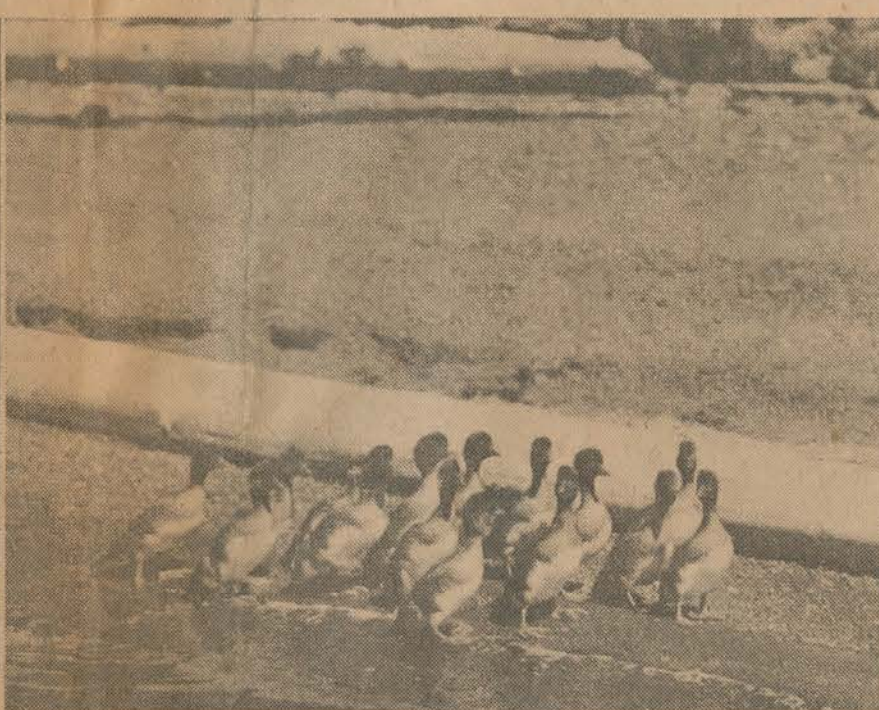


'Angling' for Chipmunks Furnishes Good Fun



The 'two Bills' in action on Paulina.



The ducks were a mite suspicious of the camera.

Naturalists Film Action On Paulina Lake Outing

By IRENE FINLEY
Photographs by William L. Finley

THE morning after Bill Smith, state president of the National Wildlife Federation, made good his vow to catch a 26-inch rainbow in Paulina lake, things happened. Three figures came up the path, the head one larger than anyone in our party, and Bill Smith is no pygmy. Behind him came a genial little old man with a cap over his eyes, who had motored the big officer across the lake from Hogg's summer home — and with them was Sheila.

The warden, Douglas Burrell, for he was the tall man, dressed in that chilly blue-gray that catches your eye instantly when you are out camping, was topped by a precise round hat that I looked to see scraped off by the lower limbs of the trees. It wasn't, because he ducked. Although he smiled, his manner was cool and his eye was cold. He had the reputation of being a "swell officer," and much liked by everybody.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith. How many have you in camp, and may I see your licenses?"

Not a question, but a polite command. Only a commonplace requirement, but just for an instant every face revealed a slight embarrassment at having to produce the proof of his honesty. A minute later the campers crowded around Mrs. Burrell and his elder companion — and Sheila became the center of attraction.

A stream of Swedish jargon from Douglas B. held Sheila's whole attention and inspired her to perform her rapid antics, to the delight of the younger folks. The performance over, she became a practical minded golden cocker with brown eyes, and a nose that went hunting the smells from the kitchen.

"What are you people up to over here in this forbidden national forest?" asked Burrell.

He was shown the tank of fish food from the lake that was under observation, the butterfly collection with its rare Argynnis, and the photographic blinds on the shore.

"I'll show you something else we have," volunteered Eleanor. "Come on. What do you think of this bathtub built right on the shore and with running water all the time? Isn't this scrumptious? Bill Finley dug it out of the sand under a warm spring. It looks like iron and sulphur, doesn't it? That ought to be good for one's liver."

