



Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of Americas Out-of-Doors

Official Organ I.W.L.A.

Volume I

SEPTEMBER, 1922

Number 2

VANISHING AMERICA

By
ZANE GREY

THE Editorial "Time to call a Halt" by Mr. Emerson Hough inspires me to add my appeal to his. My ideal and motive are identical with his. Moreover my work has been wholly concerned with the beauty and wildness and nature of America, *all of which are vanishing.*

But I am more hopeless than Mr. Hough. I see only one possibility of preserving the game and fish, and something of the natural beauty of wild places, and the purity of inland waters. And here it is. If a million outdoor men who have sons, will think of these sons, and band together to influence other men who have sons—*then we may save something of America's outdoor joys for the boys.*

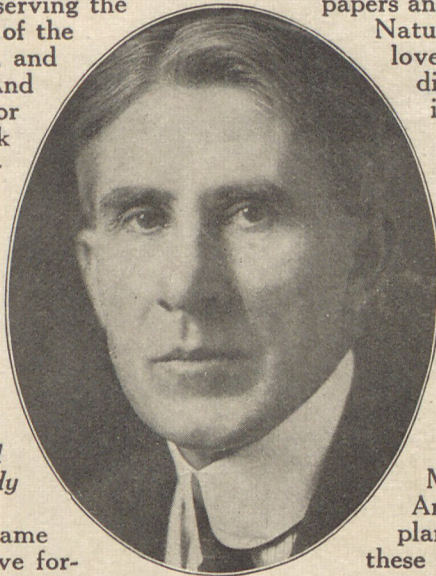
There is no other way. Commercialism has laid its sordid hand on the soul of our nation. Bolshevism is rampant, not only in labor circles, but in politics, in business, even in literature. *If the real Americans do not rise in a body we are doomed.*

My appeal is not to save game and fish for sportsmen. I have forgotten the sportsmen. I do not care anything about saving game and fish for sportsmen. I want to save something of vanishing America. For its own sake! So that our children's children will know what a fish looks like, and will hear the sweet call of "Bob White;" *and see all the living and nesting inhabitants of our beautiful land.*

We must stand powerfully and unalterably for the future sons of America. Otherwise we will fail of our opportunity. We must not agree with the other so-called sporting magazines. Most of them are not honest in any intention toward conservation. The only word I know that felicitously describes what these magazines have done for conservation *is the vulgar word BUNK.*

It is a serious thing for any writer to take up his pen against so-called sportsmen, and their peculiar ways of being happy. But it is necessary that this should be done. If honest and direct appeal fails to win thoughtless and ignor-

ant hunters and fishermen to our cause then they must be scorned and flayed and ostracised until they are ashamed of their selfishness. No such appeal, however, can touch the heart of the hardened automobiling sportsmen or the harpooning anglers or the fakirs and would-bes who want to see their pictures and names in newspapers and magazines.



Naturalists and biologists and true lovers of nature either despise or disapprove of sportsmen. There is justice in this. Something is wrong. Our heritage of outdoor pursuits is certainly a noble and splendid thing. Manly endeavor and toil and endurance makes for the progress of the race. Nature abhors weaklings. And red-blooded pursuits operate against the appalling degeneracy of modern days. Nevertheless sportsmen, as a mass, are hypocrites, *and are blind to the hand-writing on the wall.*

My one hope for conservation of American forests and waters is to plant into every American father these queries. Do you want to preserve something of America for your son?

Do you want him to inherit something of the love of outdoors that made our pioneers such great men? Do you want him to be manly, strong, truthful, and brave? Do you want him to be healthy? Do you want him, when he grows to manhood, *to scorn his father and his nation for permitting the wanton destruction of our forests and the depletion of our waters.*

In this materialistic day it is almost impossible to get the ear of any man. With all men it is the selfish zest of the battle of life. But men do love their sons, and through them perhaps can be reached before it is too late. *The mighty and unquenchable spirit of a million fathers could accomplish much.*

Zane Grey.

Izaak Walton League Monthly



Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

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Volume I

SEPTEMBER, 1922

Number 2

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A Letter From Dr. Henry Van Dyke

Sylvanora, Seal Harbor, Me.

DEAR MR. DILG:

Your favours of June 16th and August 9th have been duly received, and I thank you for them and for the interesting enclosures which they contain. My reply has been delayed for three causes. First, salmon fishing in Canada; second, cod fishing on the Maine coast; third, work on a book which is coming out in October.

Every honest angler,—and I hope I am one,—must sympathize with the avowed purpose of your "Izaak Walton League of America," namely, the promotion of sportsmanlike methods in fishing and hunting, and the efficient protection of our rapidly diminishing supply of fish and game. It certainly looks as if we might be on the way toward that melancholy time predicted by an old friend of mine, when "there will be nothing left to catch except cat-fish, and nothing to shoot except English sparrows." We need wiser and more efficient methods of conserving our stock of game in the woods and waters which the automobile has exposed to new dangers. Heaven knows what will happen to it when the aeroplane comes into common use, unless the predatory instincts of the half-civilized man are curbed by education.

On this point I think that our great and glorious republic may learn something, if it will condescend to do so, from effete European lands like England, France, Germany, and Norway, where it is actually easier to get good fishing today than it is in these United States. Perhaps you have already noticed the campaign now being carried on in England against the pollution of streams and lakes by the wash from tar-covered roads. The poisoning of fish-bearing waters by any means whatever, as for example, by the discharge of chemical waste from profitable factories, is a thing which should be not only prohibited, but heavily punished. In matters like this even the youngest countries can sometimes take lessons from those which are older.

There is just one point of criticism which I will venture to make in regard to the first number of your first volume. I doubt whether it is wise to begin a campaign such as you propose with a general denunciation of every other sportsmen's organization except the Izaak Walton League. That "it is time to call a halt" is no doubt absolutely true. But it seems somewhat sweeping to say "there is not left one honest, disinterested, unselfish agency devoted to the preservation of outdoor America." And when the writer goes on beyond this to say, "Of the great bureaus of our National government, the National

Park Service, the Forest Service, the Biological Survey, there is not one which has not proved itself an agency of destruction and not of preservation of outdoor America," it seems to me that the ardency of his zeal is probably outstripping the potency of his proof. No doubt mistakes have been made by various protective agencies, just as they have been made by the various churches. But to attribute them all to moral corruption appears to me probably unfair and certainly unwise. The odium theologicum will not be beneficial in the realm of sport any more than it has been in the realm of religion. My observation leads me to believe that less good is done by the violent denunciation of the ways of other men, than by quietly showing them "a more excellent way." In the region of outdoor life and sport there can be no question that there is such a way; and I hope that it will be the aim and effort of the Izaak Walton League to find, and mark, and command, that way so persuasively that the increasing multitudes of Americans who are learning to live outdoors, and to enjoy the sports of the open air, may be convinced, converted, and confirmed in the virtues of true sportsmen.

I shall be very glad to comply with your request and send some kind of an article to the Monthly when the opportunity arrives. But at present unfortunately I am so burdened with work and engagements, (being still a member of the laboring class), that it is impossible for me to undertake anything more. Meantime I send you my cheque for \$6 to cover my membership dues in the League, and my subscription for a year to the new Monthly, which you will please send to my address at Princeton, N. J. If you wish to use this letter in any way it is at your disposal under the rule "All or none."

Wishing you a true success in your work for the preservation of America's natural resources,

I remain,
Very truly yours,

Henry van Dyke

Doctor Van Dyke is undoubtedly one of America's most renowned men. His outdoor writings are a source of pride and delight to all anglers.

Doctor Van Dyke's conception of the right method of procedure for our great League is embodied in the prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson: "Help us . . . that we not sit lamenting amid the ruins of our happiness; touch us with fire from the altar, that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city."



THE MASTER—

"And sally forth to try your luck with quiet, cheerful mind"



Broad bill swordfish on the surface—the most thrilling sight to a sea angler

Sea Angling

Edited by ZANE GREY
World's Most Famed Sea Angler



Illustrations from Zane Grey's "Tales of Fishes"

I HAVE been over sixty days roaming the Pacific in search of broadbill swordfish. To date I have sighted twenty-five swordfish, worked half of that number, and had two strikes. Hooked one fish and fought it ten hours and ten minutes, when it broke away.

This manifestly is a poor season. The weather has been unusually cold and windy for this latitude in summer. Swordfish come to the surface only on still, warm days and that makes the hard job. You must never miss a day. You must go out every day, and stick until you see what the weather is going to do. One fine day can save the day!

Zane Grey and I have always been unlucky fishermen. That is to say, we seldom get the breaks of good fortune. We have to work and work, and stay at it until sheer persistence wins out in the end.

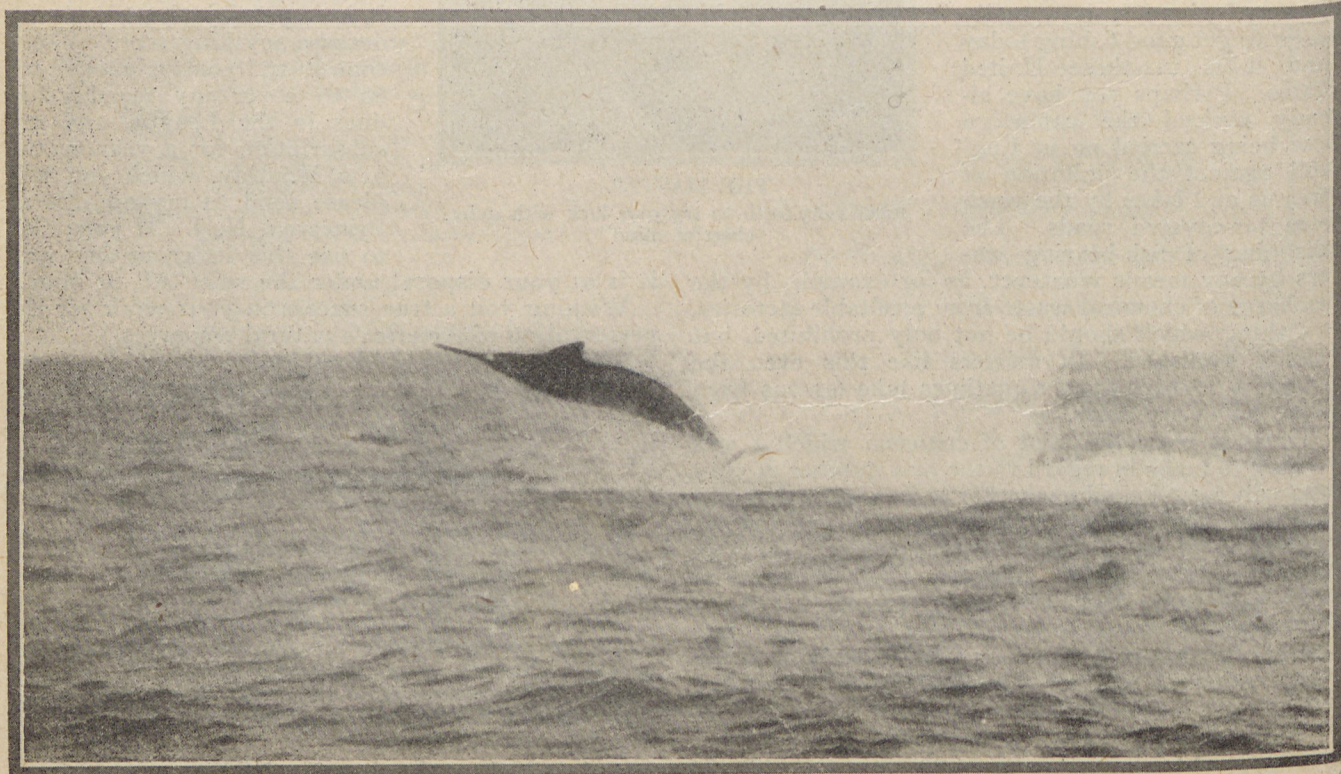
And there lies the tremendousness of this swordfish game. Few men can stand it longer than several days. Most anglers go to tuna fishing or marlin fishing, or return to land. But that is not swordfishing. You must stalk for big game of the sea. You must roam the Seven Seas and keep your eyes forever alert for the great fin

of *Xiphias Gladius*. No wonder we have a thrill when we sight one! Some days we never see a fish and never wet a line. It is just sit in the crow's nest of the *Gladiator* and watch. It takes eyesight. Zane Grey can pick up a swordfish two miles distant on glassy water.

This is the strain—always watching, searching the vast, heaving expanse, in hot sun, and glaring blaze of blue water, in wind and fog. Some days we run a hundred miles. Yesterday I sighted five broadbills—the record so far this year. No strike! It is the hardest and most alluring game known to anglers. That perhaps is its fascination. But that fascination does not come unsought. It must be earned.

We have no desire to stick ashore except on the good days, nor to harpoon swordfish, nor to gaff them when they happen to come to the surface near the boat. Swordfish that are harpooned or gaffed early in the struggle are fought and killed by boatmen, not by anglers. We do not call that fair. Such self-lauded anglers do not realize the real fascination of this game. It takes a man to whip a broadbill in fair fight, and the odds are a hundred to one against the angler.

—R. C. Grey





An Editorial With a Kick

Zane Grey's Sea Angling Department

By J. A. WIBORN

(Lone Angler)

SUBTERFUGE, conceit and selfishness are not compatible with true sportsmanship.

There is too much con in conservation. Also quite a difference between a "pat on the back" and a "kick in the pants."

The fellow who brags about his "double limit" of trout or ducks—does not deserve the "pat on the back."

Half-hearted support of the Game Laws by us men of the rod and of the gun—this, more than any one factor is accountable for the lack of respect for game laws, for weak enforcement by field officers and perhaps to a considerable extent, for the light sentence of the law violator.

The boy who inherits and fosters young America's great desire and privilege to seek recreation, health and game afield, faces a slim chance, unless there is immediate awakening and national organization of every high class, loyal and right minded American.

The men who make the laws, those who enforce them, the sportsmen, the men who take and sell, the communities that gain renown and profit from exploitation of wild life—all these have deep within them the knowledge of sincere conservation necessity.

But each is playing for some special advantage. The Club sportsman, who baits the pond, and stocks closed streams, desires full creels and too often "double limits." He too has the desire to outdo some companion. Competition creates a false standard of sportsmanship. The best interests of conservation are debauched by prize contests. The joy of a day a-stream, or afield, often is deadened by false desire to be number one.

Strip off the mask of jealousy and malicious envy. Let us get down to the needed concerted effort to protect our American heritage—the heritage of Boone and Crocket, the Zanes, all our immortal frontier wilderness trackers.

All interests are immediately concerned in true conservation. The local banker who loans to the cannery and tanneries and to the fertilizer plants. He is interested and far seeing. The politician who seeks for the support of organized industries, he is interested. The game commissioners whose very existence depends upon game and whose organization is in reality composed of frontier scouts to warn and to protect against careless and malicious invasion of game fields are interested.

Sportsmen will, and others must, appreciate the necessity of conservation,—and the respect for laws which help to protect vanishing wild life.

"That sounds fine," my market friend says, "sure it does. But we must have fish to eat and game cannot be for the few alone." Granted! And right here is my strong plea to get together.

This is a fact, in sea food, as in every other market product, demand rules supply.

When the waters near Catalina teem with spawning sea bass, barracuda, yellowtail and other game fish, a great army of net boats appear and take from five to twenty tons per boat. Often they cannot take the netted fish aboard and the surface of the sea is "alive with dead fish" that have been dumped overboard, or cut from the overlaid nets. A few early boats rush to market and sell for three or four cents a pound. The middle-

man ships from the boat-dock to the city and sells for ten or fifteen cents a pound and the consumer pays his market man twenty-five cents a pound. But this is not all—only so many tons can be utilized and the rest are dumped, or sold to fertilizer plants, when in all common sense, to help conserve fish and food supply, they should be stored in an icing plant as other foods are, and withdrawn as needed.

I fished at Clemente Island five years ago and it was actually impossible to see one's bait when thrown over the side of the launch. The rock bass would swarm over it like a living yellow ball of gold.

This month I fished there for two days with Zane Grey and R. C. Grey and we could not catch one for breakfast. Why? Because Clemente waters are unrestricted and countless net boats comb the shallow waters day and night (nine out of ten boats manned by Austrians and Italians and Japs). The Japs mostly use live bait, which is taken in shore and this method absolutely exterminates everything that swims. Compare Clemente with Catalina, where there has been a no-net law off and on for ten years, since Dr. Holders' time.

In May, June and July of every year countless hordes of schooling sea bass, yellowtail and barracuda drift into the clear shallow waters of this lee shore, where they mass together, resting, ripening and spawning, undisturbed by nets; and often for a week or more no rod can capture a single one of these schooling fish, but let some ruthless half-mile-long net get sight of them and the whole school is exterminated in an hour. The sin and waste of killing these nesters is appalling.

So for the sea. In the stream extermination, the motor car is the great demon of destruction.

Before this juggernaut of advancing civilization, our streams are fast becoming as fish barren as the water in a flivver radiator.

A deer that ventures to cross a road now gets tourist-plugged just to see the critter kick. Before this thoughtless, careless army our thinning game, like snow before the inevitable warmth of the summer sun, is slowly melting away. The beaver, the buffalo, antelope, pigeon, our fathers knew, are but a myth to you and to me. The lordly elk, the moose, the great and sagacious mule-tail deer and all his lesser kin are passing.

And every form of feathered tribe once so plentiful in shaded wood, and flushing with thrilling whir from the broad western prairie, are but a dream. Vanishing, surely vanishing, while we sit in listless apathy!

Fine guardians, truly, you and I. Our boys can never know the joys our memory holds so dear, unless with minute-man spirit we marshal every power of legal and physical resistance to the fair standard of conservation.

We have cried wolf and done nothing while the killers and spoilers—stealthy and crafty—have befuddled lawmakers and public with the old moth-eaten, deceitful wail: "The millionaire sportsmen want to protect the fish and game for his own use, while the poor have to pay unjust prices for a Christmas duck, or a fish on Friday."

(Continued on page 74)

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Fishing With Jack London

By OZARK RIPLEY
Author of "Jist Huntin'"

As he stood in the bow of the long johnboat, his mobile features reflecting pleasure at the clear, fast water and the great chain of pine and oak serrated hills, connected by less gaudy gaps and hog backs, all finally merging together in the purpling haze of Ozark distances, in his ten-ounce, well-worn duck trousers and old gray flannel shirt generously open in front, he appeared to be inseparable from the surroundings. And this strange blending of the Irish wilderness country with Jack London, I noticed more than ever before, especially because it is the way we hill people have of instinctively appraising a newcomer.

A man who has been for any length of time a disciple of the outdoors always seems in perfect rapport with scenes and people, though it is a new region in his limitless itinerary. The only thing that will distinguish him from the natives is speech—the vocal taint of locality. At least that is the way we residents explain it.

"What's the prospects for a big fellow today?" queried London, imitating in his quaint way the Ozark dialect. "In this here fast water, they ought fight some!"

"You'll get the fish and the fight, too, today," I returned, amused, and then sent back the thrust I wanted to sink in his perceptiveness. "If you'll only learn how to cast, and give that line time to straighten out on the backcast, you'll accomplish something—if you take my advice about it."

"Reckon so?" he smiled back tantalizingly at me. "Then there's another thing," I continued unsparingly, "You writers have a remarkable habit of visualizing—that's the secret of your trade. But don't visualize any more fancy small mouth bass perched up in trees, like you did yesterday, when we go through McGonigal's Failure. If you ever hang a fly in a limb along there—all h— can't stop the boat for a hundred feet or so!"

Without another word I pushed the long, steel-shod paddle in the gravel and worked the boat away from the bar. The current caught the bow and whipped it downstream in its grasp. If there was any improvement in London's casting form I did not observe it. But I complimented him for desisting when near overhanging limbs. He realized the punishment I had to take every time his feathered deceit caught. The water was fast

almost everywhere, and extremely difficult to hold a boat in against the rapid flow. Right off I knew by London's deportment that he had done considerable travelling by swift water, if he did labor more at fly casting than any man I had ever seen.

You know a river man the minute he stands up in a boat, and London never would fall overboard; for unconsciously his knees sagged just right when we scraped a dangerous rock or log, and he righted himself gracefully when the craft resumed its ordinary poise.

Shooting down Tunnel Bluff Shoals he picked up four fair-sized small mouth bass, and then a few more in the intervening water between its subsidence and where McGonigal's Failure comes in sight.

"Hillbilly, where's that big one coming from?" London asked, his eyes twinkling expectantly at the prospect of an engagement with a weighty fighting bass.

"At the head of McGonigal's," I promised. "There's a whopper lays in there. But for God's sake don't hang!"

"Haint done it yet," mimicked the sturdy one, removing his broad gray felt hat and trying with one hand to smooth back his recalcitrant mop of hair.

"Pretty anxious about that fish, haint you?" I said.

"Yep."
"Might feel like the Ozarker that bought his first grape fruit—bit off grape fruit—bit off something that didn't taste like he thought it would,"

I commenced.

"Shoot!" chuckled the writer.

"A hillbilly the first time he went to a big city saw a grape fruit. Vowed he'd never seed sich a darned big orange. Had to buy it. And like that poor old chap Adam, he bit deep—"

Jack laughed uproariously, but vowed no matter how fast the water or the size of the small mouth, as long as line, leader and rod remained intact he was there to stay with it. Then quickly he asked all about McGonigal's and the best method of procedure for success, as we were coming closer to the rapid water.

"It's all swift water," I explained. "Then the river gets notionable. She behaves nicely until she arrives there, but abruptly shoots East against the high bank, and then gets notionable suddenly again and rips along South."



Jack London in the Ozarks—a rare memorial of the immortal writer.



"Once a pine rafter of Celtic ancestry declared he could run alone a pine raft down it without losing a log. He didn't succeed. The raft broke against the left bank and McGonigal was found piled up in a tree top, so the story goes.

"Now for the big fish. Look down stream. We will follow the right bank in the swiftest water—just as close as we can. Just where it shoots East there is a little point of gravel and willows. We will still hug the left in that fastest water, then just put that Colonel Fuller behind those willows as we make the turn. There is a little pool of eddy water behind—very deep—where a big bass stays. But for God's sake don't—"

"Hang!" roared the sturdy one, "being as you have never warned me against it before."

"Here we are," I cautioned. "Cast just where I told you."

Already we were in the suck of the rapids. The speed the boat gained was appreciable. Just as it made the dash apparently across for the East bank, I put the long paddle way under it and all my strength against it. The boat responded and London cast. I dared only turn my head an instant. His fly landed true.

"What a bass!" exclaimed Jack.

I beheld, as he shouted, the largest small mouth bass I ever saw, break water a foot behind the fly. Then all my attention was devoted to maneuvering the craft safely down the rapid.



Ozark Ripley

"What I wouldn't give to land that fish!" declared Jack, "isn't worth mentioning. Such a chance I'll never have again."

When we gained the termination of the long rapid only did I stop and speak. I saw plain disappointment on London's face, but brought back the ready smile as I told him that we would try again and this time work upstream for it.

"Upstream in this water?" London questioned with surprise.

"Get ready," I assured. "We are going to push up. Just remain still until you are well within casting distance. Then, if he comes and you hook him, we will run with him all the way down the fast water, because he can't be landed in it."

At the possibility of making our way up the stream in the long johnboat, London's eyes expressed first incredulity, afterward speculation, then sudden belief; for as I worked close to the West bank, having found bottom with my long, steel-shod paddle, the boat was making progress.

But how I hugged that bank and labored with all my might climbing the thundering watery stairway!

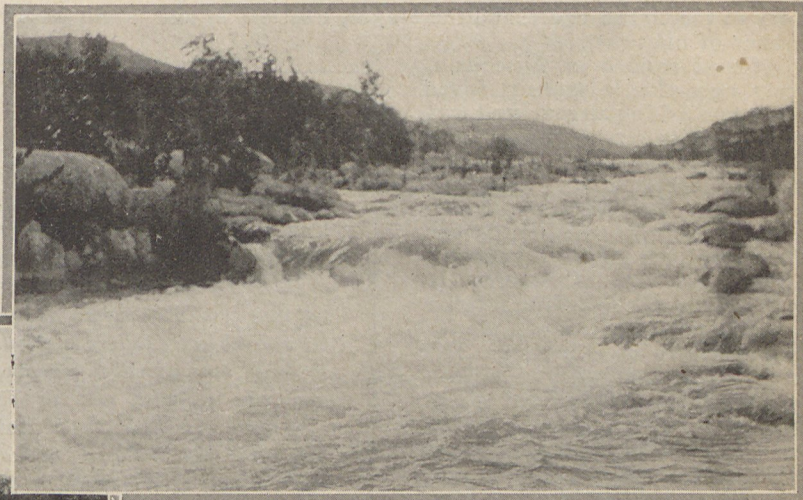
Finally, after fifteen minutes I had pushed the boat within easy casting distance. Almost exhausted, I stopped as the boat caught inert in a slight upstream swirl.

"You did it, Ozarker!" And then once more the outdoor man by the rarest good fortune sent his fly in the right place.

Like a gleaming shaft of animated polished dark metal the small mouth flashed myriads of scintillant coruscations when he smashed that deceitful Colonel and fastened to it. Downstream it bolted, speedy with hook-pricked madness, leaping and everlastingly tossing his massive head, breaking into spectacular flights from the water.

I gave the boat to the rapids almost instantly, following in the wake of the monster bass. Never had I seen a small mouth so large, never was I more anxious for the angler to land one.

"Keep line taut as much as possible," I yelled. "He'll run down ahead until the swift water gives out. Then there will be—"



Rapids in the Ozarks

"H—1!" gleefully Jack cried. "It's sure got some speed and is as strong as a lion. See it h-i-t the atmosphere!"

At the subsidence of the fast reach, inferno surely seemed to break loose for a while. That big fellow at times was almost as much out of the water as in, alternating quite often its tactics by sounding with unexpected spiral dives, ever tugging like an enraged bulldog with a huge rat in its mouth.

Came the time finally when the leaps of the fish were less vigorous, the fighting circles narrowed, and ten minutes after the happy, tired angler backed the monster in his landing net.

"Some fish!" London managed to exult. "Hillbilly, I'll sure have him mounted. He's the daddy of 'em all. He'll weigh nearly seven pounds."

"S-e-v-e-n pounds!" I interposed wrathfully. "Why that fish is a late spawner. She is as heavy as lead. Look at her belly. The lazy old lady hain't been on her spawning bed yet, and its nearly past middle of June. She'll go eight or nothing!"

"Full of spawn—yes," Jack remarked slowly, regret showing in those bright honest eyes. Then to my amazement he held the big fish aloft, viewed it only a second in more appraisal, and then stooping, he dropped it gently in the water.

The big fish swam slowly, but gaining vigor suddenly it disappeared in the deep water.

Too angry for utterance, I worked the craft up the rapid. Some people are fools and I vowed that London was the biggest ever born. What did he think I had nearly wrenched my shoulders off for? Just for that fish. Upstream going was bad enough, and still worse when the fisherman didn't appreciate what you did. So far as I was concerned the writer chap could go home any time he felt like it. I did not want to paddle any more crazy fishermen like this one—who always smiled, never complained—and threw away the biggest small

(Continued on page 71)



Pollution

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

THE following letter from Mr. Geo. H. Wood, of Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, will give our readers a realizing sense of the enormity of stream pollution, and its disastrous effects on life beneath the waters. Mr. Wood knows whereof he speaks, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. He is vouched for, and his statements indorsed by the clerk of the circuit court, and the Mayor, Postmaster and banker of his town.

When I resided in Wisconsin, years ago, the Wisconsin River was a fine fishing stream, and was noted for its scenic beauty; the Dells especially being a favorite summer resort:

My dear Dr. Henshall; I sincerely hope that the efforts for the protection and propagation of the game fish of America as outlined by the platform of the Izaak Walton League of America may prove to be a success. The league will meet with an unseen power, which will be hard to defeat—it is money, backed by the best legal talent, newspapers and most dangerous of all, the unscrupulous politicians.

I have been an Outer all my life, having been born here in 1854—was in my 19th year before we had a steam railroad in this territory.

Our Wisconsin River, which is a tributary of the Mississippi River, is 426 miles long, with a fall of 1054 feet. The fall in the river from Tomahawk to the last of the rapids at Nekoosa, 8 miles below us, is 510 feet.

Before the advent of paper mills (sulphate, sulphite and ground wood pulp mills) on this river, game fish were very plentiful, especially in and near the many rapids, such as small mouth black bass, muskies, pike, pickerel, channel catfish and sturgeon. Now about the only fish we are able to get in this territory, are a few small pike and pickerel and bullheads. The pike are to be found at and near the mouth of the tributary unpolluted creeks.

It is impossible to dip up a pail of water in any part of the river, without getting the finely ground spruce pulp in the pail. This condition covers a hundred miles or more of the river.

For many years I tried to have our game wardens arrest and prosecute our paper mill officials for breaking our state laws in polluting the river—the wardens are sure to arrest the "poor devil." In July, 1917, I took up the matter of the pollution of our river with our state conservation commission at Madison. I have their letters on file, which tell me that the information which we gave them on pollution of our river was very important—that their commission, together with the state board of health, with a chemist, would be up here to investigate the matter—the commission never came—later one of their game wardens came and organized a fish and game club, of which one of the lawyers of the paper mill interests was made president. The V. P. was a lawyer and a stockholder of two of our paper mills, and the secretary was the "right-hand-man" of one of the largest paper mill owners. Our new game club never made an effort to

prevent the politicians from transferring the inland waters from the conservation commission to the state board of health.

So far as Wisconsin is concerned, it will be many moons before the waters of the Wisconsin and Chippewa rivers which empty their waters into the Mississippi River, and the Fox River which flows into Lake Michigan, will be free from the enormous amount of paper mill refuse, as the paper mill interests, each with newspaper, bank, best of legal talent, unscrupulous politicians, and the aid of two leading railroad lobbies control our state legislature.

