

Tasks for All When Scientific Folk Go Fishing



"Bill" Smith, president of the Oregon Wildlife federation with 25-inch rainbow trout caught in Paulina lake.

By IRENE FINLEY

Photos by William L. Finley

TWO motor boats piled high with camp duffel putted across Paulina lake, one of the two deep blue bodies of water in the Newberry Crater, inclosed by the Deschutes National forest. Lodge-pole pines came down from steep hillsides almost to the shore. No glimpses of white tents or other human habitations; no sound save the lapping of the disturbed water against the boats.

Rather a lonely place, thought the women of the party as they looked up into the deep shadows of the woods.

"All hands out and get to work," came the call. "All hands out and get to work," the echo returned faintly across the water. The spell was broken. Laughter and bantering jibes resounded as some one loaded with bundles slipped off the stones into the shallow muddy shore.

Like a chain-gang, we nine trudged back and forth from the boats, totting up camp provisions for a three weeks' stay. Soon there was noise enough, the crackling of dead limbs and debris being carried away, the sound of hammers as a platform for a main tent grew, the "heave-ho" as tent poles were hoisted. At the end of the day as one looked again from the shore where the boats lay rocking, lights glimmered warmly from the big tent, and four smaller ones snuggled on the edge of the woods.

In the morning the real purpose of the camp in this isolated spot was apparent. In front of the tent of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Jewett of the Biological Survey, stood a small table with stools and taxidermist's and collector's tools. On the lake shore below the camp two improvised "blinds," looking like innocent masses of wind-blown drift of bleached logs, green limbs and what-not interwoven, concealed a battery of cameras with hidden eyes searching for wild game that came within range. Two Bills, Smith and Finley, ran these "shooting booths." Further along on the shore were the zinc tanks, ominous cyanide jars and a fluffy-butterfly net lying in wait for both land and-water victims. Pat and Bud Smith, high school biology students, operated these laboratories, but when a big mass of oozy lake moss, literally alive with minute water animals, was hauled up on shore, everyone—picture hunters, bird hunters and bug hunters took a hand, as well as cooks and dish washers—to keep the specimens from hopping or crawling away before they could be given a dose of twilight sleep and induced to behave under the microscope.

"Come in and get it or we'll throw it away," sings jolly Mrs. Bill Smith. Incidentally, the senior Smiths were the chefs de luxe and hosts of the camp, although everyone took his turn at d. w. (dish washing), p. p. (potato peeling), p. f. (pancake flipper), and c. u. (cleaning up).

"What's the idea of this buggy business anyway," asks "Ma" Smith. "Can't you ever be on time to meals? What difference is it to you whether the fish in this lake live on stone flies, May flies or robber flies if you can fool them with any old synthetic fly?"



Stanley Jewett, superintendent of water fowl refuges, on knees, and other members of the party study marine life on the shoreline at Paulina lake.

Paulina Lake Outing Was Calm Enough Until Huge Rainbow 'Struck'

FOUR O'CLOCK and everyone ready ready to quit researching.

"Let's relax and go fishing," suggests the romping one of the twin Bill photographers. "A nickel in the pot from everyone of you for the first one who snags a fish."

"You can take the pot, but I want the first big fish to pickle and send to the University of Michigan for examination," answers the greedy collector.

"Well, I guess not!" roars a chorus. "That fish and some more are going to be pickled a lot nearer home—and not in alcohol."

The boats float slowly up and down a little off shore. With a twist of the wrist the lines sing sweetly through the air. One hour, two hours, and not a bite. Calls from passing anglers.

"Did you get any? We got some big ones."

"Oh, sure," goes back the answer. "Just landed a 26-incher."

On again out of hearing.

"Say, did that boob give me the laugh?" scowls Bill Smith. "We're going to catch a 26-incher! Come on. Strike straight for the Black Slide."

The light changes slowly. Sunset clouds pile up above the jagged rim. The minutes pass as they deepen to salmon-pink, then to a rosy-red, then to crimson—almost angry.

"It's funny. We ought to get something here," says someone. "I'm swinging 50 feet of line. We're working over a bank that drops off to

nobody knows how deep. This lake is over 250 feet deep, you know."

Silence again. The wind comes up, ruffling the surface. The boats, moving slowly, roll a little against the trough. More coats are put on. The clouds have deepened to mauve and indigo. In the background, Paulina Peak is etched high against a fading sky.

"I wonder if there were any fish originally in this closed crater, or if they were all introduced," muses the naturalist in a half tone. "There are rainbows and eastern brooks here now. Both may have come from stocking."