"Yesterday while the rest of us were fishing, Mr. Jewett decided it was time to take his weekly dip. All the fishing boats trolled up and down while he luxuriated in plain sight in Cleopatra's tub. I guess they thought it was funny to see just a man's head sticking up out of the sand as if he had been buried alive. We have all tried it, and does it make one feel fine. We've got nbs on this camp site for next summer."

A weird cry from the air caused everybody to look up.

"There goes your slick little pigeon hawk, Mr. Jewett," says Buddy. "Gee, he can go through the air, can't he? Did you get your other hawk, that big black goshawk?"

"I am going to get a pair of both the pigeon and goshawks," answered Stanley. "There are a number of these rare hawks around this lake, and lots of fish and game for food. That old osprey tantalizes me, too. He sits on the same old stump up by the Black Slide all the time. Yesterday when I was out in the boat, he circled, hung in the air, and then dropped into the water with a splash. But he didn't get his fish. I doubt if he ever gets any except a half-dead one."

"There are many birds around here," he continued, "the gay jay or camp robber, and the Clark crow are common and tame. The former is bold enough to come down and light on your hand. He is fond of butter and bacon. The latter is not black like a crow, but he has a

crow character. His body is light gray with black wings, and he has a harsh call. Chipping sparrows and the Thurber junco are common, too."

"What's that red bird over there with the twisted face?" asks the warden. "I see so many of them all around this country."

"That's the crossbill," said Bud promptly. "Dad and Mr. Finley are laying for them. They come in the early morning and drink at the warm springs down below the blinds. It seems they like the salty taste of the water."

"Well, this is too deep for me," confessed the warden. "I've got to go over to one of the lakes on the Cascade ridge where the fish have been bothered with worms lately. The anglers don't like it so much. Maybe one of you experts would like to go with me and take a look at some of those fish. How about you, Mr. Finley?"

In a couple of hours the warden with Bill and Irene Finley pulled up in front of John Veatch's cottage at Elk lake, set deep in forested mountains. Mr. Veatch is head of the state fish commission, and a parley ensued. On the way over, Burrell and his companions had inspected the proposed site of the Wickiup dam on the upper Deschutes and stopped at the green grotto where Davis creek flows from under a big hill of volcanic slag.

"This Oregon country beats anything in the United States for sheer beauty and abundance of wildlife," said Finley. "It is our big stock in trade for tourists and campers, and God help us to keep it. Other parts of the country have lost their fish and game through commercialism, and now they have to come to us."

"Now about those trout over at Elk lake," said Burrell. "I was the one authorized to kill a number of gulls that hang around the lake to see if they were the cause of the worms in the fish. The authorities haven't made a decision yet, but I doubt if the birds are the trouble."

"I took a good look at those worms," said Finley, "and they are not at all the same as the flat flukes that infest the fish of Yellowstone lake in the national park. They killed a lot of pelicans over there. But to date the federal authorities are not satisfied that the pelicans are causing the trouble, any more so than the gulls are here. I have an idea that the warm springs in the Yellowstone region have something to do with it, and the same with these hot springs in these mountain craters. Warm springs breed many oozy vegetable and animal organisms. Fine rainbow and other trout need icy cold water to be healthy."

"It's too far to get back to Paulina camp tonight," said Burrell, twisting and turning the little police car that led the other one along the Cascade trail past numbers of fine lakes. "We can get to Maida Bailey's at Sisters, though," he said.

We dropped in a little after dusk at the low, sprawling farm house under the big pines at the foot of the MacKenzie pass. Maida and Simon Winch were just ready to sit down to supper, turkey hash, salad, etc. It looked good to us, as did the fire in the big open fireplace. The air was nippy. The grassy yard was flooded from irrigation ditches, which added to the chill.

Mr. Winch stepped out-of-doors every little while to regulate the water. He didn't look like a dirt farmer, but he stuck to his job. Inside we sat in our trousers and big boots and basked in the warmth, talked of the frenzy of the government to dam up the whole country, when a few needed dams in the right places would be sufficient. It didn't seem that this part of the region needed any extra irrigation, although the new Wickiup dam is not so far away.