Were I a competent correspondent I would break into public print and show up this bunch who now cry—"SAVE WISCONSIN." You hear their cry and then no more after the fall election!

Yours for conservation,
GEO. N. WOOD.

Dear Dr. Henshall; I am a member of the Izaak Walton League of America, and I am doing all I can to get my friends to subscribe for its monthly magazine. Formerly I lived at Lexington, Ky., but am now a resident of this town, where we have a Fish and Game Club. The Ohio State Game and Fish Commission once planted a car load of black bass in the streams of this vicinity, but there are no bass in them now. It is not hard to account for their disappearance.

All the waste and offal from the mills and factories along the river, and the sewage from the towns are emptied into it. I live on a creek that flows into the river and during dry weather one can see the foul material floating on the surface. It is impossible to have any fishing under these conditions. We look to the influence and work of the Izaak Walton League to remedy this destruction of our fish, and this menace to the public health. Good laws must be enacted and enforced to abate this nuisance and outrage on the community.

I was once fishing in the upper Kentucky River in the eastern part of the State. One night I heard a loud report, way up the river. The next day hundreds of dead bass floated with the current. The dynamiter had gotten in his work. I saw other streams thick with coal dust and washings, and one with a sawmill, where the bank was piled high with sawdust, waiting for a rise to wash it into the stream. This state of affairs is still rampant in that section, in the mountain streams, and bass are also being taken by other unlawful means.

All this is very discouraging to the angler who, like myself, uses a four-ounce rod and a single hook, and who takes even less than the lawful number of fish per day, and I hope to live to see the day when every angler will do likewise.

May the good work of conserving our fish and game go on, and our streams restored to something like their former condition. Yours truly,

GEORGE M. GOETZ.

MR. J. B. McCREADY, secretary of the Fond du Lac Wisconsin Chapter, speaking of the shocking pollution of beautiful Lake Winnebago, says in part, "Our local papers are warning the bathers at the beaches not to open their mouths nor their eyes in the water. It would be better to advise the bathers to stand upon the beach, open wide their eyes and gaze upon the pollution and its sources, then open wide their mouths and let a roar out of them that would be heard all over the state of Wisconsin, so that the powers that be would take some action toward the safeguarding of public waters."

Dr. Henshall is receiving complaints like the above from all over the country, proving that this question of Pollution is one shouting for correction.



This coal dust and sawdust pollution is an old story, and it can be found in other states as well as in Kentucky. Once when trout fishing in Manistique River, in the upper peninsula of Michigan, I saw several very large and well-equipped sawmills along the course of the river which were fast eating up the vast pine forests. The sawdust from all of the mills was being dumped into the stream. At the mouth of the river, on Lake Michigan, was a village owned by a lumber company from the state of New York. The employes at the mills and village were Indians and half breeds. As the company made its own ordinances and regulations the village was "dry" in order that the employes could not obtain the fire water. At the drug store, however, there was a brisk trade in Hostetters Bitters and Peruna. The Indians also bought small vials of cinnamon, mint and other flavoring extracts which they swallowed at one gulp, and their swollen and blistered lips showed the outward effects of the hot stuff.

The sawdust from the mills up-stream had formed a bar at the mouth of the harbor and a United States dredge-boat was scooping up the sawdust, depositing it into scows, to be towed out in Lake Michigan and dumped into its waters. As this seemed to me to be a somewhat queer arrangement I questioned the manager about it, and suggested that a better plan was pursued at the sawmills of Wisconsin where the sawdust was burned in large iron cylinders. He said that plan was too much bother; that his way was easier. I remarked that it seemed to be rather a work of supererogation on the part of the Federal Government to dredge out his sawdust in order to deepen the channel so as to admit his schooners to be loaded with his lumber. His only comment was: "What's a dredge for!"

Richmond, Va.

Dear Dr. Henshall: I know a stream, quite a sizeable creek, about fifty miles from this city, into which is dumped the pumpings, and refuse, from the Virginia Sulphur Mines. Along its banks the vegetation is dead for quite a distance, all fish life has gone, and if cattle drink of the water it means death.

This stream empties into the North Anna River, and the North Anna is a tributary of the Pamunkey River, and the Pamunkey and Mattaponi form the York River, one of our most famous oyster fisheries. So far as I know the oysters are not yet diseased.

As a boy and later as a man, I have fished in the North Anna twelve miles above the Junction of the polluted creek, and have made nice catches of bass and other fish, but now the sport is a thing of the past, an occasional carp can be caught, but for five years, and I have fished every year, not a bass has been landed.

Through my mind pass the many, many memories, hopes and heartbreaks that accompany and help to make our beloved game of angling the sport it is, but when I read in one of Richmond's leading daily papers, the following news item, my heart was heavy indeed:

"Pollution" Bill Is Passed by in House Committee.

Game and fish conservationists were hit a hard blow when after a lengthy session, the house committee on general laws voted to "indefinitely pass by" the bill designed to prevent the pollution of the streams of Virginia. The measure was sponsored by the state department of game and inland fisheries, which expressed the hope that its passage would save the fish of Virginia inland streams from extinction. A survey recently conducted by the

department showed that some of the best fishing streams in Virginia had been ruined by refuse from various kinds of manufacturing plants.

The hearing developed into a contest between the sportsmen and the commercial interests. The latter won. Opponents of the bill declared that any one of the industries affected was of more value to the state than all the fish destroyed by the acknowledged pollution of the streams.

This rings the knell of the fish life in our old Virginia streams, which is a calamity not only for the man who loves to fish, and get out into the great out-doors to indulge in the life lengthening sport, but also for the fish, those beautiful and noble warriors who inhabit our streams.

The true fisherman not only loves the sport, but loves his fish, and when a loser in a well fought battle, does not begrudge his opponent his get-away.

This bill that was killed in the committee, and thrown out was drafted by our state department of game and inland fisheries, a state institution, and was endorsed by the Virginia Game and Game Fish Protective Association, and every fishing and sporting club and association to which it was submitted, and they were many. Faithfully yours,
HUGH R. LEWIS.

Mr. Lewis' statement that this important bill that was killed had been endorsed by the Virginia Game and Game Fish Protective Association, and by a great many fishing and sporting clubs and associations—but in vain—only goes to prove again that though local, county, and state associations are legion, they are not adequate; NATIONAL organization is the only solution; as in another instance, in Pennsylvania, where there are a great many so-called protective associations and where there are also 4,800 polluted streams.

Chemical Company Found Guilty.

There took place recently an unusual and dramatic trial, that of the officers of the Buckhannon Chemical Co., of Selbyville, W. Va., who were charged with the killing of thousands of fish in the Buckhannon River, by the placing therein of refuse matter from their plant.

The question was not only one of the wholesale slaughter of the fish, but was a question that affected every citizen of Buckhannon, because Buckhannon's water supply comes from this same river and it caused much anxiety from the fact that if this refuse could do so serious damage to the fish as to kill them almost instantly, what would the effects be to those who have to drink this same water every day?

The judge rendered a decision for the state. The Chemical Company was fined \$100 and costs, and Mr. McDade and Mr. Larkey, superintendents of the plant, were fined \$100 each and forty-five days in jail. An appeal was taken, and when the case comes up in court, it promises to be a very interesting occasion.

Purifying of the Ohio River Soon to Start.

Elimination of the pollution of the Ohio river is not far off. The Federal Government has sent intimations to the State Department of Health that it will soon order the purification of the stream. The State department is ready to step in and issue orders for the immediate construction of sewage disposal systems in Cincinnati and other river cities that now unload their sewage into the Ohio.

These facts were stated Thursday by F. H. Waring,
(Continued on page 75)

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John Moreland—Fisherman

By WILL H. DILG

Illustrated by R. Fayerweather Babcock



John Moreland was one of the old-time captains of industry. Nature had given him an iron constitution, tremendous energy, great initiative, and rare organizing genius. He was a high-power human dynamo and geared for speed. To this add unconquerable endurance and you have a fair picture of John Moreland.

He had never let up on work and never gave up anything he once decided to do. For fifty years he had proved his capacity to bend circumstances to his iron will. He did not know, and neither did he care, that Napoleon had said, "Circumstances, I make them," but it described Moreland's way of doing things. Those who got in his way were smashed. Without knowing it he was a pagan and ruthlessly rode rough shod over obstacles in the good old pagan way. Those who knew him best declared that business victories were the breath of life to him.

He utterly scorned pleasure. He was a constructor. To build was second nature to him. He hated the thought of rest.

Early and late he constructed and planned and built. Year in and year out this continued as though he were veritably a man of steel and iron and brass—like the big machines in his big works. But even machines of steel break down and John Moreland at last began to break. His heart first showed evidence of weakening. After two or three half-fainting spells he reluctantly called on his physician, though he hated doctors and nurses and medicines.

The physician after a careful examination said with solemnity, "You must take a rest, and you must take it now."

John Moreland felt like throwing him out of the window and in his younger days might have done it. "Frank Kimbark," he snorted, "rest, hell—rest would kill me. What I want you to do is to fix me up so I can attend to my business."

The physician bluntly told him it couldn't be done and that medicine wasn't worth anything in his case.

Old Moreland glared in anger at the physician and then rushed out, furious at himself for having gone to see a fool doctor.

In red-hot anger he went back to his offices fully intending to make the fur fly. He stamped into the elevator still as mad as a hornet. A small

boy was just asking the elevator man if he knew where Mr. Robert Patterson's office was. Old Moreland with a snort answered for the man.

"He's my secretary. What do you want of him?"

"I want to deliver this package," the boy said, and showed a long, round, leather case.

"What's that?" asked Moreland.

"It's a fishing-pole," said the boy.

"Give it to me, I'll deliver it."

Carrying the rod in his hand old Moreland entered his office and at once pressed a button. A tall, quiet-appearing young man responded. His eyes opened wide when he saw the rod in Moreland's hand.

"This thing belong to you?" Moreland inquired, holding it out.

"I did order a rod to-day, but how did you get hold of it?"

"Delivery boy wanted to know in the elevator where the office of Mr. Robert Patterson was located and I told him you were my secretary and to give it to me. What did that thing cost?" asked Moreland.

"Oh," answered Patterson, "this is the best fly rod made and it cost seventy-five dollars."

"I wouldn't give seventy-five dollars for a wagon load of 'em!"

Patterson smiled, "Well, I did hesitate a long time before I bought as expensive a rod as this, but you have no idea what a temptation such a rod is to an angler, especially for the Nipigon trip I'm starting on tomorrow."

"You're a light weight," asserted Moreland, and then 'phoned one of his superintendents and burned him up over the wire.

That evening old Moreland collapsed in the elevator and had to be carried to his car. When he regained consciousness he found Dr. Kimbark at his side.

"Well, I'm down again," said Moreland. "I want to know what you meant by a rest. I never rested in my life and don't know how to rest. I'm a busy man, as you know, and haven't the time to rest. Besides, I'd wear myself out trying."

"You must try," said the man of medicine; "if you don't, your days are very few. You not only need a rest but you need a good long rest and what's more you have got to do it every year. Your condition is quite like that of an electric battery that has just about exhausted its juice, and you must be recharged and made fit again and, as I told you this afternoon, nothing but rest and fresh air can do it. Medicines are worthless in your case."

"Where will I go, what must I do?" asked Moreland.

"Do you like golf?" asked the physician.

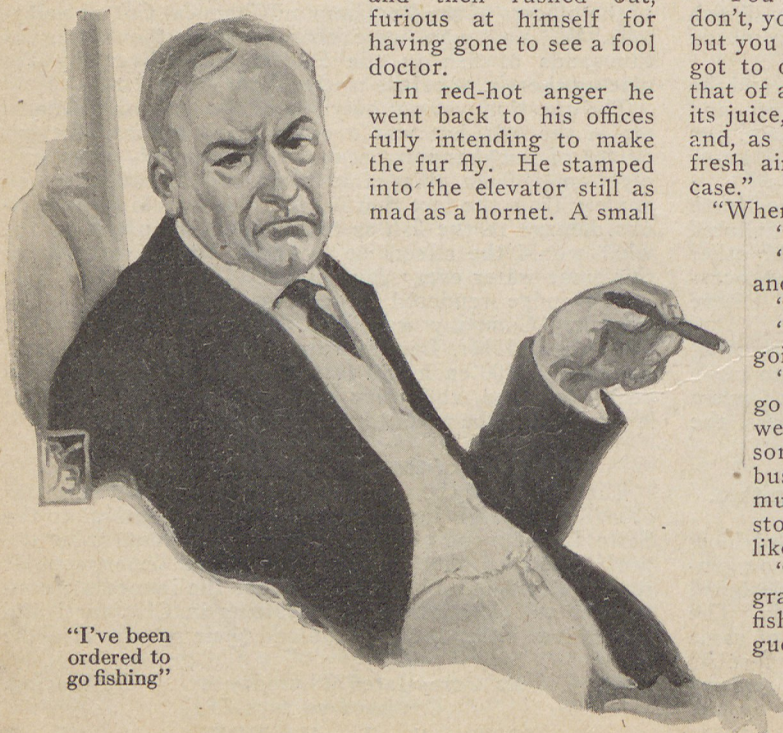
"Don't like it, never tried it, don't want to try it, and hate the thought of it."

"What about traveling?"

"All right, I'll travel. Start right now, and you're going along with me."

"No, that won't do," said the doctor, "if I should go with you, you would always be thinking you were sick and talking about it. What you need is some form of recreation that will make you forget business; something you like to do. Surely there must be some form of outdoor life you enjoy. Now, stop and think, when you were a boy what did you like best?"

"When I was a very little boy I used to visit my grandfather in the country and he was an old fisherman and he used to take me with him. I guess I liked that pretty well if the fish bit fast enough. I haven't fished for over fifty years and don't know how to begin. Guess we'd better advertise for a fisherman and hire one



"I've been ordered to go fishing"



to go along with me. Hold on, there's my secretary! He says he's a fisherman. Anyway he bought a seventy-dollar fishing-pole to-day."

"Seventy-five dollars for a fishing rod," repeated the doctor, "then he's the man of men to go fishing with you."

Robert Patterson was 'phoned for and soon arrived, carrying his rod and appearing much put out.

As he entered the room old Moreland said: "The doctor here says I've got to go fishing and if you know anything about fishing you're going with me. We start to-morrow morning if the doctor says I'm in shape."

A look of utter dismay crept over Patterson's face. For an instant he hesitated and then said, "Mr. Moreland, I cannot go with you."

"Why? Why not?"

"For this reason," said Patterson, "all the year a fishing pal and I have planned two full weeks on the Nipigon. All our plans are made, guides and outfit engaged, and we start to-morrow. I doubt if you really want to go fishing, anyway, Mr. Moreland—"

"You're dead right, young man, I don't, but the doctor here says I must get out into the open or die, and I'm not ready to die yet by a jugful. Business is my sport and I know about business and I don't know or give a damn about outdoor sports. But when I was a little boy I sort o' liked to fish and maybe I could pass my time less miserably at that kind of nonsense."

"Mr. Moreland," said Patterson, "are you aware that fishing is an art and to master it even in a mediocre way is the work of a lifetime? Fishermen are born, not made, Mr. Moreland, and I don't think you have it in you to make a real fisherman, because if you had the passion for angling it would have developed long ago and if you had it in your blood like thousands of us have you wouldn't have been able to forbid yourself from practicing it all these years."

"I tell you, sir, the call of the woods and streams cannot be disobeyed, but it's useless for me to talk to you about something you simply can't understand. I'm afraid you haven't got it in you to learn to fish. I suppose I'm fired right now,

and we'll let it go at that. Good-bye, sir, I'm off to show my pal this brand-new rod."

"Young man, how in hell do you know I can't learn to fish? Never been stumped yet on anything I made up my mind to do and no little thing like fishing is going to stump me now. Get me, young man, the doctor here says I got to do something interesting to me out of doors and I've just made up my mind that I'd like to fish even if I never knew it before and I'm going to be a fisherman and I start right now. I'm going down-town to-morrow morning and buy me a bundle of fishing-poles—"

"Rods," corrected Patterson, but Moreland went on as though he had not heard him.

"—and lines and hooks and sinkers and every damn thing I need. Though I'm not going to be fool enough to pay any such price as seventy-five dollars for a fishing-pole."

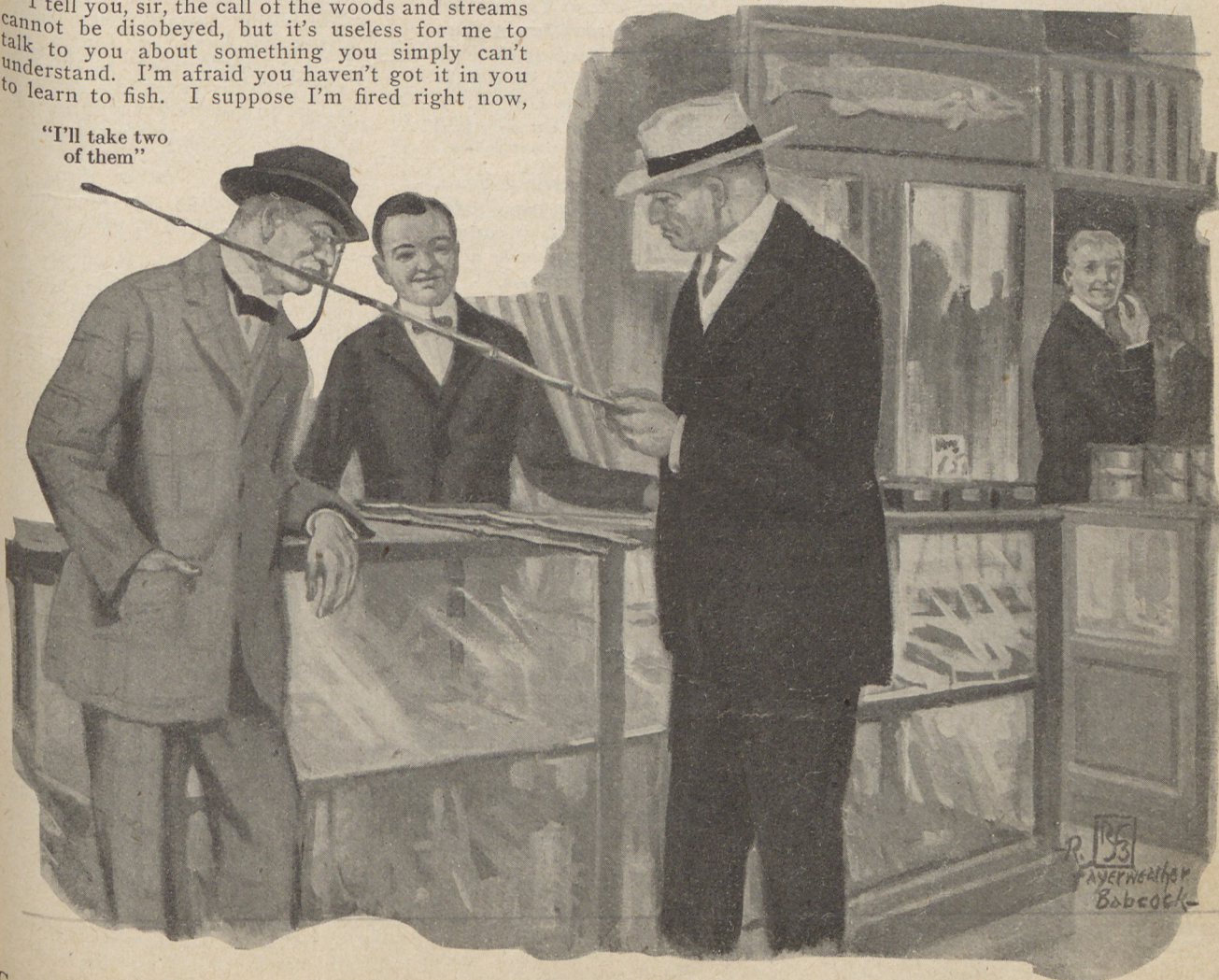
"Rod," again corrected Patterson. "And now, good-bye, Mr. Moreland, I'll give you the ancient wish of all true anglers—the best of fisherman's luck!" At that Patterson hurriedly bowed himself out.

"Well, well, I'll be damned!" said Moreland, "what do you think of that cocky kid? I didn't know he had it in him."

"You see, John," said the doctor, "fishermen belong to the brotherhood of Nature lovers and that young man meant just what he said. He wouldn't give up his Nipigon fishing trip with his pal for a pot of money, and I can't say that I blame him. About this time of the year many of my patients are bitten by the fishing-bug and there's only one thing to do with 'em and that is to send them with their rods and flies and lures to their favorite stream or lake. Now, mark me, John, I've

(Continued on page 77)

"I'll take two of them"





When Two Old Timers Met

By
THOMAS W. TOWNSEND

WHEN I was a boy eight years old we lived on the bank of the Big Sioux River in north-western Iowa. At that time the waters of the Sioux fairly teemed with game fish. Pike, pickerel and channel cat were so plentiful, that it was not out of the ordinary to catch twenty or thirty of them in a few hours with one hook and line. I have been with my father when he has landed as many as thirty-five pickerel and pike in an afternoon. Anything less than two pounds was put back in the river to grow. There was no limit to the number of fish that could be taken with one hook and line, and when we had more than we could use, all the neighbors in the near vicinity received a generous supply. Father never used a jointed pole, and never owned a reel or silk line in his life; an ordinary cane pole, a light linen line, usually gray in color, a bit of fine neatly twisted copper wire for a leader and a number four hook completed his tackle. With this outfit, and yours truly with a minnow pail, he was fully equipped.

Many is the hard fought battle I have witnessed between him and a six or eight pound pickerel, and believe me, fellow-fishermen, there was no chance to day dream on the job if one landed the fish with that kind of tackle.

A good many times when he had a big one hooked, to prevent the line from snapping when the fish made a determined straight away rush, I have seen him lay the pole in the water and let go of it, then follow with the boat. In this same manner he would locate the best fishing ground. After hooking something he would lay the pole on the water and when the fish stopped, the pole would swing down stream with the current and there we would anchor the boat. I never knew this method to fail in locating the right spot.

Now for the main event. Our house stood on the river bank with only three town lots between our line and a flour mill, and less than seventy-five yards to the lower side of the dam. In the evening, after the mill had shut down, father and I would go down below the flume and try for pike and pickerel. Or rather father would try, I went along to advise. How well I remember the evening of which I am about to tell. Father had baited up with a small live frog and was trolling in the deep hole made by the rush of water after it escaped from the turbines. I stood close by watching the end of that pole with eager anticipation and every few moments I would ask in a low tone.

"Did yu get any bites yet, dad, huh, did yu, they ought 'a be sompthin' in there, hadn't they, dad?"

"We'll know pretty soon, be quiet," he answered.

He had trolled back and forth through that hole perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when suddenly the pole stopped with a vicious backward yank that made me gasp. Father quickly slackened the line and the fish settled to the bottom.

"By golly, did yu see the way he grabbed it, dad, I betcha he's a big son-of-a-gun, huh?"

"Shut your head," he commanded. In a moment he slowly raised the pole until he could feel the fish.

"Is he there yet, dad, jimminy! I hope yu hook him, ain't he had time to swall'a that frog yet?"

After another moment, he gave the pole a little twitch to set the hook and the battle was on. Like a flash the line started with a singing swish toward deep water at the end of the flume. Dad held back every ounce he thought the line would hold, but it had no apparent effect on the progress of the fish. On he went, the tip end of the pole started down toward the foam, in another instant the line must snap and he would be gone. I held my breath, I will never forget that moment if I live a thousand years. Dad was in the river now half way to his knees, where another step would plunge him into eight feet of water, holding the pole at arm's length in one hand. I fairly trembled with excitement. The

next instant when the line and pole were in a direct line with each other, fortune smiled on us. The fish suddenly changed his course and headed down stream giving dad a little slack. He sprang to the water's edge and raced along the shore fighting hard to check that wild rush and finally succeeded in turning the fish back toward deep water. Back and forth they fought, part of the time dad was in the river nearly to his knees in a desperate effort to counteract another rush of that worthy warrior, and each time at the critical moment, he succeeded. I raced along the shore, jumping up and down, flinging my arms in wild gestures and shouting,

"Look out, dad, don't let him get away, jiminy crickets! if you kin bring 'im in close I'll get 'im by the gills."

At that moment, he had about as much chance bringing that old warrior in close to shore as I had going out after him.

"Get out 'a the way." Father shouted, none too kindly, and I got.

An instant later the excitement of the moment was increased a hundred degrees when the game old battler shot straight into the air, far above the bubble crowned surface, fiercely shaking his head in a frantic effort to rid himself of the thing that was tearing his mouth. How my heart beat and throbbed and well founded was the tumult that raged within me after I had witnessed that wild leap by the biggest wall-eyed pike I had ever seen in my life.

The clamor of voices and loud shouting caused me to turn and look up the bank. The miller and several other men working in the building had been attracted by my outcries and were looking down upon the fray from the rear windows of the mill. The desperate struggle continued with increasing determination; back and forth, give and take; rush and counter strain, now near the flume, now down the stream;

Now in the air, then far below,
So fiercely did the battle go;
T'was hard to tell if he would win,
With head and hands, or tail and fin.

(Continued on page 70)

OUR friend Tom Townsend here gives us a boyhood memory of the golden days of a generation back, when the Big Sioux River, like all of Iowa's streams, contained plenty of fish. Those good old days in Iowa are gone as Tom can tell you, and unless the sportsmen of Iowa show more spirit and back up the Iowa State Association, and join in with the anglers and hunters of the I. W. L. A. the last game fish and the last game bird will soon be taken.

Emerson Hough was born in Iowa, and knew it when it was a paradise for the angler and hunter. He is particularly anxious to have Iowa make a big showing in this splendid crusade.

Sportsmen of Iowa write us and get into step with this National organization and hasten the day when one million patriots will be clamoring for justice in our state and national capitals.



—and then the Vandals came!

By

LOLA GREEN

THROUGH and through we have read it, handling it reverently, this little new magazine so heavy with import. The startling clarity of it, the despairing note, the bit of hope, the gripping appeal that can not fail to create a burning desire in the heart of each of us to throw every ounce of strength we possess into the defense of the remnant yet left.

We read "The Rape of the River," and the feeling comes suddenly over us that we do not want, ever again, to see our childhood home. We had not realized what the shattering of memory's picture might mean to us. There was a tiny, triangular bit of wild prairie into which a plowshare had never struck, where lived the only playmates a certain barefoot, sunbonneted little girl knew—the great purple crow's-foot violets, the dainty grass flowers, the pink and white and red Sweet Williams, the rollicking meadow larks. And a charming bit of woodland, rare to this land where corn was king, where grew the Jack-in-the-pulpit, the Solomon's Seal, the fragrant wood violets—and tucked away in a sheltered corner, guarded by bristling crabapple shrubs, there was one lone Indian Moccasin. Mother remembered when she might have gathered great handfuls of these exquisite blossoms, when she was a little girl like us. But this one we must not pick. It was the last. And perhaps it might be better to just keep as a secret between the two of us where it was hidden away; and every spring we could watch it blossom.

And we remember that when the bad dreams used to come in the night, there was but one sure way to dispel the big black dog, or the bug-a-boo that was just ready to sink in his claws, and that was to imagine the feel of the warm sweet prairie wind in our face, as on hands and knees we peered into the door of the Bob-White's house of grass; or the feel of the cool wood violets against our cheek, with a brown thrush trying to drown all the woodland voices in a burst of insane melody.

And even yet, when bug-a-boos both real and fancied, bring sleepless nights and torturing thoughts, we have only to summon back the barefoot girl wandering through a riot of prairie blossoms, or through the cool sweet woods—and the heaviest burdens grow lighter and lighter, while the bug-a-boos fade away into nothing.

But the land, they say, has grown very valuable in that part of Iowa. And what is the worth of a Bob-White's house, or a violet bed, or the Last of the Lady Slippers, or even a charm still potent through all the years to chase away bug-a-boos or soothe a troubled heart—compared with so many bushels of corn at so much a bushel? And so we will not risk a return. We had not realized how vital a part of us these memories had become.

For even here in our own conservative Missouri, where the old order of things is changed with tardy reluctance, our wooded hills and valleys are almost a thing of the past. Have given way that two blades of grass may

grow where only one grew before. And our stream with its placid pools, its noisy riffles, its scrappy channel cat, its cool dense shade, how many days have the two of us spent following its winding path with rod and reel and sandwich basket! And how can we know just how much these days of perfect companionship may have meant to us? Days like a benediction—that broke the grinding routine of the farm—that made us laugh at the smallness of our troubles! That put the words of Van Dyke into our hearts:

Thou Who has made Thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set Thine altars everywhere—
On mountain heights, . . .
Waiting for worshipers to come to Thee
In Thy great out-of-doors!
To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

The beauty and appalling truth of this story will appeal to every out-door lover. It is a story of rare talent and expresses a love and understanding of God's out-doors that literally grips one by the throat.

It is to save for each of us "Our Lake," to preserve for us all those sweet, beloved "little great things" of trail and stream, that the Izaak Walton League of America was founded.

And that it may accomplish its mission, thousands and thousands of us must band together and work together until Our League stands Gibraltar-like, unmoved by any earthly interest but the preservation and the restoration of that Outdoors which God Himself has given us.

Will H. Dilg

But we do not go so often now. And if we go, we likely find a bunch of seiners have arrived at the chosen spot just before us. Dynamiting has been resorted to so much of late that such trips are usually fishless, except for a few small ones we would blush to keep. One might go for the beauty to be found along the streamside, but the ditching machines are busily chugging away for miles up and down the valley, turning the stream out of its course and leading it down through a straight, treeless canal heaped high with banks of bare, ugly clay. Our stream was a treacherous thing, laying waste the richest of our fields, so we bow to the inevitable. Nor have we heard a voice of protest, except that of an old man in a railroad station where we were forced to spend some time.

