

OREGON STATE
GAME COMMISSION
BULLETIN

MARCH, 1952





The St. Helens Sentinel Mist reports a Columbia county record was recently broken by a blacktail doe named Maude. Maude is the first female ever to spend a night in the drunk tank of the county jail. State Police Sergeant Glenn Ray and Patrolman Joe Haebe pulled Maude frozen and exhausted from an icy lake and placed her in the local clink for a restful night behind bars as guest of Columbia county. Maude is now cavorting on Deer Island, probably none the wiser that a drunk tank is no place for a lady.

The new winter fishing regulations became effective last month. Printed copies of the 1952 angling regulations are being sent to license agencies this month for general distribution.

Joint conferences between State Police game officers and Game Commission field agents have been scheduled in each of the five wildlife regions of the state. Discussions have centered on problems of mutual interest relating to wildlife, including hunting and fishing regulations, management problems and organization policies.

Hunting and angling license buyers have been somewhat puzzled when queried as to their occupation. This is not being done, as some have thought, to delve into their personal business, but merely to gain an indication of the groups most concerned with hunting and fishing in the state.

The Umatilla Indian Agency has advised that, with exception of the Johnson Creek Area, all lands of the Reservation are open to fishing and hunting by the general public subject to state laws and regulations. A special reservation permit must be obtained first.

Public access for fishing at Malheur reservoir will be made possible under the Game Commission's first Dingell-Johnson project. Federal aid funds will be used for easement and construction of a parking area and cattle guard. Trash fish were poisoned in the reservoir in 1950 and last summer 176,000 rainbow trout were released there.

Cover Photo

Mule deer buck in southern Harney County.

(Photo by W. C. Lightfoot)

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SALMON-STEELHEAD CARDS ANALYZED

For the first time in the history of sport fishing in Oregon, a measure has been obtained of the number of salmon and steelhead caught by anglers. Questionnaire letters were sent to a random sample of 2,895 anglers out of a total of 141,600 who obtained salmon and steelhead tag cards from March 1, 1950 to February 28, 1951.

Based on returns received from those questioned, the estimated total number of fish caught by the 141,600 anglers is 94,100. This includes 31,994 steelhead and 62,106 salmon.

Many items of interest came to light during the analysis of the data. One of the most striking was that most of the anglers caught nothing but that the experts made catches with apparent ease so that a lot of fish were taken by only a few fishermen. Only 32 per cent of the anglers took fish.

The data received was analyzed by Dr. Jerome C. R. Li of the Department of Mathematics of Oregon State College.

Anglers will find much more convenient the new form of Salmon-Steelhead punch card which will be used during the 1952 angling season. Each time a fish is caught, the card is punched and the required information written in. No tag need be attached to the fish. Another change is that all tags are to be returned at the end of the season so that information can be obtained as to which streams are receiving the most fishing stress.

ONE OUT OF FOUR HUNT OR FISH

One out of every four Oregonians hunted or fished in 1951 with sales of hunting and fishing licenses reaching a new peak of 411,501.

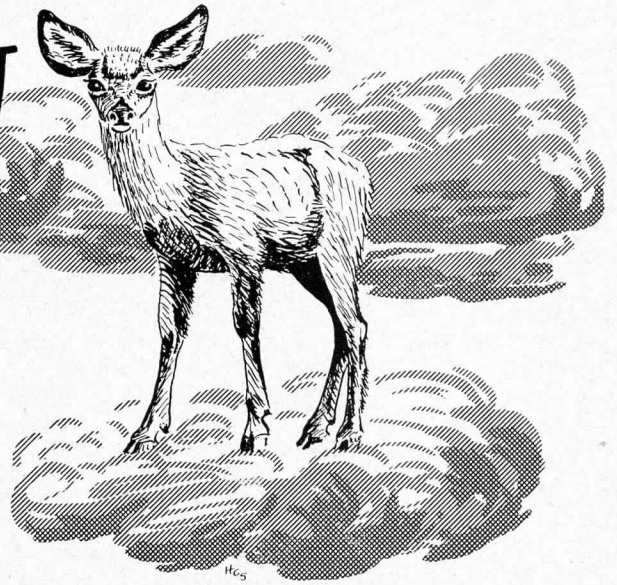
Breakdown of total 1951 license sales was 135,347 hunting, 191,687 angling, and 84,467 combination licenses. Included in the breakdown are 22,810 nonresident angling and 1,256 nonresident hunting licenses. Pioneers, disabled veterans, aged, and blind persons received 14,592 special fishing and hunting licenses.

