600	0	864	2	862
Wasco.....	336	600	0	936	1	935
Total Central	1,080	5,700	0	6,780	12	6,768
Northeast:						
Baker.....	400	600	0	1,000	4	996
Gilliam.....	0	630	0	630	0	630
Grant.....	385	800	0	1,185	2	1,183
Morrow.....	392	765	0	1,157	5	1,152
Umatilla.....	278	856	0	1,134	0	1,134
Union.....	400	900	0	1,300	6	1,294
Wallowa.....	400	900	0	1,300	3	1,297
Total Northeast	2,255	5,451	0	7,706	20	7,686
Southeast:						
Harney.....	0	900	0	900	0	900
Lake.....	508	2,278	0	2,786	19	2,767
Total Southeast	508	3,178	0	3,686	19	3,667
Eastern Oregon Totals	3,843	14,329	0	18,172	51	18,121
State Totals	10,441	21,518	5,011	36,970	61	36,909



Stream clearance is a year around activity. Here Claude Fields and Walt Ryckman, Game Commission fieldmen, get dynamite ready for blowing out a log jam on Gordon Creek in Multnomah county.

LETTER FROM A SALMON

(Continued from page 6)

a friendly environment into which hatchery-reared fish may be placed.

Stream clearance offers one of the most productive approaches to the improvement of fish habitat. The stream improvement section of the Game Commission has concentrated their efforts on the coastal streams south of the Columbia, but the work is statewide in scope. One of the most important advances has been in improved cooperation from the timber industry. Large and small operators alike have come to appreciate the importance of clean logging practices. Many of the removal projects undertaken in the past two years have been undertaken by the logging operators. Where responsibility for a log jam is not chargeable to any known operator, Game Commission or Fish Commission personnel have accomplished the removal.

How is stream clearance accomplished? Some jams require the use of heavy equipment, such as bulldozers and donkey engines; on others, the jam may be broken up with dynamite; on some, burning may accomplish the objective. It may take a combination of several methods to do a proper job.

It isn't enough to clear a passageway for fish. Logs and debris must be removed to a point where high water won't wash them back into the stream channel. This presents no small problem on streams not accessible by road.

Although many jams are the result of the activities of man, others have resulted from blowdowns or fires. Whatever the cause, the results are the same, partial or complete blockage to fish migration and isolation of hundreds of miles of potential spawning area.

Some of the many streams that have been worked on in the past two years include tributaries of the Nestucca, Trask, Yaquina, Siletz, Lewis and Clark, Alsea, Yachats, Sixes, Salmon, Molalla, and Siuslaw. Many of the small coastal streams, such as Schooner and Drift creeks, Beaver creek, Floras creek, Rock creek and others have been the scene of log jam removal operations.

That the work necessitates constant surveillance is demonstrated by the fact that log jams may reappear in a stream in the same year, or in succeeding years following removal operations.

Game Commission field personnel are active in stream improvement work, bringing about, wherever and whenever possible, pollution abatement, the installation of proper fish passage facilities

over artificial barriers, and the removal of obstructions. But this is not enough—no public agency, no matter how well intentioned, can operate effectively without public support and public cooperation. Those practices which adversely affect our stream resources should be the concern of every thinking individual.

Our correspondent has actually written to us on the subject of conservation—the wise use of our natural resources. Thoughtless exploitation, disregard for the interests of others, selfish motives—such things have led to many of the conditions described.

This agency and others concerned with the management and restoration of the fishery resources can look with optimism to the future, providing the cooperation of the public and industry is continued and increased. Only in that way can we reach the goal that must be obtained.

Our correspondent has a right to be upset. The conditions that she has described can be corrected. We want her to know that headway is being made; that her offspring should have a better place in which to live if all of us learn to use our resources wisely.

HERD, FLOCK, OR GAGGLE?

Ray Nelson, who writes for the magazine *Real*, comes up with some fancy terminology for sportsmen. The New Mexico Department of Game and Fish does not vouch for its authenticity, but neither, apparently, does Mr. Nelson. He quotes a grizzled old New England sea captain. According to the sea captain, a congregation of whales is not a herd but a pod. Everyone knows covey of partridge, but how about siege of herons, sord of mallards, congregation of plover, gaggle of geese? And among the game animals and fur bearers it's a gang of elk, sleuth of bears, cete of badgers. School of fish is O.K., but if it's herring, that's a shoal; then there's a hover of trout, a smack of jellyfish. Speaking of rabbits it might be a nest of cotton-tails, a husk of jackrabbits, a down of hares. There are some fine distinctions in horse talk too: a rag of colts, a stud of mares, or a harass of horses. And plenty more. (From New Mexico Department of Game and Fish News Release).

Oregon State Game Commission Bulletin

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