"It's reported that the state game commission also put Loch Leven or brown trout in here," says Bill Smith. "If it's true, it was a big mistake to import such a foreigner into this fine cold body of water suited for native rainbows. Might just as well have stocked it with Dolly Vardens, which everyone knows are cannibals. But the Dollys are prohibited by state law."

"It sure produces some dandy rainbows," argues Stanley, "and these great masses of plant life in its depths breed quantities of insects that the fish gorge on. There is the so-called little fresh water shrimp here, too, and the fish like them. No wonder the pickers won't bite at a bunch of feathers."

"You know what Tam McArthur says about this lake in his 'Oregon Geographic Names,' don't you," he continues, flicking his line absently. "He says nature narrowly missed giving Oregon two Crater Lakes almost equal in size and blueness, but in trying to copy a masterpiece she missed out a little on this one. This Newberry Crater hung up 6500 feet in the Paulina mountains, was orig-

inally one crater with one big lake. There was a later volcanic shake-up that messed things up and made two lakes, this one and East lake, which is bottled up tight with no inlet and no outlet. Paulina outlets over there at Reid's Lodge on the west side and tumbles down a fine falls."

"We've only got another half hour," breaks in Bill Smith, peering at the last rays of the sunset. "The law says one hour beyond sunset, but it comes earlier here than down in the valley. You can't violate the game law. The warden will get you."

Stanley's hunched figure comes to life as his cast line starts snapping across the water. His pole takes a turn toward the bottom. He reaches out after his line and grabs it half way up the pole, yanking it in. By the expression on his face, I expected to see him walk out of the boat onto the water. Everyone talks at once. Another line starts away, and more excitement.

"Who got the first fish?" asks Bill Finley.

"I landed mine first," pipes up a feminine voice.

"No, you didn't! I'm keeping the pot," says Stanley with finality.

"Our half hour is about up and we've got just six medium sized fish," says Bill Smith dully, sending his line out into the twilight for the last time.

The line swung wide and started for shore. Taken unaware, Bill twisted to keep the pole from straining too much, or going overboard himself. He stood tense. More line went out fast. Then he began to reel in. The pole moved, its back bowed in a semi-circle, almost around the boat, now here, now there, now up, now down deep, then away again. The angler kept his head and let the fish have his way. A lull. Away out on the surface a silver form seemed to float, turning a little as if to size up the boat—or the man. Bang! Down he goes. The battle is on again.

Ten minutes later, Bill still standing, his face as smiling as a full moon.

"My, you darling! My 26-incher!" "How much will you take for him, Bill?" begs Stanley. "The University of Michigan needs that very fish, you know."

(Next week, another installment of the experiences of a party of scientists in Newberry crater.)

Interesting Notes on Wildlife

By WILL FINLEY and ED AVERILL

THE pine marten, or American sable, seem to be increasing in Oregon, according to reports reaching the office of State Game Supervisor Wire. We personally had our first good look at a live one in the wilds on July Fourth. It was up near the shore of Breitenbush lake under the shadow of Mount Jefferson. Our terrier discovered it first and was close to its tail when it reached the nearest tree. Had he succeeded in catching it he probably would have had some scars to show his friends when he returned to the city, for while the marten is not as large as a big house cat, it is a fierce fighter.

The valuable fur bearer, in his summer coat, dashed up the one tree and then with a flying leap that carried him eight or 10 feet through space, he landed on the limb of another. Running down the trunk on the opposite side from the dog he thought to outwit the terrier and escape up the mountain side. Before he could reach the ground the terrier was waiting for him. Beating a hasty retreat up the tree he paused near the

top and peering around the trunk with his fine bushy tail on one side, gave us a splendid view of this bright eyed little animal—descendant of a race that lured the French and English fur traders across the continent.

That the one we saw was not the only one in that locality was indicated by the total absence of pine squirrels and chipmunks. In hikes covering as much as 16 miles in a single day over the mountain trails not a single squirrel or chipmunk was seen. Martens are the inveterate foes of the smaller mammals.

BIRDS, fish, mammals, wildflowers and trees will all be pictured on the conservation stamps to be placed throughout the United States next year in March. This was the decision reached at a meeting of the board of directors of the National Wildlife Federation in New York. Birds and mammals only were included in the list of wildlife stamps in 1938. The third week in March will probably again be designated as Wildlife Week. It will be proclaimed by President Roosevelt.



Mrs. Finley (extreme right), who writes of the outing, and other members of the party ready to try their luck with the fish in Paulina lake.