In addition to hunting and fishing licenses, sales of 27,192 elk tags and 179,567 deer tags were the highest yet recorded.

Not being a tax supported agency, the Game Commission's 1951 revenue of \$2,346,725 derived from game tag and license sales, is the sole source of funds for operation of its state-wide program.

Doebituary

by Goldie Ghost



BELIEVE in ghost stories? If not, read no further for I am the ghost of a mule deer now residing in deer heaven. Since reaching immortality, I'm in a position to analyze my fate and cogitate on my earthly problems.

Man is largely responsible for my present condition and I feel obligated to explain the facts of deer life to this misguided critter. The main trouble with Man is his conceit. True, Man can reason and does exercise some control over the lives of other animals on earth. My big gripe is the half-cocked manner in which he goes about managing my business. Anyone who ever hunted me or my ancestors can qualify as expert on the secrets of my life. If you doubt this, just ask a deer hunter. Ha! How foolish can people get?

In the first place, most of the self-styled experts don't spend enough time delving into my facts of life. Secondly, I don't trust Man critters and make myself as scarce as possible. Result of this conceit has been the spreading of a lot of misinformation and sentimental bosh. How much better off I would be today if less sentiment and more common sense had been applied in my management.

Now don't get me wrong. I admit that Man is smart in many ways and is sincere in his attempts to improve my lot. The darned fool doesn't make full use of what I have to offer, though. The meat which I produce has always been used as food. In recent years, my value has increased since many people recognize my superior intelligence and wish to outwit me in the hunt. If this gives them pleasure, that is all well and good, but I have no way of measuring the amount of fun Man gets out of this game of hide and go seek. Let's get back to the matter of food. I haven't noticed any beef or pork going to waste these days, prices being what they are, and I'm just as meaty as a slow elk-cow to you.

Man continually worries about taxes, wars, and the invasion of his in-laws, but that isn't anything compared to the tale of woe I have to offer.

My story starts on June 12 last year. This was sort of an important date to me. You see, it was my birthday. I remember everything quite clearly—the warm sunshine and the faintest breath of air fanning through the quaking aspens. How those leaves did dance! Mother went off by herself several hours before the happy event and carefully selected the spot. Mom told me later my older brother and sister were born in the same aspen grove the year before.

It wasn't many minutes after birth before I became conscious of my surroundings. The roughest tongue in the world was licking me dry and the coldest nose this side of Refrigerator Creek was attempting to push me onto my wobbly pins. It didn't take me long to stand up, although my equilibrium was as off-center as a jack pine in a sixty mile blow. Instinct guided me to my first taste of warmth-giving milk, but I ran into some stiff competition. It appears that we were twins and Baby Brother was usurping my rights. We quickly settled our difference and found that there was enough milk for both. After nursing, I dropped to the ground alongside Brother and remained quiet, absorbing that penetrating sunshine.

I noted that we weren't surrounded by dense cover and Mother informed me that such cover was not necessary for my protective coloration and immobility were nature's insurance against my discovery. Life for Brother and me was uneventful for the next few days. We remained close to the aspen grove and moved little. Mother would return every few hours to nurse us. Then we would flop and relax. Within a week, Brother and I were curious and began following

Mother for short distances, even nipping at an occasional plant as we cavorted about.

Everything went along smooth as cedar bark until the evening we crossed my first Man trail. Mother and I were safely across while slow-pokey Brother lagged behind as usual. Suddenly, we were startled by the darndest commotion, and I looked back to see what Mother later described as an automobile. Brother wasn't quick enough and had instinctively dropped to the ground in the middle of the Man trail. It was then I had my first sight of Man. Not a single Man, but a whole family of them clambered out of the machine and fell upon Brother like a bunch of chipmunks eating peanuts. Cries of "abandoned fawn" and "poor starving baby" filled the air. Not knowing that Mother trained us to drop instantly upon the approach of danger, the Man family assumed Brother was lost and abandoned. Of course, he looked thin and emaciated. Did Man look at his baby son just after he was born? He couldn't find a skinnier looking critter. Why didn't he apply the same thinking to Brother, use his good judgment, and leave him alone. Instead, he loaded him aboard the machine and rattled on down the Man trail. Brother either died long ago, a victim of Man's kindness or he is today living an unhappy existence in some Man-made jail.