"I tell ye, ye wont git no whar when ye go to buckin' natchur! You'll see, when ye git em all straightened! Then's when she'll come back at ye!"

And a confidential undertone full of amused superiority, from a man sitting near:

"An interesting type. The sort that has held back the wheels of progress here in Missouri for years."

And after all, what is an occasional glimpse into the World That God Made,—though it leadeth us beside the still waters, and restoreth our souls—compared to the call for more and cheaper food?

There will be more fields to till, more grain to harvest, more hands to cook for; but if the past be a criterion, much the same scanty return for all the long weary hours of toil that ages us before our time.

The last two summers we have snatched a few days from the monotony of it, and have turned the car far northward, searching for a bit of unspoiled beauty. And how we congratulated ourselves on our great good fortune when, quite by accident, we discovered a beauty of a lake whose only approach was a road that nearly wrecked our car to follow; a deep, irregular body of water hidden safely from the swarming tourists. And how wonderfully cold and sweet the nearby spring deep

(Continued on page 75)

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What's the Matter With Oregon?

By
RUTH MAE LAWRENCE

THREE years ago we pushed the row-boat into the bustling current at Jennings Lodge, and swung off down stream to join one of the numerous lines of boats stretching from shore-line to mid-channel of the Willamette. We found a group of boats in a favorable spot, and swinging above it, dropped the anchor over the side with a soft splash of cold water. The rope slipped quietly over the side, with Dad letting out but a little at a time, while I shipped the oars. Dad snubbed the line fast as we jarred up between a slim launch on the right, and a fat little row-boat on the left. Casting our lines into the rushing current was our first concern. The reel hummed a contented little song as the fast moving river stretched the line, and carried it with it. I saw the flickering glimmer of the brass spoon, and watched until the faint gleam was covered by the depth of water. Thirty feet down the lead bumped on the rocky bottom, and the line held between my fingers gave little jerks as I lifted the lead with a slow back-ward motion of the rod, and sent it down the stream again. Satisfied with the length of line that was out, I turned the line around the reel, and holding my rod carefully, crawled over the tackle and lunch boxes, around Dad, and made myself comfortable on one of the seats. Dad had his line out before I had mine, and was now on the middle seat, deep in politics on the third page of the Oregonian.

I glanced around to see who were my neighbors, and the fat, little row-boat on the left was the first to greet my eyes. It took just one look, at that, to catalogue the three young men obviously ill at ease on the water in their small craft, as sports—not sportsmen. They and their rods were evidently related, for all of them were short, thick, and husky-looking. I reflected unhappily on the chance a gallant Chinook would have against derricks like these, and wearily turned away from the disheartening sight. The slim launch contained a different type of men. Clothes as ragged, well-worn, and grimed as Dad's, and soft dark hats cocked over brown faces tipped back to the sun. Their tackle was very light, and I forgot all about the ammunition the row-boat was provided with, as I contemplated the slender six-foot rods, the finely-constructed reels, and the delicate lines. One of the sportsmen sat up and seemed as interested in us as I was in them. He gravely inspected our tackle with discerning eyes through the three-foot intervening space, and some intuition told me that he was quite satisfied with it.

"Some one has got a fish on, Ruth," said Dad, arousing me from my inspection. I turned around, and saw that three boats down a tall, lanky man with a taffy-colored mustache was desperately pumping his reel. I stared amazed. "Why, he's shaking!" I gasped. The man was trembling frightfully. He had one of the most pronounced cases of buck-fever I had ever seen. The row of boats immediately realized that the mustached man was a tender-foot, and advice, free and of various

kinds, was offered him with ridiculous spontaneity. "Keep at him, Old Timer," some one called from down the line.

"Pull him in," yelled another.

"He's just a small one," Dad volunteered. "Don't be afraid. He won't bite."

"They do too bite," came a hot protest from one of the men in the launch. "I knew a man once that was bit in thirteen and one-half different places by a sixteen pound Chinook. He got hydrophobia, or salmoned, or something, and died two years later of heart failure."

Roars of laughter greeted this long-winded sally, and the lanky man's elongated frame was violently agitated, and the rod nearly fell from his trembling hands. Far down below the boats, a silver log was seen for a moment

in the middle of a foaming whirlpool. An ear-splitting screech went up from the excited angler, of such volume that the men in the lines below called up to ask if any fisherman had fallen overboard. That peculiar code of ethics that binds salmon anglers together kept us from laughing at the taffy-colored mustached gentleman's sudden outburst.

And in the midst of all this, something else happened: one of the short, stocky young men in the row-boat was suddenly electrified, sprang madly to his feet, and succeeded in rescuing the rod he had left leaning against the side. He held it awkwardly in his hands, puzzled, until he was recalled to life and action by the jeers of his fellows. He pressed down on the reel with all his strength, and started pumping it as though it were a windlass. We three boats were busy pulling in our lines, but the young man's companions did not seem to realize they should remove their lines also, and naturally, were soon reaching for their jumping rods. Dad explained

that the fish had snarled the first line around theirs, but they were positive that they each had a separate fish on, and began to handle their tackle in the manner of the first youth. "The poor fish" would not have been slang on that occasion, and I thought amusedly that it applied not only to the Chinook, but to the three young men. But even as the ludicrous situation amused me, I had a pang of sympathy for the gallant fish struggling against the three burly youths. They were pulling against each other as much as they were pulling against the fish. Finally a hook was seen sliding along the line the fish was on, and one of the young men sheepishly reached over the side and extricated it. The fish was coming in slowly, and we could now see that the line of the other young man was hopelessly entangled just above the leader. There was quite a mix-up during the next few moments, while the two youths berated each other. Their grievances were forgotten in a universal loss. The fish had been fighting desperately, and suddenly bent the heavy rod nearly double. Both men hung onto the rod, and pulled. Suddenly it snapped, and they nearly tumbled over from the sudden release of tension. That heavy line was broken as though it were a piece of cotton string. I was so proud of that fish, that I

There are many County Rod and Gun Clubs in Oregon. These clubs are composed of hundreds of principled sportsmen and they have battled for years against Pollution, the Salmon Trust, the Net Trust, and the Market Fishermen; many of whom are outlaws and who have for years flagrantly and almost openly disobeyed Oregon's fish laws. Many's the pitched battle, I understand, has been fought between the honest Oregon sportsman and these daring malefactors.

Sportsmen of Oregon! There is but one REAL remedy for pollution and it is told in just two words, NATIONAL ORGANIZATION. Join in with the sportsmen of the nation and instead of waging a losing fight let's wage a winning fight. The I. W. L. A. will in time make the ruthless polluters of your streams dizzy. A million unified sportsmen is what we need and then the sportsmen of this country can write their own ticket.



could have hugged it if it had been near enough, but the mighty monarch was way down below in the cold, gray waters, recovering from a serious strain. We didn't laugh at the young men, but the men beyond them did. The three youths, finding it was impossible to hush the scoffers, resumed their accusations of each other. It was droll, but tiresome.

A school of fish had been coming in, and anglers up and down the row of boats, were furiously busy. The mustached man, attention and advice diverted from him, had in the meantime caught and gaffed his fish. Congratulations were showered upon him, until it was noticed that he was having difficulty in killing it. He was holding it up, a small grilse of ten pounds, and with an old bottle, was endeavoring to put it out of its misery. He swung the bottle heartily, but the fish squirmed unexpectedly, and he missed the fish altogether. The next time, he was quicker than the fish was, but his aim was

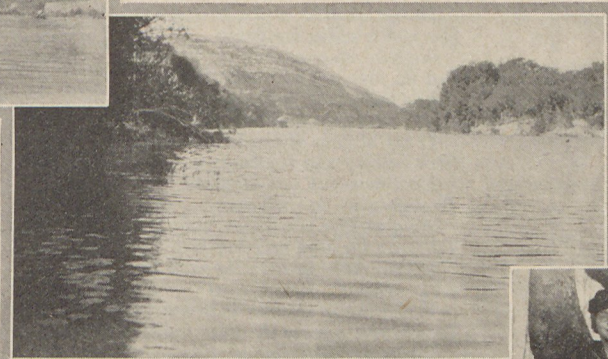


The Paper Mills

a jerk and a swirl disappeared beneath the foaming waves. I turned him around again, and up he came, fighting every inch of the way. I was gaining more line than he was, and before long he was in sight again, swimming down below the boat in the clear water. Every graceful movement he made was distinct to us, and we could see him shake his head from side to side to free the hook. Dad reached down and grasped the leader, pulled the fish towards him, and gaffed him neatly. With a quick swing, he was flopping in the boat, twenty-seven pounds of fighting Chinook. Cries were heard from down the line of "Hold him up," and Dad raised the iridescent beauty to his shoulders, with the forked tail barely clearing the seat. There he hung, a magnificent, gleaming fish, surrounded by the silent homage of his worshippers.

The afternoon had worn away without another strike for us, but it had been intensely interesting. We had seen fish caught, and lost. A man, small and thin, deformed with a hump-back, had endeavored to gaff a large Chinook, and lost one gaff hook. The next gaff he got, he slipped the leather thong over his wrist, and reached for the fish again. The gaff struck square, and deep, but the little man did not have the strength to lift the fish over the side. He could not let go of the gaff for it was fastened around his wrist. He and the fish were

locked together. First the fish would nearly jerk the little man into the water, and then the man would pull, and strain, to pull the fish into his boat. There was acute danger before assistance could reach him, of the fish pulling him into the water, but help finally



The Shining Willamette

not so good, and he hit the grilse a little above the tail. There came a deep groan from the boat that was nearest, and several men chorused, "Oh, have a heart!" The old man had been badgered enough, and he looked appealingly around for help and sympathy. The help arrived, and efficiently killed the fish, but I am afraid that the sympathy was never even proffered.

Our tackle was again in the river, and Dad and I were nervously awaiting for the momentary expected strike. It came—and on my line. The line scurried through the water, and over in the direction of the launch. All the men reeled up their lines as fast as possible, and I was given a clear space for twenty feet around. I was thankful that advice was not offered. Desperately I stopped the first rush of the fish, with both thumbs pressing on the line that was humming out of the reel. His Royal Majesty slackened speed, and slowly turned back. I took about ten feet of line, when the Chinook decided that I had had just enough pampering, and made a swift run that scorched my thumbs. I was distinctly worried, as my reel was too small to carry much line, and what line I had was fast departing. I was overjoyed when the fish stopped, until I found that he was absolutely immovable. I pumped, and pulled, and strained my light rod every inch it and the line would stand. I worked to no avail, for the fish did not budge. There I labored until Dad got anxious. "Do you suppose he is caught on something?" he asked. I shook my head. "He is down there reciting, 'this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I,'" I answered. Dad wasn't to be appeased with any frivolous chatter, and pulled slowly on the line above the reel. The fish was there, but he didn't stir. This was a time for superior strength and skill, so I surrendered the rod to Dad without a word. The anglers in the next boat were deeply disappointed, for they wanted me to get that fish all by myself, but agreed with us that it was the only thing to do. Dad finally pried that Chinook loose from the bottom of the river, and handed the tackle back to me. The fish came in easily, and it was with astonishment that I saw the leader, and the silver bar following it. As the fish neared the boat, it awoke to life, and with



Little Miss Lawrence

did reach him, capturing the fish and releasing the man.

Dad and the bronzed anglers in the launch had discussed thoroughly the way Dad makes his wonderful yew rods, handling them alone from the cutting of the tree, and sawing and curing the strips, to winding the agate mountings on.

It was time to go home, we decided, and we placed the tackle in the box, and our rods in their cases. The anchor was lifted, and we freed ourselves from the long row of boats with many farewells to those who had been our comrades for the day. Ten minutes later we landed on the boat-house float. The beaming boat-tender congratulated me on my prize, but said that he couldn't understand Daddy's not having a strike, as so many fish were being caught. I stooped to pick up my rod when I noticed a little white scum on the ripples that washed the sides of the float. I called Dad's attention to it, and he answered indifferently that it was waste from the paper mills at the falls. There was nothing significant to me in the white froth, so I turned for one last look at the broad, deep-bosomed river, with the little green eddies, and foam-flecked ripples crowding each other impatiently. The sun was just beginning to set, with banners of flame, and gold touching the clouds, and a pearl-pink flush over all. The song of the river came peacefully to me—resonant, full-throated, glorying in its conscious strength, with a joyous cadence just to be hurrying through the tall, straight fir sentinels on its banks. Last year Dad and I went again. Dad had been

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Game Rifles

Big Game Rifles That Are Fair

By M. L. GOCHENOUR

Internationally Famed Hunter



THE frozen dew of September's first clear, cold night settles upon the pale, autumnal-green leaves of alder, aspen, hazel, maple, poplar, sumac, et al., heralding with quiet certainty the magic blending rays of Old Solus. From the palette of this greatest of artists springs a galaxy of bronzes, coppers, cardinals, silvers and golds—all shades of the beautiful—arrayed in profusion, yet never profuse, gorgeous though not overdone. The bob-white and his faithful mate take on a new bustle, giving by example to their treasured brood of the summer that is gone, a keener sense of alertness and individual responsibility. Cock-partridge drums lustily from a secluded log in the heart of a birch thicket. The great blue grouse of the Rockies and his little cousin of the willows are tame no longer; but hunt out shadows and color environment that is protective. Ripe beech mast and acorns are dropping to the blissful delight of fox squirrel, black bruin and lordly gobbler. Mallard and his many kin-folk of the water are beginning to congregate for the great flight south. Fawn, calf-elk and moose, left alone for the first time in their lives, have had their first practical lessons in self preservation; while forest and mountain echo the whistle of stately buck, the bugle of noble bull elk, and deep battle challenge of mighty bull moose—mating calls of their kind. It is Fall!

Since time began, from temperate to frigid zone, primitive barbaric man, even with his fancied refinements, accumulated along the unending corridors, has taken the first frost as leave to slay his antlered, feathered and furred brothers of the wild. Why? Ostensibly, for his winter's meat and clothing, in the original instance, perhaps, and for centuries. But now, with our boasted civilization—Why? Three defensible, logical reasons only! Meat, as with our progenitors! Trophies! Thanks to the man-made art of taxidermy which enables us to collect a mortuary of mummies from our kills that finally shames us into sense! And lastly, the sport of the thing—if we make it sport—in the high, true sense of the word!

Only a super-vandal—a robber of cradles not yet made—will kill game today, for sale. Little better is the thoughtless boaster who kills for the empty pride of displaying a hog-sized bag, or to give the carcasses of his woodland brothers to able-bodied neighbors and fancied friends, who should cease their own dollar-chasing long enough to get acquainted with the remnants of nature themselves. Verily, if Captain John Smith were here today, his dictum would be that he who can, and does not hunt, should not eat of game. There is no such animal as a man who "doesn't have time to get out." His proper classification is "liar-hog." In reference to small game, when afield, we should limit our bag to our actual needs for a "mess" or two, and perhaps a taste for someone who is sick.

For trophies, only the best, old, male specimens should be taken, especially of big game. Small or poor heads become a worse than useless accumulation in a very few years—at least in the next and usually unappreciative generation. Photographs of live game, poor specimens in particular, are worth infinitely more to the

man who takes them, and to posterity as well, than the moth-eaten, dust-covered, germ-laden, mounted heads.

Now let us go to the sport of the thing—and make the most of it. An old Scotch guide friend of mine, far up in the Canadian Northwest, upon learning that I had travelled several thousand miles, alone, to explore a new region and "just be in the woods a few weeks," pondered long, gazing at our first campfire, then dryly philosophized, "Aye Gods, mon, ye must love it." So ye must, or ye have no moral or natural right to be in what remains of God's once great outdoors armed with a death-dealing, high-power rifle, or modern shotgun.

Yet far be it from the purposes of the great fraternity of "Ikes" to throttle this wholesome human instinct to take the field in autumn, or journey far to native haunts of big game! This finest of recreation is the hope of our money-mad, transcendent age. Let us then, in this number, select our "Game Rifles" for a trip beyond the beaten paths.

If Virginia or white-tail deer is the quarry, any rifle of standard make and action, to your preference, using one of the cartridges named in the following tables, will be found admirably adapted. The personal preference of the author is indicated by the order named.

Paradise

By ORRIN ALDEN DeMASS

Heaven may be crowded
 And I don't suppose there'll be,
 A place among the angels
 For a fisherman like me;
 But I know a little cabin
 On a northland pine clad shore,
 With a winding crystal river
 Ever rippling by the door.
 And often fancy takes me
 On the mystic wings of dream,
 Where happiness awaits me
 In the beauties of the stream.
 It's just a plain log cabin
 Nestlin' close among the pines,
 But its joys are ever boundless
 For the sun of friendship shines.
 Dear to all who know its charms
 Is my stream of liquid pleasure
 Ever calling and inviting;
 Ever reaching out its arms
 To enfold me to its bosom
 As a mother clasps her child,
 To share the joys and comfort
 Of communion with the wild.
 So if heaven's overcrowded
 When the Master calls to me,
 Let me rest among the pine trees;
 There my paradise shall be.

Ballistics on the Deer Rifle Series

Range		.35 Rem. 200 grs. S. P. Bullet	.32 Rem. (Rimless) and .32 Win. Special 170 gr. S. P.	.30 Rem. (Rimless) and .30-30 Special 170 gr. S. P.
		Muzzle Velocity, ft. sec...	2000	2112
	Energy, ft. lbs....	1776	1684	1522
100 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	1681	1769	1735
	Energy, ft. lbs....	1260	1181	1136
	Trajectory, ft....	.107	.096	.104
200 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	1406	1471	1493
	Energy, ft. lbs....	880	816	850
	Trajectory, ft....	.518	.465	.482
300 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	1196	1237	1290
	Energy, ft. lbs....	640	578	629
	Trajectory, ft....	1.39	1.28	1.28
500 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	983	994	1047
	Energy, ft. lbs....	420	374	408
	Trajectory, ft....	5.29	4.93	4.75

Range		.30-40 Army 220 gr. S. P.	.33 Win. 200 gr. S. P.	.303 Savag 195 gr. S. P.
		Muzzle Velocity, ft. sec...	2000	2056
	Energy, ft. lbs....	1970	1877	1658
100 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	1783	1741	1718
	Energy, ft. lbs....	1553	1346	1285
	Trajectory, ft....	.101	.101	.106
200 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	1590	1467	1506
	Energy, ft. lbs....	1235	960	987
	Trajectory, ft....	.454	.476	.49
300 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	1418	1246	1324
	Energy, ft. lbs....	985	680	726
	Trajectory, ft....	1.15	1.30	1.27
500 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec...	1138	1009	1083
	Energy, ft. lbs....	632	454	509
	Trajectory, ft....	4.10	4.93	4.58



Range	.38-.55 H. P. 255 gr. S. P.	7 mm. Mauser 131.3 gr.	.256 Newton 247 Dbl. 129 gr. O. P.	.30 '06 150 gr. Spitzer
Muzzle	Velocity, ft. sec. 1700 Energy, ft. lbs. 1635	2604 2310	2964 2528	2700 2445
100 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 1442 Energy, ft. lbs. 1173 Trajectory, ft.147	2425 1991 .058	2758 2193 .044	2465 2034 .055
200 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 1238 Energy, ft. lbs. 867 Trajectory, ft.692	2254 1718 .246	2562 1883 .191	2244 1686 .241
300 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 1097 Energy, ft. lbs. 688 Trajectory, ft. 1.82	2089 1474 .593	2375 1625 .460	2039 1392 .596
500 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 944 Energy, ft. lbs. 508 Trajectory, ft. 6.55	1781 1064 1.94	2046 1213 1.39	1668 932 2.04

The cartridges quoted in the table should not be accepted as the only satisfactory loads for the white-tail deer and black bear class of shooting, but they can all be depended upon. For short range work, say under 100 yards, the old "straw burners" of the .38-40, .38-70, .38-90, .45-70 and .45-90 class are greatly to be preferred over the abominable, pestilential, .22 high-powers, and most of the .25 calibers, excepting the .256 Newton.

The Newton .256 and .30-06 (Springfield) have been placed at the bottom of the list of my preference, because they have too much power for short range deer shooting, such as we usually have at the white-tail. I have seen a quarter or more of a deer wasted by them but they will kill CLEANLY. Note the marked similarity of the first six cartridges named in the table as to energy and velocity. They are just right for that class of shooting—they are always effective, yet waste very little meat. If the black-tail mule deer, mountain sheep or goat are sought, then the .256 and .30-06 stand at the head of the class in the order named, because of their great energy at long range and extremely low trajectory. Shots up to 500 yards are common in mountain hunting.

There is deep significance in the absence from the ballistics given in this article of the figures for ranges beyond 500 yards. With apologies to Bill Nye, the figures beyond this range are eloquent because of their absence. As you will remember from the introduction to "Game Rifles," the writer is obsessed with the conviction that shots beyond that range are so uncertain, with the best riflemen, as to be unfair to our limited game supply.

No sight adjustment is necessary on the Springfield or any of the Newton series up to 500 yards—a slightly coarser bead will do the work. If any of the other cartridges shown in the table or mentioned below are used, the rifle should be carefully tested and the ranges marked on the rear sight for each hundred yards from one to five hundred. If a Lyman or Marble tang peep is used, this marking can be made by the heavy blade of a sharp knife, as the post is soft enough to mark. This marking should be on the right or smooth side of the post opposite the factory graduations.

If elk, moose, caribou, grizzly or Alaskan brown bear are to be hunted, then no lesser cartridge than those named in the next table can be used with safety to the Nimrod or decent fairness to the game.

Ballistics on Leading Cartridges for Moose, etc.

Range	.35 Newton 250 gr. O. P.	.30 Newton 225 gr. O. P.	Jeffery .404 400 gr. S. P.	.405 Win 300 gr. S. P.
Muzzle	Velocity, ft. sec. 2975 Energy, ft. lbs. 4925	2601 3470	2200 4320	2204 3236
100 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 2737 Energy, ft. lbs. 4175 Trajectory, ft.044	2470 3060 .056	1997 3560 .082	1897 2399 .086
200 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 2512 Energy, ft. lbs. 3500 Trajectory, ft.192	2333 2723 .238	1807 2920 .362	1623 1740 .404
300 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 2297 Energy, ft. lbs. 2950 Trajectory, ft.473	2202 2430 .562	1631 2360 .906	1384 1290 1.07
500 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 1896 Energy, ft. lbs. 2000 Trajectory, ft. 1.59	1949 1913 1.77	1329 1572 3.13	1078 780 4.16

Range	8 mm. Spitzer 154 gr.	.35 Win. 250 gr. S. P.	.30/06 Spring- field 220 gr. S. P.	9 mm. Mauser 280 gr. S. P.	Ross .280 180 gr. S. P.	.50-110 W. H. V. 300 gr. S. P.
Muzzle	Velocity, ft. sec. 2915 Energy, ft. lbs. 3018	2200 2687	2200 2376	1850 2128	2700 2834	2242 3349
100 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 2646 Energy, ft. lbs. 2402 Trajectory, ft.046	1923 2053 .085	1999 1950 .08	1660 1708 .117	2541 2592 .052	1744 2026 .092
200 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 2392 Energy, ft. lbs. 1956 Trajectory, ft.206	1672 1550 .391	1812 1602 .36	1485 1372 .527	2387 2286 .222	1342 1200 .482
300 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 2151 Energy, ft. lbs. 1586 Trajectory, ft.515	1448 1175 1.02	1639 1311 .91	1333 1108 .132	2239 2016 .535	1083 780 1.50
500 yd.	Velocity, ft. sec. 1714 Energy, ft. lbs. 1001 Trajectory, ft. 1.80	1130 700 3.82	1342 879 3.13	1114 773 4.58	1956 1530 1.69	864 498 6.25

Ballistics on other cartridges will be supplied upon request in "Questionnaires," which shall be our denomination for the question and answer column. Yet, a sportsman who could not be contented with a good rifle chambered for one of the twenty splendid cartridges listed above, would be a connoisseur indeed. The range of cartridges for the heavier species of big game is much more variable than in the class of "deer cartridges," as can be seen by a two-glance comparison of the tables. Moreover, ammunition for the heavier class is more difficult to obtain, especially in frontier communities or at trading posts.

The fact that ammunition for the .30-06 can be obtained at almost any place where high power ammunition is sold, is a strong argument in favor of that cartridge. It has never failed me, and I have used it on the largest game in America. Even the 180 grain bullet is wonderfully effective on moose, especially the Western Cartridge Company's new "Lubaloy," although the 220 grain bullet is more dependable for such game. Everything considered, the .30-06 is the "peer of them all" in the field of readily available cartridges, particularly if you own but one rifle.

Action and design are largely a matter of taste, prejudice or notion. Most of our standard American made rifles are dependable. A few patent objections to some guns must be painfully pointed out. The Newton .35 and .30, which have been placed at the head of their class, are again promised us by the new "Charles Newton Rifle Corporation" soon, but are not now available. The Jeffery rifle and ammunition are uncommon, while the Winchester .405, .35 and .30-06 can only be had in the unspeakable box magazine which balances worse than the proverbial crowbar and has pronounced ballistic tendencies at the breech, as well as the muzzle. The Savage people make a beautiful rifle with about the same ballistics as the .30-06 in their .300 but the cartridge is shorter and thicker. The Remington Company make a very good arm in their new sporting model military action using the .30-06.

We refuse to be drawn into that time-honored discussion "bolt vs. lever action." Personal preference inclines strongly to the bolt type. Suit yourself on that score, but limit your choice to any of the twenty cartridges mentioned or their class. Target your rifle till you know its eccentricities better than those of your wife. Use it for the purposes above pointed out, to which it is adapted. Keep cool! Shoot straight! And when you select your trophy "on the hoof," you can fill your license tag without depleting the game supply of a township or two, in cripples.

Like dessert, the best "game rifles" have been left for last mention—a good pair of binoculars, and a good camera. Infinitely more pleasure is to be had from watching a herd of elk in some park across the valley, a band of sheep on the next mountain, the stupid antics of a long-whiskered "billie" on a cliff out of range, or a family of moose on the opposite shore of an emerald fringed lake, through a good pair of binoculars, than in any kill. The memory lasts longer, and is sweeter. A thrill that permits deliberation is always more intense and more to be desired because it is accumulative. Be sure your binoculars are of the highest grade. The cheaper imported ones are almost as bad as the recently imported Austrian

(Continued on page 79)



A Message to Rod and Gun Clubs

By WILL H. DILG

DURING the past twenty years I have received hundreds of letters from the members of Rod and Gun clubs; many of which letters were written on club stationery and came from the officers. Here at the start off I want it known that I have a high opinion of the county rod and gun club, and that I know that most of the officers and rank and file of their memberships are patriotic, sport loving Americans—red-blooded men, who worship at the shrine of God's Country.

Experience and constant investigation have proved to me, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that were it not for the activities of local rod and gun clubs, that the United States would now be a gameless and fishless land. And the future restoration of wild life and of our game and food fishes a well-nigh hopeless task.

National organization should have taken place ten years ago, but I doubt if the Izaak Walton League of America would have been received ten years back as it is whole-heartedly welcomed today. Ten years ago comparatively a very few were alarmed and plainly saw the handwriting on the wall. Most of us thought sports afield and astream would last forever, and instead of conserving and building for the future, the majority of sportsmen blindly went their way and considered those who pointed out the dangers ahead as alarmists and kill-joys. The past ten years have, however, slowly brought home many things even to the most thoughtless and heedless. The writer knows vast regions, covering hundreds of lakes and streams, that are now practically fishless and gameless. Ten years ago these territories were a paradise for the sportsmen and contained every type of game fish, but today, my brothers, they are GONE, and only a well-organized and well-directed national organization of a million Americans can restore them to anything like the conditions of ten short years ago.

National organization will cause twenty fish hatcheries to be established where one is now in existence—national organization will awaken our citizenship to the duty of voting only for such state and national legislators who have announced their intention before the election of voting for honest conservation measures. National organization will stop the pollution of our streams and inland waters and sea-

board estuaries. National organization will take State and Federal conservation out of politics and put them in the hands of the principled sportsmen of the state and nation. National organization will save our few remaining forests and national organization will guarantee to the American boy of the future his heritage. National organization will force the State and Federal Government to do for the people with the people's money that which the rich man does with his wild acres. When there are lakes and streams on these acres the rich man sees that they contain fish and that these fish are protected, and he does the same for the game. National organization will increase the power of every member and of every officer of a county rod and gun club in the United States. It will do the same for every State organization and it will make State Sportsmen's conventions vital events. National organization will cause every county rod and gun club to send its delegates to the yearly national convention of the Izaak Walton League of America. The first convention of the I. W. L. A. will be held this coming February, and there will be at least one thousand delegates from as many Izaak Walton

meetings were but poorly attended, and three or four of the members did all the work. In the month of April, by a unanimous vote, La Porte came into the Izaak Walton League of America. Their membership has since increased over a thousand percent and it is now an influential county institution. The writer recently attended a banquet of this Chapter where over three hundred members sat down for dinner. Our La Porte Chapter is now raising \$40,000 to divert the highland waters into the beautiful lakes of La Porte County, and in their efforts the Chapter has the support of every man and woman in the county. Needless to say the needed money will be found, but without the spirit back of the Izaak Walton League of America this great county improvement would not have been attempted.