All feet and a furry tail off the ground.

BACK in Paulina camp and snuggled in our own eider-down sleeping bags on the ground in the fringe of trees above shore. Early morning, the last of the moon slipping down below the rim, the lake eerie with mists floating, wafting in the still atmosphere. On the glassy water under the mists not 20 feet off shore, two mother Barrow golden-eye ducks with young broods were having a real set-to. With wings and feet they tore at each other, dodged, missed, and came back again. The cackling din on the still morning air sounded like little popguns and the bewildered broods fluttering out of reach added their cries to the uproar.

I lay in my warm blankets in the moonlight, too eager for the night sounds to go to sleep. The beach lay white, the little waves lapping against the boats. A crackling of branches came almost at my elbow. I froze and held my breath. After a minute or two, I lifted my head cautiously. Three deer, a doe and fawn led by a young antlered buck, were pacing the shore gingerly, their forms outlined against the moonlight water. They drank and nibbled at the lush grass, the buck's head jerking up occasionally to test the wind—and were gone.

A little later in the night I was awakened by a weird, unearthly chorus of quavering howls that echoed and re-echoed from the woods above the lake. The coyotes were afoot, threading the dark paths of the



The author relaxes in the natural spring 'tub.'

Just then there was the sound of splashing water and loud squawking. "Those golden-eye hens are at it again," says Bud, squinting through the trees. "One of 'em has got the other by the neck and is trying to drown her."

The two Bills sneaked down to their blinds and disappeared silently inside. The whirr of a movie was heard.

"Now that the big eaters are gone," said Stanley, "we can have all the pancakes we want. Oh boy, don't they smell great!"

Edna was turning the crisp, brown cakes which disappeared all too fast. A big bowl of syrup went with them. Aggravating fumes from a steaming coffee pot filled the air. On one of the little gasoline stoves a big skil-



Curiosity and prospect of something to eat overcame chipmunk suspicion, but it required patience on part of 'anglers.'

lony places, trailing perhaps this very fawn and doe that had come down to drink. In the morning not 200 yards out of camp we found the form of a young doe, disheveled among the sparse timber, half eaten and ghastly—the story of a night's feast.

Morning, bright sunlight, and the camp in full swing. The sound of hot water gurgling in a big kettle on the stove. Bill Smith shaving before a little mirror hung on the side of a tree. Bill Finley chopping wood vigorously and with unnecessary noise, the while he razed Pat and threatened to pull her out of bed. Young Eleanor seen in one of the boats out on the lake, her face brown, her hair blown back—the Lady of the Lake.

"Who strung up all of those nuts on those fish poles? What's the idea?" asked thrifty "Ma" Smith.

Just beyond the campfire pit, walnuts hanging to the tips of three fishing poles in a row sticking out of the bleached logs. It looked like a small boy's bright idea. And so it was—Bill Finley's outdoor chipmunk show.

"Let 'em hang, Ma," said Bill. "The photographic game has to warm up, and it will take the 'chippies' a little while to find out what it's all about. They never saw a walnut before away off here in the woods, and they couldn't guess that nuts grow on strings. I'm going fishing for chipmunks today."

Let of fried trout made one's mouth water.

"Look at those crazy husbands of ours now," said "Ma." "They have taken to the water and have their tripods set up in the boats, chasing those golden-eyes."

The two duck mothers were going at each other, stabbing, flapping and diving while the young scurried out of the way. When it was over—for the time being—as usual the winner collected the swag. She had 16 ducklings to crow over, and she did crow, standing up on the water and waving her wings. Her vanquished rival went off with only four, not half of her own brood.

But the boats were closing in on the cradle-snatcher with her 16, for pictures. She led her brood along under the rocks, trying to figure out how to escape. Those whirring and clicking sounds were too close. Her eyes were frightened. Finally, she climbed out on a big rock and stood distressed for a minute, the sheen of her brown head and the white of her collar contrasting. Just an instant she faced her tormenters, then she spread her wings and shot straight out in swift flight through the narrow aperture between the boats. The young, huddled waiting till now, followed her out. They were away on the open water, and safe. She never knew a fishing boat to do that to her before. She stood up and flapped wings in triumph.