Mother and I finally got over the loss of Brother and continued our normal existence. Within a few weeks, I started to nibble more and more on various plants as we ambled about. By this time, I was following her a great deal and

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DOEBITUARY

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found myself able to keep pace except at the fastest run. The weather continued warm and comfortable. My belly felt good, supplied with an ample quantity of milk and the little tidbits of grasses and succulent weeds. There seemed to be an abundance of nice, green food. Water leaf, balsam root, aster, dandelion, and even a nibble of onion in a place or two. Our favorite feeding place was next to a stream where ample water quenched our thirst and furnished us green forage.

I mentioned earlier that my protective coloration effectively hid me from enemies. This coloration consisted of white spots against a reddish-brown background. My coat continued to grow and the white spots faded out. Over a period of several weeks the color of my coat became the same as Mother's and I was darned near big enough to take care of myself. Mother thought so too because she started to ration the milk supply.

By mid-September, I noted that Mother was becoming a little finicky and covered more ground while feeding. I could tell why because those succulent grasses and weeds we had been feeding on earlier in the year were drying up and didn't taste so good. Mother pointed out another more tasty source of food to me. This was the tips of shrubs and we found a wide variety to browse upon. Besides our changing our menu,

the weather appeared to be getting chillier. Each morning there was frost on the ground and a bite in the air.

Now I got my second taste of Man. This time he came in big doses. For several days we had been hearing the sounds of automobiles coming up the hill and the activity of campers chopping wood and setting up tents. On Saturday morning, however, I got the biggest shock of my life. The whole country seemed to come alive as an army of hunters crashed through the underbrush. They didn't worry us much because you could hear them coming for a mile, and it wasn't difficult to stay out of their way. Mother did not seem too worried, even when the first of many deafening explosions filled the air. She explained to me that this was the opening of the buck season and Dad had better watch his P's and Q's.

Of course, I wasn't bothered since I had never seen my Dad and he only existed as one of the characters in Mother's stories. For three days the army kept milling about and we continued to live among them without much trouble. Of course, we trotted off when Man approached too closely, but Mother remained unconcerned and I took my cue from her. Outside of fawnnapping Brother and ruining my eardrums with his trampling through the brush, Man probably wasn't too bad a character after all. Hunting continued for three weeks, but these guys soon lost their enthusiasm and went home. A few die-hards stayed until the very end, but the



"Not knowing that Mother trained us to drop instantly upon the approach of danger, Man family assumed Brother was lost and abandoned."

intrusion on our privacy became less and less.

About the end of hunting season, a sudden cold snap overtook us and several inches of snow fell during the night. Mother explained that this was to be expected since we had been living at a high elevation and winter wasn't too far away. Some instinct urged her to seek a lower elevation and we began moving eastward. Bright moonlight permitted travel by night, and we spent the daylight hours in dense fir reproduction thickets. Mother explained that this was the route she had traveled each fall for the past five years, and we would spend the winter in an area where other members of our family gathered. Why we had to travel the same route and winter in the same area is beyond me, but heredity and instinct apparently are strong forces in determining our life pattern so not being one to argue the matter, I just followed along and tended to my browsing.

One evening during migration an experience of Mother's and mine pretty well condemned Man in my eyes. We had just crossed a Man trail when an automobile came over the hill. This was not unusual as we had seen dozens like it the past several weeks. This automobile stopped and we turned around only to be met square in the eyes with the strongest light I had ever seen. The light was so bright we were momentarily frozen in our tracks—then came the crack of a rifle and the air-splitting scream of a bullet. Fortunately, the guy missed Mother, which he probably would have done in broad daylight, and we made tracks.

