

SPIKE GREEN - Junior Forester



ATTORNEY-GENERAL UPHOLDS NEW LAW

Erroneous information has been circulated in some parts of the state to the effect that the Oregon State Game Commission has no legal right to reduce the bag limit on blacktail deer, as was done at the July meeting of the commission.

Under an opinion of the attorney-general it has been held that the

commission does have the right to reduce the limit on blacktail deer from two to one. This same opinion also held that a hunter bagging a deer is required to use but one tag on the carcass.

Mrs. Rohrman Tells Of Extended Trip After Bus

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reach the New York Central Station and board a train for Cincinnati. Here began a bit of a preponderance of negro passengers. We spent a day with my sister in Cincinnati and here, as everywhere, people seemed calmly believing the United States will be in war. Cincinnati has a great many manufacturing industries and

birth certificates are now being required as sabotage is feared.

Leaving Cincinnati at midnight, we were in the city of Cleveland by morning. Sprawling Cleveland on the shores of Lake Erie and back for 25 or 30 miles. Cleveland is becoming a bit darker shade each year because of its smoky industries. Here we met my mother-in-law and set out for Elyria, Ohio, to get the bus. It was all ready but suddenly it was found, by one of their men, to be the wrong color and we must wait a day to have it repainted. Oh, welcome delay which gives you a night in a hotel to wash and iron the children's clothes, to write a fat letter home and to catch up on the newspapers.

Saturday, at one o'clock, found us

in the bus ready to begin the adventure superb. Now we must keep in mind Rohr's written instructions: "Always remember you stick out behind." Here was a very long contraption to start manipulating immediately in the traffic of a city of 27,000 inhabitants. But the breaks were so quick and easy. Those were booster breaks. The bus could move so slowly in high. It handled with the same ease as a car. Now we must fill with gas on the left hand side of the street at once. How the other cars stopped and waited. How everyone gave us the right of way. Suddenly I realized traffic would be such fun. Was it because we were such a large and yellow affair? Well, no—we must realize how we would feel in a passenger car if we saw a woman

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at the helm of one of those yellow monsters. We must be very careful, extremely cautious—for the sake of other women drivers.

Saturday afternoon through Ohio was high adventure. We became accustomed to interested people—to the surprise of station attendants at the remoteness of our destination. One would think we were going into the wilds of Africa, like Osa and Martin Johnson. And to think of the people who came out here in a covered wagon—not in a comfortable bus with a heater and a powerful motor—and with no trail instead of pavement all the way. Are we degenerating into a race of softies?

In Napoleon, Ohio, we found the best cottages available clean, cramped and comfortable. The next day the loveliest one-way highways, straight as strings over the flattest country, rolled us through Chicago Heights and on to Cedar Rapids, where cottages were becoming a bit more like luxurious western ones. From Cedar Rapids to Fremont, Nebraska, took us from a land of rich green hill, luxuriant farms toward ones of parched and thirsty trees and dwarfed corn.

The next morning found us wondering if we could roll the bus into Cheyenne that night and call for our mail—a distance of 532 miles. We made it at 5:30 and stood panting at the postoffice window asking for mail. Cheyenne has no traffic lights and what a mixture of races of people!

Everywhere people reported business as being unusually good this year. Everywhere we met with the greatest of courtesy and considera-

tion and kindness. God bless America where people talk to you everywhere. Why had anyone thought this trip would be a hardship? The children had so much room to play in the bus; their grandmother could move about and the driver's seat was so comfortable. Fine roads, sunshine, a splendid view and riding high above the other cars, while the children napped on the seats.

Leaving Cheyenne, we only went as far as Kemmerer, Wyoming, that day. Because of the mountains, we drove more slowly to cut down gas consumption. But what speeding is done on Wyoming highways! The towns are so far apart one fancies people are rushing fearfully to the next gas station. The only distaste we had for Wyoming was its drinking water.

In Idaho we encountered much road construction and coming into Twin Falls we made a grand clean-up and sweeping change of clothes in a service station preparatory to visiting Mr. Rohrman's aunt in Filer. In Filer the county fair was in progress and I wished all of the Hermiston people could visit it. It is like a state fair and yet so many features would be practical ideas for our fair.

From Filer, Idaho, home could be reached in one day. We reached Huntington just after a cloudburst. Driving the Blue mountains was exhilarating. The added weight made possible greater speed on the curves, the powerful motor could climb so well in high. And we must hurry if we would avoid the Round-up crowd. So we wheeled into Pendleton at five o'clock and met the most relieved man in Umatilla county—A. F. Rohrman.

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