The County and State Sportsmen Associations have undoubtedly blazed the trail and kept the way open. They have retarded the advance of destructive commercialism which, if it had been left utterly unresisted, would have totally wrecked all hope of State and Federal conservation in this country. The fault of all local efforts has been their necessarily limited scope. While

at first local efforts might have seemed adequate, events have proved otherwise, because the county associations have been fighting nationally organized enemies. The net trust is nationally organized, and so are hundreds of other commercial agencies destructive to our out of doors. To successfully battle and defeat our thousand and one nationally organized enemies, the county associations of the nation must likewise be nationally organized, and **THERE IS NO OTHER WAY.**

Let us illustrate. In Illinois the commercial net fishermen have for years dictated the fish laws of this State. They maintain a lobby at Springfield and know how to use money. Illinois game and fish laws are a disgrace to civilization as every sportsman in America knows. The writer, late in May, was invited by a principled Illinois sportsman to come and take some pictures of the pulling of 3,000 feet gill nets, and this too when game fish in the State were spawning. All this in spite of the conscientious efforts of Illinois County Sportsmen's Clubs. To give further specific proofs would only be a repetition of facts I have often stated, and facts which every informed sportsman



Chapters, and this great convention will mark the first real upward advance toward State and Federal Conservation in this country.

Space permits the submission of but two brief proofs of the value of this National Organization to the county rod and gun club. The La Porte County Fish and Game Association of Indiana had a small membership, their monthly



knows only too well. No honest sportsman can dodge the terrible need of National Organization—the duty of helping out and all doing their bit to bring it about is too plain. No man can evade it and declare himself of clean conscience.

We have received a few letters, and one anonymous communication, of protest from County Rod and Gun Clubs commenting on Paragraph 5 of Mr. Emerson Hough's now famous editorial, "Time to Call a Halt." We should think it wholly unnecessary to state that Mr. Hough's statements apply only to those protective leagues claiming a national jurisdiction. It would, of course, be unfair to Mr. Hough to accuse him of strictures on local organizations of whose existence he was not even aware. The editorial itself has elicited the most widespread praise and also some bitter criticism. This shows it to possess the greatest essential of any big editorial—that it shall be read.

We believe that the RE-READING of this revolutionary document, "Time to Call a Halt," by Emerson Hough, which follows, will prove to every reader the breadth, scope and fairness of every statement it contains. We should regret to feel that any word of it would be taken as criticism of those unselfish local organizations which make the backbone and sinew of such protective work as America still can claim.

"In this year, 1922, the lovers of outdoor America for the first time began seriously to realize that outdoor sport in this country soon will be a thing of the past.

Scrambling for the last remnants of our great heritage, we have been so busy as to be blind. Now the truth comes home. Now for the first time a sudden consternation comes to the soul of every thinking man who ever has loved this America of ours.

It is time to call a halt. There is not left one honest, disinterested, unselfish agency devoted to the preservation of outdoor America. Of the great bureaus of our National government, the National Park Service, the Forest Service, the Biological Survey, there is not one which has not proved itself an agency of destruction and not of preservation of outdoor America. With them, always the record shows the bureau first, America last. *It is time to call a halt.*

Of these journals ostensibly devoted to the preservation of outdoor America, there is not one that does not show itself devoted to commercial gain; not one which, for that reason, is not rather an agency of destruction than of preservation of outdoor America. *It is time to call a halt.*

Of the alleged protective leagues there is not one which does not have commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it as its real basis, which is not rather an agency of destruction than of preservation. *It is time to call a halt.*

Of the alleged true sportsmen of this country, those who use rod and gun, not ten per cent have practiced the creed which hypocritically they profess. Claiming self denial, we practice self indulgence. Which shall first cast a stone? And yet, my brothers, *it is time to call a halt.*

Never has transportation been so cheap, so rapid. There is no longer any wilderness. Betrayed by its guardians, forgotten by its friends, the old America is gone and gone forever. Never again shall we have more than fragments. If even these be dear, **THEN SURELY IT IS TIME TO CALL A HALT.**

These are not harsh words, or thoughtless words, or bitter. They are only unwelcome words. They are unwelcome because they are true. But no man ever gained anything by deceiving himself. We have been doing that. *It is time to call a halt.*

Can any human agency work the great

miracle of giving the ages a part of the America that was ours? I do not know. I dare not predict.

Can this weak, new, little journal, openly established as a pulpit of heresy to the orthodox selfishness and commercialism in sport, work that vast miracle? I do not know, I dare not predict. But may we not all at least join in that clean hope? Surely, *if it also shall fail, then all hope of outdoor America also has failed and failed forever.*

By the fruits, judge. The result of these other agencies has been ruin and despair. *It is time to call a halt.*

We have been on the wrong path. The farther we go, the more we leave truth behind. Let us halt, retrace, go back and get into some new path, hoping it may at last be the right road, with success and not failure, happiness and not despair, at its end. **THEN WE SHALL NOT NEED TO HALT.**

Spirit of the Great Angler; all spirits of patriots and gentle men, look down upon us and have pity upon us! We are weak. Give us of your calm and serene strength, your eternal youth, your cleanliness of soul, your lofty aristocracy of thought. Help us set aside material motives. Help us work out the great miracle, *in a land now almost beyond the aid even of miracle.*

When one unclean hand touches the management of this experiment, then it fails. When one commercialized motive comes into its thought, then it fails. When it becomes the organ of any man's vanity, the tool of any man's selfishness, *then it fails.*

At the suspicion of any one of those things, at least one name will never again appear on any of its pages. I willingly lend it here after fifty years of love and labor in and for outdoor America—fruitless labor, myself no better than the next—none the less with an undiminished love for this America of ours, and a hope not yet wholly faltering that the needed miracle **EVEN YET MAY COME.**"

A Call to Arms

THE Izaak Walton League of America is calling loudly to you, my brother sportsman. Holding in your heart priceless memories of golden days afield and astream as I know you do, this call will not be made to you in vain. You see—as all of us see—that we are rapidly becoming a gameless and a fishless land. Surely you want to do your part so that our beloved Outdoor America may be saved, not only for ourselves, but for the American boy as well.

The commercial exploiters of outdoor America who have mostly wrought this sinful destruction of our country **ARE NATIONALLY ORGANIZED.** Therefore thoughtful and principled sportsmen know that they themselves must come into **National Organization.**

There is **NO OTHER WAY** if we are to save our God-given heritage from the hands of the despoilers.

I know both your heart and your judgment will command you to cut out the coupons below and become a member-at-large, **if there is no Izaak Walton Chapter in your county**, and also become a subscriber to the Izaak Walton League Monthly.

It will cost you two dollars to do this, and you will be entitled to a membership card and an Izaak Walton League of America button. The membership card will permit you to attend any Izaak Walton Chapter meeting in the United States and you will receive twelve issues of the Izaak Walton League Monthly.

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

Membership-at-large coupon
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
326 W. Madison St.
CHICAGO

Date _____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the **IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA** and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find money order.
\$1.00 to cover currency.
one year's membership from check. (10c for exchange)
date. draft.

Name _____

Address _____

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY
COUPON

Date _____

Gentlemen:
You may enter my subscription for one year at \$1.00 to the **IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.**

Enclosed find money order.
\$1.00 to cover currency.
one year's subscription from check. (10c for exchange)
date. draft.

Name _____

Address _____

Compare this magazine at \$1.00 per year with those costing \$2.50 and subscribe **NOW.**



The Out-Door Woman

By
MARGUERITE IVES



IN the spring, I think that no season is so fair; now, in September, I know that only the fall is more beautiful.

Winter and summer, around the clock of the seasons, my choice swings like a pendulum, until finally I realize that each has its own necessary place in the whole gorgeous scheme of things.

Just as it is difficult to decide, or, rather, to long retain one's decision as to whether the mountains, great "lonely folk," as Hamlin Garland calls them, or the plains, or the pine woods are the loveliest. Each meets a different need and longing. There are times when wide miles of

prairie, stretching off to the distant silhouette of a horse and rider etched against the horizon gives one just the sense of space and freedom that one needs; in forests there seems a hovering protectiveness, a rough kindness like that of gruff old men; and the sea, ah, but the sea cannot be classified; its moods, its whims, its tempers, are as varied as the whole list of human emotions; it is all things to all men. Such great lovers and writers of the sea as Conrad, Masefield, London, Donn Byrne and Zane Grey—probably the world's greatest sea angler—have all acknowledged the inadequacy of words to describe the many sided enchantment

of the ocean; and rivers, do they not represent hours of pleasure, of gaiety, echoes of youthful days when we, as Richard Burton puts it, "Met on the river bank to play; when we were young, when we were young!"

And even as we cherish the memory of happy days along a river, so we hotly hate the thought of any harm coming to the river, or the possibility that our future and the futures of our children should be shorn of the river's sweet companionship.

Miss Ruth Lawrence, in her story in this issue, tells in

letters of fire the hideous story of the cruel, engulfing, Octopus-like progress of commercialism and greed, exemplified in the pollution of our most beautiful rivers.

Miss Lawrence was taught from littlest girlhood, by her father, to love the Royal Chinook of her home river; to appreciate with a sort of hero-worship the gallant courage of him, and to fight him, her own slender strength armed only with the fairest of tackle.

That the shining reaches of the lovely Willamette, only a few years ago teeming with the splendid, far-famed, unrivalled salmon of Oregon, should now be empty of its lordly guests and writhing under a deadening white scum, is also intolerable.

Such conditions should become a trumpet call, a challenge to the men and women of America to band together and right the wrong; under the banners of the Izaak Walton League of America, this can be done. A million strong, we can demand and be obeyed—and our rivers, God's own gifts to us, SHALL BE KEPT PURE.

We must not just read, bemoan, and forget, but determine to help crush this rotten, un-American spirit of greed that will not spare our dearest American heritage, our streams and our woodlands.

Our outdoor women can be of inestimable help in this crusade. Is it clear to us that we can join

the League, attend the meetings, and share in the work of the Chapters? And we can keep in active touch with the movement through these outdoor pages of ours. I am receiving enthusiastic letters from women all over the country, and stories so good, in fact, that our editor insists on their being separately featured in the magazine and it was only with difficulty that I wrested from him the following story of Mrs. Patterson's for our department. Betty Benton Patterson is a writer of great charm and the truest type of outdoor American woman.

A Wonderful Promise From Gene Stratton-Porter

Dear Madame: Just leaving for coal - oil mine Ed. & send picture as soon after landing as I possibly can - (arrive Sept 4th)
And I'll get fishing story & pictures to you as soon as I can after that - it will not take long -
Gene Stratton-Porter.

Be-Deviled Nerves and Devil's River

By BETTY BENTON PATTERSON

ALL of my life I had loved the out of doors but it happened that I had never spent a night under the stars. Horses, dogs, sail-boats and simple salt water fishing, the bobbing red and green cork kind had been as near camping as I had known. That was my girl experience.

Colin came along and we were married. There followed lean years when a vacation trip was listed, "impossible." Then came better days and we attempted vacations in hotels or the much advertised "cottage." Three boys in a cramped cottage were just as impossible as they had been in a hotel suite. I gave up and stayed at home. Colin the father of 'em, sweetly offered to "give up" with

me. Naturally I would have none of that. He went to the wilds camping. Each time he would come home rested and ready for work. I could not see how this was possible when he told me that he had slept on a canvas cot and eaten—ugh, how I loathed the "sound" of those camping menus!

When Roy, the baby turned three I came to the end of my nerve control. I literally went to pieces. Relatives came. They would sigh over the remains and retire to corners to confer. I could hear detached—rest cure—Doctor says—sanitorium—vigilant care—companion nurse—. That was the limit. I shrieked: "I don't want a companion. I want to die—alone. This band



around my poor head. I'm a wreck!" The doctor's needle stopped my ravings.

Preparations went forward for the rest cure. I still heard detached hints of horrors to come, but my spirit was broken. It was easier to let them do their worst.

It was a Sunday when Colin held my shaking hand and talked to me about the beautiful place where I was going to rest.

Of course I was certain that I would never see my home again. I knew that I would be buried directly from that place! Then a generous aunt breezed in with an impressive box of negligees for my approval. Gaily with that tone such people use to children and idiots she piped, "Honey dear, just want you to choose which you want, the mauve or turquoise." I chose the mauve. Then with the turquoise securely wrapped, I was seized with a passion to possess it. The mauve. The turquoise. The scene ended with a grand collapse, the negligees and aunty disappearing off stage. The doctor

grew unbearable. Bodily discomfort aggravated my condition. I was in a fury. Suddenly I jumped up and demanded that the driver let me out. From the wagon ahead Colin reached my side by leaps and bounds. Evidently he thought me quite daft. I blazed; "I am going to walk if it kills me. I will not be shaken around any more." I was strong in my rage. I walked—stalked—then staggered and fell. Tears came, a deluge. Colin sent the wagons ahead. He said we were almost there. When I could walk after a bit, it was merely over a hill and there was a river—Devil's River. Beautiful! I love it now in its infinite variety. Just then I did not thrill to it.

We found the men unloading the wagons. One unrolled a tent. Another unfolded a table. Then I knew! Colin had kidnapped me, his lawful wife. I was camping! Soon he set up a cot which he softened with a kapock pad. Someone had a fire going. Colin improvised a screen and brought me a bucket of tepid water for a sponge bath, also a loose ugly robe affair. Tea biscuits and hot cocoa were the next offerings. The cocoa was "different," but delicious. It was made with powdered milk. As I lay flat, too tired to twitch or toss, the sound of the rapids grew louder. Then a drone insistent, inevitable, fainter—I felt myself falling—falling to sleep.

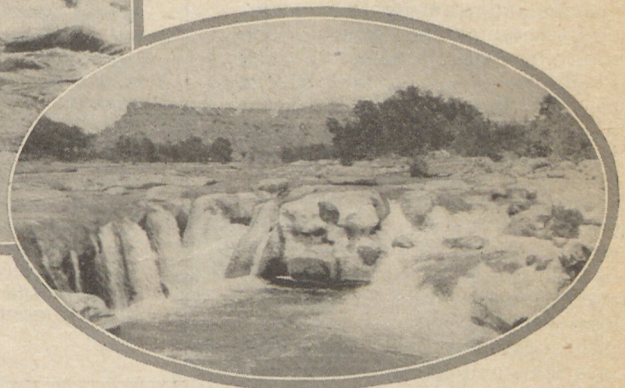
The sun appearing over the purple hills across the river awakened me. It was past 8 o'clock. I had slept thirteen hours! Sore every inch, nevertheless I had slept without powders or "shots." With the sight of Colin smiling and benign, my fury returned. I made an oral effort to express my feelings, but the sight of brown flap-jacks, crisp bacon and more cocoa rather silenced my thunder. Another thing, it is particularly difficult to be temperamental—effectively so—clad in a



Betty and Colin



Betty Herself



Betty's Pool

announced from the haze he had induced via "hypo" that I had an indecision-complex. "But," he added, "we will fix that at the sanitorium!"

Colin set his beautiful jaws. He took the boys and mammy to my mother in another town. When he returned late in the evening he announced that he had been shopping. After dinner he sent the companion-nurse for her evening exercise. Sketchily dressing me he picked me up and deposited my supine body in a taxi. This vehicle landed me near a train, I was put into a state-room with the assurance from my husband; "I'm going to get you well, Betty darling."

I did not sleep; just tossed and moaned all night. The air was crisp and cool, we left the train in the early morning and only a sleepy station agent greeted us. He and Colin loaded me into the funny two-wheeled mail cart and wheeled me up the hill to the Hotel O'Rielly. Colin carried me into a little room and lay me on a hard lumpy bed. Two days I agonized in this bed with my face to the wall. Colin would tell me nothing of where we were bound.

On the third day he produced some khaki garments and requested that I put them on. Immediately I was brought out to a wagon and loaded onto a pile of quilts over hay. The natives stood about open mouthed, thrilled no doubt. In the hours that followed I was busy discovering new nerves and unsuspected tender-nesses. Colin was in the wagon ahead. Every now and then he would appear and casually inquire, "How are you, dear?" There was nothing casual in my pleadings to go home. "Please, please this is killing me, you'll only have to bury me when we get where you are bent on going." Most undiplomatically he reminded me that the doctors had said my body was "well"—just nerves. He'd go back to the other wagon and I'd jolt on, a quivering mass. Late in the afternoon the rocky trail

shapeless tan colored garment. Especially when you are half reclining on a brown canvas cot consuming mountains of food prepared and proffered by a pleasant creature—the object of your fury.

The men and wagons had disappeared. Colin informed me that he had told them to return in four weeks. He added, "What has been left behind must be done without, there is no way back except walk."

I arose to remark, but my words were not convincing. I was finding it incongruous to fume in God's out of doors. My inborn sense of fitness saved me. I melted, smiled, then laughed. Colin was alarmed and urged me to "keep a clear head, hold to my reason." When he realized that it was not a maniac's ravings but healthy laughter, the poor boy sank to the ground and put his head in my lap.

Then came to me something of what the venture had cost him. I felt the strain of the risk. The hazard

(Continued on page 79)

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Getting Acquainted with the Birds

By **BOB BECKER**
 Editor "Woods and Waters"
 —Chicago Tribune



RIGHT now I seem to be a sort of traveling "bird correspondent" flying from port to port up here in the land of the midnight sun and very far away from the birds that you and I are most familiar with and probably like best of all. But in this section there is no getting away from birds and the outdoor fan, whether fisherman or hunter, sure can feast his eyes on wild fowl no matter in what section he may stray.

Yesterday while in a little bay waiting for our ship to take on barrel after barrel of salted herring I got aboard a small gas boat with the idea of running over to a little salmon stream to see what the Pacific gulls were doing to the poor fish that do not make the grade as they try to get up the small stream. From the time you leave Vancouver until you get off the boat way up north these handsome gulls are always with you and they sure do act as the scavengers about the canneries and salteries feeding upon the refuse from these plants. And gosh! there are thousands of these gulls in this region—everywhere flocks and flocks. Graceful, strong fliers, mighty good looking in white and gray plumage.

Well, as I went up a little bay toward the salmon stream I could see hundreds of gulls parked on the beach near the stream. They were milling around and uttering their plaintive, complaining cries which soon become familiar to any Pacific traveler. Landing on the beach I found a situation that would make your blood boil. Here was a stream which the humpback salmon were trying to ascend in order to spawn. At the mouth of the stream there were hundreds of these beautiful fish churning the water and now and then you would see a big fellow clear the water in a corking jump. Some of them had gotten into the small stream during high tide and there they were caught in just a few inches of water—in many places hardly enough to cover the back of the fish. This is especially true of the big males as their humps were invariably sticking out of the water. Along the water's edge I counted many a salmon dead or dying and this is where the Pacific gull was getting in his bit of work. The gulls were always on the job. As soon as a salmon went flopping out of the water they took out first the eyes of the fish and then when these tidbits were exhausted they would begin to devour other parts of the salmon. Not one poor humpback salmon (some of them four and five pounders) could you see on the beach that still retained his eyes and in some cases they were picked out before the fish was dead. I couldn't help but think that it was an awful finish for a big fish that was trying its darndest to produce life for coming generations. It sure is a hard life for the poor salmon—fishermen on one hand, fish traps on the other and then when it escapes them it has to watch out for the gulls.

* * * * *

When you are a long way from home you are con-

stantly looking for birds that make you think of home. At least that is the way we keep our eyes peeled up here and we have been rewarded by running onto robins and bluebirds—familiar birds of the States. Of course the big raven of the northland is a cousin, so to speak, of the crow that we all love (?) so much but birds like the robin and the bluebird look better to us than the big black fellows.

A few days ago while careening over a road in a flivver we ran onto a mother grouse and her family of young chicks. It was a pretty sight. The chicks were unafraid and stalked along with their parent as if they were on parade and I never saw such indifference on the part of a grouse mother as this one showed. She permitted me to chase her and her family along the road for some distance as I worked a camera to get a family group picture.

With August here autumn is not far away and I can see in my "mind's eye" the fields and marshes of the middle west with the growing flocks of black birds—a harbinger of fall. It won't be very long before the big flocks of ducks which I see up here on the lakes will be hitting it for the southland. "Them are the days"—duck shooting time in the middle west. Guess we will have to hustle up so as to get back in time to go duck hunting with you. A little teal shooting on the opening day! What do you say?

Skagway, Alaska.

The "Bird correspondent" missed the birds this morning when he woke up in Skagway, Alaska. With the sun shining again after several days of rain while I was on the briny deep, it seemed as if I just ought to hear some morning songs of birds when I "came to" about daylight. But nary a bird song could I hear. Nor is there a bird to be seen about the house. It doesn't seem right—what with

the heat and sunshine in this beautiful place.

* * * * *

The other day while after king and silver salmon we depended on the birds considerably for the information they could give us about the presence of schools of herring. Seems like a funny connection, doesn't it, salmon, birds and herring. But here is the way it works out. The king salmon, schools of them, are usually found near and feeding upon the big schools of herring so when you are cruising around trying to decide where to start fishing the first thing you do is to locate the herring. Where the herring are there you find the flocks of Pacific gulls. I hate to admit my indebtedness to these pesky gulls but they put us hep to the correct fishing grounds and we had good luck.

As soon as we neared the hangout of the salmon the skipper of our craft began to scour the water for the flocks of gulls. With the glasses old Martin looked long and hard for these birds and soon located several hundred of them. I looked through the glasses also and

(Continued on page 66)

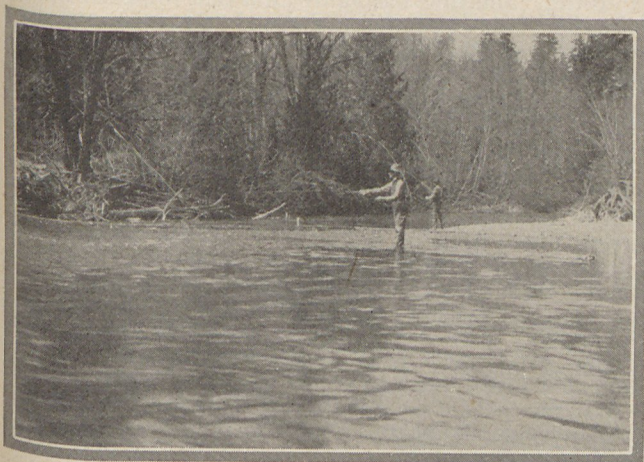


Old Man Trout

By C. L. DEWEY

DESCHUTES—what memories the charmed words bring forth; of immense, stately firs, so straight of trunk and shaggy of top, like an Indian warrior with war bonnet awry; of glimpses, through the openings, of the eternal snow capped Rainier; of rushing waters, clear and cold; of days of rain and of sunshine and nights in camp with congenial souls who in boyhood days fished together in distant lands for far different finny denizens than cut-throat trout, those beautiful fish so hard and firm and swift that only the Des Chutes can breed.

And in particular comes the memory of one Saturday afternoon, when we loaded up "Henry" with ourselves and all our duffle, and plenty of eats so that if we failed to entice the cut throats to take our gray or brown hackles, or even the lowly garden hackle or the slippery salmon egg, we need not fish from the larder of the one lone settler in those parts. Thirty miles of excellent concrete highway, twenty miles of awful logging roads, which daunted "Henry" not, through towering firs, and then a pack back into a sacred spot on the river where we made a hurried camp, with hastily cut fir boughs for bed

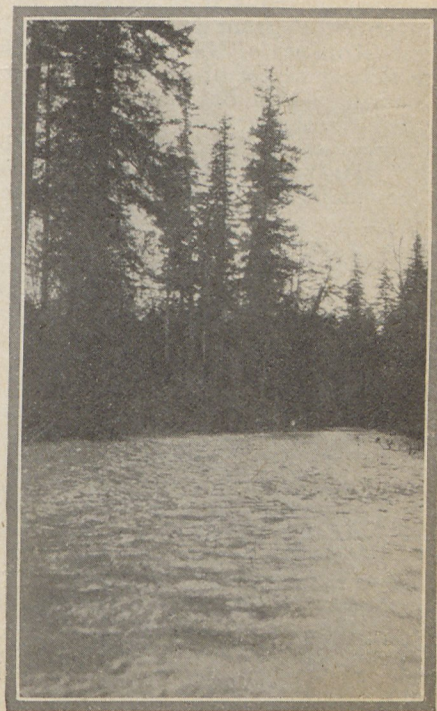


"Memories of the little river's song."

of sunshine, clouds, rain and hail with the sunshine periods short, but long enough to bring out the cut throats into the stony rapids from under dark logs where they had lain all too long waiting for sunshine and flies to bring out the vim and the beautiful colors which only DesChutes cut throats can flash. And we wondered what fly or periwinkle has such red blood to give this beauty the vivid vermilion gash under his throat and a name which causes some men to forget family ties and business when the charmed words are mentioned.

Cut throats were a new experience for the tenderfoot but the speckled beauty of Eastern waters he well knew, so it was not long before he enticed two spry fellows from the ripples at our tent door during one of the brief sunshine spells. Up the stream a distance one of the regular guys had taken four beauties the night before and had reserved this well inhabited rapids for the tenderfoot on his morrow's venture. So after some struggling over and under fallen logs as big as a house the tenderfoot arrived at the head of the rapids to find that he had lost his landing net as tenderfeet are wont to do, so with memories of other fish he had landed without the aid of a landing net, he sallied forth to battle.

Waders, which are convenient to pack in limited baggage, are not the best in the world for high spring water but the tenderfoot's legs were long and he was even forgetful that there is always a considerable stretch of pants between the place where the top of his waders are and the place, in his sub-conscious mind, where they should be. By dint of careful wading and selection of unrolling stones, which had gathered no moss, he succeeded in reaching the middle of the stream at the head of the rapids and began to shoot out his gay deceivers, the gray hackle, deer fly and ginger quill on a seven foot leader of the just right gut, prepared and tied by one of the regular guys who knew all the DesChutes cut throats by name. Short casts, medium casts, long casts, all were unproductive of results and as the tenderfoot's thigh boots limited him to selection of territory he decided to let out his flies a few feet at a time, floating on the current, until they reached a bit of promising looking water about one hundred feet down stream. A few nice ones were picked up in this manner, safely conducted up stream and carefully conveyed to a waiting creel, and the difficulty of getting these few slippery cusses from their native habitat to the creel caused the t.f. a little uneasiness when the rushing water about his wader tops seemed to pause momentarily and give him a chance to think about something other than the possibility of a wetting in ice cold water and a change of clothing far, far away.



"Memories of stately firs."

(Continued on page 76)

and with duffle stored and a big fire roaring just before the storm broke. Then a bully supper of good old home-made hash prepared by a little lady who knows what a man likes, and of coffee, all made hot and steaming over the fire in the rain. And then the rain ceased, the clouds floated off over the Cascades, the moon came out and we sat by the fire in front of the tent and talked and talked of things that had happened back home nearly a score of years since two of the gang went West to do or die in a new country in God's Great Outdoors.

And memories of the little river's song reminding one of the little rivers which Henry VanDyke says are like people; the greatest not always the most agreeable nor the best to live with. And memories of a night spent in peace with the rippling waters lulling us to sleep, with a well stacked fire of crackling alder in front of the open tent; a peaceful night marred only by the snores of one of the regular guys and by the efforts of the tenderfoot trying to walk in his sleep with his elongated pedal extremities wrapped in a blanket and stuck in a duffle bag under blankets which were made for regular men and not for tenderfeet whose total length was well over two yards and some inches.

The nights in the Cascade foothills in May are not conducive to inducing sleep with toes abroad, no matter how beautifully the moon may shine or the fir boughs may smell. Cold feet on the DesChutes are as undesirable as any place this side of Purgatory.

The breaking day disclosed swift flying clouds and gusts of rain which soon settled into a regular sequence

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Adventuring in Timagami

By FRANK L. YEIGH

WHAT, where or who is Timagami? Happy is the mortal who is able to answer correctly, basing his knowledge on personal experience.

For Timagami spells vastly more than a single word. It is a whole book in its four syllables. It is as full of meat as a coconut, as suggestive as only an Indian word can be. For many a man, and woman too, Timagami spells health and happiness, renewed strength and prolonged life, a better-poised mind and a toned-up system.

Canada's great Northland comprises a huge slice of territory, bounded by Hudson's Bay, the Arctic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains.

This Timagami tract is tapped by a railway fortunately, and thus made accessible. A Grand Trunk Railway train will carry you, safely and comfortably, for the legal fare of the country, north and northeast to Timagami Station where, after a satisfactory breaking of your fast in the dining car, you alight, in a fine frame of mind, keenly alert for the Great Adventure on which you have entered.

What do you see on your way to Timagami? That's a fair question. If the run be in the daylight, the traveller on the north-bound express will revel in the panorama revealed through every mile of the route, with enchanting glimpses of lakes and streams, of forest depths, of quaint little settlements hugging the railway, of merry groups bent on pleasure in the open. Glimpses of Couchiching and Simcoe, of the Severn and the Muskoka rivers, of the Falls at Bracebridge, of the lovely lakelets at Huntsville's front door, and then a farther view of the great island sea of Nipissing, on the shores of which the live railway center of North Bay has found an ideal site.

Leaving North Bay behind, the country becomes less settled, the timber more in evidence and everywhere picturesque bodies of water reflecting the bordering trees with startling fidelity. Villages are fewer and settlers' homes more rare. Once in a while a settler can boast of a fertile clearing, with home and barns that spell a modest degree of prosperity in return for his pluck.

So in good time, in the mid-forenoon, the traveler is landed at Timagami Station, where quite a cluster of houses and shops makes a brave attempt at being a town. Dominating station and water-tank and all other structures, a three-story hotel, bearing the unusual and alluring sign title of "Ronnoco," says as plain as speech, "Welcome to Our Town; this is the Half-Way House to the Garden of Isles in the Big Lake just Beyond—give us a chance to shake you by the hand and hand you a shake down." Accept the Ronnoco invitation for a spell. You'll get the worth of your ducats, with exchange thrown in. You'll also have the physiological introduction to Timagami that is required to get the most out of your trip.