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"... my protective coloration effectively hid me from enemies. This coloration consisted of white spots against a reddish-brown background."

DOEBITUARY

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It wasn't long after the spotlighting incident that a second snow storm really booted us along. We continued eastward day and night with brief stops to rest and feed, losing elevation each day. Finally we came to an area at the edge of the pine timber which Mother explained was to be our home for the next four months. It looked mighty open to me, but I didn't know enough at the time to question her wisdom. After all, we arrived on the winter range by instinct and we would spend our time there, come freeze or drought.

One of my first impressions of the winter range was how open the country appeared. Why, I could even look under the juniper trees. All the lower branches were clipped to a uniform height and Mother answered my query by stating that the herd had pruned the trees during winters past.

The snow was not yet deep at the lower elevation where we found ourselves. By now I was weaned and relied upon Mother only for companionship, securing my food from the plants about me. The bigger deer were running around like crazy but I didn't pay much attention. Mother explained that it was the rutting season and I wasn't interested enough to ask any more questions. Where I had been feeding during the early morning and late evening hours on the summer range, I now found it necessary to feed for longer periods throughout the day in order to fill my belly.

At first, I was able to secure dry grasses and weeds which certainly didn't taste good but they filled me up. What I



"Mother explained we would spend the winter in an area where other members of our family gathered."

wanted most were those tender shrub tips which we were browsing on more and more. By scrounging around, I continued to keep a full belly. Of course, there wasn't the variety that existed on the summer range, but some bitterbrush and mahogany growth was available for the taking. I particularly enjoyed the twigs of bitterbrush and found they stuck to my ribs and kept me strong and warm. The only horsefly in the ointment was that every other deer in the herd had the same idea.

About the first of January, things started happening. A series of snow storms completely blanketed the winter range, followed by a thaw and some darned cold weather. You know the kind I mean—below zero for over two weeks. The result was ten inches of crusted snow over every square foot of ground. That sure left me in a pickle. Those dry grasses and weeds, which were at least better than a snow bank, became unavailable. I couldn't paw through that crust of snow to reach them. It didn't take much brain work to decide that the food which I must rely upon were those shrubs which, after all, I liked best anyway. The only hitch to that theory was that there wasn't any twig growth remaining. It became obvious to me why the junipers were pruned as high as possible in previous years. This business of eating was a habit worth indulging.

To get the complete story, I questioned

Mother about the matter and she gave me the cold-blooded facts. She had been through these winters before and had watched several of my brothers and sisters face the same problem now confronting me. She also filled in with a little history about our family so I was able to piece together the whole story. This is what she said: "Man is responsible, either directly or indirectly, for our plight. While he was slaughtering our ancestors for their hides and hams during the early part of the century, he also overran this winter range with his livestock and many of the better range plants were killed out by overuse. While this was going on, there weren't many deer, but Man solved that problem by later protecting us and encouraging our increase. We increased all right, sometimes as much as forty per cent each year, and this is the situation we find ourselves in today. Although some livestock overuse continues, we are responsible for many of our present troubles.

"There is no use kidding ourselves, this winter range can support only so many animals, be it livestock or deer. It is similar to a water bucket. You overfill a water bucket and what happens? The surplus spills over the rim and goes to waste. In a period of time, the overflow erodes the rim of the bucket and wears it away so it holds less water each year. Apply the same logic to this winter range. Our reproductive rate has

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Goldie Ghost found it difficult to write the history of her life in language understandable to the ordinary layman so turned for help to Bob Mace, the Game Commission's chief contact man with the deer species.

Having known Goldie during her brief existence on this earth and being well conversant with deer sign and language because of his official duties, Bob has had no trouble in translating Goldie's story for the benefit of the Bulletin readers.

RESTORATION OF DIAMOND LAKE

Restoration of the famed Diamond Lake trout fishery through a total fish poisoning program to eliminate trash fish now infesting the 5,000 foot high Cascade lake is being studied by the Game Commission.

If undertaken, the Diamond Lake fish rehabilitation project would exceed all others in size and cost. Before treating Diamond Lake with a fish toxin, rotenone, a number of knotty problems would have to be solved.

