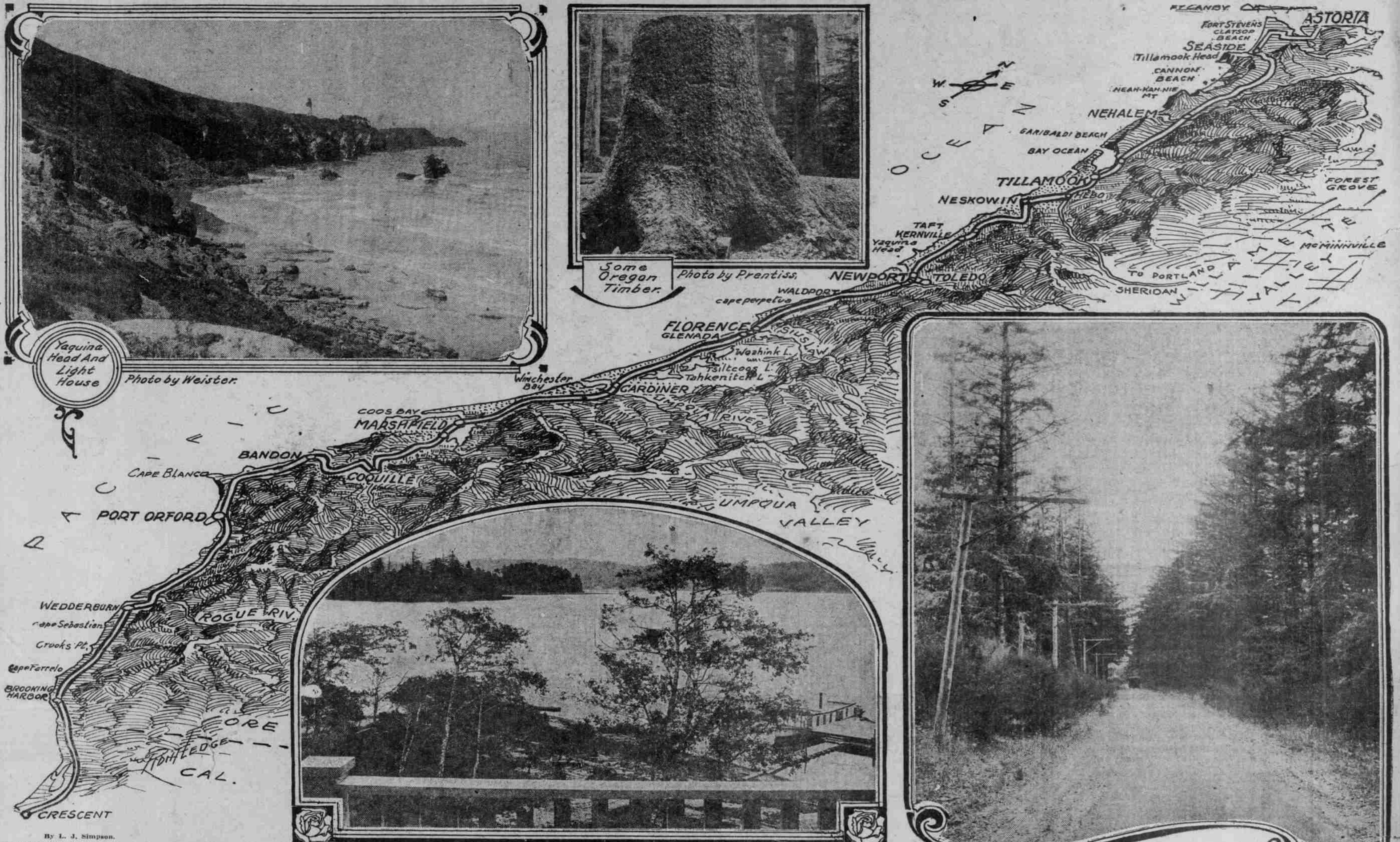


# ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL HIGHWAY ALONG COAST TO HAVE MILITARY VALUE

Proposed Road, Projected From Astoria to California Line, Will Cost \$5,000,000, According to Estimates, State Providing Half and Federal Government Balance of Funds—Beautiful Country Is Traversed



**Yaguina Head And Light House**  
Photo by Weister.

**Some Oregon Timber.**  
Photo by Prentiss.

**Through An Oregon Wood.**  
Photo by Prentiss.

**West Lake, Near Marshfield.**  
Photo by Weister.

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# OREGON COUNTRY DOWNERED WITH CHOICE UPLAND GAME BIRDS OF RARE BEAUTY

Flocks That Breed and Feed in Marshes of Central and Eastern Sections of State and Feathered Visitors to Columbia and Willamette Rivers Are in Large Numbers Ready to Tempt the Roar of the "12-Gauge"

**GIVEN** its full share of water fowl, the flocks that breed and feed in the marshes of central and eastern Oregon and the myriad migratory visitors who swing down from the Arctic circle, with the approach of winter, to the waters of the Columbia, the Oregon country has also been dowered with four of the finest upland game birds that ever flushed from a covert to tempt the roar of a 12-gauge.