There's something very sassy and insistent about a steamboat whistle, the smaller the boat, the bigger or louder the call to landlubbers to cross the gang plank, and lose no time about it. When the call comes, right under the nose or the porch of the Ronnoco, the best thing is to obey it, and with a certain amount of alacrity consistent with one's city dignity which has not yet been sloughed off. Wait till tomorrow for that.

Now we're afloat and astir, on the North-East Arm of the well-armed Timagami. If you were to see the lake from an aeroplane there would be revealed a huge body of water with almost as many arms or indentations as an octopus, though the simile ends right there. Such an endless number and variety of bays and inlets means a shore line of three thousand miles, following all its sinuosities. Someone has figured out that to paddle along shore the whole circumference would be equal to the distance between Halifax and Vancouver and then some for good measure. From this flying bird you would also gaze upon a lake with no less than sixteen hundred islands and islets. Over twelve hundred islands are actually marked on the map as issued by the Government.

Moreover, this Lake of Islands is the heart and center of one of the vast forest reserves set apart by the Government of Ontario, and that means a relative preservation, barring forest fires, of the richly timbered areas of the district and the protection of game under the law. But like Algonquin Park and the other Reserves and Parks, Timagami is also one of the great wild nature gardens with which a beneficent Creator has blessed Canada. No wonder good old Cy Warman, of pleasant memory, couldn't help singing one of his best nature songs when he first revelled in the beauties of Timagami:—

"Wondrous Timagami, Wasaccinagama!

Swift running rivers and skies that are blue,

Out on the deep again, rock me to sleep again,

Rock me to sleep in my birch bark canoe;

Back to the wilds again, show me the way,

Make me a child again, just for a day."

Should a Government arbitrarily draw boundaries around wide stretches of virgin territory and proclaim them as set apart for any purpose? Is it justified? Ten thousand approving replies come from the lucky ones who are privileged to enjoy them, for be it remembered they are thus set apart not only as timber preserves but as vast playgrounds for the people. Here the lover of unspoiled Nature has his dreams fulfilled, of playgrounds as Nature fashioned them, of elbow room in which to roam, and of opportunities of invading such treasure-tracks without paying toll to any mortal owner. Timagami is mine—and yours, for the visiting.

Timagami gives you of her best at the very first. The Red Man's meaning of the word, "Deep Water" seems most fitting as the evident depths of the dark-tinged waters are disturbed by the steamer. Odors of balsam and pine reach you from the near shores, wild birds soar overhead as if they too revelled in their freedom and largeness of world, and if the human eye could pierce the dense woods on every island and mainland shore, many a bruin would no doubt be revealed and many another furry four-footed denizen of the shadowed world of trees.

Half a mile after leaving a railway track, a train and a station you are ten thousand miles away in the heart of the woody world, almost lost in a labyrinth of channels and mesmerized by the total effect upon eye and mind and soul. Talk about thrills! May you have half as many as this thrillable party experienced on his first



traverse of the North-East Arm of Timagami. All is practically as Nature turned it out of its original mould-hills, gowned in emerald greens; wooded isles reflected in the waters like the gems they are; wonderful sky overhead, wonderful clouds sailing in all their glory athwart this same blue sky, entrancing sunsets on the western waters, and moonlight nights ready to help Cupid pull off any number of engagements, for a day or for life in some cases.

But let us settle down somewhere and really get acquainted with Timagami. There are inns and cabins and tented homes, with big camps for boys big and small, Indian villages, like the one on Bear Island, and a few cottages sheltered under arching branches and facing the open part of the lake which is wide enough to raise a crop of white caps when the winds blow.

Camping for campers is the ideal existence during the blessed summer time if holidays are to be made to yield their fullest returns. I've gone through the camping period of life, and can recommend it to all who will fit in with the elementary habits of life, where the essentials of the city shrink to a half score and the artificialities of modern existence are shown up. Sleeping on a bed of balsam boughs, under the little white canopy, dining from off a plank, finding your food for the most part in the waters ten feet away—why, that's the life, isn't it, ye members of the Camp Fraternity the world over? Or wigwam or inn if you prefer. I'm now at their stage myself. What good times some of us had at the old Timagami Inn, that one night made a wicked bonfire on its picturesque point. Whether camping or living under a roof, the days I found were all too short especially with the right kind of companions. These I always take along, to make sure, including Her. Human companionships are never so rich as under these circumstances.

And of course, there's always fishing, and, believe me, as a truth-teller when it can't be helped, there are Fish in Timagami; whoppers, if the word may be used without spoiling my literary style; game chaps, too, that make a rare fight for life. And what a toothsome dish a northern Ontario cold-water fish makes. You can pull a meal out of Timagami anytime.

There's canoeing as well. There are hundreds of miles of connecting waterways, to explore, waterways known only in earlier times to the Indian. And the Red Man—the of the Ojibway tribal connections—still haunts this wilderness Eldorado. His home it is—we of the pale-faces are intruders for the nonce. It only needs a canoe and an Indian or two, making their silent way in their silent craft, to fill in a complete picture. You'll find quite a settlement of them on Bear Island, around the old Hudson's Bay Post, and there the humble little church lifts its cross to the skies along with the stately forest giants. Here one is told the old-timers are full of rare old tales of the trapping days before the white man chanced along with his queer ways. He who succeeds in breaking the silence of an Indian will have opened to him rare treasures of experiences, mingled with a philosophy born of close contact with Nature and a spiritual sense in keeping.

Anything else to be said about Timagami while we're there? Well, you can run your own sailing craft if you're expert at the business and know how to treat the tricky winds that blow there-

abouts, though there are motor launches too. It is worth while visiting the Cochran or Clark camps to see what privileges the boys of this day and generation have under competent leadership, where, in addition to having the time of their lives, they learn something equally worth while. To see a bunch of a hundred husky lads revelling in swimming or in water sports is to see something worth remembering; or, later making a long flotilla of canoes paddling up north Evelyn Lake, that too is a picture on a marvellous canvas.

But chief of all the pleasures Timagami offers her devotees is the living of a few all too brief and yet glorious days in a garden of delight, where this same old Dame Nature puts on her best front, where her arms are full of blessings—health, quieted nerves, re-poised mind, rested brain, recuperated heart—all combining to make life infinitely more worth living.

To see the world of the open at close range, to get in touch with Mother Earth, to see the stars apart from man-made lights, to watch the moon sailing through a lane of clouds, to watch the birth and the death of a day, to listen to the stillness of the night, to be startled with the lost-soul cry of a loon, to watch an eagle spread its wings in the upper sky—all this and much more awaits the one who accepts the invitation of Timagami. Ever after he will sing:

"Back to the wilds again, show me the way,
Make me a child again, just for a day."



"And of course, there's always fishing."

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Wanted—More Nuisances

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Vice-Pres. The Outlook Company



I OPENED the first issue of our League monthly to discover that Mr. Dilg had crowned me with a brand new title,—“the Avatar of the Barbless Hook.”

I appreciate that noble-sounding name, but I must confess it varies greatly from the titles given me by most of my angling friends. These titles have run the gamut from just plain nuisance up to the fanciest and most highly embroidered brand of bore. I suspect that if I am permitted to keep on writing for the “Izaak Walton Monthly” many of its subscribers will be frank enough to send me letters to the effect that “your friends are eminently right.” The reason for the opprobrium which has been heaped upon me lies in the fact that like the Ancient Mariner, once I get my barbless clutches upon a man I never let go until my tale is told. The burden of my story is simply this: Give the barbless hook a trial. If you do you will never go back to the barbed variety.

The letter from Mr. Kade which is published on this page is a truly representative example of what happens when a genuine angler meets the barbless hook for the first time. It was a double delight for me to read this letter, for not only did it mean another convert, but it also gave testimony on a point upon which I have long been seeking information.

It has not been my fortune to enjoy fly fishing for bass. Therefore I have had to remain silent,—a very painful proceeding—whenever a bass fisherman told me that “a barbless hook may be all right for trout, but for bass, never!” Well, here is a fisherman who gives first-hand testimony to the fact that Mr. Bass, as well as Mr. Trout, realizes that when he meets a barbless fisherman he is meeting an opponent worthy of his fins. But I am sure that Mr. Bass did not let this consideration prevent him from giving Mr. Kade the hardest possible fight.

There was an article in the last “Izaak Walton Monthly” by Mr. B. F. Wilder, telling of the destruction of bass by men who threw back fish which had swallowed baited hooks. Of course such a practice is worse, almost, than the old custom of bringing in all the fish caught to show to admiring friends. There was a chance that most of the trophy fish would at least be eaten. To throw back injured fish, small or large, is the most wasteful practice imaginable. Far better carry them ashore and use them for fertilizer. That at least would be an honest if not a particularly intelligent use of our fish life.

It seems to me that we are fooling ourselves when we tolerate bag limits which are not bag limits at all but merely an invitation to wanton destruction. I would not permit any one to throw back fish caught with bait. The fly fisherman who uses the barbless hook does have an excellent chance to return his fish to the water uninjured if he so desires. The barbless fly protects undersized fish as they can be protected in no other way. And the under-the-limit fish must be protected if our fishing is to endure.

I am taking it for granted that the reasonableness of the barbless hook will

appeal to many readers of the “Izaak Walton Monthly.” I hope I may take it for granted that those who do try it will pass along the good work to their friends and fellow-anglers. They can help very much if they will also jog the conscience or the pocketbook nerves of their tackle dealers by asking for barbless hooks in every store where they purchase supplies. If there is a real demand for barbless flies for both trout and bass, it will in time be supplied. We cannot expect our tackle dealers to carry barbless hooks merely for the aesthetic pleasure of looking at them, handsome and artistic instruments though they be. From time to time many anglers have written me asking where barbless flies could be purchased and I confess that the list of names which I had to send them was pitifully small. May it grow long and lengthy as the years go on!



SHEBOYGAN, WIS.
Aug. 21, 1922

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE,
Gentlemen:

I HAD an interesting experience last Saturday afternoon and added to my pleasure in fly fishing for bass through reading the Izaak Walton League Monthly. As you know I do considerable fishing of all kinds for specimens for research purposes and to paint pictures of. All my bass and trout fishing I have done with the fly alone but it was left to your magazine to open up for me a new type of fly fishing which more than doubles the sport. That was through having read Mr. Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer's article on the barbless hook. It sure is wonderful sport and I know it will save many fish.

I was out on one of my favorite bass lakes last Saturday afternoon and as I attached my fly to my leader I happened to think of the article I had read on the use of the barbless hook. I always carry a small file in my tackle kit so I thought I would try it out for my afternoon fishing. I filed the barb entirely off the hook so as to insure its smoothness and it sure makes a pretty humane point without the barb.

Then I started fishing with my first barbless hook. I had gone about 100 yards when I got a strike and brought my bass up to the boat. He was a small bass about 9 inches long and it was not necessary for me to net him at all, or even take him out of the water for all I did was to give him a little

slack and he released himself and went scurrying away, none the worse for his experience except possibly fright. He now will have a good chance to grow up to be a real bass where I am sure his chances would not be as good by far if I had had to release him from a barbed hook with wet hands.

The next bass that struck me was a real whopper, which I had to play for a few minutes and then I lost him—which I do not blame wholly to the fact that I had no barb on the hook but rather to the fact that I was unable to strip my line fast enough.

The next one I landed was a bass about 3 pounds and I had one of the most interesting and exciting fights I have ever had with a bass as he made four leaps and at each one I thought sure he would throw the hook but I kept a good arch in my fly rod and stripped as fast as I could take up the slack as he came.

The next bass I lost and then I had to release two more small ones. Then I caught two more about 2 pounds apiece which made three good bass I kept. The satisfaction in catching any fish on the barbless hook is far greater than any other method and when one lands a fair-size fish thereon one feels that he is entitled to the fish, for he has given him every possible chance to free himself and has put his skill against the skill of the fish. The greatest advantage is, however, in releasing the small ones unharmed.

I am mighty glad that I had the opportunity to learn this real type of fly fishing through the pages of the Izaak Walton League Monthly and I know from now on I, too, will be a firm advocate of the barbless hook. I am also taking the barbs off of my trout flies and am going out in a day or two to try it on trout, also. No doubt one loses a few fish by its use, but what is the difference; we get the fun of the fight and we know we can release the small ones without harming them and give someone else a chance to have a fight worth while with the same fish when he grows up.

I sure want to thank Mr. Pulsifer and the I. W. L. Monthly for introducing to me through that article the barbless hook and I hope many other brothers of the League will be induced to try it for it sure gives one a thrill to catch your fish on the barbless fly. A clear conscience toward the fish themselves.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR W. KADE

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE
OF AMERICA

Gentlemen:

Many thanks for your courtesy in sending us your new publication. We are glad to have it, and will examine it carefully, with a view to finding quotable matter. You are to be congratulated on the quality and appearance of the magazine.

Very truly yours,



Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by Will H. Dilg

"**ANGLING MEMORIES**"—there is not enough money in the banks of Chicago to buy my angling memories and I bet the same goes for you, my brother.

All anglers know that their fishing memories are blessings and everyone knows that when blessings are shared they are greatly increased. The moral, fellow fisherman, is plain—share your angling memories with those you know will appreciate them, and there could be none so sure to do this as the readers of our magazine.

During the two years I wrote for *Outers'-Recreation* I originated a plan similar to our *Angling Memories* under the title of "My Most Tragic Fishing Moment." This series of stories was written by the rank and file of fishermen and they were so remarkably well told that they attracted the attention of *Angling America* as no other feature ever had done. They were an unending source of immense pleasure to fishermen all over the country as hundreds of letters testified. In truth, *Tragic Fishing Moments* were of so much interest and value as fishing experiences of all kinds by all kinds of fishermen that they are now being published in book form by Reilly and Lee under the title "My Most Tragic Fishing Moment."

With the success of this series in mind I decided to start another in our magazine, under the title of *Angling Memories*. It seems to me that *Angling Memories* gives even greater scope to the telling of our fishing yarns. Every fisherman has treasured memories, though he may not be able to classify them. Every fishing season brings forth its store of angling memories and it doesn't matter what the type of fisherman nor the extent of his experience in the game. Remember, my brother, that everything about our favorite sport is interesting to us fishermen. No man ever wrote a truer sentence than did W. C. Prime when he said "The Angler, I think, dreams of his favorite sport oftener than other men of theirs." The young boy fisherman of fifteen summers already has his "Angling Memories" while the veteran of fifty or more seasons behind him has volumes of angling memories.

Soon the trees will be barren of their leaves and before we know it stern old Winter will be knocking at our doors. All our lakes and streams will be frozen hard and then it is that every man of us loves to ruminate and dream of golden days afield and astream. But why keep our *Angling Memories* to ourselves or do our fireside fishing before a small audience. Every true fisherman knows that he never gets a chance to quite finish his favorite story before some impatient friend breaks in to tell his pet angling memory. Our magazine guarantees no interruptions—each man gets a full hearing to the last word.

Besides, there is a fifty-dollar fly or bait casting-rod going to the writer of the best angling memory and there will be other prizes such as the highest priced bait or fly-casting reel for the second best angling memory story and there, too, will be a third and a fourth and a fifth best prize for good angling memories, only these have not been

determined as yet but will be announced in the October issue of our magazine.

Just this parting word, literary merit alone will not win the prizes. We want real angling experiences much more than only literary quality. There is much to this plan and please take into consideration the happiness we are going to bring to *Angling America*. Now, my friends, load up the old pipe and bring forth your writing materials and let's start right now to help make our magazine the most friendly magazine in the world. And now, my hearties, let's go.

The Five Judges

THERE are no greater anglers than the famous Americans who have agreed to judge the winning *Angling Memories*. These men are all devotees of the sport of angling and therefore capable of knowing a real honest-to-goodness fishing story when they read it. Their very names guarantee a fair and square deal to all. They are:

Judge George V. Triplett, Owensboro, Ky. Famous Green River Kentucky fisherman, collector of angling literature and great student of Izaak Walton's writings.

R. C. Grey, Catalina Island. Brilliant writer and noted fresh and salt water angler. Has taken every species of American sporting fishes.

W. L. Brann, New York City. Devotee of light tackle and noted fly fisherman. Collects rare literature. Has great ability as a writer but the spirit seldom moves him.

E. C. Kemper, Washington, D. C. Distinguished executive and lover of angling, preaches and practices highest ethics.

Lionel Phillips, Belleville, N. J. Lover of sports afield and astream. Writes wonderful fishing and hunting stories.



This Memory of Mr. A. M. Parker, of Los Angeles, will bring a pang of remembrance to many old tarpon fishermen, those "gringo" fishermen who were members of the transient fishing colony at Tampico, in old Mexico, as Mr. Parker reminisces, "in those days before the great oil boom had changed the sleepy old town into a hustling city, and before the surface of the beautiful Panuco River was transformed by the scum of the floating oil from a fisherman's Mecca to a fishless stream."

Tampico—magic name! I had fished in previous years all down the Florida

coast and also at Aransas Pass on the Texas coast, but my dream of a big Tarpon had not been realized. Five footers, and six-foot ones, were all that came to my bait, and as Tampico was famous in those days when the numerous English, as well as American anglers, were so much in evidence, at the old-time fisherman's headquarters, in the Southern Hotel, I had gone there to try again for a big one.

One beautiful morning in early Spring, when the waters of the Panuco were rippling in the faint breeze, just starting to blow in from the gulf, our boatmen met us at the landing of the custom house wharf. Usually I fished alone, with my Mexican boy at the oars, but this morning of which I write, was an exception. Captain R., master of one of the Royal Mail steamships, tied up at the custom house dock, had requested the privilege of accompanying me as a spectator, as it did not seem possible to him, that so large a game fish could be brought to gaff, on such light tackle. I was equipped with a regulation split bamboo rod, with butt and one-piece tip, which had been in use by me for some years, a von Hofe reel carrying nine hundred feet of line, regular tarpon hook and a six-foot wire leader.

As the Mexican oarsman pulled out from the dock, my friend, the Captain, took his seat beside me, on my left, on the rear seat and facing the stern of the boat. Putting a small mullet of about five inches in length on the hook, I gradually played out about a hundred feet of line. As the tide was very favorable for fishing down the river, I trolled down stream toward the entrance of the bayou, which leads up to the Lake of Pueblo Viejo. Here and there on the surface of the river would appear the shining back and long fin of a silver king out for his morning meal, or a school of mullet would flash by, evidently fiercely pursued by some invisible submarine enemy.

Just below the mouth of the bayou I had a strike, and a tarpon of between five and six feet flashed into the air, and disdainfully threw hook and bait twenty feet away from him. Then for nearly a half hour everything was as calm and serene as a May morning, and it seemed as if our quest for the mighty silver king was not to be successful, when suddenly came a fierce strike, and I awoke to the fact that a big one was on. How I did set that hook, and perhaps that reel did not get into high in a hurry! Two hundred, yes, nearly three hundred, feet of line went off my reel before his majesty went into the air.

Shaking his mighty head in the effort to disgorge the hook, his silver mail-clad body scattering the spray, a sight for the gods. Then he was down and in quick record time had another hundred feet of line. Up into the air once more, six, eight, yes, ten times, that grand fighter somersaulted like a giant trout, and right then and there something happened that I shall never forget. My line did not break, neither did my hook pull out of his mouth. My ROD BROKE OFF SHORT JUST ABOVE THE REEL.

Here was tragedy indeed. The largest fish that it had ever been my luck to be fast to, and he looked like a

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seven-footer, and there was I, with only the short butt of my rod in my hands with the reel, and the jagged, broken end of my tip sliding down the line for the confounding of all my hopes. Ah! those Englishmen. Is it any wonder that they have such a reputation for cool headedness and quick action. The Captain had been sitting there beside me, a most enthusiastic and interested spectator, and now, even before my cry of dismay had gone forth on the morning breeze, he had come to the rescue.

Luckily the rowboat in which we were trolling was one of the wide flat-bottomed kind, which the old Southern Hotel used to send its guests out in, and the Captain had slipped by me, and was leaning out over the stern, just in time to grasp the fast-disappearing tip joint. Holding the tip with the guides up, so that the line would run clear, he sat there in the stern, and we fought that battle to a finish.

Ye gods, it was a fight! At the expiration of an hour or more I handed the word to Pancho to pull into shoal water in order to gaff the silver king, which now rolled helplessly on his side, and when he was slid under the thwarts of our boat, by unanimous consent, the representatives of three nationalities stood up and gave one rousing cheer.

At the custom house dock we took his dimensions, which are six feet and nine inches in length, and his weight, when put on the scales, was one hundred and sixty-five pounds. And I mention that his dimensions "are" six feet and nine inches in length for the reason that, when any of our fisherman brothers happen to be in the city of Los Angeles, they can see him mounted on the western wall of the La Brea room in the Museum of Science and Art at Exposition Park.



Here is an amusing "memory" of a fisherman who neglected to get a fishing license but who, I am ready to wager, will never be without one again. Mr. Herman Waters, of Whitehall, N. Y., as a lad had a very anxious few minutes at his first and last appearance as a law-breaker.

The pages of memory afford a glimpse of one occasion which, I feel sure, will never grow dim.

One summer I was fortunate enough to spend a couple of weeks in camp on a rocky, spring-fed pond in New Hampshire. Nameless Pond is one of those seeming paradoxes, a fairly civilized body of water which affords excellent fishing. It is surrounded on three sides by thick woods, the east shore sloping up into Mt. Sunapee itself. A boys' summer camp is located on it and there are some summer boarding houses near enough to give their inmates easy access to its shores. I had come there quite by accident, intending to spend the week-end and with no thought of fishing. It soon developed, however, that the pond offered great sport with the small-mouth bass and that was enough for me.

It did not seem worth while to ob-

tain a license for two days' fishing, so I neglected that little detail and "thereby hangs a tale."

Perhaps if I tell you that at the time I was a high school student of seventeen, it will help you to understand some of the emotions which I shall try to set forth in the following lines.

My companion, who was a resident of the state, had obtained his fishing license, and we decided that in case the local warden did happen our way we could bluff our way through. This was all very well for the two days, but my stay lengthened into two weeks. The sport was wonderful and I did not intend to leave until it was absolutely necessary. One day R. decided to stay in camp and I went out alone. I anchored in a favorite place and soon was having the time of my life. It was in the month of August, and the fishing was a deep-water, live-bait proposition. Believe me, it was some thrill working those bass up through twenty feet of water. The average catch, by the way, is a two and three-quarter pounder.

I had boated a few good ones and lost as many more when the sport slackened and I had a chance to look about me. Looking down toward the beach I saw a group of the summer-boarders and a couple of men getting ready to shove off in their boats. I wonder if any of you believe in hunches. I am free to admit that I had been prone to scoff at such things, myself, but on this occasion I had a distinct premonition that there was a game-warden in one of those boats and that I was going to have some sort of encounter with him. Perhaps it was my guilty conscience troubling me. At any rate, one of the boats was coming up the pond toward mine and it was occupied by a half-dozen girls with a big fellow at the oars.

When they were within a hundred yards of me I had a strike and was fast into a nice bass. The bass kicked up quite a fuss and gave a few aerial demonstrations which suited my desires exactly for the moment, as I am human enough to like to play to the gallery occasionally.

The other boat drew nearer and nearer and I could hear the oarsman carrying on a rapid conversation with the girls. I boated my fish when they were about eighty feet away, and as he was a good sized specimen, there was a gasp of delight from the gallery and a smile of approval from the oarsman, who had turned round from time to time during his progress up the pond to watch the fun.

"Nice fish!" he commented, as his boat drew even with mine, and about twenty feet away. "Have you got your license?"

One of the girls asked him a question just then, and he turned to answer her. As for me, I wish I could adequately describe my feelings. My heart seemed to quicken its pace and I had an almost hysterical desire to laugh. Visions of hand-cuffs, prison bars, stern judges and heavy fines floated before me. For one instant I contemplated asking him how much it was going to cost me. I distinctly remember that that detail interested me immensely inasmuch as Dad's pocketbook was many miles away.

All this had flashed through my mind with unbelievable rapidity. Strange to say, I gave no sign of my inward perturbation and found myself calmly ignoring the warden's question and removing the hook from the mouth of my prize.

He (the warden, not the fish) seemed not to notice my omission and began to ask me about the fishing and to compliment me on my catch. I almost held my breath as he dipped his oars lightly in the water and propelled his boat slowly past mine. Still addressing an occasional remark to me and keeping up his conversation with the occupants of his craft, he rowed away, leaving me trembling like a leaf in a breeze and with beads of perspiration standing out on my forehead. He could not possibly have come any closer to getting me and then passed it up. I honestly believe that his girl passengers saved me since he was too occupied with them to pay much attention to a fisherman. Be that as it may, when his boat was far enough away, I hauled in my anchor and the old tub I had been fishing from traveled toward camp faster than it ever had before.

I learned the next day that the warden was a strange one in that territory and perhaps that had something to do with my escape. That experience taught me a good lesson but it was one which I should not care to undergo again.



J. B. McCready is the very efficient secretary of our Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Chapter. It is a delight to read his chapter messages because they are so full of principle, pep, and go. Here is a real Angling Memory and, like all true anglers, our friend wants his boy and all American boys to have fishing memories, too. McCready's eyes are wide open to the need of National Organization and there are no Waltonians of greater ardor.

Being a Canadian by birth and an American by adoption, two facts of which I am proud, it necessarily follows that my boyhood stream was located in Canada; in Ontario, to be exact. Born in town, I was fortunate in having friends who lived in the country and it was the custom as soon as school was dismissed Friday afternoons to hike out to the home of my Highland Scotch friends to return again Monday morning in time for school. Mother said I always made this pilgrimage to get out of the usual Presbyterian Sunday festivity. Dad said it was to hunt partridge, fish trout and raise H—1. Dad was right. My friend had a very large farm with plenty of woods and hills. The house was situated on a lordly hill and at the foot of this hill was a brook meandering through the meadows with plenty of small growth along its banks. Just below the house it widened into a pool of some size. This pool was full of springs, in fact the entire brook was spring fed. Many's the time, I crawled on hands and knees through the brush and got my share of brook trout of legal size. The big thrill came one day when I caught the two-pound boy that had been flirting with my grasshopper and stripping the hook for about four years. Just where the pool commenced, there was a fallen tree lying in the water which formed a



little falls with quite a deep pool below. Here was general headquarters for the daddy of them all, and it was here that my first try was made every day. I imagine the old boy saw me first until the day that I brought home the bacon. That day was cloudy and overcast and I made up my mind to humble myself with the snakes, frogs and other creeping things of the lowlands, and slide into the brook on my stomach. I sure did a wonderful job of sneaking, for his highness was deceived and appeared to feel satisfied that the hopper concealed no sting and took it all much to my delight. After landing, what to my eyes was the biggest trout in the world, I couldn't get back to the house fast enough to exhibit him, and was delighted to find the folks so much interested in my catch that they overlooked my muddying up the freshly-scrubbed floor, and when the old mother looked up at me from behind her spinning wheel and said, "Mon laddie, that's a graun feesh and you're the graun feesherman." I thought then as I think now, those were the sweetest words of praise I had ever heard. Not to be outdone I replied, "Yes, and I caught him just for you." Her reply was characteristic of the old Scotch neighbor, "Nae, nae, lad, if it's to be a gift, ye'll just wash yersel o' the mud and tak it ow'er the hill to poor Mrs. I— who has been ill lang syne and who'll mebbe no be here lang to enjoy such a feesh." I went out to the well to clean my fish, laid it up on a board, went into the house to wash up and came back just in time to find the family cat half through with the job of polishing off that beautiful trout! Imagine my feelings! and the wrath of a red-headed, freckled faced boy. My terrier, McGinty, should have been along with me that day. He no doubt looks down from dog heaven now and realizes how from that time on when he started after the cat, he never was called back, as had previously been the custom, and some of my friends will now realize why it was that at the Conservation Meeting, held at Madison, Wis., July 11th and 12th, when the question of licensing the house-cat came up, I suggested that all house-cats, as well as other cats, be hanged, drawn and quartered.

I have wandered far afield in speaking of my brook but to get back to it, most of our boyhood streams have been polluted and depleted of fish. Not this one, however, I take it, for in 1908 I was called back to the old home on account of the illness of my father and while there I walked out into the country to see my old friends. After having greeted the entire clan and while standing in front of the house, my eyes wandered off towards the brook. There it was as sweet and clean as of yesterday. The woods along its banks a little bigger, perhaps, but still my brook. I said, "Johnny, are there any trout left in the creek?" He replied with the old-time burr on his tongue, "Lord love you, lad, I dinna ken. I don't think she's been feeshed syne ye caught the big yun." There it was again—the big one! After fifteen years I said, "Alright, you tell the girls to quit chasing that young rooster around the yard, I'll stay for supper, but I am going to furnish it myself. We'll have trout." After some little search a line and hook came to light and the bees on the clover on the way down hill, made the outfit complete. The brook was still good—thanks to the Scotch farmer's love for a bit of shade for his

sheep and cattle, and believe me, there was no cat got within hailing distance of those trout that day.

I believe there are few, if any, native born Wisconsin fishermen who can speak this way of their boyhood stream. I look with fear and trembling upon the depletion of our streams and it may be that my boy may never know the joy of a boyhood brook as his dad did and I know that he won't unless the Izaak Walton League of America can save one for him. If it can't, God help young America. It may be, when young Jack's fishing days approach I may have to take him by the hand and lead him back to the land of his forefathers and introduce him to his dad's boyhood brook. If I do, and he ever feels the thrill that I did when I hooked my trout and then has to return to a fishless Wisconsin, I wonder what his opinion will be of you and me, brother, who had our share of fishing and said to h—I with the future. Will he be as good an American as he might have been, had he been permitted to enjoy a few of the outdoor joys that his dad had? Knowing the breed as well as I do, I doubt it. Think it over, brother Sportsmen, before it is too late.