It would be necessary to lower the lake 20 feet to keep treated lake waters from entering the Umpqua River watershed through Diamond Lake's outlet, Lake Creek. Maximum depth in Diamond Lake is 52 feet. Unless retained until toxicity vanished, the treated waters could affect fish life in the North Umpqua River. Downstream water rights and power demands also will have to be considered.

A private engineering firm has submitted a preliminary report on the Diamond Lake drainage problem to the Game Commission. Three methods, siphoning, pumping, and draining through the lake outlet, were studied.

Draining through a channel would not require critical materials and would be quickest, the report shows, but cost of deepening the outlet 20 feet in solid rock and extending the channel 1700 feet into Diamond Lake was estimated at \$148,000.

Damming the lake outlet wasn't considered as camp grounds and summer home areas would be inundated. To lower the lake the required 20 feet at a rate of flow not exceeding flood stage for Lake Creek would require six months according to the engineers' report.

Originally barren of fish, Diamond Lake was stocked with rainbow trout in 1913 and in the '20's the lake became famed for size and number of rainbow taken.

In 1940, roach, a trash fish related to carp and introduced by live-bait fishermen, were noted for the first time at Diamond Lake. Fishing deteriorated rapidly following the discovery of roach, in spite of a greatly increased trout stocking program.

Once classed with East and Davis Lakes as the three finest trout food producing lakes in Oregon, Diamond Lake has now been stripped of aquatic food by the roach horde. The natural trout foods in Diamond Lake have been converted into tons of trash fish.

BOOK REVIEW

Waterfowl and Their Food Plants In Washington

By Charles F. Yocom. Published, Seattle 1951—University of Washington Press

In this book Dr. Yocom has succeeded in bringing together in well organized style a mass of information extremely useful to those who are students or workers with wildlife problems. The main endeavor is a detailed statement on waterfowl food altho the book gives an over-all sketch of the waterfowl conditions in Washington. It is a book for specialists, however, and the only regret is that other regions do not have a comparable source of information put together in this systematic and orderly fashion. It will probably be many years before other specific areas have such detailed treatment and workers have a source of information on waterfowl foods. The book treats with the State of Washington on a regional basis.

The painstaking work in offering a key of the important food and cover plants together with identifying characteristics is of especial importance.

The detailed drawings of the vegetative stands and the fruiting bodies of north-west plants are a combination which facilitates identification far beyond anything that has been generally available.

Comments should be made in regard to the illustrations likewise. They are excellent, have been well chosen and are typical of the areas and conditions which they represent.

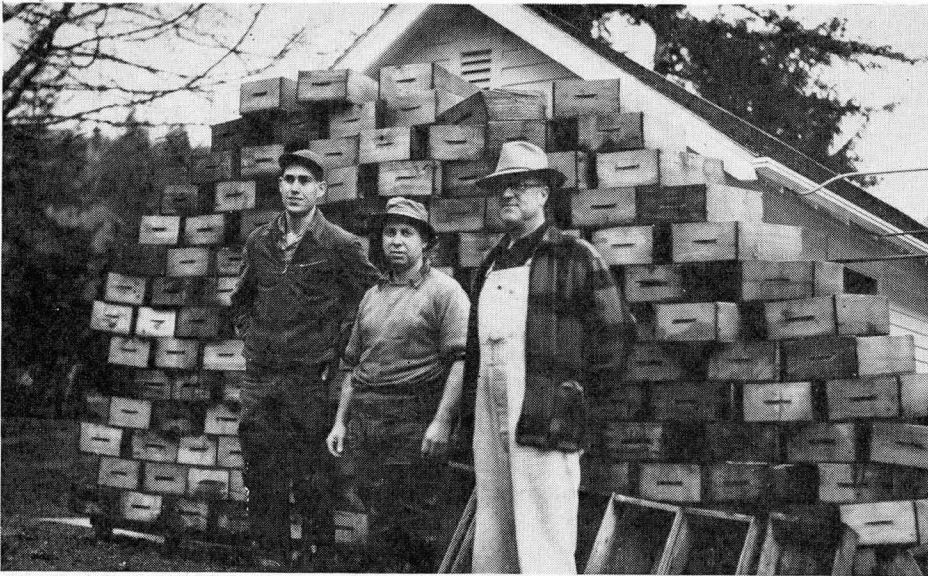
The book has been well edited and errors are rare.

