

War-paint and Feathers

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ROCKING W RANCH

Well, here is the old gal on the warpath again. Sometimes I remind myself of a rural, feminine edition of Westbrook Peglar. Probably the only good result of his, or my, tirades, is that it keeps us from exploding into minute pieces and falling all over the country, but the only thing that makes me go really berserk is cruelty. I hate it. And it doesn't matter if it be physical or psychological cruelty. One is just as bad as the other, and when I see a human being taking out his or her hate on something too helpless to fight back, I revert to the age of tooth and claw and start snarling.

The thing which has set me off this time was a letter I received yesterday from a friend. She knows my love for dogs and she wrote to tell me of a little nine-months-old black cocker which had been given to a woman who lives across the street from her. It seems that this woman is of a "religious" type of mind. She reads her Bible faithfully—or so

she says—, she goes to church, she believes the voice of her pastor is the voice of God, and she is very sure that when she dies the streets of Heaven will be hung with welcome signs and that the heavenly hosts of angels will sing the chorus of rejoicing when she arrives. Yes, she is quite positive she is one of the Anointed, but—and here is where my "mad" comes in—she beats this little black puppy, she jerks and kicks it, and she has made it into a trembling fear-stricken thing. She says quite openly that she hates dogs and wants to give this one away. So today I am going to see if she will give it to me. I don't know what I will do with it, for I don't need another dog, and I don't know any one who will want it and who will be sure to treat it kindly, but I can't leave it with her and sleep well o' nights. I think—if she gives it to me and I have it safely in the car so she can't get it back—I will look at her and say: "You are an old woman, but I have some gray hairs of my own, and so I am going to dare to tell you just what I think. You profess to be a follower of the Lord Jesus; you think you are one of God's Chosen, but I tell you that the thing our Lord condemned most sternly was cruelty in any form. 'As ye do unto the least of these, ye do also unto Me,' and the 'least of these' meant, I am very sure, any helpless trusting thing, whether it be a child or an animal. You think, in your pride, that you

are headed straight for Heaven, but I, who have heard how you have treated this dog, am very sure that you will go to your own particular Hell, and when you get there, as you surely will, I hope you get just exactly what you deserve, as you surely will."

There are some folks who have no business having a dog, a wife, a husband or a child. I know a young man who has a fine young dog and a lovely young wife. I have never seen him beat or mistreat either of them in a physical way, but his dog cowers at the sight of him, and I have heard him speak to his wife in hateful, sarcastic words that wounded worse than any physical blow he might have given her. The dog, I know, will never turn on him, for he has it cowed, but I am waiting with interest that day when that wife has endured all she will stand. What she should do is to lay him out cold with one of her new heavy aluminum frying pans every time he speaks to her as he does, but she won't, for the little fool is still in love with him. However, she won't be for long, since he is killing that love as quickly as he can, and one of these days she will either leave him or else she will stick a carving knife in where it will do the most good—and probably some male jury will send her to prison.

I wonder at the strange psychology of some folks. Of course, those who are really deliberately cruel are perverted mentally. They get a real and vicious pleasure out of tormenting something that is weaker than they and which dares not fight back. They are cowards and if their victim turns on them, they slink and cringe, but there are others who are not knowingly cruel. They seem to think that with criticism and sharpness they can get more out of people. It never works. I have never known anyone who would not work more efficiently and with a stronger praise more often than a word of praise more often than a word of harsh criticism. If a man praises his wife's cooking, she will work her head off to be a better cook and earn more compliments, whereas, if he continually growls about his food, or never notices what she sets before him, she will think "what the heck's the use" and just put any old thing on the table. I know. My men-folks are perhaps the most appreciative ones in the world, and when they praise my biscuits or what-have-I, I beam and vow to make more and better oftener.

I have watched and listened to some women with their children and some men with their horses. They yell at them, scold and fuss and get vitriolic, and the results either a nervous temperamental reaction in children and horses which inhibits careful work, or else brings about a resentful indifference. And there are also men who yell at their wives as they do at their horse. Knowing women and horses as I do, I wonder at their foolish darling. There will come a time when, in one war or another, horse or woman is going to turn loose with every thing they have and kick the man's slats loose, and more power to 'em, say I. However, in all fairness to the men-folks, I will have to add that I have known some wives that were meaner and more sadistic than any man could possibly be, and I marveled that they managed to get through their married life without being chopped into small pieces and burned in the kitchen stove.

There, my rave is over. I must get myself dressed and go to see what I can do about the little black dog. What if she will neither give nor sell? Nevertheless, whether she does or doesn't, I am just mad enough to put the fear of the Lord into her. It probably won't do any good to try, but cruel people are always cowards, and when I get good and mad about something even strong men run for safety.

Commission Sets 1946 Gun Rules

Gun regulations of the 1946 hunting season have been made by the Oregon State Game Commission to safeguard both hunters and game.

Shortages of ammunition and firearms were considered so that regulations are as liberal as feasible to avoid excessive crippling loss of game.

General regulations state that the use of machine guns, M1 military carbines, Gerand (M1) rifles, and Johnson rifles are illegal for hunting all game. The carbine is too light a weapon for big game. The Garand and Johnson are the only clip-fed semi-automatic rifles available, and at rapid fire they are difficult to control. Sportsmen should remember that these guns can kill a man two miles away. The use of .22 caliber rimfire shells is also prohibited for hunting any game birds, deer or elk.

The use of all rifles and of shot guns larger than ten gauge is

prohibited for hunting game birds. In addition, shot guns must not be capable of holding more than three shells. BB size shot is the largest allowed for hunting waterfowl.

Shot guns loaded with bird or buck shot cannot be used to hunt big game. Elk gun regulations require that rifles must be .30 caliber or larger, or must use bullets weighing at least 150 grains or generating at least 1400 foot pounds of energy at 100 yards range.

The more common caliber guns which are illegal for elk are .218, .219, .22, .220, .25, .25-20 and the .25-35. Certain cartridges of 6.5 MM and .250-3000 rifles do not

qualify under this regulation. It is recommended that hunters using these weapons consult ballistic tables for bullets they wish to use.

Long bows and barbless broad-head hunting arrows may be used to hunt big game and migratory waterfowl. Expert archers recommend that a forty-pound bow and a one-ounce arrow with a 7/8-inch broadhead be used. Regulations do not require this.

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