When is a fish not a fish? Mr. J. Trevarthen, of Bessemer, Michigan, answers this question in his story of a certain fatal strike. That you never can tell what's going to happen in the angling game is, don't you think, one of its best points.

It was years ago, not long after I had discarded the old bamboo pole and bobber for more modern equipment. I took the advice of a skilled angler in my selection of an outfit. Al Roberts was a friend of mine and truly a good fisherman. But I was new at the game so I hope that my more experienced brothers will not give me more than my share of the merry "ha-ha."

Al and I were fishing a beautiful stretch of the Black River on this particular day, and we waded down side by side through a long run of rapids. Al would reel in his line and make a beautiful cast just beyond some boulder so that the spinner would settle lightly into the foam. Then he would pull in very slowly and cast again. I tried again and again to imitate him and succeeded in catching the seat of my trousers, my hat and basket, and sometimes would manage to cast off into the woods, whereupon Al would yell: "Keep to the river, the birds aren't biting well today."

I finally decided to confine my casting to the back yard at home until I became more of an expert. Al had already caught seven or eight beauties while I had managed to snake out three lonesome trout that had to lay mighty straight to pass the seven-inch mark. I sure wanted to get just one big fellow on so I could show Al that I could land him, even though I was a beginner.

Well, my chance came sooner than

I expected. We were standing knee deep in a swift rapids which ran into a deep pool just ahead. Al explained that this was a peach of a hole and good for half a dozen big trout. So I pulled the line off my reel and let the current take the spinner down into the deep hole below. I pulled off line until the reel was almost empty and then started to wind slowly in as instructed by Al. I reeled in about five feet of line and suddenly the hook struck a snag and held. "Blankety blank," I muttered. "Always got to hook the bottom when I come to a good place."

But the snag suddenly came to life and almost pulled the pole out of my hands. I gave an awful jerk as my instructions, to set the hook and began winding in for dear life. Came a yell from Al—"Don't reel in so fast. You've got a dandy one hooked. Hold your rod lower. Give 'em line. Give 'em line."

But I did not want to give him any line. He was pulling like a hound in leash and I wanted to get that fish up the rapids as soon as possible. About this time Al got one on the end of his line which kept him busy, but he still yelled instructions to me.

"Wade in to shore, and don't pull so fast. Give him a little line. Keep him under water. You'll lose him yet."

I managed to yell back, "You go to the devil," and kept right on pulling. I started to move towards shore however and in doing so stepped on a slippery boulder which caused me to sit down suddenly in the water which felt mighty cold up so high. But I managed to hang on to my rod and I hauled away until the trout was close enough to see. When I saw the size of that fish, I was taken with fish fever, which is a cousin to buck fever. I seemed to hear Al's voice far away.

"Hurry up, hurry up. You got a big Rainbow on. Don't let him break water. Hold him under. Take him to shore, etc."

After I had seen the fish, my only thought was to get him on land before he got away. So, grabbing the line at the end of the pole, I gave it a turn around my hand and made a dash for shore. I felt the weight on the line, and got up more speed. On looking back I saw the fish skipping along over the top of the ripples, but still heading for shore. I remember, hearing a wild howl from Al as I hit the beach and headed for the brush. How the line ever held or the hook either is a miracle, but hold they did until the big fish was flopping around on the rocks. I threw the pole, line and all into the bushes and made a grand dive for my trout as I perceived he was off the line and dangerously close to the water. I landed on him with both hands just as Al came wading in to the rescue.

I finally got hold of the big fellow and then nearly collapsed as I noticed his black back and little pig snout. I heard a choking sound close by and turned to see Al holding his sides and shaking all over.

"A sucker," I stormed. "A miserable sucker." My heart felt like lead.

You will all agree that this was a very unsportsmanlike way to land a fish, but I will say that I have developed a more modern method since. It took a long time for me to see the humorous side of my experience, and as long as I live I will always remember that day.



Angling Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

Vice Pres. of the I. W. L. A.

Getting Acquainted with the Birds

(Continued from page 58)

Those who have read and enjoyed "An Angler's Hours," by H. T. Sheringham, angling editor of "The Field," will warmly welcome "Trout Fishing Memories and Morals," by the same author, from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, Price \$4.00.

Mr. Sheringham, in addition to being an accomplished angler, is one of the best half dozen living writers upon angling topics. Any book bearing his name upon the title page is sure to be a valued addition to the angler's library, to be read and reread in the long evenings between the close of one fishing season and the opening of the next. He has an intimate knowledge of all the best fishing waters of the United Kingdom, and seems to have a personal acquaintance with every big trout in these waters.

Although he holds "that angling is, of its nature, a solitary diversion," I am sure that he would be a most delightful companion on the stream were he not so sadly addicted to the dissipation of five o'clock tea. No rise of fly or of trout could keep him away from the fragrant bohea.

On page 30 we read, "If it had not been for tea time I am confident that I should have got the catch up to double the figure." Again on page 51, "Haying attained to this the angler commonly begins to think of tea." (?) And finally on page 75, "The interval between afternoon and evening is bridged by tea, that modest stimulant which is so refreshing to mind and body after a hot, tiring, and possibly, unproductive day." Fancy an American angler leaving off fishing in the midst of a rise to forage for tea in the land of Johnnie Walker and Haig and Haig. "Chacun à son goût" or "Jeder nach seinem Geschmack!"

From a volume full of interest from cover to cover it is not easy to cull pithy paragraphs without a feeling of being unjust to the volume as a whole.

"To feel once a week like a school boy coming home for the holidays is a wonderful aid to the preservation of enthusiasms."

"Fair sights, sweet sounds, the scent of may or meadowsweet, and the clear river rippling in the golden sunshine—has life anything better to give?"

"The fly question has probably produced more puzzlement and brainstorms than anything else in fishing. It seems absolutely impossible to reduce it to anything like a clear and simple system. The fish will very likely refuse to have anything to do with the patterns which one has just decided to be the foundations of piscatorial faith."

"I am sure rods get tired," said an accomplished angler to me one day, "especially split-cane rods, but they recover all right after the rest."

"Occasionally the question has been raised as to what trout fly individual anglers would select if they were confined to a single pattern for a whole season. 'Red Quill' once described in 'The Field' the result of a season's trout fly-fishing, in which he used but a single pattern—the fly which gives him his pen-name. A friend of mine had for many years unvaryingly replied to the question, 'What do you get them on?'—'It was a "Wickham."' Another friend in answer to the same question might be depended on to reply, 'a Red Tag,' and a few years ago on a wet fly stream in spring I met an angler who told me that he always used the 'Coachman.' Another distinguished angler never fished with more than one fly, 'a very big Cochybondu.' Yet another told me that he always fished with a single pattern everywhere, 'a plain black hackle with silver ribbings on the body.'

On page 106 the writer gives a list of sixteen flies that go to make up his selection.

"The longer I fish the more I see the value of skill in fly tying, and were I to begin over again, I think I would learn to handle fly dressing material before I learnt the management of rod and lines."

"It is the 'alight like thistledown' nonsense which undoes the modern novice. He has heard that phrase from his youth up. He has gone into the meadows and studied thistledown floating gently on the breeze. And he has sought to make his artificial fly do the like, until it has dawned on him after much discouragement that a fly-rod is capable of doing some work, after which he gets on better."

"One gets a sort of instinct as to the rise with practice, but I am never quite sure how I detect one, unless there is a definite commotion of the water. I cannot always see a 'wink under water.' I must actually see the fish."

"If an angler loses his calmness during the evening rise I say that he is quite within his rights. I am not sure that it is not his duty so to do. Nine times out of ten it is a maddening business."

The fact that in the hard fished streams of England it is now possible to catch trout of three, four and six pounds weight should read a lesson to us in fish propagation and conservation.

In English waters they have
 A closed season during the spawning time,
 A daily bag limit,
 A size limit,
 which should be taken to heart by those who legislate for us in Illinois, where the brave black bass is not protected during the spawning time, where there is no limit as to size or as to the numbers that may be taken.

could see the gulls flying around, some of them now and then swooping down to grab a luckless herring that strayed too near the surface. From below the salmon were tearing into them and when they endeavored to get away from the big fish and rushed to the surface the gulls were waiting to pick 'em off. When anybody makes the complimentary remark, "you poor fish," I always think of the herring—he sure is a poor fish, getting it from all sides. Although this is not a fishing story, I want to add that we landed some fourteen king and silver salmon ranging in weight from five to twenty-six pounds. And the gulls helped by tipping us off where the fishing was.

By the time you are reading this I shall be unlimbering the old shotgun on ptarmigan and waterfowl. The ptarmigan shooting will be north of here but the waterfowl shooting will be done south along the seacoast. According to the stories of sportsmen it is some duck shooting, too. I am afraid that the abundance of birds may be a drawback instead of an asset as there is such a thing as being able to shoot birds too easily. Since being up here in the Northland I have certainly seen thousands of waterfowl of many species. The other day while on the railroad in the interior and traveling at the terrific speed of twelve miles an hour in the caboose of a freight train, I saw family after family of small ducks with mama duck marshalling her gang of ducklings in great style. There is no doubt but that the present laws governing the shooting of migratory birds are helping a great deal to bring back our flocks of wildfowl. Birds were abundant last fall and from all the dope I can gather in this neck of the woods there will be some birds this autumn, too.

I will start 'em down for you next month, just by stirring 'em up a little bit and shooting a fat one here and there for the camp larder. My main occupation while down the coast will be scrapping with the brown bears, but I will certainly take time enough to stir up the ducks for you.

Residents in the interior were telling me some weeks ago how the new railroad from Seward was responsible for the killing of hundreds of ptarmigan last winter. The ptarmigan for some reason of other gathered in huge flocks along the railroad right of way. Perhaps they were glad to find a little stretch of ground that wasn't completely covered with snow. Anyway, to the railroad track they came in large numbers. When the trains came along the birds would hurtle into the air and many of them would crash into the telephone and telegraph wires to come down crippled or dead. Mind you, this happened not once or twice, but many times. The result was the death of large numbers of these "snow birds." And then how the foxes did feast. Mr. Fox sure does love ptarmigan and grouse, and these animals came to the scene of the trouble and for weeks you could see a trail of white feathers along the railroad track—mute evidence of how the foxes had feasted upon the dead and crippled birds.



Famous Fishing Lines

God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and one in a meek and thankful heart.

—Izaak Walton.

* * *

Salmon fishing is confessedly the highest department in the school of angling.

—George Dawson.

* * *

It is of record that when the Pilgrims went to King James for their charter they said to him that they desired to go to the new world to worship God and catch fish.

—Samuel S. Cox.

* * *

Some of the most excellent sportsmen are inferior anglers and marksmen.

—Frank Forester.

* * *

The surest way to take the fish, is give her leave to play and yield her line.

—Quarles (1644.)

* * *

The angler's whole life is a well-rounded poem and he never misses the opportunity to cast his line in pleasant places.

—F. E. Pond.

* * *

The angler, only is brought close, face to face with the flower and bird and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered.

—Charles Kingsley.

* * *

All the charm of the angler's life would be lost but for these hours of thought and memory.

—W. C. Driver.

* * *

"Syrians eat no fishes but adore them as gods."

—William Radcliffe.

* * *

Thoroughly dry your line before reeling it up after your day's sport, whether it be water proof or not."

—Charles Bradford.

* * *

Fly fishing is, indeed, the poetry of angling.

—Dr. James A. Henshall.

There is nothing that attracts human nature more powerfully than the sport of tempting the unknown with a fishing-line.

—Henry Van Dyke.

* * *

It is not only in cases of great disasters, however, that the angler needs self-control. He is perpetually called upon to use it to withstand small exasperations.

—Viscount Grey of Falloden.

* * *

One of the charms of angling is that it presents an endless field for argument, speculation, and experiment.

—T. E. Pritt.

* * *

There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind.

—Washington Irving.

* * *

In spite of what elderly gentlemen may say to the contrary, an ignorant countryman, with his sapling rod and coarse tackle, never takes the largest fish nor the greatest in quantity.

—Robert B. Roosevelt.

* * *

If you do not know a river it is always most desirable to have someone with you who does.

—Francis Francis.

* * *

Sometimes a body may keep threshing the water for a week without seeing a snout—and sometimes a body hucks a fish at the first throw.

—Christopher North.

* * *

"All the charm of the angler's life would be lost but for these hours of thought and memory."

—W. C. Prime.

* * *

"Oh, sir, doubt not but that angling is an art."

—Izaak Walton.

* * *

The barbless hook enables the conscientious sportsman to continue fishing long after he has passed the limit with the certain knowledge that he is not grievously hurting fish which later on may languish and die.

—Will. H. Dilg.

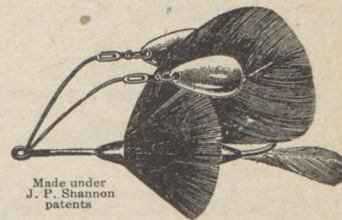


"Smiling Bill" Admits He Lied

Say, Ike, you remember last month I done a lot of bragging about the Shannon Twin Spinner being a lazy man's bait? Well, I just naturally got to take that back. It aint no lazy man's bait at all. You see I plumb forgot all about muskies liking that Shannon same as bass. Here I was all puffed up with pride over having the laziest bait that ever was, and along comes Ben Enyart and knocks the props right out from under me. Now here's me sitting comfortable in the shade of a big Norway trying to think up a good fish lie to tell when I get home (you know how it is). Guide comes up and hands me a letter, I open envelope and dog my cats if there aint a picture of a 51 pound muskie and a letter from said Ben telling how he caught this young whale on a Shannon Spinner and bragging it up to beat the band. So you see this here Ben deliberately makes me out a liar when I aint never done anything to him at all. For it sure aint no lazy man's job to land a raging, fighting devil like this old boy must have been. 51 pounds! Makes me tired just to think of it. So if you are going fishing where there is any muskies you just leave your Shannon in the tackle box or you are liable to get coupled up with an old he devil like what Ben caught and get all tired out. You just save your Shannon to catch bass with. Don't take any chances with them muskies. They aint a bit restful.

Yours for more fish and less work,

Bill Jamison.



Made under J. P. Shannon patents

P. S.—I'd show you a picture of Ben's musky but he is too blamed long to go on this page.

P. S.—Shannon Twin Spinners are no good when it comes to catching weeds but they are there when it comes to catching fish and you can get them in red, yellow or white feather fly and natural color and same colors bucktail. One fellow says he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for his Shannon but all we ask is 85 cents each, which makes it a big bargain. If your dealer aint got 'em, we have. But ask your dealer first for he might get sore if you don't.

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SHIPMENT OF BARBLESS HOOKS ARRIVES—IMPORTANT TO FLY-TIERS

THE Weber Lifelike Fly Co., of Stevens Point, Wis., announce that they have received a shipment of barbless hooks from England and are now ready to tie flies in all patterns "barblessly."

We are pleased to make this announcement because we consider it a news item of interest and value to all fishermen, both as a novel and thrilling method of taking fish and as a conservation measure of great importance through its making possible the returning to the water absolutely uninjured of under-size or over-the-limit fish.

Two Big Things Every Sportsman Can Do

No man owns this magazine any more than any man owns this National Organization; neither has OUR magazine any stockholders—therefore we have no dividends to pay to any man or to any syndicate of men who have combined or pooled themselves together for the dollars they can make out of the American Sportsman and from the exploitation of OUR OUTDOOR AMERICA.

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With this issue we are giving you the finest outdoor magazine ever printed in the world. You cannot do a brother sportsman a bigger favor than to get him to subscribe for this magazine. Never has there been given so much for \$1.00 per year. Compare our magazine with the average outdoor magazine at \$2.50 per year and judge for yourself. Only by getting together a huge circulation can our magazine carry the message of National Organization effectively. You can HELP us to carry this message by getting five subscriptions. It's easy, my brother, to get five subscribers for our magazine as we at headquarters know. Some have sent in as many as fifty. Understand this is your magazine and you must help support it by answering its advertisements and by sending in subscriptions.

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**Fourteenth Annual Bait and Fly Casting Tournament
of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs**

By FREDERICK J. LANE, Newly Elected National President

THE fourteenth annual Tournament of the N. A. S. A. C was held at Cleveland, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4 with the largest number of contestants ever entered in a National Tournament.

The Casters Club of Cleveland had full charge of the meet and managed it most successfully in spite of the large attendance.

No records were broken but several of the casters had scores equalling the best ever made.

The outstanding feature of the Tournament was the sensational and consistent work of George G. Chatt of the Illinois Casting Club who captured five first places and led the All-Around Championship contestant with the lowest score in the history of the casting game, namely: 16 points, while Stanley, his club mate, was second with 35 points while the nearest competitor was third with 65 points.

Fred Arbogast of Akron won the first two distance bait events with an ease and dash that were the admiration of all. Fogle's win of the one half ounce accuracy bait was popular and stamps that young man as a first class caster. Senator Atwood of Columbus led a field of 90 in the quarter ounce accuracy bait equalling the world's record of 99.6.

Walter Wilman, the Texas Cyclone, seemed to have the new record of the Fisherman's Accuracy event at his mercy with only one demerit but on the last and most difficult cast slipped one and tied the record only.

All the accuracy bait events had more entries by 40% than any previous Tournament while in the distance events the number was doubled.

To President James, Secretary Guffin, C. F. Newpher, Al Foss, A. A. Trimble, W. A. Kabbler and in fact to all the members of the Cleveland Club is due the credit for staging the largest Tournament in the history of casting. It was successful from every angle and aroused much interest in the locality.

Following are the list of contestants giving only the highest scores of the first three casters.

Prize Winners of Events at the Fourteenth Annual Tournament of the N. A. S. A. C., Cleveland, September 1-2-3-4- 1922.

QUARTER OUNCE DISTANCE BAIT

Contestant	50 Entries	
	Average	Longest Cast
Fred Arbogast	193.6	213 Ft. In. 2
A. E. Fogle	172.8	184
G. G. Chatt	161.8	175

Contestant	HALF OUNCE DISTANCE BAIT—53 Entries	
	Average	Longest Cast
Fred Arbogast	250.7	271 Ft. In. 10
B. F. Flegel	233.1	246 11
G. G. Chatt	217.3	237 12

Contestant	FIVE EIGHTHS OUNCE DISTANCE BAIT	
	Average	Longest Cast
G. G. Chatt	203.4	214 Ft. In. 5
T. M. Monger	184.5	189 9
L. G. Morrison	184.3	197 9

Contestant	FOUR AND THREE QUARTER OUNCE ROD DISTANCE FLY—43 Entries	
	Average	Longest Cast
G. G. Chatt	1085/6	118 Ft. In. 5
Wm. Stanley	971/2	98 9
Wm. Behnen	962/3	97 1/2 9

Contestant	FIVE AND THREE QUARTER OUNCE ROD DISTANCE FLY—44 Entries	
	Average	Longest Cast
G. G. Chatt	115	118 Ft. In. 5
Wm. Behnen	941/6	95 9
Jack Herman	931/3	98 9

Contestant	SALMON FLY—30 Entries	
	Average	Longest Cast
G. G. Chatt	1401/6	143 Ft. In. 5
Fred N. Peet	130	131 1/2 9
C. C. Lucke	1281/5	133 1/2 9

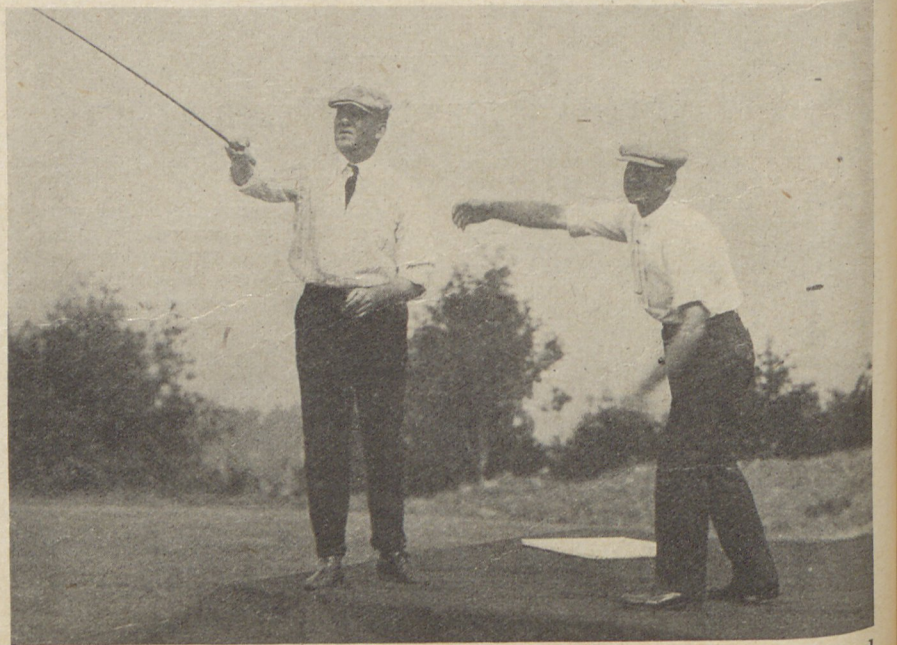
Contestant	HALF OUNCE ACCURACY BAIT—89 Entries	
	Average	Score
A. E. Fogle	99.7	99.7
G. G. Chatt	99.5	99.5
Fred Arbogast	99.4	99.4
C. C. Lucke	98.8	98.8
K. Y. James	98.8	98.8
Edwin Bradden	98.8	98.8

Contestant	ACCURACY FLY—57 Entries	
	Average	Score
G. G. Chatt	9914/15	99.4
C. H. Bornholt	9912/15	99.2
C. C. Lucke	9912/15	99.2

Contestant	DRY FLY ACCURACY	
	Average	Score
R. S. Jeffers	999/15	99.9
G. G. Chatt	996/15	99.6
W. C. Luebbert	995/15	99.5

Contestant	QUARTER OUNCE ACCURACY BAIT	
	Average	Score
J. F. Atwood	81 Entries	99.6
F. W. Stoltz		99.4
G. G. Chatt		99.4

Contestant	FISHERMAN'S ACCURACY BAIT	
	Average	Score
W. Williman	5-8 Ounce Plug—92 Entries	99.7
Chas. Schilpp		99.5
John Hassch		99.5



Geo. G. Chatt, with rod, All Around Championship winner, and William Stanley, second.



Trap Shooting for Boys and Girls

By GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

FROM the days of Robin Hood and his merry men down to the present time, skill with weapons has always taken first place with the youth of every land. The Eskimo baby, playing with his bone-head spear and the Apache with his tiny bow and arrow, each is inspired by the thought of achievement in the chase.

The civilized (?) boy, raised on a 12 x 20 lawn, unless he is fortunate enough to have parents who understand boys, can project no missile into the air without danger of a ride in the patrol wagon. The consequence of thus restricting a natural tendency is that when an opportunity does come for this wholly inexperienced lad to shoot (probably a .22 rifle), everything living suffers and it is not at all unlikely to be a relative or companion. Thinking of this one evening as my six-year-old boy, curled up on my arm for his bedtime story, sailed away into dreamland, I picked up an outdoor magazine and noticed an advertisement by one of the larger manufacturers of a small-gauge shotgun and a midget clay target.

The boy had been with me in a duck blind a few days before and I had thought regretfully of the years that must intervene before he could share in the sport except as a spectator, here was an idea, why not start in now?

I didn't advertise my scheme much. Women folks sometimes have to get accustomed to a new idea, but I talked it over with my hunting partner and the

result was that a few days later the boy found in his hands a 410-gauge shotgun, the breech of which had been cut down to fit him, and that afternoon he began burning powder at clay targets.

First, we put up a paper and let him shoot a pattern; then we showed him how to cover the target with the pattern. We threw standard targets with a hand trap as easily as we could, after a while he broke one. When he had shot twenty-five we stopped.

Was he keen? Wait till you have tried it out!

After two or three times, we began throwing angles and if he missed, one of us would break the bird (or try to) with our 16-gauge guns. We were getting some ideas ourselves and more fun than a basket of monkeys. All I had to do after office hours in the evening was to step out into my back yard and when Will Ford or his father appeared make a motion like throwing a target, and inside of fifteen minutes with the guns and a basket of targets we would be speeding for the city limits "teaching the boy."

Talk about borrowing a child to take to the circus, the man who first thought of that was a piker compared with the man who can borrow a boy with a 410.

Then—! my fifteen-year-old daughter sat in the car watching us rather wistfully. "Would she like to shoot?"

"She would."

A week later another trip to a sport-

ing-goods house and a happy girl was fitted out with a double-barreled 20-gauge Smith.

In a short time the hand trap was too easy for them, and we joined a trap club, so that they could shoot over a regulation trap. Result: A boy and a girl who tramp all day through the fields during open season without firing more than half a dozen shots, and no crippled birds left to suffer.

They number among their closest friends the members of the Trap Club, and when at Sunday school the boy was asked the First Commandment, he replied: "The first commandment is 'Thou shalt not point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at anything you do not wish to destroy.'"

Now another lad comes under my influence, listless, anemic, not interested in anything but his books, not much use for his father who is too busy to play anything more athletic than poker; two afternoons with the little 410 and his father makes a trip to the sporting-goods house and another pair of enthusiasts are added to the crowd, and this man and his boy are now inseparable pals. The boy has an interest in everything out doors, the man has found an interest in the boy.

Another time I mean to tell you what things to avoid as well as some things to develop, but for this time I merely wanted you to know what you are missing.

Send for This WILSON "IZAAK WALTON" CATALOG



Illustrating and describing equipment that helps to get the big and gamey ones.

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Agrees with "Time to Call a Halt"

State Game Farm,
Mound, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am in thorough accord with what Emerson Hough has written and said about the conservation of our valuable wild life. I have been actively interested in conservation work for the past eighteen years, all but the past seven in the State of Pennsylvania. For the past seven years I have been professionally interested in the State of Minnesota and especially in game propagation, which work I started here and am superintending for the state. I have been of the opinion for some time that our past conservation work has been anything but rational.

There have been entirely too many opposing interests. The Federal Government departments and the State Departments of the different states have had to try and appease all of these interests which to my mind has been detrimental to the game life. The commercial fisherman and the angler; the ornithologists and wild life conservationists against the game conservationists and sportsmen; the fur dealers as against the game conservationists and sportsmen, etc.

The National Government and most of the states are apparently doing what seems possible to conserve and increase game life, and on the other hand doing the same thing for fur bearing animals which prey upon the game. This is especially true of the mink. The mink is protected in some states with an open season for trapping, and the mink is given a 365 day open season for killing game. Some claim that the mink is valuable as a fur bearer, but almost every mink will kill at least fifty muskrats each Autumn in addition to whatever other life is around—and so the game conservation work goes on.

I am hoping that your magazine may remedy some of the evils of the past. With best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,
FRANK D. BLAIR.

Emerson Hough Very Ill in Denver

THOUSANDS and thousands of American sportsmen will hear with sympathy that Emerson Hough, pioneer American conservationist and brilliant novelist, is very ill at St. Luke's Hospital, Denver.

Mr. Hough has a host of devoted readers of his splendid books, especially his latest, *The Covered Wagon*, which is one of the big hits of the year; this gallant story of the American men and women who carried civilization West is more than a novel, being a valuable historical document in the clarity of its portrayal of the early Western settlers, of whom Emerson Hough says, "The coward never started, the weak died on the way."

Particularly sincere will be the best wishes for his rapid recovery of his brother fishermen and the brotherhood of all red-blooded lovers of God's outdoors to whom the writings of Emerson Hough mean so much.

An Appeal From Iowa

There are sportsmen's clubs of all kinds; Rod and Gun Clubs; Gun Clubs; Fishing Clubs; Duck Clubs; Conservation Societies; Conservation Associations, and Fish and Game Associations.

Each and every one of these several organizations have a mission in the world. From personal observation I find that most of them are a hobby of some individual for personal gain, either political or financial. Some are organized just to furnish sport for some particular locality, others are promoted by big corporations just for the purpose of encouraging the sale of their products.

A few have been started under proper principals, but have fallen by the way-side owing to out-side influence.

In March, 1917, The Iowa Fish and Game Association held its first meeting. This association was the first state organization to issue charters to various cities and towns where there were enough sportsmen interested in the future welfare of the fish and game, to organize a unit.

The objects and purposes of this association are ideal and conform in every detail with the National Izaak Walton League. But like all state or local organizations they have made two mistakes, namely; living within themselves, and not raising money enough to carry on the work. There is one solution, and only one, that is, a National Organization with a National head. And with the wonderful results already accomplished in a small way, by these state and local organizations, and with the affiliation of all of these various clubs with the National Organization, wonders can and will be accomplished.

The Izaak Walton League of America, with its efficient staff of officers, and with its already enormous membership, and the principles it is fighting for, is the proper head under which every lover of the Big-Out-Doors should enlist.

Chapter No. 1. of the Iowa Division of the Izaak Walton League was organized June 13, 1922, at Des Moines, Iowa. It is the hope of the writer that every club in Iowa will affiliate with the National Izaak Walton League of America. And I would suggest and recommend that every Unit now affiliated with the Iowa Fish and Game Association, and those that were affiliated, but who have severed their relations for some reason, would enlist under the banner of the Izaak Walton League. Unless we do we will continue to have these gross violations, not only of the state game laws, but "God's" laws as well.

It is a crime, yes, a sin, for **you** and **me** to take from the future generation the fish and game of today, without attempting to replenish, or cause to be replenished, such fish and game. It is just as great a crime to sit idly by and let conditions continue as at present.

Without our support in this national movement we will, in a few short years, have a fishless and gameless America. Do you, the "Sportsmen" of Iowa and of this Great and Glorious Country, want these conditions to exist?