For those who delight to wait in the blind for the swift flurry of wings above the decoys, when the mallard, widgeon, canvasback, gull-wing or teal hurtle into range, or for those who crouch with equal satisfaction on a sand spit or in a cluster of rushes for the tingling moment when the geese draw near with their clamor and heavy wingbeat—great Canadian honkers or the gabbline snow-bunt—there is sport to be had in plenty.

But the hunter of upland birds is another breed of the chase—and to him Oregon offers the lanes of the timber, the tangle along hidden creek courses and the nooks of brush and field where coveys of unequalled upland game birds have taken covert. There are four of these before all others—four which were Oregon's

own when Lewis and Clark won through to the Columbia, and in feather and fish they are the peers of any in their class.

**Wonderful Birds Abound.**

They are the red ruffed grouse, locally known as the native pheasant, the spruce grouse, called the blue grouse or "hooper," the elegantly camouflaged helmet or valley quail and his splendid larger cousin of the hills, the plumed mountain quail. And that devotee of the "scatter gun" who brings any of the quartet to bag will have had his fill of open air and wildness, and his delight in deftness of aim and beauty of feather.

When Lewis and Clark came to the Oregon country they found one familiar bird friend of the grouse species—for the valiant trail blazers were indefatigable naturalists, and their notes attest the interest they took in all the folk of wood and field. Among these notes they record the finding of a species of red ruffed grouse, similar in all save color to the somewhat slaty "partridge" of the eastern coast. It is this bird which is known to the vernacular of Oregon sportsmen as the native pheasant.

Sometime in the spring, when the fancy of all nature turns to gentler sentiments than those of winter, if one pauses in the timber he will hear a sound like the rapid beating of a

muffled drum—like the strokes of a giant heart. An indescribable sound and unforgettable—the mating tumult of the male ruffed grouse, beating his wings to a blur on his drumming log. The sound is the characteristic of his kind—and a very shy kind it is, given to hidden haunts along the water courses, to the alder thickets and the cool half swamps of the inner wood.

Perfectly camouflaged in the fallen leaves, silent as a bird of bronze, the ruffed grouse waits till the footfall of the intruder is almost upon him ere he leaps to wing in a startling boom of whirling pinions—a long curving flight through the tree trunks and toward a new refuge. The sight that catches him must be keen and quick and sure and the trigger finger likewise, if his grousehip comes tumbling down in mid-career—a pitiable bundle of wonderful chestnut plumage, but a game bird worthy of the finest chef who ever donned a cap.

For the most part the ruffed grouse of Oregon holds his den in the lower reaches of the timber—the "bottoms"—quite unlike his burly big relative, the spruce grouse, or blue, or "hooper," as one prefers to term him. This worthy, one of the heftiest of the tribe of grouse, is a resident of the hills and sure and the trigger finger likewise, if his grousehip comes tumbling down in mid-career—a pitiable bundle of wonderful chestnut plumage, but a game bird worthy of the finest chef who ever donned a cap.

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sooty, is in his cloistered retreat, serene from all surveillance—if he would but hold his tongue.

**Robin Hood's Alert.**

Hunters who violate the law—for the Robin Hood is not all of the past—stalk the solemn old "hooper" to his perch. At each call they move nearer to the sound, eliminating the trees they place behind them. It rings nearer and nearer and they are almost upon it when the next cry shows the thrusting head of the grouse from the fir fronds as he

features of the plumed partridge or mountain quail—whose dress is a composite of olive brown, buff and tawny and chestnut and velvet black and who bears on the crown of his handsome head two sweeping plumes of black.

**Whistle Quail's Note.**

A piercing, recurrent rapid whistle is the note of the mountain quail, a shy, shy bird, swift and ready of flight, but prone to take cover at a rod or so. His habitat is the steep hillside, far above the valley, and his family rambles where the diamond backs have their lairs and the Jackrabbits have short legs on one side owing to the perpendicularity of their galloping courses. Lifted for an instant above the wild lilac and the manzanita, the bird makes a target to be remembered—and one to be proud of if the hunter solves his queer curving side-slip flight.

Of an autumn morning, when the frost is white on the stubble and the wild thornapple, there rings over the Oregon fields the call of that tireless, confident little forager, the helmet or valley quail—quite as friendly a fellow, save when the dogs are on his track, with the 12-gauge backing them, as his cousin of the mountains is shy.

It is the valley quail that is the well-

**A COUNTY OF MARVELOUS PROSPERITY.**

An estimate on the Hood River apple crop for 1919 places the total value at \$5,000,000.

Cull apples for cider, etc., ran up to \$250,000.

Fear returns, it is estimated, aggregated \$175,000.

A total pack of 165,000,000 cans of strawberries, cherries and pears was made by one company.

Outlay for labor in this famed valley is enormous, \$500,000 having been expended last season in harvesting the apple crop alone.