

Fishing Season To Open Saturday

Come what may—sun, rain, snow or hail—the rod and reel boys of Oregon will be on the open waters of the state next Saturday, April 12, for the opening of the general trout fishing season.

The general bag limits for game fish over six inches and both steelhead trout and salmon, when less than 15 inches in length, is 15 pounds and 1 fish but not to exceed 15 fish in any one day, or 30 pounds and 1 fish but not to exceed 40 fish in any 7 consecutive days or in possession at any one time. Variations from this general bag limit have been set in certain lakes and anglers are asked to refer to the 1941 fishing synopsis for this information as well as other special regulations. Copies of the new regulations may be obtained from all license agents and sporting goods stores.

Steelhead are classified as trout in the Rogue river and all its tributaries and all laws regarding trout are there applicable to steelhead. Open season for trout six inches or over in the Rogue river and its tributaries is April 12 to December 31, both dates inclusive, except that in tributaries of the Rogue river above Gold Hill, the open season is from April 12 to November 30, both dates inclusive.

All fishermen are requested to obtain catch report cards to be filled out and sent to the game commission after each fishing trip. Cards are postpaid and require no signature. Data contained on these cards will be used to augment findings of survey crews operating in various parts of the state and will aid in providing better fishing in Oregon. Cards may be obtained from all license agents and from sporting goods houses as well as from the Portland office of the game commission.

Sport Gags

By K. D. P.

My, this week has been an awful slow week for me when the fishing season approaches this coming Saturday. And as to where I am going to fish, I will just say somewhere on Rogue River because it looks like the best place to fish now. But as to the creeks of the valley, I will just forget them till sometime later—but you never can tell about me.

Last week I stated that the state game commission should plant trout

in all of the major creeks of the valley, but there is one thing that I would like very much to see and that is for the commission to adopt the plan of the other eastern state commissions.

It seems as far as I know that nearly all of the states make it their policy to close down whatever creek in which they have planted trout. According to their judgment they may close it one or two years provided the fish that they planted show proof that they are multiplying rapidly in the creek.

Of course I stated last week that the commission should plant trout in all major creeks of the valley. That would be too much to close down all at once.

The creek that I would like to see the commission start the work on is Evans Creek and if they do plant trout in that creek, the creek should be close to public fishing for a year or so. I am sure that sort of thing would be bound to bring results and if they do, they should do the same on the other creeks in the state. There are at least a dozen creeks or more in the valley and they should plant at least two creeks at a time and close them to public fishing for one year.

Of course Big Applegate is badly in need of some planting of trout but that bunch of farmers up there still refuse to make a move to install fish screens there and it is a waste of money to plant trout which will go down the irrigation ditches to become fertilizer for the farm lands. When all screens are built up there I will be the first to holler that the trout planting be done at once and the first to holler that the Applegate river be closed for a couple of years to give the fish life a chance in their new homes.

My Epileptic Goats

By R. J. Goode

(Continued from Last Week)

I've heard a story about a new h'ed man who, a few days before a barbecue, was given a scatter gun and told to go into the back pasture and kill one of the goats. He was advised that the goats were very shy and that he should be very careful not to apprise them of his presence until ready to shoot. After crawling

up cautiously, he picked out a nice fat kid, took careful aim, and fired. Goats dropped in every direction, some thirty animals collapsing simultaneously. Aghast, and without waiting for the resurrection, he ran back to the house. "I don't know how it happened," he panted. "I only fired once but I killed every damn one of them goats."

That story may or may not be true. But I can well imagine the surprise of an uninitiated person who sees several goats turn into statues or fall down in such strange paroxysms before his eyes. I know I will never forget the first time I saw this happen. Dr. C. A. Cary, the State Veterinarian of Alabama, had several of these "epileptic" goats and knowing I would be interested, he invited me over to Auburn to see them in action, or rather vice versa. We walked into a field, and at sight of us every goat stiffened or fell.

It was, unquestionably, the strangest sight I had ever seen, and I became so interested in these goats that I persuaded Dr. Cary to give me a pair of these oddities to take home. That was over twenty years ago and I have been trying to discover the why, where and when of this phenomenon ever since. Though I don't particularly like to admit it, I don't know a great deal more about this condition today than I did then. And neither does anybody else.

Through the years, I have succeeded in locating flocks of these "epileptic" goats in various sections of the South. And the strange fact is that every one of the goats I have ever located can be traced directly back to a Billy and three nannies which turned up mysteriously in Marshall County, Tennessee, in the early 1880's. So far as I have ever been

able to discover, these were the alpha of "epileptic" goats.

Traveling through Tennessee many years ago, I happened to get hold of the name of the man who had once owned this original quartet. As soon as I got home, I wrote to him, asking for all the information about the goats which he could give me. Here is a copy of the letter I got in reply: Dear Mr. Goode:

I do not recall the exact date, but early in 1880's, a stranger appeared one day at the home of my neighbor, Mr. J. M. Porter. Besides the clothes on his back, the man's only possessions were a sacred cow, three nanny goats and one Billy. Mr. Porter invited them all to stay and they all did.

During the months the man was there, the Porters never succeeded in finding out from whence the stranger had come. It was believed by some, however, that he had arrived, rather circuitously, from Nova Scotia. Many things about the man mystified the Porters but they were most impressed I think by the fact that his goats were subject to strange fits or fainting spells, the like of which had never been seen before in these parts.

The goats were indeed interesting and one day after I had seen one of these incredible attacks for myself, I offered the man \$36.00 for his goats. At that time, he refused to even con-

sider selling them, but he did promise to let me know if he ever decided to part with them.

About a month later, accompanied as usual by his cow and his goats, he appeared at my home and said he would sell the goats. I paid him for them, and both he and their former owner settled down at my place, the stranger putting in his time working on the farm. Not once while he was there did the stranger ever eat at my table. He took all his meals in the barn where the sacred cow was kept.

At the end of about three weeks, the stranger and his sacred cow left, going over to Lick Creek, a little town in Maury County, Tennessee. There he promptly married an old lady by the name of Barnhill. On her farm that summer the stranger raised an excellent corn crop. But one night after the crop was in, without any warning to his wife, he left with the sacred cow and was never heard of again.

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From the goats which I bought from this man I raised a number of other goats and sold them in different parts of Kentucky and Tennessee. These goats were, I am sure, the progenitors of all such goats in this section of the country, and from which you say it is quite possible that the entire breed originated from this source.

Sincerely yours,
Dr. H. H. Mayberry.
(To Be Continued)



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