S. O. CARTER,
Secretary Iowa Fish and Game Ass'n.

When Two Old Timers Met

(Continued from page 48)

One grim old warrior fighting for his freedom, the other using all his ingenuity to prevent his escape. After a little the big pike began to show signs of his ebbing energy, and gradually the fury of the conquest subsided. A few moments more and father was working down the pole hand over hand. Now he had the line and was carefully pulling the pike toward shore, several times he was near enough to almost reach him but each time he turned and rushed into deep water. Father allowed the line to slip through his fingers, then pulled him in again. Carefully now he pulled, nearer and nearer, only another foot and he could reach him. His back fin was out of the water now and father was leaning farther forward with his left hand extended, just about to reach his gills, then suddenly, a swirl of water, a lurch of the big fish, snap! the line had parted and that daddy of all the pike was headed for deep water. Before I could frame the exclamation of horror that rose to my lips father had taken one step into the water, then, bull frog fashion, he had landed with a great splash flat on his stomach, and the next instant he gathered that pike into both his arms, hugging him to his breast for dear life.

Someone shouted from the mill, then Severs sprang through the open window six feet to the ground and came racing down the hillside, shouting at every jump:

"Hold 'im, Tom, I'm coming, hang on to 'im just a minute, I'll get yu."

During the scuffle, in some manner the fish had turned around with his head the other way, and as dad held him around the middle he made good use of his powerful tail by churning the water into a seething foam straight into father's face, and what missed him went high into the air. In the intense excitement I jumped into the river, and above the turmoil caused by that pike's tail, I shouted:

"Hold on to 'im, dad, here comes Severs. Don't let 'im get away, Severs'll get yu out. Oh! gee-men-ne-Christmas! Daddy, hold 'im a minute." Severs bounded down the bank, jumped into the water, grabbed father by the ankles and backed out, pulling both father and fish after him.

We weighed the pike at the mill, and everybody gathered around eager to see the figures. Thirteen pounds exactly. I ran home ahead of father to tell the news. And no sooner had mother laid eyes on me than she exclaimed:

"Goodness, gracious! where in the world have you been, you're as wet as a drowned rat."

"Aw, ma, I couldn't help it; yu oughta see the big pike dad's got and he per't near got away, and I had to jump in an' help 'im, I couldn't help gettin' wet, ma."

At this moment father stepped to the door with the pike.

"There! lookie ma, ain't he an ol' timer, huh?"

"Well, of all things! I should say he was an old timer, and from the looks of your father I'd say there were two old timers. Land sakes! Tom Townsend, did you have to jump in the river to get that fish? Go and change your clothes this minute"—and we went.



CARMAN'S DOG COPY
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IN OCTOBER.



To the Tippecanoe

By FRANK MILVILLE
MAC CONNELL

WE take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Travers D. Carman, one of the best authorities on dogs in the United States, will continue his splendid articles for the Izaak Walton League Monthly in October.

His delightful story in the August issue "Dedicated to Sam" was a source of pleasure to hundreds of hunters and dog lovers as the many letters we have received eloquently testified.

The Sportsman's Creed

I shall always bear in mind and trust that I may live up to the Sportsman's Creed as interpreted to me by my Father upon the occasion of a halt for luncheon one day:

"Remember, son, you are a sportsman and not a hunter; your dog is your friend and companion—you are not his master.

"Never punish your dog in anger, for you are hurting yourself even more than your dog.

"Observe the game laws and the 'No Trespass' signs—the rights of others are sacred.

"Never, when hunting with a companion, shoot at a bird unless you know where your friend is. All the birds in the 'Kingdom Come' are not worth the risk of hurting or killing a person.

"A perfect day is not measured by the birds shot, but by your ability to enjoy the 'open' and your dog's fine work.

"Never kill an entire covey; leave more than you kill for the next time and for breeding purposes another year.

"When in doubt, give the credit of shooting a bird to the other fellow; your readiness to do so will make him the more desirous of extending the same courtesy to you.

"Make the great out-of-doors a part of your life, not incidental to it—the 'Silent Places' are good for a man's soul."

TRAVERS D. CARMAN.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH"

Mr. Roy L. Leonard of Vincennes, Ind., sends us the following account of fishing on the Wabash.

"While it is not generally known we have some of the best small mouth bass fishing in the southern part of Indiana on the Wabash River, more especially in the spring, prior to the spawning season and it is certainly in need of federal protection from several causes.

"As the Wabash forms the boundary line between two states in this vicinity the state laws cannot apply here, and many bass and other game fish are seined and netted not only by market fishermen but by so-called sportsmen. There is a gravel bar nearly a mile in length about nine miles above this city and the small mouth bass spawn on it in great numbers and it is certainly a shame to see the seining going on there during the spawning season. The fish are disposed of regardless of the state laws concerning same. I believe, however, that not nearly so many game fish are caught in this manner as are destroyed in other ways through the ruining of the nests. Mussel diggers drag this bar for mussels, and such dragging over the nests of the fish certainly destroy them. Fish can be seen leaping out of the water when the nests

DEAR old river, thou art wise with thy age. All my days I have known and loved thee well and I know thou hast also loved me. Whenever didst thou fail in thy duty to thy Creator? The flowers, the trees, the birds and bees bear witness—never.

Since the first tree and flower made lovely thy banks and in thy living mirror beheld and knew themselves also beautiful; since bird and bee among the foliage made softly vocal all thy world; thou hast filled and filled in over measure, the honest hearts and minds of the children of men. Filled them with longings to know better how they might live, as God, their Creator and thine meant that they should live. So it is thou art, with thy mother Nature, the great teacher.

The red man knew well and ever hovered near thee. In thy most beautiful bends he builded always his hearth and gathered there those whom he loved. From his childhood he filled his soul with thy meaning, and was A MAN. This pagan child with thy help, from out the darkness of his mind visioned God, and according to his understanding, obeyed His laws.

Old Friend, I think that thou of all things dost most typify Life itself. For without thy pure waters there could nothing live.

But since thou didst bear on thy bosom the last red man, since his last camp-fire at night gleamed and made thee visible, then went out forever, there have come men of another color. And, it is feared that to them thy beauty, the great beauty of thy clear waters, thy long and graceful curves, thy laughing voices, the songs of thy birds and of soft harping among thy reeds—have no value. They seem not to know that God made thee beautiful so that the souls of men understanding thee might be also beautiful. Thy beauty is, we fear, unknown to them. They wish to make of thee what they barbarously term a ditch. To destroy utterly thy soul of beauty, thy meaning, thy sermon to selfish, foolish men who will sometime regret, but, alas, too late, forever.

Then, old friend, on that day when thou diest, a sacrifice on the altar of Mammon, on that day will I write of thee, in loving remembrance of all thou hast done for me and meant to me and to all thy true lovers, this epitaph:

Here lies the River Beautiful, made so by God himself at the beginning of the world. Murdered A. D. 1920, by the "white man's improvements(?)."

That ghastly wound yonder, whence issued her life blood, is called a ditch, whatever that may mean but, from it, she died.

are disturbed and they are getting scarcer each year. I believe that this evil can only be corrected by the passage of a federal law prohibiting not only fishing in such streams during the spawning season, but also prohibiting dragging or digging for mussels during such season and regulating if not prohibiting the market fishing in such streams by set nets, etc. I only know the conditions as they exist here, but I know it must be the same in all localities not under the control of State Game and Fish Laws."

Fishing with Jack London

(Continued from page 43)

mouth bass, ever I saw.

After a time we crept up into the shadows of old Bagmah, just as the sun fell behind the great altitude and left the timber and dimpling water all a crimson tint. We stopped then and rested, flinging ourselves at full length on the East bar and then cooked supper.

Presently the great moon rose over the eastern hills and soon centered the chattering shoals. London lay at full length on the bar, watching the river, now a thing of molten silver. All at once his face seemed to strike in me a responsive chord. Up to the moment I had spoken only in monotonous since the loss of the fish. Never was the wilderness more beautiful. I looked again into those happy eyes and they seemed to say that the only manner to preserve the wilderness was to spare the things that composed it. No sane person ever cut down a tree that bore fruit, none killed the hen nesting on her eggs.

Over in the bay a bull frog boomed in mournful monotonous. Across the river a mocking bird began its nocturnal song. I stood, and staring down into the vast sweep of the river I bowed my head, for suddenly I understood!

Cocoon Oil Fine For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoon oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water, then moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoon oil shampoo at any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified. Adv.

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News of the Chapters

EDGAR HAYMOND CHAPTER

Warsaw, Indiana

The subscribers to the magazine will be interested in a report of the last meeting of the Edgar Haymond Chapter. We motored to Webster Lake—one of the few Indiana Lakes that the damnable dredge has not deprived of those precious food-producing, breeding-ground shelves, along its shore—the most productive lake in Kosciusko County.

We had Miss Minnie Lloyd, a talented reader and loyal "Rachel Walton" read "The Rape of the River." If our own "Bob Davis" whose pen we love to follow, could only have seen and felt the reception his master-piece was given, he would never regret the expending of that splendid energy which made the great poem possible.

Dr. Will Scott, Professor of Zoology at Indiana State University was the speaker at this meeting. Dr. Scott has charge of the University Biological Station at Winona Lake, Indiana, every summer. For twenty years he has specialized on an intensive scientific study of topographical and biological conditions of Kosciusko County Lakes. He is unquestionably the best authority in Indiana on common-sense, yet scientific, fish propagation, fish foods, etc. Before he took up the study of our lakes and fish he spent years in research to determine the cause of extinction of passenger pigeons. Speaking on the migratory bird law, he told of its great benefits as he observed the rapidly increasing local nesting of waterfowl, and charged the League with the responsibility of fostering a migratory bird treaty with Mexico.

Signed,
EZRA W. GRAHAM.

FROM THE ROCKFORD CHAPTER

The Rock River Rod & Reel club will be absorbed by the Rockford chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America at a public meeting to be held at the Rockford Elks' club lodge room Wednesday evening, September 20, it was announced today by H. H. Cutting, president of the Rod and Reel club, and Dr. R. E. Tull, president of the Walton chapter.

The meeting is to be open to the public, and speakers on fish and game conservation and campaigners against stream pollution of national fame will be present. In addition a reel of film, illustrating game hogging and raping of rivers by cities whose administrations have been careless the past years in sewage matters, will be run off.

The federation of the two angling organizations meets with the hearty approval of members of both the Rod and Reel club and the Izaak Walton chapter, formed recently here at a meeting held in the Rockford Athletic club building.

Dr. Tull today received several copies of the first issue of the Izaak Walton League monthly, a 36-page magazine through which the league hopes to accomplish much in the way of elevating the standard of sportsmanly angling.

WILL COUNTY CHAPTER

Joliet, Ill.

In spite of hot weather, vacations and railroad strikes, Will County chapter has found time for a meeting or two, partial completion of plans for an intensive membership drive and two outdoor sessions.

At the meeting for permanent organization the following officers were elected:

President—William B. Kemp.
Vice president—Dr. G. D. Webb.
Secretary—M. S. Heiss.
Treasurer—W. S. Wolf.

Directors—E. C. Bassett, John Powell, Dr. H. F. Lotz, Fred S. Pratt and Geo. Scheibner.

At the first outdoor meeting, held at Lake Renwick, near Joliet, the members staged a series of casting and fishing contests, for appropriate prizes donated by interested merchants. Geo. C. Chatt of the Illinois Casting Club, Chicago gave some splendid exhibitions and imparted considerable wanted knowledge to novices. Another meeting was held at the same place a month later.

A great winter program is being discussed and all indications are that the Izaak Walton cause is going over big in Will County.

With the Des Plaines, Dupage, Kankakee and Fox rivers included in the chapters territory, not to mention a score of likely creeks and artificial lakes, the boys here regard an Izaak Walton chapter with at least 500 members as absolutely essential.

Signed,
M. S. HEISS.

FROM THE MOLINE CHAPTER

The Izaak Walton Chapter of Moline, Ill., put on a casting tournament Saturday August 19th at Prospect Park. Much interest was manifested by our members and the public. This is the first time such a stunt has been put on in our city and it is sure to result in good for our chapter. In fact so much interest was created that the public is already asking when we expect to put on another.

Our events consisted of:
1st—Distance bait casting.
2nd—Accuracy bait casting.
3rd—Accuracy fly casting.

We also put on a mermaid and merman event which aroused much interest among the spectators. No records were broken in the events, but results were satisfactory considering that our members had not participated in such events before. Suitable prizes were given the winners. Our membership is showing a steady increase. Our regular August meeting will be held at noon August 23rd at the Chamber of Commerce rooms. We will have talks on the following subjects:

1. Illinois Fish and Game Commission, by A. T. Foster.
2. Proposed Amendment to Present Game Laws by Last Legislature, by State Senator M. R. Carlson.

Senator Carlson has worked for the passage of this amendment and will give our members first hand information along these lines.

MOLINE CHAPTER OFFERS PRIZES

Prizes are being offered for persons obtaining members of the Izaak Walton League. The membership campaign opened yesterday under the leadership of F. J. Danner.

A \$7 rod, or reel, is offered to persons obtaining twelve new members. A \$2 silk line will be given those obtaining five members. A. B. Lindburg has already won a rod, it was announced this morning.

The present membership of the organization is 120. The goal is 300.

HUMAN FISH STUNT DRAWS BIG CROWD

Jean A. Pope of East Moline demonstrated Saturday afternoon that he is the champion caster of this community. That distinction was conferred on him after his struggle to land the "human fish," Mrs. Mabel Eley Schurr, Rock Island, at the tournament held under auspices of the Izaak Walton League at Prospect Park.

The battle lasted 12 minutes, at the end of which time Mrs. Schurr's head-piece came off and the contest ended. Pope pulled the human fish a distance of 30 feet. Both the angler and the "fish" were exhausted after the contest.

In the second contest John Palmer, merman, was declared the winner. R. E. Rosencrantz was the fisherman. On the first plunge the line broke when Palmer was about 30 feet from shore. It was called a foul. On the second dive Palmer swam within 25 feet of the opposite shore. The line snapped a second time.

Pope won first place in the bait rod distance even, casting 73 feet. C. H. Elmer was second, 67 feet; and S. G. Mac, third, 63 feet. A silk casting line was the first prize.

The bait rod accuracy event was won by R. K. Baker with 98.66 per cent. Jean Pope was second, 98 per cent, and R. E. Rosencrantz, third, 97.33 per cent.

A fly rod was won by Pope for first place in the fly-rod accuracy event. He had a percentage of 98 per cent. R. E. Rosencrantz was second with 97 per cent and John Engstrom was third with 92.8 per cent. More than one thousand persons witnessed the contests.

FROM THE SYCAMORE CHAPTER

Far back out of sight from the highway, in a little clearing amid the great maple trees in the Louis Lloyd woods, five miles north of Sycamore, on Friday, as the shadows of evening began to appear, there had assembled some 100 men. Something of importance must have brought them to that lone place at such an hour. But they were not disguised with white robes and peaked caps and masks, and one might have recognized them as professional and business men and men of all occupations, nearly all from Sycamore. It was the first stag picnic of the Izaak Walton Club of Sycamore. As the shadows deepened electric lights flashed out in the branches of the trees overhead, and the men took seats on logs arranged in a large semi-circle. A big bonfire also illuminated the scene.

Talk by William J. Fulton

It had been announced a few days



before that William Dilg, president of the Izaak Walton League of America, would speak, but that day a wire was received from him that it was impossible for him to be present, and that he would be here later. But William J. Fulton was called upon at the last minute, and although he had to speak at a meeting of the Boy Scouts that evening, he delivered before the fishermen a snappy talk. He especially commended the organization on its efficiency to enforce the law against wanton destruction of fish by the use of seine-snares, spears and guns and by the pollution of streams, and for the club's co-operation in the state-wide movement to secure legislation to attain this end. He said the club was doing much in educating the public along this line and should have the hearty co-operation of the whole community. Mr. Fulton was heartily applauded.

Business and "Eats"

After a short business session, at which President George Sell, presided, and after Secretary Butzow had read minutes of the previous meeting, the men formed in line and passed around to a heavily laden table and helped themselves to frankforts, sliced ham, sandwiches, cheese, pickles, coffee and near beer. Joe Green, old-time caterer, presided. All had a good sociable time.

Mr. Lloyd was given a standing vote of thanks and three cheers for his hospitality, and all present signed a register that Mr. Lloyd maintains of his guests. He responded in suitable words voicing his pleasure in their presence, and inviting them to make his woods their permanent picnic grounds.

A number of guests present became members on this occasion.

FOND DU LAC CHAPTER

We, at the end of the lake, are gradually waking up to what pollution means. We have beautiful Lake Winnebago here and its shores are fast being settled by summer resorters. In addition to this, we have an excellent free tourist camp site at Lakeside Park. This camp site is equipped with every convenience and tourists are loud in their praises of the facilities and courtesies extended, however, they don't stay long with us as there is practically no fishing for these people to enjoy.

Old-timers tell us of the wonderful catches of black bass made years ago in Lake Winnebago. We don't hear of them now and we will never hear of them again until such times as our waters are cleaned up and fish are planted and properly protected. This is one of the missions of this chapter.

At the conference of the sportsmen wardens and conservation commissioners held at Madison, Wisconsin, July, 11 and 12, we found that the State Board of Health which has jurisdiction over stream and lake pollution were not provided with sufficient funds by the state to investigate the pollution of our streams and to prosecute violations, and our president, Mr. Berndt was instrumental in having the following resolution introduced and adopted:

"To the Legislature of the State of Wisconsin:
Whereas, it has come to the attention of the sportsmen of the state of Wisconsin, to the Conservation Commission and its wardens, that there has been a considerable amount of stream

and lake pollution caused by industrial waste, and

"Whereas, such pollution is harmful to all kinds of fish and plant life to the extent that spawning beds are destroyed and fish are prevented from reproducing their kind and fish are destroyed in such polluted waters, and

"Whereas, realizing that our lakes and streams are a big asset to the people of the state in the nature of food obtained from such waters, and,

"Whereas, the tourist trade of the state of Wisconsin has grown to such proportion that we should encourage growth thereof, and

"Whereas, the sportsmen have paid into the general fund of the state of Wisconsin in the nature of license fees over \$200,000 annually for the purpose of fish and game protection and propagation.

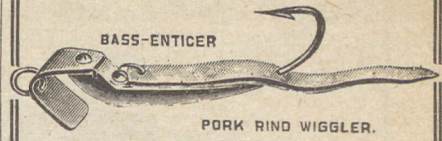
"Therefore be it resolved, That we, as delegates of sportsmen in convention assembled, petition your honorable body that the sum of \$10,000 annually be appropriated from the Conservation fund and turned over to the State Board of Health to be used as they see fit to remedy these conditions, and,

"Be it further resolved that a report be made back to the Conservation Commission by the State Board of Health as to the manner in which such work was conducted and the appropriation so used."

Our chapter is back of this resolution and every club represented at this conference is back of it and we hope by education and cooperation to get results. **If we can't get results by friendly and helpful cooperation then we will not quit until we get a law with teeth** and those who are responsible for conditions will feel that it pays to obey the law.

Our officers are doing their bit in every way to spread the gospel of the Izaak Walton League. Secretary McCready spoke at the mid-day luncheon of the Rotary Club, a few weeks ago and the subject assigned him was the work of the U. S. Department of Agriculture by whom he is employed, however, he found time to put over the message of the I. W. L. of A., and our local papers were pleased to state that it was one of the most interesting and entertaining talks given before the Rotary Club in some time. It must have been "Some" speech, Mac even admitted himself that it was. He has been invited to speak at the Kiwanis Club dinner soon and is to devote his entire talk on the Walton League so don't be surprised if you hear of his being on the Chautauqua platform with Grape Juice William, and other notables before the season is over. President Berndt has also developed into an after-dinner speaker and has already presented our side of the question to the Lions Club. Thus are being sown little seeds which eventually will blossom forth and bear fruit, free from canker, rot, worm and decay.

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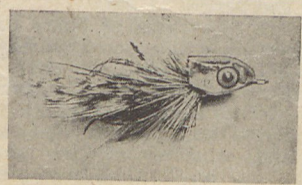
TOLEDO CHAPTER

(Toledo (Ohio) News-Bee, Saturday, August 12, 1922.)

Toledo anglers are tickled over the first number of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, of which Will Dilg is managing editor. The names of the best outdoors writers in the country grace its pages, as a matter of love for an idea and a principle. Here is a magazine the promise of which is that control shall remain in the hands of the anglers, rather than to shift into the hands of any with a private ax to grind. This monthly Chicago publication is to be a militant, progressive, plain-spoken and clean-fighting organ for game conservation and the ending of stream pollution. As such it deserves to succeed.

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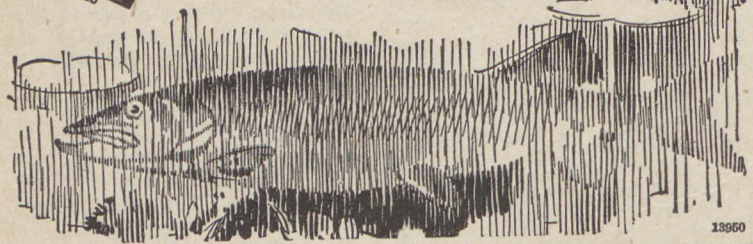
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TO PUGET SOUND—ELECTRIFIED



What's the Matter With Oregon?

(Continued from page 51)

spending his vacation at Oregon City, lulling office cares and worries to rest on the soothing expanse of the river. I came down for the last day, filled with hopes of a glorious time. Dad's face was long and unhappy as he informed me that he had not had a strike for the last five days. He thought I might be a good mascot, and turn the luck.

We pushed off in a small row-boat with slightly subdued spirits, while the boat-tender called after us his wishes for best luck, but there was a doubtful

note in his voice, though his wishes were hearty and sincere. We fished, and we fished, and then we fished some more. We trolled up to the falls, and back down to the head of an island. We anchored in the channel, and patiently hoped for the best.

There were two rows of boats half a mile below us, and a score of boats trolling. The Willamette that had at this season echoed to the good-natured laughter of hundreds of sportsmen, responded only to the echoes of the steam exhausts and whistles of the paper mills. The few anglers we met were morose and sullen, speaking not to each other, except to call, "Any luck?" The answer was always the same discouraging negative.

We ate our lunch in silence; and

continued the quest for the Chinook. The afternoon passed, and we were still searching up and down and across the river for the glorious fish. The sun began to set before we surrendered the tattered remnants of our hopes, and turned back across the river. We drew up by the boathouse, and landed dispiritedly. The boat-tender came around the corner and helped us with our luggage, while his faithful Airedale put her muzzle in my hands to be petted, and begged me to come and see her babies.

"No fish today, Mr. Lawrence?" the boat-tender queried. Dad shook his head. "None," he said. "Five days steady, and no fish yet," the boat-tender stated, and then wrathfully turned to face the river. The tall hills on the other side silhouetted the black firs on their crests against the faint, ethereal blue-green of the twilight; but the boat-tender did not notice the tranquil loveliness of the scene. He turned his face up the river to the giant mills, their bulk huge and indistinct in the fading light, and shaking his fist impotently at them, cried, "It's them that does it, sir. It's those paper mills. They drive the fish away, and what fish do come, the netters steal." Dad nodded his head gravely.

I stared down at the little waves lapping against the edge of the float. There was a sickening, dirty white scum that washed up with them, and left a gray residue on the float.

The boat-tender was looking at the mills vengefully. To him they meant the loss of his livelihood. Dad was gazing at them thoughtfully. To him they meant the ruin of his favorite, beloved sport. A wave of loathing came over me as I gazed at the implacable instruments of Industry that were exterminating a race of finny aristocrats; valiant warriors that died fighting for their liberty. I looked at the dim Willamette. Suddenly I felt as the last, lone Red Man of a once powerful tribe, seeing from some high vantage point the slow-moving white-topped wagons of the emigrants, relentlessly robbing him of the free wandering life he so loved. Dejectedly I gazed, and yet subdued with an overwhelming sensation of helplessness. The little waves at my feet writhed under the white scum as I turned away.

Editorial With a Kick

(Continued from page 41)

The price never lessens to the family table, but the game has been wantonly slaughtered in the name of justice. Now we see—the whole American people see—slow in anger, quick in retribution, sure in justice!

Uncle Sam himself is being aroused through the Izaak Walton League—and will act. It is not too late, but it is the last stand.

Grant me the gentle effacement of malicious envy.

Peaceful retrospection of the true angler's spirit,

Fulfillment of modest, fair fought and appreciative victory,

And the ever keen delight in fellow angler's

Good fortune and accomplishment.

Raise my lowly spirit to meet and to respect

A worthy antagonist, let me smile in defeat,

And ever know the joy that comes to one

In tune with nature's harmony.

This be my prayer.



—and then the Vandals came

(Continued from page 49)

in the rocks and ferns, and how beautifully wild and lonesome it all was, and how eager the bass to accept our challenge! True, not many of them came to net, for we were both woefully inexperienced with their wiles, and loth to meet them unfairly—but a-plenty. And what could we have wanted with more?

Happily we planned that the last of each June we would make a pilgrimage to this spot of loveliness. We would manage it some way. We could afford to sacrifice much for the sake of it. All through the winter we talked of it, and dreamed of it, and wondered how Our Lake must look locked in ice and snow. All through the spring we planned, and the tasks were light because of it.

And again this June our car creaked and groaned over the approach that was as bad as ever, but that surely was showing more signs of travel than it had a year ago. Anxiously we awaited the first glimpse of our shrine. We were not quite unprepared for the sight that met our eyes. A perfect colony of tents were clustered over the one tiny clearing available for camping. The tourists had not found it, but the City had. We pitched our tent amid a stench of scales and fins, then followed the path to the spring. The ferns were trampled into the mud, and covered likewise with scales and fish heads. Here and there a dead fish that had evidently not been wanted. There was a whirring of autos coming and going day and night. **And judging by the name plates on the great cars, at this particular lake still fishing was the rich man's sport.** "Natives" were extremely scarce in this region, and it was our privilege to meet but two, a farmer and his son. I do not know why they should not have run true to form, but for some strange reason their tackle, though inexpensive, was as irreproachable as their catch.

Our lake was not so far from the city but that the owners of these powerful cars could come one day and return the next, and yet have time, by employing their very efficient methods, to secure an over-abundance of fish. So with the exception of one camp, the crowd was constantly changing. By the side of this camp was a huge mound covered with blankets, and each morning one of the cars brought a fresh supply of ice and bait. We never saw them leaving—only returning. Their motor boat was always putting out before us in the morning, though daylight found us up. They fished far back into an arm too distant for us to follow, and only returned at night, when the men would stagger under the weight of heavy sacks of fish that were emptied into the pit. Bass and wall-eyed pike and crappie. The pit seemed to be bottomless. Finally we made their acquaintance. It seemed that the man who always brought the ice and bait, was connected with a meat market in the city.

We read again the bulletin tacked conspicuously on a near-by tree, a bulletin declaring the bass, the pike and the crappie to be game fish, not to be offered for sale, and giving the limit of catch. We puzzled over it a good deal. And we asked one visitor if the game wardens were active.

"No. They never bother a fellow. Oh, once in a while they frame up something on some one at whom they have a spite."

We were soon ready to turn back over the long road we had traveled, though the bass were striking in a way to have tempted us to linger. The charm of Our Lake had departed. The sound of flopping and thrashing as all those fish were unceremoniously dumped out of the sacks and into the pit each night, was not conducive to pleasant slumber. We are not planning a return. We know a spot in the Ozarks untouched by desecrating hands; not devastated by greed.

Yet it is said that each footstep helps mark the trail that finally guides the beast of prey to the nest hidden in the grasses.

Pollution

(Continued from page 45)

principal assistant engineer of the Ohio State Health Department, who has been in the city investigating the Duck Creek and Muddy Creek nuisances.

"The State Board of Health has been ready for some time to issue orders for the disposal of sewage in some other way than its discharge into the river," Waring said. "It has taken the position, however, that it will not compel the river cities in Ohio to build disposal plants until the States along the river and its tributaries take similar action. The Ohio river is now receiving the limit of its burden of sewage pollution. The time is rapidly approaching when drastic action must be taken. It is up to the Federal authorities to take the initial step, which will assure us that the other States will do what we are ready to do in Ohio."—Cincinnati Times-Star, August 3, 1922.

The above is good news, indeed. The Ohio is now, virtually, a sewer, in which but few game or food fishes exist, and that only in the immediate vicinity of its small tributaries that have not become seriously contaminated. The first naturalist to investigate the fishes of the Ohio and its tributaries was a Frenchman, then a professor in the Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, C. S. Rafinesque. He published his account of the Ohio fishes in his "Ichthyologia Ohiensis," 1820.

At that time the Ohio was a virgin stream floating between low green hills whose rounded summits were reflected in its limpid current. Seventy years ago I went from Pittsburg to Cincinnati on a river steamboat, and the voyage was a most delightful one, fully justifying the name then bestowed on it, "La Belle Riviere." Rafinesque described and named hundreds of fishes then new to science, among them the black bass, pike-perch, mascalonge, croppie, blue-gill, etc., which were then very abundant.

Fish Conservation

The following is taken from an article by Delphia Phillips in *Young People* relating to the establishment of a laboratory by the California State Fish and Game Commission for the study and research of fish life, more particularly of the commercial fishes of the Pacific coast.

"As a nation the American people are wasteful, and conservation along any line comes hard with us. Perhaps it is

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because the resources of this wonderful land of ours have been so great. But the time is coming, and has already come to some extent, when we will have to give the subject of conservation of foods and all other resources more attention. During the war we learned a little, but the lesson did not go very deep. Like nearly every other subject, this one needs the slow, gradual process of education to get people to form the habit of thinking about it.