The Barrow golden-eye, less com-

mon and less distributed in migration than the American golden-eye, breeds farther south than its relative, nesting in the crater basin of Paulina lake and as far south as the mountain lakes of Colorado. In winter it remains as far north as Minnesota or the Great Lakes by keeping in water too deep or too rapid to freeze.

"Well, here they come, and it's about time," said Stanley. "The chipmunks learned the way to those nuts on the fish poles all too fast. They cut the strings and carried off every nut, and now they are fidgeting about wondering why those photographers don't come and put some more on."

"Hey!" came the chorus from the shore. "Get those pancakes going again. We've earned our board and keep this morning, and we're starved."

An hour later two movie cameras and three still cameras were trained on the fish poles, again dangling nuts, and as many figures were standing motionless behind the guns. The chipmunks having had one good breakfast of nuts, became suspicious at this big audience. They fussed around under logs looking up at the nuts, or far off to sit perched on a limb, jerking their tails impudently. Or they scurried along the down trees, stopping to reach out and pull in long grass stems, nonchalantly nibbling the seeds from the tips. What did they care for nuts? They had got along without them for a long time.

Still, there were those nutty tidbits hanging to the fish poles. Better go back and have another look. What did that ogre have to sit right down under one of the poles for? He might be dangerous. That looked like a good nut in front of him, and it might just as well be stored away under the mass of logs for the winter. One little fellow edged nearer the photographer. Should he, or should he not?

One slightly larger chipmunk, perhaps an older one, came up very close, then got stage-fright and nearly

fell off the log trying to back up. He didn't come back for some time. The game lagged. Suddenly he appeared again, running cautiously on the ground under the bait. He walked over something. It was a shoe. It moved and he jumped — and was away.

So it went all morning, tantalizing to both sides. Once the big golden-mantled squirrel that lived over by Stanley's tent appeared from nowhere, took one look at his first nut and climbed boldly to the top of the old snag, reached out and cut the nut off the line with one quick snip and scuttled off with it. He came back for another. It moved out of his way, and he was puzzled. He never knew sticks like these to change places. He sat for a minute trying to think it out, his cold eyes looking straight at the human beings. Then he concluded that it wasn't worth while, and away he went.

The nuts went like butter on a pancake off and on all day. Much celluloid was burned up, some good some bad, spoiled by little streaked forms that persisted in being obstinate. But the "chippies" grew used to this game and liked it. They became so intrigued with it that they couldn't stay away, even if they were not hungry. They ran over a lap here, investigated shoes, fingers, legs, and got real chummy. They began to run about the tents, sniping this little thing and that.

"Now this picture business is going to end right soon," agreed the cooks when food began to disappear. "It is just too successful, and that Bill Finley is just a big 'nut' himself!"

Wildlife Notes of Interest

HIKERS along the Larch Mountain trail where it follows the rushing, tumbling Multnomah creek have been intrigued by the antics of a slaty gray bird—almost the exact color of the rocks, over, on and about which it lives. This little chap, the water ouzel, is such a bundle of nervous energy he is never entirely still — at least in daylight hours. We have often wondered if he does not teeter up and down and wink his eyes all night. Although he does not have webbed feet, he is perfectly at home on the surface of the water. He can also swim under the surface by using his wings exactly as he does in flight or can travel along the bottom in jerky hops, just as though no water

was there. Anyone making the trek up or down the trail can spend a most interesting half hour watching one of these topsy turvy feathered mysteries.

DUCK hunters will appreciate one break they are given this year by the new federal regulations. Canvasbacks, redheads, buffleheads and ruddy ducks have been fully protected for two years. Many of these birds have been shot by mistake as in flight it is not always easy to distinguish them from other ducks. This year, in order to allow for a margin of honest errors, the regulations permit a hunter to have an aggregate of three birds from this entire group without becoming a violator.

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