Dog Breeding in America Shows Substantial Gains During Past Few Years

By BOB BECKER

WHEN the American Kennel club made the announcement a short time ago that pure-bred dogs now produced in the United States were now dominating American ring shows it was another reminder to the dog world of how (in former years) dog fanciers on this side of the Atlantic relied more on imported canines to win shows. The announcement also may have developed a few headaches in the British Isles, whose kennels ought to be prosperous, judging by the way American dog fanciers have been spending their money over there.

With American laws on importing pure-breds placing so few difficulties in the way of importers, and with English laws so strict, the way has been open for English and other continental kennels to reap a harvest of American dollars. If you want to sell a dog in England or take one over to compete in British shows you have to leave the dog in quarantine for six months. England has stamped out rabies, and English authorities take this long quarantine system as a means to prevent any infected dogs from entering the country.

American dog fanciers had a reminder of this strict quarantine regulation this summer when the troubles of a blind girl and her guide

dog trying to enter England were reported by the newspapers. Authorities refused to waive the regulation that the dog would have to stay in quarantine six months.

Contrast this strict supervision of imported dogs with the laws in this country. You can bring a registered dog from England on a fast boat, have it cleared through the customs in the morning, and get it on a fast train that same afternoon. We recall this troubleproof, speedy procedure when we brought over a Clumber spaniel, a rather uncommon breed of spaniel in America, but one that has been bred in England since about 1750 and used in that country for hunting.

ENGLAND has had such demands on its show and hunting stock that this summer it was almost impossible to buy the top-notch specimens of certain breeds. With India and America taking so many dogs, the breeders complained that they didn't have much left for good breeding stock. But there are indications now that the imported versus American-bred dog situation may be changing.

During the first half of the year 146 dogs of 41 breeds took best in 270 variety group classes at 56 all-breed shows held by member clubs of the A. K. C. The individual leader was the white standard poodle Champion Blakeen Jung Frau, owned by

Mrs. Sherman Hoyt of Katonah, N. Y. This dog had 15 non-sporting group victories to her credit. When all the figures were in they showed that the hound and nonsporting groups were the most strongly American bred, each being won 56 times by dogs whelped in this country.

The American Kennel club figures that during the current year approximately 1200 dogs will win their championships in American dog shows. (Last year slightly more than 1100 championships were won by competing dogs.) Of the 1200 champions that the A. K. C. expects to win certificates this year it estimates that at least 800 will be American bred.

WHEN you see a Scotty, wirehaired terrier, Sealyham, collie or other breed with a beautiful lustrous coat, neatly and correctly groomed so that it approximates the ideal of the breed, you can be sure that the owner has been devoting some time to taking care of his dog. On the other hand, when you see a terrier with a thick mat of hair on him, his coat uncombed and the dead hair not removed from it, and his nails too long, you can put it down that the owner is remiss in looking after the animal.

The cultivation of the dog's coat

is based on intelligent feeding plus the use of comb, brush, dog dresser, stripping knife and a nail cutter or file. These are the barbering tools for the dog owner. One must use a comb and brush constantly on many breeds. They remove loose dirt and dead hairs from a dog's coat, and also stimulate the skin.

But many breeds need more than that. The Airedale, Bedlington, griffon, Cairn terrier, the cocker springer and clumber spaniels, collie, the setters, schnauzers, Scotty, Sealyham, wirehaired terrier and others need to have their coats trimmed or stripped from time to time. Here is where those sharp little tools known as stripping knives are utilized in order to remove the old coat and make the dog not only more comfortable but also better looking. Our Sealyham champion just recently had his coat taken down. Before the stripping knife was used on him he was long haired, rather unkempt looking and carrying too much dead hair for either comfort or good looks. It was necessary to wait until the old coat had "blown," which meant that the hair was easy to remove. Then out came the stripping knife and a pair of small scissors. By using these grooming accessories he has been improved 100 per cent. in appearance. And a new tight, wiry coat is gradually being developed.

THE standard of every breed calls for not only certain definite points of body conformation related to head, legs, eyes and other important physical features, but also for a certain style in coat. For example, the ideal of the wirehaired terrier breed specifies that the coat shall be tight, thick and wiry, not long. Therefore, it is necessary to reduce the coat of the wirehair, trim his neck closely and evenly down to the back, and trim his front legs to straightness with most attention to the back line in order to get the effect of a straight line from the top of the shoulders down to the feet. Ears have to be cleaned out, the skull must be trimmed closely, the hair on the tail is taken down and even the eyebrows of the dog get special attention. These and many other points are involved in the correct "hair cut."

It's possible for most any dog owner to learn how to use a stripping knife. One of the best ways to learn is to have a professional dog handler give a few lessons. There is quite a trick to it. One also may purchase books on taking care of a dog's coat with illustrations telling where and how hair should be trimmed from each part of the dog's body.