If the book were intended for general use, scientific terminology might have been supported with simpler explanations.

It is hoped that others will be as energetic and thorough in accumulating this very detailed type of information that each state needs. When this is done the conservationists and game management men can talk far more intelligently to the public in simple explanation of the need for definite management procedures in terms of available foods; the basis for sustained waterfowl populations.

Arthur S. Einarsen, Leader
Oregon Cooperative Wildlife
Research Unit





Members of the regular crew at Cedar Creek hatchery are (left to right) L. D. Squire, F. L. Farmer and Charles Roadarmel.

CEDAR CREEK HATCHERY

Cedar Creek Hatchery, just a mile from Hebo in Tillamook county, is a trout supply point for northwest coast and west side Willamette Valley streams. This month yearling cutthroat and rainbow trout are being loaded out for distribution in favorite early trout streams such as Gales Creek, Rock Creek, Dairy Creek, Necanicum River, Lewis and Clark River, and Nehalem River. The 1952 release of yearling size rainbow and cutthroat from Cedar Creek Hatchery will total 100,000 fish.

Last month 25,000 yearling silver salmon were released in the Wilson, Nestucca, Salmon, Nehalem and Necanicum Rivers. These salmon were hatched from eggs taken in November, 1950 at a weir on Three Rivers, Nestucca River tributary which courses past Cedar Creek Hatchery.

Success of the yearling silver salmon production program was evidenced last fall when several hundred marked silver jacks returned to the Three Rivers weir. Usually a good return of the two-year old jacks heralds a big run of adult salmon the following year. Under this yearling fish production program only a small number of adult salmon are needed to supply the required eggs, and the unspawned salmon are placed above the weir for the journey to natural spawning grounds. A large percentage of the silvers examined last fall at the Cedar Creek weir were female silver salmon, about 18 inches in length, with eggs normal in all respects except that

they were smaller than those of adult silvers.

Steelhead are also raised at Cedar Creek Hatchery and this month the last of 26,000 yearling steelhead, the progeny of fish spawned at the Three Rivers weir, are being dispatched to north coast streams. Throughout the winter Wilson River steelhead fishermen have reported catching marked steelhead. The marks are those of Cedar Creek Hatchery reared fish released as yearling steelhead in March, 1950.

The trim hatchery grounds are graced with Port Orford cedars brought there by Hatcheryman Charles Roadarmel who has managed Cedar Creek Hatchery since 1930. This station was established in 1924, and last summer the water supply, including dam and intake, and two large holding ponds were completely rebuilt at a cost of \$23,000.

The late Matt Ryckman, Game Commission Hatchery Superintendent, referred to trout feeding at Cedar Creek Hatchery as the "Roadarmel system of feeding". Hatcheryman Roadarmel has devised a unique method that provides for effortless fish feeding throughout the day.

A circular current in the ponds floats tubs of frozen fish food around and around, the fish feeding leisurely (no indigestion if fish have such trouble) as the thawing food scatters from the tubs. Detachable weights hold the open end of the tub down in the water. The circular current is created by aiming water

supply pipes around the pond at the proper angle. Another advantage of the circular current is that offal collects in the center of the pond where it is easily vacuumed out through a gravity pipe system.

Located near Astoria, Cedar Creek Hatchery is a storage point for large quantities of salmon viscera and eggs obtained from packing houses. Held in a cold storage plant, this important trout food item is shipped from Cedar Creek Hatchery to all the other hatchery stations.

When visiting Cedar Creek Hatchery, don't miss seeing the six pure albino silver salmon held for display. These pink-eyed salmon are a rarity seen only where kept artificially.

JUVENILE FISHING AREAS

Juvenile angling areas must conform to certain standards before receiving approval, it was decided by the Game Commission at its January hearing after reviewing the numerous applications sent in for consideration. The 1951 legislature gave the Commission authority to set aside such areas for children under 14 years of age.