Most of us eat our salmon, our tuna, and our sardines along with our fresh fish without thinking about whether the supply is to hold out. But scientists realize that we cannot recklessly slaughter either fish or game without running the risk of exterminating it. A few years ago people thought that the supply of salmon was inexhaustible, but now it is seen that even this wonderful fish industry is in a bad way from overfishing. In spite of the restrictions put on all kinds of game-hunting and fish-catching, there is constant danger of extermination of certain species of fish and animals.

Recognizing that fish is one of the staple foods of the country, the State Fish and Game Commission of California has erected a laboratory for the express purpose of conserving the supply of fish. This branch of the Bureau of Fisheries will work toward the conservation of fish just as the forestry service bends its energies to conservation of our forests. Though there are many biological stations where the study of marine life is carried on, this is the only laboratory in our country where just this kind of research work is done. The business of the men in charge is to study the habits of fish, find out the proportion of increase or decrease from year to year, and to determine in this way about how many fish may be taken each year without endangering the supply for the next season. This involves a great deal of work and observation on the part of the scientists at work in the laboratory."



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Old Man Trout

(Continued from page 59)

The gray hackle, which was the tail fly, was a strong favorite that day and as it again went floating over the dancing waters in the bright sunshine, it looked good to an old man cut throat just below the last choppy water where the stream leveled out into a long smooth stretch, and up he came and down went the gray hackle, with deer fly and ginger quill close second and third. The tenderfoot knew that he had met a foe man who would fight to the end and test the slender leader to the limit, and possibly beyond. The cap-

tive first surged toward shore where a tangle of logs gave refuge from the sharp sting and steady pull of the light rod and the slender leader was put to the test, but it held true and gradually the fish was led up through the rapids inch by inch back and forth across the stream until he was within a few feet of the tenderfoot's legs, but as soon as he had one good look at those two black elongated objects, away he went across and down stream at a pace which nearly gave the tenderfoot heart failure. With about seventy feet of line out, the old fellow paused and decided to settle down under a rock and smash that little fly which persisted in going along wherever he went. But the little fly insisted

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upon his going up stream, so grudgingly he came slowly and swinging across in the current and then he made a grand leap and for a change started willingly up stream. Then the tenderfoot heard a metallic rasp and felt the reel under his left hand suddenly slip out of the seat and down it went to the bottom of the stream just as old man trout turned back down stream in a resigned manner to give up the fight.

The sun had some time since given way to a cloud and it began to rain and then to hail as if the heavens were determined to fill the river with floating ice. So the tenderfoot crawled into his hat and waited for the hail to retreat which it finally did as all hails do. With the line now being stripped in carefully by hand, old man trout slowly came up, for the sixth and last time, along side and waved a fin in despair, but the tenderfoot was hard hearted; and letting the rod butt slip down to the bottom he carefully took hold of the leader and with right hand reached down with partly closed hand which he held just over the old man's gills, open and panting. The tenderfoot has a big mitt and he could see that his prize would just completely fill the long fingers and he knew that he would be obliged to stop fishing now as his creel would not begin to hold this beautiful fish with his clear green sides and darker back marked with all the colors of the rainbow. A quick firm grab, a great surge of the old man up stream for full ten feet, a tiny broken hook, a sudden twist of two stones which had refused to roll before, and the tenderfoot dropped off clean over his waders into freezing water.

When he got back to camp the regular guys were already packed up and waiting so the prize fisherman shouldered his burden and started out, and as he trudged along he wondered what had been the best part of the trip; the association for a brief spell with boyhood chums; the night air in the open with the fire at the tent door; the clear rushing stream; the cock blue grouse high up in the fir softly hooting away to tell his mate below on her precious eggs that all was well; the discovery of an early trillium bringing to mind spring days in Michigan; the tree swallows skimming the air and snatching up the little May flies which traveled above the water like tiny monoplane; the beautiful cut throats he caught, or the old man trout he lost. He leaves it to you, kind reader.

Fisherman's Luck

A fisherman sat on a log and fished. Without any luck, from early till late; Then he remembered: "Darn the luck!" He'd forgotten to spit on his bait.

—E. F. Ahle.



John Moreland— Fisherman

(Continued from page 47)

known such men to fret for the streams until they really were sick. My plan is to send them away and many's the wife that has thanked me for doing it, because there is no living with a sick fisherman—he has got to go fishing. I don't suppose you understand, but it's true just the same, and I tell you, Moreland, big business men get the fever as bad as that boy has it."

"Big business men go fishing!" exclaimed Moreland.

"Oh! yes; really great men," said the doctor, "why, most of the Presidents of the United States have been fishermen and I know lots of big men who have been bit by the fishing-bug and when it gets a good start it means they are bitten for life. It begins to assert itself just as soon as Spring comes on and it grows fiercer day by day until it fairly becomes a fever. I have found there's only one way to handle such cases. I look them right in the centre of their eyes and say 'there's nothing the matter with you. You want to go fishing,' and it's amusing to catch the rippling smiles which shine all over their faces the instant I say it. I often envy such men and wish I were afflicted in the same way."

"Well, well, I'll be damned! Say, Frank, why can't you go with me and give me a good start?" said Moreland.

"Why, I don't know how to fish, I wish I did."

"Well, let's start together," said the testy old man.

"All right, I'll go with you," said the doctor with a twinkle in his eye he vainly tried to suppress. "I can't promise to stay but a few days, because I have a big operation to do in a week and I can't get out of it. In the meantime, I'll make up our mind where to go. I'll drop in, in the morning, to look you over and if you're fit you can buy the fishing tackle. Now you go to bed and try to sleep till I see you tomorrow."

Then the doctor took his hat and started out of the room. When he reached the door he turned and said, "John, for years I have been studying the working of this fishing-bug and I've come to the conclusion that it's inherent in all of us. Everyone has it to some extent. We are the descendants of the old primordial man. He had to fish and hunt so that he might eat and we all have somewhere in our makeup an inherited longing for the big out doors. Many of us never indulge it, but it's there just the same. There are thousands in this big city who have never fished or hunted and this is principally due to the fact that they cannot afford it. In plain words, they haven't the money. But this is certain, every man has the impulse to get out into the wild places and match his wits with the denizens of the woods and the fish of the streams and lakes. You have it. I have it, and every mother's son of us has it, even though we don't know it."

Upon which, the doctor made his exit, and as he sat in his car he ruminated to himself, "I've got the old boy hooked and I bet my medicine will put the old tyrant right again."

Meanwhile, Moreland tapped his fingers on the arm of his chair and said

with a far-off look in his eyes. "Well, well; I'll be damned, I'll be damned."

The next morning Moreland was up at his usual early hour and as cross as a bear. About six-thirty he had a servant call up the doctor and ask him over for breakfast.

"Where are we going to do this fishing—made up your mind yet?" asked Moreland.

"Yes, I called up Rushton, he's one of those bugs I told you about yesterday. He thinks we might have pretty good luck on Plum Lake. It's on the Milwaukee and Saint Paul railroad. The train leaves at five and arrives early the next morning. I'm afraid we can't get reservations as Rushton said that train is usually packed with fishermen."

"Leave that to me," said Moreland, "I'm a stockholder and know the president well."

"Rushton says it's a fine pine-wooded country," added the doctor.

They sat down to breakfast.

"I've been thinking of this fishing business and have decided we won't have a guide for the first day or two. We are both green hands and don't want to make a display of our ignorance. I figure it will take us a few hours before we get onto the hang of it," said Moreland.

"Never caught a fish in my life," said the doctor, "so you have nothing on me."

After breakfast Moreland was ready to buy the fishing tackle. He was driven to one of the big sporting-goods establishments. A pleasant-faced, grey-haired clerk approached.

"I want to buy a few fishin'-poles," said Moreland.

"Er, yes, some rods," responded the clerk, urbanely, with emphasis on the word "rods."

"Yes, some fishin'-poles," growled Moreland, with added emphasis on the word "poles."

"What kind of fish do you expect to catch?" inquired the clerk, politely.

"I expect to catch fish and I don't give a damn what kind. Look here, if you can't show me what you have in fishin' poles I'll go someplace else."

"I want very much to show you our stock, but I don't know what kind of a rod you want and until you tell me what kind of fish you are going after, I don't know how to begin. Now, if you are going after trout, here is the right kind for the lusty Nipigon trout. Sold one to Mr. Robert Patterson only yesterday."

"I don't want to see it. I wouldn't give seventy-five dollars for a dozen fishin'-poles," shouted Moreland.

"Do you expect to angle with live bait or artificial lures, and are you a bait caster or a fly fisherman?"

"I'm goin' fishin', that's all," thundered Moreland. "Now hurry up, and show me what you've got, but understand, I don't want seventy-five-dollar fishin'-poles like Robert Patterson buys."

"The rod Mr. Patterson bought yesterday is eighty-five dollars to-day. The manufacturer is so far behind in his orders he can't keep up with the demand and he raised the price on his rods by wire this morning," explained the clerk affably.

Moreland became red with anger. "Show me a good, strong fishin'-pole," he sputtered, "and hurry up if you want to sell me."

"In desperation the urbane clerk managed it so that he would be called away and very politely turned him over to a cub salesman.



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Every Fisherman needs STUBBY—the complete Fishing Outfit, rod, reel and all. Only 23 inches long, but a giant for work. See STUBBY, packed in attractive carton, AT YOUR DEALER'S. Price only \$3.00 complete.

The American Display Company
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

The young man hit it off with Moreland at once. He had heard the conversation and guessed that the old man wanted any old kind of a fishing outfit just so it was cheap. He showed his irate customer a three-dollar jointed rod. It weighed about eighteen ounces and looked just what it was. It came in three joints and was about eight feet long. It suited Moreland and he bought two of them.

"Now, you will want a reel," said the youngster.

"What does a reel cost and what's it good for?"

The clerk carefully explained the purpose of a reel and described its usefulness. Finally Moreland bought two three-dollar reels.

"Now, get me some hooks and lines and sinkers and put in a couple of cheap corks; and hurry up," he said.

While the clerk was getting the package it suddenly dawned on Moreland that he didn't know how to rig up the outfit and he asked the clerk if he could come to his house and show him how to do it.

"I can't get off until six to-night," said the boy.

"Would two dollars induce you to come over to my house during your noon hour and show me how it's done?" asked Moreland.

"Yes, sir, answered the clerk.

"Hand this card to my doorman and he'll let you in and I'll be waiting for you promptly at twelve."

"I can't make it sooner than twelve-fifteen or twelve-twenty. It's some distance to that address."

"I'll send my car for you at twelve. Now you carry out these packages so you'll know the car when you see it.

"James, I want you to call for this young man exactly at twelve to-day and drive him to the house."

As Moreland had walked to the door he had seen the suave, elderly clerk showing a customer the Nipigon trout rod and heard him say, "I sold the exact duplicate of this rod yesterday to the well-known fly caster, Robert Patterson."

(Continued on page 78)

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John Moreland — Fisherman

(Continued from page 77)

A few minutes after twelve the clerk was announced and shown to Mr. Moreland at once.

"I've laid out this truck and have it all ready," he said.

The young man first jointed the rod and then reeled on the line, put on the sinker and tied on a bass hook and showed him how to fasten the bobber.

"Is that all there is to it?" asked Moreland.

"That's all," said the boy.

"It's dead easy," said Moreland.

During the day he called up his managers and told them he was going away and didn't know when he would come back. He later decided to have his secretary call at his house, intending to dictate specific directions as to the conduct of his business affairs. He was reminded that Mr. Patterson was on his vacation and wouldn't return for two weeks. This enraged him, because Patterson knew his ways and often put into correct form his sometimes rather crude dictation. Besides, Moreland had grown accustomed to Patterson and never till now had he failed to answer to the old man's beck and call. His office sent him a woman stenographer and women stenographers were an abomination to him. He roared and boomed his letters to the young woman, but though she was doing her utmost she didn't seem to get the sense of his dictation as Patterson always did. At last, after driving her to tears, he ordered her back to the office and decided not to write at all. This, however, did not soften his temper and irritability.

"Rest, hell!" he often repeated and then, "Well, well, I'm goin' fishin'. I'll be damned."

"By the time the doctor arrived Moreland's stuff was all packed and ready. Kimbark came in with a cheery smile, "Are you all ready? Now forget business, you're off for a good time and a long rest."

"Rest, hell!" said Moreland.

They arrived at the train in plenty of time and found it loaded—all the lowers and uppers being sold out and nine out of ten of the travelers fishermen and fisherwomen. Everybody was talking about fishing. On board they found Walter Strong, president of the First National Bank. Moreland was a director.

"Where are you going?" asked Strong. "I thought you never took a rest, and what are you doing on this fishermen's train, doctor?"

"Oh, John and I are going fishing."

"Fishing, John Moreland going fishing? It doesn't seem possible. I never knew you were a fisherman, Moreland," said Strong.

"I ain't, not by a jugful," Moreland answered. "The doctor, here, has ordered me to take a rest. Ordered, do you understand—ordered me to go fishing. Well, well," his face plainly expressing his own surprise at such an unusual situation.

"Do you know much about fishing?" asked Strong, and continued enthusiastically, "Fishing is a wonderful art. I never seem to learn. Guess I started too late to ever become a real fisherman. But I'm progressing, I'm glad to say. Spent all of last Saturday afternoon taking a lesson in fly casting from Bob Patterson. My, but he is an artist! Do you know, he can cast a tiny trout fly a terrible distance and drop it as gently on the water as the fall of a thistledown. Comes by his fishing honestly, though. I knew his father. In fact, we were raised in the same little town in Northern Virginia. Had a great talent for business and if he hadn't been killed in the Ashtabula wreck he would have been president of this railroad by this time.

Hell, I knew Lee Patterson, he was a great organizer and I knew him well. Was he Robert Patterson's father?"

"He certainly was."

"Well, well, I'll be damned," said Moreland and looked at the doctor with a half-smile.

"Where you bound for?" asked Strong.

"We're going to Plum Lake."

"Beautiful country. Fished there years ago. Hooked a monster muskellunge on that weed bed close to Anson's summer home. Fought him nearly an hour and the fool guide lost him in the gaffing. I could have cried—all broke up. Never expect to get another chance at one as big as that old monster. Must have weighed every ounce of forty pounds. Call on my friend Anson while you are there and tell him I've graduated from the still-fishing class and am now a fly-caster. You'll like Anson—owns miles and miles of timber land all through that country."

Moreland and the doctor were awakened early as they arrived at Plum Lake Station at sun-up.

After breakfast the doctor suggested, "Well, let's get into some old clothes and start out."

"Where are we going to get some worms?" asked Moreland.

"Blessed if I know. Do we have to

have worms to go fishing?" said the doctor.

Moreland looked at him in unutterable disgust and said briefly, "Of course, but where are we going to get them?"

After inquiry they were told to dig back of the barn. Getting a spade the doctor started to dig, Moreland collecting and putting the worms into an old can he found lying on the ground. Then they got into a boat, the doctor doing the rowing.

"Let's go out of sight of everybody," said Moreland.

After awhile they found a place which seemed suitable and private enough. But they had forgotten an anchor and had to row back to get one. After a bit they started forth again with the anchor all rigged up. Soon they dropped the anchor and proceeded to put their rods together. Moreland attending to this part of the work. When each had on a worm they dropped their lines overboard and waited.

After a wait of about five minutes, Moreland said, "I don't think there are any fish in this lake."

"Oh, yes, there ARE because Rush-ton said he caught plenty of fish here every year." The doctor then started to read an outdoor magazine he had picked up in the hotel. He found a picture of Robert Patterson in it and an eulogistic article about his winning the all-around championship in a recent national casting tournament.

The doctor watched old Moreland and plainly saw that he was indeed far from being a well man. In fact, his condition was worse than he had thought yesterday. Finally, he drew Moreland's attention to an approaching boat and to a bait caster shooting out his lure a hundred feet or more at every cast.

"Pretty work," said the doctor.

"I don't see that he is catching any more fish than we are," testily remarked Moreland. He had no sooner made the remark than there was a crash of foam and up into the air flashed a big muskellunge.

"Let's pull up the anchor and get closer and watch the fight," said Moreland, but the doctor was already doing that self-same thing. They rowed up, the fisherman fighting the fish from the shore side, and as the doctor was a poor oarsman, he let the wind drift them too close. The big fish ran under their boat and came up with a smashing jump on the other side, the fisherman and his boatman meanwhile bawling them out in unprintable language. At last they got out of the danger zone and watched the battle from a safe distance.

After the muskellunge was gaffed they asked if they might see it. The fish pulled the scale down to twenty-one pounds and it was a splendid specimen. Then they turned and rowed to shore and sat down under the shade of the trees.

(To be continued)

FISHING KEEPS HIM YOUNG

Mr. Ernest L. Ewbank, president of our Izaak Walton Chapter of Hendersonville, N. C., writes us on his seventy-third birthday: "I am still going strong on my pins, and can wade without waders a rough trout stream against the current all day. Fishing keeps me young and also is a great teacher—something new to learn all the time."



Be-Develed Nerves and Devil's River

(Continued from page 57)

taking a nerve-shredded wife into the wilds. He raised his head: "Lord, Lord, Betty; I'm relieved. Last night when you didn't toss or moan I thought the trip had finished you. I thought you might die in your sleep, Betty!" Then ashamed of his emotion, "I've put my rod together. I'll help you down to the river and you can watch me land your luncheon."

The first week was a mixed mass of sleeping, waking and eating. At first I would merely lave in the shallows at the water's edge. Several days of this found me wanting to try a dive from the mid-stream rock. I cut through the cold water and challenged my husband to follow. After this twice daily I put my swimming muscles to work.

I had watched Colin use his casting rod. Then with his long, limber fly rod whip the stream just below the rapids. The little cork bugs for the fly rod fascinated me, but I knew that it would be some time before I could manage the "whipping" stunt. The casting rod seemed more reasonable. There came a day when I found this rod against a tree, the fine black and white silk line strung to the breeze drying. I had seen Colin capture some beauties with it. With the assurance of the wholly ignorant I felt confident that "I could too."

I wound the line in, unevenly. Remember, my fishing had been the sit-and-watch-the-cork-bob variety. I ventured to Colin's favorite bass nook, the shallows with deep holes under the large rocks. I raised the rod and flung out stream. Splash at the water's edge. Yards and yards of line in loops and tangles. My impulse was to fling the thing far and weep, but something within me stiffened. "I'd be darned if a little old pepper and salt line could make me cry!" Some time later I threw out for the unnumbered time and only about ten yards of line looped into a back-lash. When Colin came to wind in his line I said casually, "The goats were thick in camp today. I wound in your line." The water was just right for fly fishing and the casting rod was frequently left behind. He would be gone for hours.

Our division of camp work was most satisfactory. Colin was the wood and water boy, also he made the fires, and dressed the fish and small game. Just at first he assumed command of the food preparation. I found the camp methods altogether different from the stove-to-sink-to-refrigerator kind. Our days were much the same. After a swim, we cooked breakfast together. Before we ate, a pot of beans that had soaked would be simmering on the grill or it might be a squirrel that Colin had killed and dressed while I slept. Any way the pièce de résistance for our mid-day meal would be under way while we ate breakfast. We kept dried fruits cooked in fascinating combinations. Fish with small corn meal cakes was our frequent supper menu.

While Colin was away I found time to practice casting. One day it seemed to come to me all at once, how to release the line so that the lure would "flip" the water with the line running. Up to that inspired moment I had slapped the line out. There would be a dead pause, with the lure helpless,

floating on the water. Then when I had frightened every fish away except the cynical, nosing gars, I would reel in!

The beginning of the third week found me calm and rested—no nerves. Only an ambition to land a fish consumed me. My husband was really an amiable soul, but he counted it profanation for any one to use his fishing outfit. Lately he had been taking the casting rod occasionally, then one memorable morning he left the rod set against a tree, the "yellow miller" gaily inviting in the breeze.

With no acknowledged plan of procedure, I dug into my duffle bag and found my trousers, leggings and a large, thick cotton shirt. No one wears waders on Devil's river. No one objects to a wetting. Picking up the precious rod, I started down the river. Did I mention that Colin had gone UP?

I paused at a likely place. Several feet from shore was a shelving rock. These several feet were a shallow pool with one narrow outlet. As I stood near a willow bush and cast, the tiny shimmering fish in the little pool darted through the narrow passage to deep water and safety. As I reeled in, it came to me that I was standing at a wrong angle, my shadow wobbled just beyond the rock. I had heard Colin doubt whether or not there is any thing in shadow precaution, but I wasn't one to risk it.

So from another angle of the pool's bank I threw out, reeling in just as the saucy yellow lure, "zipped" the water. Mentally I registered this as the best cast of my brief experience. Suddenly the most delicious sensation quivered along the line. I had a strike! Here my bobbing-cork technique made me do the wrong thing. I tried to land the fish post-haste, but the fish knew his role. Bend, zip—away with a flourish and jump. It was either give him line or he would take it, and the yellow miller. But the clever fish turned in his "tracks" and gave my line many feet of "slack." For an instant I thought he was gone, when he jumped and jerked in a fury to be free. I reeled madly taking up the slack. Then—ye gods, he was making for the shelving rock! I knew what this would mean. shelving rock—cut line—fish lost! I had heard Colin thus "alibi" the loss of many beauties. Clinging to the rod I walked up the bank a bit. Then something happened. There was a commotion in the pool at my feet. My fish had missed the rock and was floundering in the pool. I knew no precedent. I dropped the rod and reel, took the several feet to the pool in fewer steps than you'd believe. The fish—he looked a monster, was beating himself against the shallow rock sides of the pool. I had always gone after the things I wanted. Wading just inside the narrow outlet I sat down blocking the egress. Then, with arms outstretched, I fell in the general direction of "my" fish. Of course I missed him at first, but the pool was tiny and the fish and I were large for our quarters. I had him at last in my arms! Holding him as I would a child, the line tangled about my feet and legs, I ran away from the water. Land gave me confidence. I had won! The fish was mine!

Just here Colin appeared. I was wet and slimy with moss, my hands were scratched and a little bloody from the rocks, my hat was gone and his beloved rod and reel lay on the rocky

bank, BUT, I held my fish tenderly, not knowing anything else to do. I had forgotten a stringer or net bag, or anything. Taking it all in, Colin grabbed me, fish and all. Then he laughed. This amazed me. Even with the fish in arms, I had looked for some word of rebuke for taking his rod. But no. This is what the man said: "Beauty, beauty, Betty. As big as I ever saw taken out of Devil's river. Let me have him." Then: "By George, I thought you'd never take that rod. I knew if I pushed it on you, you'd want to do anything but use it. Then, I remembered how forbidden things fascinate you and I raved about no one using my 'things.' It worked." I picked up the reel and in tiny letters I read, "Betty's Reel"—I had never seen it!

My fish weighed 4¾ pounds and measured twenty-one inches in length. A beautiful bass! That was five years ago. I have caught many other bass since, on the annual trips to Devil's river, but none quite as large. It's just as well. With my improved technique I cling to my rod and land the fish after a fight. No more rough stuff! One thing I know I left "nerves" for all time in that shallow pool and took Mr. Bass in fair exchange!

Game Rifles

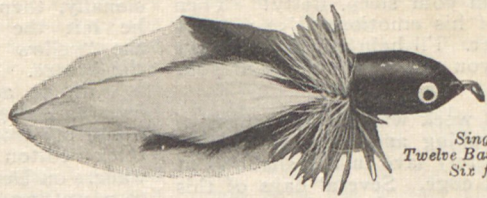
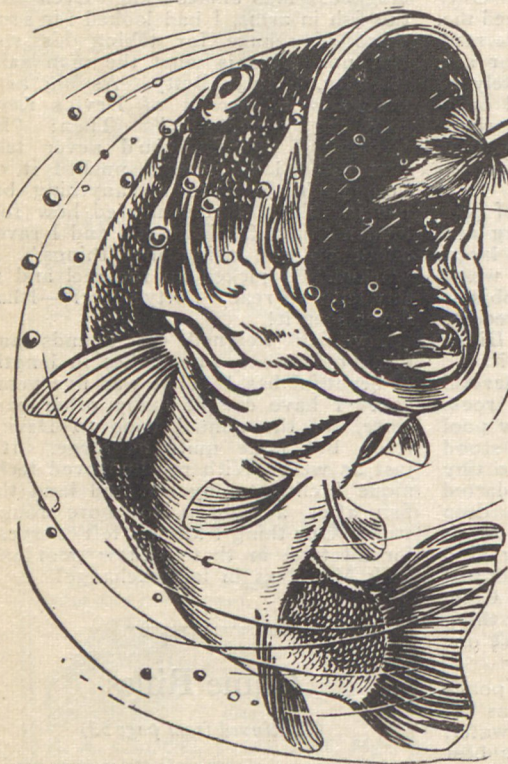
(Continued from page 53)

and German firearms—little worse could be said of them! There are some really fine binoculars of foreign make now on the market. I have a splendid pair of Condé glasses, eight power. There are many others equally good, but buy them through a reliable home dealer. The six power have the advantage of being lighter and steadier—some first class six powers are no heavier than opera glasses. A poor place to economize is in the purchase of binoculars. Get the best, or wait till you can afford the best.

Gamest and fairest of all is the camera, vest-pocket or movie! Unless you can afford a movie machine or are willing to tote along a Graflex, the most satisfactory sizes are the 2a, 3a or the 3¼x4¼. Of course, you want the folding type like the Kodak or Seneca. All these sizes possess advantages peculiar to them; but if your heart is in the Izaak Walton League of America, you will use the 3¼x4¼, for then your negatives are at once sufficiently large for good prints, an admirable size to enlarge form, and precisely right for lantern slides to pass from chapter to chapter, making your camera conquests those of the brotherhood.

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Never has the Heddon factory received so many, so immediate and so conclusive voluntary commendations as have greeted the Wilder-Dilg Feathered Fly-casting Lure.

Ed. G. Taylor, writer of Woods and Water in Chicago Tribune.

"This new 'Wilder-Dilg Lure' is going to create a sensation among fishermen. I took a big Small-Mouth Bass on Stevens Lake, Wisconsin, which weighed nearly six pounds, also several others."

B. F. Wilder, 601 W. 113th St., New York City.

"You have received some very high praise on the quality of your production in the 'Wilder-Dilg Lure,' and I think it is well deserved. The Lures I tested in Maine stood up remarkably and as you know the Bass is a rough fish. Your enamel work is very superior. I congratulate you on the quality of Lures you are offering the public."

Dr. W. S. Walter, Snoddy Block, W. LaFayette, Ind.

"I was recently induced to try the 'Wilder-Dilg Lure,' your Kemper's Charge, and on one riffle took eleven Small Mouth Bass out of twelve strikes. They struck viciously and for keeps. Was surprised as there had been so much natural food in the waters, they had not been striking with their customary vigor and pep."

Mr. R. F. Pratt, 918 1/2 Main St., Grinnell, Iowa.

"I have just returned from a fishing trip to Northern Minnesota and while there I gave your new Heddon Feather Minnow or Wilder-Dilg Lure a thorough testing out. I wish to say that it is the greatest artificial lure I have ever seen for a fish getter."

"The fish (bass) strike it hard and frequently and pickerel simply eat it up. I caught my legal limit one evening between seven and nine P. M. in a stretch of less than half a mile of rushes on just one Wilder-Dilg Lure and the smallest bass was a trifle over two pounds."

Geo. F. Miller, Rockcreek Lakes Resort Co., Bishop, California.

"Your Wilder-Dilg Trout Lures gave me the fastest fishing of my whole experience, the one outstanding feature being that I was able to take Trout in the middle of the day with your darker patterns, when they would not rise to a fly. The water in this locality is clear and I regard your assortment of colorations as excellent. My largest trout was 10 3/4 pounds, a rainbow. The golden trout of Granite Basin fairly ate up your red coloration."

Mr. Fred Graham, Halifax, N. S., President of the Novia Scotia Guides' Assn.

"After two other gentlemen and myself had failed in raising a Salmon on the Clyde River, using various wet flies, two patterns of dry flies and other Lures without success, I raised the fish with your Wilder's Fancy. There is something in these Lures that interests the Salmon."

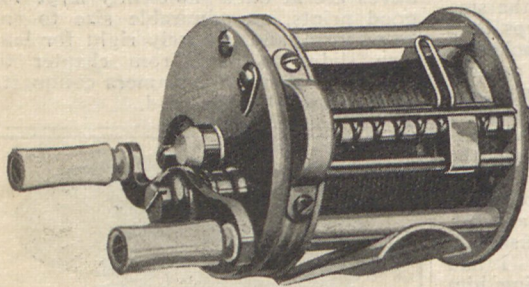
Dr. C. C. Thompson, 724 N. 63rd St., Philadelphia.

"I must write you to mention the manner in which the Heddon-made 'Wilder-Dilg Lure,' the Sampson, has stood up after taking a dozen pickerel. If I were to take the Sampson I used, replace it in its box and hand it back to the tackle house, they could re-sell, without anyone suspecting it has been used."

Chas. D. Fowler, expert angler and enthusiast, of Washington, D. C.

"I purchased 6 of your 'Wilder-Dilg Lures' before I left Washington and tried them on the bass at Poland and found them O. K.—excellent Lures for bass. Caught good bass on each one of them."

Send for the beautifully colored booklet fully describing these lures and giving you the reasons for their big-fish getting qualities as written by the famous inventors.



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A reel to use—to pet—to care for as a precious thing. In one smooth-running, beautifully balanced superbly finished gem of precise construction it realizes every Heddon principle of maximum practicability on a plane of de luxe nicety. Superior mechanical points such as the steady-bar that relieves wear, the sturdier, simpler silent spirally cut gears and the centrally mounted full-capacity spool, set this model wholly apart from the ordinary type of level winding reels. Its light, graceful design and rich velvet finish are in keeping with the high standards that structurally make this reel the long-lasting true companion of the discriminating angler.

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