The purpose of the angling areas is to provide fishing for children who would not otherwise have any or only a limited amount, to develop an appreciation of the wildlife resources and to foster respect for angling regulations. Requirements set up for such areas are:

Each area shall have a sponsoring body responsible for the supervision of the juvenile anglers. Supervision of fishing is necessary for the sake of safety, the teaching of proper fishing techniques and angling courtesy. Supervision should be a full time responsibility while fishing is being done.

The community should lack accessible productive fishing areas and there should be a sufficient number of juveniles to warrant action.

The area shall not be so limited that the anglers will be unduly concentrated, nor shall the length of stream or area of lake involved be of such extent as to interfere appreciably with adult angling.

The fishing area should be in as nearly a natural setting as possible. Ideally, private ownership should not border the fishing area as landowners have a legal right to fish. Unless owners agree not to fish, purpose of area is nullified.

Emphasis will be given to establishment of warm-water fishing areas, and ponds will be given preference over streams. Warm-water fish, once established, will maintain themselves and

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DOEBITUARY*(Continued from page 5)*

produced a surplus within recent years. There are too many of us here today and a look at those junipers, bitterbrush, and mahogany plants will bear that out. Any shrubs within reach have been overbrowsed and most are dead. There is no forage remaining within our reach. Man insists on hunting bucks only, but you and I outnumber the bucks ten to one so hunting has little effect in harvesting the surplus.

"Man continues to evade the main problem, looking for a cure-all short of balancing our numbers with the amount of food produced by those shrubs. I understand that some thought has been given to reseeding shrubs on this range but that doesn't seem very likely. As soon as one of those little seedlings appears, you and I would be on hand to gobble it up before it had a chance to put on any growth. We have to live here, and it is not practical to fence us out in order to give those seedlings a chance.

"One of the most foolish things that Man proposes is supporting us through the winter on hay, concentrates and other foods. We don't have a cast-iron belly and that stuff doesn't agree with us. It might be all right for cows and horses but we are very dainty feeders and must have a very wide variety of plants in our diet. True, we'll eat hay when we get hungry enough, but I've seen plenty of dead deer who had all the hay they could eat. Even if Man could satisfactorily carry us through the winter on any type of artificial food, the results would be disastrous because we would continue to increase and pretty soon there would be nothing left on this range but rocks. The situation would continue to get worse and worse, and the eventual result would be that all forage plants as well as the deer herd would disappear. No, artificial feeding isn't the answer. Maintaining our numbers at a level which the annual growth of these existing shrubs will support is the best solution I can think of."

Mother's story was very interesting, but it didn't help the feeling in my

stomach. I was told that this winter wasn't any worse than average but that didn't seem to raise my spirits either. Conditions kept going from bad to worse until I was so weak I could hardly walk. It was apparent to me that a fawn of my size didn't have too much chance. Finally one morning in the middle of February I couldn't get up from my bed. You could count every rib and my earthly remains represented about thirty pounds of hide and bones. About 4:30 that evening I passed away. My carcass wouldn't have provided good bait for a hungry coyote.

In looking back on the situation, it seems such a heck of a waste to me that I wasn't hunted last fall and utilized. I still maintain that life is sweet but the deer world is a pretty realistic one and food of the right kind and amount at all seasons of the year decides how many of us will live. Man should realize that when he reads about the famines in India. If more of us deer had been hunted last fall, it would have relieved the strain on the winter range and those deer remaining could have wintered in better shape. As it was, Mother Nature took care of the job and removed the surplus. Since I was one of those affected, I know what I'm talking about. Mother Nature isn't nearly as painless as a well-placed rifle bullet when it comes to sending me to join my ancestors.

What really makes my blood boil, though, is the waste of it all. No one can convince me that the fertilizer provided by my bag of bones on that winter range is the best use that could have been made of me. It probably won't do me much good to yowl about the matter since the same thing will probably keep on taking place until Man finally wakes up to the deer facts of life, but I just had to get it off my chest.

JUVENILE FISHING AREAS*(Continued from page 7)*

furnish year around fishing. Trout waters require expensive stockings of legal-sized fish.

The Commission is authorized to act upon applications for juvenile fishing areas at only the January and July meetings.



"It was apparent to me that a fawn of my size didn't have too much chance. Finally, one morning in the middle of February I couldn't get up . . ."

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Commission Bulletin**

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